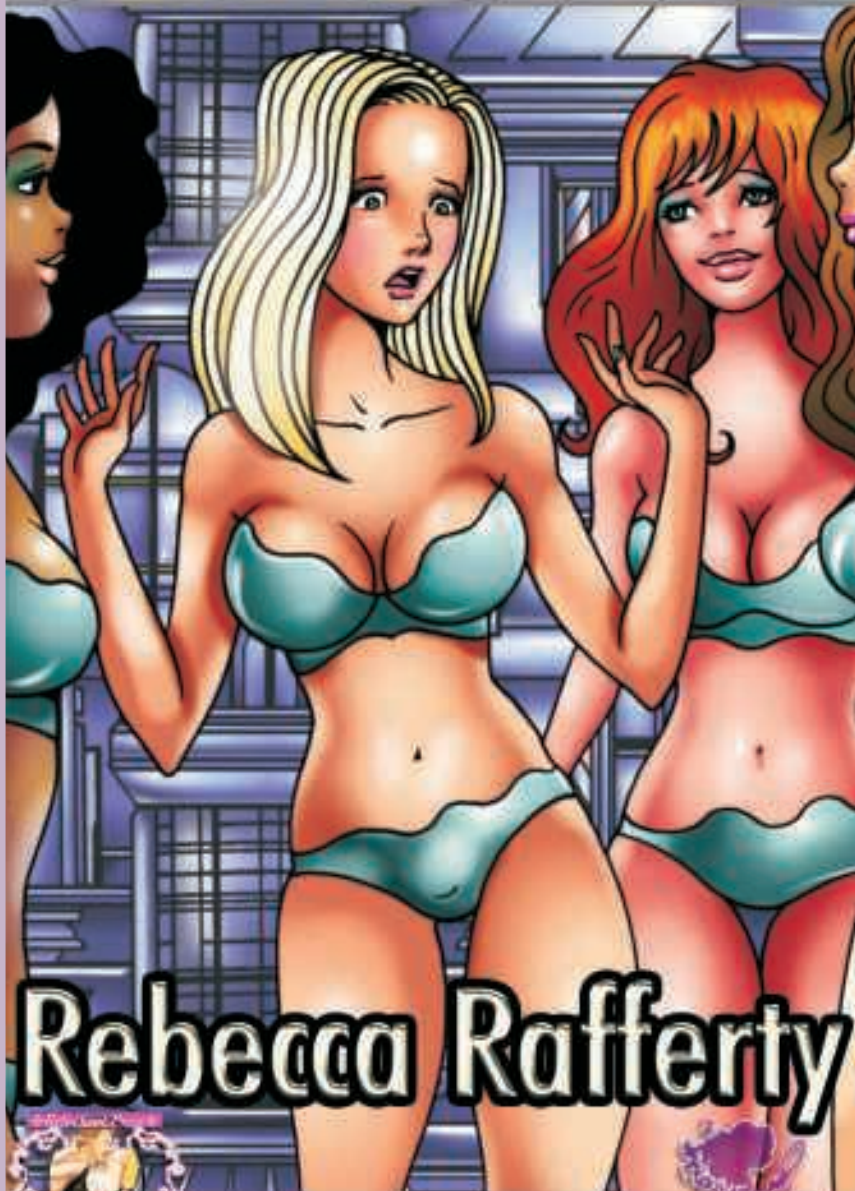


# A Perfect World



## Rebecca Rafferty



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# A PERFECT WORLD

by Rebecca Rafferty

## 1. Come on over to our side – Be a Perfect Girl!

We were quite used to promos for all kinds of products being a continuous part of space station life. We were, after all, a captive audience as we had to wait for the repairs to our light sails to be made. This station, Perfect, as it called itself, didn't have the familiar ads we'd had back in our home systems. So, we paid a little more attention to Laura and Suzanne than we might normally have done.

"Wouldn't you like to be just like us?" Laura, the blonde, was saying, running her hands down her lovely figure.

"Come on over to our side," pouted the brunette, sitting beside what I'd thought was a patient in a medical chair. The guy leaning back was being shaved of his beard and more than that. Time-lapse photography showed us that he was being shaved all

over, save for his head, which was soon under a woman's hair drier. I gawked in amazement as the guy was assisted into women's underwear and a dress before lying back as his face was transformed by makeup into that of a woman.

"Come and join us," purred Laura seductively, "just like darling Melissa here." Darling Melissa had her hair brushed out, smiling as she was hugged by the other two girls. She looked at her image and swayed back and forth in girlish delight.

"Don't you want to be a girl like us, too?" asked Suzanne, her arm about the man who was prancing like a real girl as she and Laura kissed his cheeks. He, and despite the makeup you could tell it was a 'he', had to kiss them as well, leaving signs of lipstick all over their faces. "Here, at Pretty Perfect Girls' Salon, you can begin your wonderful journey into girliness. We're here to help you in every way, no credits up front required, and a limit of ten percent garnishes on future earnings. Come on over to our side, like Melissa, and really experience life as a Perfect girl. You know you'll love it. We do!"

