

Prologue: Our intrepid detectives and sissies have been pecking around the edges of the mystery of the foreign sissies and unusual construction projects in staid Omaha. The entrepreneurial Ms. Marilyn is continuing her goal of acquiring all of the remaining sissies in the world. For new readers, this is not a good place to start this epitome of nonsense. I would suggest that my story, 'Late Spring in Omaha' is advisable as a good starting place to get a feel for the workings of this society

Omaha Vice Part 2 of 3 (Winter) 2234)

Bob Gabrielleson was trudging down the dusty dirt street of the rural Burmese village. Tethered mongrels barked at him as he past and the small, wiry men looked at his entourage with tenuous mix of fear and envy. He was on his way to meet with the local warlord. His six man bodyguard of ex-Australian Army Commandos was heavily armed with mostly modernized versions twenty-first century assault weaponry with a few newer surprises mixed in with their kit. Gabrielleson was a 'buyer' for MEE International. Gabrielleson had done business with this particular chieftain before and didn't particularly expect any trouble, 'but', he thought, 'you never know with these primitives.'

Gabrielleson was met at the bamboo and wattle walled entrance to the warlord's compound. A rickety bamboo watchtower occupied by a lone gunman surveyed the meeting and Gabrielleson shook hands with his host's greeter, best described as cross between a butler and hit man.

The greeter was a smallish, wiry middle aged man dressed in faded 'tiger stripe' fatigues. Gabrielleson and his entourage followed the 'greeter' across a large concrete tiled courtyard to a large two story balconied structure, curiously built in a combination yellowish brick and bamboo with a steep thatched roof. Once into what passed for the main hall of the structure, the 'greeter' motioned for Gabrielleson's party to halt. Three very hard looking youngish men entered the hall with one holding a rawhide lease which had twelve young boys tethered to it. The boys were naked, with their hands tied behind them and very frightened.

One of the Australians muttered, "Mostly Vietnamese and Khmer, by the looks of 'em, Cap'n."

Gabrielleson nodded and closely examining the boy's from a distance he asked the 'greeter', "Where are these boys from?"

A deep, rasping voice replied from the entry, "Very good gentlemen. They are booty from my latest expedition to the east."

It was Mr. Big himself. The war-lord liked to refer to himself as 'Mr. Big' although he was barely five foot six inches tall. Mr. Big strutted into the hall, immaculate in his freshly pressed cotton twill khaki's embossed with the epaulettes of an ancient Soviet style Army Marshall.

"What do you think of my merchandise Mr. Gabrielson?" Mr. Big asked the question in the mocking manner he did with all westerners, whom he considered effete, due primarily to their subservience to women.

Gabrielleson ignored the implied slight and replied, "We must inspect the items more closely, to assure that they are as healthy as advertised.

Gabrielleson motioned to one of the Australians who pulled off his rucksack and retrieved some very compact and sophisticated medical examination equipment.

The Burmese gunmen watched in suspicious amazement as the medic did the cursory cardio-pulmonary inspections and then followed by swabbing each boys bound thumbs and pricking each for a minute blood sample. After several minutes the medic announced, "Nothing major, Sir, just the usual malnutrition and vitamin shortages."

Gabrielleson nodded and looked at Mr. Big, "I believe that we may have a deal, Excellency. The terms were three thousand gold dollars, fifty twentieth century manufacture AK-47 assault rifles along with twenty five thousand rounds of ammunition for the bunch."

"We indeed have a deal Mr. Gabrielleson. With the fresh armaments and ammunition, I am planning an extended expedition into old China. Would you be interested in providing me with a 'shopping list'?"

Gabrielleson smiled and replied, "Yes Excellency, I would be interested. Please notify me by your usual methods of the approximate time of your foray and I will have that shopping list for you."

Mr. Big offered his hand and the two men shook. Bob Gabrielleson withdrew a thick manila envelope from his rucksack and handed it to Mr. Big, "The three thousand dollars in U.S. gold coins and the ordnance is in a clearing next to the road five miles from here."

Mr. Big smiled and motioned to the three armed young men, and turned back to Gabrielleson and said, "My sons will accompany you to the location and they will turn over the merchandise there, if all is in order."

July, 2239

Peter Constanceson had just concluded an agreement with Jeff Deborahson concerning the reservation of Jeff's small private dinner hall at his restaurant. The two men were enjoying a rare mid afternoon drink, consummating their verbal agreement.

"I'm going to be highly honored having your mother as a guest here," said Jeff.

"Oh, don't get too excited, my mother attends about fifty dinner functions a year. I would worry about being remembered however, she

has a very selective memory for disasters," answered Peter.

Swirling the ice in his glass, Jeff continued, "You don't think that she will be uncomfortable in a Jewish establishment?"

Peter snorted, "Not unless you insist upon having a Hasidic Mariachi band go from table to table. Look, Jeff all you have to do is have the food and drink ready. Don't worry about placements; our family is well tuned into the proper pecking order."

Jeff laughed, "You have just destroyed my Uncle Moshe. But, I will honor your request at keeping this a very private affair. Of course, all of Omaha will know about it within three or four minutes."

Peter laughed and drained his drink, thank you Jeff and tell Uncle Moshe I will be on the look out for a gig for his band."

"We're having our family dinner at the Jewish boy's place?" asked Carol Constancedaughter incredulously.

Laughing, Peter Constanceson replied, "Absolutely the best deal I could work out. Remember Mother, you decreed that I would have to host the gathering in celebration once getting the charges against Toni dropped. You didn't say where the dinner had to be held."

Carol hated talking on an audio only connection; she couldn't use what she considered to be her best asset, visual intimidation.

"I know what I told you, but I was hoping to convince the Arch Bishop to join us."

Peter sighed audibly, "Mother, I'm sure that the Arch Bishop will be more than welcome at 'Jeff's'. In fact, it would be a very gracious symbol of feminine unity for the Arch Bishop to visit a non-Christian Omaha business."

Carol snorted, "You can take that 'feminine unity' business and park it where the sun doesn't shine, buster. OK, it's 'Jeff's' next Saturday. I'll have to get a hold of Debra in Florida so that she can make arrangements to attend, otherwise everyone else is local."

Peter was smiling unseen at his small victory over his mother, "Thank you Mother, and since the party is small everyone can order off of the 'Jeff's' menu. Good bye, I will keep in touch, as usual."

Mary Ann slid out of her car in the underground lot and was hit by the mid-summer Nebraska heat. Standing and straightening her back pleated short skirt she was thinking about Peter. She had seen his truck parked in the lot and decided that if Toni wasn't around, she would rape him.

'I believe that Toni is at her summer class at U. of N. today, so that

asshole should be free,' thought Mary Ann.

She walked quickly to the elevator and its air conditioning. Entering the elevator car, she was feeling the trickle of sweat slide around her imprisoned balls.

'Damn these panty hose,' she cursed silently.

A few seconds later the car stopped and she walked into the second floor hallway. Fumbling in her purse, she checked to make sure that she had a condom readily available. Pressing her thumb on the scanner pad, the door slid quietly open, or so she thought. Peter was talking with his Uncle Mike in his home office and a flashing light on his computer display warned him of the front door being opened.

Peter told Mike that he was going to continue the conversation in audio only and hit the appropriate control on the holo communicator on his desk. Mike was perplexed at Peter's cutting the video to their conversation until he heard a light knock on what had to be the door to Peter's office.

"Come in," said Peter and Mike heard the door open and then Mary Ann's voice saying plaintively, "Peety, I'm so horny and I want you to do something about it."

'That asshole,' wondered Mike, 'he's going to let me listen, but not watch.'

Knowing that Mike was still listening, Peter moved to the couch taking the hand communicator with him. Mary Ann entered Peter's office and rushed to the couch and sat down next to him.

"We have maybe an hour of privacy and I want to take advantage of it," she whined.

Peter raised his index finger to lips to quiet the sissy. Whispering into her ear, "I'm having an important conversation with Uncle Mike; the video is off for security reasons."

'No video, no problem,' thought Mary Ann as she rubbed Peter's covered erection with her much practiced hand.

Whispering back to Peter, Mary Ann said, "I want you to get me off, now!"

Peter sat upright saying, "What was that Mike?"

Mike, knowing that Peter was using an ear piece said, "OK, asshole, I'll sign off so that you can 'do' Mary Ann.

"As I was saying, I have not heard a word from, Sergeant Connineson in the past month. "If the information that I have been relaying from the snoop is of any value, they haven't let me know."

Mary Ann was rummaging around in Peter's 'toy' drawer and had retrieved a pair of wrist restraints, a condom and for her, a comfortable vibrating butt plug. Plopping down next to Peter on the couch in a very unladylike manner, Mary Ann started undoing Peter's trousers. Mike was getting very hard listening to the sound of clothing being disarranged.

"What's she doing now, shithead," asked Mike.

"Well from my vantage point, things are up in the air. I do think that I may be able to unlock another point of interest shortly, however," replied Peter.

Mary Ann was standing next to Peter, hiking her skirt over her very round hips and starting to roll her pantyhose down around her ankles.

"She's wearing panty hose, isn't she? Has she started to pull off her knickers yet?" asked a very interested Mike.

"You are correct in your assessment, Mike. I have no doubt that with a little further effort, the investigation will be brought to a head," answered Peter.

Mary Ann was lubricating the butt plug and when satisfied with its friction qualities removed her enabler and started to insert it in her rectum. Once she had the new intruder properly seated, she flicked it on and let out a long, low moan.

Mary Ann descended awkwardly back down onto the couch next to Peter, her ankles entwined with her panty hose and panties. As Peter continued his conversation, she wrapped her wrists in the satin cuffs and clipped the short chains to her choker ring. She turned her body and draped it over Peter's right shoulder with her cuffed hands resting her chin upon Peter's shoulder.

Her mouth formed "Please," and she raised her right knee to expose her plasteel encased cock and balls for further consideration. The vibrator was inviting her small cock to explode within its confines and she nearly came when Peter placed his right hand over the small prison and started to massage the small cock head peeking out of its tube.

"I think the moment is at hand for further action," said Peter.

Mike laughed out loud, "You haven't freed her yet have you Mr. Prick of the week?"

"No, I haven't," replied Peter. "And your right, premature action could result in less than satisfactory results."

Mike could hear Mary Ann moaning in anticipation and thought to himself, 'That poor sissy, when she finally is allowed to come, she may very well blow her balls off.'

Fondling Mary Ann's penis head to point that it was leaking copious

pre-cum, Peter told Mike, "The situation had reached a head, I may have to proceed with my own uncovering investigation."

Mike was rock hard and wondering why he didn't have a well trained sissy secretary to handle this sort of situation.

Peter pulled the light chain containing the electronic key for his sissy's penile restraints over his head and activating the key, unlocking Mary Ann chastity. Removing the malleable tube and brace device from Mary Ann's genitalia, Peter slowly opened the capsule containing the condom so thoughtfully provided by Mary Ann and gently rolled it over the head of the overly excited sissy cock head and down its stem. Once the condom was in place, Peter placed his hand behind Mary Ann's head and forced the sissy down towards his own very erect cock. Reaching over with his left hand, he pinched the sissy's nose until her mouth opened to breath and forced the more than willing girl to engulf his cock while he stroked her own rubber encased one.

Mike was listening to the grunts and slop sounds of Mary Ann energetically working Peter. 'Enough of this,' he thought.

"Enjoy, Pete. I wish I was there," as Mike broke the connection.

"See you later, Mike," answered Peter as he felt Mary Ann discharge into her condom.

"Your first load, eh soldier?" Coming up for air, Mary Ann nodded, as a large dollop of spittle fell from her mouth from her efforts at taking Peter's cock as far down her throat as she could.

Peter kept at his task of manipulating the smallish sissy cock hoping to get at least three discharges into the sissy sized condom before he came into Mary Ann's eager mouth. The sissy was working Peter's cock over with her tongue stud, trying to get the egotistical organ's owner to admit defeat before he had her shooting her next load. The fingers of her restrained hands were pumping Peter's cock like a piston when she heard the door open.

"Just in time for the finale," she heard Peter say.

Just at the critical moment, Toni burst in on the scene and was upset that she was missing an afternoon delight.

"Come in Toni, Mary Ann and I have a small wager that she will cum three times before I cum for the first time. My hand is becoming tired and I need some help finishing this horny sissy off."

Toni stood there with her hands upon her hips and declared, "Since I was not invited to participate, I will not become a party to some common wager."

Mary Ann was on the verge of cumming and was willing her balls not to concede all the while she was manipulating Peter's cock with all of her

considerable experience. Peter couldn't hold it any longer and delivered his first spurt into Mary Ann's mouth.

"I win," the exhausted sissy declared as Peter's second spurt caught her chin and cheek. Just as she had declared victory, Mary Ann succumbed and her second ejaculation shot into the condom.

Sitting back on the couch, Mary Ann looked at Peter with a faux sneer mumbled with semen dripping from the corners of her mouth, "Just what kind of stud do you think that you are? You could only get a horny sissy off once before you nearly creamed your pants."

Toni added, "I've known that Peety was secret sissy all along. And a messy one at that, look at that pathetic little pecker dripping all over the place."

Peter winked at Mary Ann and said, "Miss Toni, would you please get me a beer from bar fridge?"

"There you go, treating every sissy in the house like they were housemaids. I'll get you your beer this time, but don't make a habit of making me wait on you hand and foot," replied Toni.

Toni was handing Peter his beer when he reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"So you don't like waiting on me hand and foot and you've got a smart mouth for such a randy sissy. I think that you should put that mouth to work cleaning up the mess that your sister left."

With that statement, Peter pulled Toni to her knees in front of him and holding her nose shut he slid his cum covered cock into her not too resisting mouth.

While Toni's head was bobbing between his knees Peter added, "If you do a very good job, I may reward you with a little snack and later this evening I may let Mary Ann tug on your clittie for a bit. Would you like that, smart mouth?"

Toni's head continued it's experienced bobbing.

At the dinner table that evening, Peter told Toni and Mary Ann that there was going to be a black tie family dinner at 'Jeff's' restaurant a week from this coming Saturday. Both sissies became very excited at the proposition of a very dressy dinner party.

"Who's all going to be there, Peety?" asked Mary Ann.

Peter looked up from his plate and frowning, recited. "My mother, of course along with uncles Frank and Jason, along with Marie and Julie and Katherine and her wife ; I'm sure that Margaret, Connie Anne, Penny and cousin Lance will come. I think grandmother Constance daughter will be there and maybe Debra and her wife will come

in from Florida. We will also have to tell Mike and Pamela that they are expected to attend."

With guest list announced, conversation with Peter ceased and the two sissies immediately started making plans. Pushing away from the table, Peter left the babble and the clean up to the sissies and he went into his office and poured a scotch and thought about how to approach Colonel Elizabethson about the silence that he and Uncle Mike had been subjected to concerning the Old City Mall investigation.

Detective Pat Meganson had decided that since the investigation was at an apparent stand still that he take it upon himself to take a closer look at the Prairie Apartment building. The other two detectives on the investigative team had done some inconsequential parking lot squatting without notable results so Pat had decided to attempt as innocent an entry to the building as possible. Parking his vehicle two blocks away, Pat strolled down the street and towards the shabby apartment building as nonchalantly as possible. He was met by a doorman.

'Wow, in this dump they have a doorman,' wondered Pat.

"Sir, are you a resident or are you guest?" asked the uniformed man.

Thinking quickly and incorrectly, Pat answered, "I'm a guest."

The doorman nodded and asked, "May I see your invitation?"

Pat quickly patted himself down and checked his wallet and feigned, "I seem to have forgotten it."

The doorman smirked, "No ID or invite, no admittance."

Shrugging, Pat said, "Thank you, sir I'll have to get my invitation." Walking away from the entrance, Pat immediately called Mike.

Pat was telling Mike about his unsuccessful attempt to enter the building and Mike replied, "If you had run your scheme past me, I could have told you that both Winston and Byron had already tried that route.

No more phony bluff attempts past the doorman. We don't want to raise any more suspicions than we already have."

Suitably chastened, Pat continued, "Isn't it a bit unusual for that type of apartment building to have a doorman?"

"Goddamn right it is," replied Mike. "It's also unusual for an apartment building not to have a list of residents, although it's not required by ordinance."

Pat had a thought, "Have you tried the Post Office?"

"What about the Post Office, all they do is deliver hard copy legal documents," snorted Mike.

"Maybe so," replied Pat, "But they must have delivered a legal document to somebody in the past year or so."

A long pause had Pat wondering if Mike had disconnected. "You just earned your keep Meganson; I'll check that out first thing in the morning."

Mike commented from his end, "That's a smart kid you have there."

The next morning Mike convened a meeting of his small investigation staff.

