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# AN UNBORN WOMAN

*by eighthwarf2002*



*Part 1: Jona*



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## *Disclaimer:*

*“Involuntary Females” is a story about body transformation into other shapes, including gender. It contains scenes of bondage and other things which are not suitable for minors.*

*This entire series is a work of pure fiction, although inspired by a lot of other stories written by talented authors.*

*All institutions, people and situations are fictitious, and any similarity to real institutions, people and situations is purely coincidental.*

*So have fun reading my musings - hope you like it.*

*eightdwarf2002*

*Thanks to all who inspired and helped me to write this story.*

*And special thanks to **Ed K.** You know why.*

***“Copyleft - ALL rites reversed.”***

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## *Author's Note to Part 1:*

*In this first part of the story, some of the main characters are introduced, and it ends with a few cliff-hangers.*

*Summary: a kids' prank between twins goes definitely wrong after bodysuits enter their little game. However, it's more than just one life that gets changed forever, but you'll see.*

# Chapter 1: John & Joanna

*C'mon baby, let's do the twist  
C'mon baby, let's do the twist  
Take me by my little hand  
And do the twist*

## 1.1 Twisting Twins

It was a lovely summer day in the small town of Hoyt, Kansas, just outside the Pottawatomie Indian Reservation. Two young children in unisex clothing played together in the meadow behind the house in the afternoon shade, lovingly watched by their mom and dad. These kids were just too cute; nobody could overlook the fact that they were twins. They each had shoulder-length hair and the same baggy pants and sweat-shirts. In fact, these were their favorite clothes. Everyone who saw these kids for the first time would think they were two long-haired boys. But they would be wrong.

In fact, they were brother and sister, John and Joanna, and they didn't make any real distinction between being male or female. So much so, that for the last three years now, starting at the age of five, they used to cross-dress (or, to “twist”, as they called it) from time to time. That meant that John dressed in girl's outfits and Joanna dressed in boy's clothes. They almost never appeared dressed in the same style of clothing at any time; usually one was the boy, and the other was the girl, with their sweats being the only exception. And the best thing was, no-one ever knew for sure who was who, except the twins themselves, their Mom, who knew them best, and Aunt Emily, who was specially qualified to be able to tell the twins apart as their pediatrician. Even their Dad had trouble telling the two of them apart - if he had any suspicions at all that they had “twisted”. So John and Joanna liked their “twisting” game and enjoyed tricking their teachers, class-mates and friends whenever they “twisted”.

Mary Webster, their mom, said nothing about their game, because she didn't see any harm in them having their fun. She, and her cousin Emily Miller, nonetheless hoped that this would stop before the difference between boy and girl would become noticeable.

Mike Webster, their dad, never told Mary about his doubts concerning the kids if he ever had any, and Mary didn't want to condemn her kids' harmless tricks, so they were allowed to “twist” without saying whether it was good or bad. Only after the semi-monthly “Mom - Daughter and Dad - Son weekends” when they had “twisted”, Mary would take them aside one by one, and say things like: “Johnny, I appreciate that you as a boy like to learn how to sew or cook. I even think a boy should know how to do these things. By the way, today you looked really cute in that dress, but you shouldn't have used that shade of nail polish...” or: “Joanna, I appreciate it that you as a girl like to become more independent. In my opinion a girl should learn to work as hard as she can. But don't you think you overdid the wood chopping a bit?”

The kids always wondered how their mom could see through their “twisting”, but because she was never angry about it or never forbid them to do it, they knew they had their mother's acceptance and permission.

## 1.2 Sad News

Life was routine, with the periodic “twisting” for the twins, and they couldn't be happier. But then, one rainy school day, the house was empty when the kids came home. They had a feeling that something was wrong, because normally either their Mom or Aunt Emily, or “Aunt” Myra, the nurse and partner of Aunt Emily, was waiting in the house when they arrived. But this time nobody was waiting at home. The twins were a little nervous, but they managed to remain calm because they were excited about planning to “twist” for the next day. After having a soda in the kitchen they went upstairs to their rooms to prepare for their prank. They went to each other's room to choose something to wear, undressed, showered, got dressed in the chosen wardrobe, and threw their worn clothes in the laundry. Then they went down again each looking as if they were the other twin, and waited.

Because no-one had arrived yet, they decided to prepare a nice supper to surprise their parents.

But it was for nothing.

When their Dad finally came home, his eyes were wet from tears. Aunt Emily was with him, and she had also obviously been crying.

“What happened?” asked Johnny (who appeared to be Joanna due to their “twisting”). “Where's Mom?”

Emily sat down and told them the sad news: “Joanna, Johnny, something really terrible has happened; your Mom was in a bad car accident. Unfortunately, her injuries were too severe and the doctors could do nothing to save her. She has gone to Heaven to become an angel of God.”

The twins were stunned. Their mom would never come back. They were going to be left alone with their dad. Of course Emily or Myra would be able to come from time to time to look after the three of them and help them as far they could, but they had an office to run and not much spare time. There was a huge emptiness, a hole that urgently needed to be filled again.

About half a year after Mary's funeral, Emily could see that the twins were suffering without a female influence at home: “Mike, you need to find a new partner. The kids need a mother, and you also need someone to come home to. Look, I love you like the brother I never had, but I have so much to do at my own business - I can't give you and the kids what all of you really need. I'll help you as much as my time will allow, but I can't and won't let Myra handle all our business alone.”

## 1.3 A New Mother

Even though he knew she was right, it was still a couple more months before Mike could even think of doing as Emily had recommended. So it wasn't until more than a year after Mary's funeral that he finally found a new lady-friend. He introduced Clara, a colleague of his, to the family. She happened to be a cousin of Mary and Emily, but Emily did not trust her; she had been abused by Clara when they were both young (a fact which she never shared with anyone in the family). Even so, Clara did her best to become part of the Webster family. All of her actions showed love and acceptance, not only to Mike, but to the children as well. Emily just hoped that Clara really had gone through a 180° turn in the years since that time.

Thus, it wasn't long before Clara moved in to the Webster home. She was loving but strict, and Mike gave her free rein over the household. Clara stopped the children from wearing unisex clothing. In her opinion, a girl and a boy should not wear the same outfits, so she began to dress Joanna in cute dresses and skirts and let the unisex outfits disappear. She also arranged for the twins to have different courses at school-- literature and housekeeping for Joanna, and hand-crafting and electronics for Johnny. The teachers were given the

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responsibility to see that these courses were not too boring for the twins. But because John and Joanna still wanted to learn the same things, they began to “twist” more frequently than ever before: every third day they were in each other's identity, despite having to wear clothing of the opposite gender at those times. First, they still thought it was fun - John really enjoyed himself when he was dressed as a girl, and Joanna also liked to wear boy's clothes from time to time, and second - the twins could learn each other's lessons, and so they kept no secrets from each other.

Clara never found out that the children “twisted”, exchanging their identity every third day. And Mike never told her about it - mostly because he had no clue; but if he had, he would have kept their secret so as not to betray his darlings. But he could be sure of one thing: on days with swimming or gymnastics during school, neither of the twins could pretend to be the other one. The tight gymnastic leotard or the swimsuit would reveal the truth of their cross-dressing.