Johnny was still laughing as we cleared out of our doss, that's what they called short-term rooms on Perfect, and went out to spend a little money on whatever pleasures this backward space station had to offer. We had very few credits left, but we were spacers. And how do spacers make a living? Let's face it, on the information that we glean from other spacers in dock bars from Terra to the Nebula.

"Can you believe that?" Johnny chortled, pointing to the video of the promo we'd seen. It was running on screens, and even in holos, along what passed for a Spacer Row of cheap bars. There hadn't been many ships with interstellar rigs, we'd noted, when we'd been directed by the locals into Baron's Perfect Repair Yard.

But the guys at Baron's had known right away what had gone wrong with our sails and how to repair them. The station bank had accepted our scrip, the price as modest as our ship's directory's latest down-load said it would be. We all felt good as it meant we

were right not to have coasted on twenty light years to Averill, a station we could have reached, which proclaimed it could service models years older than our Outbounder V, but the prices had made us wince. We'd have been stuck on Averill for a couple of T-years, re-paying the tariff, in bond to a local combine. We'd all had enough of that back home.

"Have you ever seen anything like that before?" giggled Johnny, pointing to 'Melissa', dancing and high-kicking, showing off her girly undies, laughing as 'she' danced like the other girls in the promo. Locals, I'd say, saw us pointing and laughing at the holos. They frowned at us, surprised at what we were laughing at.

I shuddered and couldn't believe the glares being directed at us. I wanted to shush Johnny as the reaction we were getting just didn't seem right. Several Perfect bar denizens had looked really annoyed. One 'native' seemed about to confront Johnny, about what he was laughing at, but his friend had pulled him down and whispered something in his ear. The 'native' suddenly began to laugh as he looked us over, his face leering, or so I thought.

"Sure is a weird station to have promos like those," said Andy, agreeing with Johnny as he always did. "What's on other public outlets?"

I'd already checked in our doss. The programs were mostly old movie remakes and feelies as far as I could tell, but the promos for station products were all like the one we were seeing everywhere.

"Let's get a beer and watch a show," I suggested, ducking into a bare-bones watering hole.

The holos were almost life-size. I recognized the music and songs right away. The dancing girls were very beautiful and looked real as they swirled and pouted seductively as if they were smiling at us, just inches away from them. When the blonde began to do *Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend*, I recognized the oldie.

"Those weren't the girls in the original," I said to Johnny who was pretending to dance with the blonde girl, making believe he was touching her breasts as she arched and smiled. "I think this is a re-make of a re-make."

I looked over to the bartender who was scowling at Johnny. "We only show new stuff in here," he muttered to me.

The chorus line of girls were skittering off the stage in their skimpy costumes, showing all kinds of shapely women's legs. They chattered about men and boys as they changed costumes and went back to dance or change to street dresses.

"Wow! Look at the boobs on that one!" exclaimed Johnny while the bartender seemed to perk up as he looked us over.

"Where you boys from?" the bartender wanted to know, grinning as the holo concentrated on the blonde and her boyfriend, Chance, in a hotel room. As quickly as she'd dressed, so Chance had the blonde out of her clothes. They got right to it on the bed. The holo in our part of the bar made us feel as if we were in the bedroom, four of us guys, all horny as could be, watching this pair having it off, his mouth on her breasts. Her breasts moved and writhed to the caressing of Chance's hands and face, while Johnny's hands, when he tried to join in, just went through the holo image.

"Ain't you glad we stayed to watch this one?" laughed Monty.

I was getting hot myself while Andy was stroking himself under the table.

"We don't need to watch porn!" I said as the girl smiled prettily at Chance and begged him to do it to her. "Can't we switch the holo to something else?"

"I'll break your teeth if you switch now," growled Monty as the boyfriend, Chance, was going at it right in front of us, taking off the blonde girl's garter belt and stockings and kissing the girl's long, dancer's

legs, as we'd all have liked to do, I'm sure, if she wasn't in a holo, exposing her tiny panties.

"This is the best part," leered the barkeep, as Chance and the girl tussled over her panties, a tussle that Chance won. He rolled her over, her tush high in the air, and began to pump himself into her. She wriggled in ecstasy, obviously liking to be taken in the rear. Then she rolled up, his hand playing with the front of her between her legs.

"Geez! Look at that!" Johnny gasped, pointing at what was in Chance's hand, between the girl's legs, equipment the same and as male as the guy she was making love to. I recoiled in shock as I realized that the blonde girl we'd been salivating over wasn't a girl at all. I think the other guys were going to be sick as they jumped up, making as if to run from the bar.

"Watch this!" sneered the barkeep, a wide grin on his face at the expressions on ours. "She really gets reamed, the blonde cutie. Look, I can rewind. You can watch it again and again."

"No thanks!" I said hastily, initialling his bar chit for all of us.

"Better get used to it," the barkeep called after us but I think I was the only one to hear him as the holo girl was squealing, her legs high in the air, as Chance penetrated her tush. She wiggled and begged him not to stop, her long, red-nailed fingers clutching his hair and face to hers. She kissed Chance just as I loved girls to do to me.

"We came out to watch that?" asked Johnny sarcastically as we darted down the passageway after our friends and partners in the *Rimrunner Prince*, our ship.

