

Success at last for our detectives, alas all is for naught as the reality of the inevitable arrives. After all, these are desperate but, comfortable times.

Omaha Vice Part 3 of 3

This is the conclusion of Omaha Vice.

Late Fall 2239

Annie Constanceson, nee Ahmed al Ibriam was standing before Federal District Judge Miriam Kathleensdaughter taking the oath of allegiance to the United States and being awarded her official citizenship to the United States. Annie had agreed to marry Debra Constancedaughter and as a wedding present Marilyn Evelynsdaughter, her former employer had voided her debts and given her as an additional wedding gift, a personal bank account with five thousand dollars. Annie enjoyed her wedded status with Debra, while she did not love the woman, she did hope to acquire affection for her and her co-wife Stephanie.

In a former life, Annie was the son of a village chief in Somalia and a devout Muslim. Having been unfortunate to be on the losing side of an inter-tribal conflict, he ended up lying on his stomach, his breasts pressed into fresh sheets and his butt filled with a sizable strap-on dildo, commanded by a smallish white lady. He was grateful that his new matron, Debra did masturbate him to three emissions before she put his degraded manhood back into its plasteel prison. His matron then installed a rim runner vibrating butt plug into his rectum before she violated her first wife's rectum while he watched, his cock trying to explode to no avail.

Debra withdrew her strap-on from Stephanie's love hole and replaced it with another rim runner and kissed her senior wife deeply, playing with the tongue stud so perfectly placed in the sissy's mouth. "I need a break," Debra announced to nobody in particular. "I think it's time for you girls to get to know each other."

Annie was still fettered to her choker ring as was Stephanie. Debra deftly released Annie from her penis restraint and the Somali girl's cock became immediately erect. Debra gave it a playful tug and remarked, "I see that you girls are ready for action." Debra left the bed for the sissies to dive into a succulent sixty nine while she went and poured herself a glass of wine that she drank while watching her wives perform from the bedroom doorway. Annie was humiliated as she was aware that her Matron was watching her greedily suck on Stephanie's cock.

Annie did solace herself with the memory of watching her two older brothers being castrated while her bound father watched helplessly. After they victors claimed his brother's manhood they took

his father's cock and balls off and let him bleed to death. The 'surgeon' then buried his blade between Annie's legs into the sand to clean it off. The 'surgeon' then grasped Annie's nostrils between his thumb and forefinger and Annie was forced to open his mouth to breathe, the 'surgeon' forced his cock between Annie's lips. After what seemed to be an eternity, a salty spurt hit the roof of Annie's mouth and the thick goo filled his mouth as the 'surgeons' cock still slide to and fro between his abused lips.

"You are very accomplished," said the 'surgeon' as he withdrew from Annie's mouth. "I would keep you for myself, but a white infidel has offered a very good price for you. You are a very lucky piece of camel dung. The white man is going to make you into a girl servant for an infidel woman. They tell me that you will keep your balls, if only for the white woman's amusement." Annie remembered these words as she enthusiastically worked her tongue stud over Stephanie's small cock and the amused white woman watched.

Marty Willason walked towards the canopied side entrance to the Pioneer Hotel. He saw that a single, albeit very tough looking doorman guarded the modest entrance.

"May I see your invitation, sir," asked the Doorman.

Fumbling slightly with jacket pocket, Marty produced the business card sized invitation. 'Admit One' it read and the embossed logo of the hotel rose off of the card in a holographic display. Examining the card closely, the Doorman was satisfied of its authenticity and opened the door for Marty to enter. Inside the door, Marty was met by a tall, austere sissy that directed him to the bar. A young male bartender asked him what was it that he was drinking and would he like to see the 'catalogue'?

"Naval rum and cola," replied Marty. "What sort of catalogue are you talking about?"

The bartender smiled delivering Marty's drink. "First time here?"

Marty nodded, "Yeah a buddy of mine is customer and he gave me an invite. From his description, I couldn't pass up the opportunity."

The bartender pressed a button on the bar and a holo display erupted before Marty. It was a series of stills and short clips of young and for the most part, very attractive sissies.

"You might call this 'our menu'," smirked the bartender. "Take your time, look over the catalogue, have another drink and decide with who you want to play and how much you are willing to spend."

"Do you have any recommendations," stammered Marty.

The bartender looked at Marty with a sad smile, "One of the conditions

of my employment in this establishment prohibits me from sampling the catalogue." The bartender then glanced side to side as if to see if anyone was watching and added, "I have it on good authority that the little Russki masseuse, Lani is well worth a tumble."

Marty had intended to take the Asian that Kas Alishason had told him about. But, he was thinking that trying other girls and comparing notes might be a good deal more fun. Marty agreed with the bartender and said that he would try the Russian girl. The bartender then signaled the tall sissy that admitted Marty to the bar and the sissy came over to Marty.

"You have decided on a young lady, Sir?" asked the tall sissy.

Stuttering, Marty replied, "Yes ma'am, I would like to meet the Russian girl, Lani.

The tall sissy smiled, "Is this you first time here sir?"

Marty nodded, hopefully.

The tall sissy smiled and added, "The young lady in question is Ukrainian, to be precise and are you aware of our service schedules?"

Marty shook his head, not sure what service schedules were.

"Lani, the girl that are interested in is a masseuse, a person that gives massages," stated the tall sissy quite matter of factly. "Have you ever had a massage, sir?"

"No," replied a bewildered Marty, softly.

The tall sissy smiled broadly and said, "then you have chosen well for a first time visitor. Did you want the full service massage?"

Marty glanced at the bartender who nodded emphatically.

"Yes," said Marty.

"Very well, sir. I will inform Miss Lani that her services have been requested and will return when all is ready," said the tall sissy. "The barman will take care of your financial transaction and provide another beverage gratis as you are now an official hotel guest."

The bartender leaned over the bar to Marty and said, "Very good choice, my friend. Lani is said to give the best blow job in the hotel, except for maybe our greeter." The bartender indicated the parting tall sissy. "And, I hear that she is a very enthusiastic fuck." Standing erect, the bartender told Marty that his hour of fun would total three hundred dollars and would worth every penny of it. Of course, he said the very same thing about every girl in the hotel.

Across the street from the hotel entrance, Detectives Byron, Winston and Pat were watching the growing trickle of visitors admitted to the hotel. Their plan was watch until they spotted anyone that they knew entering, especially anyone that they could compromise for information concerning the goings on in the hotel.

"Marty Willason," murmured detective Pat Meganson.

"What's that, junior?" asked Byron Dortheason Pat's stake out companion.

"The young male that just left the 'apartments'. His name is Martin Willason. He is a Corporeal in the Marine Reserves here in Omaha. I've met him casually, but I can't say that I know him personally," replied Pat.

"When are you going see him again?" asked Byron.

"Probably next weekend, we have monthly drills at the center," remarked Pat. "I'll have to work up an excuse to talk with him, sailors and jarheads don't normally mingle that much."

"Mike won't care if you tell him that his mother has died, as long as you get a chance to get a sniff of what's going on in the 'apartments' and how to get in there," grunted Byron.

"I already have an idea of how to get his attention," smiled Pat. "Remember, I am in ships stores, that's supply to you, my arrogant doggie and you know what sort of magic can be worked through supply."

"Byron smiled broadly, remembering his active duty, "Indeed I do, my young black marketer, indeed I do."

Connie Alicesdaughter was having an afternoon wine with her mother, Carol Constancedaughter. "Mom, what are the social problems with a sissy having an affair with another sissy, one outside of the family?"

Carol arched an eyebrow at her sissy son; affairs by sissies are quite rare to begin with, as their lives are quite closely monitored. "Are you planning an affair?" asked Carol.

"No," replied Connie, quite nonchalantly, "I was just wondering."

Gathering herself, Carol explained, "Sissies having an affair with another matron, I have heard of, although I do not have any personal acquaintances that have ever done it. The consequences for the adulteress matron are expensive and the offending sissy would be disciplined by her matron to what ever extent. Married sissies having an affair with a male outside of the family are unheard of. The consequences for the male are not worth the risk. Sissies having affairs with each other is common among unattached sissies, in fact

many live with each other or with males without the formality of consort ship. Affairs between married sissies, I suppose that it could happen, but I've never heard of it." Carol glanced at her sissy daughter and saw her rocking on her chair, moving her enabler around inside her and gazing off into space. "Just who would you like to have an affair with?" quizzed Carol.

"Mary Ann," replied Connie, softly.

'So would I,' thought Carol to herself. "Well, my dear, please do not think about this 'affair' out loud to anybody but me. I doubt that Margaret would find this particularly amusing. What in the world brought you to this idea?"

Blushing, Connie revealed, "Margie has not had sex with me for over three months, nor with Penny and only occasionally with Lance. Penny and Lance and I frolic quite a bit, but every time I see Mary Ann I remember the happiest time of my life."

"Margaret is probably tired of being pregnant, you and Penny have given her six children, she's probably tired of waddling around like a two legged balloon," said Carol. "But, girly, don't ever bring this up with Margaret or even Penny or Lance. Especially Lance, he's a dear boy, but his brains are concentrated at the tip of his tool."

Toni and Pamela were huddled over Pamela's computer, feeding in measurements, holo pics and the written reports provided by the two uniformed police officers that accompanied Byron and Winston during their bogus inspection of the sub basements of the Old Towne Mall. Toni was trying to put together an actual layout of the subterranean warrens that did not exist in the official Omaha building inspectors files. Peter and Mary Ann were sharing drinks and information with Mike concerning the apartment sissies that were now common customers of the Sissy Shoppe.

"There appears to be twenty small bedrooms with private toilets, four classrooms, a kitchen and small dining hall, three offices and a three room medical facility, said Toni. "What do you suppose that they did in the medical facility?"

Pamela reddened; she was thinking the same thing. All sissies enjoyed their visits to the gynecologist, especially if their mother's were remiss in masturbating them regularly. Most sissies would like to be tugged about once an hour.

Pamela came back from her memories and said, "With the twenty bedroom units, they could process forty children at a time. The kitchen and dining room are large enough for that number and the medical facilities appear to be first rate. However, it appears to be inadequate to accommodate the mall's employees and their families should a disaster occur. I have no doubt that this is the reception center for illegal alien children that I think are here in Omaha. It is probably the main

quarantine station."

"I agree," said Toni. "Let's get Peety and Mike in here and see what they think."

Pamela and Toni made their way to the kitchen where the rest of the group was gathered around a portable holo display showing the sissies from the apartments shopping. "Pammy and I have finished the mall's underground layout, if any of you care to see it," said Toni.

Mike led the way into Pamela's workroom where her computer was set up and when the entire group was gathered, he asked Pamela to give a show and tell about the mall's underground layout. When Pamela had discoursed upon hers and Toni's surmises, she awaited comment.

"Of course it's for children, would you like to see pic's of some of them," announced Mary Ann as she swirled the contents of her scotch and soda in her glass, much to annoyance of Toni.

"Hard liquor will make you fat," remarked Toni.

Ignoring her lover, Mary Ann sipped her drink, trying for some sort of equality with Peter, "I said would you like to see some holo pics of the children from the mall?"

"The girls from the apartments?" asked Pamela.

Mary Ann nodded, "Yes, after they are processed here in Omaha. They are sent one of three schools operated by MEE in the country. There are two sissy schools, one in Kentucky and another in New Mexico. There is a male military academy, for those sissy washouts in Kansas." Mike and Peter smiled at the term 'washouts', but withheld their comments.

Toni asked, "Are there more 'apartments' in other parts of the U.S.?"

Mary Ann smugly replied, "Yes, in San Francisco, Baltimore and one in Miami."

Pamela asked, "How do you know all of this?"

Smiling, Mary Ann continued, "Girl chat. You know, they talk about friends in school and such. We are teaching them how to use the computer network to get in touch with their old friends."

Mike recalled Frank relaying the conversation between Carol Constancedaughter and her daughter Debra at the family gathering at the Constancedaughter compound earlier that summer. "Pam, do you think that MEE is that big to be involved across the country?"

"I honestly don't know how big or influential they are? Replied Pamela. "I think that the notice that Peter and Detective Pat received from the Joint Chiefs indicates that MEE is extremely well connected. Peter, are you getting anything from the Army CID sergeant?"

Shaking his head, Peter said, "I don't get the time of day from him. I think that the letter from the Joint Chiefs was a scare tactic. But, I think that with Mary Ann getting close to the girls from the apartment that you three start being very aware of who ever is in your immediate proximity."

The three sissies looked at each other in bewilderment.

"Just what do you mean by our immediate proximity?" Asked Mary Ann.

Mike broke into conversation, "Pete is talking about the possibility of you girls becoming in danger of being snatched off of the streets and taken 'hostage' to goad us into quitting the investigation if we get too close. "

Taking a deep breath, Mike continued, "When Pam brought her suspicions to OPD, I didn't think that there was much to them. But, in past few weeks, we have uncovered strong circumstantial evidence of the smuggling of illegal aliens into the country for the purpose of prostitution. I am convinced that this enterprise has the knowledge and support of the most powerful people in the country. A few weeks ago, we were all at Peter's soiree celebrating Toni's beating the bogus shoplifting rap. Frank told me that after they returned to Carol's 'cottage', he was engaged in mixing drinks for Carol and Debra. Debra apparently has a position with Marilyn Evelynsdaughter and MEE as a purchasing agent for real estate and this position takes her all over the country. Debra said that the rural land was intended for horse breeding, stating that Matron Evelynsdaughter was a breeder of race horses."

Pam snorted, "Livestock, I can believe. But, it isn't horses."

Peter asked Mike, "Are getting any closer to gaining access to the apartment building?"

"My boys are working on it Pete," replied Mike. "If anybody can figure how to get in, it will be young Patrick. I am becoming very impressed with the kid."

Marty Willason was actually whistling to himself as he left the apartments. He had just popped his cherry and was in wonderment of it all. 'Thank you, Kas. It was the best night of my life.' He decided to go to the Globe and Anchor, the local hangout for ex-Marines to see if Kas was about. He fingered the three invitations to the Pioneer Apartments that the bartender had given him before he left, knowing that he would put them to good use.

Entering the G & A, Marty spotted Kas right away. He was sitting at the bar with one of the reserve companies Pharmacist Mates. "Hi Ya Doc," exuberated Marty.

Kas looked at Marty and smiled, "I'll bet that you've been to the Pioneer."

"Abso...fucking lutely," replied Marty. "Kas, I can't thank you enough. It was the greatest experience of my young life. I had no idea that it could be so good."

The corpsman looked at Marty in puzzlement and asked, "What is it that apparently has changed your life, Marty?"

"Marty," said Kas, "did they give you any more invites?"

Holding the three in front of him, Marty exulted, "They gave me three, just like they gave you."

Snatching one of the cards from Marty's grip, Kas turned the corpsman, "Doc, this is a very special invitation. Take this card to the Pioneer Apartments. Use the off street side entrance and show this card to the doorman. Once inside, go to the bar and they will take you to wonderland. Also, and most importantly, bring three hundred dollars with you."

Looking at the card, Rick asked, "This isn't a drug house, is it?"

Kas and Marty shook their heads slowly while smiling. "It's a cat house," whispered Kas. A very good old, fashioned brothel."

"You're kidding. A brothel here in Omaha," blustered Rick. "I've never heard of an operating brothel in Omaha, or any place else for that matter."

Turning to Marty, Kas asked, "Who did you get?"

Puffing up a bit, Marty replied, "A rus...Ukrainian sissy. Like your Asian, she was masseuse and knew how make a man's visit very memorable."

"You fucked a sissy?" asked Rick in awe.

"Along with a very nice blowjob," smirked Marty.

Lying in bed, Carol Constancedaughter was slowly masturbating Marie, her first wife. Marie was squirming from the effects of the rim runner vibrating butt plug that had invaded her rectum. The couple was lying face to face, with Marie's wrists securely chained to her choker and her small cock encased in a sissy condom while Carol slowly manipulated the helpless sissy's member. "I had a long talk with Connie today," said Carol.

"You did? How is she? asked Marie.

"Oh, for the most part, she's very happy. I think that she is becoming

restless, though," replied Carol. "It seems that Margaret is tired of being pregnant as becoming less attentive to Connie and Penny."

"Oh, oh," squealed Marie softly. Carol halted her ministrations while the over excited sissy fruitlessly bucked her hips to empty air. Marie was on the verge of ejaculation, but could do nothing about completing the project and the butt plug was relentless. Carol relented and gave the small stiffie another short tug and stopped.

"Please, Carol. Don't stop now," pleaded Marie.

"Oh, alright, but you owe me," whispered Carol. Returning her hand to her wife's very appreciative penis, Carol stroked it to eruption. Moaning in relief, Marie came into the condom and after Carol gave her balls a little squeeze, Marie moved between Carol's legs and once positioned on her knees, attacked Carol's vagina with gusto accompanied by her little friend still roaming around her sphincter. Paying special attention to Carol's clitoris with her studded tongue, Marie hoped for a rapid orgasm from her matron and another tug on her own condom encased 'clittie'.

"Ohh, that's very good, my girl," moaned Carol as Marie was demonstrating her expertise. "I was talking about our Connie. She is becoming restless and what I am about to tell you does not leave this bed." Not waiting for answer from the very busy Marie, Carol continued, "Connie told me that was interested in having an affair."

That stopped Marie's tongue, "An affair. Is she fantasizing or is she serious?"

"Right now it's just a fantasy, now back to work dear. She told me that wanted to have an affair with Mary Ann," said Carol to the two eyes peeking over her stomach. "Our little girl wants to go to bed with Mary Ann," continued Carol. "At first, I thought it was out of the question, but the more I think about it, I kind of like the idea of the families sissies being more familiar with each other, uuaahhoo." Carol succumbed to Marie's tongue. "What do you think, love? About the family's sissies being more 'familiar' with each other?"

Marie crawled back up by Carol's side and kissed her matron deeply with her emission covered lips and whispered, "I think that it would liven things up around here, love. But, do you think that Margaret would approve of such behavior?"

"The major problem that I see," continued Carol, "is that that Margaret, Peter and my self would be excluded from all of those lovely shenanigans."

Marie smiled and said, "Matrons and favorite sons of matrons can't have all of the fun, can they?"

Carol laughed, "I do believe that our constantly pregnant Matron Margie would secretly love to have a crack at Peter, on her terms. Which of course would never happen, Peter is a cave man direct from the

twentieth century. Our little Margie would find herself face down in the pillows with Peter ram-rodging her from behind. I would love to see that."

"What do you plan to do about this, my love," whispered Marie?

Chuckling, Carol whispered back, "I think that I will have lunch with Margie in the near future."

"Are you going to invite Peter to join you and Matron Margaret?" snickered Marie.

"I may," replied Carol.

May-May was parading before the holo transmitter on her computer to Bennie and her bedmate, Pansy in San Francisco. May-May was showing off her newly acquired finery from the apartment's sissy boutique and from the Sissy Shoppe. "Friend, you are quite beautiful, I am very impressed," gushed Bennie. Pansy, a west African sissy, agreed.

"I love your make up, May-May," said Pansy. "Did your friends at the boutique show you how?"

"Oh no," replied May-May. "It was Miss Mary Ann's helper's that gave all of us classes on how choose and apply the cosmetics. I will ask them if they have a recorded lesson and if so, I will pass it along to you."

Bennie had an idea, "May-May, do you think that that your friends at the sissy boutique, err shop would agree to a live lesson to us here by holo transmission?"

May-May looked at Lani, "What do you think, lover?"

Thoughtfully, Lani replied, "I don't know, but Mary Ann has always been helpful in the past. We can ask her, I think that she would agree, even if there wasn't a sale in it for her shop."

May-May looked into the holo camera and said, "Friends, we will ask Miss Mary Ann about this. I agree with Lani that Miss Mary Ann would be more than happy to help you and your friends. I will get back to you Saturday night. Good night, I love you Binh."

