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*Thank you.*

# THE DOLLHOUSE

**By Eleanor Darby Wright**

*We flew in from Miami Beach BOAC ...*

I think that the 'air hosts' and 'air hostesses' of My Lord and Master's private airplane thought it was really funny to be playing that as I was exiled from the only home that I had ever known. I was numb with shock at being told to get out of his sight by a very angry Lord and Master. What made it worse then was that his principal wife tried to intervene for me and the Lord slapped her. We weren't children any more and the Lord signalled to his minions to haul the bleeding wife to her feet, her face a mask of anguish.

“My lord and master,” Alicia said as she was hauled to her feet by the slightly grinning guards, “I meant no offence. I merely wanted to say ...”

“Say nothing,” said a furious Lord and Master. He pointed to Gregory, who terrified us all. We had heard stories of girls like us being damaged permanently by the penetrations of his enormous, legendary manhood. Such useless frills, as we would then be called, were consigned, or so we were told, to the pig farms of the estate.

“You want her?” asked the Lord and Master, indicating Alicia.

“Do I want your wife, milord?” asked Gregory cautiously. The Lord’s aides and bodyguards had also been said to have found their way to the pig farms as well as useless dolls from the Dollhouse.

The Lord and Master grinned, terrifying me and making Alicia begin to sob pitifully. Weeping and grovelling were expected from all of us dolls but this time it did not save Alicia.

“She is yours,” the Lord said to Gregory, who nodded and picked up the Alicia, his huge arm completely about her tiny waist. He carried her off as she wept and begged him to be gentle with her.

The Lord and Master looked at me and zipped up his pants where his erection had quite failed. I gathered the skirts of my golden ballroom dress and backed from the study on my knees, striving to obey the command to get out of my Lord and Master’s sight.

“Wait!” snarled the Lord then, staring at me as he sat back in his favorite chair. “Very well, Korinny may have her.” The secretary’s poised pen descended onto the parchment and he began to write furiously. My

Lord and Master stepped over and raised my chin with his boot. My lips quivered as I kissed the dark leather.

“Thank you, My Lord,” I whispered in the highest and most girlish of voices that I could produce. According to the colors of the wigs I wore, and the styles that I wore them in, I had to vary my voice to match the image I was presenting. Now, I was an empty-headed, know-nothing blonde. I was too dumb to be sassy with My Lord. I just looked at him, tears falling down my face at the thought of not pleasing him in the sex act I had tried to perform on him.

Alicia had been the one to suggest that, since she had already performed the same seduction on My Lord and Master, perhaps the reason for his not splashing my face was because she had already emptied him for the morning. It had been said so lightly, so gently, an answer to My Lord’s demand to know what was wrong with me.

“When your new owner,” My Lord said to me, “asks why I have relented and sent you to him for the pleasure of his son, you will tell him, Rebecca,” he went on, unzipping his fly again and, wonder of wonders, he was being aroused again as he looked down the torn front of my dress and at my shapely, feminine bosom. “You will tell him that I find you so flawed that I can no longer tolerate you among the living works of art that I have created.”

The Lord signalled to me then as the secretary wrote my letter of exile, his eyes on his work and not on mine. Eagerly, I took My Lord’s hardening member and placed it between my breasts, my soft hands squeezing my breasts together frantically as my mouth reached for the Lord’s sticky, agitated eel.

The Lord laughed at me as I finally caught his aroused manhood and used my tongue slowly and gently as I had been taught, having suffered many great pains in the learning process, how to arouse my beloved perfectly as a dolly like me should. No matter this time that the Lord did not really ejaculate on me, in my mouth, and on my face, as he loved to do to us dolls past the age of consent.

While I slowly worked my mouth over his erection, maintaining its stimulation to My Lord's delight, he continued with his morning's work, drawing in the chief maid and the butler and assigning tasks while I tried vainly to produce a steady ejaculate from his stiff, burgeoning maleness.

It was not to be, however, and so I was scolded for my inability to please a man and to bring him the gratification that every man deserved from a doll like me. He kicked me from him and ordered me to run to my room, my breasts unfettered and free so that everyone could see that I was unmarked by him and so was a dolly of no talent who must be sold if anyone could be found to take on a girl like me.

