



Reluctant Press presents:

Making of Melissa

Philippa Peters



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARLEY SPINN

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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THE MAKING OF MELISSA

by Philippa Peters

I. OUT IN THE COLD

"Help her to sit up," said a feminine voice and I felt myself jerked upright.

"Is she all right?" asked another anxious woman's voice.

"She must have been a bad one," said a third fearfully. "They've given her the mind wipe."

No, said a cool voice somewhere inside my aching head, there is no such thing as a psyche probe or a mind wipe unless we want to produce a total idiot and what would be the point of that? If that was necessary, we would just kill you. What we do is more like a mind-stun. Your personal memories of who you are have been locked away but they will all come back. When someone says "mind wipe," you'll hear me in your head telling you all this and you'll know that you are sane.

"She's a pretty one," said the first voice. "They're going to love a little, blonde cutie like her where we are going."

'She.' Who was that, I wondered, as my head seemed to be echoing with waves of sound. I could hear rotors turning and air stabilizers. There was the hum of a comconsole and a recorded male voice giving air temperatures in Coldhaven. I knew that place. Coldhaven was on the Northern Continent. It was settled almost entirely by male prisoners dumped on the planet over long periods of time when dumping was a way of getting rid of political prisoners and rebels from the 'civilized' worlds.

It seemed like they were talking about me. I was leaning against someone else's shoulder, a flowery fragrance stirring in my nostrils. I felt soft hands on my bare arms, steadying me as the thopter—I don't know why but I knew it was a three-engined Brennan 42 Stretch model—corrected its flight path. I felt the subtle power shift and noted the change in engine pitch that indicated it was going into a landing glide.

I was drifting from topic to topic. I tried to focus. I was on a thopter. I was leaning against a woman. I *was* a woman.

No, that was wrong. I wasn't a woman. I knew that. I was... I was... The words wouldn't come. I knew who I was. I was... I panicked. My name wouldn't come to my mind. I knew what it was. It was right there. I tried to remember and in doing so, I must have contorted because my companions noticed.

"She's coming round," said a voice and suddenly I felt a straw between my lips.

"Drink," said another. "It will make you feel better."

So I drank. The cool, orange taste was wonderful. I sat up straight and managed to open my eyes against the brightness flooding into them.

"Wh-where am I?" I gasped as, slowly, the dark figures against the white wall began to coalesce into a line of women sitting against the windowless fuselage of the Brennan. Must be a freight hauler, I guessed.

"At the end of the line, honey," said a woman opposite me, her long, dark hair twisted into braids. There was a smile on her beautifully madeup face; the metal rings cascading from her ears jingled as she moved her head.

A feminine hand with long, pink fingernails put the straw again to my lips. "Don't listen to Abigail," said the red-haired woman beside me. "Liffey has over twenty thousand living in the town alone and a hundred thousand up and down the valley. The rail to Coldhaven is two-thirds built and then the place will boom even more."

"And then we'll be moved on to some even worse cesspit," said the brunette Abigail sourly.

"If you keep up that attitude, Abby," said a blonde girl on the other side of me, "you certainly will. If you attack another guard, it's going to be a mind wipe for you as well." She reached over and patted my hand. Mine was just like hers, with red-tipped, femininely-shaped nails. Bracelets slid down my bare arm. "Sorry, Melissa. I wasn't trying to say anything bad about you, dear."

Below my hands were my bare knees, in stockings and there was the hem of a short, black skirt across my thighs. A pink sweater ballooned in front of me unmistakably in two mounds. Panic wasn't the word for the emotion that gripped me. I was a *woman*. But I wasn't! Hysteria threatened to overcome me as I moved. My stockinged legs moved as I ordered them to. I saw the shiny, black, high-heeled shoes I was wearing.

"We're landing," said another girl nervously from the front of the line of women. She was in a short skirt like I was. I felt that it was wrong, somehow, to be in such a skirt, showing off my shapely legs the way she was doing. She should be in a long dress and have masses of ringlets and so should I. That would have been right.

The back thrusters cut in and the pilot made a delicate landing.

The front hatches opened and a man in a blue flight suit said, "All right, you ladies. Time to leave the nest and meet your new boyfriends. The right column first."