Mike was gathered with his crew in the detective's squad room going over how to invade the Pioneer Apartment's. "Byron spoke up, "Pat here recognized a customer coming out of the apartments last night."

Mike looked at Pat and said, "A friend?"

"No," replied Pat. "An acquaintance, a Marine from my reserve unit. I

know his name and face, but I am not a personal friend."

"What about him," asked Winston?

"He's a construction worker, a laborer, I believe. Probably makes a decent wage, but like most young males, his entertainment is the bar scene and the occasional fist fight."

"That make's him about ninety percent typical of all males," replied Mike. "Do you think that you could get any information out of him?"

"I'm a known cop," replied Pat, "It would be awkward for me to go into the Globe and Anchor, a bar where the jarheads hangout, since I'm Navy, a 'squid'."

Mike yawned, "Try and find out what construction company he works for. I will try to arrange for a small crew from that company to do 'whatever' at the Reserve Post. If we can get this together, I will arrange for you to be doing 'official' Army-Navy liaison duty while he is on the job. Maybe seeing you out of your element will encourage him to respond to the conversation that you will try to strike up"

Winston looked at Byron and nodded police investigations have a tendency to grind on and on.

Byron looked at Mike and asked, "Mike, you don't seem to be in any big hurry to find out what's going on in the apartments?"

"Right now, I am fairly comfortable with fact that the supposed 'inmates' of our 'supposed' house of ill repute are not being mistreated. I also believe that we are treading into very deep water. Let us all be very careful in our investigations, gentlemen," said Mike. "There are very big toes that we are stomping on and they know that we are seriously snooping. Nothing about this investigation goes beyond this room, is that clear. All of our futures may well depend upon how closed mouth we are."

Mike decided not pass along the information concerning the sissies at the apartments that Mary Ann had gathered. He felt that she needed to be protected as much as possible, he also thought that she may well be the key that breaks the case open.

'What if we do break the case open? What then?' wondered Mike?

Carol had reinstalled Marie's penis restraint and while they were doing some post coitus cuddling, Carol suggested that they put their robes on and have a night cap at the pool room's bar. Jason was idly shooting balls around the pool table and drinking beer when Carol and Marie came into the pool room.

"What can I make for you ladies?" asked Jason.

"A scotch and soda for me," said Carol.

Marie puzzled for a second and asked, "Jason, will you make me an old fashioned?"

Smiling, Jason replied, "I am at your service, highness. After all, I do make the best old fashions in Omaha."

As Jason was involved in his mixology, Frank and Julie wandered into the pool room, also endeavoring a night cap.

"What will you two have?" asked Jason as he served Carol and Marie.

"Frank laughed, "Well, I'll keep mine simple, a beer, one of those specialty lagers from Milwaukee."

"I'll just have a white wine," whispered Julie.

"You can speak up girl," said Carol. "Every soul in the house is in here."

Marie was sipping her old fashioned thoughtfully and she decided to ask Carol, "Dear, do you think it might be a good idea to fill in the rest of household about Connie's dilemma?"

Frank snorted, "Connie has a dilemma, other than Margaret?" Julie slapped him lightly on his arm and shook her head in disgust.

'Well, the cat is out of the proverbial bag now,' thought Carol. "Yes, Connie does have an additional dilemma. It appears that Matron Margie is losing interest, albeit possibly only temporarily, in servicing her sissies on regular basis. Of course, they have Lance to fall back upon and each other, of course. And, as Mike has strikingly demonstrated, life can become somewhat stale on occasion."

"So, Connie wants to have an affair with Mary Ann," interjected Frank. Julie nearly dropped her wine glass at Frank's suggestion.

Brushing spilled wine from her negligee, Julie responded, "Frank, that's out of the question and you know it."

"Frank's right on the button, sweets," said Carol. "I just didn't realize that it was so obvious."

"We all would like to have an affair with Mary Ann," chortled Jason as opened another bottle of beer.

Carol burned crimson at Jason correct assessment. "Well, Margaret would never permit it," said Marie, "and Peter would....I don't know what Peter would do. He is his mother's son in many ways."

Carol glared at Marie, "Why you ungrateful little hussy. Do you think that I would like to have an affair with my daughter in law?"

"At the drop of a hat, my dear," replied a broadly smiling Jason.

Julie was sipping her wine thoughtfully and asked, "Carol dear, why don't you have lunch with Margaret and see what may be on her mind?"

"I know what's on her mind," replied Carol. "She's tired of being pregnant. She's had six children in the past eight years, three of them girls and all still living, thank God."

"Just how would you go about arranging such a liaison, Matron?" asked Frank with a slight leer.

Throwing her head back and swirling her Dutch Boy bob, Carol replied, "I don't know. I doubt if Margaret would just hand over Connie's key to me. But, she might, you never know."

"Maybe you could arrange a trade," suggested Jason. "Connie's key for an afternoon and Margie get's to tussle with Peter at another location."

Carol's hand flew to her mouth, "Do you seriously think that I would arrange an incestuous affair involving my son?"

"There's nothing incestuous about it, dear," said Marie calmly. "If you ever bothered to watch Margaret whenever she is around Peter, she is always flushed and I'll bet her panties are soaked to the skin."

"Margie has the hot's for our 'Peety'?" inquired Jason. "Very interesting."

Finishing her drink, Carol ordered a refill. When Jason delivered it, she got up off of her bar stool and with a swish of her silk pajamas left the room for her bedroom taking the drink with her.

"You boy's will have to entertain yourselves for the rest of the evening, I need to talk privately with Julie," said Marie. She stood, wrapping her negligee around her and helped Julie to feet and the two sissies left for bed, hand in hand.

"Well, that has been as interesting of a conversation that has been had around here in quite some time," remarked Frank. "Another beverage, my good man. And be quick about it."

Jason laughed.

Captain Rachel Alicesdaughter called Mike into her office at the downtown Safety Building.

"Mike, I have received a complaint from the Omaha Fire Department. Apparently there was a fire at 'The Olde Towne Mall' several weeks ago and two of our detectives were masquerading as Fire Marshalls investigating the premises? The complaint was made by the owner, Dr.

Abigail Jennifer's daughter. It concerns the two 'Fire Marshalls' taking extensive holo pics of the buildings undamaged interior. What do you know about this?"

"Rachel, the 'Fire Marshalls' were Winston and Byron. They are part of my team you authorized for investigating the State's Department of Revenue suspicions concerning the building in question," replied a very wary Mike.

"Oh yes, the very pretty sissy that I believe that you are illegally co-habiting with is the Nebraska Department of Revenue's liaison concerning this investigation," accused Rachel. Mike was not surprised that his boss knew this, but too much time had passed for this bit of common knowledge to an effective threat.

Mike took a deep breath, "Rachel, there is very good circumstantial evidence that the owners of the Olde Towne Mall are involved in the smuggling of illegal aliens and aiding in the prostitution of those same aliens. Incidentally, all of those aliens are minors."

"How good is this 'circumstantial' evidence, Mike?" asked Rachel quietly.

Pacing, Mike answered, "It wouldn't stand up in court, but we have names, places and dates. All on holo chips." Stopping, Mike added, "Rachel, your friend Dr. Jennifer's daughter is implicated by association only, but our suspicions and I strongly suspect that they are correct, would lead us to believe that she is intimately involved. A thorough check of land titles and transfers would probably lead directly to her and Dr. Anita's daughter, and who knows who else."

"Who else besides your team, know about all of this?" asked Rachel

"Remain seated boss," smiled Mike very crookedly. "I also strongly believe the US Military's Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Army's Criminal Investigations Division are deeply involved."

Her jaw dropping, Rachel whispered, "You're kidding, aren't you?" Shaking her bobbed head, she continued, "Anybody else that I should know about?"

"Yes," said Mike, "The Florida State Highway Commissioner."

"Who the hell is the Florida State Highway Commissioner?" asked the incredulous Captain of Detectives.

"One, Marilyn Evelyn's daughter," replied Mike succinctly. "I believe that she is the head of the operation, how she engaged the military is anyone's guess. We do have surveillance holo's of most of the sissies operating out of the Pioneer Apartments with excellent audio quality, telling all. Who they are, where they are originally from, how they got here, what they have been doing here since their arrival and their hopes and aspirations. It's all quite complete and very damning."

"What do you plan to do?" whispered Rachel.

"For now, nothing," said Mike. "I want to complete the investigation, tie it up and wrap a ribbon around it and put it in my safe. A copy for you, naturally."

"Your right, something like this would never see a second in any court," replied Rachel, "and I agree with you, find out all you can and sit on it. If even only half of what you suspect is true, we would all disappear once we tried to make a pinch."

Mike nodded.

"Are there persons that I know besides the doctors involved in this in any way?" asked Rachel.

"Err, yes," whispered Mike. "Your daughter, Margaret."

Bowing her head onto her desk, Rachel sighed, "My daughter's a pimp?"

Shaking his head, Mike replied, "No, Rachel she is a customer, a 'John', I believe they used to call it."

Carol had called Margaret and asked her if she would be free for a luncheon during the coming week. Margaret's enthusiast response surprised Carol and they made a date for the next day. Carol had arranged for a small private dining room at the country club and asked Margaret to meet her at about one in the afternoon. After having a light cocktail at the main bar, they retired to the private dining room.

A very attractive young male waiter took their order and discreetly retired from the room. "I had an afternoon outing with Connie last week," began Carol.

"Is my wife carrying tales home to mama?" smiled Margaret.

Smiling Carol continued, "Yes, she is ever the little tattletale. But, actually she was quite concerned about you."

Margaret raised her perfectly trimmed eyebrows, "What is my darling concerned about Carol?"

'Right to the point, I like that,' thought Carol. "Have you been feeling somewhat blasé recently, dear?"

"Actually, yes," replied Margaret. "I know that I have been inattentive to Connie and Penny lately. Lance wouldn't know if I ignored him or not."

Carol ironically, was pleased with this answer. It showed that two centuries of feminine domination of family life had produced heads of households that knew when things were not going according to the book.

"I assume that you are tired of being pregnant, I know that I was after four," she said.

"That and my sexual duties are becoming stale. I know that Lance will take care of the girls needs without any urging on my part. But, you know, I feel a tremendous void in my sexual activities. I'm always supposed to be charge, you know, on top and directing every emission that occurs. I would like to a little more submissive, if that's the proper term."

Carol smiled, "You would like to just lie back and get screwed until you couldn't take anymore, is that the feeling?"

A sheepish smile crossed Margaret's face, followed by a small nod. "I love having sex with the girls. They always present themselves so eagerly. Butts high in the air all the while thinking, fuck me, please fuck me and incidentally, and please pull my thingy while you're at it."

Carol smiled, "I know the feeling. Fortunately for me I was attracted to Frank, my first consort. He had old fashioned ideas about what went on in the bedroom. He screwed my lights out every time he got into my bed. Unfortunately, he's getting older and the fire is banking, so to speak."

"Carol, have you ever thought of having an affair?" whispered Margaret.

'I smell a solution for everybody's angst,' smiled Carol to herself.

"No dear, like I said, I had Frank and then Mike and Jason to add some variety. But, Marie and Julie are just like Connie and Penny, except older and more demanding."

"I have a suspicion that you are attracted to certain member of my family, is that not so?" asked Carol with glint in her eye.

Margaret blushed, "I didn't realize that my reactions to Peter were so obvious."

"My dear, Peter is the horniest male in Nebraska, or the high plains for that matter. He views you as a conquest that is only a matter of time. However, I have it on good authority, that Peter has never had sex with a female. That in itself is not particularly surprising as he's never consorted with a matron." Carol paused, looking at Margaret, who was leaning forward onto the table. "If you are interested and I am interested in the mental health of the matrons in my little clan, would you be interested in a tryst with my son?"

Taken aback by her mother in laws bluntness, Margaret sat back in her chair attempting to regain a little decorum. Softly and slyly, Margaret asked, "What would be the conditions of this 'tryst'?"

"Connie and Mary Ann," said Carol quietly.

"Mary Ann wants to have an affair with my Connie?" squealed Margaret.

"Nooo, Connie wants to have an affair with Mary Ann. Although, I do believe that Mary Ann would very consensual to such an activity," smiled Carol.

Sitting back in her chair and taking a gulp from her drink, Margaret stared at Carol and said, "I would love to watch that."

"So would I," replied Carol, matter of factly. "I think that Peter is broadminded enough to permit such an activity between the sissies, for a price. However, if you put yourself up as collateral, be prepared to have your butt seriously bounced in Peter's bed."

Margaret was getting very wet just thinking about it.

Stephanie Constanceson was enjoying a very satisfying act of fellatio with her co-wife Annie, the magnificent African girl. When Annie finally erupted into her mouth, Stephanie secretly wondered what Annie's six inch cock would feel like embedded up her rectum. The two sixty-nining sissy's matron, Debra Constancedaughter was enjoying the view of her wives satisfying themselves. She silently left the bedroom and went her study to contemplate whether she would take a consort male or employee a pretty boy to fill out her households sexual needs.

Her employer, Marilyn Evelynsdaughter had advised her against consorting with an independent male. "They think with their tool, dear. And, they can become difficult to control, contract with a pretty boy instead. When you tire of them, you merely terminate them.

Debra activated her computer and said "Pretty Boys" and the holo display erupted with suggestive poses of some two hundred males, and this was only page one of sixty eight. Debra scrolled over to the 'help wanted' pages and advertised, "Wanted, one male to service a matron's household, must be no more than twenty five with impressive equipment.

Also, applicant must be willing to be restrained." Satisfied with the brief message, Debra posted the advertisement. Marilyn had warned her, 'under no circumstances, should you allow a 'Free penis into your home,' men become very 'uppity' when they are not constrained. Debra then poured herself a glass of wine and idly scrolled through the many pages of masculine eye candy.

Draining her glass, Debra rose from her chair and said to herself, 'Back to work girl. It's time to show the little girls who's in charge.' She retrieved her eight inch strap on dildo from her desk and headed back to the bedroom. 'I'll take Stephe first and then the little trollop can enjoy watching me pork the magnificent Annie.'

The Peter Constanceson clan was having a clan meeting around the kitchen table. Toni was drinking her white wine while Mary Ann and Peter were on scotch. Mary Ann was sipping a decent blended and Peter was drinking a very smoky Lowland single malt.

Toni looked at Peter and asked, "You are worried about this investigation, aren't you sweet's?"

Peter looked at Toni and then at Mary Ann, "Girls, this may be as dangerous operation as I have ever been involved with, including my fun and games in the Army. Those letters that detective Pat and I received from the military brass, well, they just don't do things like that. Nobody get's a personal missive from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. It's just not done."

"I haven't figured this all out yet," added Mary Ann. "The girls from the apartment seem to be happy. They have a lot of money to throw around as they see fit. In fact, they have more free cash than I have ever seen any sissies walking around with."

"Well sweetie, they're hookers," remarked Toni.

"They're more than that, Toni," said Peter. "I don't have any idea how they even entered the country. The border with old Mexico is mined for Christ sakes."

"It's obvious how they got into the country, my very lovable dimwit, the military got them into the US," replied Toni. "That's why the big brass doesn't want you, Pat or anybody else mucking about in their project."

"Peety, call Uncle Mike and arrange a private dinner for us and him and Pamela," urged Mary Ann. "We need to be all on the same page." She stopped in mid thought and asked Peter, "What does 'being on the same page mean?"

Laughing, Peter replied, "It is an ancient colloquialism, referring to the days when books and newspapers were actually printed. They were collected into books, you know what a book is and being on the same page was a reference to everybody being aware of exactly what was going on."

"History lesson's aside, Mary Ann is right," said Toni. "We need to be together on this adventure and I recommend that the very cute detective Pat be invited."

Peter rose from the table to refresh his drink and looked at Mary Ann. "Sweets, do you think that your new girlfriends, May-May and Lani might be interested in dinner with the clan?"

Mary Ann brightened, "As long as it is on a Saturday, I think that they would be thrilled."

Over his shoulder, Peter said to Mary Ann, "This coming Saturday, I

will let you know where."

Lani and May-May were cuddling after their hour of oral sex with each other. They were restrained by now, but they had had their fun. May-May whispered to her bedmate, "My matron that enjoys wearing sissy clothing, was in today."

"Ooohh," squealed Lani, "Tell me all."

Giving Lani a quick peck on the lips, May-May started, "I only know her first name, it's Margaret. I get the feeling that she is importantly connected here in Omaha."

"I'm not interested in her pedigree," whispered Lani. "What does she do?"

"Well," started May-May, "She like's to change into a skirt and blouse, very sissy and cuddle. But she likes to have sex in a shortie nightgown. I have to change into a nightie myself and we kiss and fondle some more. She likes to start out with me putting my fingers into her vagina and rub that little clittie above it. When I've got her excited, she has me put on a strap on dildo, like the matrons use, except I fuck her, in the vagina only. After about a half an hour of this, she has me lick her to orgasm. My little pee-pee is crying for relief by the time that I finally get her off and out of the room."

"Matrons dressing like sissies?" wondered Lani. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"The sissy floor mistress here once told me that about two hundred years ago, sissy clothing was standard for ma...err, females. When the females started developing sissies, they gave up skirts and dresses and longer hair," whispered May-May.

Lani mouth formed the classic 'O' of the recently enlightened. "Do you think that this matrons dressing as sissies is 'common'?" asked Lani.

Lying back onto her plush pillows, May-May concentrated upon Lani's question. "Common, no, but I think that the matron's have a very shallow façade. You know face," said May-May in reply to Lani's question.

"I don't know what you mean, lover?" said Lani in confusion.

"What I mean is that there haven't been sissies forever. They have only been a part of this rich society for the last two hundred years," stated May-May emphatically.

"How do you know this, about the sissies I mean?" questioned Lani.

"From the computer, you foolish girl," replied May-May. "If you know how to use it, the entire world's knowledge is in that little box."

Lani absorbed this piece of information with some awe. "Will you teach me how to use the computer?" asked Lani hopefully.

May-May embraced her bedmate and the sissies locked tongues and fitfully and unsuccessfully tried to masturbate their plasteel encased cockette's on each others thighs.

"Of course I will, you silly sissy," smooched May-May. "Tomorrow, we will start. It is very easy, even for a 'Russki' sissy." May-May added the dig to mildly irritate her Ukrainian lover.

Bob Gabrielleson had gathered his team of former Australian commando's into a small briefing supplied by the Air Force. "Does everyone have a beer?" asked Gabrielleson. A show of hands, each lofting a bottle of Australian beer answered his question.

"Good," continued Gabrielleson, "MEE has given us our next assignment. It appears that we are going to make a 'first contact'."

The commando's groaned in unison, first contacts were notoriously dangerous.

Continuing, Gabrielleson outlined the mission. "We are going into Bangladesh, formerly a poverty stricken shithole at the head of the Bay of Bengal. I have no doubt that it is even more impoverished than previously reported, some two hundred and fifty years ago."

"What sort of backup will we have?" asked the First Sergeant.

"The Bunker Hill," said Gabrielleson. "We will approach by sub and debark in rubber dinghies and hope for the best. There is no 'intel' for this mission; this part of Asia is an informational black hole. If thing's get dicey, the Bunker Hill will evacuate us by helo and they have dedicated two companies of Marines to help us get out, if necessary."

The First Sergeant spoke again, "What is the plan for contact?"

Gabrielleson looked his men and said, "Very simple, we will traverse the seaside mangrove swamp and find some high ground, set up a tactical camp in a hopefully not too snaky area and wait for the locals to find us."

The Aussie's were grumbling, as usual, but seemed ready to escape the boredom of Diego Garcia.

