

Chapter 4



He heard a door open, could actually feel a slight draft, the sound of footsteps crossing the floor, and then he saw Maxine looking down at him, smiling, excited, but also there was something in her eyes--embarrassment. "You're awake."

He tried to nod, to speak, to throw his arms around her and give her a hug, but nothing. He couldn't move his body at all. So, he blinked.

"Yes. They told me the paralysis would last a while after you woke. Just relax. You'll be able to move soon."

He blinked. Yes. He had so many questions. Are you okay? Are you safe? Am I still a man? Where are we? But he just focused on breathing and tried to relax.

Maxine pulled a chair up to the bed and he felt her take his hand in her own small, soft hands. "I was so worried," she said. "I thought they might kill you. But, well, they didn't. So, that's that." She brushed the back of her hand against his cheek. He noticed his cheek was as smooth and soft as her hand, and it sent a stabbing fear through him, but he just breathed some more thinking--show me. Tell me. And I still a man?

She slid her hand up to his forehead, then leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "Well, I am so happy you are awake, and I want to tell you, have to tell you..." and his eyes started to fill with tears. "I'll always love you, Carter. No matter what they... do... or change or whatever. I'll always love you. You know that, right?"

He blinked, his own eyes flooding with tears.

"Oh, I've upset you. I'm so sorry. I mean, you've been through so much, and I just need to be quiet. I know. I'll get some things together, so when you can move, when you can get up, well, we'll get you dressed. Isn't that a good idea?"

She disappeared from his view, and he felt suddenly very sad and alone, and he wanted her to stay and hold his hand and tell him things would be okay, and the feelings of vulnerability surprised him, and he thought--is this me as a woman? Am I becoming ... what? Dependent?

"I'm going to take care of you," Maxine called from somewhere outside his vision. "We'll get through this together. You'll see. It's going to be fine. Just fine and dandy."

Get you through this. Together. Maxine? No. If he was a woman now, he didn't want her to see him, didn't want her around him to see him disfigured, cut, emasculated. No. That was not the way it should be. He would kill himself. That was all. Slave Lord would not get the satisfaction of seeing him live as a girl, free or slave.

He focused on moving his fingers, wiggling his toes. And--yes. He felt his toes twitch. Just a tiny bit, but he felt triumphant and even managed to make a small noise.

"Oh." Maxine rushed over. "You made a sound."

"Unhhh," he said, and the soft, high-pitched sound made him sick, but yet, he was now moving his fingers and his toes, and it excited him. "Unhhhhh."

She pulled back the sheets and took his hand and lifted his arm. He glanced and saw a slender, white arm with a tiny, delicate wrist and a small little hand with pink nails-- even more elegant and delicate than before, it was not his arm, could not be his arm, but he could feel it moving, feel his little hand in Maxine's, and her touch sent a flood of warmth through his body, and the arm seemed to get some life, and he flexed his hand and began to move the arm on his own. Maxine took his other hand and started

to help bring that one to life, and with a sense of desperate urgency Carter carefully brought his shaking little hand to his smooth, hairless belly and let it slide down toward his groin, where he paused. He knew that when he slid it down between his legs he would feel something he shouldn't. He took a deep breath and...?

What? "I'm not..." He managed to say, barely aware of the soft, girlish sound of his voice, he was so excited to discover he was still a man.

Maxine looked down and saw what he was referring to. "Oh." She said. "No. Not yet. But, sweetie, there have been changes."

"Yuh," he managed. "My arm."

"Yes." She took one of his hands, the one that hadn't been on his junk, and held it to her cheek. "Yes, but it will all be fine. You'll see. You're strong enough to make even like-- this."

"Is our little girl awake?" He heard a voice say, and a moment later Slave Lord appeared.

"She just woke up," Maxine said.

"Excellent," Slave Lord said. "I am so excited at her progress."

"Not... a girl..." Carter said, aware he now had the highest, prettiest voice in the room.

"Of course, you are," Slave Lord said, smiling. "And a very cute one at that. You're a pretty little thing, Dolly. Isn't she, Maxine?"

"Yes, she is," Maxine said.



"Let's let you get a look at yourself," Slave Lord said and then she effortlessly lifted Carter from the bed and carried him across the room,

plopping him down in front of a full-length mirror. His knees collapsed and he squealed as he almost fell, but Slave Lord grabbed him and he found himself clinging to her, one of her strong arms around his slender waist.

He hated the feeling of being in her arms, leaning on her for strength, but if he didn't hold onto her he would fall to the ground, and so, clinging to her, he looked shyly at the mirror and whispered, "Oh my God."

"Goddess," Slave Lord corrected.

He did not see himself at all. He saw a girl, a very small, skinny girl with peachy skin, clinging to the tall, tone Slave Lord. He, this girl he'd become, she had tiny arms. She was wearing a pink nightie. Most shocking to him of all, most dispiriting, most frightening, was her face. My God, what a pretty face she had. He had. It was a vision of youthful femininity, and it was his. The pretty girl's face he'd seen in the bar, yes, but younger, sweeter, angelic.

Big, wide blue eyes beneath slender, quizzical brows. A tiny little nose with a dusting of freckles across the bridge. It was a face that belonged on a doll with radiant skin framed by a mass of curly red hair. The man that he had been felt a need to love and protect her...

... and he was her. This sweetly feminine girl was him, and he was small and pretty and helplessly in this soft, tiny body, and though he may have technically been a man, the reality was whispered from those soft lips in that sweet little voice of his: "I'm cute."

Slave Lord laughed. "I agree, little Dolly. Actually. But your master, well, he likes his slave girls extra cutesy, and the buyer gets what he wants. Maxine?"

Maxine came over and Slave Lord transferred the fawn-weak Carter to her. Standing next to her now, looking at the two of them in the mirror, he realized he'd also gotten much shorter-- he was what? Maybe 5' 1" now?

"You're 4' 11" little Dolly," Slave Lord said, as if reading his mind. "Get her dressed and take her to the training room." With that, Slave Lord left.

Carter, leaning on Maxine, clinging to her tall, strong body, looked up at her as she helped him toward the next room, and she had never looked more beautiful to him, more a perfect woman. And as much as he was now a girl, Maxine's strong, confident womanhood was even more apparent, and he felt safe in her arms, and grateful for her help. "Thank you," he said in his breathy little tea-kettle voice.

"For what, sweetie?"

"For not laughing at me."

"I would never laugh at you." She sat him down on a padded stool in front of a big, mirrored dressing table. "Now let's get you dressed, Dolly."

"Call me Carter?" He said.

"Oh, you mustn't ask me to use that name. You are Dolly now, and I must call you Dolly." She said the last line with a glance up, and Carter realized they were being watched.

"Oh. Okay. Whatever... whatever you think is best."

"And Slave Lord would like for you to call me Sis."

"Sis?"

"Yes. I am to be your big sister now and help you grow up into a perfect little woman."

It shamed Carter and embarrassed him, which he knew was the point, but sitting there in his pink nightie, brushing his long red hair out of his face with a soft little hand, was that really the battle for him to fight? So, for now the woman he loved would treat him as a little sister, dress him and teach him to be a girl. He couldn't expect her to ever respect him again. To ever think of him as a man again. But he had to do whatever it took to protect her, even if that meant losing her forever. "Okay, Sis. I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Good girl," Maxine said smiling, though Carter was almost certain he saw disgust and disappointment behind her eyes. "Let's get you into a pretty dress."