The nervous girl stood up and when she passed the taller man, she kissed him anxiously on the mouth. He smiled at her and felt her rear as he helped her over the step and

out of the cargo hold. Each of the girls who followed did the same thing. Abigail tried to just kiss his cheek but the man pulled her back effortlessly, put her over his knee, exposing her red silk panties and spanked her hard until she whimpered. Then he stood her up and proceeded to kiss her longer than he had all the other girls.

"You I will be over to finish off," the man said hoarsely, holding Abigail and stroking her boobs. "I need a lot of comforting after this flight."

Comforting. That word triggered something in me. We were comfort girls. Once, Coldhaven had had no women and rebellions were ongoing and production was always fouled up. Then comfort women were brought in. Many thousands of workers, no, prisoners, were living in Coldhaven and the adjoining camps. No, worker and prisoner used to mean the same thing on the northern continent.

Now the camps had spread even further but they weren't camps any more. They were towns. And towns meant women for the workers. The first women on any frontier, came that cool, lecturing voice again, were always some version of comfort girls. Many even found love on the frontier and stayed, but I was not to do that.

I followed the girl ahead of me, feeling that I had long hair as well and earrings like her. I don't know why but I could walk in the high heels. I knew that I could kill the arrogant guard who waited for me to kiss him. I could see he was vulnerable in at least seven ways. How I knew that I couldn't think. That is, I couldn't analyze. I desperately wanted to stop for a moment and think my way through the predicament I was in but the crewman was ahead of me, smiling, watching me as I edged nervously towards him.

The man kissed me as I wavered. His lips were rather firm and it wasn't at all unpleasant. In fact, I rather liked it as he put his arms about me and pulled my breasts against him.

"Mmm," he said, as I clung to him, and he reluctantly let me go. "Now you're the cutest of them all, Melissa. You, I am definitely going to visit."

I was shaking inside as I let go of him and was helped onto the ramp that led to a glassy reception area. The other girls were awaiting me and the last few women to leave the freight hauler. I don't know why but the wobble of my breasts and the teetering on my heels seemed quite natural for me. But my mind was telling me that this wasn't me. I wasn't a woman. I was... I was someone with a male name I couldn't remember.

The crewman came at the end, his arm about a nervous looking brunette. He patted her on the rear and let her scurry into the group.

"Joleen," said a tall man with a clipboard, checking off a name.

"Put me down for Abigail and Melissa," said the crewman as I shivered with fright and looked at the blank or frightened faces of the women about me. "You should start with them, Code."

The tall man laughed in a deep baritone. "Not me, Jago," he said. "I don't need a girl with a little extra. I prefer a real girl like the ones back in Coldhaven."

There are no real girls over the age of ten in the Northern Continent, said my inner cool voice. She sounded like a blonde ice maiden. Every one, the voice went on, is produced either here at Lannan or in our new facility at Coldhaven. So this much you know. Every woman on the

Northern Continent will be an ally of yours if you get into trouble. Every one of them is just like you.

II. COMFORT GIRLS

The girls took purses from a trolley and followed the man through the terminal. I took the last one, a small, pink bag that fell from my shoulder, and minced after the others. My mind was in turmoil as we were walked past gangs of men who stopped whatever they were doing to gawk at us.

"Where are you going?" one man called as the men's voices came as a quiet buzz. I think they were discussing us and our merits as we went through the passageways to an electronic door into chilly air, then into a bus marked as an airport transporter.

"Grother's Inn," replied a man who walked behind me, a goading stick in his hand. "Come and see us on your next shift off."

"Count on it," said another man, grinning, while his companion shook his head. I watched how the other girls walked, the sway in their hips, and found that I was doing the same. My heels just naturally took short steps and came down in a line, causing me to wiggle a little. I climbed on the bus, past a grinning driver, and there was the driving mirror in front of me.

A pretty girl, with blonde hair curled up above her shoulders, was watching me warily. Her pink top revealed slender, bare arms and a thick necklace like the one I was wearing, matched by the pendants at her ears. It took me a moment to realize that the girl was me. I was numb as I looked at the girl's face, her dark red, slightly smeared lipstick, her expertly madeup eyes and her bouncy platinum blonde hair. No, this wasn't me. It couldn't be. I was what's-his-name, I thought, as panic returned.

"Move on," said the woman behind me. "So Jago mussed up your lipstick. Don't kiss him so long in future. You don't have to enjoy kissing men."