"You will want to consult the Air Force's tactical computers for the latest geographical satellite holos and once you have decided where we are to land, I will let the Navy know and we will shove off, asap." Concluded Gabrielleson.

The group of very hard men nodded as one and rose to return to the bar and grouse about the mission for a while before they got down to the business of planning for it.

Debra was waiting at her home office desk for next applicant for the 'gardener' position that she had advertised for.

Matron Evelynsdaughter had laid out a proscribed itinerary for interviews with prospective 'pretty boys'. 'I recommend that you have at least one 'pretty boy' in your household, she recalled Marilyn telling her. They are much more dependable and more importantly, controllable than some slovenly 'uncle' and I am giving you a sample six month contract as a guide for your negotiations.'

A well built young man entered Debra's office and before her desk. "You are Henry Melissason?" asked Debra.

"Yes Ma'am," replied the supplicant.

"Henry, I am looking for a young man to be a gardener and general handyman around the household. The job description is quite basic; you would be responsible for the general upkeep of the premises and it also includes some intimate duties with my wives under strictly supervised conditions. The pay is one thousand dollars per month, but includes room and board, transportation and of course unspecified benefits." The handsome young man was fighting to control the erection that was forming in his trousers.

Debra smiled, and continued, "I should like to point out some hard and fast household rules; All sissies and males in this house will wear penile restraints at all times, unless I release them. All sexual activity will be conducted at my discretion and the contract period is for six months with a thirty day probationary period. You may, of course, voluntarily terminate your employment with a written two week notice to do so. Should you quit the premises without notification, all monetary recompense will be withheld."

The applicant nodded his agreement to Debra's conditions.

"One final question, Henry," said Debra. "Does your knowledge of horticulture extend beyond the fact that most plants die when they are not watered?"

"Yes ma'am," replied Henry. "I am also aware that lawns become unsightly when they are allowed to grow unchecked."

Sitting back in her chair, Debra smiled broadly, "I like you, Henry. You are a smart-aleck and hopefully, you perform with rest of your endowments as well as you do with your mouth." Debra rose from behind her desk and looking Henry dead in the eye, said "Strip, my little Hank. I want to see what I am hiring."

Detective Pat Meganson drove his car onto the Army Reserve/National Guard Post on the outskirts of Omaha. He needed to see his boss, Mike who incidentally was Post Commander. Showing his Naval Reserve ID to the gate guard, Pat was allowed to pass and he followed the signage to Post HQ. Pat presented his ID to the guard at the entrance and was directed to the Post Commanders office. The duty SoG (Sergeant of the Guard) knocked on Mike's office door, entered and saluted and said, "Sir, some 'squid' would like to see you."

"Squid?" asked Mike.

Grinning, the SOG replied, "Yes sir, one of your detectives, a Pat Meganson."

Returning the grin, Mike said, "Show the sailorman in, sergeant."

Upon entering Mike's office, Pat fumbled a salute and started, "Mi.....Sir, I have some urgent information concerning our investigation."

"At ease, Pat, what's up?" asked Mike.

"I have an in," said Pat.

"An in to what, detective?" replied Mike.

"To the apartments," whispered Pat, loudly.

Mike stood and rounded his desk, "How? He demanded.

Pat smiled and said, "A stroke of luck. A Medical Corpsman, Medic to you contacted me and told a story of how a Marine had given him a pass to Omaha's premier and only, cathouse. He is a typical corpsman, braver than shit, but a candy ass when it comes to bending the law."

"Continue," said the fascinated Mike.

"It seems that this particular corpsman is attached to a Marine Reserve Assault Platoon and one the Gunny's had given him a pass to enter the Pioneer Apartments and said that it was the only place in Omaha that a guy could be positive about getting laid," reported Pat.

"And this idiot gave you his pass?" wondered Mike.

"Like I said, very brave, very competent and very dumb, that's a Naval Corpsman," snickered Pat.

"Mike, I need your advice, permission or whatever. Can I legally enter the apartments and if I find unlawful activities being engaged in, ignore them?" asked Pat.

Mike looked at Pat and said, "Lad, I was in conference with her

highness, Inspector Alicesdaughter and a complication has arisen. It is doubtful that any charges of any kind will be forthcoming from this investigation. The political ramifications are horrendous. One of these nights when the squad is getting very drunk together, I will lay it out for you. But, since we don't have any actual first hand knowledge of the activities going on in the Pioneer, I think that it would be a good idea for one of our bright and upcoming detectives to avail himself to the opportunity of a more 'in depth' investigation. In other words lad, go get your ashes hauled and.....enjoy."

Astonished, Pat looked at his boss, "Yes sir. I will have an 'eyes only' report on your desk tomorrow morning." Pat then stood and saluted did what passed for a naval about face and left Mike's office. Mike just stood behind his desk smiling at the departing detective. He was now very glad that he didn't show Rachel the holo security disks of a certain young matron dressed in sissy night clothing having sex with a very attractive asian sissy from Vietnamr.

Pat left the Army Post and headed directly for the Pioneer Apartments. Parking in the lot, he followed the Corpsman's directions and entered at the canopied side entrance. After his 'invitation' was inspected by the doorman he was admitted and conducted to the bar. While he was enjoying a beer and perusing the holo 'catalog' of items available, the tall hostess sissy brought in a matron and her sissy wife. Pat was sitting at the far end of the bar and maintained his interest in the catalog, but also was eavesdropping to the best of his ability upon the conversation between the barman and the matron.

"It is my Sherrie's birthday and I wanted to give something special for her first 'married' birthday," intimated the attractive matron.

The barman looked around as to insure intimacy and replied, "Matron, we have many things that could be special for your wife. But, to be of more assistance, I need to have some idea of what you have in mind?"

The young matron blushed; she was somewhat flustered about discussing intimate activities with a male, even one that she was assured was wearing a penis restraint. "Young man, I am not familiar enough with male knowledge of matron/sissy relationships to know if you are aware of typical sissy sexual activity." Sherrie, standing next to her matron, was blushing furiously.

The barman, stood erect and smiled at both the matron and her wife, "Madame, you may be assured that I have been briefed in depth upon most aspects of matron/sissy matrimonial activities. I am here to assist you and your wife in choosing the activity that you both are desirous of. Of course, all conversations held at this bar, stay at this bar. Now, if you can somewhat more explicit, I can almost guarantee your satisfaction."

Pausing to assess the bartender, the matron concluded, "As you almost certainly know, most sissies have never been 'penetrators' during

sexual activity. I would like for Sherrie to enjoy that privilege and I would like to observe the activity to insure my wife's safety."

'Why, you dirty young thing,' thought the bartender. "That is a request that is more common than you might imagine. Many matrons, especially younger enlightened matrons have made the very same request. Our hostesses are trained to comply with your request with upmost discretion and compassion."

Passing a holo cube across the bar to the matron, the barman added, "Why don't you and 'Sherrie' look through our catalog of hostesses and make a choice for your evening entertainment. Please take a table and I will bring a refreshment for both of you while you make your choice." The bartender swept a hand towards several empty tables and asked, "What is your pleasure, ladies?"

Uncertain why she was reassured, the matron grabbed Sherrie by the hand and sat at a nearby table. "Two, Zinfandel's please."

The bartender nodded.

Pat had turned his face away from the conversation between the matron and the bartender and trying not to snicker, took a deep draw on his glass of beer. As he was regaining his composure, the tall sissy hostess came into the bar and directly to Pat and informed him that his 'companion' was awaiting him. "Her name is May, but is always referred to as May-May. She is a trained masseuse and from what I am told, a very good choice for a young man's first time."

The hostess's remarks were just loud enough for the young matron and her wife to hear. It was Pat's turn to blush.

Debra was impressed with Henry's endowment and she offered the standard employment contract to Henry and the young man readily signed it.

Still naked, Henry was ordered to lay out on the couch and spread his legs. Debra opened a drawer in her desk and withdrew a spool of deactivated plasteel, blank restraint key and spay can of 'Sissy Calm'. "OK buster, remember you asked for this," sniggered Debra as she pulled a length of limp plasteel cord off of its spool and wrapped in carefully around Henry's scrotum, over the root of his penis and behind his sack. Once satisfied with the fit, Debra held the loose ends of the plasteel cord together and activated the 'key'. The electronic emission bonded the loose ends together and Henry's scrotum was encircled with a plasteel ring while his 'endowment' was even more impressive now that it was fully erect.

"Don't you dare touch yourself," warned Debra. "You are 'my' property for the next six months and I will let you know where and with whom you may get excited with."

Debra then rolled a condom over Henry's erection and very slowly and

casually began to masturbate him.

"You will scare my girls to death with this monster," giggled Debra. "Though, Annie is quite well endowed, for a sissy."

After several minutes of degrading small talk, Debra finally allowed Henry to ejaculate into the condom. Debra milked the pretty boys balls and forced all of his emission into the waiting condom before she removed the condom from Henry's spent cock. Spraying the now naked member with a medicated lubricant, Debra saw that it was trying to revive with random twitches.

"No more of that for now," snapped Debra and gave the soon to imprisoned cock a good spray of 'Sissy Calm' and it shriveled to 'containment' size. The now wickedly smiling Debra snipped a measured length of plasteel tubing from it roll and slid the for now soft material over Henry's cock, being careful to keep the cock head exposed. She then took a roll of flat plasteel and removed the film covering from one side and held it firm to the plasteel tubing on the underside of Henry's cock, just below where his cock head peeked forlornly at freedom. The two pieces of plasteel instantly bonded. Compressing Henry's prick against his balls and forcing the pretty boys cock back between his thighs, Debra again cut the plasteel flat stock and ran the unattached end under the plasteel scrotum ring behind Henry's ball sack and once the flat piece was passed between Henry's skin and the scrotum ring, she formed it into a curved end, wrapping the fabric around the scrotum ring at a point closest to Henry's anus.

Satisfied with the fit, Debra asked Henry, "Are you comfy, Hank?"

Aghast, the young man merely nodded.

Debra then depressed the electronic key once again and the plasteel tubing and fabric instantly hardened, mildly constricting the pretty boys cock in the tubing and holding the penis in a firm backward position pressed against his balls.

"Only one more thing to do, Hank, please be patient," smiled Debra. Cutting one more short length of the film coated plasteel fabric, Debra worked the length beneath the scrotum ring and removed the film and pressed it against the top of the penis tube. Holding this last piece in place, Debra once again depressed the electronic key and the fabric stiffened to steel.

Henry looked in vain for any sign of his favorite plaything to no avail. There was just the top portion of his new prison visible, nestled in his pubic hair. "You will remove all of the hair from your body below the eyebrows, including around your anus by tomorrow morning and if you pass Stephanie's inspection, she will pierce both of your ears. Small ear rings will look darling on you.

Oh, I almost forgot one more thing. Lift your head and look at me," ordered Debra.

She took and small gold bull ring from it jewelry case and slid the small opening in the ring over Henry's septum and gave the ring a small tap, activating a powerful magnet holding the two open ends of the ring against the inside of Henry's nasal passage.

"Come with me, dear," ordered Debra. "I will show you to your apartment."

Naked, the sissified boy, followed his mistress and caught a glimpse of himself in several mirrors. His manhood was securely tucked between his legs and the gold nose ring bounced off of his upper lip. Entering the apartment, a modest three room affair with a small kitchenette, Debra pointed out the living room, bathroom, kitchenette and finally the bedroom. It was equipped with a double bed, satin sheets and dresser. I will provide all of your clothing for your day to day duties. When you leave the premises, either I or Stephie will remove the nose ring and you may wear whatever clothing you wish. Upon your return, the ring and the house issue will return."

Tears were running down Henry's face as the reality of his temporary servitude sank in.

"Don't be such a baby about this, after all everybody in this household pee's sitting down, why should you be any different?" remarked Debra. "And, after all you will be a very busy boy. Tomorrow night you and my wives and I will have a little welcoming romp in my bedroom. But, before that happens, you will get yourself properly defoliated and cleaned up. Be sure to get acquainted with douche in the bathroom. Around here being clean is very important."

The next morning, a groggy Henry was awakened by a soft rap on his bedroom door. Getting out of bed and opening the door a crack, Henry came face to face with the beautiful Stephanie. "Get ready for breakfast, sleepyhead. Our day starts at six thirty around here. Matron has already left for her office and the rest of us have a full day ahead, especially you."

Henry nodded and closed the door and heard Stephie close the apartment door behind her.

'I gotta pee,' thought Henry. He went into the bathroom and straddled the toilet and the sudden realization of his condition struck home. He hurriedly turned around and sat on the seat. A few drops of urine splashed against his rump and when he was done peeing, he dabbed his ass with toilet paper completing phase one of his training. He opened the door to the towel closet and found several towels, wash cloths and rubber bag device with a note on it. 'Use this twice a day, instructions are on the sink.' Looking over to the sink, Henry saw a pamphlet with cartoon illustrations a penis restrained pretty boy inserting the penis shaped nozzle up his rectum, with a smile on his face. Inside the pamphlet was

a more detailed description of the procedure. 'Ugh,' wondered Henry as he paged through the 'instructions', 'What have I gotten myself into?'

After he had showered and douched, Henry looked in the dresser for underwear and was dismayed to find only silk panties, tee shirts, pajamas, sweat bands and socks. The clothes closet held slacks, shirts and Bermuda shorts and a short silk bathrobe. A shoe locker held a reasonable collection of men's shoes including loafers, running shoes, sandals and heavy leather work boots.

Henry dressed for day in Bermuda shorts, silk tee shirt and work boots with silk knee socks. Making his way to the kitchen, Henry discovered the reason for the penis restraint. Stephie and the remarkable Annie were dressed in short gingham shifts with tight bodices that barely contained their ample endowments.

'This could prove to be very interesting,' thought Henry as he ogled his fellow inmates.

"Hi, I'm Stephanie and this is Annie, we run the house and you my fine hairy stud run the outside. After breakfast, Annie is going to help you get rid of your excess fuzz. Miss Debra was insistent that you be properly smooth for your welcoming party. Also, Annie is going to pierce your ears and show you how to trim and polish your nails, clear coat only, for you. So get used to wearing work gloves during your duties."

Henry merely nodded and sat down to an excellent breakfast.

While Henry was eating, Annie said, "Matron, wants' you cleaned up as the priority for the day, but I would suggest that you walk about the property and see where everything is located, because after tonight it will be business as usual." Stephie added, "For the first few days, you get a list of tasks to taken care of. After you've been on the job for a while, Matron will expect you to perform your duties without instruction from her or us.

"OK, Cap'n," started the Aussie ex-First Sergeant, "Us diggers have come up with a plan."

Bob Gabrielleson merely nodded and held out his hand for the First Sergeant to continue.

Taking a swig from his beer bottle, the First Sergeant continued, "We have the sub driver take us to the south tip of Chittagong peninsula, which is on the Bay of Bengal. We go ashore near what was a petrol refinery. The best information we have is that Chittagong is still standing and has some inhabitants, but the refinery, judging by satellite recon is out of commission. The southern tip of the peninsula, near our landing site appears to be primarily active agricultural in nature. To the northeast of the southern tip is the old refinery. There are large dock works along the river to the northeast and there appears to be an

old airport next to the refinery. The current condition of the runway is that it is overgrown with vegetation and unusable.

We go ashore at the tip of the peninsula. There is what appears to be a roadway, also overgrown, next to the shoreline. About two 'klicks' east of our landing site there is an intersection and road north leads to the airport. Satellite photo's taken at night indicate that the airport is uninhabited, but that's a guess. We set up our HQ in the airport main building, if it's usable; otherwise we take what's available. Then we wait, I guess."

Gabrielleson nodded and said, "Very good, Sergeant. "Could we have the sub drop us off in the river next to the petro docks?"

"Probably," nodded the Sergeant, "but my guess is that the river is fished at night. We spotted small lights on the river in the nighttime satellite photos, fishing boats would be my guess. We wouldn't want to upset the locals by surfacing in the middle of their food gathering activities. Also, we have no idea how much silt has been deposited in the past two hundred odd years so the rivers depth is very uncertain."

"What's on the East shore?" asked Gabrielleson.

The sergeant sniggered, "Mangrove swamp, as far the eye can see. We don't want to go there, except as a last resort."

"Good," said Gabrielleson, "I'll contact the Navy and we will shove off in two or three days. You guy's meet me at the base NCO club, MEE is buying."

Peter and Carol were awaiting the arrival of Margaret to join them for lunch at the small bistro across from City Hall. Peter was nervous, a condition that he was unaccustomed to. Carol likewise was somewhat ill at ease. "Go slow on the scotch, sonny," remanded Carol to Peter.

Peter was on his third drink in less than thirty minutes. His mother had outlined her conversation with Margaret and the proposed 'tryst' between Mary Ann and Connie. He did not have any objections as long as it was done discreetly. Carol did not Peter of her plan to him bed Margaret. Peter was mulling over telling Carol about the holo recordings done at the Pioneer Apartments involving a certain Ukrainian sissy and a matron transvestite. Mike had told him not to discuss the holo's with anyone, period. Peter guessed that Mike wanted a little blackmail card in his hand if the investigation got out of hand. While Peter was nervously weighing the situation Margaret arrived.

Margaret hurriedly kissed both Carol and Peter on their cheeks and sat down. "I'm sorry that I am late mom, but I was delayed at work."

A very attentive waiter hurried over to their table to take Margaret's order. Peter added his fourth scotch to Margaret's order despite Carol's glare. Margaret launched into family small talk until her wine

arrived and the trio then ordered their lunch. Margaret was unusually bubbly during lunch, a side of her that he had never seen.

Clearing the table, the waiter asked if they wanted an after dinner beverage? "Please," responded Carol, "a scotch for me, a wine for the matron and iced tea for the lout."

After their drinks had arrived and the waiter had moved discreetly out of ear shot, Carol began, "I have told Peter about Connie's fantasy and he has no objections, is that right dear?" Peter nodded, but said nothing, staring at Margaret.

Margaret began to blush, "I don't know how to set up such an encounter between the girls. Do you have any ideas, Peter?"

"Yes, I do," said Peter matter of factly, "You and your girls come over to my apartment and have dinner with me and my girls. We will have an excessive amount of alcohol after dinner and let matters wind their way to a satisfactory completion. Be prepared to spend the night. Tell Lance that you and the girls are attending an overnight seminar for matrons and sissies in Lincoln and give him this." Peter then slid an 'Admit One' card from the Pioneer Apartments over to Margaret.

Margaret looked at the card and then back at Peter as if she had been poleaxed. Peter added, "I think that our little families will have a very enjoyable weekend together."

Carol sat there looking at Peter and Margaret without comprehending just what went on between the two. Margaret was a deep red by now and looked at Peter and whispered, "Just why is Penny to come along?"

"Am I supposed to send Toni off to the couch alone?" replied Peter wryly.

"Carol, please order me a whisky, neat," pleaded Margaret.

Pat followed the tall sissy hostess down a long, carpeted corridor and stopped at a door and knocked lightly. Pat did not hear a response from inside, but the sissy opened the door and motioned for Pat to enter. Standing next to what was similar to a medical examination table was a tallish oriental sissy. Pat's eyes met May-May's and locked. Pat recovered and nodded a brief introduction and the sissy replied, "Sir, please disrobe and lie upon the table."

"My name is May-May and I am your masseuse. Do you have any areas of pain that I should be aware of?" said the sissy.

Fumbling out of his clothes, Pat muttered, "Why no, as far as areas of pain, do you plan to inflict some?"

May-May giggled, "Why no sir, I plan to cure a deep pain that you may not be aware of."

Pat stopped undressing and sat down on the only chair in the small room. Tears started forming in his eyes as he realized the deep truth in the sissy's off hand remark. 'I do have a deep pain,' he thought, 'a pain of a lifetime of loneliness and sucking it up. Thank you little girl for being here for me.'

