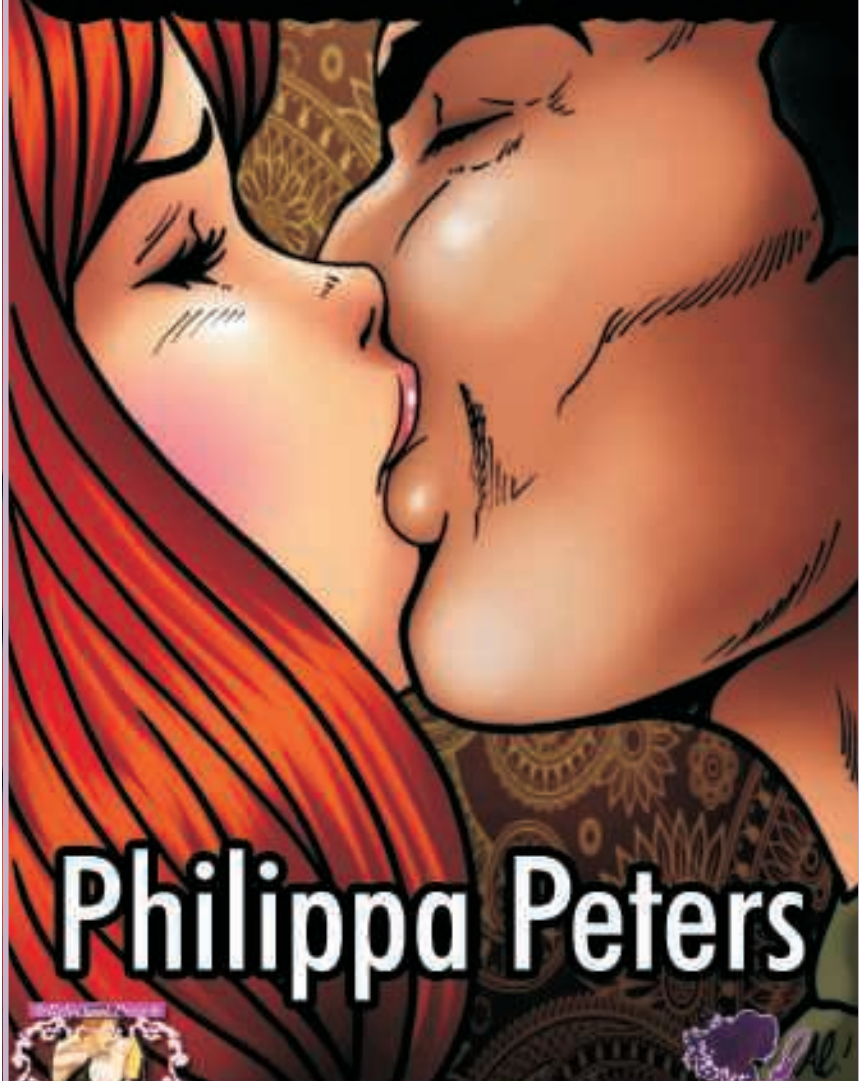


The Countess Of Monte Cristo



Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO

By Philippa Peters

——-*Betrayed*——-

“Enemy combatants don’t get trials,” smirked the guard I’d appealed to. By the expression on his and his friends’ faces, there was only one thing left for me to do. I raced for the side of the boat and would have hurled myself over into the water, despite the fact that my hands were manacled behind me.

A gun fired and I was hurled sideways by the force of the blow from the bullet as it hit me. The pain in my

shoulder was nothing compared to the pain in my heart as I thought about what the interrogator, Lewis, had told me. He'd lied to me! I wasn't going back to the woman I loved! What was happening to me, rendition, I'd only heard talked about on television. I wasn't getting a day in court; I wasn't going to be able to explain that they had it all wrong; I wasn't going to see Abby ever again. I might as well take my chances in the water no matter how I was manacled.

"It was only a rubber bullet," said the second guard, leaning over me. "Told you he'd run for it, didn't I? Guilty as charged."

"No," I whimpered and a powerful fist connected with my jaw. I saw stars and blackness before I swam up to the light, thinking that I was in the peaceful ocean at last.

"Gag and bag this one," said the guard who'd fired at me to his companion. "Had enough of listening to crap from goddamned traitors!"

"I'm not ..." I screamed. And that was when I was gagged, my legs were tied together and I was hauled into Hell.

——-The First Level——-

"You've been everywhere in the Middle East, Mr O'Brien," said the interrogator, looking at all the stampings on my passport.