Maxine hummed to herself as she helped Carter into a slip and a lacy white blouse, then pulled an old-fashioned party dress of emerald crushed velvet over his head. Putting her hands on his little shoulders, she looked at him and smiled, "come see how pretty you look."

"Do you really have to treat me like a little girl?" He asked, but Maxine didn't answer. Instead, she led him to a full-length mirror, where he saw the pretty little thing he'd now become dressed in what to him looked like some kind of 19th Century party dress, which enhanced the perception that he was now a child even more. Light make-up enhanced the girlish innocence

of his features, and then she had him put on a pair of lacy ankles socks and shiny, patent leather shoes completing his little girl's tea party outfit.

"Let's practice your curtsy."

"Curtsy?" He asked. "Am I being sent back in time to an English Manor in the 18th Century?"

"Your master would like you to know how to curtsy, Dolly," Maxine said, glancing nervously toward the ceiling, where the camera's, real or imagined, watched.

"My master? My master is an idiot."

"Now, now. You mustn't ever criticize your master."

Carter sighed. This was it. Defeat. Complete and total defeat. For now, he had no choice, so he walked over to the mirror and learned to curtsy, just like a good little slave girl should.

"Good girl," Maxine said, handing Carter a teddy bear. "Let's go to the training room."

Carter rolled his eyes and took the bear, aware that dressed and looking as he did now the gesture came across as an act of girlish petulance.

"Give me your hand," Maxine said.



Carter, knowing this was undoubtedly another requirement of his training, reached up and put his soft little hand in his former girlfriends, and then he walked alongside her, clutching his teddy bear as she led him down the hall and into the training room, where he immediately saw a mass of monitors, and on each were images of him-- in a little bikini in the park, dressed all in white, clutching a bouquet, in little jean shorts that showed off his long, sexy legs and cute little butt, being led away in handcuffs.

He watched, transfixed, and then

the images changed to news reports. Close ups of his new face with captions like "Super Slut gets nose job" or "Superhero gets Pretty-- weird." Then, he gasped, as pictures of him in his cowgirl outfit appeared with new headlines: Carter Blue wanted for murder. Blue escapes from jail. Manhunt ensues.

"Murder?" He whispered.

Chapter 5

"Yes," Slave Lord said, emerging from the darkness. "It seems your fingerprints were found on a knife used to kill a biker named Abraham Flinkermeyer. You knew him as Boss."

Carter remembered the knife someone had shoved into his hand.

"Two witnesses have already testified under oath they saw you stab him."

"With these little arms?" Carter said.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, Dolly."

Finally, footage appeared of Carter's apartment. The police had found women's clothing, a Barbie doll collection, and evidence tying him to an Asian gang that dealt in human trafficking.

"You understand why I am showing you all this?" Slave Lord said.

"Yes," Carter said, fighting to hold back his rage, his desire to attack Slave Lord. He knew that in his present state it would only make him look ridiculous, so instead he just squeezed Maxine's hand and nodded. "You want me to know that you have destroyed me. Not just by taking away my body, my identity, but my reputation, everything I ever worked for, everything I believed in."

"You are a wanted criminal now, Dolly. Hated, despaired, ridiculed by the society you dedicated your life to serving."

All of the screens filled with the image of David Letterman, and the sound came up. "Hugh Hefner offered to pay Carter Blue 200,000 dollars to appear naked in Playboy. Did you hear about this? Blue's counteroffer? He would do it, but he didn't want the money. He just wanted a new Barbie."

Chelsea Handler. "I saw Carter Blue is telling everyone he's a princess now. Really? A princess? He seems more like a queen."

Howard Stern. "I gotta tell ya, this Carter Blue is hot as hell, right? I see him in those little shorts, and I'm not gay, but I wanted that ass. The only thing, though, is he needs some big tits, right? I mean, huge tits, like Kate Upton tits. You know, Carter Blue, if you're listening to this right, come on my show, I'll pay for the boob job. I'll make sure you have a pair of melons that's make Dolly Parton weep. But, you have to let me motorboat them. That's the deal. Free boobs, but I get to play with them."

Blue said nothing. He just stared, feeling sick.

"Maxine. Leave your little sister with me. I wish to speak with her alone."

"Yes, m'lord," Maxine said, turning and leaving.

"You look adorable in that dress, Dolly."

Carter didn't respond, and Slave Lord tsked. "You must always smile and say thank you in response to a compliment."

"Thanks," he said, with a scowl.

"You will address me as mistress. Do not forget to smile."

"Haven't you done enough to destroy me? Look at me. Listen to me. You've taken away everything, including the woman I love." He threw the teddy bear to the side. "What more do you want?"

"The question is what more do you want?"

"I just want to die."

"What about Maxine?"

"What? Are you going to threaten to kill her? Torture her? Again? Don't you think I know that eventually you'll just do it anyway?"

"Then I will make you a new offer."

"What?" Carter put his little fists on his hips and stared up angrily at the woman who'd destroyed him.

"Maxine's freedom. Her safety."

"What?"

"You agree to... embrace... your new life. To work as hard as you can to become the best little slave girl you can be, and if you do that, I will release Maxine and promise never to bother her again."

"Why?"

"Because, my sweet, I'm being paid a lot of money by your owner to deliver to him an exquisitely trained slave girl, and it will be much easier if you cooperate. Yes, I have done much to change you, to break you, but he does not want a robot or a drooling, lobotomized shell. He wants Carter Blue to be his willing slave, and it is worth a great deal to me to deliver just that."

"So, I'd be helping you."

"You'd be rescuing Maxine."

"I can't trust you."

"No, but you can leverage me. Maxine means nothing to me. She has no intrinsic value. She is leverage for your cooperation. Be a good girl, Dolly. Learn to be a slave girl and serve your new master well. And I have every reason to keep my part of the bargain because your continued cooperation makes me look good."

"You mean as long as I keep my new master happy, you keep winning."

"Me, Maxine, and in a certain sense, even you."

"Fine," Carter said, feeling almost like he was agreeing to kill himself, to die to himself, to surrender forever what he'd been, the man he'd been, and to embrace a life of soft servitude. "I'll do it. I will work as hard as I can to be the best little slave girl you've ever seen."

"Good. Good. Now, we'll begin." She handed Carter a couple of pills and a glass of water. "These will begin your breast development, and also fill out your figure, giving you a nice, womanly shape."

"Why not just inject me again?"

"Because it's important for me, and for you, that we move fully and completely into the new phase, where you do all of this by choice. You want big, soft breasts to please your master, right?"

"Okay, mistress," Carter said, and he took the pills. "I can't wait to have breasts."

"You'll have to work on sounding more convincing. Remember, it doesn't matter what's going on in that pretty little head of yours, sweetie. Just smile and say it like you mean it."

Carter smiled and curtsied. "As you wish, mistress. I live to serve."

"What a good little girl you are. Now, go get your teddy bear and sit down. You'll be watching some training videos. I might as well tell you up front that these videos are loaded with subliminal messages and images, and they will be reprogramming your personality to become more submissive and feminine."

"Thank you, mistress. That will help me be a better slave girl."

"Oh, yes it will, Dolly. Yes, it will. You've made an excellent decision today. It really is best for everyone."

Slave Lord left. Carter felt himself become hazy, almost like he was half asleep, and then a beautiful, cinnamon skinned woman appeared on the screen. "Today, you will learn sensual walking. You love to walk in such a way that it pleases men."



"Today, I will learn sensual walking," Carter murmured, and then he smiled. "I love to walk in such a way that it pleases men."