May-May recognized the anchor and chain tattoo on Pat's arm and said, "Okay sailorman, up on the table and I will give you some relief, but before I start, I need your chit."

Mike and Pamela were having a light dinner in their apartment when Mike looked the sissy in the eye and said, "I have to tell you that the investigation is near a close. I think that we have enough evidence to bring charges of importation of illegal alien minors for the purpose of prostitution against the two foremost physicians in Omaha, but I will not make that charge. In fact, I will not make any charges. I am going to declare the investigation at a close, due to inconclusive evidence."

Pamela slumped slightly, recovering she said, "I'm not surprised. This rot goes all the way to the top, doesn't it?"

Mike nodded, and asked, "Where does that leave us?"

Smiling, Pamela replied, "I have been offered an instructors position in public accounting at the U. of N. campus, here in Omaha. I have felt for the past few weeks that we were getting in over our heads. Do you want to continue our relationship?"

Mike placed his fork in his salad dish, rose to his feet and came around the table. Tilting the surprised sissy's face to his, kissed her deeply, fighting his way through the vinaigrette dressing coating her lips.

"After dinner, and of course, after you've cleaned the dishes. Change into your prettiest nightie, make me a drink and come into the living room and while you sit on my knee, little girl. I will tell you all, concerning this investigation. Also, we will discuss our honeymoon plans after we become consorted."

Pamela squealed with delight and forced her tongue between Mike's lips and deposited a small piece cucumber into his mouth as a memento of this intensely romantic moment.

Debra, sitting at the head of the table was pleased with the intelligent conversation that Henry carried on with her wives. After dinner, Debra and Henry retired to the 'sitting room' where the girls served them cocktails while they cleaned up after dinner. Henry felt quite comfortable with his new matron, except for the nose ring

magnetically held between his nostrils. He, like Debra was dressed in white cotton cargo slacks and a Navy Blue polo shirt and was surprised to learn about Debra's sheltered upbringing in Omaha and her 'crush' on her brother Peter. He was impressed that Debra worked for MEE, a company that exerted a good deal of influence in south Florida. When Stephanie and Annie had gotten the kitchen organized, they joined their matron and Henry in the sitting room.

"One more cocktail, girls and boys and then we will retire to the matron bedroom and initiate our new stud," leered Debra. A thrilling chill ran up Henry's back. He knew that he was going to be somewhat humiliated, but it could be fun.

Pat was enjoying May-May's strong fingers massaging his back and shoulders. The tenseness that he brought into the cubical was melting under the Asian girl's ministrations. A hand snuck beneath the towel that covered his buttocks and lightly grasp his cock. He went almost instantly erect, but the strong hand held him firmly between his legs.

"Oh, you are a big for a sailor. My Marine friends have told me that sailors are like chipmunks," murmured May-May as she stroked Pat's cock.

"How would a Marine know anything about cock size?" retorted Pat. "The only time they are allowed to touch one is in their daily showers, where they stand in a circle and the man on the right tugs on the man to his left's cock. And they have to come in unison or they must repeat the drill."

"Noooo, really," squealed May-May. "This really happens?"

"Every day, at eight bells," said Pat solemnly.

May-May started to giggle at the thought of the tough Marines in a circle in the shower.

"When I was in school in New Mexico, my bedmate was a sissy from my village in Vietnam. We didn't realize how fortunate we were to be brought here. The world is a very sad place. Turn over onto your back please."

Lying on his back and his head propped up by a pillow, Pat watched as May-May expertly rolled a condom over his raging member. Pat had a million questions to ask this very pretty sissy, but that have to wait, May-May's mouth was occupied and Pat immensely enjoying his first blow job.

Stephie and Annie were giggling between themselves as they changed into their sheerest shortie night gowns. "What do think?" asked Annie.

"Should we do it up right and wear garter belts and hose?"

"Absolutely," replied Stephie, "Debbie likes nylon clad legs wrapped around her. And, if I read our new stud correctly, he will burst his restraint tube we he sees us climb into bed in our full fuck me regalia."

Annie giggled again, "What do think our little Debbie will do to poor Henry?"

Stephie snorted, "I don't know, but I'll bet a month in restraint that we cum before Henry even get's out of his tube."

"Come on, get your stockings clipped and let's go, I'm horny as hell," urged Annie.

"Lance, dear," called Margaret. When her consort appeared, somewhat disheveled, she continued, Sweetheart, the girls and are going to be out of town this coming Saturday. We are to attend a matron/sissy thing in Lincoln. I don't want you to be lonely while we're gone so I have a special entertainment arranged for you."

Puzzled, Lance poured himself a cup coffee and tried to clear the blur of sleep out of his eyes. "Margaret, you don't have to do anything special for me. I'll go down to Murphy's or some other bar, get drunk and talk smart. I'll be okay; you and the girls have a good time."

"Are you sure, honey?" said Margaret. "I don't like to think of you moping around the empty house while we are gone, even if it is only for one night."

Lance nodded, 'I can use the rest,' he thought. 'That Penny girl is insatiable.'

"Well, if you're sure, I won't make any plans for you then. Please, don't get too drunk and pick up any loose sissies," smiled Margaret.

"You don't have to worry about loose sissies," laughed Lance. "I doubt that a sissy, loose or otherwise has ever been inside Murphy's."

'Good,' thought Margaret, 'I'll just add Peter's card to my collection. The matron's at the office and their friends might just enjoy an evening at the Pioneer.'

Mike heard the soft gong from his computer in the den that indicated an incoming message. The gong signal indicated that it was important; otherwise it would have just been filed with rest of the normal traffic. Unwrapping a very happy Pamela from around him, he went to den to see what was so important. Opening his mail, he saw that it was message from Carol. 'Now, what could her highness want that is so

important that she used my alarm code?' wondered Mike. The message read, 'I am taking the girls out for dinner at the country club. Informal dress, I am feeling a little down. Would you and Pam please join us for an evening of adult conversation? Cocktails at six and dinner at seven, OK?'

Mike called to Pamela, "Sweets, Carol wants' us to join her and her happy clan of deviants for dinner at the country club Saturday night. I think that we should go."

"I'd love to," called Pamela. "Who's all going to be there?"

"Just Carol, Marie and Julie," replied Mike.

"Peter and his harem aren't going to be there, that's interesting," replied Pamela.

Mike chuckled, "No, Pete wasn't on the guest list. Carol indicated 'adults' only."

Are you going to have a ring for me by Saturday, big boy?" asked Pamela.

"No problem, I'll stop by Jake's pawn shop in the morning," snickered Mike.

"You better spend more than ten dollars or you'll be in big trouble, buster," laughed Pamela. "Now come back in here and get me off and I may reward you with a nice treat."

Chief of Police Imogene Janetsdaughter was in a holo face to face with Inspector of Detectives Rachel Alicesdaughter. "My dear," began the Chief, "I must congratulate you upon the competence of that band of thugs of yours that think that they are detectives."

"I beg your pardon, Chief?" replied a shocked and mystified Rachel.

Chuckling, the Chief continued, "Rachel, your man Winnifredson did what nobody thought that he could do. The small fire was stroke of genius and the holo's of Byron and Winston masquerading as fire marshals are priceless.

"Are you talking about the 'Olde Towne Mall', Chief?" asked a still confused Rachel.

"I certainly am," said the Chief coldly. "I designed the security system for the mall personally. To think that a small band of Neanderthal flatfoot's could compromise it so easily has embarrassed me deeply. The governor sent me a personal reprimand. Very polite mind you, but to the point."

"The governor sent you a reprimand about the mall fire?" asked Rachel

in disbelief.

"Yes she did. She's the one that sent that sissy accountant, Pamela 'what's-her-name' to us to get her out of Lincoln," said the Chief dryly.

The dawn of truth finally broke over Rachel's mind. 'This does go very high up indeed,' realized Rachel. "Chief, I have spoken to Detective Lieutenant Winnifredson and he has agreed that this investigation has gone far enough and that trying to make a case out of an emergency medical facility is very thin. As there is no other evidence to pursue, he suggested that the investigation be terminated. He also suggested that all records pertaining to this investigation be expunged from OPD files."

"Good for him," said the Chief. "Otherwise it would have more than the investigation that would have been terminated and expunged. He and his boy's stepped on some very important toe's with that phony fire deal."

"Thank you, Chief. I will personally see to it that all detail reports, holo pic's and other recording pertaining to this investigation are destroyed," said the now frightened Inspector of Detectives.

"Good, and by the way. The Nebraska Department of Revenue has received the resignation of that nosey sissy," remarked the Chief. "How close was she to this investigation?"

'Oh shit,' thought Rachel. "To my knowledge, not very close at all. Lieutenant Winnifredson does not like amateurs mucking about in his projects."

The image of the Chief nodded at Rachel's assurances. "I have it on good authority that the sissy has taken a position at the Omaha campus of the U. of N., keep an eye on her for the time being."

"By the way, I am awarding Winnifredson and his merry little band individual citations for excellent police work. Of course you will have to come up with the text of the citation's, making sure that any references to the 'Olde City Mall' are not part of the text," commented the Chief.

"I am sure that Lieutenant Winnifredson and his squad will be very appreciative, Chief," answered a relieved Rachel. "Good day, Ma'am."

Annie and Stephe entered their matron's bedroom and found Henry in a very handsome set of silk pajamas. They were an above the knee shorts and sleeveless vest combination in a pale yellow with rose colored embroidery, very pretty boy. Annie quickly stifled a giggle upon seeing Henry. Henry was in quite a bit pain as his penis tried to inflate within the confines of it tubular prison. He was nearly

breathless at the sight of Stephanie and Annie. Both were wearing nearly transparent baby doll nighties, in the exact shade of yellow as his pajamas. Their free breasts were jiggling seductively beneath the flimsy material and their cocks were just as harnessed as his, except that they were also impaled upon their enablers.

"Okay, girls and boys, everyone put on your wrist restraints," ordered Debra. "That includes you too, my fine new stud."

Henry looked at the slim cuffs placed at his knees by his employer. He had never wore wrist restraints in his life. In fact he had never even seen wrist restraints before. He had heard about them, but having never been in sexual contact with any sissy in his life, they were just rumored devices. He watched the two sissies wrap the material around their thin wrists and keeping the metal loops placed below their palms the excess material overlapped and stuck together like Velcro.

Stephie watched Henry react like a cornered animal as her matron snapped the two twelve inch long chains to the loops on her wrists and the ring on her choker. After Debra had properly restrained Annie and Stephanie, she turned to Henry and clamored up onto the bed behind the kneeling youth and wrapped a choker around his virgin neck. With a distinctly wolfish grin, Debra the completed the task of Henry's humiliation by snapping the restraint chains to his wrists and choker.

When everyone was properly restrained with the sissies on one side and Henry facing them from the other, Debra slid off of the 'matron' sized bed and surveyed her playmates. She went first to Stephanie, who was senior and kissing the sissy on her neck above her choker and with her right hand maneuvered the flange of the sissy's enabler causing Stephanie to emit a continuous stream of gasps and moans her tongue stud flashing in the soft light. She then slid her hands between the helpless sissy's thighs and noted with satisfaction that Stephanie was discharging a suitable amount of pre-cum rendering the thin panty material sopping wet. Before removing her hand from between Stephanie's thighs, she gave the poor sissy's imprisoned, but exposed cockhead a gentle pinch resulting in a squeal from the girl and another dollop of pre-cum jetting into her panties. Debra's fingers were covered with Stephanie's pre-cum and she raised the soiled fingers to the perfectly lipstick coated mouth of the moaning and gasping sissy. Stephanie greedily sucked on Debra's fingers, licking them clean of the juices she had just recently squirted onto them. Henry was in agony.

Debra the gently forced Stephanie to bend over on her knees, her head resting on her shackled wrists and hands. With Stephanie's posterior now elevated, the gossamer fabric of her nightie slid up back, exposing the transparent panties. Henry could see the see the outline of the flange of Stephanie's enabler securely blocking her anal passageway. Another bulge was evident, it was Stephanie's cockhead and balls compressed between her thighs and stretching the thin, wet material. Gently inserting a finger in the waistband of Stephanie's panty, Debra slowly rolled the nothingness down over Stephanie's very admirable rump and down A thighs to her knees where Debra ended her attentions, for the time being. Moving over to Annie, Debra repeated the ritual while the

entranced Henry looked on in considerable discomfort.

"Aren't sissies just so lovely," said Debra to a gasping Henry. Debra then proceeded to return her attention to the flanges of the enablers still impaling her wives. Rotating one way and then reversing the circle, she had both sissies pleading for release. Henry didn't realize it immediately, but Debra was instructing him sissy foreplay. She knew from experience that a few minutes of enabler rotation and cock head pinching would get even the most reluctant sissy in the mood for a serious round of penetration and emission. Henry was fascinated watching Debra toy with her wives. He noticed the flanges of the enablers were twitching, from the muscular grasping of the sissy's sphincter around the stem of the intruder.

A full twenty minutes had passed while Debra went through her warm up routine. She moved behind Stephanie and tapped the helpless sissy's thigh and Stephanie raised one knee off of the bed while Debra rolled panty over the knee and repeated the process on the other leg. Holding the microscopic panty up as if it were a trophy, Debra leaned over the bed and swished the sodden material over Henry's face.

Giggling to herself, Debra repeated the panty removal from around Annie's knees. Henry was becoming more desperate by the minute. Pulling a thin chain from around her neck and lifting it over head, Debra removed the electronic chip from between her breasts and locking directly onto Henry's eyes, she held the thin device between Stephanie's thighs and activated the electron stream.

The plasteel tube and supports that comprised Stephanie's penis prison suddenly became limp. Debra deftly rolled the relaxed material over Stephanie's now erect penis. It came off like a headless condom. Again, Debra repeated the process with Annie. The two sissies were fucking air with now free cocks. Debra went over to the nightstand and retrieved two condoms and returned to her now hip bucking sissy wives.

Fascinated but unable to see Debra's activities between the sissy's thighs, Henry forgot his discomfort. He noticed that the enabler flanges were almost rolling around the rim both sissy's anus's as if they trying to be ejected by the wearer's.

Smiling now, Debra opened the first condom pack and expertly rolled the little tube up and over Stephanie's diminutive penis and gave the small stiffie a gentle tug resulting in even more hip bucking. Once both of the sissy's were properly protected, Debra proceeded to extract the enablers from each of the girl's rectums. Henry had never seen an enabler before. He watched in near disbelief as Debra slowly drew the butt plugs out of their hiding places. They had about a three inch long by one wide, with a semi soft flange that prevented the device from being inadvertently sucked up into the bowel. A thin stem attached the flange to a three inch long by one and one inch wide tubular section with a rounded tip.

Debra explained as she withdrew the enabler from Stephanie, "These are enablers. They are called that because an experienced sissy can

actually maneuver the bulb section onto her prostate gland and 'milk' herself. That is, cause an emission of sperm. It's not the same as ejaculating, but gives a enough relief of sexual tension that most sissies are constantly milking themselves. Have you ever noticed seated sissies rocking in their chairs? That's what the little dears are doing; rubbing their enablers against their postrates and filling their panty pads with nice dollops of cum. Pointing to the bulb end of the enabler, Debra continued her lecture, "The bulb has hundreds of microscopic holes. It is filled with hormones, antibiotics and lubricant. Each sissy has hormone and antibiotic prescription particular to her personal needs. Also, there are several scents and flavoring that each sissy can choose for herself."

"Now, we are all about ready for action," said Debra with real satisfaction. "Except for you Hank, our guest of honor."

The Bos'n Mate cracked the hatch on the USS Toledo and sweet, humid air of tropical Bangladesh flooded the conning tower. The mate stood aside as the OD (Officer of the Deck) was first up the hatchway ladder onto the conning tower. After a few seconds the OD called for the watch personnel to take their stations. Once the security formalities had been attended to, the young Naval Lieutenant called down to Bob Gabrielleson to come up onto the tower deck.

"Sir, the south tip of Chittagong Peninsula is off the bow, about five hundred meters distant."

Gabrielleson peered into the inky darkness and said, "This is fine son, (Gabrielleson, an old Army vet, disliked calling any naval person, sir) please notify my team and have them stand by the forward hatch for debarkation."

"Yes Sir," replied the Lieutenant.

Gabrielleson then descended back down into the tower and worked his way forward in the boat to huddle with his troops for a final briefing for their assault on Bangladesh. Pushing his way to the forward hatch, Bob found his team crammed into a small water tight room with a rating standing on the hatchway ladder awaiting his commands. The Aussie's were in full battle regalia, complete with five color camo face paint. They were quietly awaiting the order to break the hatch, man their rubber assault boats and get on with the madness that MEE was intent upon. There were three rubber rafts equipped with electric motors and manned by three of the subs crewmen waiting for the adventurers to be transported to the tree lined shore. Each of motorized rubber rafts towed a non motorized raft to used for sudden escape, if needed.

"Fellow's," began Gabrielleson, "this could be as dicey an operation as Arabia was. Stick together and when we hit the shore, be as quiet as possible in establishing a perimeter. Ship's radar indicates that there are no vessels within two kilometers and I am quite sure no one has notified the locals of our intent. Everyone make sure that their

night vision gear is working properly. We will conceal the emergency rafts at the landing point and that will be our rally point if the balloon goes up. The code word for Marine assistance is 'Oscar'. Good luck, let's go.' At that point Bob Gabrielleson signaled the naval rating to crack open the hatch.

Connie and Penny were both excited and mystified. Margaret had told them that they going to have dinner with Peter and his girls, but to be prepared to stay overnight. Both sissies had conferred between themselves and had decided to dress as provocatively as they dare. Connie had chosen a wide shoulder strapped lame' shift that's hem ended at her crotch and Penny decided upon a saffron baby doll, equally short. Margaret could only hope that Peter and his girls would not burst out laughing when they made their entrance.

Mary Ann had cornered Peter in the kitchen and whispered, "You are saying that Margaret and the girls are spending the night?"

Peter smiled and nodded, "I think a little reunion after all of these years is in order, don't you?"

Mary Ann paled, "Connie?"

Peter nodded.

"How?" questioned Mary Ann.

"Did I ask you how you got all of those very interesting holo vids from your friends at the Pioneer?" replied Peter.

"You blackmailed Margaret?" asked Mary Ann incredulously.

"No," replied Peter, "I merely intend to screw her."

Even more shocked at this reply, "And Penny?" inquired Mary Ann.

"Is Toni supposed to play solitaire all night long?" said Peter.

"I love you," smooched Mary Ann shaking her long golden locks.

Mike held the door open for Pamela as they entered the foyer of the Omaha Country Club. The young male doorman nodded his recognition of Mike and directed them to the private dining room that Carol had reserved for her dinner. Mike was conventionally dressed in grey summer weight wool slacks, light blue silk shirt; open at the throat and a navy sport coat. Pamela was in her silk LBD, pumps with medium heels, gold earrings and black silk choker with the ever present gold restraint ring. Pamela's auburn hair was piled high on top of her head, forming a wheat shock pony tail held in place with a wide gold

colored silk band.

Carol was instantly jealous of the sissy's hair style, her own being a rather common rendition of a page boy, attractive but conventional. She took some solace in the fact that her wives, Marie and Julie were outfitted in more expensive LBD's and jewelry than Pamela's; their hair was attractive, but still very conventional in style. 'Time for a family visit to the hair dressers,' thought Carol.

Mike gently hugged Carol in greeting and after quick peck on her cheek, he asked, "Thank you for the invitation. Is this a special occasion?"

"Let's order drinks first and then I will tell all. It is a very intimate family matter and every one here needs to be aware of what is transpiring this evening and why I am condoning it," said Carol.

After the wait staff brought in the families refreshments, Carol made sure that the door to the small private dining room was closed.