"It's my business!" I exclaimed. Well, it was my father's really but I was trying to prove that I was worthy of taking over from him. "You must have heard of him," I said eagerly to the guy who talked American like me. He was probably CIA which was why he was interested in my travels. "He used to supply you guys in Pakistan and Afghanistan. OBN Overseas! That was him!"

“O’Brien? OBN?” asked Lewis, the interrogator, in genuine surprise, or so I thought. “That was your father?”

“That’s why I have so many letters of introduction to leaders and merchants all over the Middle East,” I explained in a rush. “Dad knew everyone. He made me learn all the Arabic languages, and Farsi, Urdu, Punjabi, Afghan dialects, Tadjik, Uzbek ...”

“So you could sell guns to anyone,” said Lewis with a smile.

I gaped at him. “No!” I gasped. “You’ve got my order book, haven’t you? It was in my briefcase.” I had built up an inventory of goods from all over the Middle East, being stored even as I spoke, awaiting my commands to send them to the depots I’d set up across Europe and America.

I had orders, too, for Western goods in return. With just the slim service charges that OBN, that was me now, would put on all the orders, both ways, I figured that I would be a millionaire in two years if I could keep the trade going. I’d be much more than that, much more, in ten years’ time.

“Yes, we’ve read that,” Lewis said with a smile but, later, as I worked it out, I don’t think he had my books at that time at all. “Now, this letter you have from the man in Karachi to the man in Washington?” Lewis asked me. “Where is that one?”

“How, how did you know ...?” I gasped. “It, it was just a letter of friendship!” hadn’t wanted to accept it when Ali came up to me in the airport lounge. On the airplane to Beirut, after I’d confided in him, Ted Graham said I should tear it up. It would only get me in trouble. How prophetic his words had been.

“Friendship?” asked Lewis, smiling at me. “Then you read the letters you carried from one Arab leader to others?”

“This was the only one!” I gasped. “And I thought that Senator Morse wouldn’t mind”

“Senator Morse?” Lewis interrupted me, his mouth remaining open in astonishment as I used the name of someone I didn’t know, save by reputation.

“It’s inside my order book,” I said. “When I get to Washington, I was going to send it on to the Senator. His name was on the envelope!”

“A letter from a Taliban leader to an American Senator?” asked Lewis, staring at me as if I was a gullible fool, as I was to learn, in anguish and pain, that I was.

“Ali, he’s on our side,” I stammered in surprise to Lewis. “He was educated at Penn State. Ali just wanted me to convey his respect to an old friend in the American government, as he called the Senator. He, he let me read it. It was just a reminiscence of the great times the two of them had, fighting the Russians.”

“That was all?” asked Lewis, seeming quite relieved.

“Yes,” I said. “Just the usual things, wishing the Senator well and thanking him for the gift for his daughter’s wedding.”

Lewis was very still. “His daughter’s wedding?” he asked.

“Sohara,” I said, even managing a smile. “I asked Ali how long she’d been married.”

“And he said ...” asked Lewis tautly.

“It was all in the letter,” I babbled at him. “Earlier this year. Ali doesn’t like his new relatives and is thinking of breaking the marriage. He hoped the Senator liked his fu-

ture in-laws when his daughter was married. He wished he could be there to see her all dressed in white! He would think of her on her special day, things like that. His gift to her was what the Senator had always wanted and was being sent to Dubai to be shipped to America, or anywhere else if the Senator thought that was best."

Lewis stared at me. "You got this letter in August and it's now October and you haven't delivered it?" he asked me, his eyebrows going up incredulously.

"I, I got delayed," I had to tell him in a rush. "My b-business, travel is upset everywhere."

"And you're supposed to be back in New York to be married yourself?" asked Lewis with a smile.

"Yes," I said hesitantly.

"Well, we can arrange that," said Lewis with another friendly smile at me. "Let me just make a note to your guards. You'll have to be held for a little while longer, but, be calm about the way the guards treat you. They want to keep this place secure; but I promise you, Patrick O'Brien, that we'll have you back to see your bride in absolutely no time at all!"

——-In the deepest levels of Hell——-

"Put her in here with me!" babbled some old, slobbery guy as I was frogmarched through the bowels of Hell.

"I'll treat her right!" yelled another from behind different bars, grabbing his crotch.

The guards laughed at the terror on my face as I wrestled with them. "So, Patrick," sneered the man who had gagged me. "Who do you fancy? They all fancy you, a brand new piece of peckerwood to play with."

"P-Perverts!" I screamed at him as I was dragged deeper into Huwara, a prison from which there is no escape, the Turkish-speaking guards had told me.