## **2 At Madame Harvey's, we make Perfect girls!**

"Looking for a job on Perfect?" asked another well-stacked blonde girl in the holo ad. "You want to earn a few credits? Oh, but there are few jobs on Perfect unfilled, right? If you're young and thin and not too tall, consider what you'd earn as an actress, an

escort, a showgirl, a waitress or even an exotic dancer? Yes, here on Perfect, all those careers are open to you, young men. All you have to do is choose to be a girl! We'll do the rest for you, here at Madame Harvey's. You'll have all the money you need in no time to travel anywhere in the Nebula! Come on over to our side, for love and for money! Choose to be a Perfect girl and all your dreams will come true!"

"Let's find real girls," grunted Monty, heading into a place that I, treasurer of our independent crew, knew we couldn't really afford. Not regularly at least, not with what the repairs were costing us. We'd just the slimmest of margins left to remain solvent. There was carrier trade to Averill but we'd have to bond with what was left of our credits, all of them, to get in on that.

"That promo we just saw," said Andy, "was different to the first one!"

"Still had a guy being turned into a girl," said Johnny as we followed Monty to a long bar with stools along it.

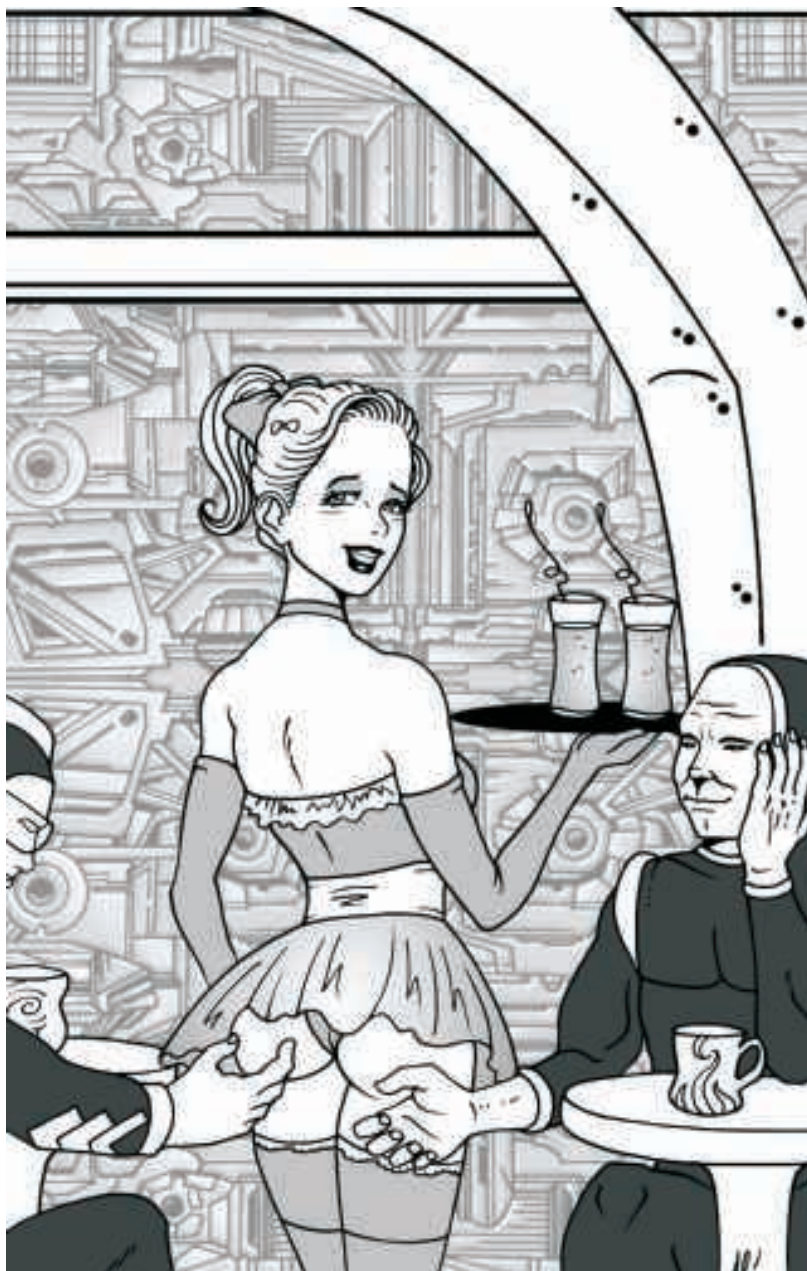
"What the fardling heck have we walked into?" asked Monty, chugging on the expensive, real-grain beer he'd ordered for us all.

"Hey, bartender," Monty loudly asked the frowning guy behind the bar. The guy might have been a twin to the first guy we'd dealt with in the holo bar. "What the heck is that in your vid promo?"

The first ad we'd seen for the Pretty Perfect Girl Salon was running again.

"What?" asked the bartender in surprise. A glamorous, heavily made up, muskily scented waitress came sliding and smiling between us to pick up a tray of drinks the bartender had arranged. She smiled at me, her face delicate despite the heavy makeup. A wide ribbon held back her fairly long, blonde hair as she bounced away from us in her skimpy uniform, her cleavage revealed by her tight costume. She minced over to serve several veteran spacers and stationers. Hands tried to caress her rounded tush and





stockinged legs but she laughed at the caresses and slapped them away when the locals, I guessed, tried to do more than caress her shapely thighs. She sat, though, in one guy's lap as she collected their tab.