"A couple of weeks ago, Connie and I were having lunch together and she began to complain that Margaret was being inattentive to her and Penny's matrimonial needs," began Carol. "I initially brushed this off as Margaret deciding that six was enough and that she was taking a break from pregnancy."

Pausing for brief second, Carol took a deep breath and continued, "I then had lunch with Margaret to; hopefully ascertain that my suspicions were correct. As it turned out, I was wrong. Our sister in law is bored and I think that was on the prowl and I think that she was on the prowl for a man, a total free, wild unrestricted male."

At this point, Pamela choked on her drink. Sputtering and coughing, Toni raised her hand and pleaded, "I'm so sorry; my last sip went down the wrong way. Please continue, Mother Carol."

Pamela was becoming embarrassed by the intimacy of Carol's talk. After all she was not remotely related to the Constancedaughter family in way other than being Mike's main squeeze.

Carol looked at the reddening Pamela and continued, "Pam, please feel embarrassed by this tale of female yearning. I am fully aware of the goings on at the Pioneer Apartments. My good friend Rachel Alicesdaughter informed me about a certain holo chip that portrays my daughter in law engaged in decidedly unmatronly like sexual activity."

It was Marie's and Julie's turn to look at Carol with wonderment.

"I feel certain that you Mike, and Pamela have viewed this holo chip," said Carol quietly, "Is that not so?"

"What..... what was Margaret doing?" squeaked Julie.

"Why don't you tell my girls what went on at the Pioneer," deadpanned Carol. "After all it was you that brought the matter to the attention

of Rachel.

Mike stood and went towards the rooms door and said, "I need a refill for this little tale and probably another to bring everyone here up to speed on what Pam and I think it means."

Everyone was sitting in uncomfortable silence while the fresh round of beverages was properly distributed.

After taking a sip from his tumbler filled with triple shots of Wild Turkey on the rocks, Mike proceeded. Looking at Julie and then at Marie, Mike said, "The pioneer Apartments is a very and I might add, the only upscale brothel in Omaha. Until last month we, Omaha Vice, had no idea that it even was a brothel. Its ladies are sissies from all over the world. How they got here and who masterminds the operation is anyone's guess. But, we feel that its tentacles reach very highly up the ladder, so to speak. Mary Ann Constanceson was the individual that basically cracked the case and acquired the holo chip in question."

"Mary Ann?" squealed Julie, Marie and Carol simultaneously.

Mike nodded in affirmation, "Our favorite fashion bug did a masterful job of befriending several of the sissies at the Pioneer and collected a small mountain of evidence, incidentally none of which we can or to be more correct, dare to use."

Confused, Marie asked, "Was Margaret a hooker at this brothel?"

Pamela giggled and Carol snorted at Marie's question.

Mike shook his head, "No, love. Margaret was a customer, a John or Jane or whatever."

"Why would Margaret pay to have sex with sissies when she has two sitting home at her beck and call?" asked a still confused Julie.

Carol's stony demeanor began to crumble and she began to giggle and then slipped into a deep belly laugh. Carol's mirth was contagious and Pamela broke out into laughter also.

Squatting between Julie and Marie, Mike took a long draught from his drink and explained, "Margaret was customer at the Pioneer. She engaged in sexual activity with several sissies over a series of visits. What is really unusual is Margaret always played the sissy role in these romps. She was invariably dressed in sissy's lingerie, complete with choker and wrist restraints. The sissy's always wore strap on dildoes and engaged in intercourse with her."

"You see my dears," interjected Carol. "Our little Margie is a closet transvestite or more accurately regressing mentally back to an era when sissy clothing was common women's clothing."

Marie and Julie just sat there with their mouths open in disbelief. "What are you planning to do about this," asked Marie. "We can't let

this get out. Oh, I feel so badly for Connie and Penny."

"Mike, get us another round," ordered Carol.

Silence reigned again until the drinks were brought in and the staff disappeared.

Carol took a sip of her scotch and continued, "Marie, I am not going to do a thing. Remember our discussion the other night. Well that little fantasy is coming true, as we speak."

It was Mike's turn to be puzzled, "If I may ask, just what did you arrange?" He asked Carol.

"A cure, my dear former playmate, a cure for sexually anxious young matrons," said Carol.

Marie was shaking her head in total disbelief, "You don't mean the Peter is going to....with Margaret?"

Pamela's and Julie's eye's opened wide at the thought. "Peter and Margaret?" whispered Julie.

"And Connie and Mary Ann," added Marie.

The innuendo finally seeped into Mike's brain and began to laugh a deep baritone guffaw that filled the room.

Bob Gabrielleson and his band of hardened Aussie ex-commandos deftly inflated their rubber assault boats on the deck of the US submarine . They mounted the high torque electric outboard motors and the fourteen man team took their places on the three small craft. Every team member, of course had been equipped with the latest in night vision technology and their view of the tree lined beach about a kilometer away was crystal clear. It was after midnight and no movement was discernible on the target beach and only a few lanterns, probably on fishing vessels were visible, but they were at least five 'klicks' up the river from its mouth on the Bay of Bengal.

After landing on the beach, the three sailors from the Toledo turned and piloted the rubber craft silently back to the sub.

The assault team was on its own from here on in. Hoisting their forty kilo packs onto their backs and making sure that their weaponry was in ready to fire mode, the team moved off the beach, through the trees and up a slight slope to the remnants of an ancient macadam highway. While the night vision equipment was excellent, it left any blocked background in deep shadow. They had crossed the old road and had descended into the roads vegetation cluttered drainage ditch before they realized that they had walked over the width of the road without noticing it. Back onto the high ground, Gabrielleson kicked at the leaf litter and mossy undergrowth until his boot scraped over ancient asphalt. He told his top sergeant to

get a GPS reading and that they would have to navigate to the old airport by compass. Once coordinates had been established the small command set off with a point man twenty five meters in advance and drag man fifteen meters behind.

It took three hours to cover the five kilometers from the landing point to the airport. The buildings were an overgrown mess. Nothing useable remained of the main or out buildings that could act as a shelter, much less a fortified redoubt. The jungle had done its work well. Huddling with his troops, Gabrielle told them that they would hunker down where they were, after all it would be light in two hours and he was sure that any locals were agrarians and would be early risers. The revised plan was to move to the old petrochemical plant, another five to six kilometers down the road the following evening.

May-May was straddled over Pat's hips. Pat's cock was deeply embedded in the Asian sissy's anus and both parties were enjoying the moment. May-May was carefully studying Pat's face as she bounced slowly. She slowed to a stop and leaned over Pat's chest and resting her chin upon her hands, she asked, "Sailorman, you look so sad?"

Pat looked into the dark almond eyes of the sissy and asked, "May-May, do you have any plans for the future?"

Still leaning over Pat's chest, May-May squirmed her hips a bit to get more of Pat's penis up into her rectal canal. When she was satisfied that every thing that could be inserted was there, she smiled and said, "In a couple of years, I will have paid off my debt to MEE and I hope to reunite with my friend Bihn. She is a sissy also, but she is in San Francisco. We are from the same village in Vietnam and were sold to MEE at the same time."

"Sold? Who sold you? questioned Pat, now comfortable lying on his back with his cock lodged up this pretty sissy's ass.

'I like this,' thought May-May. 'Just to sit here with my bottom filled and having a nice conversation instead of 'hurry up, girl'.

"Bihn and I were captured when we were twelve. Our village was raided by Thai's and they captured the few women and took all of the young boys, like me and Bihn for slaves. Any of the young men that looked fit but, and I didn't realize this at the time, wouldn't make good sissy's, they castrated and made labor beasts out them. Bihn and I were chained to a large group of boys, mostly Vietnamese, but with some Khmer's and Laotians. They took us by boat down what I later learned was the Mekong River and by sea to a village near Bangkok. That is where the soldiers bought us."

Pat expression changed to one of deep compassion, "That's a horrible ordeal for young boys like you and Ben."

Sitting back up again, May-May rocked a bit upon Pat's cock and

replied, "Not as horrible as getting your balls cut off and used as a pack animal for the rest of your life."

"Soldiers bought you and Ben?" asked Pat with some incredulity.

"Oh yes, they were very nice men. The leader was American, I think, but the rest of them spoke English with an accent. I did not speak any English at that time, so what I remember is sounds. The other soldiers did not sound American."

A tear formed in Pat's eye's and he said, "May-May, I'm very sorry for you to be taken from your home and brought here against your will."

May-May's eye's widened at Pat's sympathy and she leaned forward again and did something she had never done, professionally, before, she kissed Pat. "Sailor man, being sold to MEE and the Americans was best thing that ever happened to me or my friend Bihn. If I was still in Vietnam, I would most likely be an overworked field hand with absolutely no prospects and if my joss was bad, I would an overworked ball less pack animal. Don't feel sorry for me. And I do like being a sissy. I like to fuck sailormen like you and I make good money. Don't feel sorry for me."

Taken aback at the little Asian defense of MEE, Pat asked, "What will you do after you pay off your debts?"

Smugly, May-May looked at the smitten Pat, "I get my American citizenship and become an independent sissy girl. Maybe I will take you out on a date some day."

Pat laughed, "You know that I will accept. You are the most intriguing person that I have ever met."

May-May leaned back and with a few quick bounces brought Pat to climax. She looked down at her conquest, "I bet that you say that to all of the sissies that pop your cherry."

Debra had completed her long and much enjoyed ritual of releasing her sissy wives' cocks and had pulled both girls back to an erect posture, albeit still on their knees. Annie and Stephanie's cocks were at full mast as they looked the hapless Henry full into his eyes.

"And now for you, my lovely new stud," murmured Debra as she circled the bed and placed herself behind the now very anxious pretty boy. Restrained wrist and penis, Henry did not resist Debra's slight pressure as she forced the boy's face down onto the sheets. Compliant, Henry did not move as Debra forced a dollop of lubricant into his anus. Face down upon the sheets, Henry could only hear his mistress strapping on her dildo. Feeling a depression in the mattress behind him, Henry steeled himself for what he thought, correctly, was the inevitable. He gasped as he felt the head of Debra's dildo came to rest upon the entrance to his anal canal.

"Easy now, my young stud," cooed Debra, "this is part of your coming out party for joining our little family. I am going to fuck you and while I am screwing you, you will suck off my wives', starting with Stephanie. After you get fucked, you will fuck all of us, or else." Debra has rehearsed this crudity of phrase, hoping that it would penetrate Henry's mind and instill the reality of who was in charge of all sexual activity in the household.

Stephie worked her way across the bed on her knees and presented her little cock to Henry's face just as Debra plunged her strap on deep into the hapless boy's bowels.

Groaning in pain and surprise, Henry cried, "My god Matron, that thing is fucking huge."

Henry's cock had softened in its tube as a result of the pain of his penetration by Debra, but he was diligent in sucking Stephanie's small cock. After a few minutes the sissy came into her condom and she leaned over and kissed Henry on the back of his neck. Annie wasted no time in taking Stephanie's place. The African sissy had a cock twice the size of Stephanie's and Henry was starting gag as he negotiated its size. Debra, noticing that Henry was becoming accommodated to her strap on, reached down by her groin and turned on the vibrating mechanism; Henry's cock was hopelessly trying to erect in its prison.

When Henry finally brought Annie to orgasm, Debra withdrew her strap on from the pretty boy's ass. There was some blood on the dildo, but Debra had prepared for that circumstance. Getting off the bed with the dildo bouncing in front of her, Debra retrieved an enabler, this one packed with antibiotics and 'quick heal' and inserted it into Henry's now gaping but vacant rectum. The enabler slid easily into the boy's butt hole and Debra held it in place as Henry's sphincter recovered from its stretching and closed around the narrow stem of the medicated butt plug.

"There you go Henry; leave the enabler in place overnight and you will be as good as new by tomorrow. Now, you have some more work to do. It should be a good deal more pleasant for you."

Debra reached between Henry's thighs from behind and pinched his exposed cock head. Henry let out a short gasp at Debra's fondling, but felt his matron unlock his penis restraint and roll the now fabric like plasteel tube down his thickening cock.

Debra ordered, "On your back, sonny. It's time to earn your keep."

Henry complied and was lying on his back with his wrists locked by short chains to the choker he was wearing. His now fully erect penis was now sporting a deep purple head as it awaited its appointed tasks. Debra was impressed with both Henry's length and girth and slowly slid her hand over the stiffened member, increasing Henry's anticipation. Motioning to Stephanie, the sissy knelt her way over to the prone pretty boy and waiting patiently while her matron tore open a condom package

and placed the contents into Stephanie's mouth. With the condom between her lips, Stephanie leaned over Henry's prone waist and slowly worked the condom over the boy's quivering cock with her mouth. Once Stephanie had worked as much of the condom into place as she could with her mouth and tongue, Debra took over and finished enclosing Henry's penis into the sheath with her hand.

"Stephie dear, please get Henry's thingy good and wet, but don't let him cum," said Debra softly.

Stephie dutifully licked and spit on Henry's condom encased cock until Debra was satisfied that Henry's endowment was suitably prepared for her. The sissy kneed herself out of her matron's way and watched with fascination as Debra slid off her pajama trousers and peeled her panties off. She took the sodden garment in one hand and holding Henry's nostrils closed with the other, waited until the boy opened his mouth to breathe. With impeccable timing, she stuffed the panty into Henry's mouth. She then lifted a leg over the prone boy's waist and using her left hand, slowly impaled herself on the impatient erection. Slowly rocking on Henry's cock, Debra was smiling and moaning softly to the accompaniment of Henry's muffled gasps.

Debra reached over to Stephanie, inserting her index finger into the gold restraint ring on the sissy's choker, she pulled Stephanie over by her hand and said, "Lie down next to Henry, dear." As Stephanie complied her matron's wishes, Debra motioned to Annie, "Come on over here girl, you and Stephanie can amuse yourselves while I test ride our new stallion." After Annie had assumed the correct sixty-nine position with Stephanie, the two sissies settled into a steamy session of mutually satisfying oral sex. With Annie's hips and Stephanie's head not two feet from his face, Henry watched Stephanie's much practiced lips and studded tongue work over the African girls condom encased cock. He glanced back up into Debra's face. The matron's eye's had been closed as she rocked on his own cock, but they opened to a slit and she smiled at Henry as she was immensely satisfied with the activities of her now expanded household.

The entry chime sounded and Toni rushed into the front room and viewed the holo display, "Its Margaret and the girls," she squealed.

"Well, let them in, girl," replied Peter, with much suppressed anticipation.

While Margaret, Connie and Penny ascended in the short, one story elevator ride, Mary Ann and Toni arranged themselves in the hallway foyer to greet their guests. With much anticipation and an equal portion of apprehension Mary Ann and Toni watched as the elevator car door slid open. Connie was the first exit and she rushed into Mary Ann's embrace, Penny followed and with a much more subdued buss along the cheek, greeted Toni. Margaret was disappointed and not a little

chagrined that Peter was not there to greet her in the foyer. Toni led the way for group to the entry door to the apartment and opened it, allowing Margaret to first to enter. Standing in the living room was Peter, wear a tall chefs' cap and with a crisp white towel over his left forearm that held a tray filled with glasses of wine.

"Ladies, please leave your luggage by the door and enjoy a beverage," he said. "I will take care of your belongings. I will join your company on the balcony after I settle your luggage into their proper location."

With Toni leading the way, the party made its way to the living room balcony. Margaret had never been on it before and she commented, "A very nice view and so large."

Mary Ann replied while sipping he wine, "Wait until you see the view from the 'master' bedroom balcony. It overlooks the Missouri."

Margaret quivered at the term 'Master bedroom'. She had never before in her life heard it used. 'Is there anything special about a 'master bedroom' that I don't know," she wondered.

Toni, realizing Margaret reaction to the term, whispered into Margaret's ear, "Around here, 'Master' bedroom means exactly that. I'm quite sure that you will enjoy your adventure."

The MEE contact team had settled into a tight perimeter to await dawn, as the darkness changed to dimness and as it does in the tropics, switched to full daylight. The transition was almost as sudden as a if light switch had been engaged. Two of the Aussies hoisted a third up the trunk of a smallish Banyan tree that acted as the anchor to their perimeter. Climbing up to near the top of the eighty foot tall tree, the third Aussie viewed the surroundings with a transmitting video camera. Gabrielleson and the First Sergeant watched the holo image spread before them as the rest of the team looked over their shoulders.

Just beyond the overgrown airstrip, farmers were planting their freshly plowed fields for the third crop of rice of the season. A wide irrigation canal ran parallel to the fields in their view and several smaller canals ran off the large one at right angles into individual fields. "Traditional communal irrigation system," said Gabrielleson to no one in particular, "from the river, no doubt."

"All animal powered," added the First Sergeant, noting the water buffalo powered tilling operation.

Gabrielleson nodded to the First Sergeant, and non-com whispered into his 'mike', "Teddy," the commando up in the tree, "can you come down without being seen, lad?"

"Can do, top," came the soft reply from 'Teddy'.

Bob Gabrielleson almost never issued individual orders directly to his command personnel. He didn't want to find out if they would follow his orders or ignore him.

"OK," started Gabrielleson looking at the First Sergeant, "We'll hunker down here for the day, three men on watch at all times. If anyone wants to 'explore' the ruins, feel free, but be careful. We've only have five anti venom doses for cobra and none for kraits."

The men nodded their agreement and the two medics circulated among them, checking out scratches and insect bites for signs of infection.

"You were very good, sailorman," said May-May.

Pat looked at the pretty Vietnamese sissy and asked, "Do you always talk that way, 'sailorman, very good'?"

May-May giggled, "On, Lord no. I do it because my customer's seem to like it. I saw a holo adaption of an ancient twentieth century motion picture called 'Sand Pebbles' and all of the Chinese hookers talked that way. It's a lot fun to play act like that."

Pat laughed at May-May's confession and added, "Thank you for 'popping my cherry', May-May. I hope to return and repeat the performance."

May-May smiled, and turning to the small dresser in the room, retrieved a business card and handed it to Pat. Looking at the card, at first Pat thought that it was the typical 'Admit One' entry card for the apartments, but upon closer examination there was a holo image of May-May's face and a phone number embossed on the face of the card.

"That's my personal card, sailorman. If you return, call that number. It goes directly to the bartender, he can make a reservation for you with me," said May-May. "If you do return and make a reservation, all you need to do to enter the building is show the card to the doorman. He will not take it, it's yours, forever."

Pat was naively overwhelmed, "May I kiss you good night?"

"I hoped that you would, sailorman," whispered May-May.

Colonel Elizabethson was having a very private lunch with US Army General Arnold Patricason, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Admiral Wilber Janeson, Chief of Naval Operations in the Pentagon's very private dining room for flag officers. General Patricason looked over his salad at Colonel Elizabethson and asked, "Colonel, am I correct that this little matter in Omaha has been put to bed?"

Elizabethson smiled and putting down his fork, "Yes sir, the Omaha

Police have seemed to begin understanding the gravity of the situation. I have it on good authority that the detective bureau that was interested in our affairs has decided that it has snooped about as far as it dare."

The Admiral smiled, "I understand that is was a sailor that came up with the scheme that penetrated the medical facility?"

Bowing to gentle inter-service rivalry, Colonel Elizabethson nodded to the Admiral. "Yes Sir, it was one of your former ships stores personnel that figured out how to outflank the CID, so to speak."

The General laughed and added, "Will, you should decorate that smart S.O.B. kid, a damned smart move, that fire. If you don't, I will find something to entice him with to switch branches."

Janeson smiled and sipped his wine and said, "In about six months Petty Officer Meganson will be Ensign Meganson. But, I do not commission personnel directly from the ratings without some penalty. Our newly minted Ensign will be assigned to Assault Craft School in Honolulu for ten months."

"You are a stern task master, Willie," laughed General Patricason.

"Sir?" asked Colonel Elizabethson. "May I ask a question?"