# Chapter 2: Exchanged Identities

*It won't take long  
We're gonna do the twist  
We're gonna do the twist  
We're gonna do the twist  
And it goes like this  
C'mon let's twist again like we did last summer  
Yeah let's twist again like we did last year  
Do you remember when things were really hummin'  
Yeah let's twist again twistin' time is here*

## 2.1 Weekend Preparations

It was the sixth of June. School was over for the summer and the twins had finished the fifth grade with solid A's, and planned to stay with friends during part of their summer vacation. But before that, they had to muddle through another “parent-kid-weekend”. The twins talked in Joanna's room, and agreed that the last few such weekends which they spent in their own identities were mostly boring.

To spice this weekend up, the twins, who were now 11, decided to “twist” for the entire time: Friday afternoon to Sunday night. Soon John wore Joanna's favorite leisure outfit, and Joanna wore John's clothes. Then they went downstairs to have a late brunch with Mom and Dad.

They found their parents were discussing what they had planned for this weekend. Mike wanted to go camping and fishing with his son at Perry Lake, his favorite fishing spot about two hours away, and Clara had planned a weekend full of theater, zoo, TV, swimming and shopping in nearby Topeka.

John, as Joanna, was shocked when he heard swimming was on the agenda, but thought he would be able to talk his step-mother out of it. But the rest - theater, zoo, shopping - that was great. The newborn puppies in the zoo and the remake of that furious Irish step-dance show in the theater - these were things to look forward to.

When Mike saw how excited John and Joanna were, he suggested, “Next time we could do a Dad-Daughter and Mom-Son weekend, if you don't mind.”

John and Joanna (or was that Joanna and John), just looked at each other with a grin and said in one voice: “That might be fun.”

So Joanna, alias John, went out with their dad to help put the tents, fishing rods, sleeping bags and stuff into the back of the Chevy Blazer, while John, alias Joanna, only had to daintily enter Clara's Toyota for a leisurely trip to the mall. When Mike went out to his car, he said, “See you at three at Aunt Emily's for a snack.”

“John” entered the SUV, and “Joanna” made herself comfy in the car, hoping the best for the coming three hours. While Mike and his “son” were rummaging around at the outdoor equipment shop, Clara took her “girl” to the hair-dresser, where “Joanna”'s long hair was washed and curled and braided from top to neck into a French-style pony-tail. From there it was on to the boutique to dress “Joanna” in tights, a new dress with a nice bolero jacket and high-heeled boots. Finally, when both Mother and her step- “daughter” were thus dressed and done at the mall, they went to Aunt Emily's.

## *2.2 Visiting Emily*

To Mike, Emily was kind of a sister, and a really good friend. Even Clara did not mind the good relationship between him and her cousin. Emily still watched their house when both of them (Mike and Clara) were absent in the afternoon due to their jobs, and looked after the children like she had done when Mary was still alive. She was almost a part of their family. The kids loved her, for she was their favorite aunt as well as their trusted pediatrician.

Even though Mike and Clara accepted Emily and trusted her with the children, Emily was a bit odd. They could sometimes smell a light odor of rubber and sweat in the air after she had been alone in their house for more than a few hours.

### *The Strange Aunt*

You see, Emily Miller had quite a different style of living and dressing: she was a lesbian rubber and leather fetishist. The entire 12 years that Mike had known her, he had never seen her dressed in anything other than latex or leather outfits. Even all her upholstery was made of genuine leather. So it was the same today. Emily wore a long-sleeved black rubber mini dress. Even though it was unusual, it didn't look bad - quite the opposite. It had an odd satin finish and had a certain delicate look to it. But that was only the surface quality of this peculiar outfit, as with everything else in her place. The whole house breathed a sublime odor of rubber, sweat, silicone-oil and polished leather. Even her heavy curtains were not made of any textile material, but were made of rubber. Emily's house could be called a rubber fetishist's paradise.

Emily's love of rubber started early. Due to some extensive medical treatments when she was a child, Emily became hyper-sensitive to most kinds of textiles. She could only wear some very soft sorts of silk and satin, and - even better - soft leather and latex rubber. Her father, the banker Samuel Schweitzer, was so embarrassed by "the rubber wearing freak" that he divorced Vanessa, her mother, and married another woman with a "normal" child. The twenty million dollars that Vanessa received as a divorce settlement was more than enough to secure their life and buy the expensive clothing Emily needed for decades. So she raised her daughter, alone.

And after half a year it happened, their lives took a turn for the better. While browsing in a special shop for latex outfits, Vanessa met the rubber clothing manufacturer John Henry Miller, and she fell in love. He was a widower, with two daughters, but the feeling was mutual. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married. This wonderful man not only loved Vanessa, he also loved and accepted Emily, the poor hyper-sensitive child, and treated her as his own child. He insisted that his children treat her as their sister, and his new wife as their new mother. He treated Vanessa to the most wonderful rubber outfits, and he designed and created fashionable latex and leather clothes for the entire family, capable of being worn in public without having to be ashamed or ridiculed; and all to make Emily feel comfortable and normal.

It was no wonder that Emily grew up loving all things rubber and leather.

### *Home Theater*

So it was that on the afternoon that Joanna & John decided to "twist" for the weekend, the whole family had gathered around the coffee table in Emily's living room, sitting on the leather couch and armchairs, just having their dessert.

"Mike, I must reprimand you," Emily said suddenly.

"Me? What do you have to reprimand me for?" asked Mike in reply.

So Emily answered: “Well, it's not enough that you've been untrue to me, having spent no time with me in all these months...” (Everybody laughed, for even the twins knew that the sixth person at the table, Myra, was not only Emily's nurse but her actual long-term girl-friend) “... but you have also forgotten to bring the kids to my office for their annual check-up. Their last appointment should have been a couple weeks ago.”

Still laughing, Mike stood up and bowed towards Emily awkwardly. “Oh, Emily-darling, you know that I am forgetful because I always have too much to do. That's one of the reasons why I haven't married you.”

Myra jested, “So Mister Webster, could you tell us the main reason, please?” Myra, the good-looking brunette lesbian partner of Emily, wearing a dark blue halter cat-suit this afternoon, always used the official “Mr. Webster” when Clara was around, instead of the private “Mikey” when Clara was elsewhere.

Since their Aunt's sexual persuasion was no secret to the kids, “Mister Webster” answered in the same cheeky manner: “Well, My-lady, the main reason is...” the twins and Emily began to giggle because of his “stiff upper-lip-style”, pretending to be an old-fashioned Bostonian or Brit, “... that both Emily and I are keen on women. That's a bit uncomfortable for a man, you know. I mean every time I flirt with a woman, I never could be sure that my friend Emily might have an eye on the same girl at the same time. Look, I'm a man, and being the wild beast a man is, I'm not supposed to share my prey with anyone. But if a reason for jealousy should appear, and my highly appreciated Emmy-darling was a man, I could fight her in a duel as in centuries past. That would be normal. After all, men are just civilized beasts, they are used to fighting with each other - every boxing match proves that. But to fight a woman, especially one as good looking as Emily....?”