One guy held up a tip and demanded something for it. She sat in his lap and kissed him. He must have goosed her little tush as she finally catapulted up, flipped her rusty little skirts in the guy's face, taking her credits and wiggling back to where we were admiring her.

The bartender had another tray ready for Wanda to take upstairs. So, we got to watch her sexy walk, away from us, she knowing that we were watching with our tongues hanging out, as she minced off on her high heels.

"Mmm, tasty," murmured Monty, staring as Wanda climbed the steps to an upper deck. I think every guy near the stairs was looking up to see under her skirts as she went clicking up to serve her drinks.

"Why do you have so much pervy stuff on all the promos?" Johnny asked the bartender when he'd a moment to talk to us.

"Pervy?" the guy asked, frowning even more.

"Perverted! Drag queen stuff, like that!" Johnny said, indicating Melissa and her transformation by Laura and Suzanne. "She-males! Trannies! Ladyboys!" Monty and Andy joined in with other derogatory words for men in dresses. I froze and tried to stop them when I saw the bartender's face tightening as they leered and chattered on.

"Shush," said the bartender finally in alarm, glancing at others in the bar, some of whom were staring at us, I could see. It occurred to me that we'd probably wandered into the deviates' section of the station. I thought we should get out of the bar, right away.

"You can't say stuff like that here," muttered the bartender, trying to be quiet. "In fact, don't say it

anywhere on station. Not unless you want security to take you in!"

"What!" said Monty loudly. He's always getting into fights. Usually wins them, too. "All we've seen since we got here is movies and promos with guys in dresses!"

"That's not what we call them on Perfect," whispered the bartender, the frown still on his face as bar drinkers were pointing in our direction.

"What do you call them?" I asked quickly.

The bartender smiled at me. "We call them girls," he said.

The others didn't seem to get it but I did. I wanted to get the others out to explain but this couple came into the bar, a male and a female in a dress, but she wasn't very feminine. She was trying to speak in a feminine voice, squeaking about how lovely it was to be out of their stuffy quarters. The older guy hugged 'her' about her waist, while she swished most affectionately against him with a smile. I froze as I saw the looks on Monty's and Johnny's faces.

"Hey, Faldo," called the older, grey-haired guy. "A Prime and a Ladywine, over with my wife's friends." He indicated some other couples over at the back half of the bar.

"Let's get out of here!" I whispered sharply to the boys.

Monty not only ignored me. He let out a terrible laugh. "Look what the Solar Rays have driven in," he said very loudly.

The woman's hand trembled as she flushed and pushed long, brown hair back from her face.

"What did you say?" asked the older man, totally shocked, it seemed, as he stared at Monty.

"You heard me, faggot," sneered Monty. "Why's she bother to wear a dress, your bum-boy there, with a face and shoulders a stevedore would love to have?"

"You've insulted my wife," said the old man furiously, as the 'woman' whimpered behind him. 'She' tried with both hands to pull him away from Monty and the looming confrontation over her thin, pink-dressed, 'female' figure.

Monty cackled at what the old man said. I knew he'd drunk more than the rest of us.

Insult after insult about the man in the dress and high heels, clinging to the older man's arm with long, feminine fingernails, as red as the lipstick 'she' was wearing, followed from Monty's mouth.

The old man took his wife's hands from his arm. He was as red-faced as 'she' was. It was kind of neat the way he pushed her behind him and stood up for 'her', to defend her. But I might have been the only one who thought that way.

"Take back every word, you off-world slug!" snarled the older man, shoving Monty hard. Monty staggered; wow, the old guy was really strong, I was thinking, as Andy grabbed the local's arm and Johnny jumped on the old guy's back. They all fell in a heap on the floor, the 'wife' squealing like a little girl, calling for 'Help!' in a funny kind of half-male, half-female voice.

The bartender vaulted over the bar, baton in hand, lights flashing all along the countertop. I heard the crack of the baton on Andy's head. He was out of it as Station Security arrived, much faster than I've seen in any station we've been on.

Security piled on Monty as he was throwing hay-makers. He connected with the old guy and with the friends who'd charged in to help him. Johnny went down after another crack of the baton. I put my hands up and was grabbed by two security men who know the safest place in a fight is with a non-combatant like me.

“What happened here, Faldo?” asked the leader of Station Security as he had Monty trussed with ties behind his back.

“Strangers,” said Faldo. “Shouldn’t a-been allowed on station. All upset at the promos.” The security men frowned as if not knowing what would upset us about them. “Then, this one,” he indicated Monty, “insults Baron’s new wife. Those two,” he pointed at Johnny and Andy, “jumped Baron when he defended Abigail as he should for the insults she was given.”

The security looked quite grimly at Monty and the other guys. One bowed to the brunette Abigail. She blushed but looked pleased with the gesture.

“What about this one?” asked the head security, indicating me. “What did he do?”

“Nothing,” said Faldo, shaking his head. “Just stood there. Tried to get the others to leave. All he said.”