I went to bed, petrified, weeping at all the bitter re-primations poured on me. The next day, I was ordered to dress by my Mother in my bronze, travelling skirt and jacket, a silvery top showing off my now covered breasts. Beneath, against my skin, I was in a black and red corset with black garters that held up the stockings that I wore. The corset was a set with my black and red panties and triangular, tight, black gaff that all of us dolls had to wear. I had four inch high heels on my feet, with bronze-colored, court shoes to match my suit. It had taken me two hours to get my hair and my makeup perfect.

My Lord did not come to the car to see me out of the building that had been my home for over ten years. Why should he? All the other dolls had been assembled and dressed appropriately for the Lord and Master's wedding, but I was not invited I had been told, to my great chagrin. The Lord was never without a doll-wife and so, wedding ceremonies, while not occurring every season, still were common enough that I had been a bridesmaid ten times since I had reached the age of consent and twenty times before that, I had been at the Master's wedding as a flower girl.

There was a terrible void in me as I dressed in my feminine, travelling suit, seeing how it enhanced my hips, making them appear wider and more shapely than I had been before Mother had ordered me, last year, to the clinic. I had been surgically altered to fit the clothes that I now wore and filled out perfectly, or so I thought. It was Alicia who had smiled and whispered to me not to be so glum about what had been done to me. It happened to all the doll-girls.

"We all get breast augmentations," Alicia said to me with a giggle that we had all had to learn how to do. It didn't come naturally to us and we had to practise it day after day until we got the right, girlish tone into our voices. "And new noses and even, new faces. You won't, though, because you're so sweet and pretty. I'm sure that some day the Lord and Master will notice you and you will become his bride."

Well, I hadn't reached that glorious, lofty post, though I had eagerly thrown myself into the task of being singled out to become the Lord's bride. I had loved being Alicia's bridesmaid in my sparkly pink, low-cut dress. I think that Alicia had deliberately thrown her wedding bouquet to me. I know that My Lord had no-

ticed me then because the next day, I had to attend him in his study and all my lessons in arousing a Lord were put to the test.

The Lord had said that I should practise with his secretaries and Francis, the one who attended My Lord and wrote all his wishes onto the computer laptop, had been pleased. He had brought me into their quarters and I had practised and entertained Francis and his friends all of the time as My Lord had ordered me. They were nice and did not report me when I made errors, such as being too flamboyant with my first lover and so not having sufficient fluid left in me to slake my second lover's thirst for me. He had just laughed and had me lift my legs about him and taken his pleasure from me in a different way. I was so grateful to Alex, that was his name, for being so understanding.

On the morning as I was walked along the marble floor by members of Gregory's squad of bodyguards, all I could hear and feel was my high heels on the stone walkway. Inside me was only numbness. It was a terrible fear that I felt from my ejection from all that a doll-girl like me could I aspire to become.

What would happen to me now, I thought in distress, as I clicked in my heels out into the bright sunlight and into the limousine with its dark windows. I was alone in the back of the car as I had never been before in the few rides that we had taken with Mother and whatever boys she had brought along to assist us dolls in our training.

It was in the back of the car that we had found out that one of the boys was insane. That was what Mother had called Aaron when he had spluttered and fell from me as I was kissing him so lovingly. He had his hands in my panties and Mother had said that it was fine as I



was past the age and I must not hold back anything from my lover. I was trying not to.

“She’s not a girl!” Aaron had said aloud, the disgust clear in his voice. “She’s a boy! She’s got a penis just like mine!”

“Show me yours,” Mother had then said angrily. I had shivered and slid back into a corner, unable to speak as Aaron’s words reverberated inside me.

“Oh look, here’s the problem,” Mother had said as one of her Bosom Companions, Sandra, as I recall, had pulled down the struggling Aaron’s pants and exposed him. “Aaron is the one who is a girl. Look at his pretty, little clitoris.”

We all dutifully looked at Aaron’s aroused ‘clitoris’, identical to our own.

“Maria,” said Mother then as Aaron’s eyes got larger and he began to gasp in horror, “has been placed in the wrong class. No wonder that she has become insane. Now, boys, girls, we must return Maria to her rightful place. Sandra, organize Maria’s return to femininity.”

Aaron fought us but the other boys held him down. If they were uneasy about what happened to their companion, they tried not to show it but the occasional sick expression on a boy’s face was seen by all of us girls. Basil had to be the first boy to teach the new girl, Maria, the sexual tricks that she had to perform on him and the rest of his classmates. She screamed and tried to fight as Basil treated her as ruthlessly as he treated all of us dollies until Mother had Maria gagged and rolled over.