Mike left his question unanswered and sat down with a flourish, and in a unified chorus, Emily, Myra, and the twins shouted, “Never!”

After waiting for the giggling and laughter to end, he continued, more seriously: “But concerning the medical check-up for the kids, you're right, Emily, and I'm sorry. I was so busy with my research job and the problems involved that I really forgot about it. I hope you can forgive me.”

Emily replied in a mock serious tone, “Okay, Mike. You're forgiven, but under one circumstance. You must delay your parent/child weekend until after I've made this medical check-up, which I consider so important that I'll do it right now,” and she stood up.

“Um-...” Clara tried to protest, but Emily cut her off, trying hard to be as kind to her as she was to everyone else.

“I'm really sorry, Clara, but this check-up is important. If you want, I could send the twins to the hospital to have them checked, and they would have to stay there for a whole day. But as their long-time pediatrician, I know the kids already and I know what needs looking at, so I doubt that I need more than an hour for the two of them. So what if you go home and come back for dinner in about an hour? I'm sure Myra will have prepared something yummy by then. Or if you have other plans say so, and I'll bring the kids home after their check-up.”

It was Clara's turn to bring on the charm and said with a false smile, “We'd be glad to have dinner with you, wouldn't we, Mike? Shall we bring something with us when we come back?”

Emily and Myra both thanked her and said that it would not be necessary. So Mr. & Mrs. Webster departed, leaving the kids with their pediatrician aunt.

“Is that new box in the treatment room already?” Emily asked Myra while helping her clean up the table. Myra answered no, so she said, “Honey, please bring it there, and show the kids the way to the dressing room while I get ready.”

“You've really been preparing for this check-up, haven't you?” Myra wondered while carrying the remnants of the dessert into the kitchen.

“Sure I have. What do you think I set up this theater for? And it would have been for nothing if their check-up had already been done somewhere else. So lead the little ones to the ante-room and ask them to undress, but don't force them.”

And so Myra went out of the kitchen to pick up the ominous box, and let the twins follow her to the ante-room.

### Emily Miller MD

The so-called ante-room led to a changing room as big as an average bathroom. One more door led to Emily's waiting room, which had an extra entrance at the side of the house, another door to the preparation room. Behind the dressing room there was the really well-furnished treatment room and the consultation room, which housed the office of the most appreciated pediatrician and midwife in the district. And that was Emily, despite the fact that she wore only rubber or leather, and also despite her lesbianism. For Emily, this huge public acceptance of her was a miracle, a blessing and a curse at the same time.

So often she had to work from early morning until deep into the night, because there was a child to be born, or some helpless mother called who needed a head-shrinker for herself more than some Ritalin for her kid, or a young adult threatening to commit suicide who trusted no-one but her former pediatrician, or, or, or... there were enough examples in this part of the town. And she was more than glad for Myra being her assistant. But this was not her only profession. She also worked as a teenage counselor on a weekly radio show called “Ask Rubber-Doll”. Nevertheless she found time for her secret hobby: to play S&M games with her girl-friend.

But now she took care of John and Joanna. “Are you undressed?” she asked through the connecting door.

And because the twins answered, “Not yet, Aunt Emily!” she insisted: “Undress please. To check you thoroughly I really need you naked. And you must not think that I will laugh when I see a naked boy with make-up and a pony-tail, and a girl with her long hair bound boy-style with a rubber-band. If I thought that were funny, I would have laughed the moment you entered the house.”

The twins were shocked. Was Emily just bluffing, or did she really know?

“I know exactly that both of you have *'twisted'* again, and that you do it quite often,” the pediatrician added. “But if you really want to keep your secret, and make it more difficult, if not impossible, for the rest of the world to find you out, I've got a surprise for the both of you.”

The twins were already surprised. Not only did Aunt Emily know who was who, she also knew the secret word for their cross-dressing! What was she, a witch or something?

“Yes my beloveds,” Emily said smiling, as if she could read the twins' thoughts, while having a look into the changing room where the twins were still hesitating to undress. “I know that the two of you have *twisted* again, and that you do it quite frequently. How often is it these days? Two or three times a week? But don't be afraid, only your real Mom and I - and even your Mom was only sure ninety percent of the time - could tell whenever you had *twisted*. I think since I'm the only one left who can really tell which of you is who, your secret is safe. Joanna, your outfit does work for the boy you're pretending to be, or at least for a quite masculine girl. And, Johnny, as a girl you look really cute, but as a boy... this pony-tail doesn't fit at all. But if it would make you feel better for now, just strip down to your undies. The difference in your bodies is small enough to not be noticeable yet, but I can even take care of that little problem in the treatment room.”

The twins looked down and finally began to undress.

After a glance at her brother, who was still struggling with the back-zipper of the dress, Joanna said, “That's really cute! I thought you could manage everything by yourself? Well, let me help you.”

Since he couldn't reach the zipper, Joanna, who was already in her BVD's, pulled the zipper down and helped him out of the dress. Then he struggled with the padded training bra and she helped him there, too. Finally he was down to only wearing panties.

“Ready? Still in your undies? Fine. Now follow me.”

## 2.3 Perfect Twisting

So the three of them entered the treatment room. The twins were still wearing each other's underwear, and Emily had donned a medical coat over her dress. In the center of the room there stood a box, which Emily went to and opened. She took two skin-colored packs out of it. “Get naked, please, so that I can check your bodies completely. After your check-up, I can give you my special surprise gifts.”

The kids couldn't imagine how they could be any more surprised than they already were. They relented and suffered through their medical check-up, only because Emily had piqued their curiosity and they were looking forward to that special surprise she had promised them. Soon Emily finished with her poking and prodding, then she turned and gave each of them one of the skin-colored packs. “Please put these on before putting your underwear on again.”

The kids looked at the material skeptically, but soon sat on chairs and tried to get into the strange skin-colored, skin-tight, body-suits with attached feet and gloves. When they had finally worked themselves into the body-suits, Emily sealed them at the shoulders by swiping over the Velcro-like closure with a kind of electronic card. Unexpectedly, a short, sharp but bearable pain shot through each one of the kids, and then the seams of the body-suit just vanished.

Suddenly, each kid now physically looked like the twin they were pretending to be, as if they had just exchanged their bodies by magic: John really looked female, and Joanna's body was obviously male as well.

“Wow, I can feel this thing down here as if it were a part of me!” the former Joanna stated, with a slightly changed, deeper voice.

“And I feel these little breasts, and have a strange feeling down there, like it's empty,” added John, now female.

“Well, that's really parts of you now, and will remain so as long as you're wearing these skin-suits,” Emily explained. “But don't get too used to them, for while you're wearing them, nothing, not even a medical check like X-ray or a blood-test will show that you're not what you seem to be. So, as long as you're sealed in these suits, you really are the gender you seem to be. But once you take the skin-suits off, you will return to your original gender again.”

“Wow - that's crazy!” said the twin who had become *John*. “Now I am you for real, instead of only pretending to be you.”