Handcuffs came off me as my friends and partners were hauled out of the Pepper Bar and onto a rig moving away to wherever station lockup was. I was left standing there in a group with Rafer Baron, the owner of the yard fixing our ship, his wife, Abigail, Faldo, the barkeep, and Wanda, the waitress.

“You guys don’t know anything about Perfect, do you?” asked Wanda, saucily posing with a hand on her hip.

“We just came in for repairs,” I gurgled as Wanda’s smile and arm about me were provoking me.

“Why here?” asked a puzzled Wanda.

“Cheaper than anywhere within fifty light years,” I said.

“Cheaper,” agreed Wanda, her perfume really filling my nostrils. “But surely you must have heard of Perfect before, what we’re famous for?”

I shook my head. I had an idea but didn't dare to say it to a pretty girl like Wanda.

"Wanda," called Faldo from his bar, seeing the way she was bouncing her cute, little body against me. "Take that boy up to the obs deck and run a little history by him."

"I'd love to," said a smiling Wanda breathlessly, clasping my hand in hers. We went through the bar where Baron and Abigail had joined other couples. She was being hugged by them all, even another guy, clearly, who was in as cute drag as she was. That was when I noticed that all the girls, including Abigail and the other cross-dresser, were wearing lovely, feminine wedding rings.

### 3. Look a little more womanly - thanks to the Perfect Woman Clinic!

A new promo filtered across the screens, all about cosmetic surgery, a really pretty brunette in a pink dress gesturing and moving in front of the camera as if she was showing what had been done to her.

"What's that all about?" I asked Wanda as she brought me out onto the observation deck, empty but for the two of us. She smiled and led me to a couch in front of one of the screens, black space with the red veil of the Nebula filling the window. Wanda activated a screen and the brunette in pink began her spiel again.

"Want your girl to look a little more womanly?" the brunette asked coyly. "Why not bring her to the Perfect Woman Clinic here on Gamma Deck?" The shot faded to show her entering a bright, glitzy clinic, with blonde, smiling nurses leading the way to up-to-date examination rooms.

“That’s Barbie Robbins,” whispered Wanda in my ear as she cuddled up to me, putting my arm about her. “She’s one of Perfect’s favourite actresses.”

Barbie was going on about changes that could be made to a girl, talking about facial feminization, T and A augmentations, and several other improvements, such as to skin and hair that I didn’t follow. I did follow the before and after pictures and vids that appeared on the screen. I watched in amazement as guys like me, no, even uglier than me, were transformed by surgery into pretty women. I watched the guys smiling in delight as their breasts were inflated, their tushes and even their legs rounded. I saw a model show of ‘girls’ in delicate lingerie, smiling as the camera panned over their female assets with occasional insets of the rugged man that the woman had once been.

A doctor had his arm about Barbie, hugging her to him and proclaiming her to be the most wonderful patient he’d ever had.

“Let’s turn it off,” said Wanda. I was never so glad to see the stars again as the screen and the promo disappeared.

Wanda was so close to me, her perfume so appealing. It was natural that I kissed her cushiony lips and she eagerly kissed me back. I caressed her back and she moved even tighter against me, her breasts bouncing, her short waitress skirts rustling.

She didn’t mind my hands on her legs. In fact, Wanda encouraged me to stroke her, her own hands pushing my tush close into her. Soon, she was opening my pants and freeing my manhood. I was still struggling with the tight fastenings on her little dress when she slid down my body and went down on me. Her lovely mouth aroused me to a frenzy as only a man, who’s been six months on a space voyage without women, would understand. She had me in just minutes of action. I couldn’t hold back as she seemed to be delighted that I was so frisky, so quickly.

She had a bottle of wine in a basket beside the couch as she giggled and cleaned her mouth. “You

taste of cinnamon,” Wanda murmured as she snuggled back against me, kissing me again with her clean-tasting mouth.

“Faldo said you were to give me a history lesson,” I said to her. Wanda pulled a face and began to kiss me some more, taking my hand and putting it on her aroused breast.

I couldn’t make love to her right away after coming as I had, I knew that, and so I tried to talk to her. “We only came in here to get our sails re-built,” I murmured as she took off her earrings as I kissed her face and neck.

“Baron’s yards do that,” Wanda whispered to me, kissing my face as she rolled on top of me, her legs inside mine, her thighs trying to trap my manhood between them. “Now, you’ve pissed him off about Abigail, it could be you boys are going to be here for a long time, don’t you think? Your friends could visit up here in obs with me and my friends! You’ll have time!”

I didn’t doubt that my randy friends, as sex-starved as me, would love to be up here doing what I was doing with Wanda, her little dress open enough that I could fondle her perky breasts, kiss and caress them as she frolicked over me.

“I, I don’t understand how a man like Baron,” I gasped, “and a woman,” I felt I had to use that word, “like Abigail could be married!”

Wanda giggled again squeezing my strengthening manhood between her thighs, her panties so soft and silky against my intimate parts as well. “You really don’t know about Perfect at all, do you?” asked Wanda, her hair falling so beautifully about her lovely face. I had to lift my head to kiss her soft, cushiony lips. “I thought it’s the talk of Trajan’s Rift and the Nebula.”