"Our junior detective, Mr. Meganson, attempted entry to the Prairie Apartments last evening," started Mike, "with no better luck than the rest of you slugs. Why is it that the OPD cannot get into the front door of an aging building protected by a uniformed doorman?"

"We're walking on eggs, boss," replied Byron Dorthason. "You told us that we couldn't strong arm the front guys, so we sit back and watch."

Mike slumped in front of his desk, "Your right. By the way, the Army's CID is heavily into this operation and we are only getting 'nothing', not even a crumb from those assholes."

Winston Rhondason spoke up, "Boss, your nephew, Peter is hosting a relay station for the Army's snoop at his apartment. What if he tells them that they have to remove the relay unless we get more co-operations from the CID?"

Mike mused Winston's point and replied, "This operation is apparently caught the attention of the most high at the pentagon. I think that Miss Marlason has inadvertently involved us in a very high stakes political intrigue."

Byron Doreathason looked at his chief and asked, "Do you think that the military is organizing a coup?"

Shaking his head, Mike replied, "No, a military coup is out of the question. I think that they are more interested in protecting their turf and neutralizing the matron's judicial system. But this whole operation is weird, out of state politically connected matrons and the Joint Chiefs of Staff? We will have to be very careful and on the lookout for that large turd which will fall on our foolish heads if we aren't very, very careful"

Pat Meganson had been silent so far through the meeting, gathering his courage he said, "Gentlemen, I suggest that we go back to square one and review what we know and how we know it."

Three heads swiveled towards Pat and he continued without hesitation,

"We know that we have a non-descript one story shopping mall that has an elevator system, we know that the same mall has a very sophisticated exterior curbside elevator capable of handling large transport vehicles, we know that the very same mall has a large and capable security force, entirely beyond its apparent needs, we know that leading Omaha medical practitioners frequent the mall, we know that our in house DPW wannabe's couldn't crack the mall's sewer system and we know that an obscure Omaha apartment building has a liveried doorman that turns away persons without proper credentials. We also know that, that very same obscure apartment building apparently has no residents."

Mike nodded, "Neatly summed up detective. What we know have to determine is why. Are you also proposing a course of action?"

Pat took a deep breath, "Yes sir, I propose a fire at the mall to get a look at the lower levels.

Byron looked at Pat with his crooked smile, "I assume that you are proposing a providential lightning strike?"

"Yes sir, we are in the summer storm season," replied Pat. The three older detectives looked at each other and then at Pat.

"The boys a genius," exclaimed Winston. "A fire will draw in the Omaha Fire department and as security, the OPD. And, a complete search of the building to insure that the fire is extinguished will give us a good look about, genius."

Mike smiled at Pat. "Let's sit on this for a week or so, it reminds me of the sewer scenario. I like it, but I also know that my nephew Peter is trying to get the CID to unleash some of its Intel so that we can become a viable part of this investigation again."

Detective Dortheason piped in, "We can't wait forever for those Army assholes to legitimize this operation, and we'll all be retired before we get through the front doors. So I'm in favor of burning it."

"OK," said Mike, "You guys start formulating a plan to burn the mall, but no one does anything until I give the go ahead. Remember, this has to be flawless. We don't want anything coming back on our heads."

The detective crew nodded their collective heads and Mike was relieved, knowing that it would take a month for the three detectives to agree upon what they would consider a 'flawless' arson.

Jason and Carol were at Omaha Air Terminal waiting upon Debra's flight to get in from Florida. Three years previous, Carol was present at Debra's hastily prepared wedding in Fort Lauderdale to the politically very well connected sissy Stephanie Juanitason. Carol suspected that the stunning Stephanie was sterile as Debra was still childless. Carol and Jason had just made it to the airport as the sub-hypersonic private jet landed. At the private craft terminal, they watched as Debra

emerged from the sleek aircraft followed by the eye catching Stephanie. Debra was her usual regal self, her collar length auburn hair elaborately arranged and her white tropical linen suit flawless with crisp creases in her trousers and a purple flowered cravat at the throat of her silk blouse. The raven haired Stephanie followed, also dressed in a white tropical linen suit; her short, back pleated skirt firmly hugged her broad hips and likewise above her silk blouse, had a purple flowered choker around her long thin neck. Carol frowned at the sissy's gold nose ring bouncing off of her upper lip. Carol did not approve of the new southern fashion of 'ringing' sissies; she felt that it was demeaning for a sex that already was considerably demeaned.

Bussing cheeks, Carol asked Katherine, "I have prepared your old room and the guest room for your stay, which do you prefer dear?"

Debra was prepared for this question, "I would love to stay in my old room, mother. Stephie and I will be quite comfortable there.

'After all, I've never had sex in that bed,' thought Debra.

Carol and Jason continued in their greetings to Stephanie and Jason loaded the luggage into the utility vehicle and headed back to the Constancedaughter compound.

Arriving at the Constancedaughter compound, Debra and Stephanie were subjected to the usual excited greetings from Carol's wives Marie and Julie along with more subdued greetings from Jason and Frank. Katherine had called and said that she and her wives Cindy and Mandy would be late, but were expected at anytime. The uncles were gathered in the pool room drinking whisky and rum talking about the sensational and very erotic Stephanie.

"Why do you think Debra had the girl fitted with a nose ring," asked Jason.

"I don't know and I don't think that Carol approves of public humiliation of sissies, but she won't appreciate any of us commenting about Debra's sexual preferences," murmured Frank.

Frank was behind the bar when the women and sissies walked into the pool room.

Carol, spotting Frank freshening his drink, ordered, "A scotch for me, rum and cokes for Marie and Julie, a daiquiri for Stephanie and a white wine for Debra, if you please mister."

Frank was rustling up the drink order when they all heard the front door close and Katherine squeal, "Debra, are you here?"

Debra jumped off of her bar stool and rushed towards the pool room door and nearly collided with Katherine. The sisters embraced and exchanged cheeky smooches.

Debra broke the embrace and grabbed Katherine's hand and pulled her towards the bar, "Sis, I have to introduce you to my wife. Katherine, please meet my wife Stephanie."

Katherine suppressed a whistle as she watched the five foot eleven sissy rise from her bar stool. Stephanie was still dressed in her travelling suit and her three inch heels made her long legs go, well all the way.

Standing in the pool room doorway were Katherine's wives, Cindy and Mandy. They were pretty sissies, but not nearly as tall as Stephanie, but their figures were excellent and their cotton short shorts accented their legs even though they were wearing flats. Katherine strode towards Stephanie and introduced herself. Placing her arm around the sissy's somewhat narrow shoulders, guided her into the family gathering.

"How cute," exclaimed Katherine and pointed to the nose ring that Stephanie was wearing.

The gathering relaxed into a free for all mingling with everyone talking with each other. Frank was into his fourth bourbon and casually eavesdropping on Carol and Debra's conversation.

"I understand that you have recently obtained a 'position'," said Carol.

Debra smiled and nodded, "My little girl, over there is the cousin of a very well connected matron. A couple of months ago, we were invited to party, a soiree really at my employer's mansion outside of Miami. You should see this place, sissy maids dressed in old fashioned maid costumes, 'French Maids', I believe is what our host called them. Very short satin dresses, tight through the bust and waist but flared at the hips with starched 'petticoats' of all things, keeping the hem spread out. They were all very pretty and very delicious eye candy. They were all wearing sheer thigh high stockings held up by little clips from what she called a garter belt. The hems of the uniforms just barely covered the stocking tops and when one of the little dears made even the slightest improper move, you could see their sheer panties, all of them soaked. Our host did not allow her help to wear panty liners and I can't imagine the torment the sissies went through with their little cock heads constantly rubbing against their silk panties."

Frank felt himself getting hard listening to Debra's description.

"My, my, it all sounds very erotic," exclaimed Carol. Did she have a stable of studs mingling with crowd or was she a sissy only type of matron?"

Debra sat back and her mouth twisted, "You know, that was the odd thing. There were these serving boys. They were very lithe in build, but obviously male. The odd thing was that these serving boys all wore very tight, form fitting Bermuda shorts and very sissy tops. Spaghetti

strapped silk, I think with bare midriffs and body jewelry, you know, navel piercings."

Frank was becoming very interested in Debra's party.

"I've never heard of that," remarked Carol. "These serving boys, were they part of the household?"

Nodding, Debra said, "I'm pretty sure that they were. And thinking about it, they all wore light make-up, including lip gloss and had gold earrings and tongue studs."

Carol snorted, "It all sounds very sissy to me. What does this matron do to afford such an obvious display?"

"Horses, can you believe it? She raises horses, thoroughbreds. She is very into horse racing, on the international scale," answered Debra.

"She raises thoroughbreds in Florida?" asked an incredulous Carol.

"No mother, she raises thoroughbreds all over the country," replied a slightly indignant Debra.

"She's always buying farm property all over the country," continued Debra.

"How is it that you know so much about this mysterious matron?" pressed the ever cautious Carol.

Smirking, Debra replied, "Because, I work for her. If you recall, I majored in commercial real estate at Creighton. I've worked MEE for the past nine months and am rapidly ascending the corporate ladder, she bragged.

Frank staggered slightly at the revelation of MEE and Debra's association. He would have to inform Mike ASAP.

Marilyn Evelynsdaughter was enjoying the late afternoon sun at her considerable compound outside of Miami. Her household help were enjoying their afternoon break frolicking in the large pool and Marilyn was enjoying watching them. Her two full time bedmates were also in the pool and they had her full attention. There was a full time security detail on the perimeter of her property, but they were never, never allowed inside its stuccoed walls.

Marilyn was reflecting on her considerable rise from modest civil service functionary to one of the most powerful, yet unknown women in North America. She knew from her dealings with road building contractors in her 'official' position as the head of the Florida Highway Department that money did not only talk, it screamed constantly. If one added sex to the mix, you win easily almost all of the time.

Marilyn waved to her two playmates as they made their way towards her. They were toweling the water from their trim supple bodies, breasts bouncing softly and with that peculiar wiggle that only enablers (hormone packed butt plugs) seemed to produce. Marci, her first wife approached her lounge chair with iced teas and two small bowls of orange sherbet (for her playmates). She would serve the four pretty boys and the six maid's identical items at a separate table. Marci delivered her desserts and leaned over to receive her kiss from Marilyn. The matron's hand slipped under the hem of the light cotton sundress and fondled Marci's plasteel encased genitals sweetly covered by silk panties.

"Ummm, strawberry lipstick, you horny trollop," murmured Marilyn.

Marci smiled, and yes she knew that strawberry was matron's favorite flavor. Waving the sissy away, Marilyn turned her attention to the approaching twins. 'Hungarian', she thought, 'there is that delightful hint of a slant to their eyes.'

The twins smiled and sat down at the small table and dived into their sherbet, their blonde hair still hanging wet in their unsissylike identical page boy cuts. Marilyn leaned over the table and gently chucked each girl under the chin and glancing through the glass top observed that knees were correctly pressed together.

'We can't have any unsightly bulges,' she thought.

Watching the twins eat, Marilyn smiled at the shine of the gold tongue studs curling around spoons. 'They are so good with their tongues'. I will make a fortune off of them when something better comes along,' she concluded. 'But perhaps I will keep them on as maids. I just can't bear the thought of them massaging some thankless crone's clit.'

Dampness was creeping into her panties and Marilyn pulled herself out of her silent revelry.

"You two go and dry off and get yourselves ready for the dinner at the Ladies Auxiliary tonight. I want you looking your best, you how the other matron's drool over you. Now scat." The two sissies stood and bobbed their wet heads in unison and wiggled off into the house. Marilyn remained at the table to finish her iced tea and watched as her other wife, Cindy collected the pretty boys and maids to get them back to their duties.

Marilyn signaled Cindy and the tall, redheaded sissy approached. "Yes ma'am, inquired Cindy? "I am feeling a little anxious, dear. Would you have that darling Annie come to my bedroom in about a half an hour? Tell her that her usual reward awaits her performance."

The tall red-haired sissy bobbed a semi-curtsey and strode away, the hem of her short silk dress brushing over her bare thighs.

Half an hour later, Annie knocked on the door of Marilyn's bed chamber and discreetly entered and waited in the middle of the anti-chamber in the prescribed maids pose, hands together and one foot in front of the other. Marilyn entered the anti-chamber and motioned to uniformed sissy to go into her bed room.

'Annie, Annie, Annie,' wondered Marilyn, 'do all of the sissies in Somalia have such wonderful tongues?'

Annie had resumed her pose in Marilyn bedroom awaiting the matron's appearance. Marilyn walked into the room behind the tallish sissy, admiring the corseted figures shape accented by the ancient maid's costume that was the mandatory uniform for the housemaids in her home.

Marilyn walked up to Annie from behind and reached around the girl and cupped her breasts and manipulated the sissy's unusually long nipples for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, a low moan was emitted from Annie and Marilyn removed her right hand and dropping towards the still girl's buttocks. She slid her hand around over the girl's stomach, ascertaining the presence of a tight corset and then raising the short silk skirt and starched petticoats, slipped her hand into the rear of the girl's panties and gently feeling around, Marilyn found the exposed penis head and gently massaged it between her fingers. Marilyn felt slickness between her fingers as the excited sissy delivered a few drops of pre-cum.

"Does that feel good, dear?" asked Marilyn.

Annie nodded, but she was feeling more pain than pleasure as her cock was trying to expand within its tight plasteel tube. Marilyn continued her exploration and her fingers found the flared base of the enabler, the hormone and lubricant dispensing long butt plug that every sissy wore daily. Moving the flared base around with her fingers, Marilyn soon heard a gasp from Annie as she grazed the sissy's prostate gland. Concentrating on the gland, Marilyn soon had Annie squealing softly and a nice deposit of semen was soon deposited over Marilyn's fingers and coming to rest in the thin silk of the panty.

Withdrawing her hand from the defenseless sissy's panties, Marilyn turned the girl around and could see the deep embarrassed blush on the glossy black face. She then presented her sticky, semen covered hand to the maid and Annie proceeded to lick the hand and digits' totally clean.

Marilyn then went over to her bed and standing next to it motioned for the maid to approach. Annie slid to her knees and loosened the clasps on Marilyn's silk pajama bottoms and rolled the garment over her matron's hips and let the item fall to the carpet. Marilyn sat down on the edge of her large bed and as she spread her legs, she reached over to Annie and hooked the sissy's nose ring with her index finger and guided the very experienced face into her womb. The matron smiled as the red streaked blonde dyed hair of the black girl bobbed and shook between her thighs. After about three minutes of expert ministrations, Marilyn had her first orgasm, soon followed by two more.

'Give me one more girl and I will give you your reward,' she thought. Finally, after several minutes more, Marilyn came with a wild bucking that smeared her juices all over the working girl's face and with several deep breathes, she lifted Annie's face from her vagina. Smiling broadly at the well trained African sissy, she said, "I'm going to do you twice before I dismiss you, you lucky little tart."

Standing up, Marilyn allowed the sissy to replace her pajama bottoms and when satisfied, motioned the eager sissy to the bench in front of her vanity. Annie mounted the vanity bench on knees with her head resting upon her forearms. Marilyn went to her night table and found the necessary items for Annie's little adventure. Marilyn expertly cuffed and clipped the sissy's wrists to her choker ring with light silver chains. Once secured, Marilyn lifted the short hem of Annie's maids uniform and laid it over the restrained sissy's back and followed with the starched petticoats.

Like a surgeon, examined the silk panty clad bubble butt before her. Smiling, she slowly slipped the panties down over Annie's thighs and resting them at the girls knees. Sliding her hand up the girl's nyloned thigh she then put her hand between the anxious sissy's thighs and cupped the imprisoned contents. Annie could part her knees only a few inches on the narrow bench and made every effort to allow her mistress easy access to her painfully stored treasures. Marilyn then gently removed the enabler from its dark home. Annie sighed as the four inch long one inch wide butt plug was slowly withdrawn from her rectum. Placing the soiled enabler into a plaything cleaner, Marilyn decided that she could proceed with the main event.

Marilyn could see her target, 'the one eyed monster,' she laughed. 'More like a pet gerbil, eager for a friendly stroke'. Annie's purple cock head was peeking out of its plasteel encasement and Marilyn massaged it for a few seconds, fully realizing the discomfort she was causing the sissy. Finally, Marilyn depressed the switch on

the electronic key that relayed a command to the plasteel device that was so stoutly holding Annie subservient and the molecules relaxed and the material became pliable. Matron deftly unclipped the penis tube from the gold ring encircling Annie's scrotum and the hard, formed crotch support relaxed and parted. The device was designed to clip the penis tube to the scrotum ring behind the wearer's ball sack and the crotch plate slid between the scrotum ring and the skin and when activated formed a near ninety degree angle, firmly pressing the genitalia in place between the wearer's thighs.

With the penis forced rearward between the thighs, the wearer was forced to urinate while sitting down. It was inevitable that urine would splash on and around the wearer's buttocks region requiring a very ladylike and thorough wiping after every event.