Carter watched and watched, he didn't know for how long. His world grew fuzzy. He found himself dressed in a leotard and ballet slippers. He was surrounded by girls, the same girls who'd wrapped him in chains another lifetime ago, back in the warehouse, the ones who defeated him and taken his manhood. Only now they were all smiles and hugs, giggles and sisterly kisses. And they were helping him practice his walk, learning to glide, to put a wiggle in his hips, to move as gracefully and sensually as a cat, all on his toes, as if he were wearing high heels.

"You're master is going to love you," Blush said, smiling. "You're so sweet."

"I just want to please my master." Carter responded, putting one little hand on his hip and smoothly pivoting, like a runway model.

He felt like a child, even among the slave girls. Even the short ones stood 5'2" or 5' 3" and at 4' 11" with a decidedly slender frame, he felt small and delicate around them. The taller women-- 5' 9" or more-- maybe him feel ridiculously tiny.

When he was done training, one of the girls took him by the hand and led him back to his room. He was never allowed to go anywhere without holding someone's hand and being led, which added to his infantilization and heightened his feeling that he'd been turned into a child again.

Back in the room he now shared with his big sister, Maxine, Carter sat on his My Little Pony bedspread cross-legged wearing his night shirt. He was pressing his palms together, chanting, "I must... I must... I must increase my bust." Slave Lord had told him he needed to do whatever he could to

speed the process of developing his breasts. He only had two months to be perfect for his new master.



Maxine came in and saw Carter sitting there in his nightie, his long red hair tied back in a ponytail. He was chanting about increasing his bust, doing exercises girls did to help get better cleavage. Her heart went out to him, to see him reduced to this, and yet part of her kind of hated him, too, for

accepting his feminization. She had her orders, and so she counted backward from ten and then said, "What are you doing, silly?"

"Oh. Hi, Sis." Carter said. "I'm getting my boobies to grow."

"Do you want boobs now?"

"My master wants me to have breasts," Carter responded. "So that's all that matters. He wants me to have Double Ds."

"Double Ds? You'll have terrible backaches."

"What size are your breasts?" Carter asked, thinking he should know that.

"I have C cups," Maxine said.

"So, I guess I'm going to have bigger breasts than you, then."

"Yes. And you're going to look so good with D cups, little sis. I'm going to be so jealous."

Carter went back to doing his exercises. They had told him to do a hundred each night and every morning. "I must... I must... I must increase my bust...."

Maxine went into the bathroom, sat down on the toilet, and cried. She'd agreed to help feminize him, to turn the tough as nails macho stud she loved into a submissive little slave girl, and she hated herself for it, but

Slave Lord had promised her she could go free at the end, go back to living her own life, and though she felt guilty selling out Carter, what choice did she have?

He was beaten anyway. His life destroyed. It was better for him now to accept his new life, and -- no. She was lying to herself. She wanted to be free, and she was betraying the man she loved to save herself. That was all.

"God forgive me," she thought. And then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she got ready to go to bed, to sleep, and to forget, at least for a little while, how she was betraying the man she once loved, turning him into her little sister, and preparing him to accept the day when he would willingly become fully a woman and a slave.

She gave Carter a kiss on the forehead, they said goodnight, and then the lights went out. Carter quickly drifted off to sleep, tossing and turning, his mind racing, filled with images, like a feverish nightmare, he relived it all—the bikini, his princess moment at The Cloisters... He remembered his walking lessons with the girls, sitting with his teddy bear, watching the video on how to walk, and then other images flitted through his mind: he saw himself dressed as a harem girl, swirling and kicking, dancing as a crowd watched and clapped, the shadowy figure of his master sitting on a throne, watching... watching... he saw himself with a tray, walking into a crowded room and serving wine to the guests... he saw himself smiling and putting a hand on a soft round hip, throwing his shoulders back and accentuating his full, swaying breasts...

He saw himself kneeling before his master, whispering, "How may I please you?" In his soft, pretty, little girl's voice.

The best. He'd always tried to be the best at whatever he did, from football in high school, to engineering in college. Martial arts since he was a child, training to become the fastest, most perfectly balanced and most centered fighter in the world... building his armor, taking down criminal empires...

That was over now. He had a new goal: to be the perfect slave girl. The best slave girl. He wasn't even sure what that meant yet, but he was sure he could learn, and he would, and he would be the best little girl in the world, and Maxine would be safe.

In the morning Maxine did his hair. Again, he found himself dressed in a little girl's party dress-- this time an orange color that complimented his creamy skin and brought out his eyes. He did his bust building exercises. Took his pills. Maxine took him by the hand and led him to the training room, kissed him on the cheek and left him to learn the skills he would need in his new life. The same stunningly beautiful woman appeared as the day before. His mind went foggy as the training began.

When he came out of his trance, the other girls were all smothering him with hugs and kisses. "Oh my God. You're going to make your master so happy."

That night he did his breast building exercises, did some stretches he'd been taught to increase mobility in his hips and legs. Maxine stayed in the bathroom. Finally, Carter knocked on the door.

"Yes?" Maxine said.

"Goodnight," he said in a soft voice.

"Goodnight," Maxine answered. "Sweet dreams."

In the morning, as they ate breakfast, Carter realized Maxine was staring at him angrily. "What is it?" He asked.

"Do you have to do that at the table?"

"What?" Then, he realized he'd been doing Kegels. "Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't even realize what I was doing."

"I'm... I don't know... I just, well, I'm having a hard time right now, Dolly. With everything."

"Don't worry," Carter said. "You said it yourself, 'member? I'm strong. I'm going to get through this. 'Kay?"

Maxine nodded. "Okay."

"And you were also right about something else."

"What's that?"

"I'm gonna need help from my big sis."

"Okay, Dolly. I, you know I'll do everything I can to help."

They hugged, and Carter gave Maxine a little kiss on the cheek. "I still love you," he said.

"And I love you, too."

Carter's days became a series of humiliating trainings: walking, dancing, singing... he was trained to give massages... baths... to do nails... to sew