The blonde girl jerked as the woman behind me pushed me. I went down the aisle of the bus and sat in an empty seat. She followed me and sat beside me. "I'm Lolita," she said, her ample hips pushing against mine, her stockings touching mine. I almost instantly recoiled from her and she smiled at me. "Well, that seems to settle one thing, doesn't it? They didn't send you up here because you still like girls too much."

I didn't understand her and it must have shown in my face. Lolita frowned, her thin, pencilled eyebrows drawing together most prettily. "How much do you recall?" she asked me. "Do you still know the world you were born on?"

I did know that. Anyone knows that. It was, it was, some place I couldn't remember. I suddenly felt lonely and abandoned. I didn't know anything further back than that thopter ride, I thought in a panic. Lolita took my hand in hers, holding hard to it as I tried to resist.

"They've given it to you bad," she whispered. "You must have been some bad dude back at the training center for them to do this to you. But hold on. We're all trying to do that. I'm originally from Haggan, a nothing little town out on the Malliver Rim World. I was six-four and two-fifty. So they made me a sergeant in the militia and sent me out to fight the rebels. It was my bad luck that the rebels won and I ended up with a year in

prison camp. Then they dumped us all and I tried to play the gentle giant. I ended up as Lolita, five feet five and one-ten, with a figure my sister would have died for. You're the same. Haven't you noticed how all the men are so much bigger than us girls? They do that specifically to us when they start us on nanotech transformations."

Nanotech transformation. That brought a cascade of memories into my mind. I heard someone saying, "Brace yourself. You're about to cascade." Instantly, I knew that a cascade was a flood of memories being released. I heard someone saying that it all began over two centuries before with a secret program in an out-of-the-way planet far distant from Nebula Prime. The world. Carmichael, had been selected because it was so far out of the way that it was the next best thing to a prison planet. Many worlds dumped or exiled, as they called it politely, their unrepentant war and criminal prisoners on habitable worlds. There, other original colonists couldn't object with force against stronger worlds. After being dumped on, inevitably the original colonists found themselves descending into the role of gaolers.

The secret program to produce perfect spies and assassins had an almost limitless number of prisoners to play with and the Carmichael scientists, long trained in one discipline, began to solve problems that had seemed insoluble. One such was how to transform a man into a reasonable, undetectable facsimile of a woman.

There was so much more but we were speeding through the town, its streets lined with stores and saloons. It was a typical male town, I knew, from the knowledge base that I could now dip into. We were driven right up to a modern inn with a long archway through which our bus passed. Ahead of us, another bus was parked and several grey-uniformed men were unloading 'our' luggage. I wondered if I had anything there to tell me who I was.

We were assisted off the bus by the driver who smiled and stared into our faces as if he was determined to remember us. We followed the tall man into the long hallway of the inn and into what must have been a dining room. It was very pleasant, the tables and booths surrounded by plants. The walls were adorned with paintings, several of them partial nudes of women.

We all sat where we could, me beside Lolita, as I recalled how Barnett Lannan, a renowned surgeon and scientist, had combined surgery and nanotech stimulation to make a perfect double of himself. That had produced a hundredfold investment in the technologies, no, the sciences, being advanced on Carmichael. Its economic base had, in consequence, bloomed in many directions. I was thinking or streaming so hard that I barely noticed the dark-suited man who came and stood in the center of the room until he began to speak.

"I'm Ren Grother," said a man who came and took the list from the tall man's hands. "You've met Jullion, my head of security, and where you are is Grother's Inn in Liffey on Northern. Most of you know why you are here and why you are assigned to the blue wing here and not the pink. I don't have to tell you what you have to do to graduate to the pink. Each of you has incurred quite a debt to the Protectorate, a debt I have assumed, which you must pay back to me. Yes, we do follow the custom of bridal auctions here; any of you, even in the condition you are currently in, could become a bride if you can find a man willing to pay off your price.

"My wife, Rosemary," he indicated a blonde, very pregnant woman who had just come in and was standing in the doorway of the hallway we had come from, "has all your individual records and keeps the tally of the monies you earn. She will discuss with each of you in turn the rates at which you wish to pay off your debts. I hope you will all find this a pleasant place to stay. I have only had to sell the contracts of five," he raised his eyebrows to his blonde, smiling wife, who indicated a different number with her fingers, "*seven* girls who would not cooperate with us.