Once the penis tube was removed from Annie's cock, it began to swell to impressive size for a sissy. 'It must be at least six inches long,' admired Marilyn, 'and reasonably thick, too.'

She began to wonder how stout this male member would have been if it had not been relentlessly hormonized to retard its development. Reaching in front of the kneeling sissy's crotch, Marilyn moved the petticoats out of the way and slid a condom over the excited sissy's cock. Giggling at the sound of the silk dress rustle against the stiff petticoats, Marilyn finally managed to roll the condom up Annie's extension.

'You are a manly hung little sissy,' thought Marilyn as she applied a large amount of lubricant to a very impressive vibrating dildo.

Marilyn snickered to herself as she watched Annie's rosebud pucker uncontrollably in anticipation of insertion. Spreading lubricant around the pulsating rectum, Marilyn decided that this was enough foreplay for this sissy and she pressed the wide head of the eight inch dildo against its target. Annie emitted a loud groan as the head squeezed by her sphincter and when half of the plaything had been embedded, Marilyn turned the vibrating device on. Gasping, Annie jerked against her wrist restraints and was forced to remain in her humiliating and very subservient position. Slowly inserting the final few inches of the dildo into Annie's now rolling ass, Marilyn left the sissy to enjoy her new found sensations while she brought a light sitting chair over next to the vanity bench.

Annie was moaning in her native East African Swahili dialect as Marilyn sat down next to the puffing sissy and reached under Annie's dress and firmly grasped the girl's large cock. She did not stroke Annie; rather she held the member firm and made the sissy thrust to gain friction. The first ejaculation took only a few seconds as Marilyn felt the excited tool expand and eject its overdue load.

Marilyn stood and kissed the sissy on the nape of her neck, just above the choker and cooed, "Very nicely done, sweetie, the second one will require a little more effort."

Deciding that she didn't have time to play further games, Marilyn aided Annie to her second ejaculation with some skillful manipulation. After Annie came the second time, Marilyn withdrew the vibrator and reinserted the enabler, removed the condom and disposed of it and spraying a mild anesthetic on the deflating member, replaced the plasteel restrain. Finally, she pulled the sissy's panties up and released her wrists. Helping the sissy to her feet, Marilyn kissed the girl, forcing her tongue into Annie's mouth and sliding her tongue around the gold stud.

"Now go freshen up, dear. You still have duties to perform," whispered Marilyn.

The sated sissy wiggled out of Marilyn's bedroom on her three inch heels. Watching the short uniform skirt bounce on the African girl's hips, Marilyn decided that she would have to fuck Annie more often. Cindy, Matron Evelynsdaughter's second wife, was the official housekeeper of the estate, among her duties were overseeing the day to day operations and maintenance of the grounds. The pretty boys, local

hires from the South Florida male communities had gardening and light maintenance duties. The maid's were graduates from MEE Sissy Schools and former employee's of one of the brothels that Marilyn had an interest in. They were not slaves, rather limited term employee's who worked as domestics and assisted Marci in the kitchen.

One of the more intriguing duties that Cindy performed was arranging for the sissies sexual activities. She and Marci slept together and only occasionally had sexual contact with the matron, but did dally among the pretty boys and maids. Very aware of Matron's dinner plans, Cindy decided to look in the twins to assure herself that they well along the way in preparedness for the evenings outing.

Knocking lightly on the twin's bedroom door, Cindy announced herself and entered, "Magda? Irina? Are getting ready for dinner?"

"In here Mistress," called Irina, "we are in the bathroom."

The accented English was delivered in a soft alto soprano. 'Better voices through chemistry,' thought Cindy.

Entering the bathroom, Cindy was entranced by the sight of the two tall, over six foot, sissies. Both sissies sporting identical freshly brushed pageboy cuts with tips that pointed towards their perfect, pouting full lipped mouths. The sissies were waist nipper corseted and under clothed in matching pale blue panty and bra sets. They were wearing blue silk chokers with lace trim. Cindy looked them over carefully, had them turn around and told them to redo their toenails and had them layout the jewelry that they were planning to wear. She complimented them on their choices and told them to be ready in an hour.

An hour later, the dinner party was gathered in the spacious kitchen. Marilyn was drinking a glass of a California Chablis and also allowed the twins a small glass. Marilyn was in a smart, dark blue linen suit with slightly flared trouser legs, light blue silk collared shirt, two inch black pumps and accompanied by diamond ear studs, gold necklace and diamond broach strategically centered in her light yellow neck scarf. Magda and Irina were identically dressed, light blue, quite short baby doll dresses, matching open toed dressy sandals, nude panty hose, the blue chokers, gold necklaces and small ear hoops and their ever present gold nose rings.

As Marilyn was finishing her wine, the maid Jennie rushed into the kitchen and announced, "Matron, pardon me, but your limousine is here."

Rising, Marilyn thanked the oriental sissy and winked at Cindy, "They're all yours, sweets." Turning to the twins, said, "Let's go girls, we many important people to impress tonight."

Cindy went around the house inspecting the general situation and

finding every thing satisfactory, dismissed the maids so that they could change into more comfortable attire. Marci was being assisted by one of the pretty boys and had sent him to announce that dinner would be ready in about a half an hour. The other pretty boys were playing holo games in the game room and were being joined by the now off duty maids. The maids had changed into their allowed short shorts and tee shirts or cami's while the pretty boys had changed to baggy, loose cut cotton shorts and cotton tee shirts. Everyone wore make up, ear rings and nose rings.

Dinner was a noisy affair with the maids vocalizing a variety of accented English while the pretty boys spoke in the soft drawl of the native Floridians. Marci tried to accommodate all of the staff with something that resembled one of national dishes. The effort was well received, but basically pointless, as all of these waifs had seen very little of anyone's cuisine prior to being sold to MEE, Inc. Cindy allowed a little wine at dinner although only few of the staff was of legal drinking age. They would be allowed soft drinks or a little alcohol while they socialized in the game room after dinner.

At ten o'clock sharp everyone went to bed, Cindy had an electronic key that was programmed to her thumb print that would release the penis restraints they all wore. All of the staff was paired with another to share a bed. Maid with maid and pretty boy with pretty boy was the rule. Cindy would go from bedroom to bedroom to check that each individual was properly wrist restrained and inserted with a small vibrating butt plug. Once satisfied, she would remove the penis restraints and the couple could engage in oral sex to their hearts content. The only bed where condoms were required was Matron's. Nobody's sissy tracks soiled her sheets.

Marilyn's limousine pulled into the wide circular driveway of the Women's Auxiliary Club and upon stopping the door was immediately opened by a young male in European 'footman' style livery. The guests and their sissies were escorted by a footman to the entrance, where an equally elaborately costumed 'doorman' opened the door. Marilyn tipped the footman and the doorman in currency from her wallet she carried in the inside breast pocket of her suit coat. Magda and Irina followed close behind, conscious of the uncontrollable hems of the thin layered chiffon of their dresses.

Once inside the building, one of the members of the Ladies Auxiliary Club was acting as the Chamberlin. Also in costume, the Chamberlin would bang her staff against the floor and announce the new arrival. "Hear ye, hear ye," intoned the Chamberlin. "Matron Marilyn Evelynsdaughter with Magda and Irina."

Many in the crowd on the Ladies Auxiliary Club's ballroom turned to admire the notorious matron and her stunning sissies.

A tall, hawk faced matron approached Marilyn and asked, "Good to see

you here, my dear. When are you going to another one of your special events?"

Marilyn smiled, "I'm not quite sure Deanne, I usually hold one every three months or so. In this case I will have to contact the factory and see how production is coming along."

"I see you brought along two exquisite examples of your product line," added Deanne. She was nearly drooling over Magda and Irina, now standing with a light chain clipped to their nose rings that were joined to a single leash in Marilyn's hand.

"Aren't they special?" "I have to keep them leashed unless some daring matron would make off with them," replied Marilyn.

Deanne laughed, "That would be me, my dear. I would steal them away in moment. I do love the leash idea; I think I will incorporate it with my sissies."

Nodding, Marilyn asked Deanne to excuse her, "I must park my charges where I can find them again."

Looking at the two sissies, Marilyn smiled and gave the leash a light tug, "This way girls."

She led them to a small table and told them that they could order anything, non-alcoholic that they wished and that she would be back in an hour or so. Removing the nose chains, she waved, "Now, stay out of trouble, girls." A pretty boy waiter soon appeared and took their order of sugar free beverages.

Marilyn went directly to the office of the Grand Dame of the Miami Chapter of the Ladies Auxiliary of the United States. Entering the office of Maxine Donnadaughter, Marilyn acknowledged several past customers of her business.

Maxine left the small group that she was entertaining to greet Marilyn. "Good to see you here, my dear. I hope that you brought some examples of your product line along with you."

"I did indeed, Matron," replied Marilyn, "I have them parked them in the bar. Hopefully, I tipped your pretty boy bartender enough to keep a close eye on them."

Maxine snorted, "Come with me and we'll find out how attentive my oversexed butt boys are."

Marilyn followed Maxine to a cherry paneled wall and watched as the Grand Dame pressed a button and the paneling retreated and a holo projector was revealed.

"In the bar, you say," murmured Maxine and a thin strip of flat images projected on the wall next to the projector.

"There they are," exclaimed Marilyn. "There, at that table near the bar."

Maxine acquired the correct co-ordinates and instantly a one quarter size image of Magda and Irina sitting quietly at their table materialized. "Oh my," breathed Maxine. "Come and look ladies. Look at what Marilyn has brought to our little soiree."

A harsh voice crashed into Marilyn's left ear. "Five hundred thousand for the pair. It will be in your account before dessert," screamed Nadia Feliciasdaughter, a federal judge that had a senior interest in a string of sissy brothels nationwide.

Maxine was aghast. "Nadia, please control yourself. This is not a marketplace," chided the august Grand Dame.

Marilyn smiled to herself, 'Sex equals money and more sex equals more money.'

Turning to Nadia, Marilyn chuckled, "You wouldn't ask me to give up my bed warmers for a mere half a million dollars, would you, your honor."

The judge gave a reluctant smile and replied, No, matron, I would not ask that of any woman, but the offer stands. If I stand here any longer, I may double the offer."

Marilyn smiled, "Well, for now, those two are not on the market."

A voice lifted from the rear of the assembled matron's. "Marilyn, are you planning to provide items for the more maternal market?"

Marilyn expression turns quizzical at the question. 'How did she know? Or was it wild guess?"

Deanne's voice broke over the hubbub, "Ladies, let's have dinner. We can continue other discussions afterward.

After dinner was completed and the tables cleared by the pretty boy help, several short uninteresting speeches were delivered, whereupon Grand Dame Donnasdaughter invited the assembled to gather at the bar for post dinner aperitifs and conversation.

Marilyn was standing at the end of long bar with the twins next to her. They were leashed and held untouched full wine glasses in their hands.

"Matron Evelynsdaughter," a voice came from behind Marilyn. It was Evangeline Fredoniasdaughter, a sixtyish matron accompanied by her fiftyish consort sissy. Evangeline continued, "Is it true that you are going to add younger, 'home trainable items' to your inventory?"

Marilyn held her index finger to her lips and replied, "Very likely, Matron. However I do not have enough items available, nor are they

suitably housebroken for the more discerning matron."

Sighing, the older matron said, "I do hope that you can get your supply system up to speed, Candy, here and I would so love to have a little sissy pitter patting around the house. As we age, we do get lonely for the more maternal aspects of life."

Marilyn looked at Candy, Matron Fredoniasdaughter's consort and held out her hand. "Candy would you truly like to have a young sissy to look after?" she asked.

The older sissy bobbed to slight curtsy, her nose ring bouncing off of her upper lip and stuttered, "Yes, Matron, Freddy and I would love to have child in the house."

Evangeline, reddened, "Now you know my pet name, you naughty girl," she said, smiling.

"It is my secret," grinned Marilyn.

Evangeline hooked her finger into Candy's nose ring and said, "Come along big mouth, maybe we can find someone to compare dildo sizes with."

Marilyn nodded towards Matron Fredoniasdaughter as she led the love of her life away, by the nose. Turning towards her twins, Marilyn added, "Would you two like to have children to look after?" They both shook their heads no, causing their leash chains to ripple in the air. 'Delightful,' thought Marilyn, 'They are both still fertile and would bring at least a million as a pair, for a wealthy young mistress to start a family with.'

A finger tapped Marilyn on the shoulder, turning she was facing Jacqueline Kathleensdaughter, who was unaccompanied.

"What can I do for you, Jack?" asked Marilyn. Peering down at the shorter matron, Jacqueline inquired,

"When is your next auction, Marilyn?"

Unaccustomed to this blatant bluntness, Marilyn queried, "Why do you ask?"

Backing down, Jacqueline replied, "Well, I have the two maids that I acquired and my wife. And I need a good pretty boy stud to chase them around the house, the younger the better to keep my sissies in line."

Marilyn laughed, "I would love to see that, my dear. However, my next display is not for at least three months and I don't provide pretty boys, they are all local males. Perhaps you could acquire a good-looking young stud from general population, they're out there you know and cheap."

Marilyn field several more inquiries about her business operations and

decided that the evening was beginning to drag. The twins had lost all interest in the affair and were into their third glass of wine when Marilyn decided to pull the plug on the event. With Magda and Irina in tow, she slowly made her way to the exit. During the limousine ride back to her compound, Marilyn complimented the twins.

"You girls were darling tonight. You every matron in the place mentally calculating their sum total personal wealth trying to justify what it would cost them to acquire you two jewels."

The twins dutifully laid their heads on either of Marilyn's shoulders at the compliment. Marilyn had her hand beneath Magda's dress and was massaging the inside of her thigh up to the plasteel tube that held the sissy's cock and balls firmly between her creamy thighs.

"Magda dear, I think that you will be on top tonight," said Marilyn.

Marilyn was primping before the large mirror in her bathroom, making sure that no unsightly bulges were evident. She had a seven inch long by inch and three quarters diameter strap on dildo fastened with a ribbon to her thigh beneath her silk male cut pajamas. The dildo was a model that had a functional ball sack. It was filled with pseudo semen, a product called 'Kum' that had the consistency and salty taste similar to the natural item. A small button placed on both hip straps of the dildo's harness could be depressed that activated a pump in the dildo that forced a suitable serving of 'Kum' into the recipients anus or mouth or wherever.

Her primping was interrupted by a light knock on her bedroom door.

"Come in, girls," called Marilyn.

As she left the bathroom she was reveling in the thought all of South Florida's matriarchy is green with envy about the activity that she was about to engage in. 'Maybe I should make a holo as advertisement for the business, she giggled at the thought.

2234 Winter

The dusty convoy entered the well fortified compound in downtown Rangoon. Bob Gabrielleson was thankful that it was the dry season as the convoy slid through the blast door gates. The local gun enthusiasts were far more interested in the weaponry in the compound than its invaluable raw materials. There were six old style, hydrogen powered, armored HumVee's and an ancient gasoline powered bus, each with an Aussie driver and gunner and a cargo of thirty six young boys of various ages ranging from approximately eight to fourteen. The convoy was met by a group of medical personnel that quickly hustled the shackled cargo from the HumVee's to medium sized building that served as headquarters and medical services. Part of the medical services was a large quarantine section.

The thirty six frightened naked boys were led into a large common

shower area and unfettered. Three orderlies, speaking Burmese, Thai, Vietnamese and Cambodian tried to reassure their wards that all that was going to happen were that they would be washed. Of course, none of the unhappy captives had ever seen a shower bath before. Once the warm water started to spray and flower scented soap was handed out, most of the boys calmed and enjoyed the strange experience. After the shower experience was completed, the boys were fed as much rice and vegetables as they wanted. Bathed and fed, the boys were then led to a dormitory and allowed to sleep, a disquiet moaning and sniffing sleep.

Upon being awakened the following morning, they were fed breakfast, a first for most of them. Following breakfast, four at a time were taken to be medically examined, for everything. Still naked, those that were finished with their medicals were issued clothing; cotton panties, short skirts, white short sleeved blouses and sandals.

Most of the boys were immensely pleased with their clothing, it was the first non-rags that they ever worn. After they dressed, Burmese and male beauticians started their work. The boys with enough hair soon found themselves in braids with ribbons tied at the tips. All of the boys had light make up applied.

The twelve Vietnamese and Khmer boys bought from Mr. Big looked very fetching in their skirts and blouses and were being carefully examined by Gabrielle's medical staff.

"They're all good to go, Mr. G," said the chief medico.

"OK, give them their first doses (of general female hormones) and restrain them. I need all of the units in the compound ready for shipment in three days," said Gabrielle.