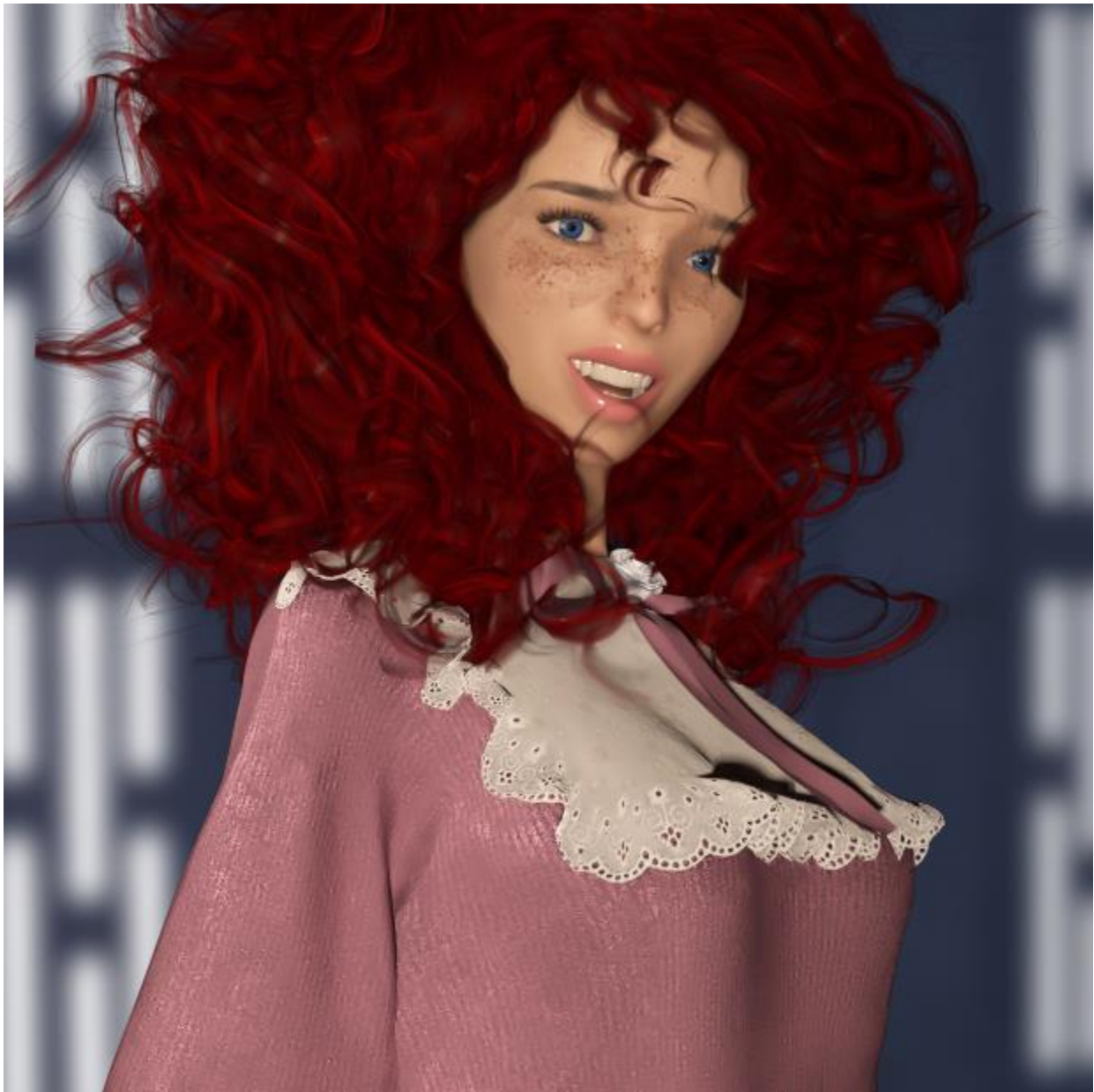
and cook... and all of it as a giggly ball of feminine delight, a pretty little servant and toy.

At night he did his exercises, working to earn his breasts, doing squats and other exercises to earn his curves. He turned his back when Maxine was in the room, pretended she didn't know what he was doing, but they both knew, and it created tension.

"Do you have to do that?" Maxine blurted out one night.

"Yes," Carter whispered. "I do. I'm a slave girl now."

Chapter 6



He woke up one day to find cute little breasts swelling on his chest. He sat up, feeling them against his nightie, and he looked down to see the little bumps. He put his small hands on them, squeezed. They were real. I got my boobs, he thought, with a sigh of relief. Finally, I got my boobs.

Maxine came out of the bedroom and looked at him with his hands on his chest, and she said, "Did you get your boobs?"

He dropped his hands, sticking his chest out. "Yes."

They squealed and hugged, each filled with joy, each for different reasons. Carter because he'd been promised a small gift he could give to Maxine if he took some more herbs that were said to foster breast development. Maxine because Slave Lord had promised her a day of freedom in the city if she slipped extra hormones into Carter's food.

It was strange for Carter to hug Maxine and feel his own little breasts press against her soft body, but it was something he would just have to get used to. After the hug broke, he walked over to the mirror, looked at himself in his nightie, the new little cones pushing out the front.

"I'm becoming a woman," he said.

"Yes. Little sis is growing up."

That day the other slave girls actually made him a cake. On the top were a pair of breasts with a candle in each nipple, and the word CongraDDulations. It was doubly spelled wrong, but Carter didn't care. It was the nicest thing. He liked all the attention, the hugs and kisses.

Back at the room, he slipped into a black lace, padded push up bra that enhanced his cleavage. Matching panties and lace stockings with garters. He took down his hair and let it fall wild and free over his shoulders. Then, he painted his face-- smoky eye shadow, wet red lips... it was a sexy face,

and when Maxine came back, she found Carter sprawled on his bed, the room flickering in candlelight. "Help me celebrate?" He said softly.

"Oh... what's all this?"

"I just thought it would be fun to celebrate a little. My new breasts and all."

Maxine laughed and came over, accepting a glass of wine, and then sat down looking at the gorgeous little woman her lover had become. "You look amazing," she said. "So sexy."

"Thanks," Carter said. "You're looking gorgeous yourself."

"Oh, you," Maxine said.

"No. I mean it. You've never looked as beautiful to me as you look right now." He reached out and put a hand on her thigh, and their eyes met, and Carter smiled, his eyes wide and eager, full of feminine need.

Maxine met his gaze, felt his hand on her thigh and laughed.

"What?" Carter pulled his hand away.

"Oh... I'm sorry..." Maxine said. "Are you trying to seduce me?"

"What...? Yes? I mean, why else would I be dressed like this?"

"Carter, I'm sorry. I really am, but why would you be dressed like that to seduce ME? I....I like men."

"I'm a still a man," he said.

"No, sweetie, you aren't. You... do you think a man would squeal with joy over having grown breasts? Do you think a man would put on a push up bra to seduce a woman? Do his hair and make-up? Carter, whatever little piece of you may still be physically male, you are a woman now. A female."

Carter sat up, the truth of her words stinging him. How could he have thought this was the way to get Maxine into bed? How could he not have realized how ridiculous it was for him to imagine she would want to sleep with him-- like this?

His training, of course. It had sunk in deeper than he realized, changed him so much he didn't even know when he was acting like a silly schoolgirl anymore. "Omigod," he said. "What have I become?"

"A slave girl," Maxine answered. "And a pretty one."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be. But let's not let this wine go to waste, girly girl. Okay?"

And so, the two got drunk. Carter gave Maxine the bracelet he'd gotten for her as a reward for going all out to get his breasts. They laughed and giggled, just like two sisters, and they forgot all about their troubles for an evening.

Over the next weeks, Carter's breasts swelled, and his formerly skinny little body grew soft and round and jiggly. Each week, they measured his figure, and each week he and the girls shrieked and cheered Carter on as his breasts and hips grew bigger and sexier, and he found himself a tiny little, pretty thing, with boobs the size of melons and a bombshell figure any girl would die for.

He was no longer a girl. He was a woman.

He felt like he constantly had to relearn how to walk, to sit, to dance, as his breasts blossomed, from an A to a B to a C, getting bigger, bouncier, heavier and more prominent. He had been a breast man-- had loved a girl with a big, perky rack-- and he'd loved them but also felt kind of sorry for women who had such big boobs because they looked like a lot of trouble.

And they were. Goodness, but having such big breasts was a test for Carter every day, with them swaying and bouncing and he started having back aches and became fascinated with bras of all kinds and didn't really feel fully dressed unless he had a bra on to keep his puppies under control. But, often in the harem all he had was a thin silk top that provided very little control-- pulled tight against his boobs, his full, inviting nipples obvious through the thin material, his breasts free to sway and bounce, he felt like a woman, a total woman, hobbled by a pair of exquisite tits.

It changed things between him and Maxine. He could tell Maxine didn't like to even look at him now. He couldn't blame her. He'd been turned into a cartoon sex bomb, the man she once loved, with bigger boobs than her, a prettier face. Of course, it confused and embarrassed her-- but for his part as his figure filled out and he looked more and more like a sex toy, he became more and more attracted to Maxine, and he pined for her like a school girl on a crush, often finding himself blushing when he tried on a new outfit, hoping for a compliment, a hug from the woman he loved.