"Now, this evening, we shall have a welcoming dance for you all with some of our most distinguished patrons. Tea will be served in your rooms to give you all time to make yourselves as lovely as possible. Rosemary has taught me always to allow extra time for you all to get ready to show yourself at your very best to our eager patrons." He smiled fondly at his wife, who smiled just as lovingly back at him. He went then across to the door and put his arm about his wife, smiling down at her as she lifted her pretty face and was rewarded with a kiss.

I was so busy watching that byplay, I almost missed my name being called. "Melissa," said Jullion, smiling as he looked at a notation on his list. "You seemed to have impressed one of the freighter crewmen. His tryst with you has been set for two o'clock, after the trysts with the Council members have been completed. Your room is two hundred and six." He nodded at the door. As I had seen Joleen and Abigail do, along with several others, I went to the door.

A figure in a long, grey dress stepped before me and led me towards the right staircase. She had to lift her skirts and step most daintily on the steps, wobbling all the way, as if she was unused to moving in heels. Her figure was very straight, her hands squarish. Her hair was long, parted down the center, held behind her ears with a baretté. She was blushing, her makeup heavy and inexperienced. She wouldn't look at me as if she was in some way embarrassed at her looks.

"In here, Miss," she said in a squeaky falsetto that gave the game away. She was not a girl at all. She was a boy.

The dress swished most provocatively as my maid—I learned from Lolita later that that was his designation—bustled over to the windows that had been airing out the room, and closed them. Pink suitcases were on the bed; the maid opened them and sighed at the pretty lingerie that was revealed. Her, I am going to refer to him as a girl since that is what Natalie preferred. Her hands shook as she put panties into one of the drawers. I flipped open a garment case and long dresses shook free.

Natalie squeaked that it was her task, please, and so I let 'her' hang up dresses and skirts in the walk-in closet. All were clearly intended for me but I couldn't think when I had ever acquired such feminine finery. The rooms were beautiful, modern and decorated with paintings and fittings, including huge mirrors, one even over the canopied bed.

I had a bathroom all to myself and a reception room with a table and dining area as well as a couch and a huge comconsole, which I soon found out was quite restricted. But I knew how to get around that. I don't know *how* I knew how to do that, but I did. I would have to use that knowledge sometime.

Natalie ran a bath for me and put in enough fragrant salts to have me encrusted. "Not so much," I said, taking her arm, feeling the male muscle in her bicep, to stop her from adding even more.

She flushed, turned away from me and handed me the springy wooden cane that hung from her belt. Then she bent over and lifted her skirts over her back, exposing the garter belt, black stockings and black panties that she wore. I gathered that I was supposed to beat her for her error with the bath salts.

I hesitated and she looked at me, scarlet-faced. "Please, miss," she whispered. "They are watching. Two will be enough."

So I slapped her twice with the cane and she thanked me. She also curtsied clumsily to me as she put down her grey skirts and scurried off to get me my tea, she said.

Why not take a bath? I thought. It was what women were always doing, I thought, as I examined the image that was me in the mirror. I was gorgeous to my own eyes. I had a pert nose and small, rounded chin. My eyebrows, after I removed my makeup, were thin and blonde, almost invisible on my face. I don't know how I knew how to remove my makeup and where to put my false eyelashes, but I did know it as if I had done it before.

I removed my pink top and put it in the clothes hamper. My breasts were hard and firm, the nipples large and rounded. I stroked them and found myself feeling very strange between my legs. I was hurting there. I took off my little skirt, then the long stockings that came right up to my panties before being attached to a tiny garter belt. I had lovely legs.

I shuddered as the stockings slid down them. My derriere was as rounded and soft as my thighs and when I slipped off my panties, I had some sort of covering for my most private parts. It gripped me tightly and was very hard to get off. The pain when I got it to the top of my thighs was incredible. I cried out loud as I discovered that what I had felt all along was true. I had a penis and testicles beneath the gaff. I was indeed a man, just as my mind was telling me.

I must have stood there for five minutes, gasping from the pain and feeling awful about myself. I looked at the girl in the mirror; she *couldn't* be a girl, not with what she had between her legs. I couldn't see the joke in it at all and I began to replay all the things that had been said to me since I had become aware of myself.