“We only came in,” I said, shivering as she wiggled expertly on me, getting me to rise to heights I hadn’t known I could reach, “to get the cheapest repair job we could.”



"Oh, you've got to be careful about doing that," whispered Wanda. I could feel her passion rising as I went to work on her breasts, sliding her dress and bra down her lovely, girlish body. "You never know what you'll fall into that way. Could be pirates, militias, fanatics. Didn't you use the cultural index?" Every ship has one and adds to it on every station visit. "Every planet and station from here to Old Earth is listed. I know Perfect is!"

I had to admit that I didn't think any of us had looked through that compendium. It took hours just to load and we weren't interested in culture, just in ship repairs.

"Did you even know this station was once as a prison?" Wanda asked me as she knelt up so that she could wiggle out of her dress and let my hands caress the thin panties about her tush.

"It was?" I asked, far too busy to really want more of the history lesson.

"What does that mean to you?" asked a smiling Wanda as she dangled her breasts in my face.

"A lot of rough guys?" I ventured between caresses.

Wanda pulled a face. "No women!" she breathed at me as she directed my hands to her rounded tush and the back of her panties, letting me pull them down. "Just men. Only men."

"But it's not a prison station any more," I managed to say as she slid her panties down her legs, moving them outside mine so she could sort of sit on me.

"No," Wanda agreed with a giggle as she took my hard male organ and caressed it against her tush which wiggled over me. "But the problem is the same. This is still a backwater. Rustbucket excavators used to stop here; that was about all. No women on them, either, and a hundred thousand men here and more in the mines."

"But, you ..." I began, as she began to bury my manhood into her tush. That was when I felt some-

thing else against me, something that a man should never feel when he's making love to a woman.

"A hundred years without women is too long," whispered Wanda. "The solution had to be what you see in all the promos you've been watching. Perfect makes its own women!"

I must have been pale in shock. I know I was shuddering as Wanda bounced on me. I was penetrating her again and again in her tush as if she was a woman but I could feel on my abdomen that 'she' wasn't a real 'she'.

"You're a ..." I began.

"Of course," Wanda laughed as she descended on me to kiss me as she writhed all over me. I still felt her manhood pressing against me. "I'm a perfect girl."

#### 4. The right hair and anyone can look like a Perfect Girl!

A promo from a clinic that sold wigs was running. Oh, but when those wigs came off, did the men who'd had them on ever look weird with their faces all made up like girls' faces. A sultry, bewigged redhead shivered and crossed her lovely, stockinged legs, as a woman, whom I couldn't hear, demonstrated earrings and necklace that went with the hair, pinned tightly to the model's head.

The model smiled tremulously at the camera and rose up as a guy stepped into the picture and took her in his arms. Her long-lashed, painted eyes closed as she put her arms about the guy and held on to him, her body pressed to him as they kissed.

The girl running the promo went over to a dark-haired girl in a spaghetti-strapped, black eve-

ning dress. Boy, did she look weird without her wig. The girl was showing how the brunette in the black evening dress had implants all over his balding head. But a wig, with bangs across the front, and swirling over his shoulders and down his back made him look like a pretty girl.

I had that image in my mind as I travelled down the grav-drop to the prisoner deck, double W or lower, I think. A security man led me into the interview room where my crewmates awaited me.

“You gotta get us out of here, Steve,” pleaded Johnny, a definite swelling and bruise on the right side of his face that he hadn’t had, I was certain, when he left the Pepper Bar.

“Two thousand creds apiece,” I said to him, “six thousand total, four more than our reserve.”

The guys were gloomy. They knew, if I freed them all, we’d have to work for the station, with our Outbounder V, for half a Terran-year at least.

“We can get jobs on station,” said Monty grimly.

I’d already enquired. “That’s a real problem,” I had to tell them. “There’re no jobs on Perfect Station for guys. They got a waiting list on everything that’s a hundred guys long. Guys working as barkeeps are waiting for engineering spots. Cleaners are waiting for barkeep slots. And there’s a waiting list, the Slug List, doing cleaning any robot could do.”

The Slug List was technically called the Welfare List. If you had nothing, you got chits for a doss and food, and five creds a week for everything else. It was better than being spaced as happened on some stations we’d heard about. Some just rounded up and dumped Slugs, non-workers, on the next freighter out. What happened to such men and women, well, there were legends, guys-being-spaced-without-a-suit legends.

“The Labour Office only has listings for girls,” I said slowly. I made the same shudder as all of them

did back to me. "There are a thousand female positions listed but not one for a guy."

The guys didn't understand what I was saying. I'd pay their fines and get them out of the lockup. They'd find jobs for themselves, they proclaimed loudly. There were bound to be some, Johnny told me. I just didn't know where to look. I did. It was why there wasn't much of a Slug List. The pressure on Slugs was to find the jobs the station wanted them to find.

It took my shipmates a couple of days wandering the decks before they finally came with me to the Labour Office. Johnny had clued in a little by then. He just stared at the pretty, little brunette who served as a job councillor for the Government Labour Office.

Karen Burton, the brunette, wearing an ID tag that named her that, patiently checked for all kinds of jobs and skills that the guys said we had. "I can get you all jobs as waitresses," she said brightly. "Or as actresses and dancers. Molinari," he was a re-make film director, I gathered, "has a standing order for new faces. He even has a free, three-quarter cycle training period ..."