At night he played with his breasts, but he pretended it was Maxine with her hands on his breasts, kneading them, squeezing them, making him sigh with pleasure as she learned to love the new, soft, pretty woman he'd become.



Eventually, he stood eagerly in his harem girl outfit as the tape measure was wrapped around his bust, then his waist, then his hips. Then, the matron called out the numbers: 40-19-36.

"Omigod," Carter said.

"That's your perfect shape," the matron said, and all the girls cheered. Carter looked at himself in the mirror, and it was like he was looking at a sexy cartoon girl with gravity defying breasts, an impossibly small waist, and soft, maternal hips, long, tone, tan legs... He had anklets flashing at his dainty ankles, slender bracelets flashing at his delicate wrists.... big hoop earrings dangling from his little seashell ears, and of course, that face. The stunning, angelic face, that face that made him want to protect and fuck himself every time he saw it.

He was proud of himself. He'd worked so hard to trim his waist and tone his legs, to raise and tighten his sexy ass. And now, with a perfectly feminine gait, he walked across the room, showing off his perfect body, his glowing skin, and he knew he was the prettiest girl in the harem, and it made him feel like such a badass little bitch.

Maxine handed him a dozen long stem roses. "Congratulations, little sis. You've graduated."

"Thanks," he said. "I couldn't have done it without you."

She took his little hand in hers and led her pretty little boyfriend down the hall to his training room, where Slave Lord awaited. Upon seeing her, Carter immediately bowed, and then he put one hand on his hip and turned slightly to show off his profile—a perfect woman's shape from the thrusting breasts to tiny waist to the plump rise of his rear.

"You are a stunning vision of feminine perfection, Dolly."

"Thank you, mistress."

"It's time for the final change."

"Yes, mistress."

Slave Lord approached Carter. She held out her hand, and in it was a large, pink pill. "If you take this pill, it will cause you to develop a womb, ovaries, a birth canal and a vagina. You will be fully a woman. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress."

"And do you agree to take this pill, become a female, and faithfully serve your master as a slave girl for the rest of your life?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Carter, are you sure?"

"Yes," Carter said. "I choose to be a woman and a slave."

He handed the roses to Maxine, took the pill and held it in his hand. "This is the end of whatever remains of Carter Blue."

"You're so brave," Maxine said. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Goodbye." He put the pill into his mouth, accepted a bottle of water from Slave Lord, and then closed his eyes. "Goodbye... goodbye... I wish..." and then, his voice breaking, "I wish you had killed me."

"Sweet dreams, princess," Slave Lord said, catching Carter in her arms as he fainted.

Carter opened his eyes and saw the diaphanous white canopy of his bed. He sighed, reached down and put his palms against his belly, feeling the weight of his breasts push up softly against his small arms. He slid his hands down the soft, round base of his belly, felt his fingers slide under the top of his panties. He felt stiff, bristly hair, and then he let his hands slide down further, touching the mound of his vagina for the first time. He felt dizzy, a strange sense of vertigo. He'd touched a woman before, touched her vagina, he'd put his whole face down there. But now, not only was he touching a woman's vagina, but it was his vagina, and he felt his own fingers now on top of his sensitive new slit. What would it feel like to slip his fingers inside? He wanted to know. Needed to know. So, bracing himself, Carter slipped his fingertips between the soft vaginal lips, and let them slide inside his slit, and it was soft and wet, and he arched his back against a surge of pleasure that shocked him and brought a tear to his eye as he pulled his hands back, cupped his breasts and wiggled uncomfortably in his slender, woman's body. He threw back the covers and rolled out of bed and onto his feet, his breasts swaying. He was wearing a translucent teddy, and he pranced girlishly to the bathroom, his head swimming with a confusion of emotions. He glanced at Maxine, sleeping peacefully, and he felt an emptiness and an ache at the sight of her. He was a woman now, too, in every way, and any lingering hope he had that she would love him had to be let go.

Thinking of Maxine, he felt his nipples getting hard, and frustrated he sat down on the toilet and peed in fits and starts. It was strange and different to relieve himself as a woman, to feel what that would feel like from now on.

He'd gotten used to sitting down to pee. It was all part of living as a girl for these many months. But now, he really was a girl, and as he wiped himself, he thought of Maxine's mysterious boxes of tampons and pads, and he knew that was part of his life now as well.

He took a cold shower.

It didn't help. He kept imagining he and Maxine making love.

What the hell is wrong with me? Carter stretched. Did some exercises. Reverting back to a male trick, he thought about baseball-- playing back last year's playoff game in his mind, but the players kept morphing, turning into leggy supermodels in short shorts and halter tops that showed off their tight asses and firm breasts.

He thought about going to see Slave Lord, to tell her what was happening, to beg her to make it stop, but he wasn't allowed to go anywhere without someone to hold his hand, and he didn't want to get in trouble. Finally, Maxine woke up, and Carter rushed over to her, his cheeks flush, eyes wide with arousal. "Make love to me." He said.

"Dolly," Maxine said, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. "We've been over this. I'm not into girls."

"Please," Carter begged, taking her hand. "I'm so... wet... and hot... God, I just need you so badly right now."

"Oh, Lord," Maxine said, squeezing Carter's hand. She looked at his pretty, wide-eyed face, his full lips, those amazing breasts... his skin was radiant, and his hair was so thick and healthy and alive. "I am so sorry this happened to you, sweetie."

"Then make it up to me," Carter said, desperate. "Make love to me. I need you, Maxine. I want you." His nipples were hard, poking out the front of his teddy. The tip of his nose had turned pink.

"Let's get you dressed, little sister," Maxine said, sickened with herself. "Before you explode."

She knew that the pill had done its work. Macho stud Carter Blue now had a woman's slit between his legs, just like her, just like every woman. It was done. And just as Slave Lord had told her, pretty little Carter Blue had woken up a nympho, crazy for sex and desperate for love.

"Today is your special day," Maxine explained as she laced Carter into a white, silk corset. "Today, you meet your master."

The corset was barely necessary for a girl with a waist as small as Carter's, but it pushed his breasts up and accentuated his cleavage, and of course nothing was a more perfect symbol of his new status as a female in bondage. Over the top went a frilly white dress with a full skirt and train, fancy gold inlays. Elbow length white gloves. Maxine draped her former lover in flashing, delicate jewels-- earrings, necklaces, bracelets. No tiara, of course. Dressed up as he may have been, Carter was now and forever more a slave girl and not a princess.

Maxine took Carter's hand and led him to the full-length mirror for the last time. She stood and looked down on the tiny little sex doll her former lover had become as he put a hand on his hip and turned, smiling, admiring his soft, curvy shape, his pretty dress, his gorgeous jewels. "I'm very fuckable," he said and giggled.

"Yes, you are."

He came over and gave Maxine a sisterly hug. "Thank you for not taking advantage of me."

Maxine started to cry, holding her soft little former lover in her arms. He smelled pretty-- lilacs. And he would never know, could never know just how much she had taken advantage of him. "I will never see you again," Maxine said, breaking the hug and putting her hands on Carter's small, round shoulders.

"I know," Carter said, looking up at her through his thick, mascara wet lashes, controlling his tears because he didn't want to ruin his make-up. "I'll always love you, Maxine."

Maxine put her hand under Carter's chin and tilted his head back. "Here's looking at you kid."