I heard the outer door to my apartment, for that was what it was, hiss as someone entered. I thought it would be Natalie with the tea and so I hopped into the bath, covering my aching parts with a flannel. I didn't care if she saw my breasts. At least they went with the rest of me, my hair, my figure, my clothes.

The bathroom door was ajar and Lolita pushed in, clad in a long negligee, her womanly breasts quite exposed in what she was wearing. "You're quick," she said with a smile. "Did you get your, ahem, your maid, to do this for you?"

I got down a little more in the bath, realizing how my breasts were exposed to this other, this other what? I wondered. What had that voice in my mind said? *All the girls are like you.*

"Yes, Natalie ran a bath for me," I said and related the little incident with the cane, which only made Lolita shake her head. "What is she, that Natalie?" I asked in bewilderment. "Whatever are boys doing in a place like this?"

"She's not going to be a boy for long," giggled Lolita. "Nor my Jennifer, either, but she's much older than yours. Imagine what it's like out there in the countryside with no feminine comfort at all. Stands to reason that the weak are going to be preyed upon. My Jennifer was a company clerk. She'd never done a manual job in her life and she was dumped here with men who've been here for years. They knew what they wanted from Jennifer and they got it. The military provosts stamp it out when they can and bring the victims to places like this. They're made to wear women's clothes and do women's tasks. If they do well, they get transformed and shipped back as comfort girls, but not like us in the blue wing. They go straight to the pink wing."

"Blue wing?" I asked with a sense of dread. I think I had worked it out but I trembled as Lolita confirmed what I had already guessed.

"Blue for a little boy," she said, standing and easing aside her negligee and slipping down her panties to show me that she had a penis to match my own. "It's their way of humiliating us, the troublemakers, the ones who stand up to them making us into girls. I'm one of the ones who's still fighting back. I know my entire unit has disappeared as Mimi, Carmen or Fifi, all perfect little girls, but I tried to escape the surgical ward and look what they did to me. They didn't operate and they sent me here."

"Why?" I asked. I was going to have to find out as well who 'they' were and soon.

"Did you like kissing that Jago on the thopter?" she asked, standing there, hands on her wide hips, her penis uncovered. I flushed and she grinned. "I did, too." She frowned and went on seriously. "But I can't like it, can I, or I am never going to get back home."

"You left someone behind? A wife?" I asked, not knowing why I thought of that then, along with the vision of an incredibly beautiful girl, her elfin face smiling at me as I bent to kiss her. Bent to kiss her! I must have been a man!

"No," said Lolita. "Not that. I was promised a pension, though, and a land grant when I enlisted. I don't care who the government is now. I want my farm and my money. I want to say who I am and what I am. It's what we fought for."

"It's the same for everyone else?" I asked thinking how scared the women I saw earlier had seemed. Only Abigail had seemed as rebellious as this Lolita.

Lolita shook her long, auburn hair. She wrapped her negligee about herself and sat on the end of the bath. "Once they were," she said. "I knew Lisbeth when she sabotaged a whole batch of medshells at that place they call Lannan. She had to do a spell as comfort girl to the techs who had to re-construct what she damaged. That's why she didn't finish the transformation. Now look at her. She was crying and begging that Rosemary, the boss's wife, to let her go over to the pink, promising she'd pay back every penny. That effing Rosemary said that she was sorry but she knew that Lisbeth had the highest to pay-back of anyone in the current batch, save for Melissa. So, tell me, girl, what was it that you did?"

I couldn't remember. I couldn't remember why I was in the north. I didn't know why I was partly a girl. If it was something to do with being the perfect spy or assassin, I would have understood. But what could a spy be doing out in a backwater like the place to which I had been consigned? I shuddered, even though my scented bathwater was still very warm. I had to find a way out of there but I remembered what Natalie had said in her falsetto whisper.

So I just listened to Lolita rant on about all the 'crimes' others had committed to be sent north until Natalie and Jennifer arrived with tea for us, which they set up in my reception area. They served us like the ladies we appeared to be, with curtsies and blushes. They did it quickly. Lolita rewarded them by taking them into my bathroom and redoing their makeup with my false eyelashes so that each they looking somewhat pleased with themselves, and definitely a lot more female.