"We're not girls," Monty snarled at the girl behind the desk. I don't think he really realized that she wasn't a real girl, as we knew them.

"But you could be," said Karen sweetly, leaning back and smiling, showing us how short her skirt was across her smooth, stocking-clad, girlish legs.

I think Monty got it but I was too late to restrain him. He was jumping onto and over the desk to get at her as she shot her chair backwards. I don't know where the stun gun came from in her small, feminine hand but it looked ugly as she fired it right into Monty's chest. He went down like a stone, collapsing the desk he'd been balancing on. Naturally, Station Security was there within a minute as the other three of us pushed our chairs back against the office wall, Karen's stun gun swinging around as she pointed it at each of us in turn.

Monty was picked up and hauled away. Karen lifted her skirt. We watched in fascination as she put her stunner back into its holster at the top of her stocking and below the soft skin of her thigh that ran up to her panties.

"Your friend will be in Punishment for a while," Karen said sympathetically to us. "He'll be a lot more compliant when he comes back up. We always are." She actually smiled at us sassily. "Look at me! It really worked well for me, didn't it? I really was ready for any job after a cycle in Punishment. Your friend will be as well!"

Johnny and Andy were staring at Karen as the girl got up and went to a new console, linking whatever she was doing to the large screen, above where she'd sat. "I can place you all on a new movie that's being made on Kappa Deck," she said sweetly. "It's not a Molinari movie. It's a re-make musical which the brothers, Homan and Redden Carl, are making. You do know about re-makes, don't you?"

I'd learned a lot from Wanda but Johnny and Andy were shaking their heads.

"All movies shown here," Karen Burton said with a twinkle in her eyes, "have to have on-station girls in the all the girls' parts. All the roles require lip-syncing on the Carl Brothers movies. It's a musical about a night club back on Old Earth, the *Red Windmill*, quite famous in the old days, I believe. Redden was telling me he was looking for new, first-time girls. You three would fit the bill, of course. Quick way to pick up a thousand per cycle! It'll be a cycle and a half's work, at least.

"Or you could be waitresses at twenty a shift and tips. Steady work but you have to pay your own way for dresses, makeup, wigs and such. The Carl Brothers give you twenty-plus days of prepping for their feelie re-make. I think it's the best deal for you if you want to get your rustbucket moving, free and clear again."

"*Rimrunner Prince* is no rust bucket," protested Andy.

"A lead in a movie is over five thousand credits," said Karen seriously. "If one of you girls has the talent for it, you could do a couple of re-makes and have your friend's fines taken care of with credits to the good in two to four cycles. Then, you could take off on your rustbucket and be out of here!"

"It's not ..." began Andy again.

"Thank you, Karen," I said to her quickly, interrupting him. "We'll think on what you said."

"You're not seriously thinking that we can take that job offer!" Johnny screamed at me when I got him back to our doss. We'd stopped along the way at the Security Station where the news about Monty was all bad.

"Second offence," the security desk officer had said, shaking his head, "and violence directed at a girl. He has to serve time down below in the mines. Two cycles for sure and a fine to get out of three more."

"How much?" I'd asked him while the others had been blustering on about seeing Nebular consular services.

"Usually five for a second offence so soon," said the desk officer slowly. "But it's up to the Judiciar. Since there was a girl involved, he might tack on another five."

"To get Monty, our engineer, out of the mines," I said to Johnny, "before he's become a vegetable," we'd heard an old vet talking about what the convicts still had to do in the mines on the Perfect World down below the station, "we have to consider all the ways we can get some money together."

Monty couldn't get out of spending two months, as Terrans called cycles, on the face workings of a mineral mine. If he was injured, the time he spent in hospital didn't count as time off his sentence. And if he had another three months added to his first two, Monty could be half a year away. What would we do in the meantime? Starve?

"You do understand what it means to be an actress?" asked Johnny with a shiver.

I didn't tell him that Wanda had made that very clear to me. I'd asked Karen leading questions about that as well and had got her to tell Johnny and Andy exactly what an actress had to do.

Here, on Perfect, an actress in a movie had to make love to the man she was partnered with in the re-make. That was how all vids were different from what we were used to. The holo we'd seen in the first bar we'd gone into didn't fade away in love scenes as the oldies did. No, in a Perfect re-make, if a girl and guy made love in the oldie, they made love fully in the re-make, as we'd seen.

In fact, Karen had laughed, there were lots more added love scenes to the rewritten re-make feelies. We, as actresses, would be paid extra, more than dancing girls, if we were called on to make love for real to another man.

"But that's perverted!" Johnny had yelled at her in disgust at that point. I know that my hair was standing on end as well. Karen was only saying to us all, smiling sweetly as she said it, what I'd had Wanda telling me as we made out for the third and fourth time on the observation deck.

"How can it be perverted?" Karen had asked Johnny with a frown before she went on with the female jobs that she said that she could get for us. "Homosexuality is forbidden by law on Perfect."

I shuddered as I thought about what I'd done with the womanly, energetic Wanda, a man like me, on the obs deck. I wanted to object.