“Yep, brother,” replied the twin who was *Joanna* now. “Pretending to be a girl has been a blast, but this - to be a real girl - that's, that's... Aunt Emily, what's weirder than crazy??”

“Insane might be in the right context, my dear,” answered Emily, who was putting all the used stuff away, and hadn't really listened. “Why do you ask, honey??”

“Well, this transformation thing here,” explained *Joanna* while dressing again. “The fact that we have actually become the person that we merely pretended to be just before we put on these - what did you call them? - these skin-suits. That's a lot weirder than just crazy. How does it work??”

“Well, the word for this secret stuff hasn't been invented yet,” replied Emily. “So feel free to invent a new word for it. And how it works? The suits contain some smart nano-electronic widgets, as small as viruses.

These nanites don't make you sick but change your body into a preprogrammed shape - and with these suits it's the gender which is changed. You felt a sharp pain when the suits sealed - that's because your bodies were changed completely in seconds. Have you taken the plastic cards that came with the suits?"

"Sure," the twins answered.

"Don't lose them. You'll need them to get out of the suits. Just swipe the cards from one shoulder to the other, and after a similar pain like you had when they were sealed, they will unseal themselves and you'll be able to take the suit off. Whenever you take off the suits, the pain should be much less, for the little nanites which changed your bodies only need to be switched off, do you understand? So take care of the key cards - it's almost impossible to get a copy of them, even for me."

## 2.4 Changed Identities (June 6<sup>th</sup> - June 7<sup>th</sup>)

Then they dressed again. *Joanna* already felt different - female, to be exact. "Hey, *brother*," she said to her twin. "I feel totally normal - like I have been in this body forever. Isn't that weird?"

*Johnny* answered; "You're right - that's the way I feel too - like I always was the boy I am now."

Aunt Emily heard that and answered, "Well, darlings, this is the way you'll feel the rest of the day - this transformation stuff is working quicker because you're still growing. So be careful not to forget who you are inside these suits, before I regret having given them to you in the first place."

After they were all dressed again and knew that they were now completely in each other's identity, the kids followed Emily to the living room where *Myra* had just finished setting the dinner table. Only moments after they sat down, the door-bell rang and their parents entered.

They all enjoyed a pleasant and uneventful dinner, and afterwards *John* left with *his* dad for their camping trip. *Joanna* and *her* step-mom visited with Emily and *Myra* for a while longer, and then they left too, heading out for a late evening at the public pool.

### *John to Joanna (June 6<sup>th</sup>, 7:30 pm)*

Wearing a tight swimsuit at the public pool was the ultimate test for the new *Joanna* to really display her girl-hood. There was nothing to show that she wasn't female. In a stall of the ladies' restroom (she almost went to the men's door but realized her mistake just in time) she discovered her new body, experiencing that she really had female things Down There, and she only hoped that it was as reversible as Aunt Emily had promised.

Among all the other girls in the shower room, *Joanna* realized that she was beginning to see things from a different perspective. She began to see them as being the same gender, and in the pool, being in a crowd and having fun swimming, sliding and so on, she realized after a while that she wasn't sure if there was anything male left in her thinking or feeling. Even *Sarah Winters*, the best friend of "the genuine *Joanna*", couldn't tell the difference. Actually, there didn't seem to be any difference any more.

"*I am Joanna for real!*" the twin-girl triumphed in her mind, enjoying the good time at the pool. But her doubts came back when *Kenneth*, a buddy of *John*, started to flirt with her. She needed another visit to the stall in the ladies' restroom to convince herself that she really was a girl now. After that, she tried to enjoy the flirting, and was surprised to see that her step-mother was happy that she was getting some attention from boys. Then the laser show started after sunset: it was the most impressive evening *Joanna* had ever had, in more ways than one.

When they got back home, Joanna went automatically into her room and got ready for bed, not even thinking about taking off the skin-suit. She decided to remain female at least until John was back, then she would try to convince him to stay like that a little longer. She knew she enjoyed being a girl.

### *Joanna to John (June 6th, 7:30 pm)*

Since they couldn't take a car directly to the lake, Mike drove the van to his "secret parking lot", a niche right off the highway leading to an opening in the forest. Securely hidden from view by some curves heading into it and between bushes forming a cave-like natural garage, it could be left there without fear of being stolen.

So Mike and John grabbed their sleeping-bags, tents and other gear, and carried everything the last half mile to the lakeside: half the journey was gently uphill, and the remainder was steeply downhill to the lake. There they planned to stay the entire weekend. Mike and John -- who were now quite tired -- pitched their tents and prepared their camp fire.

After the camp was set, John went off to the bushes and smiled triumphantly as he pissed while standing. "Now I know how easy this is," he thought. "Just open the zipper and let it run through a hose - it's much more complicated when you're a girl."

When he returned, they fished for a while in a small stream leading into the lake, (Mike: "You can catch some fish at night that you can't during the day, John"), ate some of them after grilling them over a fire, and finally crawled into their sleeping bags. John was too tired to even think about taking off his skin-suit.

### *John to Joanna (June 7th, 6:30 am)*

"*Why have I slept in my sister's bed?*" the girl in the bed wondered when she woke up with a start. She stood up and went to the mirror. There she realized she was presently the female twin.



"*Oh shit, I wasn't dreaming it all!*" she thought, and remembered the last day. In the six foot high mirror on the wall, Joanna looked pretty in her nightie. Smiling a satisfied girl's smile, she went back to bed, looking forward to this day's adventures.

Only half an hour later, her step-mom came upstairs to wake up her step-daughter. "Wake up, sleepy-head," she said lovingly. "The puppies in the Zoo are waiting for you to feed them."

Joanna almost jumped out of the bed. "I'll be allowed to feed them? Really?"

"Sure. My friend Ricarda works there and told me that she'd arrange it for you. And after that we'll visit another friend of mine, she will show us another kind of zoo: the Chastilock Zoo. You'll be impressed. And after some shopping in the Mall, we'll go see the new 'Lord of the Dance' show. You'll see, it'll be another marvelous day today."

Joanna was excited. More than that, she was happy. She was having the weekend of her life, compared to the parent-child weekends she had had up until now, even compared to what the real Joanna had told her. "Great!" she shrieked with joy, and almost danced to the bathroom to make herself ready. This was so much better, so much more exciting than just going fishing with dad - oh, John would be so envious!

Gratefully, she dressed in what her step-mother had chosen and sat contentedly as she had her hair braided. Then after a nice breakfast of fruit and juice, they left the house.

### *Joanna to John (June 7th, 6:30 am)*

Mike was awakened by a noise near their camp. He hesitated for a moment just to be sure that it wasn't an animal. When he was sure that it was human footsteps he had heard, he cautiously crawled out of his tent. He walked quietly to John's tent and woke his son up, jostling him and whispering, "Wake up, son! Adventure waits!"

As quickly as he had entered the tent, he was outside again, checking to see if anyone was there. John was still tired and thought, "*Huh? Why did he call me 'son'?*" But then he remembered. Plus there was something in his dad's voice that bothered him. As fast as he could, he dressed fully and met his dad outside. "What's up, Dad?" he whispered.