III. AN EVENING AT GROTHOR'S INN

I spent a lot of time doing my makeup under the occasional supervision of Janette or Serena, the beauticians assigned to our floor. Serena helped me to put my hair up; she pinned it for me, twisting in a pale blue ribbon and making sure that I was wearing pale blue stones in my pendant earrings.

She was delighted that I seemed to know just what I was doing. I could have declared that I didn't. That would have been true. But my hands did. They seemed to know how to line the inside of my eyes. They knew how to attach my eyelashes and how to shade my eyes so that it looked that my lashes and lids were one.

I wore a gown of bronze that clung to my figure and exposed my breasts, hardly kept in place by the tiny straps at my shoulders.

Jullion himself came for me and escorted me to the ballroom. I flowed down the staircase on his arm. I'm not sure how I did it, but it seemed that I must have done it before. I *liked* doing it, feeling the thrill of being on a strong man's arm, knowing that I could in one second have him down and under my killing thumb if I wanted to. It was a heady thought as I was applauded by many smiling men who crowded about me, telling me how delightful I was. It was Jullion who decided that the High Councillor of Liffey, Morgan Hearn, should have the first dance with me.

It was a quickstep. I didn't know that I could dance a quickstep. I didn't know that I could dance a quickstep backwards as a woman should. I could and did on my four-inch heels while Morgan Hearn told me what a wonderful dancer I was and that he wanted the first slow dance with me as well.

As if in response to his request, the automusicon switched to a slow, dreamy waltz and a smiling Morgan Hearn took me in his arms, ignoring the other councillors who were eager to dance with me. "I've always admired you girls with a little extra," he murmured to me as if he was paying me a compliment. "For the longest time, girls like you were the only ones we had access to in the Liffey. I was only eighteen and I fell in love with the, well, with what I thought was the first woman I ever made love to. Martella was her name and she taught me how to love a woman. That is, how to love a woman like her. I was so

jealous of Denny Gurrell when he paid a bride price for her and took her off to Slay River as his wife."

Morgan smiled down at me as he shook his head ruefully. "That's how it was then," he shook his head again. "I know they started a new surgery for the girls we had back then, those that were married, that is, but most wouldn't have it. Mose Rennagan told me that his Claudia was perfect as she was and he didn't want any Lannan surgeon messing with her. Had four children as well. Mose said they tubed them all, two of hers and two of his, but how they did that, I don't know."

I knew. I could hear my cool inner voice telling me of the harvesting and purchasing of ova from women across the galaxy. Carmichael traded nanobodies for them with many labs across the Nebula and Rim Worlds. A woman like Rosemary could not become pregnant naturally but she could be impregnated by the doctors from Lannan with an ovum fertilized by her husband. Probably, her doctors would deliver her child by caesarean section and she would think herself the true mother of the infant that had been nourished and grown in her by such novel methods as the Lannan researchers provided.

I had a sudden insight that most of the doctors engaged in that work were women. But Carmichael frowned on its women ever learning anything of the sciences. Only now was that taboo breaking down. Then it came to me who those doctors must be and what they must have been before they became baby doctors and mothers themselves. I recalled seeing five or six of them on a ward, suckling their babies, their husbands so proud of them as they relaxed in their beautiful negligees, laughing at the babies clinging to them with their mouths as other very young, blushing and smiling nurses fussed over them. I could see a slender, blonde woman turning to smile at me and saying that she would be glad to get them all back to work but wasn't it every woman's right to have her child by as natural means as she possibly could, "just like you."

I shivered at that thought. I couldn't imagine what it meant. Morgan was instantly solicitous. He hugged me to him and breathed in my perfume. "Mmm," he sighed. "You girls always smell so beautifully female. I could hold you like this and dance with you all night."

I wouldn't have minded. It was strange how I felt in a man's arms, dancing with him. It was if I had done it many times before in my life. I liked the feel of my dress against my legs, restricting my movements, then swirling out airily to bring light, cool air to my stockings. I expertly pirouetted on my impossible heels and smiled prettily, with a curtsy, as I left Morgan. I was claimed by many other men who held me and told me how lovely I was and how they would tryst with me just as soon as I became available.