Chapter 8

The next few hours were a whirl wind for Carter Blue as he found himself helped into a limousine, then hurried across the tarmac at a private airport and onto a private leer jet where he was plopped into a large, comfortable chair and handed a glass of champagne by a pretty young woman dressed like a 1950s flight attendant.

"Thank you, mistress" Carter said, eyeing her, wishing he had a chance with her. He was still feeling crazy horny.

"Your master will be out shortly," the woman said with a smile.

"Should I... prepare myself?"

"No. He wants you just like that."

"Yes, mistress."

"Is it true? That you used to be a man?"

"Yes, mistress," Carter said, obediently answering, just as he had been trained to do.

"And now you're a little sex doll. Isn't that humiliating?"

"Yes, mistress."

Carter didn't drink the champagne. He had not been given permission. He felt frightened, curious. His little heart was racing, and yet he also felt a strange kind of spiritual calm, resignation? He was Dolly now, the slave girl, and he no longer made decisions. All he needed to do was look pretty and obey. There was a kind of simplicity in his new life that he found surprisingly comforting. Perhaps he'd grown tired of being a man?

He thought of a poem he'd read years before... a poem by, was it Neruda? Some of the words came back to him now:

It so happens I'm tired of being a man.

It so happens I enter clothes shops and theaters, withered, impenetrable, like a swan made of felt sailing the water of ashes and origins.

I don't want to be so much misfortune, I don't want to go on as a root or a tomb, a subterranean tunnel, just a cellar of death, frozen, dying in pain.

Carter thought of them-- the thugs, criminals, abusers and users, all the men he'd hunted down over the years, beaten, smashed, sent off to prison. He'd taken everything they had, everything but their names, left most of them with scars and broken bones, permanent marks of their defeat at his hands.

And now, he looked down at his soft breasts, pushed up by his corset, and he could feel the weight of his long red hair, the curls brushing against his soft cheeks, and now he had lost it all-- his sex, his name.

He wouldn't be hurting anyone anymore, whether they deserved it or not. From now on, Carter would serve only as a pleasure machine, a boy toy, a sex doll. And maybe it was time for that, for a new phase in his life, a time...



He heard the cabin door open behind him. Carter plastered a smile on his face. Shifted his arms and legs into a prettier pose. He could hear someone approaching-- not the girl. The footfalls were heavier, solid, assured-- masculine. A pair of big, calloused hands reached down from over the chair and settled onto Carter's soft shoulders and began to massage.

"Your skin is so soft," a deep, whiskey ravaged voice said. Carter recognized it immediately. It was the voice of The Gentleman, his greatest foe, and a man he believed he'd killed. Carter felt his skin crawl, shame and revulsion sweeping over him as he realized he'd been emasculated and feminized by his greatest enemy, the man he hated more than any other in the world, the man who had killed his mother and sister.

But he thought of Maxine, and he pushed all that hate and disgust away, and he kept smiling, because he would do whatever he had to do to save Maxine, even if that meant living as a sex doll in the arms of the man who'd killed the two women he'd loved most in his life.

"Thank you, master," Carter chimed in his pretty little voice.

"Slave Lord told me your voice was adorable, but it is even sweeter and more lovely than I could have imagined. Like a songbird."

"Thank you master."

"Do you want to look at me? To see the face of your new master?"

"Yes, master," Carter said.

"Then why haven't you, little Doll?"

"You have not given me permission, master."

"You are just as well-trained as Slave Lord promised. You really have become a perfect little slave girl, haven't you, Carter?"

Carter. No one had called him that in so long. He hated it now. That name. It reminded him of all he'd lost, all he'd given up. "Yes, master," he said.

The Gentleman walked around the chair and stood before Carter. He was much as Carter remembered-- tall, broad shouldered, a big, powerful stone of a man. His hair had gone a little more gray, and he had an ugly scar running down the middle of his face-- a scar that Carter had given him the night he thought he had killed the son of a bitch. "Surprised?"

"Yes, master."

"I thought you would be." He let his eyes drift down over Carter's body, enjoying the sight of his breasts, his soft, slender arms, that gorgeous face. Carter sat still, posing for his master. "You are perfect, little Doll. And I am going to have so much fun with you. Are you ready to please me, girl?"

"Of course, master. I exist only to please you."

"I understand you have mastered the art of fellatio, Carter."

"Yes, master."

"On your knees. Show me."

Carter got on his knees, fighting back his disgust at what he had to do. He plastered a big, bright, fake smile on his face and looked up at The Gentleman. Then, he slipped his enemies penis into his mouth and worked him until The Gentleman shot hot, salty jizz into Carter's mouth. The Gentleman held Carter's head in, forcing him to keep the penis in his mouth, forcing him to swallow. Carter felt sick, humiliated, but he was well trained, and he smiled when The Gentleman finally let him slip his lips free, and looking up at his master from beneath his bangs he giggled and said, "Did I please you, master?"

"Oh yes... yes you did...." The Gentleman helped Carter to his feet and then put a hand on the small of his back and led him to the bathroom. "Brush your teeth, baby doll, rinse your mouth out and meet me in the bedroom."

Soon, Carter was on his hands and knees, rocking back and forth, his heavy breasts swaying while The Gentleman took him doggy-style. "I took a lot of drugs to keep me going all night long little Dolly. I am going to fuck you silly you nasty little bitch."

"Unh! Unh!" Carter panted. "Omigod. Omigod."

"Tell me how much you like it, slut."

Carter had practiced this for hours with the other slave girls, and now he breathlessly gushed, "I love it. I love having your huge, hammer of a cock inside me. Fuck, me master. Fuck me hard." He let out of squeal, which he knew his master would enjoy. "It hurts so good!"

"You love being my bitch, don't you, Carter?"

"Omigod, yes," he cooed. "I love being your bitch. I was born to be your bitch."



As The Gentleman thrust away, Carter faked an orgasm just as he'd been trained to do, panting, moaning, crying out "oh god... oh god... oh god..." and then screaming with faked pleasure as the man came inside him.

And yet, Carter felt nothing but disgust and self-hatred. His body responded in a mechanical way to the stimulus, to the feeling of hands on his breasts, on his clit, to the sensation of a diamond-hard penis pressing against his soft, inner thigh, to a slap on his pretty little ass. But he felt empty, unsatisfied physically, and mentally he felt like a piece of pathetic garbage

allowing another man to fuck him, slap him, taking that man into his mouth for God's sake.

Carter found himself on his back, legs spread. The Gentleman was playing with Carter's tits, pinching his nipples. "Do you have any idea what I paid to give you these glorious melons, Carter?"

"No, master."

"Yeah, well your tits cost more than most people's houses." He chuckled. "They do good on you, Carter. Are you glad I gave you such a fantastic set of tits?"

"I just want to please you, master," Carter said, then gasped as The Gentleman cruelly twisted his nipple.

Carter closed his eyes and pretended it was Maxine on top of him, Maxine playing with his breasts, Maxine with a strap on pressing against his thigh, and he gasped and said, "Fuck me. Please fuck me."

The Gentleman laughed, and he took the man who'd once beaten him, the man who's scarred his face, and he thrilled at the feeling of power he felt to have this former man now so small and weak, so soft, begging to be fucked in his little girl voice.

Finally, after hours, Carter lay naked on his side, bathed in sweat, his hair plastered to his face and body. The Gentleman lay next to him and said, "was that as good for you as it was for me, Dolly?"

"Oh, yes master," Carter said prettily. "You're an amazing lover."

"Hahaha. I am an amazing lover, but I also happen to know that you hated every minute of that you lying little slut. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, master," Carter whispered, sadly.