Mother allowed, that’s the way she said it, but we all knew it was an order, all the boys to treat Maria as a

little doggie and they demonstrated to us delighted girls how to make love to a pretty girl from the rear. A wild-eyed Maria was trying to scream but the boys had her hands fastened in the manacles that were always in the car when we went out.

Mother had said they were for pleasure and we would find out later how they would be used on us. We saw Maria manacled across a seat and Sandra was being greeted by another Bosom Companion who had a frilly, baby-girl dress and a head of ringlets for the doll-girl who had tried to pass herself off as a boy. That was how Mother explained it to us and none of us dared to say a word about Aaron, who had been funny and nice to us girls. Now he was one of us, no, she was one of us, Maria.

When we left the car after our ride, the car ferried back another group of dolls and their escorts from their walks under the cherry blossoms. Mother told us to sa-shay, which meant to walk as if we were models, out to the lovely orchards. We all had lessons to practise on how to amuse a man if we were ever lucky enough to be in the situation of walking and flirting with him in the garden.

Basil grinned lasciviously at me and tightened his arm about my waist and I giggled as I was supposed to and cuddled up to him. I felt like crying inside but I did what I had been trained to do. We all had to wait, however, before we could go off and flirt with our escorts while Mother instructed the next group on how they were to enjoy Maria's return to femininity.

One of the boys in that group had to join us, an older secretary, while the older bodyguards and secretaries looked eagerly at the now sluttishly dressed, heavily madeup Maria, manacled and gagged, shaking

her head as Mother said how much the girl wished to be pleased by strong, virile men. The older dolls, Alicia was with them, had all giggled and laughed and told Maria how delighted they were that she was about to be come one of us again, as if she had ever been.

No, we weren't all recruited as I had been as a young person. Aaron wasn't the first to be converted in front of us all. I had seen many come into the Dollhouse and become girls like me, including, recently, two of Mother's husbands. I shuddered then as those thoughts came back to me. Poor Maria hadn't lived years in the Dollhouse like most of us dolls.

I was crying, giving way to sentimentality, which was sometimes allowed to us, particularly on days when My Lord and Master was entertaining his friends with our charms and we had to compete with older and younger dollies for honors. I usually managed to find a lordling who would let me sit in his lap and entertain him while My Lord's current wife danced, almost nude, her little black triangle the only disguise offered to propriety.

My Lord would take her nude body and press it against him, his honored wife always so gorgeous as she tempted her Lord and Master with her rounded, little tush. Some day, I knew, it would be me like that and I would be as ecstatic as was My Lord's wife as she pleased him with every particle of her femininity.

I could scarcely abide all the sentimental thoughts weaving their way through me as I clicked along the long pathway away from my home. Today, I was leaving the Dollhouse forever, Alex had informed me, as he watched me attach my stockings to my garters. The bodyguard with him had been licking his lips as he looked at me. I would have pleased him as I was

trained to do but Alex had stiffly told me to walk with him to the main door.

“I will miss you, my lovely doll,” Alex had whispered tenderly as he had reached in to the car to see that I was sitting properly, my legs crossed, my hair not being creased as I sat without slumping against the back seat.

I cried then at the kind words that I heard. I cried more, however, while I was heading out of the place where I was safe, clean, and trained to be a perfect dolly. All the things that I desired and wanted so much for myself had been swept away from me. It was Maria who was putting on her white, satin and silk dress, her gauzy veil, and her exquisite white underwear. She was as ecstatically happy as I would have been as the other dollies all enthusiastically helped her in being prepared for her wedding to My Lord and Master.

I had seen Maria cuddled up in My Lord’s lap the night before. She had flung her arms about his neck in delight as she so gladly accepted My Lord’s proposal of marriage. I had been crying then with despair as I realized that the proposal should have come to me. It would have come if only I had been able to rouse My Lord and Master’s flagging desire with my mouth as Maria had done so expertly before My Lord’s evening entertainment had begun.

I must do better wherever I was going. I must be the perfect dolly for my new master. I didn’t know whether I belonged to Korinny, whoever that was, or his son, or both. Whatever, I was determined to be the best dolly that I could be for whoever I had to entertain. Surely, when My Lord and Master heard how wonderfully I was regarded by others, he might consider my return to the Dollhouse.