Every boy who had reached puberty was to be restrained in the standard sissy cock tube assembly. Gabrielle mildly chuckled at the expression on the faces of the two older Viet's while they were being fitted for their penis restraints. 'That's probably the last time that they will see their cocks in their lifetime. Good luck boys, you'll need it.'

The captive boys were given a limited free range of the compound with enough new electronic (for them) delights to keep them amused and more than enough to eat (for the first time in their lives). The idea was to get them accustomed to their clothing and basic hygiene. The policy of the shipping camp was keep the basic discipline to a minimum, after all, their future matron's would take care of that. Generally, the boys became relaxed enough on the second day began to act like boys. The camp staff was at least firm in its general prohibition of 'rough house' behavior.

Once at least thirty boys had been in the camp for at least seven days, a shipment by hypersonic military transport was arranged. The United States had a large Air Force base in Rangoon, a situation that the

Burmese government (a loosely speaking, organization) did not appreciate, however they were faced with the reality of accepting the American military base or becoming the former Burmese government.

MME, International's problem with transporting the alien children to the continental United States was that it was expressly illegal. It was doubly illegal to utilize military means to facilitate such transport. The United States had effectively sealed its borders with all nations other than Canada in 2030 and this quarantine was still effect with all nations other than Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Ireland.

From time immemorial, the power of gold was absolute. MEE operatives had bribed enough of the right Air Force operations personnel that they could effectively schedule transcontinental hypersonic transport space for at least one large sealed cargo container from any continent in the world to North America.

The children at the Rangoon camp were sedated by drugging their breakfast and were prepared for the flight to Colorado Springs. The 'Springs' was a favorite smuggler route because of the arrogance of the Academies Commandant's belief that he ran the 'tightest' ship in history.

The boys were loaded into a hermetically sealed container and were strapped into place on their bench seats with a breathing tube placed into each of their nostrils and a 'barf' bag placed over their mouths. The hypersonic flight would place them in 'zero' G gravity for at least twenty minutes. The probability of 'space sickness' was quite high. A highly paid Air Force medic would oversee their health during their transport.

Upon landing at Colorado Springs, the container was offloaded and placed upon the trailer bed of a 'Robo' truck, licensed to Denver Intermountain Express, Inc. The trucks manifest was inspected at the bases main gate and the cargo of Southeast Asian art that was supposedly destined for the Denver Museum of Fine Arts drove sedately past the building on its way to Omaha. The 'robo' truck followed its preordained route northeast to Omaha and arrived at the Old City Mall precisely at 2:30 AM.

Pulling up onto the large concrete slab on the east side of the mall's single building, it was met by two members of the mall's security force and after carefully looking around for any observable traffic, the security officers signaled the elevator that it was clear to proceed. The entire slab descended along with the truck rapidly four floors to the basement. Once in the basement the vehicle was manually rolled off the slab, the elevator 'floor' returned to the surface. Once the 'robo' truck was off of the elevator slab, the sealed container was opened and the Air Force medic motioned for the security forces to start off loading the sleeping boys. After all thirty six pieces of Southeast Asian art were trundled off to their new temporary home, the Medic re-entered the

container and the process was reversed and within five minutes, the 'robo' truck was back on its way to Colorado Springs.

As the boys awoke in the morning, they began to weep with fright at their strange surroundings. The security force members rushed to each awakening child to calm him. As with all males, the security team we're all military veterans. Most had participated in campaigns in Southeast Asian campaigns and many spoke at least passably one of the languages that the children spoke. The boys were told that they were at a temporary school and that after they had been medically examined they would be transported to their new permanent school and that they were to shower and change into clean clothing and then they would taken to breakfast. Of course, the interpreters didn't bother to tell the kids what continent that their 'new' school was on, but that didn't matter as most of the boys wouldn't know North America from a pecan pie.

After breakfast, the boys were herded into a 'classroom' and there they were introduced to their 'teachers'. The first thing that the sissy teachers did was to pass out 'stuffed animals' to each of the aspirant sissies. The juvenile boys readily accepted the toys and quickly bonded with them. With their surrogate friends at hand, the captives calmed and became much more attentive.

The 'teachers' at the Omaha 'reception' center were all very well paid independent sissies. The 'reception center' was basically a medical quarantine center. The 'imports' were kept isolated for thirty days in order to affirm a lack of troublesome diseases.

The work was fairly easy, basically concentrating on basic hygiene, deportment and other areas of accepted sissy behavior. Special areas of education included establishing a introductory knowledge of conversational English and an introduction to approved sexual activity for those 'imports' that were old enough for such activities. In addition to their uncommonly high pay, mostly for keeping their mouths shut about their employment, the sissies were allowed to engage in limited sexual activity amongst themselves during their working shift.

After the introductions to their 'teachers', the group of aspiring sissies were broken into several small groups. The older aspirants, those who had reached puberty, were hustled off to the medical center where they were subjected to a complete blood work exam and their ideal hormone levels were determined. They were then introduced to their new enablers, complete with the chemical cocktail that would retard their male development and encourage the dormant female side of their chemistry to blossom. With four inch long enabler butt plugs firmly in place in their rectums, the boys walked with the pronounced sissy sway that caused their short skirts to bounce off of their thighs in a most seductive manner.

Binh and Ngai were taken directly to the cafeteria for lunch. They were told by their escort, a very large white man, in poor Vietnamese, that they would have something done to their hair after lunch. Lunch consisted of a variety of fruits, vegetables and rice along with green

tea. Both Binh and Ngai found the meal and the servings very acceptable.

Binh asked Ngai, "What do you think is going on, and where are we?"

Ngai pondered Binh's question and finally decided, "We are in America, I think. They are giving a lot of food to beggars like us, and clothes too. But, I think there is very large price to pay for these gifts."

Binh puzzled over Ngai's answer and continued, "How can we be in America? It is on the far side of the moon and we left only yesterday."

Ngai answered, wisely pressing his index finger to his nose, "When we see the night sky next, we will know that if the moon is absent, that is where we are. For now though, I am puzzled by the large amount of women here.

"Yes," replied Binh, "I have never seen so many gathered in one spot. If the chieftains had any idea of the amount of women that the Americans had, they would surely raid this compound."

Binh's comment about the number of women in the compound suddenly dropped into Ngai's awareness. He looked at his dinner companion and saw the lipsticked mouth and the powdered and rouged face. He touched his own face realizing that his eyebrows had been shaped and waxed and he mirrored his friend's alien, but very feminine appearance.

Binh and Ngai were escorted to the beautician's station, where they had their ears pierced and starter earrings emplaced, then fitted with wigs that were pigtailed and had their finger and toenails trimmed, filed and painted. Completing their session with the beautician's, the boy's given a small handbag that contained the basic cosmetic's that they would be expected to use. Also, they were given a wig stand that they expected to maintain the appearance of their new tonsorial pieces.

They then spent the balance of the afternoon at 'dance' class, where they stretched and were coached to move in a decidedly foreign manner. The last hour of instruction was the introduction of a game called 'bat mitten'. Having never played a game that involved equipment, the boys were both enthusiastic and mystified by the simultaneous simplicity and complexity of the game. After the physical exercise, the boy's were accompanied back to their bedrooms by their assigned security person.

Again, in very poor Vietnamese, Ngai and Binh were told to shower together and change for dinner and not to forget their make-up and to brush out their wigs. Lathering each other in the shower, Binh again asked Ngai if he had any further insights into what was going on.

Ngai, stopped lathering Binh and replied, "I am not sure friend, but I think that they are trying to change us into girls."

"Girls!" spat Binh. "Why would they want two scrawny country boys to become girls?"

Ngai looked into his friends eyes, "Do you remember the pretty Khmer boys that the (war) lord's men brought to the village last year?"

Binh shuddered; he recalled the scene as the two young boys were screaming as they were castrated in the courtyard of the lord's villa. After the ball sacks were cut away the wounds were cauterized with hot irons. Thank Buddha that they gave the hapless children opium before they started their mutilations. He instinctively cupped his hands to his own imprisoned testicles.

"Do you think that they are going to cut us?" asked the shaking Binh.

"No, I think if they meant to do that, we would lighter by now," responded Ngai. He continued, "I think that they have a very elaborate society here that develops boys into girls. Our women teachers, I think that they are all boys. Can you recall ever seeing more 'women' at one time before in your life?"

Standing still while the shower spray washed the scented suds from his body, Binh solemnly nodded at Ngai's wisdom and powers of observation.

The boys quietly left the luxury of the shower and after drying they re-entered the bedroom and saw clothing laid on the bed. Also on the bed, was a small cube with a piece of paper with a picture on it next it showing a hand with its index finger pressing the cube? Ngai timidly pressed the cube and it erupted into light. A small holograph, about ten inches cubed showed a naked oriental boy/girl standing next to a bed that had nearly identical items of clothing to theirs on it.

They watched transfixed as the naked boy/girl, they could tell that it was really a boy by the white tube of the penis restraint, exactly like the one each of them wore. The holo boy/girl gracefully stepped into the lace paneled panties. Ngai felt his cock trying to expand in its tube, to no avail. The holo youth was very gracefully and her small tits wobbled as she pulled her panties around her trim waist. Transfixed, Binh watched the image put a strange belt around her waist and fasten it in the rear, above her nylon clad buttocks. Two short straps hung down from each side of the belt and ended near the top of her thighs. The now openmouthed boys continued to watch the girl take what appeared to be two snake skins from a packet, roll them up and carefully slipped her painted toes into the snakes mouth and rolled the skins up her legs and fasten them to the short straps that hung from the odd belt.

Wide eyed, Ngai and Binh locked eyes briefly before returning their attention to the holo girl. The girl then slipped her stocking clad feet into very dainty low heeled pumps and then stood up. The girl then took a strange halter type item and slipping her arms through its loops she then placed her small breasts into the cups and finally reached behind her back and fastened the halter into place.

Ngai's cock was hurting now. The restraint tube was restricting the blood flow to his excited member and he was trying to force his brain

to tell his cock that it was trying to get hard watching a boy dress. The holo girl now moved to the vanity, one similar to the in their bedroom and proceeded to apply her make-up. After the holo girl had expertly apply her paint, she stood up and took the dress on her bed and raised it over her head and the garment slid smoothly down her upheld arms, over her head and settling snugly over her body. After she had pulled and tugged to properly align the short dress, the girl shook her long, jet black hair free and brushed it into place in front of the mirror. Finally, the holo girl grabbed the purse on the bed and slowly turned to face the now excited viewers, blew them a kiss and turned...the holo program faded.

Binh turned to his friend, "You are right Ngai, and they mean to turn us into girls. What do we do?"

Shaking his head, Ngai said, "Against these powerful people, we can do nothing. Did you notice that the girl still had her balls intact? I think co-operation is the best way to keep our own balls attached."

Binh mulled over this assessment and thought, 'we could escape, but go where?'

Sighing, Ngai picked up a pair of panties lying on the bed and tried to get into them as gracefully as the 'holo girl'. Glumly, Binh followed Ngai's lead and as he bent over, his enabler grazed his prostrate causing him to give out a little squeal.

Marilyn was in a holo interlock with Dr. Mildredsdaughter. "Doctor, how does our latest shipment shape up, in your professional view?"

Dr. Mildredsdaughter laughed and said, "It is an exceptional group of young sissies, Matron. I have to congratulate your buyer, whoever he may be. There is an exceptional pair of Vietnamese pre-teens and a number of Cambodian adolescents that demonstrate great promise." Marilyn was pleased with the doctor's assessment and ordered her to send the adolescents to the 'farm' in New Mexico.

"The Viet's, I may want you to set aside and I may want them sent here to my compound. Asian maids are quite the rage these days. I would like you to have them milked twice a week to start and to get them to realize the advantages of co-operation with authority. I leave it to you to get them dildo trained if you think necessary and if possible, keep them fertile. Also, before they are transferred to New Mexico, have them start sucking on each other's little pee-pee's and video it, it could prove both amusing and profitable."

Dr. Mildredsdaughter nodded and replied, "With this new facility, we have room to process about ninety sissies a month. The Asians appear to be the most pliable, but there is something about the Africans that I find appealing. There is a problem about a suitable supply of Asians. I have been led to understand that Southeast Asia is in the midst of a long term inter-tribal war and as a rule; male captives are castrated, if not outright executed."

Evelynsdaughter sighed, "That's basically true, however with a little cash and some antique armaments we have persuaded several of the warlord chieftains' to deliver their young captives intact, or in my agent's parlance, 'uncut'."

"That is a sad situation Matron," replied the doctor, "All of those adorable little coquette's waiting to be encapsulated only to be rendered useless by barbarians.

"But, what about Africa? I have an African maid that is totally adorable." Marilyn confided.

"I believe it is the sissy Annie?" winked Mildredsdaughter. "I have seen holo stills of her at full attention. Exquisite, my dear. I would pay dearly for a pair of tongue's like hers working on both sides of me simultaneously."

Marilyn nodded at the compliment "I may send her to you for a month. If you can still stand after thirty days, I will give her to you for a future consideration. I do want to warn you, she has a significant cock for a sissy and it requires attention."

Dr. Mildredsdaughter laughed, "I look forward to the challenge. I have a couple of pretty boys that would look forward to servicing such a beautiful organ."

Marilyn smiled a tight smile, wondering how the doctor obtained a holo of Annie with an erection and knowing full well that her 'Annie' would never lap the inner thighs of the good doctor.

Dr. Mildredsdaughter continued, "Our little Viet's have been in restraint for about a week now. They appear to be adjusting nicely and are a making a real effort to learn English."

Marilyn nodded at the doctor's assessment, "They are illiterate, I assume?"

The doctor nodded and replied, "As are most of the children we get here. I have faith in our loyal sissies at the 'farm' in New Mexico to educate the dears into becoming useful and desirable sissies."

"What about the rest of the stock?" pressed Marilyn as she watched the doctor refer to a list on her desk?

"We have some very adorable prepubescent's that will be sent to your Kentucky 'adolescent farm' next week, about twenty two of them. A mix of mostly Burmese, Thai's and Malay's, with one promising Chinese sissy to be that may turn out to be a real jewel," replied the doctor.

Taking sip of her coffee, Doctor Mildredsdaughter continued, "In all we have fifty four sissies on hand and are hoping for at least forty more by this time next month. Will your New Mexico facility be able to take in that many?"

Looking at the doctor, Marilyn asked, "Is there anything we can do to expand our program in Omaha?"

Sitting back in her chair, the doctor looked Marilyn in her holo projected eyes, "I believe that I can offer a solution to our overcrowding problem. I have an apartment building here in Omaha from which I operate a small, but thriving business. The building has some forty, one and two bedroom units also has a large and dry basement which could be converted to a nursery, of sorts, I was thinking about transferring the prepubescent's there as a short time holding area before transferring them to the Kentucky or New Mexico farms."

Marilyn snorted, "A dungeon, doctor? Are suggesting that I store my most valuable items in your musty basement?"

Doctor Mildredsdaughter feigned shock at Marilyn's response. "I assure you, Matron, that my 'basement' has been totally remodeled and would require only the installation of some emergency medical equipment and upgraded communications to serve as a temporary way station for your darling little waifs."

Marilyn laughed at the doctor's protestation, "I know about your basement Doctor, I was going to suggest it myself. However, under no circumstances can your business associates come into contact with the children."

Doctor Mildredsdaughter looked Marilyn's image and said quizzically, "My business associates?" Marilyn laughed again, "Yes, the fifteen or so sissy entertainers you employ so gainfully,"

Reddening, the doctor choked out, "After all matron, it is a time honored profession."

Marilyn, still chuckling, waved at the doctor's holo image and said, "Get your place up and running as fast as you can, my dear, and keep me informed. Goodbye for now."

'Bennie' and 'May' as Binh and Ngai were now called had finished their evening meal and were engrossed in a simple holo game when 'their' security officer knocked softly and entered their bedroom.

"OK girls, the doctor wants to see both of you right away."

Bennie and May had begun to understand enough English to know that they were to accompany the guard. They dutifully followed 'their' officer down the polished tile hallway, their bare thighs brushing against the hems of their short, pleated skirts. The guard opened a door and motioned the boys into the well lit room. Bennie saw immediately that it was a medical examination room and the pretty woman doctor Matron Jennifersdaughter was standing there smiling broadly at them.

Holding out her hands until she had a smaller one in each of hers,

"Come in darlings. I have a very pleasant surprise for you."

The doctor looked the security officer and motioned him out of the room with a flick of her head. As the guard left, the doctor released her grip on the small hands and placed her arms around both of the frightened sissies.

"Nurse, please join us," called Doctor Jennifersdaughter. The two boys watched apprehensively as a tall sissy nurse dressed in a very starched and very short uniform dress walked into the room carrying a tray. They both physically relaxed when they saw that the tray carried no cutting utensils.