"You wanna play detective? I believe there are some strangers sneaking around here," said his dad. Despite the morning sun, he pointed with a pen-lamp on some footprints heading away from the camp, just ten yards away from their tents. "Look here, these older footprints are ours as we went back and forth to get our stuff from the van. But whose tracks are these?"

"Maybe the forest ranger's?" guessed John. "No clue, Dad, really." He already was afraid that this would not really become a relaxing weekend.

"No, son. Look, the ranger went this way, do you see? He wore solid walking boots like someone who knows how to move through the wilderness. But our two candidates - see, there are two of them - don't wear boots. Here, in this muddy spot, you can see the tracks more clearly: it looks like a pair of sneakers and a pair of normal street shoes."

So, as quick as they could manage without making a sound, they headed into the trees, following the direction of the mysterious tracks. How shocked were they as they learned that these tracks led them directly to their car! Hiding behind a bush, the two Webster's watched what was happening. Two men, one about 6 feet 3 inches, the other one hardly 5 feet 8 inches tall, were trying to open their car. Despite the active theft alarm, they managed it without making a sound, and placed some small boxes inside: one under each seat, and another under the hood. Then the smaller man took out a cell phone and dialed a number. "Done as ordered, boss - but it's a pity about the SUV... Okay, boss", he said quietly.

In their hiding place Mike whispering instructed his son, "Do me a favor and go back to the camp."

"What did they put in our car?" asked John, whispering back.

"It looked like explosives. I'm afraid someone didn't like the idea that I wanted to leave the company after Chastilock recently took it over. It looks like I'll have to put my martial arts training to use sooner than I expected. On second thought, I think it would be best if you stay hidden right here. But when I yell run, then do not hesitate or wait, but run to the camp as fast as you can," Mike instructed his child, and sneaked downhill to the car to try and get the drop on the men.

So John sat there hidden from view, scared to death, and watched. He was amazed as his dad moved like lightning, pounced on and quickly subdued the two men who had broken into their car. He saw his dad stuff the knocked-out hoodlums into the car. Then he took the remote control out of the SUV and locked the doors. After that he pulled out his cell phone, switched it on and made a call, hoping to hear a live voice and not get a mailbox or an answering machine.

"Brad, its Charley speaking," he spoke the code sentence. "I'm in real trouble! Come to my fishing camp as quick as you can! My car is going to explode in a minute!" Then he looked up to where Johnny was.

"Now run to the camp, Johnny!" he yelled. "**RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!**"

Johnny immediately obeyed. He knew they were in danger.

Mike started to run, too. Seeing his son running uphill, he paused, pulled the remote control out again, looked to his van and pushed the "Start Engine" button. Then he started to run again. Almost half way up the hill he reached his son, grabbed him under his arm, and ran as quick as he could without harming him. They

had just pulled up next to the stream when they were rocked by the pure pressure of the explosion and pushed into the water. They were drenched, but it wasn't over yet: the giant tree between the camp and the top of the hill fell down, and dragged everything in its direction to the ground. They had to jump out of the way as their tents and the whole camp was buried beneath the debris.

"Our tents!" John almost cried.

"No, son. The tents are only things. They can be replaced. We can't. We are people."

"But those guys were people too! And you killed them!" John pushed his father away. "You're a killer, just like them!"

"No, son. I'm not a killer, I just defended us." Mike tried to calm his son. "When I pushed them into the car, they were only knocked out. Their own bombs killed them. Believe me, I don't like what I had to do - but unfortunately it was either our lives or theirs."

Johnny began to sob. "Oh, dad - please forgive me, I shouldn't have called you a killer. I was in shock, and still am. I'm really sorry."

At that moment they heard a noise. They could hear footsteps coming closer -- from beyond the debris. "Are they coming back? Maybe they got free..." John whispered.

"They couldn't," was his dad's answer. "But I hope it's not one of their friends. Stay behind me."

Suddenly a person came out of the shadowy woods. An older male voice said, "Oh thank heavens, Mike, am I glad to see you alive and well! You can't be left alone for more than a minute, can you? What kind of trouble have you stepped into today?"

When they heard the friendly voice, it was a weight off their minds. Really relieved, John yelled out, "Uncle Bill! You almost scared us to death!"

"It wasn't that difficult, seeing as how you seemed to have just survived a medium sized earthquake," replied Bill Deacon, the gray-haired man known to the kids as one of their Dad's best buddies, and who they considered as part of the family.

"Hey Bill, did you fly here? I just called you a couple minutes ago."

"No, I was on the way to my own fishing place a hundred yards down the road. When I heard the explosion, I immediately thought: *"That sounds like it came from near Mike's favorite fishing place. Let's go see if he has switched to fishing with dynamite, he could get into a lot of trouble with the Ranger for that."* So I came here, and saw your two tents under the branches of this tree. Then I thought: *"No, the tents are too flat, nobody could be in them. And besides, he wouldn't really start fishing with dynamite on one of his Father & Son weekends. What kind of an example would that be to set for young Johnny?"* Then I saw the tree again, and thought: *"The explosion couldn't have come from the lake, it must have come from your parking spot."* And then I started to look for you, and finally found you here, alive and kicking."

"Oh man, Bill! I just survived a bloody car bomb assassination, and you tell me all this nonsense? Are you getting senile?" said Mike, trying to manage a joke.

But Bill no longer felt like joking. "What did you say? That was an assassination attempt?"

"Yes. The assassins were blown up with my car. But their damned cell phone should lie in the bushes somewhere around it."

Bill became angry. "You knew they were hired assassins and you allowed them to die by their own bomb? You're an idiot!"

"Bill, I was only defending both our lives...", Mike tried to explain.

"If these guys were still alive we would have been able to find out who hired them. Now we can only guess who they were working for, or rely on our luck that their phone wasn't destroyed so that we can track

their calls. Both of you have to disappear until we can find out who is behind this. I think it's the only way we can keep you safe.”

“Disappear? Safe?” asked Mike, puzzled. “What do you mean?”

But Bill cut him off, making a call. “Hi, Deacon here. We have two new candidates for the program. A father together with his minor child. Take care that they can stay together as long as it works.”

“Which program do you mean? How are we going to disappear?” Mike asked Bill after he ended the phone-call, now somewhat impatient.

“Unfortunately, when these guys don't show up, their bosses are going to know they failed and that we are on to them. They are likely to try again. That's why the two of you are going to go into the Witness Protection Program. For simplicity, we'll let both of you officially die from this explosion, and you will be given other identities. Did you call anybody else but me?”

“No, not yet. But I would like to call Emily. I think I can trust her.”

“Yes, you can trust her, but you can't call her. Michael Webster has died, as I told you. I'll call her. I also know her well enough to trust her. But first we have to wait for the cops I called. Don't be afraid. These guys are on our side.”

“Uncle Bill - why do you put it like that? I mean our side?” Johnny asked, wondering.

“Well, son, unfortunately not every policeman is on the side of justice. Most of them only see the word of the law, instead of its spirit. And many laws have become corrupted and inhuman the last few years ever since the Chastilock Foundation became involved. Instead of being sent to prison or sentenced to doing social work, many people have been sent to private Mental Health institutions, and it has become difficult to get these people out of the reach of Chastilock once they had their hooks in them. And so it seems that there are three sides within the Police and all public services: The Chastilock side, the corrupt criminal side, and the righteous side, to which your Dad and I belong.”