I had never heard of it happening but there might be a first time, might there not? Mother always said that to us sarcastically when we were younger and tried all kinds of weird answers to the problems we had been set by her. She had said it to me when I said that if we were so good to My Lord, he might return us to our families with a present. Yes, there could have been a first time for that but there never was.

How Alicia had giggled when she heard what I had said. That made me cry some more inwardly, in despair, as I heard the air hostesses, once dollies like me, entertaining the air hosts in the airplane. Where was Alicia now, I wondered helplessly? I hoped fervently that she was more than a sex toy in the barracks room. I had heard enough stories about that.

Bosom Companions had that as their frequent punishment, it seemed, but Sandra had once whispered to Karen that it seemed more like a reward to her. They had both laughed and giggled at that one. I hoped that Alicia had finally been rewarded. She had been the only one in all the dolls that I had known who had ever tried to warn me of the obstacles that would be put in my way, my goal to become the perfect doll-girl.

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*She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah.*

The airplane had only one passenger, me. The air hostesses were allowing the air hosts to make love to them behind the curtains in the back of the cabin. They didn't care about me reporting them. I was 'flawed', wasn't I? I was being sent away. They didn't even want me to join with them in their games.

I hoped that the reaction of my new owners would be different from the contempt that I felt directed at me by those who still worked for My Lord and Master. After all, the little thought had gone through me, there was someone in this world who wanted me. Someone must have noticed me to have purchased me from My Lord and Master. That was the way that it always was. Possibly that was Alicia's fate, like mine, to be sent on in disgust to a new owner and not the horrors of the pig farm that supposedly awaited us all if we did not measure up to Mother's, which meant My Lord's, high standards.

But waiting for me was a car and driver and no-one else. The driver didn't even smile as I minced across the tarmac and got into the car as prettily as I could. He didn't look at my legs or at my bust as I tried to sit enticingly on the back seat. He just waited coldly for me and then slammed the door shut behind me.

I didn't ask any questions, convinced that I would get no answers. The car headed into an enormous city, skyscrapers looming ahead of us as we crossed an enormously wide river on a multi-laned bridge. I wanted to ask where I was and what situation was I headed to but I knew better than to ask the silent menial.

There were some bodyguards like that whom we occasionally had to entertain. It was so difficult to know when we had done well or not as the reactions of such men was so controlled save when they were on the point of ejaculation. Then, it could go one of two ways, ecstatic fondling or vicious mishandling.

Who here would be monitoring us if the driver pulled over and told me what he wanted me to do to him? I would do it as any of us dollies would. We were

trained for that. But if the mishandling of us became too extreme, we always knew that Mother and her Bosom Companions were there to assist and rescue us. They could even command Gregory or his cohorts to save us, if needed. It was nice to know that a female like us could command a man in such dire emergencies.

We drove into a garage beneath one of the tall towers. I waited and only uncrossed my legs when the driver opened the door and stood to one side, waiting for me to get out. He pointed to the elevator and I went before him. I always had to walk in front of men who were escorting me. It gave them the opportunity to see how I sashayed and minced like a true girl. They would comment then on my silhouette or my obvious deficiencies as a female. So, I learned what it was that I had to improve. Lately, I had heard nothing but praise, some of it in surprise, at my feminine sway and grace when I moved.

“How did you get to move like that?” one of My Lord’s guests had once asked me, smiling smugly at me.

“Years of practise,” I had told him with a pretty smile and, for once, Mother who was with me in the hallway, had actually smiled at me, as well. That had been a very good day, My Lord’s guest so willing and so delightful in his fulsome praise of me after I had entertained him all day long.

“That’s what I like to hear,” My Lord had said as he caressed Alicia, his Lady-wife to him, and she smiled fondly at me as well.

The chauffeur deposited me into a richly decorated foyer which led to what I could see were luxuriously decorated apartments.

“Wait here,” the chauffeur said, the first words he had said to me all that day. He turned and left me and so I sat, my legs crossed and studied my reflection in the mirror opposite me.

A golden-haired girl stared back at me, her face very still. She had darkly fringed eyes that looked somberly at me. That would not do and so I smiled a little. The girl’s eyes sparkled a little then, her pink mouth curving in an expectant smile. Yes, that was better. I shouldn’t arrive at this new establishment and let my new owner see that I was expecting the worst of him right away.