"Go ahead, Colonel," replied the smiling Janeson.

"Does the Navy allow its officers to have their consorts accompany them to stateside duty stations?" asked Colonel Elizabethson.

The Admiral's fork stopped midway to his mouth, setting it down, he looked at the Colonel and asked, "Don't tell me that this Meganson boy has a sissy consort?"

"What about it?" asked the General?

"As you both are aware, the C.I.D prides itself in its counter intelligence abilities. I have it upon very good authority that Detective Meganson is quite smitten with one of our imports," said Elizabethson quietly.

The Admiral sat back in his chair and raised his hand to signal a uniformed waiter. "Son, bring me a double 'Old Grand Dad' on the rocks please." The young airman nodded and briskly made for the bar.

"Then the plan is working?" asked the Admiral.

Raising his eyebrows, Elizabethson replied, "I'm not so sure about the plan, sir. The overall cost of the project, even factoring in military support at no cost is still prohibitive. And, if I may add, this Evelynsdaughter broad is treating all of this like it's her personal fiefdom."

"Well, after all, she is fronting the time and considerable expense of making the sissies compatible with our society," interjected the General.

"Not to mention that about seventy percent of the imports are unsuitable for being sissies, but are becoming damned fine field translators. Thanks to those in charge at Eisenhower Academy," added the Admiral.

The general nodded in agreement and raised his drink in salute.

"I'm well aware of that sir," replied Colonel Elizabethson. "But, our tracking of the imports has concluded that the majority of the sissies are destined to be servant staff of well to do matrons. In fact, the romantic interest of the future Ensign Meganson is destined to be assigned to the household of Matron Evelyndaughter."

Admiral Janeson frowned at this disclosure, "I don't like the idea of civilian contractors mucking about in the romantic affairs of my officers," he said stalwartly.

General Patricason nearly choked at the Admirals declaration. Raising his hand slightly, the airman/waiter instantly appeared at the table and the general ordered, "One of those things the Admiral is drinking for me, please. And bring one for the Colonel too."

Calmed, the Admiral retorted to his Army co-equal, "Your right Arnie, I can't go busting into this like a bull in the proverbial china shop. The Colonel is making a good point, however. If our plan to substantially increase the availability of suitable sissies for our general population is to succeed, we will have to put a stop of this hoarding of the product by a clique of matrons."

"Any ideas, Colonel?" asked General Patricason.

Leaning forward over the table, Elizabethson said in a low voice, "We have an operative in the Evelyndaughter household. His reports indicate that Matron Evelyndaughter is more than just run of the mill wealthy. She has a lot of cash and a lot of political influence."

Admiral Janeson looked at Elizabethson and asked incredulously, "You have a sissy agent in that broad's house?"

"Nooo," replied the Colonel. "That would be nearly impossible, but Maybe I have something nearly as good."

The Constanceson and Alicesdaughter clans nervously co-mingled after dinner, making forced small talk, all of them waiting for the main event. At about eleven PM, Peter had had enough of these tedious preliminaries and suggested that he was ready for bed. Peter didn't say that he was tired; he was just ready for bed. Like automon's, all

of the sissies and Matron Alicesdaughter rose from their respective places and went towards their assigned bedrooms. Connie and Mary Ann held hands while they made their way to the larger guest room, furtively looking over their shoulders anticipating Margaret getting cold feet.

The most awkward of the six were Penny and Toni. While they had known each other for several years, being tossed into bed together was a little much. Both knew however, once Peter parked a vibrating butt plug up their willing rectums, they would readily get into the spirit of the evening. Peter escorted Margaret to the master bedroom and the matron was stunned and very pleased to see her assigned night clothing laid out neatly on the bed covers.

Margaret flushed deeply, "How did you know?"

Peter smiled warmly, "Remember, I am Omaha's foremost private detective and between me and my sources, I know about all of the little secrets that Omaha's matron society have."

Fingering the sheer baby doll nightie, silk choker and wrist restraints laid out for enjoyment, Margaret was becoming very damp in her secret place. Peter was standing to left of Margaret and reaching around her, he placed his right palm squarely on Margaret's right buttock's and pulled the surprised matron into a tight embrace. Looking the anxious and somewhat frightened Margaret in the eyes, Peter tightened his embrace and kissed the woman deeply. After a small initial recoil, Margaret wrapped her arms around Peter, her hands barely touching across his broad back. 'My God, the man's immense,' thought Margaret, her fear starting to tingle along her spine. Her experiences with Lance had prepared her for the bodily hardness of Peter, but not for the sheer aggression of presence that he projected. Before she realized that it had happened, Margaret's blouse was open and her trousers were unbuckled and around her ankles.

"That's what I was looking for," said Peter as he fondled the thin gold chain holding the two electronic keys to Connie and Penny's penis restraints. Peter smoothly lifted the chain over Margaret's head, barely touching her shortish hair. "I have a mission of mercy to perform before we can get more comfortable," said Peter slyly. "Why don't you change and get prepared while I am putting our girls to bed. By the way, in the bathroom there is a sissy douche with your name on it. I suggest that you get acquainted with it." Peter then pecked the stunned matron on the nose and turned and left the bedroom, closing the door softly behind him.

Watching the door close, Margaret sat down on the bed in a heap. Looking down at herself, she saw her exposed breasts and her bare thighs and knees with her slacks piled around her ankles. She leaned over and pulled off her low heeled pumps and tossed them into a corner. She then stood and stepped out of her slacks and folded them over the back of a French Provincial style chair. She thought that its gold brocade covering was quite appealing, 'surely Peter didn't pick out these furnishings?' wondered Margaret. Pulling off her silk blouse and

folding it over her slacks on the chair, Margaret was left standing solely clad in her sensible cotton boy brief panties. She picked up the sheer nightie and headed for the bathroom. She was not relishing her first enema and what it signified.

It was just after nightfall and the team had broken camp. They had spent an uneventful day resting without being discovered and were ready to move out east down the river road to the remains of the old petrochemical plant and hopefully a little more defensible position. In about two and a half hours they covered just over five kilometers on the overgrown river road and were approaching the remains of the plants river front loading docks. It was a shambles, any sheet metal paneling had long been pilfered and the rusting skeletons of the loading derricks and building structures appeared like prehistoric remains in the off green light of the night vision goggles. It was also evident that they had not been recently visited by humans. There were sparse small mammal game trails leading on the docks overgrown surfaces and that was about all of the signs of visitation present.

"First Sergeant, "whispered Bob Gabrielleson, "Let's send a four man recon squad onto this loading dock here and the rest of will set a perimeter."

The Aussie Top nodded and hurriedly assigned his squads. While the recon team set out, Gabrielleson idly watched the small lights of the presumed fishing boats work their way across the surface of the broad river. He found it difficult to imagine thousand foot long oil tankers mooring and loading and unloading in this mess. About an hour later the recon team re-emerged from the dense foliage covering the dock. They reported first to the Australian Sergeant and he then conferred with Gabrielleson.

"Sir, the team reports that while the place is general mess, however there are several open areas that could be made very defensible. The dock level itself is some ten to twelve meters above the water level, so the only way in is from the shoreline."

Gabrielleson nodded and said, "Let's do it. We will make this home and when I get an exact GPS fix, I'll relay that to the Navy. Once we get settled in, we'll build a fire. That usually get's some reaction from the locals, God help us."

Henry was exhausted as Annie raised her hips and slid off of the pretty boys cock. Debra leaned over the prone boy and kissed him, pronouncing her satisfaction with his initiation performance.

"You go to bed now and get some rest, tomorrow is a work day," said Debra. She slid the now nearly full condom off of Henry's cock and after giving it a good sanitary wipe, gave it a liberal spritz of 'Sissy Calm' and deftly encased it back into its little plasteel prison.

"There you go, all safe and sound until we need you again," purred Debra. Rising on her haunches, Debra proclaimed, "All right girls, to my bedroom and we will get on with the evenings festivities and do a critique on Henry's performance."

Henry walked slowly in a straddling gait to his bedroom, favoring his tender anus. He had been seriously fucked and done some serious fucking this evening. All of which was a first time experience. He hoped that the anal sex, his anus that is, would be an infrequently used orifice in future group activities. 'Goddam, but those sissies are good in bed,' thought Henry as he slid his sore bottom between his satin sheets.

May-May, Lani and another sissy from Indonesia were having dinner and drinks in the bistro in the apartments mall. May-May leaned her head over the table and confided to the other sissies, "I think that I have met my mister right."

Molly, the Indonesian sissy, squealed, "Tell us."

"He was a customer last night," began May-May, "a first timer and so cute. He had that anchor and chain tattoo that so many ex-sailors have so I had to try my Asian hooker fantasy on him."

"Asian hooker fantasy," questioned Lani?

"Lani, do you remember that historical video that was only presented in two dimensions, you know not a holo projection?" urged May-May.

Lani was puzzled at first and then recalled, "Do you mean that history story about ancient American sailors in China?"

"Yes, yes," said May-May excitedly. "It was called 'Sand Pebbles' or something like that. Anyway, there were these Chinese hookers that played a small role in the play and they used the term 'sailorman'. I don't know why, but the term has stuck with me, but I used it last night with my 'sailorman'. I kept up the oriental, not so good English façade and had a very wonderful night. My 'sailorman' is a very nice man. I gave him one of my holo invitations."

Molly looked at May-May, "That is a great idea. All of the men are military veterans. A little fantasy along with a good BJ and screw will bring them back, along with any friends that they might brag to."

Lani looked across the table at May-May, "Are you falling in love, dearest?" Molly quit her mental monetary calculations to hear May-May's response.

"I think that we are supposed to fall in love," said May-May quietly. "Look at us; we are boys from foreign lands transformed into sissies."

We have a fairly large amount of money, there are no travel restrictions and we can do as we please when we are not working and all of this for what?"

Molly and Lani looked at each other; they had never asked this question, even to themselves.

May-May continued, "I think that we are supposed to consort with a male of our choice, or one that can help satisfy our debt. Otherwise there is no logical purpose for us to be here. If it was having us being sexual slaves, why would we have all of the freedoms that we have? No, I think that there is a plan working here. I will ask Miss Mary Ann about this, maybe she can shed some light upon our situation."

Miss Mary Ann was a trusted native sissy, both Molly and Lani nodded in agreement at May-May's wisdom.

Pat Meganson was in love. He had just had his ashes hauled for the first time in his life. Of course, Pat was not the first man to fall in love with his first 'conquest', but in his society, it was a significant event. He treasured the card with May-May's holographic portrait and vowed to use it as extensively as his bank account allowed.

'Why am I so enthralled with an Asian girl/boy?' Pat asked himself. The answer to this basic question was answered when the immense well of his personal loneliness engulfed him. 'I can sit in my cubicle of an apartment and masturbate to the accompaniment of lewd holo's or take in the reality that a female 'wife' was an illusion. An understanding and supportive sissy was definitely a viable alternative."

Peter went first to the smaller guest bedroom where Toni and Penny were waiting. "It's about time," snarled Toni with a smile.

"Forgive me, ladies," apologized Peter, "but, I was giving last minute instructions to my new matron/sissy. She is regrettably naïve about her role in tonight's activities."

Penny's eye's doubled in size and asked, "Peety, are you recording your 'adventure'?"

"Possibly," responded Peter. "Do you want a copy?"

"Oh yes, positively, oh yes," murmured Penny.

The two sissies had already hooked their wrist restraint chains to their chokers and were prepared for the indignity of the obligatory vibrating anal intruder.

"Bottoms up," said Peter jovially. Toni and Penny automatically pressed their heads down onto their restrained wrists. He then rolled the sissies panties down over their knees and off past their ankles. He then took the appropriate chained 'keys' from around his neck and freed Penny's and then Toni's penis' from their tight tubular prisons. Giving each small appendage a quick, playful tug, Peter turned his attention to inserting the 'rim runner' vibrators into each receptive anus. The two sissies were waiting for Peter to roll a condom over their quivering cocks and were surprised when he didn't.

"Bare back, tonight girls," said Peter. "But, I don't want to see any sissy tracks on the sheets in the morning, enjoy your selves." Peter, smiling broadly, left the bedroom to the sissies for their few hours of continuous oral sex. He would return later and reinstall their restraints and give them a good fucking in the morning.

Peter then made his way to other guest bedroom and Connie and Mary Ann. Quietly entering the room, Peter saw the two old bedmates kissing and closely embraced, trying to masturbate their encased penises upon each other's thighs.

"Sorry to interrupt," said Peter. "But, I think that I can help. Please attach your restraints." Mary Ann quickly complied, but Connie held back. She was deeply embarrassed that her brother was going to release her. It was unheard of, having a sissy's brother release her from her restraint.

"Margaret is not going to come here and release you, sis," said Peter. "Your matron is in a very similar situation as your self."

Mary Ann leaned over and kissed Connie on the cheek, "Lover, Peter is in charge of this household. He decides who gets released and how."

Connie relented and joined Mary Ann in her deep bow, head resting upon her hands as Peter unrolled the penis restraint over her stiffening cock. After inserting the rim runners into the sissy's rectums, Peter gave each sissy a short tug; actually he gave Connie two tugs and left the sissies to their carnal activities.

"You are the woman that I've always dreamed of," Peter hummed the ancient ditty as he made his way back to the master bedroom.

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Debra summoned Henry to her home office and was pleased with her pretty boy. When Henry appeared at the office door, Debra waved him in and started, "Hank, I'm going out of town for about a week. The girls will be in charge of the household, but you will be the 'key holder'. I don't want a sexually frustrated household when I return, so I expect you to keep the girls attitudes in their proper perspective. Come over here and we will set your thumb print into the computer so that you can release the girls for their little intimate interludes. Of course, your thumb print will release your lock box also. I do expect that you will

voluntarily restrain yourself during working hours and I expect that you will service the girls as to their needs in the evenings. Also, you will, under no circumstances allow my wives to sleep unrestrained. The three of you can frolic to your hearts content, but at the conclusion of your escapades, you sir, will be responsible for their chastity."

Henry was more than a little surprised that Debra was giving him this responsibility. "Matron," stuttered Henry, "this is quite a responsibility. I have only been here for a few days and what...."

"What, what?" snapped Debra. "You are the hired stud and I expect you to keep my mares in their place. Damn, this is making me hot. Come along with me to

Mike and Pamela were having a quiet dinner at a local restaurant. "Sweetheart," asked Pamela, "are you disappointed with not being able to complete the investigation?"

Mike looked at his love and replied, "Not really, dear. I am relieved that the illegals are not being mistreated. Also, this is the type 'crime' that doesn't really have victim. I'm rationalizing of course, but the foreign sissies are probably much better off here than they were at their home countries."

Pamela nodded thoughtfully, adding, "And you found a new 'ace' detective, young Patrick"

"Yes I did," responded Mike, "he will go far, I think. He's all ready untouchable as far as Inspector Anitasdaughter is concerned. He knows too much."

"Isn't that strange about Margaret, being a transvestite and all?" commented Pamela.

"I don't think that you can call any woman who likes to dress in a sissy style a transvestite," replied Mike. "After all, if you research the historical record, sissy dress was common for women and sissies were uncommon."

Pamela frowned at this response. "I don't like the idea of matrons dressing as sissies. It's un-feminine, I think. And, I don't think that they wear the clothing right. They look too skinny and don't have enough curves to fill out a dress or skirt outfit correctly."

Mike stifled a laugh and looked into Pamela's eyes, "You are absolutely right, my dear. Women do not make good sissies."

Margaret had finished a second quart of sissy douche and the liquid was flowing clear. 'Thank God,' thought Margaret, 'I don't think that I

could have taken a third round, although, it was curiously pleasant.' She examined the night gown, what there was of it. 'Virginal white, how appropriate,' thought Margaret. She was starting to shake in anticipation, 'Is this how young girls felt on their wedding nights in the old days?' She stepped into the nothingness of the panty and slid the transparent top over her head and sprayed a quick dollop of perfume over her and headed back into the 'master' bedroom.

Stepping out of her heeled slippers, Margaret wrapped a restraint cuff around each of her wrists and clipped the two short thin chains to the ring in her choker. On her knees, on the bed covers, Margaret awaited the ritual that she had fanaticized about for years.

"Intruders," warned the forward perimeter guard. "Full camo, now," ordered the First Sergeant. Bob Gabrielleson took his place on a camp stool next to the intentionally smoky fire along with his First Sergeant and awaited the visitors. The rest of the intrusion team had switched on their 'full camo'. Their jungle fatigues had minute organic cameras and display screens woven into their clothing. When the combat fatigues were activated 'full camo', the cameras would transfer the image that it saw and display that same image on the opposite side of the uniform. In effect, a person viewing the individual in combat kit would not see that individual, but an image of the background on the opposite side. It was not 'invisibility' but it made making out what one was looking at very difficult and in heavy vegetation, for all practical purposes, it was invisibility.

The group of ten smallish brown men, only rudimentally armed made their way cautiously down the game trail, knowing full well that they were under observation every step of the way. They put their safety in the knowledge that an enemy would not make such a conspicuous smoky fire and that whoever did wanted a meeting. They made their way into a small clearing and saw two large white men sitting by the fire and drinking a steaming drink from metal cups. One of the white men rose from his seat and motioned for the party to come into the clearing and motioned towards a small, rough bamboo table that held ten cups, also steaming.

One of the two village elders that accompanied the investigators looked at the other and whispered, "Murcans? Allah Akbar!"

Bob Gabrielleson stepped forward and declared, "Allah Akbar," and swept his hand towards the ten cups of tea on the bamboo table. The younger members of the group started urgently talking among themselves.

"Bengali, sir," said the First Sergeant. I think that one of my diggers can speak enough of it to get us by.

"Get him in here ASAP," said Gabrielleson.

"Thompson, camo off and report to the clearing," whispered the First

Sergeant into his communicator.

While they were waiting for ex-commando Corporal Thompson to arrive, Gabrielleson and Sergeant Morgan were attempting to pass the cups of tea around.

"Murcan?" asked the elders to Gabrielleson.

Just then, Corporal Thompson appeared out of the jungle and into the clearing. He had wisely not carried his weapon with him and approached the nervous group of locals with his hands spread and palms out and open fingered. "They want to know if you are an American, Cap'n," said Thompson.

"Murcans," said one of the older men. The rest of the group nodded in agreement. The hesitation about accepting the tea ended as the natives sipped the hot beverage and gathered around Gabrielleson.

Sergeant Morgan quickly said, "Thompson, let's get some camp chairs for our guests." Thompson quickly complied and in a short time five of the ten Bangladeshi's were seated and in conversation with Gabrielleson through Corporal Thompson's fractured Bengali.

They're saying that their ancestors' told tales of how the 'Americans' would come and set the world right," said Corporal Thompson. "They are dithering over why it took so long for you to come that is sir."

A tear trickled down Gabrielleson's cheek, "Tell them that it took so long because the world is badly broken."

'No shit,' thought Corporal Thompson as he relayed the message to the tribal elders.

"Thompson, if you can, ask them if they need any medical attention. I'm sure that they do, but see if we can be of any assistance," said Gabrielleson.

Bob Gabrielleson sat back and watched as Corporal Thompson carried on an animated conversation with the local tribesmen. "As much as I can gather, sir, the locals are suffering from malaria and malnutrition and God knows what else," said Thompson.

Gabrielleson looked at the First Sergeant and nodded, the Aussie non-com whispered into his mike and the two team medics magically appeared from the foliage. The medics quickly went to each tribesman and dispensed medicines as required.

"Tell the elders that we will assist the village as best we can," said Gabrielleson.