### *John to Joanna (June 7th, afternoon)*

After feeding the puppies at the zoo, Clara and Joanna went to the Chastilock Zoo, a side-department of the Genetic Research Group of Chastilock. Here Joanna could see living creatures she only could have seen in fairy-tale books before, like mermaids, centaurs, satyrs, and snake-maids... and other mixtures between men and animals. It was more exciting and astounding than shocking for the child, though Joanna had a slight feeling that not all of these creatures were transformed voluntarily, seeing the sad looks on some of their faces.



# Chapter 3: Girl Forever

*I'm just a girl, what's my destiny?  
What I've succumbed to  
Is making me numb  
I'm just a girl, my apologies  
What I've become is so burdensome  
I'm just a girl, lucky me  
Twiddle-dum there's no comparison*

## 3.1 Bad News (June 7th, 5:00 pm)

Joanna was absolutely excited about what she saw at both of the zoos. That's why she had to tell Aunt Emily about it. Emily's house was on their way home anyway, so the two of them stopped by her house and rang the door-bell. Trying to recover from a rather unpleasant phone conversation with her long time friend Bill Deacon, Emily opened the door and was surprised to see Clara and Joanna.

Joanna was in a hurry to go to the restroom. With a breathless "Hello, Aunt Emily", she rushed under Emily's arms through the opening door and to the closest restroom, locking the door behind her.

Emily looked at Clara coolly and invited her into the living room for some coffee. While Joanna was still in the restroom, the door-bell rang again. Emily left her guest to answer the door again. Outside stood officers Jackson and Stubbs of the nearby police precinct. Stubbs took his cap off and asked in a sad voice, "May we come in, please, Mrs. Miller? We have something to tell you. We noticed Mrs. Webster's car in the driveway and need to talk to her as well."

"Sure, come in. You're welcome." Emily led the policemen into the living room.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Webster. It's fortunate that we found you both together, as we have to tell you some bad news, and it's hard enough to say it once... Thank you Mrs. Miller," Officer Jackson said, as Emily served each of them a cup of coffee.

"Young man, Officer, what's the matter with you? Has someone died in your family?"

"No, worse, Ma'am. A close friend of mine," said the younger one, really moved. He turned to his colleague and said, "Sam, please. I can't do it."

"Okay, Andrew. I'll tell them," was his reply. "Ladies, it is our sad duty to inform you that Mr. Webster's car was found blown up and burnt out in the forest two hours from here. There was not much more than the VIN number and the mortal remains of two male persons in a crater caused by at least twenty pounds of explosives. So we are assuming that Mr. Webster and his son were victims of a car bomb assassination, as the remains fit their general height and weight."

The women burst into tears.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Webster. They died early this morning, but it was just a half an hour ago that we found the VIN number and could match it to your husband's car." Officer Stubbs tried to find the right words to comfort her.

At that moment, Joanna entered the room. "Hi, Officers! What's the matter? The four of you look as if somebody has died."

"Joanna!" a horrified Clara cried.

Officer Jackson went to the girl and bent his knees until he was as small as Joanna. Then he laid his hands on her shoulders and said, "We were sent here to tell you folks some very sad news. Your dad's car was found blown up. You know I loved your Dad and brother, but they had no chance."

"No! You're lying!" Joanna was crying in sudden pain and despair. *"If this were true, then..."*, Joanna thought and couldn't help avoiding the tears in her eyes.

But the cop continued, "I wish that it weren't true, but it is. Both your dad and your brother have become victims of a car bomb this morning. I'm really sorry, Joanna. I promise you that we'll find out who did this to them. Somebody will have to pay for it."

## 3.2 Identity Lost

*"I will,"* Joanna thought sobbing. *"I'm paying for it right now with the loss of my boyhood. Now I'll have to be a girl forever."*

Joanna cried desperately, shook the officer's hands off of her and ran into Emily's bedroom, where she threw herself on the bed. Nobody could help stop John's pain. *"Joanna died pretending to be me! My name will be written on the tombstone, not hers. Now I'll be forced to live Joanna's life, whether I want to or not."*

Being Joanna had now literally become the role of Johnny's life, until she became old enough to change it herself. Until then, she wasn't able to be the boy John Webster anymore, she officially was the girl Joanna Webster, an orphan, growing up with her dad's widow, forced to steadily wear new skin-suit things to match the development of a young woman.

## 3.3 The Funeral

It was twice a sad day, as if heaven would mourn with them: gray sky with dark clouds. Everyone wore black, and of course people went by to offer their condolences. At the graveside, all of Joanna's and John's classmates, teachers and friends, John's football team-mates, Mike's friends and colleagues, and some neighbors gathered to say good-bye to Mike and John.

Even though Emily Miller knew the coffins contained the remains of two no-named hoodlums, she didn't have to fake her sadness. She felt sorry for her nephew, John; sad that she couldn't tell him what she knew, sad that he couldn't return to his own life. Emily had taken *Joanna* in her arms and said, "I'm so sorry about this. I'll do everything I can to make it easier for you. Okay?"

"Okay," the sad girl tried to smile through her tears, which hurt Emily more than anything. Would Joanna eventually forget who she was underneath the skin-suit? Emily hoped so, for her sake.

Joanna began to spend more and more time with Emily and Myra, for the constant reminders of life as it had been was too painful at home: to stand by and watch all the male things of the family being given away - everything that belonged to the boy John, and to Dad - to see this was too hard to handle for an 11 year old child. The only thing Joanna could save was a photo album, where everyone of the family was inside, even her real mom, and - the electronic card to her skin-suit. Joanna gulped as she saw the card. This was the key to freedom. She could use it if she ever had the opportunity. This gave her a tiny light of hope in her mind.

Losing mother, father, twin sister - and his own identity, this was really more than hard enough. But the things that would hurt the most and change things forever would come all too soon.



# Chapter 4: New Name, New Life

*Sometimes I feel like running away  
and leaving it all behind  
and try to find a place where I belong  
If I keep looking,  
I'll find myself  
I keep searching to find the real me*

*who am I tell me  
where do I come from  
who am I tell me  
cause its like I don't fit in at all*

## 4.1 Moving, Changing

The entire month after the funeral Emily tried to prevent Clara from giving everything away: “Clara, please! Don't do that! Joanna needs some reminders of a happier life and home. It will be easier for her to handle the loss. Please keep everything as it is for now.”

“No!” Clara protested, almost sneering at Emily. “I'll sell all this stuff and make a new beginning for us. It'll be just Joanna and me. But as a compromise, I'll keep you on as her pediatrician. That way she has at least two of her old friends to visit regularly.”

“Promise?”

“Promise. But don't test my limits. I won't like having to search for another trustworthy doctor for her, but I will if you force me to.”