I touched my necklace so that it was centered perfectly on my long neck. There wasn’t a hint of the operation I had had there to ‘shave’ my Adam’s apple. My Mother had reminded me for a year how much money My Lord and Master had had invested in my cosmetic treatments and I should be so grateful to him for making me so beautiful. I was beautiful was all that I heard in delight. Any praise, in however an unlikely manner, was always music to my ears.

I was smiling just as I wanted to, waiting for over an hour, which wasn’t unusual for me, when the door through which I had entered seemed to burst open and a young man led a group of his friends into the apartment.

“No, I am not going to obey my father in this,” the young man was saying over his shoulder. “In the matter of a wife, I shall choose my own or ...”

His threat wasn’t completed as one of his friends, a dark, serious-faced boy, prodded him and pointed to me, sitting so prettily in the foyer of the apartment.



The tall, fair-haired boy, tanned and blue-eyed, but seeming like a golden boy to me, turned athletically on his well-shod foot and stared at me. He stopped in mid-sentence, staring at me, not responding at all to my pretty smile. The other two boys and the girl in the group crowded in behind the first boy and all the animated conversation between them ceased as they stared at me as well.

“Is, is this your new wife, Douglas?” asked the dark-haired girl with a coquettish laugh that had taken me a long time to perfect. I admired that and the little, black dress that she was wearing. I hoped that there would be something like that in my new wardrobe of dresses in this sumptuous dwelling. I knew I could wear it with the greater style than she displayed.

It occurred to me then as she smiled impishly at me that I was looking at a real woman in the flesh for the first time. I flushed as she looked me over, taking in my neatly arranged, pinned back blonde hair, my makeup, not overdone as I was travelling, and the equally stylish travelling suit that I wore.

“Stand up,” Douglas commanded me and I rose gracefully to my high-heeled feet, the scrape of one nylon against the other very clear as the four boys and a girl were so silently staring at me.

“Nearly as tall as me,” said the second boy with a smile, “in those lovely high heels.

“Thank you for saying so,” I said and extended my smile into one of delight and pleasure. It was easy as I was always thrilled to be complimented on anything girlish about me that was approved by others.

"I'm Tobias," said the dark-haired, serious-faced boy, his face breaking into a smile to mirror my own, as I had guessed that it would.

"Rebecca," I said to him as I curtsyed as I had been taught when he put out his hand and I took it. He might have meant only to shake my hand but there was no point taking chances on how I was expected to behave. I treated him as I would have any of My Lord's guests and Tobias kissed my hand and complimented me on the fragrance that I had used.

We might have been in the Dollhouse, the way that Tobias bowed stiffly to me and caressed my hand, not letting it go. That was when I had the first inkling that Tobias had indeed visited the Dollhouse and knew all about girls like me.

I hadn't taken the smile off my face and, after being greeted by Tobias, I had moved to the other young men and Tobias had risen beautifully to the occasion to introduce me to Lance and Maxim. My tight skirt rode up my stocking legs as I curtsyed to their grinning faces but I had to smile and bear such indignity as exposing my thighs to such men. The tight skirt had been chosen for me to remind me of how I was to walk, in dignified, female fashion. If I had to curtsy, I could hear Mother's voice in my mind, I would do so and make the best of the situation with a smile to put the men at ease.

Mother had not told me how to deal with a young woman, a real woman. This real woman, with real breasts that had grown without chemical inducements and surgical augmentations, stood before me and smiled at me as I curtsyed. She didn't kiss my hands of course. She held both as my Mother might have but

then she did something that my mother never would have. She drew me to her and hugged me.

“Welcome to America,” she said. “I’m Tammy, Douglas’s girl friend at the moment!”

I didn’t quite know what she meant. “I hope that my presence here,” I said to her in the lilting, feminine, musical tones I had decided to adopt, “will not in any way impede that relationship.”

The way that Tammy had said what she had, had implied to me that I was about to disturb Tammy’s status with Douglas. I tried to let her know that I was not there in any way to intrude on established, emotional links. I was there only to serve and, even if it was to be as Douglas’s wife, I would not have wanted to sever her relationship to her beloved Lord, if that was how she saw Douglas.

I saw her begin to laugh at my stilted language and something more. Tammy was laughing as well at the sense of what I had said and I didn’t understand why she should. I had scented her and fear then washed over me. She was a woman and I didn’t know women. I knew that they were supposed to be inscrutable. I had read about that. Tammy had proved that the readings supplied to me in the Dollhouse were in fact all true. She didn’t have the same fragrance as any of the men, nor of any of us dolls, who, without perfume, were almost always devoid of aromas.