Doctor Jennifersdaughter patted her hand on the examination table and motioned with her other hand that the boys should sit upon the table. The two boys had to jump slightly to get onto the table and then squirmed as they tried to straighten their skirts out beneath their buttocks. After they straightened their clothing out as best they could they folded their hands in their laps and pressed their knees together as they had been taught. The tall sissy nurse then wheeled a small table over next to the examination table and the boys got a good look at the tray upon it.

Doctor Jennifersdaughter said, "Now girls, I know that you are going to understand very little of what I am saying, but tonight, you are both going to become 'big sissies'. Perplexed at what the pretty woman doctor was saying, Bennie and May looked at each other with a mixture of mystification and fear. Doctor Jennifersdaughter picked the first two items off of the tray, they were lace fringed, silk chokers complete with a gold colored plasteel restraint ring woven into the materials. The boys eyes widened at the items and the doctor pointed to the nurse who pointed to her choker and a nodded that it was all right. Going behind the examination table, the doctor gently placed a choker around each of the boy's necks, carefully lifting the pigtails on their wigs out of the way. Once the chokers were fitted, Doctor Jennifersdaughter then wrapped each of the trembling lad's wrists with the light fabric wrist cuffs and chained each limp wrist to the appropriate choker. The nurse then showed the boys a small placard that had an image of a sissy kneeling on the examination table with her head resting upon her shackled hands. With assistance of the surprisingly strong nurse, the two new to be sissies were kneeling upon the table, facing each other with their skirted bottoms hoisted high into the air. They had never been so vulnerable in their lives.

Bennie was to receive Doctor Jennifersdaughter's attentions first. "Sally, please raise the sissies skirt so that we may on with the festivities."

Nurse Sally knew that she would be aching in her restraint tube by the time this evening was concluded. She also knew that Dr. Jennifersdaughter would do the same thing to her that she was going to do to the young sissies, only she hoped that the doctor was up to giving her a good screwing in the process. Bennie started to tremble when Sally laid his skirt over the small of his back. He then felt a

soft hand run over his nylon pantied buttocks and then to his mortification, the same fingers started to pull his last line of protection down over his now naked cheeks and stopping with his panties at his knees. Watching his friend being so unceremoniously undressed, May was becoming aroused and his cock was futilely trying to harden in its prison. Doctor Jennifer's daughter was now at her favorite part of the ceremony. She had deflowered hundreds of sissies in her years of practice, but this was her favorite point, she started to slowly rotate the enabler butt plug with her rubber gloved fingers, causing Bennie to squeal, squirm and pant, simultaneously.

Doctor Jennifer's daughter then grasped the flange of the enabler between her index finger and thumb and with years of practice proceeded to very slowly extract the plug. The long thin bulb shaped device was slowly pulled passed the protesting sphincter and she lingered as guardian muscle finally expelled the object from its realm. Bennie was panting heavily by now and looked into his friend Ngai eyes with a combination of terror and ecstasy. May was now watching Nurse Sally spread lubricant over an object that had a similar shape to it as the enabler, only it was about half again as large. May knew immediately where the new device was going and began to shudder.

Sally handed the vibrator to Doctor Jennifer's daughter and then proceeded to pack more lubricant into the shaking Bennie's rosebud. When the good doctor was satisfied with the patient's preparation she waved the nurse off and placed the tip of the dildo square into its target area. Bennie jumped as he felt the tip of the intruder rest on the outskirts of his sphincter. Doctor Jennifer's daughter pressed on with a practiced hand and slowly forced the head of the faux penis past the protesting sphincter and slowly slid the device to its hilt. May was watching his friends face all the while the doctor was inserting the strange object. Bennie was alternately gulping for air and moaning all the while emitting small squeals of apparent delight. When the doctor pressed the button that activated the dildo's special qualities, Bennie ingested a huge gulp of air and started to moan continuously.

Satisfied with the results of her insertion, Doctor Jennifer's daughter continued on to the next step in her procedure. She removed a thin chain from around her neck that held the electronic key to the penis restraints that both sissies now wore. Reaching between Bennie's thighs, the doctor pressed the activate button on the key and the plasteel restraint parted and Nurse Sally moved in a quickly removed the tube and brace device from Bennie's genitals. May could not see what was happening to his friend; the hem of Bennie's short skirt blocked his view of the goings on between Bennie's thighs. Bennie felt the second strange sensation of the operation. His cock, now free from the plasteel tube and began to expand and he felt like his penis was growing and hardening. He couldn't see it of course, because of the hanging skirt hem that blocked his view also. Nurse Sally was in considerable discomfort by now. She could see the youngsters cockette stiffen and point up in anticipation.

"Very nice, don't you think Sally? Commented Doctor Jennifer's daughter.
"I want you to put a condom on that little monster and please be

careful not to overexcite our patient."

Sally nodded, "Yes Ma'am," and proceeded to roll a sissy condom carefully over the twitching organ.

Leaning next to the wiggling boy's face, Doctor Jennifersdaughter breathed, "How are we doing Bennie?"

The highly excited, confused boy could only moan in reply as the vibrator roamed around deep in his rectum.

"Sally, please do the honors. I want to watch the reaction of Bennie as she has her first orgasm," said the doctor. "We will get her off twice, I think. I am sure that this is Bennie's first time and the first sample that we will retrieve will be mostly fluid. The second sample will hopefully give us a sperm count and we can adjust her testosterone blockers accordingly."

Again, Doctor Jennifersdaughter bent next to Bennie's face turned it towards her. She gave the surprised sissy a full kiss on the lips and darted her tongue between Bennie's as Sally slowly stroked the sissy's defenseless organ.

Bennie was astonished as his and Doctor Jennifersdaughter's lipstick coated lips met. He became strangely even more excited and the doctor's tongue probed his mouth while the nurse's hand gently stroked his eager member and the vibrator doing its magic in his rear end added to the sensory overload. Bennie felt a sudden contraction in his balls, followed by a mild, joyous pain in his fondled penis as he had his first ejaculation.

"She came, Doctor," announced Nurse Sally.

"Marvelous, dear," replied the doctor. "Now remove the condom and dispose of it and we will prepare our dear, little May for her coming out party."

Twenty minutes later Doctor Jennifersdaughter had completed her sampling of the two Asian sissies. She had just finished wiping their little peenie's off and stuffing them back into their restraints when Sally returned from running a sperm count on each of the samples and announced good reads on each.

"OK, Sally put the girls enablers back into place and put the toys into the cleaner while call an escort for our darling's.

When the guard entered the examination room, Doctor Jennifersdaughter told him to take the girl's to the kitchen for some ice cream and then off to bed with them.

After the guard and the two bewildered sissy's had left, Doctor Jennifersdaughter turned to Sally and said, "Strip, girl. I'm so wet I can't stand it and I imagine that you are more than a little uncomfortable." Sally nodded as she stepped out of her uniform dress

and let it drop to the floor. Jennifersdaughter undid her trousers and laid them over the back of a chair and sat on the examination table as Sally kneeled between the doctor's thighs and removed the sodden panties and proceeded with an expert oral examination of the doctor's genitalia.

The security officer returned the girls to their bedroom after they had finished their ice cream and May asked him, "Sir, are we girls now?"

Struck by the question, the guard felt a tear trickle down his cheek and choked, "No lass, you are a sissy now."

He bent over and kissed the two sissies on their cheeks and closed the door as he left. May looked at a chair in the corner where two previously ignored large teddy bears were sitting. May decided that after tonight's experience, she needed something to hug.

Bennie quickly followed May's lead and both sissies were lying on their bed facing each other hugging their newly appreciated inanimate friends and May murmured, "I think we saw our future."

Wide eyed, Bennie asked, "What do you mean, friend?"

Turning over onto her back, May said, "This is a land run by women and there aren't enough of them to go around. We are going to be much pampered and very enslaved."

Bennie digested this outlook and replied, "It was a lot worse at our village, we would have been kicked and abused and then abused some more. We may be slaves in a strange land but I think we are very valuable slaves and life could be very enjoyable."

Hugging her new found 'teddy' friend, May nodded silently thinking, 'I hope so'.

Spring, 2239.....

Bennie and May had just completed their last class as Senior Girls at MEE's New Mexico sissy academy. They were in their bedroom preparing for bed and awaiting the sissy teacher to come around and release them for their evening hour of oral sex. Both sissies had developed nicely, slim, with modest breasts and sexually eager. Four and a half years in the sissy school in New Mexico had made them literate in English and had effectively submerged their native Vietnamese to the status of an unused second language. They had been extensively educated to become servants or companions to wealthy women who would eventually see that they were married or at worst, consorted to a worthy male. Most importantly, they were still virile.

"Friend, I think that our time together is nearing an end," sniffled Bennie.

May nodded in downcast agreement. "There must be a way that we can

still communicate," she added hopefully.

"I think so," added Bennie. "The electronic communication system in America is awesome, and access is fairly simple." Thinking, Bennie added, "If you can get access to a computer, just ask for 'Bennieviet' and I will ask for Mayviet". I doubt that those names have been taken. We will find each other."

The two sissies embraced in their nighties and licked each others lips with their studded tongues.

Marilyn Evelynsdaughter was watching a real time image of Bennie and May preparing for bed and had decided that the two Vietnamese sissies would be worthy employees as maids in her estate. "They will need a few months 'seasoning' in Omaha or San Francisco to make them pliable enough to appreciate service here in Miami." she thought.

Peter Constanceson was frustrated by the apparent stonewalling by Sergeant Elizabethton and the CID's lack of co-operation in sharing the surveillance data gathered by the snoop that Detective Meganson had placed at the Old Towne Mall.

'What are they hiding?' Peter kept asking himself. Pat Meganson had told him of Mike Winnifredson's lack of success in penetrating the security section of the mall.

'I passed Mike's unsuccessful attempt along to the CID and they just nodded. At least they could make an attempt with their super snoop to gain access to the building, don't you think?'

Peter poured himself stiff bourbon and continued to fret over his lack of success. It was, after all, very damaging to his ego as Omaha foremost private detective and security impresario.

"We have to get home," said Mary Ann urgently.

Toni nodded, "Yeah, Peety will be home and if we don't get to him soon, he'll be half in the bag and useless."

Peter Constanceson's two consorted sissies were leaving the mall at the Prairie Apartments. Mary Ann had to investigate the, to her, unknown sissy boutique at the apartments, she was quite impressed.

"Very impressive," said Mary Ann. "I had no idea that it even existed and so chic."

Toni nodded her agreement and added, "I think this a piece of the puzzle. I think that I should become a regular customer, to keep an eye on the goings on. What do you think?"

Giggling, Mary Ann replied, "You'll be the best dressed sissy in Nebraska, if you can afford it. I may have to join you in your

shopping expeditions. I am going to recommend to the 'Sissy Shoppe's' Board of Directors that we start a major re-evaluation of our product lines. If the quality of this little mall store gets out, we could be in big trouble, business wise."

Peter was savoring his nearly neat 'Wild Turkey' and was idling his time by reading the holo version of the 'Army Times' when an item caught his eye. 'NEW CLASS OF LINGUISTS JOINS LINE UNITS' announced the lead. 'Recent graduates of Eisenhower Academy of Wichita, Kansas have finished basic training and are being assigned to line units throughout the various commands. Eisenhower Academy is a new school specializing in linguistics and the new troopers are expected to provide much needed language expertise in overseas commands.'

May arrived at the Prairie Hotel and was assigned to a room with a 'girl' from the Ukraine. Her 'roomy' was a petite, but svelte blonde sissy who had been at the hotel for a week before May arrived. Both sissies were rewarded with an hour of fettered orientation with each other before dinner that evening. Two dozen or so sissies were gathered in the dining hall immediately after dinner for a short introduction to their new life. May was pleased to learn that she was to be a masseuse, an occupation that she had trained for at the New Mexico school. At the same time, she was shocked to learn that she owed MEE over fifty thousand dollars for education, medical, clothing, room and board et al. She learned that she would see only twenty five percent of her earnings over the next three years. The rest of her income would be assessed against her debt and upkeep. She also learned that if an individual came forward and offered to pay off her debt to MEE, she could accept any arrangement with that individual that she found acceptable.

Snuggling with her new bedmate, May asked Svetlana, "I am supposed to be a masseuse, what are your duties?"

Svetlana snorted, "My lovely, naive sissy, we are hookers, girls who get paid for sex."

May enjoyed sex and getting paid for it seemed to be a bonus, although her prior sexual activity was limited to oral activity with Bennie and being masturbated by the teaching sissies at the New Mexico school.

'Oh,' thought May. 'My duties may require more than relieving tense muscles. Or maybe muscles that are tense by desire.'

The next morning, after breakfast, May was assigned to an older sissy who took her to the wardrobe where she was given five short nylon shifts.

"These are your duty uniforms, May," said the adult sissy. "You will start this afternoon. Customers for your skills will be assigned to you. For a straight, one hour massage, the customer will give you a

white chip. You will be credited for \$100.00. If the customer gives you a blue chip that is for oral relief, you will be credited for \$200.00. If the customer requests penetration, they will give you a red chip. You will be credited for \$300.00." Handing May a small plastic purse, the sissy added, "This is where you store your chips. Don't lose it."

Two hours later, May waited nervously in her small room. A soft knock on the door announced her first 'trick'. Apprehensively, May opened the door and she was confronted with an older black man.

"Come in, sir. How may I serve you," said the shaking May.

The nervous man just stared at May.

Ushering the older black man into her small room, May ordered, "Please disrobe and lie face down on the table."

Glancing at the disrobing male, May was astonished at the length of the man's sexual member. As the man lay on the table, face down, May covered his buttocks with a towel and tried to remember her training. She began by coating the large, muscular frame with scented oil and trying to loosing the tense, but massive shoulder and neck muscles. Her fingers began to ache at the effort of loosening the older mans shoulder muscles. She quickly glanced at the pile of male clothing and saw a red, plastic chip. The red chip signified penetration.

'This old black man is going to fuck me,' lamented May. 'He will split me in two'

After twenty minutes of effort, May succeeded in relaxing the old soldier's shoulders and had him over on his back. The ancient (forty five years), but unbowed black flagstaff was fully erect in the breeze and May knew that moment had arrived. She took the very manly shaft into her mouth and caressed the length with her studded tongue. Genuine grunts and sighs were soon forthcoming from the excited former trooper. Seeing the old mans hips starting to buck, May stopped with her tongue, stepping away from the table; May rolled her panties down her legs, removed her enabler and applied a generous amount of lubricant to her anal entrance. Leaning over the old man, May kissed him full on the lips she rolled condom over the man's shaft and mounted the table, straddling the 'ancient' body. Positioning herself, May lowered her buttocks onto the waiting member. She gasped at its width as it slid past her sphincter. Getting comfortable with the intrusion, May began to rock on the large cock and grasped it with her sphincter. In less than two minutes she felt the tip of condom fill with sperm. Keeping the man's cock embedded in her anus, she leaned forward and kissed him, informing him that his session was at an end.

'A little painful, but enjoyable,' thought May, 'but it would be more fun if I wasn't restrained by my damn cock tube.'

"Can you get me air support to my left, 'west'," shouted Bob Gabrielleson into his communicator?

Just then his Aussie First Sergeant shouted, "Incoming from the left."

Gabrielleson ducked just in time as the entire front of his tenuous line erupted in flame. 'I love napalm', thought Gabrielleson, 'It is so final.'

Bedouin tribesmen had been chasing his little command for two days as they worked their way towards their Arabian Sea rendezvous point with their precious captives. He had fifty two Arab juveniles that would bring his employer, Marilyn Evelyn's daughter upwards of five million dollars in profits and a very nice bonus for himself and his men. The curious thing about this abduction was that the abductees' were just as anxious to escape as their captors as he was. Retreating through Marine lines to the landing zone, Gabrielleson, his armed squad and captives all boarded Marine helos to be transported to the assault vessel lying twenty miles offshore.

Straddling Pamela's thighs, Mike was pumping his cock into his favorite sissy's rectum while pulling the frantic sissy's cock with his right hand. He felt a thin stream of cum fill his palm as Pamela released her load and worked at starting another gift for Mike.

"Sweetheart," grunted Pamela as Mike's phallus slid in and out of her bottom. "I've not heard much about your investigation lately. I will need something to report to Lincoln."

"We're at a near dead end," replied Mike. "I'm taking my frustration out on your little love hole. I hope that you are enjoying it."

Sliding further up Pamela's thighs, Mike gained a little better purchase point by which to deepen his penetration. Pamela responded by trying to elevate her ass on the two pillows that were positioning her for Mike's invasive maneuvers. Her cock was pulled back between her legs and easily accessible to Mike's grip which did not lessen as he timed his thrusts with his pulls on the defenseless sissy's penis. Mike came with a shallow grunt and after a few seconds of savoring his conquest, he slowly pulled back and exited Pamela's anus, leaving a trail of semen as he retreated. He was still manipulating the sissy's cock as he withdrew and Pamela's third orgasm shot onto the already cum stained pillow casing.