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Peter returned to the 'Master' bedroom, feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

He had just released Mary Ann and Connie from their penis restraints, rolled sissy condoms onto their small cocks and finally inserted rim runner vibrators into their rectums. He had done this hundreds of times before with Mary Ann and Toni, but he felt a twinge of guilt doing it to his younger brother. He was positive that Connie and Mary Ann were eagerly suckling each others cock as he made his way into the bedroom.

Margaret was still in the bathroom so Peter disrobed and prepared for action. He stood clad only in his short silk robe and waited for Margaret's appearance. He was not disappointed; Margaret was rather stunning dressed only in her white, lace trimmed baby doll nightie. The top and panties were so sheer as to be practically transparent. Margaret had also wrapped a matching silk choker around her neck and her bright blush gave a nice rose' tint to her night costume. The heels of the sissy slippers that wore were a good two inches taller than any that had ever worn. She did manage to negotiate the short distance from the bathroom to the edge of the bed without falling.

Peter approached the visibly trembling matron and gently wrapped his arms around her and pulled her head gently into the soft fabric of his robe covered chest. "Jesus, murmured Margaret, I'm so wet that my panties are soaked through."

"Don't worry about them Margie, they won't be in the way for long," whispered Peter.

Peter disengaged his arms from around Margaret and clasping both of her wrists in one hand proceeded to wrap the wrist restraints around the thin joints. He then hooked the dangling light chains on the restraints to the small gold loop in her choker. With Margaret properly trussed up, Peter sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled Margaret down so that she sitting on his knee. Thrilled to be so thoroughly dominated, Margaret leaned eagerly against Peter's shoulder. "You are quite the proper sissy, miss," said Peter quietly and followed with a long and deep kiss.

Peter accompanied the kiss with a detailed investigation of her breasts, inner thighs, neck and all other places that caught his immediate interest. Finally, he slid his hand down between her damp thighs and placed in palm over her last piece of protect. Margaret felt Peter's hand invade her panties and one of his digits' linger over her clit. Reluctantly emitting a small moan, Margaret then felt the elastic of her panty being stretched and the garment being slid over her defenseless hips. With her wrists restrained, there nothing that she could do to fend off Peter's direct assault. Peter then lifted her buttocks slightly off of his thigh and continued rolling the panty down over Margaret's thighs and knees. She unconsciously removed her feet from her slippers and allowed the damp garment to slide over her ankles and onto the floor.

Suddenly, Margaret found herself face down on the bed covers, her knees spread and her ass high in the air. "Sissies are not allowed to have an orgasm without their butts being properly plugged," grinned Peter.

"You, of all people should know that."

Margaret had never been plugged in her life. It was never part of the games that she played with the sissies at the Pioneer Apartments. She squirmed in futility in Peter's grasp and gasped when his fingers began to smear the lubricant, first around the rim of her anus and then invading it. When Peter judged that she was adequately lubricated, he inserted one of the rim runner vibrating butt plugs that his sissies were so used to. After he had activated the vibration mechanism of the plug, Peter released the hapless Margaret from his grip and watched with a good deal of amusement as the matron writhed on the bed, trying to escape the ministrations of the new invader.

"Quite the sensation isn't," remarked Peter as Margaret, helpless in her restraints gyrated her hips trying to dislodge the butt plug.

"Please take it out, Peter," urged Margaret. "I wasn't prepared for this."

"Sissies don't usually complain about their anal stimulations," said Peter matter of factly, "they are generally more interested in finding out what going to replace their new friend or having their little peckers pulled. Since you don't a little pecker to pull, I think that it is time to introduce you to your tormenter for the evening."

Margaret was on her knees in the middle of the bed, her legs spread wide in hopes the incessant roving of the rim runner would somehow slip the object out of her rectum. Standing in front of the prostrate matron, Peter opened his robe and his sizable member stood erect in front of Margaret's eyes. She gasped, more from activity going on in her bottom than from the sight of Peter's imposing cock, after all, Lance was a very well hung lad also. Peter then hooked his hands under the matron's arms and slid her bodily across the covers towards him. When he had Margaret's face within millimeters of the terrible single eyed organ, he reached down and closed the girl's nostrils between his index finger and thumb. When Margaret gasped for breath by opening her mouth, Peter deftly slid the tip of his cock between her helpless lips. Margaret was experiencing a second novelty within as many minutes.

"I hope Peter is taking holo's," laughed Mike at Carol's disclosure of the sexual hanky panky being undertaken at the Peter Constanceson household this evening.

"Undoubtedly, he is," replied a stern Carol. "I think that if you can get him very drunk and in private, he will let you view them."

"If that is the case, Mum," said Mike in his most formal address to Carol, "would you like a copy?"

Carol blushed at Mike's retort, "Yes," she said.

"What's going on," inquired the now confused Pamela.

"Very simple and very unconventional," said Carol. "My sissy daughter is having sex with Peter's consort Mary Ann and my son Peter is having sex with my sissy daughter's matron."

"Pooh," said a surprised Pamela and she began to rock in her chair.

Debra was enjoying an iced rum drink with her employer at Matron Evelynsdaughter estate. "Debra dear, how is your new boy working out?" asked Marilyn.

"he's quite a wonderful boy," replied Debra. "Also, it was quite an experience being with a 'wild' male."

"So, it was your first time with a man other than a sissy?" laughed Marilyn. "I remember my first time with my first consort. Very exciting, but the man was a dolt. I had to divorce the bore. I bought him off very cheaply; a little cash and a cute Greek sissy. I suppose that they very happy together, sucking each others appendage. Milton, that was his name, was very fond of sissies."

This was somewhat more information than Debra was seeking, but she did appreciate being in the confidence of this powerful matron. "Marilyn, may I ask you a question," asked Debra tentatively.

"Of course, my dear what do you need?" replied Marilyn.

"It's about that matter in Omaha. The policeman directing the investigation is one of my uncles," confessed Debra.

"Oh, I knew that, but don't worry about the 'investigation'. It has been, shall we say, shelved," replied Marilyn. "We have friends in very high places, dear, but it did cost me a very pretty sissy, one of a pair that I had intended to employ here at my home."

Relieved, Debra raised her glass in a genuine salute to her mentor.

"Think nothing of it dear, but the reason I asked here is about business. I want to open a new operation, complete with a reception center for new 'employees' in Montreal. I understand that you studied French at Creighton. I want you to be the head of our new Canadian operations. It will require that you relocate to Montreal, but all expenses will be taken care of and of course, there will be generous compensation," said Marilyn.

Stunned, Debra stuttered, "I am honored Matron. When would like me to start?"

Smiling, Marilyn leaned across the table and offered her hand to shake and Debra responded and the deal clinched.

"Immediately, you will have a six month training period in Omaha to acquaint yourself with our operations before you are cast into the wilds

of our northern neighbor. I have arranged transportation for you to Omaha and I have opened a suitable line of credit for you there. So tomorrow morning you will set off and find a presentable place to stay in Omaha and begin your adventure. Tonight, you must accompany me to a party in Miami and meet some very influential ladies. We will escort the twins and, if you like, they will be your bed warmers tonight. Believe me, they are quite accomplished."

Debra was overwhelmed by Marilyn's offer. Head of a foreign operation and the prestige and the potential wealth that that promised was staggering. She also was intrigued with the opportunity to bed Matron Evelynsdaughter prized twins. She was looking forward to watching the identical beauties suck each other off.

Colonel Elizabethson recovered from the Admiral's question concerning an agent within the Matron Evelynsdaughter household and confessed, "Sir, I have an agent that is posing, rather, operating as a 'pretty boy' in the matrons household.

"A 'pretty boy?'" asked General Patricason, "what the hell is a 'pretty boy'?"

Clearing his throat, Colonel Elizabethson replied, "Sir, a pretty boy is a hired male that is employed generally as a gardener and handyman around wealthy matron's estate. They also are act as the studs to service the sissy maids and the matron herself, if they so desire."

"You're kidding me?'" commented the Admiral.

Colonel Elizabethson shook his head.

"Sounds like pretty good work, if you can get it. Does it have a lot of sex involved?" asked the General.

Elizabethson nodded again. "Yes sir, there is quite a bit of sexual activity going on in some of wealthier matrons estates. They also are the primary market for the sissies that we so diligently import. The brothels are a temporary for the sissies. It is the place where they pay back some of the expenses incurred by Matron Evelynsdaughter. Typically, a sissy import is in hock for some fifty thousand dollars to MEE."

"They can make that much money at one of these brothels?" questioned the Admiral in awe.

Colonel Elizabethson again nodded adding, "In a very short period of time, sir. They actually only contribute about a third of their earnings to debt service. They keep another third for walking around money and savings and about a third goes to rent and bodily upkeep."

Incredulously, the General asked, "About how long does it take them to square with this MEE bunch?"

"Usually they don't completely pay off their 'debt'," replied Elizabethson. "Typically, their 'contracts' are bought out. Usually by a matron looking for household help and comely bed warmers. They aren't slaves in the usual sense of the word. They can buy out of their work contracts with their matrons and commonly do. They are paid a generous salary and along with being free of living expenses, they tend to invest a sizable amount of their income into the financial markets. "

The two flag officers had ordered another round of whiskey's and looked gap mouthed at the Colonel.

Admiral Janeson took a long sip from his drink and asked Elizabethson, "About how many of these sissies are in the country right now?"

"I don't have a hard number, Sir," replied Elizabethson, "but our best estimate is about five to six thousand and growing rapidly."

"They come from all over the world?" queried the General.

"Yes sir, except for the alliance countries. The upside for the military is that MEE has established a new male academy in Kansas called Eisenhower Academy. That is where they send all of their sissy washouts, just like you and I were sissy washouts. At Eisenhower, they concentrate on linguistics along with the standard academic and military coursework, "said Elizabethson.

"Yes, I read the article in the Army Times," said the General. "I was wondering who set up that school, it could be a god send."

"So, the gist of this activity is that we, the military provide security and support for these Evelynsdaughter activities," remarked the Admiral. "And they make the money, get the sissies and we get whorehouses and linguists in return. Quite an arrangement."

"They are quite good whorehouses," quipped the colonel.

General Patricason broke out laughing and signaled the waiter. "I think that it is a very good night to get very drunk, don't you agree Colonel?"

"I never argue with senior officers," smiled Colonel Elizabethson.

Peter's right hand was firmly embedded into the short hair at back of Margaret's scalp. He was slowly propelling his penis between the matron's virgin lips, not too deeply, but enough to fill the woman's mouth with its power. Not wanting to startle Margaret with a fresh load of sperm this early into the evening, Peter withdrew his now very slippery cock from the matron's mouth and forcing the girl's head back, kissed her forcibly on her abused lips. "You've done this before, haven't you Margie," whispered Peter.

Gasping for breath and sputtering at the same time, Margaret shook her head in denial of her presumed expertise. Her respite from Peter's attentions were short lived as he again grabbed her shortish hair and again forcing her head back, invaded her mouth with his massive tongue. With her arms unable to fend off her attacker, she found herself being forced onto her back with this massive male in absolute control of her movements. Moving smoothly, but with speed, Peter put his knees between Margaret's thighs and sliding forward, forced the young matrons thighs apart to a position of defenselessness. Margaret felt Peter's considerable organ bounce off of her Venus Mons a couple of time hitting like a soft/hard club across her sex. Peter then pulled pillow from beneath Margaret's head and flexing his thighs lifted the girl's buttocks off of the mattress and slid the pillow under the matronly ass. With her legs forced wide open and the pillow elevating her sex, Margaret now knew what it was going to be like to totally dominated and she hoped, thoroughly screwed.

Margaret was wide eyed in lust and filled with fear. She had forgotten about the butt plug humming in her bottom as her vaginal lips were grasping for the soon to be delivered reward for all of the humiliation that she had so far been subjected to. "Hurry," she whimpered. "Please hurry, Goddamn it."

Peter was enjoying himself immensely. He was also pleased at his self control; after all he had never been in bed with a female before in his life and was determined to make the experience memorable. He slowly moved the head of his cock into contact with Margie's vaginal lips and stopped. His throbbing penis head was parked at the gates of the castle enjoying Margaret's futile attempts to impale herself onto his shaft. His knees, still slightly spread, prevented Margaret any control over the movement of her hips. All that she could do was hopelessly try to engulf the stiff object at the entrance to her sex.

May-May was deep into an electronic conversation with Biehn. "I saw my 'sailorman' again last night," confided May-May.

"How many times is it now, you lucky sissy," replied Biehn.

"Three," said May-May, "I doubt if he could afford more. After all I am a very expensive commodity."

"And a very good one too," mused Biehn, "I know from experience."

"Oh, I miss you so much lover. I just wish that there was a way that we could be together again," said May-May sadly.

"I am afraid that the matron's won't let us work in the 'apartments' long enough to buy our way out," worried Biehn. "From what I can gather, very few girls stay at the 'apartments' for more than six months."

May-May face declared an unaccustomed urgency, "What happens to us?"

Biehn was downcast as she replied, "Some wealthy matron will buy out our contracts and we will become domestics for that matron. I understand that it pays very well and is quite comfortable and usually very sexy, but we could lose contact for a time."

"Nooo, I hope not," wailed May-May softly.

Biehn brightened, "Another subject, lover. Your friend Mary Ann sent me a series of demonstrations put on by her staff at her store and all of the girls here in San Francisco have watched them over and over again. We are becoming very chic, please thank her for the help the next time you see her."

Smiling at Biehn's complement, May-May told Biehn that she and Lani were having lunch with Mary Ann her friend Toni at a very upscale restaurant this weekend.

"I will tell her that you and your friends are becoming the best dressed and most charming sissies in California," giggled May-May.

"I must sign off, love," said Biehn. "Male friends are taking my roomie and me out for dinner tonight in a place called 'Chinatown'. It sounds so exotic. All of those mysterious Asians and such." May-May and Biehn laughed uproariously at Biehn's 'mysterious Asians' comment.

"Good night love," sighed May-May as the holo link faded out.

The local Bangladeshi's and Bob Gabrielleson talked throughout the day while a parade of old men and young boys paraded through the encampment receiving much needed, but very basic medical attention.

"Sir," said Aussie Commando interpreter, "the old man has a very special request to make of you."

Gabrielleson looked at the old man and dipped his head to indicate for the old man to continue. "The old man wants to know if we can treat women."

Gabrielleson was very surprised at the question. It was highly unusual for any of these isolated societies to allow any access to their precious women, no matter how well they knew and trusted you. Speaking to the interpreter, Gabrielleson said, "Tell the old man that we are honored at his trust with his women and tell him yes, we can and will provide medical treatment to the best of our abilities."

The old man smiled as he listened to the interpreter and stood and said, "Allah Akbar" and that he would send a messenger in the morning to arrange the meeting with the women. Shaking hands all around the locals left the encampment about a half an hour before darkness fell.

"Mr. Gabrielleson, sir," said Chet, the senior Aussie medic, "none of us have ever treated a woman or even examined one for that matter." Gabrielleson mentally kicked himself about not realizing the obvious. His medical teams were all ex-military and there are no women in anybody's military and almost all local's would die before they allowed access by strangers to their meager store of females.

Gabrielleson nodded in agreement with Chet's assessment. "I perhaps spoke too quickly, but this may be a real breakthrough opportunity. If, we actually are allowed to medically interview the clan's women, keep it to the obvious, malaria, malnutrition, cuts and bruises and the like. The nearest hospital that could do a thorough female medical examine is probably in Canberra."

"We'll do our best," replied Chet, "but I hope that the old man doesn't have village full of female laments that I don't even know the names of."

It was about two thirty AM when Peter quietly slipped out of the bed. Margaret was sleeping contentedly and he didn't want to disturb her, but he had to go to other bedrooms and relieve the sissies of their butt plugs and wrist restraints and reattach their chastity tubes. Using his canister of sleep gas, Peter had his task taken care of within five minutes. Margaret was awake when he slid back into bed.

"Where were you, my lovely stud?" asked the drowsy matron.

"Just doing basic housekeeping duties with the girls," replied Peter as he told her in great detail omitting the mention of the gas.

Margaret giggled at Peter's descriptions and then said, "I have the sorest butt in Omaha. I have never been used like that in all of my life. It was wonderful."

Peter laughed, "Well, make sure that you never shower with Mary Ann or Toni. They some monster soap didoes' that would positively terrify you."

Margaret then mused, "Penny and Connie shower together, I wonder if they have big girl toys also?"

"If you ever decide to investigate and shower with them, keep your back to the wall," snickered Peter. "I made that mistake once and walked bowlegged for a week. I have found that sissies are fairly strong and very quick."

Margaret snuggled up to Peter and whispered, "I would like to do this again."

Kissing the matron on her nose, Peter replied, "So would I, but let's talk it over with our girls first and God's sake, keep Carol out of the loop."

Margaret sighed, "God, yes. My mother would positively crap her panties if she knew about this."

"And once she changed her panties, I would be in the slammer charged with almost everything in the book," laughed Peter.

Snuggling up against Peter, Margaret wrapped a hand around his semi-flaccid penis and began to stroke it, "One for the road, lover?"

Carol Constancedaughter was engaged in adding the daily entry into her personal diary. She had mentioned that she had condoned interfamily sexual contact and had some remorse over the act. 'I don't know how this will turn out,' she wrote, 'my main concern is with Connie. The dear child is twenty six years old, but like most sissies has led a very sheltered life. I hope that a liaison with her childhood crush (Mary Ann Constanceson) will cure her malaise with her family life.' With this entry, Carol closed her diary and took a random diary of one of her ancestors from the shelf and opened it to see what travail her foremother had suffered.

'The Diary of Miriam Constancedaughter, Volume Two, 2148, read the books title. 'My great, great, grandmother,' mused Carol. 'I wonder what interesting happened to her eighty years ago.'

The diary entry of June 22nd, 2148, written by Matron Miriam Constancedaughter, read the page title. 'My, but isn't that formal?' wondered Carol. "I haven't read much from great, great grand mama's writings; let's see what she was about.'

The entry began; the soldiers took little Carlie this afternoon. Mama is weeping in the kitchen, but Auntie Jennie is trying not to smile. Uncle Jeff said that Carl was going to a different school, but that we would see 'HIM' soon enough. I am so sad; I think that I have lost my big sister forever. Mama said that all sissies who don't have what it takes to be an Auntie are taken by the soldiers and made into Uncles. I'm not sure how that works, but I do like Uncle Jeff a lot. If Carlie becomes like Uncle Jeff, that wouldn't be so bad. That's enough for today, except that I am very excited because my birthday is next week and I'll be ten years old, nearly a full grown mistress.

'Oh, you precious child,' thought Carol. 'Your brother Carl was killed in action in France, in a skirmish with Southern French Muslim's, he was twenty two. I'm sure that he would have every bit as good a man as Uncle Jeff.' Closing the volume, Carol suppressed a sniffle, 'God Damn this incessant warfare.' Carol then said prayer for her William, now a career soldier.

After she had showered, Margaret changed into cotton Bermuda shorts and

silk tee shirt and after putting on her make up, she had worked up enough nerve to present herself to her wives and their 'friends'. Walking into the kitchen, Margaret was surprised to all of the sissies gathered about the dining table still dressed in their negligees. Conversation among the girls was animated and somewhat raucous. The hubbub quieted when Margaret made her appearance, until Toni asked Margaret why she was walking somewhat bowlegged.

"Margie, you look a little worse for wear, this morning," snickered Toni.

Flushing, Margaret continued pouring her coffee. She then replied to Toni, "How long does it take before your enabler doesn't fall out every morning?"

Both Toni and Mary Ann broke out laughing. "About thirty minutes, thank you," replied Toni.

Mary Ann was whispering the details of Peter's morning ritual to Connie and Penny. Margaret's two sissies looked at Mary Ann, mouths agape.

Margaret, understanding that she was just another mare in this household decided to come right out and ask her wives just what they thought of the previous evening's entertainment. Penny was sharing a chair with Toni, raised her nose and said, "I thought that it was a very special night, getting to know old friends better, much better actually."