"It was all part of the package, Carter. All part of the package. I told Slave Lord I didn't want you to like it, to enjoy it. I wanted you to have the body of a sex doll, but the mind of a man. You'll always be attracted to women, Carter. You'll always be disgusted by having men take you, fuck you, use you. It's part of the deal. You are a slave girl, Carter, and you are going to hate every minute of it. Now that's what I call fun. How about you, Carter? What do you think of all that?"

"I am a slave girl," Carter said softly. "I think whatever my master wants me to think."

"Well, then I want you to think that you just got fucked in more ways than one. And, that you always were a stupid little bitch."

"Yes, master."

"Say it."

"I was always just a stupid little bitch."

"Good girl," The Gentleman said, slapping Carter on the ass. "Now get some sleep. I want you looking rested and sexy when we land."

Carter lay on his side feeling ashamed, numb, humiliated. He couldn't help replaying in his mind all of what he had just done-- the feeling of being penetrated by a man, of having a man cum in his mouth, of swallowing it. He thought of his mother, the sound of her screaming as his sister was strangled, the sound of her begging as the man took her, beat, raped her and killed her.

And now he, her son, had given himself to that man, had let that man take him three different ways, had pretended to like it. Silent tears poured down his face, and found himself whispering, "I'm sorry, mommy. I'm sorry. I wanted to protect you, to protect Cassie, I wanted to avenge you, but I wasn't strong enough. I wasn't man enough. I'm just a helpless little slave girl now, and the one thing I can still do is save Maxine. Can you forgive me?"

He thought he could feel her presence there in the room, feel her spirit and the spirit of his sister, his sister who never got to grow up, to have her first kiss, first dance, first love...

The plane hit an air pocket and jumped, throwing him in the air and then bouncing back down onto the bed, his breasts bobbling about wildly. He sat up, pushing his red curls from his face. The bedside clock had been jostled, and it now read all zeros, flashing, and Carter put his face in his small soft hands and cried. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Forgive me."

Carter finally slept. Somehow. It was a shallow, fitful sleep. When he woke, he showed and the girl helped dress him-- a little black dress that celebrated his curves, stilettos, jewelry, make-up, a little black leather purse. Big hoop earrings that dangled down almost all the way to his shoulders. "Do your make-up for day slut," she said before stepping out.

Carter did as he was told-- going for the full out call girl look he'd been taught at the harem. He walked behind and to the side of his master, out into the blinding sunlight, and he saw palm trees swaying in the distance, could smell the ocean, hear the waves. A group of men and women waited, and there were oohs and ahhs. "Is that him?" "Yeah, right?" "I bet he'd a great little cocksucker now." "Look at the size of those tits."

"Enough, enough. Yes, my friends, this little toy is indeed Carter Blue. He does have amazing tits, and he does really suck cock like a champ." He turned to Carter, who was posing as he'd been training to do. "My private island," The Gentleman said. "I have over a hundred guests coming tonight-- the creme de la creme of the criminal elite, many of whom you troubled in your past life. It's my birthday, little Dolly, and the highlight of the evening will be unveiling my latest acquisition-- a little sex-toy the world once knew as C3."

"Yes, master."

"You're gonna need to stretch and practice the dance of the seven veils, honey. You'll be performing tonight-- and then, you'll be really performing." The men all laughed at the last line. "But first I want you to work the pool for a little while."

"Yes, Mast-- OW." Carter jumped as The Gentleman gave him a really hard pinch on the ass, and the group laughed some more as a flustered Carter quickly plastered a smile back on his pretty face and struck his pose again.

He squeezed himself into the tiny little pink bikini he found waiting for him in the poolside changing room, slipped into the pair of matching stiletto heels. Fixed his hair and then sprayed himself down with suntan lotion. He was very fair-skinned and would burn quickly. Looking in the mirror, he saw a super-sexy young woman, big, generous breasts, an impossibly tiny waist,

full round hips. She had tiny little arms, impossibly delicate wrists. Again, he felt himself getting aroused by the sight of himself, the gorgeous female vision he now embodied. He left on his day slut make-up, went out, and began mincing around the pool area, serving drinks to the guests. He recognized most of them-- thugs, really, however much they dressed in expensive silk suits, and now they were all leering at his tits and ass, laughing at how small and sexy he was, wanting to fuck him, and mock him, and kill him.

Carter smiled through it all-- let his butt sway seductively, leaned down and gave them all eye fulls of his soft white breasts. He giggled and laughed and flirted, just as he'd been taught to do. No one dared touch him, as much as they wanted to put their hands on his sweet ass, to touch those breasts, those legs. No. He was The Gentleman's slave girl, and they wouldn't dare touch that man's property.

"Hey, Dolly. Come over here." The Gentleman called.

"Yes, Master," Carter answered in his little girl's voice, looking up to see his master standing in the middle of a half-circle of gorgeous women.

"Hurry. Run."

"Yes, Master," Carter said, running as much as he could manage, his huge breasts bouncing wildly in his little bikini top. Everyone laughed at the sight of the former stud running in his heels, his hands out to his sides, breasts bouncing like any dumb bimbo.

"Good girl." The Gentleman said, putting a hand on Carter's shoulder and pulling him to his side. Carter instinctively put a small arm around The Gentleman's waist and smiled up at his master.



"God, she's just a perfect little doll." One of the women said.

"I can't believe she used to be a man."

"I paid good money to turn this bum into a little slut, believe me," The Gentleman said.

"I wish I had boobs like that."

"Do you talk?" One of the women said, patting Carter on the head.

Carter looked up at his master.

"He's waiting for permission to speak," The Gentleman said.

"Oh my God." She said. "That's amazing. I want one."

"She's a perfect, obedient pet. So, anyway, let's get down to business. Dolly, I bet these pretty ladies you could go down on a banana like a pro, I mean, girls, you gotta see this little slut work."

"Show us."

"You heard the woman. Show us how good you are at sucking cock now, Carter."

"Yes, master."

"And her voice... so cute."

Carter was handed a banana. He peeled, sensually, of course, and then he teased the tip with his tongue, slid it smoothly and sweetly into his mouth, began to bob and then suck, moaning softly with faked pleasure.

"She makes me wish I had a cock," one of the women said.

"You could give lessons, sweetheart."

"Don't let my husband see that."

"You see, girls? Now that's how you break a man, isn't it, Carter?"

"Yes, master."

"Give me a kiss, Dolly."

Carter turned and reached up. The Gentleman was so much taller that he had to lean down so he could kiss the tiny little woman Carter had become, but he did, and Carter lifted his legs as their lips locked, and everyone watched as he kissed the man who'd killed his mother and taken his manhood. He felt The Gentleman undoing his bikini top during the kiss, and when their lips separated The Gentleman was waving the little scrap of pink plastic and Carter's breasts were swaying free in the tropical air.

Carter shrieked and threw his slender arms across his boobs, having been trained never to let another man see his nipples without his master's permission, and everyone laughed as The Gentleman grabbed Carter picked him up and threw him shrieking into the pool.

When Carter came up for air he giggled and said, "Oh, master. You are such fun."

"Hahahaha. Now go get yourself ready for the big dance tonight, Dolly."

Carter climbed from the pool, one little arm still across his soft breasts, and as he started the changing room, The Gentleman yelled out, "One more thing."

"Yes, master?"

"Tell everyone you love being a nasty little slut."

"I love being a nasty little slut."

"That's too much." One of the women said. "Yeah. It's not fun anymore."
"You shouldn't be so mean to her."