Continuing his conversation with his bedmate, Mike added, "We have been successfully stonewalled at every trick we have tried. Also, Pete told me that the CID has become very closemouthed about what they are observing at the mall's 'special' entrance."

Pamela rolled off of the pillows and embraced Mike. She kicked the stained pillows off of the bed and would deal with them in the morning. Kissing her lover's face, she murmured, "I think that you may be

approaching this investigation in the wrong way. I mean, if you can't gain access to mall's security area, why not just follow a few of those very exotic sissies at the apartment building and see what they do and where they go when they leave the building?"

"And what do you think a little gumshoeing will accomplish?' responded Mike.

Pamela was miffed at Mike's retort and snapped, "My friend Toni and I have determine that that the sissies at the apartment are not native born and that they have a good deal of cash to spend. I would think that would be a circumstance of some interest, illegal aliens with expensive tastes wandering about Omaha, under the noses of the most aggressive vice squad in Nebraska."

Embarrassed that he did not think of this, Mike retorted, "I appreciate you and 'Detective Toni's' efforts at cracking this case, but I not sure that the effort in tailing the girls from the apartment would yield much in the way of information about the place."

He planned to start such a tail in the morning.

Pamela was becoming upset at Mike's cavalier response to her suggestion. "OK, sailor. You are cut off for three days for demeaning mine and Toni's efforts. I will be sleeping snugly in the guest room while you occupy the bedroom, pulling that pathetic excuse for a pud that you just rubbed against my butt."

Mike knew that Pamela did not mean a word of this, but he backed down and apologized. Feigning abashed shock at his lover's threat, Mike apologized, "Baby, I'm sorry about discounting yours and Toni's efforts and I officially apologize. I will start the team on surveillance of the apartment buildings sissies tomorrow and we shall see where it leads us."

Pamela graciously accepted Mike's apology and pulling a cum stained case off a pillow, she stepped out of bed naked, holding the cloth close to her leaking anus and headed towards the bathroom for a much needed douche and the luxury of a stand up pee.

Bob Gabrielleson was having a much needed drink with the captain of the 'USS Bunker Hill's' after the two Marine companies had been recovered and the latest series of assault vessels lifted on it hydrofoils and powered through the heavy chop of the Arabian Sea.

"Gabrielleson, I don't know how I am going to be able to maintain your accustomed security on this vessel. I have a crew of four hundred, with an additional one thousand Marines aboard. I deployed two companies and four aircraft to save your sorry ass. I have no idea how I am going to put together an after action report and call it a training exercise," said Captain Brice Dreidreson.

Gabrielleson lifted his glass towards the captain in grateful

acknowledgement.

"I realize that my 'guests' may cause some concern among your crew. My story to your Marines was that were the children of important tribal elders that feared greatly for their safety," replied Gabrielleson. This wasn't far from the truth.

"That may work," shrugged the Captain. "We are supposed to proceed to Diego Garcia and drop you and your 'charges' off and leave them to be a problem for the Air Force. Anyway, we are about two days run from the islands and I have your 'guests' stored in the forward storage bay, they should be reasonably comfortable."

"May I go topside Captain?" asked Gabrielleson. "It's been a long time since I've been on an assault carrier."

"Go ahead, but stay off the landing deck, we're doing about sixty knots and the slipstream will take you off of your feet," replied the Captain, happy to be rid of this very important nuisance.

Gabrielleson's team was getting their charges settled in below. The team medics were doing basic medical exams and the mercenaries were busy keeping the awed boys from touching anything that might kill them.

May and her bedmate were on their way down the elevator to the hotel's small but very chic mall. They just received their first 'paycheck' in their lives and they were very excited. May had 'earned' a little over six thousand dollars in her first week. After 'deductions', twenty five percent for room and board and fifty percent for debt service, she had fifteen hundred dollars in her account and a plastic card called a 'debit' card.

'Lani', Svetlana's preferred nickname, was incredulous that their employers were allowing her and May freedom from their toils for two days and with a great deal of money to spend to boot.

"May-May, where should we go first?" asked Lani.

"Miss Susanson suggested that we go to the boutique and look around for anything that might appeal to us and then register in the beauty shop so that we can make appointments in the future. She also said that there were several nice restaurants within walking distance from the hotel, but to stay out of the bars," said a very eager May.

Lani nodded in agreement, "Yes, let's go to the boutique first, we need clothes that don't make us look like school girls."

May nodded again, "I agree, but we don't want to look trampy either."

May needn't have worried, the hotel malls sissy shop did not offer trampy.

Mary Ann was snooping around in the Pioneer Hotel's sissy shop, admiring the quality of the fabrics and the cut of the clothing when she noticed two young sissies enter the shop. One was a medium sized and build Asian and the other was a shorter, very exotic Caucasian.

'Eastern European?' wondered Mary Ann as she gazed at Svetlana. She getting used to seeing a wide racial variety of sissies in this particular shop. Mary Ann noticed the two sissies wandering through the aisles and they were clearly overwhelmed by the offerings. Mary Ann held her place as the two girls came down the aisle offering a myriad of skirts towards her.

"May-May, what do think of this?" said Lani in her accented English. She was pressing a jean mini-skirt over the front of her somewhat dowdy cotton polyester A-line.

"I guess so, Lani, I just don't know. I've never seen clothes like these before," replied a bewildered May.

'They are just darling little sissies,' thought Mary Ann. 'They act like they have never shopped before, and those mysterious accents. Get them dressed properly and every Matron in Nebraska will be after them.'

"Pardon me," said Mary Ann.

The two startled sissies looked at the tall blonde sissy who was addressing them.

"My name is Mary Ann and I am in the sissy clothing business. Not at this shop, but a very large one here in Omaha. I would like to help you girls, you look a little confused."

May and Lani just stood there, open mouthed. Neither girl had any idea of what to say to this tall very pretty blonde sissy.

Lani stammered, "Thank you miss, my friend May-May and I are on our first shopping day alone and we do need some help."

Mary Ann's years of experience took over and she had the two girls in tow for the next two hours. She easily determined how much money they had to spend and staying in the more economic lines the two sissies soon had two complete day outfits and a casual evening ensemble along with new shoes, lingerie and suitable accessories. She then accompanied them to the beauty shop, where they registered and Mary Ann cajoled the hassled shop manager to sneak them in for a quick haircut and makeover.

Mary Ann was pleased when the two girls emerged from the beauticians lair nicely transformed and each in a new outfit. 'They are now very presentable,' thought Mary Ann.

"You are both quite beautiful," gushed Mary Ann. "I am famished and I am sure that both of you are also. Let's store your purchases in one of the rental lockers and I will treat you both to lunch."

Later that afternoon, the shops general manager was scanning the security holo's, looking for anything suspicious when she stopped the replay and looked closely at the tall blonde sissy in the frame. 'Mary Ann Constanceson, what on earth are you doing here?'

That evening, Mary Ann related her day's adventures to two very curious listeners. Toni and Peter were intrigued by Mary Ann's shopping adventure.

Toni asked, "You say that neither of the girls had ever been shopping before?"

"Not in the sense that we or any other normal sissy would classify as shopping. From what I gathered, both girls had essentially grown up in sissy boarding schools. The Asian girl, May said that her school was in New Mexico and Lani, that's short for Svetlana, was educated in Kentucky," replied Mary Ann.

Refilling his scotch, Peter asked, "What stood out to you, professionally speaking, at the hotel mall?"

"Funny you asked. I was trying to answer that question all day and it just dawned upon me. The sissy shop in the mall is very upscale, but the clientele, mostly young sissies did not seem to have any style consciousness. It is as though that they had led very sheltered lives and then were dumped into the big city on their own with a generous allowance. Very curious," replied Mary Ann.

Sipping her wine, Toni questioned, "Did you ask them how they came by the money to purchase, what did you say, about twelve hundred dollars worth each?"

"Err, no," said Mary Ann. "I kept the conversation very general. I did remember Pammy's suspicions and did not want to scare the girls off."

Peter mused, "Eastern European and Asian sissies, speaking good English, but with accents, all of this in a country where immigration is all but illegal, very curious indeed." Peter looked at Mary Ann and asked, "Sweetheart, could you return to the mall next Saturday and see if the two sissies show up?"

Mary Ann nodded.

"You could be the very person Uncle Mike need's to open up this case. If the two girls do show up, it could indicate that they have regular days off and that whatever we are dealing with has a schedule." continued Peter.

Toni was in a pseudo huff, "That's just like you sweets. Pammy and I do the heavy leg work and you just waltz in and take over."

Peter recognized a pending feud between his sissies and quickly suggested, "You two get ready for bed, and I need to see a customer and won't be back for a couple of hours. I think that you two could use a couple of hours of snuggling." By 'snuggling', Peter meant that he would release their sissy cocks so that they could suck the life out of each other, but their hands would be firmly restrained from touching themselves. "I'll leave an open bottle of chilled Chablis by the bed, enjoy and tell me the details in the morning."

Colonel Spencer Breckason, base commander at the U.S. Air Force base in the Garcia Diego archipelago was hunched the bar at the Officer's Club talking with his old friend Bob Gabrielleson.

"Still grabbing little boy's from their mama's, are you," jested the Colonel.

"Quiet," growled Gabrielleson. "Most people are not aware of my little business and the Joint Chiefs would not look favorably at it becoming barroom conversation."

"More to the point," continued Breckason, "What did you see in Arabia?"

Reflecting, Gabrielleson turned to his friend, "It's a very dangerous place, Spence. We bought our way in easily enough with a few thousand in gold, but getting out again was dicey."

Ordering another beer, Gabrielleson went on, "We didn't get beyond what was once Yemen. A little shithole called Shahan on the Oman border, or at least what used to be the Omani border. We cut our deal with the local sheik and beat a retreat to another shithole called Al-Faydami where we got cover from the Bunker Hill. The last two days were pretty rough. Amazingly, we didn't suffer a casualty."

"Is all of this worthwhile?" asked Breckason. "I mean, I know the money's very good, but is this trafficking in juveniles a worthy occupation?"

"Spence, every one those boys I brought in was going to sold to some local goatherd who probably would have castrated his purchase and pimped the kid out to his fellow goat herders," muttered Bob. "Yeah, it happens all over this sorry excuse of a planet we have."

"What really happens to them after they get back to the U.S.?" questioned Spencer.

Gabrielleson laughed a hollow laugh, "They get pimped out to our political masters, err, mistresses in the land of the big PX. They do get to keep their balls, however."

"They get sissified, is that the big plan?" smirked Breckason.

Nodding, Gabrielleson continued, "To start with, but I understand that the ones that don't cut it as butt boys are sent to a special school in

Kansas called the Eisenhower Academy, where they get the routine male secondary education, but specialize in their native languages. These boys are just now making it into the ranks, primarily Army and Marine Corps, as translators, interpreters and such."

"That could be a plus," said Breckason. "God knows we need all the language help we can get."

The two men stood at the bar in silence for a moment when Colonel Breckason asked, "When do you want to ship your cargo out?"

"As soon as you can arrange a flight to 'the Springs'," answered Bob. "My crew and I are going to stick around for a couple of weeks and unwind, any suggestions for our amusement?"

"Volleyball and beer," chuckled the Colonel.

Kaspar Alishason raised his shot glass in salute to his oldest Omaha friends, ex-Marines that were with him in the Fourth Marine Expeditionary Force in the Balkan's in '26.

"Shithead's, I am going to give you the gift of your lifetime," he said.

Semi and verging upon being totally intoxicated, his drinking buddies squinted at Kaspar and muttered between themselves, wondering what sort of bull shit was going to be dumped upon them.

Taking a deep breath, Kaspar began recounting his recent experience at the Pioneer Hotel.

"Guy's, last evening, I had a massage, a blow job and corn holed the finest Asian sissy that you ever laid eyes upon," Kaspar recounted. "It cost me three hundred hard earned Washington's, but worth every penny. When I left, they, the management gave me three invitations, one for myself and two for friends that might be horny S.O.B.'s. I think that you two squid's qualify for being horny S.O.B.'s."

Former Corporal Martin Willason looked at the pro-offered card and asked, "Kas', is this an invite to a whorehouse?"

"

"Absolutely, Marty," replied Kaspar.

Bill Susanneson, a former Lance Corporal in Alishason's squad peered at his card and asked, "Kas, is this for real? I've never heard of a cathouse in Omaha, at least one that I could hope to get into."

Kasper drained his shot and peered blurrily at his companions, "Gent's neither did I ever think that I would ever get close to fine sissy meat, but I have a friend, an Army Regular, stationed here in Omaha that gave me an invite and I tried it out."

"Just who is this Army 'Regular'? Asked Marty.

Kasper leaned back in his chair and answered, "A Sergeant that I met a couple of months ago at the bar in the Old Towne Mall. An older guy, probably a 'lifer', one of those Sergeants 'many stripes' types. More pull than he knows what to do with."

Bill Susanneson was trying to focus on the card that Kas had given him and stammered, "Thanks, Kas I will give this a go. I've never fucked anything in my life. It would be worth three hundred just for the experience."

Marty nodded that he would exercise the privilege also.

May-May and Lani were the talk of the sissy dorm at the Pioneer. Style was evident as May-May strutted herself amongst the gathered sissies.

"You bought all of these clothes at the shop in the mall?" asked a pretty Eurasian sissy from South China.

It was evident from their reactions that there was more to chic style than very short skirts and shorts. Heels and short styles worked for Lani because of her stature. May-May, on the other hand, was taller and the longer skirts made her look much more sophisticated. The sissies did not know why they liked the styles and looks, but instinctively they did. May-May was quite proud of herself, the clothes that she wore were hers, she had earned the money to pay for them and they were hers, period.

Lani spoke up, "Yes, a very nice sissy took May-May and I on a shopping trip through the mall, but she said that she was in charge of a much larger store here in town and that we would get a lot of advice on how to dress there."

After much discussion amongst the sissy hookers about exactly where the 'Sissy Shop' was and how to get there, the city of Omaha was about to be invaded by several dozen, but very noticeable sissies.

Dr. Anitasdaughter chortled while watching the recording of the 'private' sissy meeting, "I'll make a fortune," she thought.

Detective Pat Meganson popped three aspirin to hopefully contain his pounding head as he attempted to choke down the atrocious coffee in the squad room. The more experienced Detective Byron Dortheason merely suffered through his hangover.

"Chief," gurgled Byron. "I think that that our resident rocket scientist has come up with the 'foolproof' way of getting into the mall's security area."

Detective Lieutenant Mike Winnifredson looked at his squad members with some amusement and asked, "Just what did Detective Meganson dream up, Byron?"

"A fire," choked Pat. "A simple one or two alarm fire, nothing

disastrous, but enough to get the hook and ladder boys into the security area, followed by Omaha PD to provide security, of course."

"Just how do you expect to start this 'fire'?" Asked Mike.

Byron smiled, "That's the beauty of it, a flare, a military flare. It will generate at least one thousand degree's Celsius of heat and should ignite the roofing materials. The CID's snoop will detect the flames immediately, alerting the mall's security and we will follow the firemen into the building as 'Fire Inspectors'".

Annoyed, Mike looked at his alcohol disabled crew and suggested, "Don't you think that the snoop will see the flare descend under its parachute?"

Pat replied, "We plan to remove the parachute from the flare and replace the ripcord detonator with an acid detonator with a two hour delay."

"And just how do you plan to deliver the flare to its target?" Questioned Mike.

Pat answered, "I have cased the exterior of the security end of the mall extensively. There are a couple of areas that aren't covered by camera's close enough to the security end that we can shoot a flare from the street onto the roof without being detected."

Byron added, "Yeah, the snoop will pick up the flare landing on the roof, but won't know what it is until the time delay, ignites it."

"This is crazy enough to work," muttered Mike.

Pamela was snuggling up next to Mike, slowly stroking his member and asked, "Are going to tail the sissies at the apartments?"

Mike grunted, "Of course, after all it was your idea and since when do I ignore your ideas?"

"I detect a smattering of sexism in your answer, mister," replied Pamela. "I will play the dutiful sissy and put my restraint on and finish your pathetic little pecker off, so don't you dare move and keep your hands off of my property."

"Jeez, she sounds just like Carol," thought Mike as Pamela slid off of their bed and padded, naked towards their bathroom.

A few minutes later, Pamela reemerged from the bathroom with her cock firmly encased in its plasteel home. She wiggled seductively, indicating that she had her enabler impaled into her rosette. Pamela mounted the bed and on all fours engulfed Mike's ridged penis with her mouth and worked her hinder around towards Mike so that he could toy with the hormone packed butt plug firmly in placed in Pamela's rectum.

Mike looked lovingly at the broad pair of globes placed at his disposal and began to push the base of his loves butt plug in a slow, circular movement. He knew exactly where here 'G' spot was and carefully avoided it. He did, however, graze the spot occasionally to keep his partners interest.