Connie just smiled and turned her head to gaze into Mary Ann's eyes, the scene was positively saccharine. 'Sissies,' thought Margaret, 'they think totally with their little one eyed monsters. I had a good time too and would like to do it again, maybe on a more regular basis. What am I going to do with Lance?'

Margaret's thought's were interrupted when Peter made his appearance; unshaven and dressed in shorts and plain cotton tee shirt Peter strode to the coffee machine, poured himself a cup and leaning against the sink, surveyed his harem. He was badly outnumbered and even with his prodigious stamina he knew that if this bunch ever got organized that they would reduce him to quivering pulp. Mary Ann was trying to envisage the two households combined. She didn't understand exactly where Margaret stood and Connie was a social problem, although they do say, 'incest is best'. Toni was just trying to figure out Margaret, but after sleeping with Penny, she did have an interest in a night or two with Connie. Penny was just coming down from the best sissy sex that she had ever had. She eyed Peter and wondered, 'Just what is that you have that makes has your sissies so in love with you?' Connie was trying to repress a mental image of her face down on her forearms with Peter's cock filling her bottom and her ramming against him trying to get it all in. Peter only thought was about what his mother would say if he screwed his little sissy brother. 'I'll have to talk with Carol about this,' thought Margaret and Peter simultaneously.

Bob Gabrielleson and his MEE Aussie's carefully approached the village that they were invited to. The elderly headman met them at the bamboo gate and escorted the team into the protected confines of the village. Corporal Thompson was standing next to Gabrielleson and awaited the headman's opening statement.

"He said, welcome to my village and my protection," said Thompson.

Gabrielleson nodded and smiled, raising his right hand, palm open in what he assumed was the international sign of peace.

"He is introducing us to the villagers. He is pointing you out as the American and that their troubles are over," continued Thompson.

'Oh shit,' thought Gabrielleson. 'Just what I need, hyper expectations.'

"Ask the headman, exactly what does he hope that we can do for him?" whispered Gabrielleson.

Waiting patiently for the translation to proceed, Bob looked at the motley crowd gathered in what could pass for the village square. He saw no women, but a lot of young boys, in the eight to twelve year range.

"The headman wants to know if it is possible for a few of their young men to go to America to be educated. He, say's that they could pay something towards their education," relayed Thompson.

'Now here's an opportunity,' thought Gabrielleson. "Tell the old man that we would consider it an honor to educate as many of his young men as he wishes, but that we would need his co-operation in clearing and securing the docks as a place of commercial interaction."

"Hold on, Cap'n, your outrunning my vocabulary," said Thompson.

Gabrielleson laughed, "Just tell him that we will do that, but we will need help in using the docks for our ships."

Thompson told the headman of Gabrielleson's conditions and he quickly agreed. The old man then asked for the medics to examine his women. Gabrielleson motioned for the medics to follow the headman into the large communal hut. Entering the gloom of the thatched building, the lead medic saw a group of some thirty women and children.

"Damn, they all look like they have been rode hard and put away wet," said the lead medic. The medics quickly went about their examinations. The women were clearly afraid of the Australians, but the children found them to be a very strange amusement.

"Cap'n," reported the senior medic, "we have the usual tropical ailments; malaria, worms and malnutrition. There are some twenty women over fifteen and twelve children, all under five years of age and seven

younger males, all castrated."

Gabrielleson nodded and turned to the first sergeant, "A pretty motley bunch sergeant, but the fact that they have 'cut' males is interesting."

"About what I would expect sir," replied the sergeant. "This appears to be a satellite village. I think once we get done here we will be invited to meet with the bigger bosses."

Gabrielleson agreed and turned to seek out the headman, accompanied by interpreter Thompson they began to investigate the village, thoroughly. Most of the men and boys were at work in or around the fields, but the headman was quickly located. Through Thompson, Gabrielleson asked the old man about other villages in the area.

"He say's there another six villages, pretty much like this one and a larger village, apparently the home of the big cheese," said Thompson.

"Ask him if we can be of assistance in the other villages," replied Gabrielleson.

Thompson laughed, "He's way ahead of us, Cap'n. He has already sent runners to the other villages and the 'big cheese'."

"Better inform the men to expect visitors any time soon," ordered Gabrielleson. Bob then returned his attention to the headman who looking anxiously at the large hut with the women and children. Gabrielleson looked at the headman and nodded his most reassuring nod. One had to be careful with overt hand signals or facial expressions; you never knew what they might mean in a different culture. As the head man gazed at the women's hut, the senior medic emerged and waved to Gabrielleson.

Walking towards the hut accompanied by the headman, Gabrielleson looked around for Thompson and saw the interpreter returning towards him. When Thompson arrived, the medic gave a quick rundown on the results of the team's examinations and treatments. Gabrielleson was relieved that none of the 'patients' had serious issues or anything that could not be treated by the teams medics. Just as Thompson started his explanations to the headman, a whistle caught Gabrielleson's ear and he turned and saw a group of about twenty locals accompanying a small, somewhat withered old man. The locals were armed with ancient twentieth century firearms, all in need of serious maintenance. The village headman grabbed both Gabrielleson and Thompson and steered them towards the arrivals.

Mike summoned Pat to his office on Monday morning. He was going to tell the young detective that the investigation was to be closed but to copy everything and keep the record cube in a safe place for a very long time. He had already informed Winston and Byron, they were not surprised and just snickered at Mike's suggestion concerning saving

records, Mike knew that they had already done that. When Pat entered his office, Mike pointed to a chair and said, "Sit down Pat, we have a few things to discuss."

"First of all, did you visit the 'apartments'?" asked Mike.

Pat reddened, "Yes, I did. Per your suggestion and found the visit, shall we say invigorating."

"Good," said Mike, "I take it that you got screwed. Did you go out and get a tattoo with your new loves name in heart afterwards?"

"No tattoo, but maybe a new love," replied Pat sheepishly.

Mike smiled at the young detectives embarrassment, "That's good that you didn't get a foolish brand. I received two calls at home yesterday, one from your Commanding Officer at the Naval Reserve Center, Captain Reneeson and one from our old friend Master Sergeant Elizabethson of the CID. Both of these calls concerned you."

Pat looked at his boss very warily. "I take it these calls concerned our late investigation of the goings on at the Olde City Mall and the Pioneer Apartment's?"

Mike nodded, "Captain Reneeson asked for a recommendation from me concerning your moral character, apparently for some sort of promotion board. He also asked me if I knew anything about a special relationship between you and the office of the Chief of Naval Operations.

Pat's mouth swung open, but no sound came forward.

"Sergeant Elizabethson asked if there were any items of police interest concerning a Miss May-May, a resident of the Pioneer Apartments. I told your CO that I would have my highest recommendations in hard copy to him within a few days and I told Sergeant Elizabethson that the Omaha Police Department had no record of any dealings with a Miss May-May."

Detective Meganson was still groping for sound as he stared at Mike.

"This Miss May-May is the sissy that you had your 'fling' with recently, I take it?" inquired Mike. "The promotion board business, I have no idea what that is about, but you will receive my highest recommendation."

"Yes sir," uttered Pat, finally. "May-may is the sissy that I encountered at the Pioneer. I think that we have a strong mutual attraction. The request by my reserves CO is much a mystery to me as it apparently, to you."

Mike was leaning back in his chair and continued, "May-May is one of the sissies from the Pioneer that helped Mary Ann and Toni gathers their very valuable information, isn't she?"

Pat nodded in the affirmative, "Yes, she and her roomie, a sissy called Lani were of considerable help."

"I know," grinned Mike. "In fact, I am going to give you a copy of all of their assistance in the late investigation for your private records. Like I told Winston and Byron, make a detailed report along with all of the evidence that you have gathered and save it on a data cube and store it in a very safe place for a very long time. This is your personal insurance policy and do not tell anybody whoever may become compromised in the future where this record is kept." Shortly after leaving Mike's office, Pat received a holo message, this time from Mary Ann. The image of Mary Ann told Pat that she and Toni were having a dinner engagement with May-may and Lani this coming Saturday night and that she thought that he should attend. Passing along the time and place, Mary Ann winked seductively and added "Be there."

Carol was having a quiet dinner at home with her household when she broke the news that Debra was moving to Omaha for a few months. She passed along what little Debra had told her. The promotion by MEE to be the future manager of the firms Canadian operations and that she would not be moving into Carol's household while she was in Omaha. "That is a wise move," commented Frank. "I think our little girl needs to be as independent as possible."

"I know your right dear," replied Carol, "but mothers being mothers do like to dominate their offspring as much as possible."

Jason laughed and commented, "I think Debra is cut from the same cloth as her mother. Odd though, I would have thought that it would have been Katherine to make the big move."

Julie nodded in agreement, "I am surprised at Debra's rapid rise in her company. Carol, do think that your influence here in Omaha had anything to do with it?"

Taking a sip of her wine responded, "No, I think that it had more to do with Peter and Mike. I am not fully privy to the goings on at this MEE business, but I do know that it was the subject of a very intense investigation by the Omaha Police Department. I also know that the investigation was shut down by very powerful political influences from Washington."

"Are you going to introduce Debra's wives to Peter or are they going to be shut away in a nunnery?" asked Marie, slyly.

Carol reddened and ignored Marie's question, "Peter has met Stephanie, but the new African girl, Annie will be an exotic addition to the family. Peter was in Africa for nearly two years, perhaps he and Annie have common acquaintances."

Frank chortled at this, "Africa is a big place, love. This Annie girl

is from, I believe Somalia, and it is on the other side of the continent from Nigeria, where Peter was stationed."

"How is Debra going to get Annie into Canada?" asked Jason. "The Canadian entrance laws are as strict as ours."

Carol replied, "Debra tells me that Annie is an American citizen."

Jason and Frank exchanged glances, Annie gaining US citizenship was a near impossibility under current immigration codes. 'Very high level political influence,' thought Frank.

Jason commented, "If this MEE Company has that kind of pull, I think that it would be wise for all of us not to tread on its toes and keep our suspicions to ourselves." Frank nodded his emphatic agreement to Jason's assessment. Carol felt a chill creep down her spine and she suddenly became anxious about her youngest offspring.

The now very chic May-May and Lani walked into Maxim's Restaurant dramatically dressed in their shortish oriental cut silk dresses with hip high slits, freshly coiffed and modestly adorned with tasteful jewelry. The Maître 'D met them just inside foyer and asked if they were the expected guests of the Constanceson party? May-May nodded and the Maître 'D led them to the private dining room where the other guests were gathered. Mary Ann immediately welcomed the two sissies to the party and along with Toni made the round of introductions. It was only after they met Mike and Pamela did May-May notice Pat Meganson leaning against the small bar.

"It's my 'Sailorman'", whispered May-May to Lani.

The Ukrainian sissy eyed Pat. with great interest and whispered back to May-May, "A very good choice, lover."

Mary Ann couldn't help but notice May-May's reaction to Pat, even before she had introduced them. "Do you know Detective Meganson?" she asked.

May-May mumbled, "I did not know that my 'Sailorman' was a policeman."

"Sailorman?" giggled Mary Ann. "Yes, he is a 'Sailorman' and a very nice policeman."

Toni appeared with glasses of wine for the two young sissies and added, "He is also yours for the taking, May-May."

Lani was too wide eyed at the revelation of Pat's occupation to even thank Toni for the beverage before she started gulping its contents. "Are there any other policemen here?' she stuttered.

Toni nodded and tilted her head towards Mike who was talking with

Pamela and Peter, "That's Mike, he is Pat's boss."

Mary Ann had moved behind the two nervous sissies and placing her head between them, said, "It's all right. There is nothing for you girls to be afraid of here. The policemen know all about the 'apartments' and take my word for it, you girls have friends in very high places. Relax, and enjoy the evening, I think that Mike wants to talk to both of you."

"Allahu Akbar," exclaimed the old man as he strode into the village.

"Allahu Akbar," replied the village headman who then rushed to the older man and pointing to Gabrielleson and the Aussie's started a very animated conversation. The old man's escort formed itself into a rough semi-circle facing the strangers. They did not notice the two automatic weapons teams that watched them from tree line. Accompanying the old man, the village headman began to make the introductions, at least that what Thompson was saying to Gabrielleson. After a round of smiles and handshakes, a young man appeared with a tray holding small cups of tea and the select group sat on the headman's veranda and the talks began.

"The old man wants to know if you are truly an American," said Thompson.

Gabrielleson nodded in affirmative and told Thompson, "Ask the old man if we bring extensive medical and civil help, if we can use the docks for our ships?"

The old man guessed that if these foreigners wanted to use the docks that they could merely take them. He wisely consented, figuring that a quick deal would bring the most benefit to his clan. The conversation continued with the foreigners wanting to know about other clans in the area and what sort of relationship the old man's clan had with them. The old man revealed that the local culture was basically agrarian with several individuals engaged in fishing the river. He asked if the foreigner's ships would disturb the fishing. Assured that ship traffic would be most likely light, the old man asked Gabrielleson about possible trade. Gabrielleson quickly agreed that trade was a prime reason for their presence. During the course of the conversation, the old man revealed that the female survival rate was about the same as the rest of the worlds. He also lamented that they were forced to buy castrated captives from the border tribes because of the lack of women.

Debra and her wives, Stephanie and Annie were having dinner with her mother, Carol at the Matriarchs compound on the west side of Omaha. Debra had left Henry back in Miami to look after the place while she and her girls were looking for a temporary house in Omaha. Carol did not suggest that her daughter move into her home, realizing that the clash of dominant females could be very uncomfortable. After dinner,

Carol and Debra had moved to the pool room for cocktails. Jason and Frank were on hand to mix drinks and Carol's and Debra's wives mixed to get to know each other. Carol was relaxed and leaning against the bar asked Debra, "Where did you ever find Annie?"

Smiling, Debra looked her mother in the eye and answered, "Annie is a prime example of what MEE's product line looks like."

Confused, Carol questioned, "Product line? I don't know what you mean dear."

"Mother, MEE is in the people business. Annie was about to be castrated and made into a sex slave in what was once Somalia. Her father was the clan chief that lost the war and fortunately, our operatives, that is MEE operatives were close at hand and bought Annie before she was cut. We're not always that lucky. Annie was ten or eleven years old at the time and a prime sissy candidate. She was brought back to the USA and after her medical quarantine period, sent to MEE's sissy school in Kentucky. She was educated, hormonized and has developed into the stunning sissy that she is. I think that she is still somewhat resentful about being dominated by women, she was a Moslem after all."

Carol gazed at the tall African girl; wondering, just how the girl felt when Debra shoved her dildo up her very pretty bottom. 'No matter,' she thought, 'Annie isn't going to be running around unrestrained any time soon.'

"So, your boss, this Matron Evelyn's daughter is not in the race horse business after all," said Carol. "Your company actually goes around the world buying sissies. I didn't realize that there were that many of them around."

"There aren't," replied Debra. "We try and buy un-mutilated boys, some make good sissies, others, are sent to our military prep school in Kansas and are quite valued for their language skills."

"The military assists MEE in their activities?" questioned Carol.

"Mother, it couldn't be done without Allied military involvement," answered Debra.

Carol looked at her youngest with renewed respect, 'this twenty something girl had carved out a position in a very secretive organization that had considerable influence into the highest levels of American political society.'

Debra continued, "You know, our Uncle Mike and his detectives have penetrated the security of MEE and the military involvement. It took interference from the pentagon to call them off. We should all be very proud of Uncle Mike and Sissy Pamela for their work. They brought MEE activities out of the shadows and while the company's activities will remain extra-legal, they will have the ability to operate more or less in the open. Canada's parliament has legalized MEE brothels as health

resorts. That is my next assignment, 'Pimp to our northern neighbor'."

Carol sat open mouthed at her daughter's rationalization of her employer's activities.

Mike approached the two 'Apartment' girls casually and introduced himself formally. "I am Detective Lieutenant Michael Winnifredson, I would like for you girl's to take a message back to the 'Apartments' for me. It appears that our investigation into the activities of the inhabitants of your building is at a close. No further investigation of the activities at the apartments is planned at this time. I would like to advise you, Miss May-May not to make any long term plans in the near future. You have caught the attention of the higher ups in the Pentagon and this could be a very good thing for you. Also, you two have gained the friendship of Miss Mary Ann and Miss Toni, they are the consorts of the rather imposing gentleman at the bar, one Peter Constanceson, who is very well connected locally."

May-May and Lani looked at each other uncertainly. Lani asked Mike, "Sir, we don't understand, was there some sort of criminal investigation going on?"

Mike laughed, "Yes, miss there was. But, don't worry about it. Everything has been cleared up and none of the girls at the 'Apartments' are under any threat from the police."

A waiter then appeared and notified the diners that dinner was about to be served. "Please take your places, Ladies and Gentlemen. Dinner is being served."

May-May found herself to the right of Detective Meganson and Lani was across the table next to Pamela.

"Sailorman," said May-May. "I didn't know that you knew my socially connected friends."

Pat and Mike began laughing.

After dinner, Mike cornered May-May at the bar and shooed Pat away. "May-May," began Mike. "Are you interested in expanding your relationship with Pat?"

Looking at the large policeman curiously, May-May asked, "What do you mean by 'expanding my relationship' sir?"

Balking briefly, Mike continued, "Miss, in our convoluted society, there are few ground rules for formulating relationships between men and sissies. What I am trying to say is, are you interested in furthering you relationship with Detective Meganson?"

Sliding into the conversation, Pamela said, "May-May, what this dolt is trying to say is, if you are interested in Detective Meganson, some

people in very high places have given their blessing."

Confused by the obliqueness of the conversation, May-May asked, "Are you suggesting that 'Sailorman' wants to start a more formal relationship with me?"

Chuckling, Mike replied, "Exactly."

May-May's heart was beating a mile a minute. Here was a chance to get out of her 'fun', but demeaning occupation at the Apartments and possibly avoid a period of servitude with some overbearing matron to boot.

"I would love to get more intimate with my 'Sailorman'," said May-May, "But, he must initiate the relationship. If I make the first move, I risk serious repercussions from my employer."

Mike nodded in agreement at the Asian girl's assessment. He had been in conversation with Master Sergeant Elizabethson that afternoon and had been notified that his junior detective was about to receive a reserve commission in the US Navy. Sergeant Elizabethson also made it known that the Chief of Naval Operations was aware of Detective Meganson's liaisons with a certain courtesan called 'May-May' and that he had approved of the relationship. Sergeant Elizabethson further hinted that if 'Ensign' Meganson needed financial assistance into procuring his liaisons release from her financial obligations, that the Navy Department would assist in that matter.

Mike had his drink refreshed and tapped his glass onto the bar and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have an important announcement to make. I have been informed through back channels, that our very own Detective Patrick Meganson is going to be awarded a reserve commission to the rank of Ensign in the US Naval Reserve. Congratulations, detective. The formal announcement will be forthcoming in the next couple of weeks at your monthly reserve meeting."

Pat was stunned by Mike's announcement, he nearly dropped his drink as Peter slapped his back, "Congratulations" was all he heard. Mike approached Pat with May-May in tow and grabbed the confused detective by the elbow and escorted the couple to a nearby table.

"Pat," started Mike, "You are going to be commissioned within a couple of months and the Chief of naval Operations has decided that naval officers should have consorts, apparently because the Navy is deeply involved with bringing certain sissies into the country, albeit, somewhat illegally. "

Looking into May-May's eyes, Mike continued, "You, my fine young lass may be the first in a long line of Navy consorts, if you consent. Also, I have been advised that you will be awarded US citizenship and any outstanding debts will be paid by the Navy Department should you accept being the consort of Ensign Meganson."

Standing behind May-May, Lani looked at Mike and said, "I like sailors,

too."

End of Omaha Vice