"Okay. Fine. Yeesh. A guy can't even have fun with his own slave girl. Go, honey. Run on now. Get yourself ready."

"Yes, master."

Carter was dressed in full on harem girl regalia for the big party-- a see through silk number that hugged his curvy little body and showed off plenty of his creamy skin. His feet were bare, his face prettily painted. He sat on a pile of pillows for the first hour, motionless, a living doll, simply there for the guests to gawk at and admire. And then the lights went down, and the vaguely Arabian techno music started, and Carter crawled out into the center of the floor like a sleek, sexy kitten, and then as the music rose in volume he rose to his feet and began to dance the dance of the seven veils, an erotic celebration of his womanhood, a series of moves designed to proudly display his hips and slender arms, his strong, round legs, his full,

soft breasts, and his flexibility as he effortlessly sank into splits, rose back up and offered his breasts to the audience, all the while smiling, smiling, so pretty and happy to perfect as a woman could be....

... he noticed someone out of the corner of his eyes.... one of the waiters, dressed in an absurd Arabian Nights costume, was moving toward the head table where The Gentleman sat watching Carter, his eyes glued to the little sex doll he'd made of his former enemy.

The waiter... the face... Malachy. The man who'd rescued Carter that night at the jail.

Carter tried not to let on that he saw him, instead he twirled and danced, removing the second veil and tossing it to one of the thugs with a smile, and he danced, and smiled and kept The Gentleman's eyes on his lithe, curvy shape, using every inch of his womanly perfection as Malachy moved slowly, slowly forward...

The veils came off one by one, the dance continued... the crowd grew more and more excited as Carter came toward his climax, dropping to his knees, throwing back his shoulders and screaming out in an orgasmic moment of release, just as Malachy drew a knife across The Gentleman's throat, and sent a jet of blood arcing through the air that splattered across Carter's now naked, sweat slick breasts like an erotic Pollock painting.

The lights came up, and the servants all around the room pulled out guns and shouted, "Nobody move. This is a raid."

Carter felt someone grab him around the waist, and he screamed, "Malachy." as a man roughly pulled him toward the door, a gun pressed to Carter's head.

Malachy, seeing the pretty little female in danger, vaulted over the table and out onto the floor, his own gun now drawn.

"Stay away from me, copper. Or I kill the dame."

"Drop the gun," Malachy said. "There is no way off this island. You're trapped."

"I get off this island, or this little fem gets all bloody, see? Drop the gun."

Carter heard the heavy metallic click as the thug pulled back the trigger. He started crying, helpless in the big man's arms. "Please don't kill me." Carter said in his little tinker bell voice.

"Shut up. Drop it, and it kick it over to me."

"Okay," Malachy said, crouching, setting the gun down.

"Now, kick it."

Malachy kicked it, keeping his eyes on the thug.

There was an explosion toward the back of the room, the popping of guns as some of the thugs decided to try and shoot their way out, and the man with his arm around Carter's waist laughed and raised his gun toward Malachy. "Die, copper."

"No," Carter screamed, and reaching up with all his strength he slapped at the man's arm just as he fired, causing the bullet to fire up and into the ceiling.

The man tossed Carter aside, desperate to get off another shot, but Malachy pounced like a puma, beating the man senseless with four quick blows. He then rushed over to Carter. "You okay, little Dolly?"

"Yes," Carter said looking up at the man who'd saved him for a second time. "We've got to stop meeting like this."

Malachy scooped the little female into his arms, and she eagerly threw her own arms around his neck, feeling a thrill pass through her body as he lifted her and carried her to safety. She felt safe, protected, and comfortable in his soft, pretty skin with him, and she decided right then and there that she was okay being rescued by a man, as long as that man was Malachy.

Epilogue

A cool breeze danced lazily along the canal in Venice where the much changed Carter Blue sat, enjoying the smell of fresh brewed Italian coffee and baked bread as if wafted from the café where he sat.



Carter wore wearing a sundress and flats, his long brown hair framing his smooth face. He'd opted to dye his hair brown, refusing to be the red head The Gentleman had made of him, going back to something closer to his natural color, though he'd just found it impossible to have his long, glossy locks cut short. Looking sideways into a compact, he touched up his lipstick, his white purse that matched his shoes on the table beside him. "So, at the jail, you planted a tracking device in my...um... bottom?"

"Yeah," Malachy said. "I know it was asking a lot, but we needed you to lead us back to The Gentleman."

"So, you let him turn me into a woman, his slave girl? All just so you could kill him?"

"Those were my orders."

"You make it seem so cold. So calculated."

"It wasn't. I argued. We debated. It was finally decided that taking out one of the most dangerous and destructive men in the world was worth the price of letting him turn you into a woman."

"Would you have made the same decision if it was you who was going to end up with the D cups?"

"No," he said with a shrug, "but I like them on you. Anyway, I've offered to pay for breast reduction surgery, dear, but you keep saying no."

Carter blushed. "Well, I like them. I like that you like them. Okay? Fine? You got me to admit it, again. I don't even know. I've been talking to people."

Trying to find someone to change me back or at least make me a little taller. It really sucks being a midget, but then—maybe I'm me this way?"

"I can't imagine. That's probably worse than the boobs, right?"

"I refuse to rate which is more humiliating, but being so small? So weak? It's hard because I'm so vulnerable. I'm nervous and anxious every time I leave the house, and at night? If I hear a creak, and I think a man might have broken in. It's scary for a little female in this world."

"I know. That's why I brought this for you." He handed Carter a swipe card.

"What's this?"

"That's the swipe card to a state-of-the-art lab where a girl with the right know-how could build herself a kick ass suit of armor."

"What? You mean?"

"Yeah, to make it up to you in a way, The Organization is going to help you build a new suit, only instead of 3C, you'll probably have to call yourself Double D now."

"Har... har..."

"Dolly?"

Carter looked up. It was Maxine.

"Maxine." He jumped up and the two women hugged, squealing.

"How did you? I mean... I thought?"

"It's a long story, and I'll fill you in, but right now meet Malachy, my boyfriend."

"Boy.... Dolly?. Hi... I'm Maxine an old...."

"I know. She's told me all about you."

"Join us," Malachy said, signaling to the waiter to bring a chair.

"I couldn't..."

"I insist," Malachy said with masculine authority, and the women exchanged a smile.

"Well, then... Dolly, he's a stud."

"I know," Carter said, glowing. "And can he ever cook."

Carter did still like women, and he probably always would. But Malachy was the one man he seemed attracted to, satisfied to be with, happy in his arms. He didn't question it. He was just happy he'd found the one man for him, because as pretty and curvy as he was now, he didn't think he would

ever find a woman who would be the fem for him, and, anyway, what did it matter?

Carter Blue had accepted that he was a woman now and probably would be for the rest of his life, and he'd found a man to love him. What was it about Malachy that made him so attractive to Carter? He'd decided that Malachy reminded him very much of the man he used to be, especially his drive to protect helpless females. Probably something Freudian in there somewhere, but Carter didn't care. He had enough to worry about without questioning his happiness.

He was happy despite finding himself living as a busty little female, and that was enough for now. If things changed tomorrow, well, change was inevitable. Marcus Aurelius had said that, and if Carter ever doubted it, all he had to do was look down at his breasts to remember how quickly life could change. Maybe he would get to be a man again. Maybe he wouldn't.

But for now, for today, he was sitting at an outdoor cafe, enjoying a glass of wine with the two people he loved most in the world, and that was enough for this pretty, little woman to feel blessed.

The End

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