Once or twice, I glanced at the other girls; they were smiling as much as I was. The nervous girls, like Joleen and Stephanie, were not so nervous any more as they swirled about the floor in colorful gowns. Lolita wasn't dancing. She had her arm draped about the waist of a young man who looked like a woodchopper or something. His muscles fairly bulged out of the dark shirt he was wearing. The music changed to a quick beat. As I was twirled by my partner, I saw Lolita gyrate her hips wildly as her man put his hands on them and moved with her in unison to the floor. She looked up in delight and he kissed her. They danced together, his leg inside hers, and kissed at the same time. Partway

through the dance, they danced right out of the dancehall; he picked her up as she giggled and made eyes at him. He carried her easily up the staircase and they disappeared.

"Well, I hope you don't expect such gymnastics from me," said Morgan Hearn as he claimed me for a slow waltz. "I may not look it but I am seventy years old."

In the past, that would have been ancient but with modern medicine, seventy was nothing. I was older than that. It was quite a jolt to realize that. I was over seventy years old. It had no meaning in regard to looks or to how active a person was. I could expect, because of the nanobodies and drugs in me, to live healthily all of my life until I 'crashed' somewhere beyond a hundred and thirty, if I was as normal as everyone else.

At the end of the dance, in response to a signal that I didn't see or hear, Morgan put his arm about my waist and walked me from the floor to the staircase. We joined a long line of all the girls, each clinging to a man, being walked up the staircase. I heard Abigail giggling as she raised the front on her white dress and flowed up the stairs, her beau almost running up the steps after her. She seemed in a hurry to get him to her bedroom.

Our high heels clicked on the inlaid floors of the passage and Morgan steered me right into my own room. As I expected, as soon as we were inside the door, he took me in his arms and kissed me. He put his hands on my rounded posterior and pulled me into him, all the time his mouth and tongue tasting my lipstick while he made little sounds of pleasure. I liked kissing him as well. I liked it when he gently slipped my straps over my shoulders and he buried his rough face in my neck and chest.

He hugged and kissed me as if I was a woman and I responded to him as if I was. I could feel the fire in my gaff and wished that I was a pink girl and not a blue one. Then, I would be able to requite his love and give him the comfort that he came to a girl like me for. I seemed to be hearing a lecture in my head on what a comfort girl was and what she had to do for her man, her very short-term husband, as some called the male partner. But I couldn't do what a comfort girl could do, could I? I was a man and he knew that. A few passionate kisses I didn't mind. My brain seemed to think that it was all right for me to enjoy them. In fact, it suggested how I could increase my own pleasure by opening my lips to him and drawing him in.

As I expected, that made him even more ardent and he hugged me even more tightly. I felt my nipples press against my bra and dress and against him. Wow, was that ever nice! He freed the clasps of my dress; it floated to the floor and I was before him in my bra and matching dark blue panties and garter belt.

Morgan slipped my bra off me. He let his hands begin to caress the mounds on my chest which betrayed me completely because I felt intense pleasure at his caresses and the thing beneath my panties was reacting as if it was trying to get out.

He ran his hands down over my hips and stroked my legs and my pleasure doubled. I couldn't stand, literally. I was aching too much. "To bed," Morgan whispered, suddenly bending and swinging me up into his arms, his hands caressing my stockings and suspenders as he carried me to my bed.

"I'm sorry," Morgan said. He began tearing off his clothes as I lay back on the soft, fluffy quilt, the canopy wavering above me as his exertions made it all move. "I know I should let you take off all your makeup, but I can't wait a second longer to have you."

To have me? How could he have me? I was a man. So was he. I know because I could see his erection now. I could feel his manhood against me and suddenly I thought of what Lolita had said about the 'maids.' He descended on me and his hands began to stroke my rear end.

"No!" I gasped as he released my garter belt and there were only my panties and gaff between him and me. He pushed between my legs and began to kiss me again and fondle my breasts. His hard manhood pressed firmly against my panties. He pressed down on my necklace as he kissed and kissed me. His hands seemed to be everywhere, overwhelming my mind with thrilling and wonderful sensations.

Morgan tugged on my panties and I could feel his smile on my lips as I pulled back at them. They were too flimsy and he had them away from me in no time. The gaff and what was beneath it did not slow him at all. I could have killed him as I knew so well how to do. I *should* have killed him for what he did to me but, after all, what Morgan wanted to do was to make love to me as if I was a woman. He wanted to please me as if I was a woman. He said so. He murmured how beautiful a girl I was as he stroked me and assisted the removal of the pain I had felt. Then, he penetrated me.