"Give him to Lanarka," said a new guard coming out of the gloom to speak to the guard who had almost let me fling myself to my death off the boat. "She'll end up there anyway and Lanarka knows how to treat new additions to the harem."

"I want to talk to the interrogator!" I pleaded and all the guards laughed.

"Busy," laughed the first guard, "with real traitors."

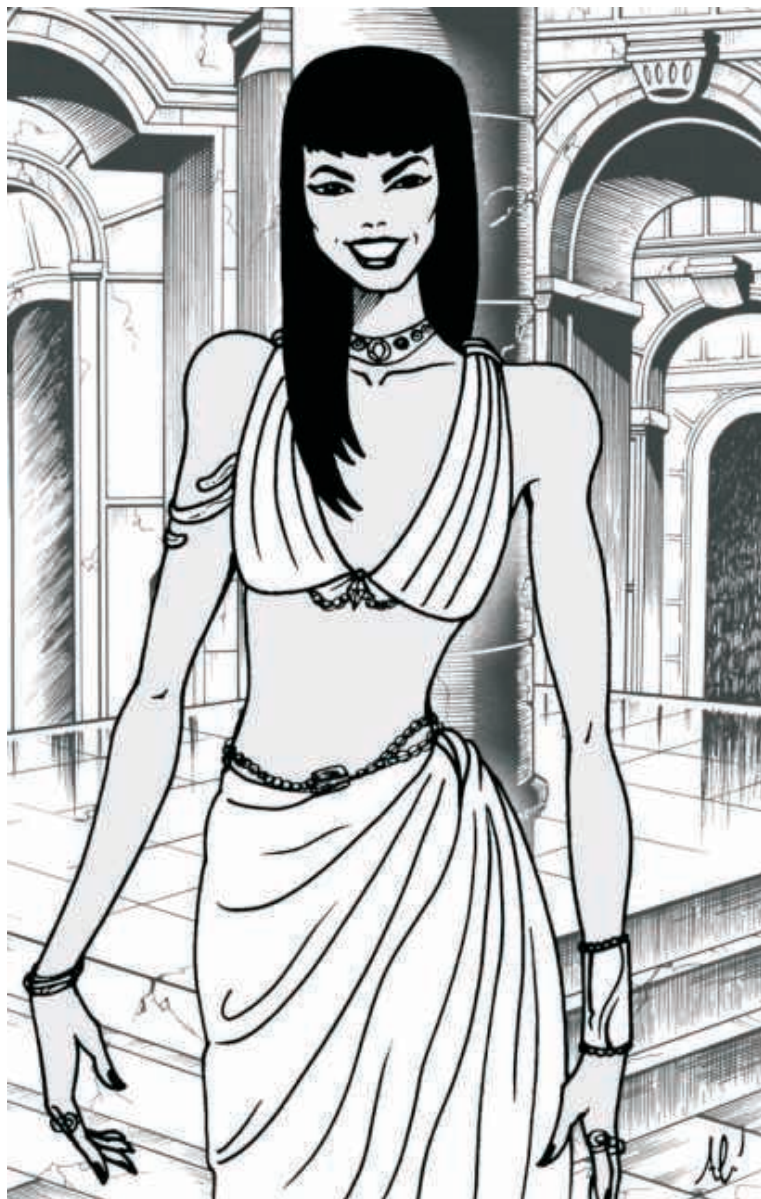
That was when I realized in terror that it didn't matter what I had to say. They didn't even care if I was guilty or not. Lewis had told me he'd believed me, that the letter I'd carried would convince his superiors. I was fluent in several Middle Eastern languages and dialects and did favors all the time for my father's customers, just as Papa had. Was there something cryptic in the letter that I hadn't seen? I wasn't a gunrunner as my guards said to each other that I was. I didn't sell guns to the enemies of America! That was all a lie! I didn't sell such things to terrorists. I don't know who'd told my captors that I had. I hadn't.

I didn't believe that there could be women down in the depths of Huwara. Two heavily painted raven-haired women arched their backs and pouted at us, over smooth-skinned shoulders, as the guards brought me at last to an iron grill. It closed off the passage, making a long room ahead of us. A line of dark-haired women in glittering dresses and gleaming makeup got up and strutted in front of the grilled doorway as the guards drooled.

"Lanarka!" yelled one of the guards huskily to the group. A tall woman, in a white dress, jewellery glittering everywhere, from her hair to her ankles, swayed to the

front of the cell as the first two women smiled, pouted and moved off.