So, one month after the funeral, Clara and Joanna eventually moved away. Not too far away, just far enough to put Joanna into another school district. But worst of all, from that day on, Clara had Joanna's name officially changed to Jona Webster, to “remind” her of the names of both twins in one, as she told the officer at the desk.

And the poor child was called Jona everywhere, until she seemed to grow accustomed to it by the time summer vacation ended.

## 4.2 At Junior High School

Jona was deeply sad: she had lost her Dad, her sister, her male identity, and even her sister's name. And she'd lost all of their former friends -- the friends of both John and Joanna. Officially being a girl now, she had no chance to get out of her skin-suit and be the boy she used to be until the day of the car bomb. The only connection to the past was Aunt Emily, whom she visited every two to three months, traveling about an hour by Greyhound. She at least had the opportunity to take off the skin-suit and be John during the time she

spent there. And she was that the dire warning she had received from Emily about her mother seemed unfounded, for Clara had been nothing but kind and supportive.

Her new school, Thornton Junior High, was a large, new building with almost no graffiti. Her teachers were understanding and not too conservative, and Jona didn't need to study that hard to be one of the top ten students in her class, but she never felt right. She was always aware of the fact that she was a boy in a female bodysuit, which even needed to be exchanged regularly to simulate constant growing. But this awareness caused trouble. Her social habits during her first semester were not what everybody expected of a girl. She hung around with a boys' gang, tried without success to join the football team instead of the cheerleaders, and began to dress and act like the boy she was underneath her female appearance.

Before Jona turned 13, her habits grew more and more masculine and her behavior got worse. Her behavior became so bad that the school administration gave her a choice: either she went to the school psychologist to get checked and treated if necessary, or she had to leave school, without finishing her classes.

Jona decided to voluntarily take the first option.

## *Headshrinker*

So, after her lessons, Jona knocked on the door of the school psychologist's office. A warm, female voice called, "Come right in, it's open!"

Jona entered the room. It was a cozy, comfortable room with landscapes painted on the walls. She immediately felt snugly in there.

Behind the desk there sat a real Native American woman, clothed in a modernized version of the traditional Indian outfit. "Hi, I'm Rebecca, Rebecca Jackson. Sit down please and make yourself at home. You look somewhat stunned?" the woman asked with her warm, hearty voice.

"Just a bit surprised. It's really - nice in here. I expected to see the psychol...", Jona stopped while taking another look around.

"Well, you're meeting her alright. It just so happens that I'm a real American Indian, working here as your school psychologist -- or head-shrinker as most of them call it. In my tribe I was called Black Arrow. And what about you? I've seen you in the Mall lately, together with your skater friends. You're really good on a skateboard. But I don't suppose that you're here just for girlish chatting. It's more like you've been sent here to see me, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. You're right. Anyhow they seem to have problems with me how I am."

"Okay, then let's begin. If you want, we could speak together like friends or comrades. If not, well, then it's your decision. But now to you, um--?"

"Jona. Jona Webster," Jona helped out.

"Good. Jona is a good neutral name. Originally male, but very often used in the female form nowadays, just like Chris or Alex. May I ask you a question, Jona?"

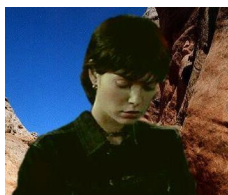
"Sure, why not. Ask what ever you want. But I don't know yet if I can answer."

"Well, we'll see. It's not like I'm the police or anything, but it helps if I have your co-operation while I'm trying to find out what your problem is, and how to solve it. So, my question is, why do you think that a pretty girl like you should work so hard to appear as a bad boy?"

"Well, Mrs. Jackson..."

"Rebecca, or Becky," the head-shrinker raised her hand. "People only call me Jackson if they put 'Doctor' before it. And only call me Dr. Jackson if you want this to be an adult doctor versus teenage patient relationship. But please continue."

“Okay, Rebecca... It's a strange story. When I was eight, I lost my real Mom. A year later Dad married again, the woman I now call Mom, for she tried real hard to be a loving mother to me and my ...” Jona swallowed, “... my late twin brother Johnny. Now, twelve weeks before I came to this school, we had a double funeral: My dad and Johnny had been killed in a car bomb explosion. They had gone fishing while Mom and I were at the zoo.”



Jona paused. The memory hurt too much. Then she continued, her eyes filling with tears. “After Dad and Johnny's funeral, mom decided it was best to get rid of all the boy and man stuff, which reminded us of Dad and Johnny, and move here. So I've lost not only my brother and my Dad, not only every reminder of my deceased family, but my familiar surroundings and my friends, too. But that's not all. I also lost my birth-name.”

“Sorry, but you lost what??” Now it was Rebecca's turn to be surprised. She stopped writing notes in her book and looked at the girl, shocked.

“Well, moving here a month after the funeral, my mom had my name changed to a mixture of both of our names. From John Eric Webster and Joanna Emily Webster she formed Jona Eva Webster, and made it official through the courts. So this is now my legal name.” Jona swallowed again. “E- Excuse me, but I... I think I've lost control a bit,” Jona cried. She couldn't hold her tears anymore. “We were twins and were very, very similar, you know. When we would wear unisex clothing, like just jeans and a sweater, no-one except our real mom and our aunt could tell us apart; and because we were that similar, we even shared clothes when they weren't unisex in style, just to confuse the others. That was always funny.”

“And that's why you try to be like him?”

“Um, well ...,” Jona wondered how much she could trust this woman. Since there was no other way to find out, she simply asked, “How much can I trust you?”

Rebecca took another sheet of paper and wrote something down, and while handing it to Jona, she said, “You can trust me absolutely. I won't tell a soul about anything you decide to reveal to me during our session. I can't tell any other person or institution anything unless explicitly permitted by the patient.”

But the sheet Jona now had in her hands said something entirely different. It read:

*If it's really heavy and a big secret, just nod like you're thinking about it. We can meet in the Park then. Pretend that your problem is not that big and doesn't need to be shared! You can trust me, but not these rooms. The walls have ears, and I don't know who is listening...*

So Jona nodded like she was thinking about it and replied, “If I gave you the impression that I had some dark secret, I'm really sorry. I think things have simply been a bit too much for me. I really try to act like the girl I am, but ...”

“The pain is too deep, isn't it?”

“Yes it is. I loved Dad and Johnny so much, and losing my birth-name was like losing my identity. It was ...” Jona searched for the right word, “... insane. Yes, I think, insane is the word for it. Sometimes I feel like I'm going insane, you know.”

She fished a pen out of one of her many pockets and wrote something down on the sheet she still was playing with. She handed the sheet back to Becky, who was just asking, “Jona, would you prefer that I call you Joanna?”

“Damn - I'd love it, but... maybe it's better to keep using Jona, for I - I finally have to get used to this name.”

Rebecca read the note Jona had handed her, written in fast but easy to read letters:

*My twin sister and I were wearing bodysuits to exchange our identities for fun during the weekend the explosion happened, and I couldn't change back, because when my sister died, pretending to be me, my original identity died and was buried underneath the tombstone with her. So I have to live my sister's life despite being male underneath - it's ridiculous, I know, pretending to be my brother, who in fact I am. So what am I? Who am I? Am I a nobody with a new name? Help me...*

... Rebecca was shocked to read her secret, but she reacted like the professional she was and responded only to Jona's last statement. “Why do you think you will get used to it? So far you have protested so much against your new name that you even avoided acting like a girl. I know Jonah is a male name, too, but ...”