"I'll give her a treat," he thought and leaned up and put the small protruding head between his lips and proceeded to work his tongue over Pamela's exposed penis head. Concentrating on the small pee slit, Mike soon had his partner squirming in a mixture of lust and pain. Pamela's small penis was frantically trying to expand, but the plasteel encasement firmly prevented that option.

"I'll give her the Peter treatment," he thought.

He gently forced the sissy's lips from around his cock and clambered to his knees and working his way around the confused sissy, he placed his knees between hers and withdrew the enabler. Laying the plug onto the small of Pamela's back, he gently slid his cock between her globes and entering her anus, he drove home, burying the full length of his cock up to his balls into the gasping sissy's backside. The sudden intrusion compressed Pamela's prostate and a thin steam of cum jetted back onto Mike's busy balls.

"You are a very horny little wench this morning, I think that the sight of you preparing breakfast, naked, with my cum dripping out of your love canal will be the perfect setting for my morning coffee," grunted Mike.

Pamela, her face buried into a pillow, moaned, "OK, fucker, you got me this time, but you can't stay awake forever. I will get my 'log' into that tight little asshole of yours before long."

Continuing her moaning, and bucking hard against Mike's determined intruder, Pamela added, "Don't waste my time asshole, I want to get some coffee going."

Mike came with gush and he held his position as he softened while Pamela's ever vigilant sphincter expelled him from her sissy cunny. When Mike was fully extracted, she turned and pressed him against the bed and ravaged his mouth with her tongue and then fled the bed for the kitchen and coffee, taking a pillow case along with her to catch her 'drippings.'

May-May and Lani were finally off duty and enjoying each other when Lani came up for air and asked, "May-May, are we going down to the mall tomorrow and see if the tall sissy show's up?"

May-May was a perfectionist and wouldn't answer until she had Lani jerking into her mouth.

"There, you impatient sissy, you have filled your condom and as for your question, yes, I plan to be at the mall's sissy shop and see if our tall benefactor show's up."

"Don't be so testy, sweetheart," said Lani. She was lying across May-May's stomach and slowly masturbating the Asian sissy with her tethered hands.

Lani smiled as May-May finally came into her transparent condom and Lani slowly, but firmly pulled upon the girls cock and extracted every drop of semen from the now renewed erection.

"Are you satisfied, you wanton slut, or do I have to get you off again before bedtime?" smirked Lani.

May-May gasped, "Please, Lani one more rub and I will let you go with me to the shop and see if our goddess shows up."

May-May came one last time into her condom and she pulled her bedmate up to kiss her. May-May's tongue darted around Lani's tongue stud and this excited her rubber encased member to new expectations. The two sissies were intertwined on their bed with their small penises rubbing furiously against each others.

The floor sissy entered the two lover's room and smiled at the sight of the young sissies so amorously embraced and she sat on the end of the bed, separating Lani and May-May, rolling them onto their backs and she gently gripped both small hairless cocks and pulled them to eruption.

"That's enough fun for one night, girls. You need your rest and we don't need sore clittie's for the nurse to look after," remarked the floor sissy.

She sprayed each girl with a short blast of 'Sissy Calm' and the two boners became quite limp and she maneuvered the limp cockette's into their protective plasteel tubes and re-hooked the restraints into place. After both girls were secured, she removed the 'rim runner' vibrating butt plugs from each girl's rectum and gave them a good night kiss.

May-May and Lani removed their wrist restraints and put on their chemise nightgowns and put out the lights and got into bed and cuddled, planning and hoping to meet Mary Ann at the mall's sissy boutique on the next Saturday.

"Aren't they just so precious?" remarked Marilyn Evelynsdaughter to her guest as they watched the holo image of May-May and Lani fade from view.

"Matron, do you watch these live feeds of the sissies often? I know that I couldn't bear it. They are just so sexy that I would wear my Stephanie out," remarked Debra Constancedaughter.

Chuckling, Marilyn leaned over and patted Debra's trouser clad knee. "My dear, I understand that you and Stephanie have one sissy child, am

I correct?"

"Yes ma'am, she is only one, but already a handful," Debra.

"More seriously," Marilyn leaned close to Debra and asked, "You have only one wife and you are a very busy employee of mine. Does Stephanie ever complain about being lonely with all of your travel obligations?"

Debra reddened at the personal tact that the conversation had turned on with her employer. "Well, Steffie has hinted in that direction, but I have had no 'complaints' as such from her."

Looking Debra square into her eyes, Marilyn continued, "Matron, every woman should have two wives. We can't be expected to satisfy every sissy sexual whim and run the country to boot. Sissies are very good at entertaining each other, sexually. Also, every woman should an 'uncle'. A good roll in the hay with a strong cock is welcome change from cuddling with sissies. Although as women age, the urge for having a lazy stud lounging around the house diminishes. Debra, I expect you to advance very rapidly here at MEE, but you need to get your household up to grade, sexually, that is. I would like you to consider taking a second wife and an 'uncle'."

Debra gasped audibly at her employer's suggestion.

"Matron, I have been working and travelling far too much to develop the necessary social contacts here in Florida to realistically entertain so important additions to my household and I would have to consult with Steffie. I have no idea what she would think about having another sissy in the house or how she would react to having to service an uncle."

Marilyn leaned over to the coffee table in front of her and picked up a small silver bell and rang it. A few seconds later a uniformed sissy appeared, curtsayed and Marilyn asked for new bottle of wine for her and her guest. The sissy bobbed again, leaving the room with petticoat hem of her uniform dress bouncing off of her thighs.

"Dear," breathed Marilyn. "You don't need social contacts in these matters, you need business contacts, and you will have them. The point of showing the holo of the two sissies we just observed was to point out one important fact. Those two sissies had never laid eyes on each other a month ago. Sissies have libidos that we can only envy. If you like, I can show you holo's of sissies interacting with males that they have only know for a few minutes. Again, the point being is, Stephanie will be upset at your adding another sissy to the household where she and the child are the center of the universe, but after just one night of sexual activity with the new sissy, Steffie will be a changed girl. When you throw a stud into the mix, both sissies will favor sexual contact with the male over you."

A light knock on the door and the blonde sissy maid re-appeared with a new iced bottle of wine. Replacing the used wine glasses and retrieving the empty wine bottle, the tall sissy bobbed and exited the

room, soundlessly.

"Very pretty," remarked Debra of the disappearing sissy.

"Yes she is and so is her 'brother'. They share a bed here in my home. Identical twins and fertile, worth a fortune," said Marilyn. "I would make a gift of them to you if you didn't already have Stephanie. Three sissy wives in a household are definitely against the rules, as you know. That's even a rule that even I can't break."

Taking a deep breath, Debra said, "Matron, I am assuming that you wish for me to take another wife and a male consort?"

"Yes, my dear. That is exactly what I am suggesting," smiled Marilyn. "I hope to see you swelled up with a girl child very soon and you will be a very busy matron throughout your upcoming pregnancies and you will need help in maintaining a sound sexual balance in your household."

"You mentioned 'business' contacts," stammered Debra.

"Yes, I did," replied Marilyn. "In fact there is going to a social gathering of very important Miami matron's next weekend. I would like for you and Stephanie to attend. To get 'Steffie' in the general mood, I am going to give you a holo cube that the two of you can watch together in bed. The twins will 'star' in this production. I suggest that you make love to your pretty wife while watching the vid, but don't release her. Let her ponder on the advantages of having a sissy playmate to make sex a more enjoyable activity for her."

May-May and Lani were sitting on the one of the benches in the hotel mall's small atrium.

Lani's eyes were locked upon the Mall's public entrance. "I hope our goddess shows up."

May-May's attention was focused upon the elevator foyer and she nudged Lani in the ribs.

"Look lover, our friends are gathered by the elevator," sighed May-May.

Lani glanced towards the foyer and nodded, "Yes, we are the style queens and our competitors want to see how we do it."

Lani felt a presence next to her on the bench and quickly turned. Her eyes flew open at the sight of Mary Ann, perched regally next to her, dressed in a striking, flared A-line skirt and matching jacket.

"Oh," stuttered the startled Lani. "Miss Mary Ann, I did not expect to see you here this morning."

Placing a soft hand on the startled sissy's nylon clan knee, Mary Ann continued, "Lani, I was passing by and I enjoyed our outing last week

so much that I took a chance that you and May-May might just be shopping."

May-May, equally surprised, blurted, "Miss, we been talking about you all week. We hoped that you would come by and that you would take us to your store, to shop of course."

Laughing lightly, Mary Ann said, "Of course girls. I would love to introduce you to the 'Sissy Shoppe'. Let's grab a taxi and we will make a day of it."

With a downcast face, Lani asked, "Mistress, would you mind if our friends came along?"

Following Lani's gaze, Mary Ann saw the fifteen or so sissies gathered in the elevator foyer and laughed, "Lani, gather up your friends and we will convoy over the 'Shoppe'. I will make a call and prepare the staff for you and your friends."

May-May felt her member trying to harden in her restraint tube; she was falling in love with this gracious and beautiful sissy."

Detective Pat Meganson had chosen an old fashioned plastic 'Very Gun' to launch the flares onto the roof of the Old Towne Mall. He had also decided that commercial and not military flares should be used. They had a much shorter range and could not be traced by military markings. Standing near the east end of the mall, Pat loaded his first flare cartridge and fired it west over the parapet wall towards the roof area of the mall's security detachment. The second flare was quickly launched over the wall directly above him. "Time to go," thought Pat and he jogged off into the night. Byron and Winston were waiting in an unmarked squad across the street from the Old Towns Mall waiting for the glare of a fire to notify the Omaha Fire Department.

Mary Ann was pleased with herself. She had organized the sissies from the Pioneer Hotel into five groups of three with a 'Sissy Shoppe' sales girl in the lead and each group had hired local military academy cadets to act as 'mall mule's to carry packages. Mary Ann took May-May and Lani into tow along with their mule and continued the two younger girl's education into fashion and decorum. After two hours, Mary Ann had a salesgirl go around the mall and collect the five groups for a light, early supper and wine at the 'Shoppe's' bistro.

Mary Ann watched closely as the five shopping groups filtered into the bistro and was very pleased with the sissy's choices in clothing and in her sales girl's direction of those choices. She quickly recognized that have so many well dressed eligible sissies in one place and one time would attract the attentions of the many matrons in the store with their young school age sissies, and had the gathering moved to a small private room available at the bistro.

Intent upon keeping the number of the Pioneer sissies on the floor at one time minimal, Mary Ann quickly organized her sales girls into impromptu seminars. Quickly calling for cosmetics and lingerie demonstrations, Mary Ann managed to keep the number of the Pioneer sissies to about six at a time on the floor. Also, this allowed her stores security camera's to take detailed holo's of all of the sissies present.

As the afternoon wore on, Mary Ann had refreshments sent to the demonstration rooms. By late afternoon, Mary Ann gathered her new clientele and followed by their weary mall mules and packed them off into cabs back to the Pioneer Hotel. It was a banner sales day at the 'Sissy Shoppe' and Mary Ann was very pleased with herself and her staff. She gathered copies of the security holo cameras imagery and headed home to present Peter with her prizes.

Unknown to Mary Ann was the small tail of OPD detectives that were stopped cold at the entrance to the 'Sissy Shoppe'. Byron and Winston knew that they could not enter the forbidden territory of matron's and sissies. Equally unknown to the detectives was the considerable amount of information about the foreign sissies that Mary Ann had gathered and was about to turn over to her 'Peety'.

Carol Constancedaughter was sitting in her study. The door was ajar and she was listening to her wives direct the automated domestic devices clean the house. Having just completed her latest update to her daily diary she was wiping tears while reading the entries from her earliest diary keeping ancestor.

"I am very frightened, "wrote Madeline "The 'Women's Plague has just reached Nebraska. The girls and I have been isolated with Grandfather Bert and Grandma Inga at their ranch in the badlands. Their son's have been leaving supplies in a small open trailer just inside the property line off of the county road. News reports on television are grim. The plague is claiming women at an alarming rate. All ages are dying, babies, grandmothers, mothers and young healthy women at an alarming rate. The news says that about ninety five percent of all females are being affected and only about fifteen percent are surviving. Grandpa Bert has been a one man guard outpost at the dirt road that leads to the ranch and has turned back dozen's of refugee's. I know that his soul dies a slice at a time when he turn's away the women and children seeking refuge at the ranch, but the plague is airborne and is carried upon clothing. He has buried landmines in the dirt road at a bottleneck that forces all traffic onto the road and we occasionally hear an explosion as one of the devices is detonated. Grandpa refuses to allow any of us to help him dispose of the victims. He is living in a tent a quarter of a mile away from the house so as not contaminate any of us women. God help us."

'My God' thought Carol, 'How did they ever survive?'

She continued reading the entries. "We communicate with Grandpa by cell phone, they are still working and the windmill Grandpa put up in '16 provides all the electricity we need. The television still works and there are some cable stations still functioning. FOX News said today that satellite imagery revealed that the Chinese were approaching the Russian city of Irkutsk in Siberia and that the Russians had detonated small tactical nuclear weapons in the past two days. Are we going to live through this plague only to be irradiated by contaminated Russian dirt?"

Flipping forward through the diaries pages, Carol found herself reading entries that were about a month later than where she had been. "The plague seems to be running its course. FOX reported that the death toll has been catastrophic. Exact numbers will never be known, but at eighty five percent of all females in the United States and Canada have died. Native Peoples in the Canadian Arctic seem to have come through more or less intact. It may that the most primitive and remote populations may ride this out more or less intact."

"They didn't," sighed Carol. 'When the plague was declared over and contact was re-established with the isolated tribes and clans, the plague struck these helpless people with unmatched ferocity. The plague virus did not die, but remained dormant. It is with us today; only the female offspring of those surviving females had a fifty-fifty chance of surviving childhood. Males are unaffected, but carry the virus in their bloodstreams,' remembered Carol from her school biology and history classes.

Closing the diary, Carol went into the poolroom for a very stiff drink.

"They have much better coffee in the firehouses," remarked Byron.

"That's probably because someone cleans the pot occasionally," replied Winston.

'Why would they do that?' wondered Byron.

Just as Byron was about to refill his mug, an ear shattering alarm went off and the firemen headed towards their assigned vehicles. The Chief looked into the dining room where Winston and Byron were reflecting upon the merits of sanitation and announced, "Boy's, this one is yours. If you want to come along, let's go, now."

Donning their borrowed helmets and heavy canvas jackets, the two detective's clambered aboard a ladder truck and they were off with grim faced firefighters and flashing lights, accompanied by the shriek if the sirens.

'This is great,' thought Byron. 'If only we had a spotted dog it would be perfect.'

At the Army's Omaha Reserve Center, Sergeant Elizabethson was monitoring the images from their snoop on the roof of the Old City Mall when two flashes of intense light whited out the holo display.

"What the fuck was that?" mutter Elizabethson.

Watching the display begin to reorganize into visual normalcy, Elizabethson directed the pseudo avian snoop to focus onto the two new points of light now evident on the roof top.

"Are these flares?" he wondered aloud.

He quickly got onto a secure communicator and called his commanding officer in Washington DC and told him that an act of arson had just been committed at the Old Towne Mall in Omaha. His CO, the Deputy Commander of Army CID told him to get into contact with that 'detective kid' and find out if the Omaha Police were involved with this.

Still watching the display, Elizabethson was fascinated as he watched two Omaha Firefighters place a portable step on inside wall of the roof's parapet wall and climb over the wall and onto the roof. He could dimly make out a stream of foam coming from a mechanized ladder onto the two separate roof top blazes. The two roof top firefighters were finishing extinguishing the blaze with hand held extinguishers, also emitting foam.

'These guys knew what kind of fire they were involved with,' smiled Elizabethson.

Elizabethson continued watching as the two roof top firemen scraped around the foam covered areas of the extinguished fires with shovels and picked up two small charred canisters and put them into a canvas bag. They then continued in their mission to make sure that the fire was truly out.

'Very interesting,' mused Elizabethson. 'I like this caper very much. I'll bet that kid detective was very close to all of this.'

Mary Ann came through the apartment door and shouted, "Peety, I have very special gift for you." She heard his muffled reply that he was on the balcony. On her way to the balcony, Mary Ann decided that this was a special occasion and stopped into the small bar room and poured herself a scotch and soda. She didn't particularly like scotch, but she would occasionally have one to put herself on what she considered an equal plane with Peter. With drink in hand, Mary Ann proceeded to the balcony where she found Peter sitting on the glider swing, looking at a smudge of smoke coming from the west.

With a very unladylike squat, Mary Ann plopped her generous backside onto the glider next to Peter. After giving the love her life a quick peck on his proffered cheek, Mary Ann took a deep draught on her drink.