“One more for you,” sneered one of the guards, reaching in his pocket for keys. “Just lose this one.”



“Only if you come and pay me a special visit,” said the woman named Lanarka in a most masculine voice, though she did seem to be trying to be sultry and sexy. ‘Her’ voice jarred me to my core. I couldn’t help staring at her madeup, woman’s face in shock at the way she sounded.

The guard smiled as he opened the gate and Lanarka flowed out, her walk willowy and tantalizing. “Now, now,” said the bigger guard, as she floated into his arms and kissed his neck as he hung on to her. “The yard,” he added as she caressed his blocky uniformed body with hers, “is extended for an extra hour for the next week. You should make a nice reward from that.”

“Oh, but sugar,” drawled Lanarka and suddenly, shockingly, I saw an Adam’s apple bobbing in ‘her’ throat. Gods! She was a man! A man who looked like a sexy woman in a form-fitting dress. She even had breasts! “It’s you I really want, a big, handsome man like you. I want you inside me all night. I’ll do anything you want, baby.”

The shorter guard was laughing at the first. “Okay, Earl,” he said in English, though he had only spoken Turkish until then. He unlocked my manacled hands and shoved me through the opened bars. “The last cell we passed is open and unused. You got a date for mid-shift!”

“Perfect,” purred the heavily madeup woman in a bass rumble. “I’ll be looking forward to it.”

The grill was locked and I stood there, stunned at the women smiling so knowingly all about me. I rubbed at my wrists where the handcuffs had marked me. I stared disbelievingly at Lanarka. “You’re a man!” I exclaimed to ‘her’.

“Down here,” rumbled Lanarka, sashaying away from me towards the line of smiling girls. Her long, red finger-

nail was gesturing for me to follow her, "we were! Now we're women, as is everyone who is assigned to this beautiful boudoir."

I almost threw up on the spot as the slim, busty, shapely 'women' smiled at me, one giggling like a little girl. "You're one of us now," she said in her high-pitched, girlish voice.

——*The seventh level of Hell*——

It didn't take a day and I was dressed just like the other glittering creatures in the special cells that I was forced into. I lost my shirt, my pants, my underpants and vest. I lost my socks and my shoes, even my handkerchief. I gained frilled panties, a bra, a corset, stockings and garter belts, dresses and glass, tinkling jewellery. I had to wear a wig and makeup, tons of makeup, every day.

From that day forward, and every day I spent in Huwara, I was dressed in women's clothing. And every day, I was someone's girlie pet. Miri and Buna were assigned to take me over and make me like them, a pervert. I screamed and fought until Lanarka brought in a loaded syringe and the 'girls' laughingly held me down, held my arm straight and Lanarka injected me with something that made me blessedly pass out.

"Is she available?" someone asked as I swam to consciousness. A cold compress woke me and I tried to sit up but I was constricted all over. I tried to move but my limbs were all firmly held. Worse, as I tried to move, I felt and heard the swishing of some soft and silky material.

"If you want a fight," said another man's voice from behind my head. I twisted and something at my ears moved with me. Something cold and metallic seemed to pull across my collarbone. Earrings! I gasped inside as I twisted enough to look up at Miri, who was smiling down at me.

"Is our little girl awake now?" asked Miri in lisping French. "Don't try to move, Rowena. Don't tug on your bindings." She moved and her scented skirts drifted right over my face. I looked up, shuddering, at a woman's stockings, garter belt and panties on smooth, shapely women's legs.

"Come and do that to me, Miri," called the first man's voice I'd heard. He was speaking in Arabic, a Saudi, I thought.

Miri swirled her skirts and laughingly went away from me. "Lower the end of the bed frame so that she can see us," Miri lisped in Arabic.

I'd made jokes about gays in a voice just like that. I rose a little and looked at a well-muscled man in rags, holding onto Miri about the waist as he changed the angle at which I was being pinned to a mattress and bed frame.

"She's a pretty one now," said the man as the silky coverings shivered all over me. I had the impression of long hair falling about my neck and ears and earrings moving again as I felt as if I couldn't fall. I was like a fly pinned to a specimen chart in science class.

"You say that to all of us girls," lisped Miri, lifting the man's head and kissing him on the lips ardently. Only when she had to come up for breath, her lipstick covering the man's lower face did Miri's Adam's apple bobble as well. I screamed in horror as loudly as I could. I would never let a man treat me as she was being treated. I would never enjoy it as she obviously did.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the big man, opening Miri's dress and exposing her womanly breasts.

"I don't think that she wants to be one of us," said Miri, giving a very masculine laugh.