"The only lovemaking permitted on Perfect station or in the mines," Karen had added with a sweet smile, "is between men and girls. As anyone knows, anything between a man and his girl, a man and his wife, isn't perverted at all!"

I realized then why Abigail had been in a dress and woman's makeup and wig. Once she'd crossed over

and was a woman, she was subject to the laws of being a woman. She had to say she was a girl. She had to wear women's clothes. She was free to marry a man as she had. She'd chosen to be a girl and couldn't be forced into doing what she didn't want to.

Abigail could be seduced or she could take on the duties of a wife. After all, she was a girl, and certain things were expected of wives in all societies, especially this one on Perfect. Soon, I didn't doubt, Abigail would be visiting the clinics and salons along Gamma Deck. She'd soon be looking like the glamorous girl that Wanda and Karen had made themselves into.

"It won't hurt putting on a dress for a few cycles, will it?" asked Andy anxiously, as we got cups of java in a little bar near the Labour Office.

That was about the conclusion I'd already come to. We couldn't last a full cycle on Perfect with the money we had left as the crew of the *Rimrunner Prince*. We'd have to abandon Monty, for sure, but the other two didn't seem to understand that once we 'crossed over', there'd be no turning back to manhood.

"Just so long as we can get back on the *Prince*," said Johnny. "That's assured, Steve, isn't it? You seem to know what the heck is going on here, on this perverted station."

"We can leave whenever we want to so long as all our debts are paid," I said to him with a shiver, my fingers crossed. A girl, Karen had already warned me, could only get on a ship with her husband, otherwise she couldn't travel. The promos were wrong to say that a man who became a girl could travel anywhere. Well, she could, but only if she was with her husband. "We'd have to replace Monty ..."

"You're not leaving my cousin behind to die in the prison mines!" Johnny yelled at me.

"If we do this," I said with a shudder, not seeing any way we could get out of the mess we were in but to do the unthinkable, "when we get out of here, we'll never ever talk about it again between ourselves and



never ever tell anyone else about what we did here for the money we needed.”

“Oh, I’ve got to have a copy of the feelie we’re in as girlie-whirlies,” said Johnny with a forced laugh. “What’s the matter, Steffie girl?” he sneered at the look on my face. I’d been about to tell him that one of us girls, at least, would have to marry a man. That man would have all our property, our share in the ship as our ‘husband’. It would be up to him if we boarded *his* ship to keep *him* company as wives had to do. Wanda had told me that there were girls she’d known who’d done that but that they usually married men who had their own ships anyway.

“Ain’t you man enough to do this?” Johnny went on, sneering at me. “Look, we just get enough together to pay off Monty’s fines and get out of here. We can all agree on that, can’t we? And we don’t do anything we don’t choose to do. That’s the law, isn’t it? We’ll stick to that. I don’t mind putting on a dress for a while to get Monty free, do you?”

“I’m man enough to put on a dress,” I said, thinking how insane I was to be saying that. Well, Monty could marry one of us and we could smuggle the other two out, couldn’t we? We could trust Monty with our money. “But you guys don’t understand it properly ...”

Johnny was already on his feet and heading back to the Labour Office.

Andy and I paid the bar bill and went after our ‘girlfriend’. When we got back to the Office, Karen was smiling at Johnny and flirting with him as I, at least, entered there in a high state of nervousness. Andy was actually grinning at Johnny and the ‘girl’.

“Here,” Karen said brightly as Andy and I joined Johnny. “You’re on set, girls, on Kappa deck. It’s where Agnes Miller, the dancer, has her studio. She knows she has you for three weeks prep for the Carl Brothers re-make of *Moulin Rouge*. Oh, I’m so looking forward to seeing you new girls in the movies!” She looked at me expectantly. I cringed inside. “You, I know,” she said to me, “are going to make a gorgeous

actress. I know my brother will enjoy making love to you!"

## 5. The Girlie Store on Gamma Deck for Everything a Perfect girl needs!

The promos for women's underwear were pornographic. The featured girls were laughing and giggling as they cavorted about, posing for the male who was filming them. I learned that we could buy all the panties the girls wore on Lower Gamma Deck at the Girlie Store. That was when a man's hand ran down the brunette's leg and snapped the garter on her garter belt.

Laura turned in pleasure and smiled up at a guy who leaned over to kiss her most affectionately. Oh, goddesses, I thought with a shiver as we were ushered past the screens, that promo is aimed at us now. We were shown into the Judiciar's office by Karen, looking so cute with her curly hair, vivid makeup and red earrings. She wiggled as she walked. The judge, as we would have called him, smiled most affectionately at her.

I don't think it got to Linda, the name the Judiciar hung on Johnny, or Rachel, the astrogator for the *Rimrunner Prince*, otherwise known as Andy, what was really going on in that room. Our ship should be called the *Princess* now, I thought miserably, as the Judiciar said I was now Jennifer. We were all girls though nothing changed inside the room.

The Judiciar actually got up from his console to race over to the door and open it for us, bowing us out of his office as the security guard had bowed to Abigail at the Pepper Club. We had doors held for us all the way out to the elevators by smirking men. I had to hold onto Johnny's, I mean Linda's, arm as we went into the elevators or I think he would have popped one of the men gawking at us 'new girls'.