"Scotch and soda?" questioned Peter. "This must be a very special surprise that you have for me."

"You don't know the half of it Mister. I have spent the entire afternoon with seventeen sissies from the Pioneer Hotel and I have holo's of all of them in various stages of undress. I'm sure that will interest you if nothing else," smirked Mary Ann as she retrieved the holo chips from her purse.

Taking the chips from Mary Ann, Peter asked, "These are all downloads from your security cameras?"

Mary Ann nodded in the affirmative and took another gulp from her drink thinking that she could develop a taste for this foul liquor after all. She drained the glass and headed back to bar to make a refill. Peter caught up with her in the bar and said that he was going to look at the holo's in his office and that she should join him there.

Peter was watching a lithe and very pretty Asian sissy when Mary Ann came into his office.

"That's May-May," said Mary Ann. "She and her bedmate Lani were the one's that I met at the Pioneer last Saturday. She said that she and Lani are masseuses at the apartments. Isn't she so pretty, very good English, but with that most intriguing accent."

Peter nodded and added, "These sissies are not native born. Wherever they come from they are undoubtedly illegal's. What peaks my curiosity is, how did they get here and who brought them in? What is also amazing, that these girls are free to travel about the city without an escort of any sort? This whole scenario is so brazen as to defy credulity."

"Well, I don't know anything about escorts or such, but these girls have money. They spent nearly twenty thousand dollars at the 'Shoppe' this afternoon," replied Mary Ann.

Peter became more perplexed as he was watched more of Mary Ann's security holo's. 'These sissies are from all over the world,' he marveled to himself. 'Are these the 'hookers' that Pamela suspects?'

Winston and Byron accompanied the first group of firefighters into the mall proper after the roof fire had been declared extinguished. They took two uniformed policemen with them and quickly brushed past the small detachment of mall security officers that guarded the door to the security section of the mall. Identifying themselves as Fire Marshalls from the Omaha Fire Department's fire investigation office they followed the firemen as they looked for any smoldering on the ceiling of the security office area. They quickly located what appeared to be an elevator door and asked the accompanying chief of security if that was indeed an elevator.

The mall's security chief acknowledged that it was a service elevator to the basement. Byron was quick to add that the firemen on the roof noticed what appeared to be an elevator penthouse and that the shaft would have to be inspected for any residual fire hazards. The security chief began to protest but Winston stepped past him and called the elevator car to the main level. When the door opened, Winston stepped in and looked at the car's control panel and noticed six levels on the panel.

"You have six levels in this building?" asked Winston.

"Well, one of them is the penthouse," sputtered the security chief.

"And one of them is the main floor," added Winston. "So, you have four subfloors?"

A fireman accompanying the investigative team had brought the buildings plans up on his PC and the holo display indicated only one subfloor. "Inspector," deadpanned the fireman. It appears that this building has been modified and the said modifications have not been registered with the Department of Public Works or the Omaha Fire Department."

Winston assumed his stoniest face and looked the security chief dead into his eyes and said, "Sir, you will accompany our team to all levels of this structure. Any attempt to evade or obfuscate this investigation will be viewed as hindering an official investigation." Winston then motioned to the two uniformed policemen to stand next to the mall's security chief.

Peter had sent Mary Ann's holo pic's to Mike for his assessment and had joined his first consort with a scotch whiskey of his own.

"You did very well today, sweets. I have a very special surprise in mind for you tonight. In fact I think that I will have Toni join you."

"I doubt that you could surprise me, soldier," replied Mary Ann. "But I am sure that Toni and I will appreciate any feeble attempt that you make."

Peter smiled at Mary Ann's put down and thought, 'This will be a very big surprise, my love.'

Toni had been doing some routine paperwork cleanup at the university and had arrived home at about eight o'clock. She announced her arrival and joined Peter and Mary Ann at the bar. Pouring herself a glass of white wine, Toni speculated upon the quietness that filled the small room.

"Did the cat finally die?" she asked.

Peter snickered, "No, but cats are soon to be out of the bag."

This intrigued Toni, she was well aware of Peter's fondness for innuendo. She noted that Mary Ann had kicked off her heels and was indecorously sprawled on the love seat couch with her skirt hiked nearly to her crotch.

"Have you two been fooling around without my permission?" commented Toni.

"No," replied Peter, "The fooling around is just about to commence."

Motioning to Toni and pointing to Mary Ann, Peter asked, "Please help me with getting this whiskey swilling sissy to her bed."

"I'm not that drunk, thank you," said Mary Ann. "I am quite capable of getting screwed, if that's your idea of a 'surprise', Mr. Constanceson.

In the bedroom, Peter had both sissies sitting on the bed and he ordered them to strip.

"Down to the skin, ladies," ordered Peter. "I don't want any complaints about wrinkled or damaged finery."

Complying with Peter's wishes, Mary Ann and Toni were soon wearing only their chokers and penis restraints.

"On your hands and knee's with your delectable butt's high in the air," continued Peter. He then withdrew both sissy's enablers and inserted 'rim runner' butt plugs into both of the proffered anuses. "Now, turn over and on your backs and spread your legs," added Peter. Removing the electronic 'key' on a chain around his neck, Peter deactivated and removed the penis restraints on both of the girls. Two small cocks became instantly erect and Peter gave each a loving tug before he turned towards the bedroom door. "Enjoy yourselves, girls," smiled Peter. "If you run into any difficulties, I'll be in the bar."

Mary Ann and Toni exchanged shocked expressions. They were released without wrist restraints and were free to touch themselves. Toni had, of course masturbated during her few years as a male, but Mary Ann had never in her life touched her erect penis. The vibrating butt plugs had their effect of exciting the two sissies to full erection and Toni was quick to start pulling on her member. Mary Ann, on the other hand treated her newly freed cock as some sort of ungrounded electrical device. With her hands on her breasts, Mary Ann looked at the masturbating Toni and wailed, "What do I do? I've never done this before." Toni started to giggle and stopped masturbating.

"We need to get condoms on before we go any further," stated Toni. "Peety won't like sissy tracks on the sheets." The two sissies stood by the night stand, their little cocks defying gravity and rolled condoms over each other's stiffie's. They stood embraced and tugging on each other's condom encased penis until Toni brushed Mary Ann's hand off of her cock.

"Girl, you need to take matters into your hand, so to speak," said Toni. She moved Mary Ann's hand onto her own penis and grabbing the sissies wrist, start the up and down motion that would eventually bring gratifying results. Embracing, the two sissies kissed deeply while masturbating until each came into her condom.

Clicking her tongue stud against Mary Ann's, Toni came up air and said, "Enough of this manual labor, let's get these nasty condoms off and do some serious lovemaking." The two sissies settled into a very practiced and meaningful sixty-nine.

Listening at the bedroom door, Peter chose that moment when both girls had each others cock sliding in and out of their mouths to come into the bedroom and he announced, "New rules, ladies. I will leave the key in the bedroom. You can remove your restraints in this room and the bathroom, only. When you prepare for bed or leave these rooms, you must be in your restraints. Do you understand?"

Toni nodded and Mary Ann chose that moment to release into Toni's mouth.

Winston and Byron, accompanied by the two uniformed patrolmen, the Battalion Fire Chief and a very shaken Chief of Mall Security entered the main elevator and Winston directed the car to next lower level. After two hours of investigating all of the underground levels of the mall, Winston was satisfied. He had found a well equipped medical facility, kitchen, numerous bedrooms, all with one double sized bed and what appeared to classrooms and a common area stocked with all manner of games. Looking at the mall's security chief, Winston said, "This place screams children, where are they?"

The security chief hesitated and then bluffed, "This is an emergency shelter for mall employees and their families."

"Do I look like I just fell off a turnip boat?" snarled Winston. "I'll ask you one more time, where are the children that this facility was designed for?"

The security chief's spine stiffened and he continued with his 'emergency shelter' story. Byron saw that the security chief had regained his composure and that further badgering of him would probably be fruitless. He turned to the Battalion Chief and asked, "Are you confident that the fire is out and that the building can be re-occupied?"

The Battalion Chief nodded in the affirmative and Byron suggested to Winston that they call it a night. Winston, outwardly seething, but privately delighted, reluctantly agreed. The team returned to the main floor and thanked the Security Chief for his 'co-operation'. Waiting for them was Dr. Jennifersdaughter, her face storm cloud. Addressing Winston, Dr. Jennifersdaughter hissed, "How dare you tramp about my clinic without invitation."

The Battalion Chief spoke up, "Matron, it is standard procedure to investigate all areas of a structure after a fire has been extinguished. Embers do travel down walls and could erupt again at any time."

Glaring at the fire chief, the doctor replied, "Are you satisfied that the fire is out?"

The chief nodded, but remained silent before this powerful matron.

"Then," continued Jennifersdaughter, "I expect all of you to vacate the premises immediately."

Winston could only nod his assent and with small hand motion, ordered his crew out of the building. He caught the doctor grabbing the security chief's sleeve and half pushing the man into a private office.

Mary Ann awoke in her usual tangled embrace with Toni who was still snoring softly. She ran her free hand down her stomach over the filmy nightie fabric to her panties. She snuck her hand under the elastic waist band of her panty and searched for her little friend. Finding nothing but the plasteel tube, she overcame her disappointment with the realization that Peety was now leaving the key to her penis prison on the nightstand. She carefully disentangled herself from Toni and slid out of the bed and headed towards the bathroom for her morning pee. Rolling her nearly transparent panties down her legs to her ankles, Mary Ann sat daintily upon her throne and enjoyed her first function of the day. After patting her exposed cockhead and butt cheeks dry she stepped out of her panties and retrieved her douche. Carefully applying lubricant to the small penis shaped nozzle she ran water through the plastic head and adjusted the temperature to suit her. With everything prepared, she inserted the plastic nozzle up her rectum and turned on the water. The plastic tubing that carried the water to her bowel ran between her legs and to the penis nozzle clamped tightly in place by her sphincter. When she was properly filled, she reached between her thighs and pulled the nozzle out of rectum and with a rush expelled the soiled water into the bowl. She would repeat this process two more times to insure that she was squeaky clean, after all it almost certain that Peety would make use of her love hole before he left for work. Liberally applying lubricant to her anus finished her project and she headed for the kitchen and a cup of coffee with her love. Passing the bed she gently shook Toni and gave the sleepyhead a good morning kiss.

"In summary, gentlemen," intoned the nervous Lieutenant Colonel to his audience of the gathered Chiefs of Staff, "Female live births have improved to a post partum survival rate of about thirty percent, however, survival rates for the infants past the first twelve months is only about seventy five per cent of the live births. This is not a sustainable rate of survival to maintain current population levels."

General Stanley Gretason, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs asked the Colonel, "Do you have any worldwide estimates, Colonel?"

"Yes sir," replied the Colonel, "Or at least we think that we have a reasonably accurate assessment of the current global population situation. Most of the world has been reduced to agricultural based economies. Outside of the 'Alliance', Europe, Eurasia, Africa and Asia the worlds cultural base has regressed about two millennia. Female live birth rates are at about twenty percent. The world's population, outside of the Alliance is dropping at a rate of about two percent per year. Total world population is estimated at less than one point two billion."

"Proof of this assessment is?" asked the Chief of Naval Operations.

"Primarily satellite surveillance, but we have considerable assets in boots on the ground in many locales, Sir" responded the Colonel.

"Thank you Colonel," said general Gretason, "Good evening."

Looking at his four comrades, General Gretason said, "Boy's, I need a drink, will you join me?"

The general opened his hidden liquor cabinet and the other members of the Joint Chiefs joined him in iced whiskeys. Admiral Janiceson, admired his Bourbon and remarked, "General, I have heard through the grapevine that our Florida friends operation in Omaha may have been compromised."

Unperturbed, General Gretason continued clipping the end of his cigar and replied, "I have always admired Naval Intelligence, Reggie. But, what do you mean by compromised?"

"Smiling, Reggie Marshason continued, "The fire at that shithole mall in Omaha."

"A suitably crusty remark, Reg, and you are correct. The word from CID is that the Omaha Police Department in co-ordination with the fire department did manage to compromise our main orientation depot. They believe that the operation was concocted by one of your men, Reg. A former ship's stores petty officer, now a junior detective with the Omaha Police Department."

"I think a suitable honor is justified for that P.O.," smirked the Marine Commandant.

"After he walks the plank," snarled Admiral Marshason.

A collective guffaw followed the Admirals salty reference.

"Just how does this event compromise our operation, General?' asked the Coast Guard Commandant.

"Taking a sip from his drink, General Gretason answered, "Not at all. In fact, we may be able to expand our efforts. Not as a result of this security lapse, but because of it. I think that our investigative friends in Omaha have only scratched the surface and far be it from me to ruin their chase. Fortunately, the principals in the Omaha investigation are very closely linked and of course, are isolated in their powers. The courts would squash any criminal charges in any case."

The Marine Commandant added, "We are getting very good information from the MEE traders. I have a mission to Odessa in the works. We've never penetrated into Old Russia as far as we and MEE plan to next month."

The Coast Guard Commandant asked, "I would like to send a cutter into Odessa and see if it would be a suitable base for operations up the Russian river systems."

"A single cutter, going balls to the wall might get through the Bosphorus in one piece," commented the Admiral, "However, Commandant, I have my doubts about a visual surveillance of Odessa being worth the risk. We plan to inject the MEE and Marines by sub. They will be on their own, but the Marines will only cover the landing and should be able to disengage if anything nasty develops."

The Coast Guard Commandant replied, "Well, we can at least show the flag."

"To what purpose?" asked General Gretason.

The other brass of the Joint Chiefs looked at each other and nodded, 'To what purpose, indeed, after all this really is nothing more than slave raid disguised as a reconnaissance in force'.

May-May, much more confident in her appearance in public was browsing in the electronics store in the Pioneer mall. She remembered Bennie's words about getting a personal communication device. After a considerable conversation with the male sales attendant, she purchased a modest personal computer and a subscription to the communication network. Lani was just awakening as May-May turned her device on.

"Sweetheart, what do you have there?" asked a groggy Lani.

"A personal computer," replied May-May. "I hope to get in contact with my girlfriend from my home village."

"They have personal computers in Vietnam?" questioned Lani.

"No, silly, my friend Bennie is here in America. She said that she would try and get what they call 'on line' and that I should also get 'on line' so that we may communicate with each other," replied an amused May-May.

May-May had set the device upon the small utility table that was in the girls two room suite and then sat on the bed next to the chemise clad Lani. "Now watch as the magic of America displays itself," said May-May.

"Computer on," commanded May-May. Lani watched in amazement as a holographic display filled the table and a feminine voice asked, "Please state a command."

"A message to b-e-n-n-i-e-v-i-e-t," ordered May-May.

"Link established," replied the computer.

"Friend, this Mayviet, I miss you so much. Please reply as soon as you can. End of message," said a breathless May-May.

"Message sent," said the computer.

May-May hugged Lani tightly, "I am so excited. I am sure that you will like Bennie as much as I love her. When we were still boys in Vietnam, we were the lowest of the low. All we had to eat was scraps and were forced to do all of crap work like take out the night soil to rice paddies and house cleaning."

Lani nodded, her life was similar. "Love, I am going to shower." She pecked May-May on the cheek and left the bed. The Asian girl was left watching the computer like a hawk.

Lani came out of the bathroom and heard May-May in excited conversation. She looked into the bedroom and the computer had a holo of a very pretty Asian girl sitting next to an African girl. "Lani, come and meet Bennie and Lucy," commanded May-May.

Wrapped only in a towel with another turbaned on her head, Lani sat next to May-May and was introduced. "Bennie, Lucy, I want to introduce my bedmate Svetlana, or as we all call her Lani," said May-May to the holo image. The images waved to Lani and she was compelled to wave back.

Hugging Lani, May-May continued, "Bennie and Lucy are in San Francisco doing the same thing that we do here." May-May and Bennie chatted on for over an hour detailing their minor adventures to each other and trying to include Lucy and Lani in their conversation before they decided to break the link. May-May felt whole. For the first time in her life, she initiated an activity. Sitting on the bed, dressed in clothing that she had picked out and purchased and having a conversation with an old love on a device that she had picked out and purchased, she felt that she owned the world. For the first time in her life, May-May was truly happy.

Detective Lieutenant Mike Winnifredson had his investigative team assembled in the squad room and was congratulating them. "Well done

guys. Winston, you did a bang up job coordinating with Omaha Fire and Byron, you did a fine job not slugging anybody. And, I would like to commend our junior partner, Detective Meganson for coming up with a plan that actually worked. You all have the holo chips of the search of the mall. I need a plan for getting into the Pioneer Apartments and finding out what goes on their. All we have now is a failure to procure proper building permits on the mall. While very interesting, it would not fly across any judge's desk in Omaha."

End....Omaha Vice Part II