She, this Tammy, didn’t just wear perfume, I sensed, but she had something else about her, a very natural scent that I suspected right away was a part of her. It was musky and animal-like and very attractive, even to me. How could I possibly compete with her and yet, for the last few years of my life, that is all Mother had impressed upon me, that I must rival the

most beautiful of women. I did not see, right then, that I ever could.

The door crashed open again and an older man charged in, followed by minions who looked as harried at My Lord and Master's secretaries. Didn't anyone knock politely and enter a room with elegance and decorum, I asked myself. This older, dark-haired man was as tall as Douglas.

Since Douglas had ordered me to stand up, the young man had done nothing but stare at me as Tobias introduced me to Douglas's companions. Tobias had called me Douglas's wife. I was on the point of being presented to Douglas by him, the frown on both their faces quite derisive as they looked at me, when this older man came hurtling in through the door.

"So, she's arrived at last," said the older man. "Tried her out yet, Douglas my boy?"

"Dad!" gasped the young man, turning a bright red as all his friends burst out laughing.

The older man joined in the laughter after a short, shocked pause. He turned to me and his eyes were not smiling, I noticed. "Rebecca," he said, switching to the language of My Lord and Master. "This young fool has had you in his presence for over an hour now and he has not availed himself of your charms?"

"Alas, milord," I said with a smile, still uncertain of my own status in the house, "the time has seemed to fly by as I have been introduced to so many entertaining and wonderful friends of your son. I do believe that he has acted under a set of limitations on his propriety that has been quite charming."

"He hasn't tried you out then?" barked the older man at me.

“No, he hasn’t, milord,” I said with a smile to the man I guessed to be Kovinny, the father.

“Stop that,” said Douglas suddenly in English and his father looked at him in surprise. “I have guests here and it is rude for the two of you to converse in the Old Language in front of them. Only Tobias knows what you are saying.”

“Is that true?” asked the older man with a frown at Tobias.

Tobias nodded unhappily. Tammy, I saw, had taken Douglas familiarly by the arm and was leaning against him in the proprietary way that meant that she wanted to have immediate sexual relations with him.

Strangely, Douglas didn’t seem to catch her signs and neither did the other young men in the room. Tammy was in heat! I suddenly caught the strange odor of her again and realized what I was reaching my nostrils through the air. I had been trained for so long and so assiduously to detect and to duplicate the fragrance and the sexual attraction of the female for the male of our species.

I must mock the female fragrance in everything that I did, not the most minute of male pheromones ever leaking from my body. That was what Tammy was leaking, I realized. Not the fake images and replications that I did as a matter of habit. No, she was genuinely a woman and was leaking genuine, female pheromones into the air. How was it that all the men in the room were not affected by the rutting female as I was? Strangely, they all seemed to be fixated on me, or rather, on the upper part of my anatomy.

"I don't suppose that you brought back your friends to meet your betrothed?" asked the old man of his son.

"Dad!" said Douglas, his face contorted in fury. "Come on, people," he snarled and by the tone of his voice and the look on his face, I knew, with a sinking heart, that I was excluded from that company. I saw the look on Douglas's face then that I had seen often on the faces of young men who had come to be entertained by us dollies, as they were encouraged to call us. No amount of feminine tricks, coy glances and trilling voices could help sometimes as some men whom we teased and tantalized just did not wish to be amused by girls like us at all.

Douglas seemed to be one of those. He led his party off into the apartment which must, I thought, span the whole floor of the tower to which I had been brought.

"Just you and me," said the old man, seizing my hand. I curtsied to my new Master and he kissed the back of my hand. "Into the bedroom then," said Kovinny as I was thinking he was reading the thoughts in my head.

I smiled gratefully as I had been trained to do and went meekly with him, cuddling into his embrace as he ordered the menservants, who came back to him from wherever they had been with his belongings, to new tasks about the apartment. We strolled arm in arm along a wide hallway that must have divided the apartment in half. We stopped to kiss and he was excited to take possession of my lips, enjoying, I could tell, the resistance that made my lips like cushions for his desire. Yes, this was a Lord like the many that I had amused and I knew I would get along well with him, if not his family.