I was struggling and wiggling under him when he fitted himself into me. I could feel him stopping to lubricate my entrance so that he could push deeply into me. I don't think I had ever experienced that before. I was laying on my back like a woman and Morgan Hearn, High Councillor of Liffey, was entering me, thrusting and thrusting, while I clung to him, my legs up in the air on either side of his waist. I felt nothing but pleasure as his mouth possessed and penetrated mine and he squeezed my nipples. I felt him come, massively, inside me. I put my arms about his neck and hung onto him as I wiggled my little rear end and that seemed to increase the pleasure he was feeling, never mind my own. Maybe I *had* done this with a man before.

Morgan collapsed on me eventually while I wanted more, my own little thing, at least in comparison to his, still hard and pressing into his abdomen. "Thank you," he murmured, kissing my face gently. He kissed my nose and my ears, my earrings somewhere swung up in my loosened hair. "So many girls make me wait. It has to be just so with them. But I just *had* to have you and it was every bit as good as I wanted it to be. You enjoyed it too, didn't you?"

I was surprised at the anxiety in his tone. "Yes, I loved it!" I said, stretching my feminine, little body beneath him. "I would like you to do it to me again."

I hadn't been going to say that. The words just tumbled out as if I was repeating a formula. I was appalled at myself but it did start Morgan Hearn kissing me again, which I loved. I felt a wiggle in his manhood and he began to nestle in again, slowly growing against my now sticky buttocks.

Morgan did me slowly and intensely. It seemed to last for hours and it was intensely pleasurable. At some point, he took hold of my little man and I exploded at his gentle touch. It was the most tremendously unexpected pleasure as he was still inside me. We rocked and wriggled together and he even let me briefly roll on top of him and ride him with my wiggly posterior.

I was so glad that I hadn't killed him. I didn't just like what he was doing to me, I *loved* it. It was something I was going to have to get my husband to do to me when I got back to our home. And suddenly, I had a picture of a man as tall as Morgan Hearn. But this man was much handsomer and he was leaning over me and smiling. Then he bent and kissed me. In my waking dream, I was kissing this very distinguished, handsome man and he was kissing me, evidently enjoying it very much.

Confused, I clung to High Councillor Morgan Hearn and he cuddled me to him, whispering sweet words about how lovely I was and how feminine my breasts and my legs and my backside were. He would be spending a lot of time with me in the future unless I told him to go away and did I know my minimum bride price? If not, he would find out, for if there was a bridal auction right now, he would buy me and marry me.

I know Morgan meant it all as a compliment. *How can I tell him*, I thought miserably, *that I just confirmed to myself that I am already married, and to a man.*

IV. THE SHE-MALE

It didn't bother the High Councillor that I had manhood between my legs. Morgan treated me as if I was a woman and I responded to him as if I was. As he told me what a wonderful lover I was, so I told him what a wonderful man he was. He seemed to grow even more amorous as I praised him for being such a man that any girl would want him as her lover. I got between the sheets with him and we explored each other's bodies. I was shameless as I induced him to rise again.

I had such crazy feelings after he had entered me. I could still feel him inside me and I felt as if he was making love to me constantly even when he was just laying, exhausted, beside me. I mounted him, my knees at his sides and lay my energized breasts on his chest. Within moments, he had my nipples in his mouth and he roused me again.

"Oh, my darling," Morgan sighed. "I am not a superman. Let me pleasure you another way." He used his mouth and he did, his hands stroking my soft-skinned legs so that I almost convulsed as he made me come and come. He told me I had a sweet clitoris, which was obviously not true. With the way he used his tongue, though, well, I was extremely pleased by my lover. I wondered how many trysts I could take in a day if I got such pleasure as this from each man I was to let have me.

The High Councillor was reluctant to leave me but the console messenger insisted that I had another appointment and so he had to go. Jullion was waiting in the hallway as Morgan left, pausing in the doorway to press me to him, in my skimpy negligee and low-cut panties. His hands caressed my soft, rounded rear as he pressed my naked breasts into him. I loved the firm way he kissed me and I clung to him as well, kissing him back as warmly as I could.

"Thank you for a wonderful evening," I murmured to him as Jullion coughed discreetly across the hall from us.

"No, thank *you*," whispered my lover. His hands squeezed and squeezed my rear as he kissed me again and again.