“Really? No, I think - what? Jona is a male name too?” Jona realized for the first time what her heart knew all along, that's why she reacted so shocked upon hearing it from another person. “Ah, yes: Jonah and the whale, I really forgot. Actually I hadn't thought about it consciously, but...”

She read a new message from Rebecca while pretending to think about her next answer:

*So for all this time you've been wearing a bodysuit making you look female, while your twin died wearing a bodysuit making her look male? Man that is terrible, even if you'd been used to acting like a girl...  
Oh my gosh! Do you have anyone to help you to get through this?*

Jona continued, “Well, I think I've got to get used to the name since it's been legally changed. Even so, I can at least have one reminder of my brother, by wearing a name which can be read as masculine too... And I don't want to cause any more trouble in the meantime. Now that I've realized that my name isn't that bad, I want to stop my bad behavior, really. Um, Becky?” Jona got an idea. “What if you taught me to act like a girl again, you know, getting back to the girl I ought to be? I ... I think I really would appreciate it.”

“Well, that only takes following some simple rules: Everyone appreciates seeing a girl who looks really female, not like a boy, you know. Back in the past when my parents were young, it happened that a long haired man might be confused with a woman and vice versa, but only because of unisex clothes. And no-one really likes to hear a girl cursing.”

“W- what?” Jona didn't want to believe what she heard. “Do you really think I should obey my mother and wear dresses and skirts, and let my hair grow ass-long again?”

“Sure. This lets you appear more feminine, and it would be the first step. Sure there are enough trousers and pants stuff for girls to wear, and there are enough short-haired girls, too, to make you doubt (meanwhile

Jona wrote a note again) - but I know they're using a more subtle language, and they even sit differently. The way you're sitting on this chair, it's like a boy's bitch from the hood, or even like a boy - though a pretty soft-faced one. At the moment, only your face and your slim figure, and the fact that I saw you last week in the shower of the public pool, tell me that in fact you are a girl. So do something else with your clothing to help tell the world that you're a girl. Dressing like a girl will help you to act like a girl. That's step one."

Jona nodded, and gave the note to Rebecca, and shortly showed her the locking card. But she said, "I really have to think it over. That's a lot I have to think about..."

"Well, so do it right now," Rebecca answered seriously. "Otherwise I will have to terminate our therapy sessions and give the school a recommendation to expel you, a direction I believe they seem to prefer. Well I have to send a report anyway, and I suppose neither of us want to do them a favor." She smiled, reading the latest note from Jona.

*With the card I showed you I can prove that I still wear a bodysuit, and am still a boy underneath. But to show you we should be someplace private where no-one can hear me cry if the pain is too great - the older I become the more painful is the transformation & re-transformation to appear the age I am, otherwise I would remain looking like the 11 year old I was when I first put it on. I think even my Mom has no clue that I'm not a girl underneath... for even naked - being sealed into the suit - I look like an ordinary girl.*

Jona tried to smile back, and then she said: "Well, I thought I might try to first overcome my pain, and then try to start living this new life of mine."

"So how do you think you can overcome it?" Becky asked. "Would one to two sessions like this a week help you? Or do you prefer an external psychologist? Though a visit to the Chainsman Institute during the next holiday would heal your problems much faster, I think we should start with the first option, meaning sessions here with me over the next few weeks."

Jona was visibly relieved. "I would like that, Becky."

Rebecca smiled at the trust Jona had in her, so she felt the urge to push her a little: "But this means that you must work on your feminine appearance: firstly, no more unisex clothing unless they're skin-tight, so you can't be confused with a boy. Secondly, try to avoid masculine habits - I see you've already changed the way you sit, you look more feminine already. Thirdly, open your mind and eyes to watch how really feminine girls act and interact."

And on the sheet she handed back to Jona could be read:

*... and fourth: unfortunately as far as I know about the matter, there is no way out: you have to stay female - the official files cannot be changed that easily - (and next time we could think about an operation - just an idea of mine). Meet me at ten pm at the pavilion in the park...*

“My goodness!” Jona sighed. “Please tell me if I understood you correctly. You said I should quit dressing in masculine stuff like I’m wearing now, that I should quit male habits like skateboarding or just hanging around with guys, and that I should learn how to act and interact in a more feminine manner. Is that right?”

“Right.”

“Okay then, I promise that from this afternoon on I will only wear female stuff. Mom will be more happy about that than I will. Um... what about cat-suits and skin-tight shiny stuff like the latex outfits my aunt wears?”

“Well, personally I have no objections against them, because they show your female figure. But think about such stuff twice - clothing isn’t worn just to cover your body. The clothing you choose also expresses who you are and how you want to be perceived. Once you dress in an outfit that is too provocative - be it something not fitting to your age, or to the situation, or be it showing too much skin or figure - it can cause you greater trouble than you’re already in. So be careful what you choose. In your case, I would strongly recommend wearing normal, age-appropriate stuff.”

“Okay, I won’t wear anything sexy. Since I’m under sixteen, it could be too provocative; and nothing like diva or punk either - more like the girl next door, and longer hair if possible. Any other recommendations for today?”

“Oh, yes. Put these cards into the shredder, and remember your promise. Your next appointment will be Tuesday after class.” She raised her ten fingers and formed the word “park” with her lips.

Jona understood. She nodded at her, and said “Okay! I’ll be here. Good-bye, Becky.”

“Good-bye, Jona.”

## *The Pavilion*

At home, Jona found a note that her mom had to work the late shift, and that it was her turn to buy the stuff for tomorrow. So she placed her school books in a corner, took her bike and bought what they needed at the local store. Strangely, she felt glad she didn’t see her skate-gang there.

Back home again, she put the things away and picked her school books up to take them into her room. When she went past a mirror, she was shocked. She really looked rather like a boy than like a girl.

“No wonder Mom is always upset with me. Becky’s absolutely right.” Seeing her own secret identity in the mirror, her eyes filled with tears again.

“I really look like a boy with my short hair and this outfit!” she said loudly. “It’s high time I accepted the facts and faced my destiny of being female for the rest of my life!”

She made her way to her room, got rid of her baggy pants and her shirt, and revealed a really pretty female figure. In fact, she was very pretty for a girl who hadn’t taken care of her female appearance for months.

She rummaged around in her closet and came up with all the girlish stuff she always had tried to ignore. She undressed fully, had a shower, then she tried on several outfits. Eventually she dressed in a long-sleeved leotard, tights, a knee-length leather skirt, a v-neck T-shirt, and a sleeveless coat, like a long vest, with pockets to stuff her belongings into.

Then she took a brush to comb her hair up a bit, made herself up with foundation and lip-gloss and a bit of eye-shadow. It took her an hour, and two times she had to clean it all off and begin again, but when she finally looked in the hall mirror again, it revealed a girl instead of a boy. She stuffed her keys, her locking-card, and two pain-killer pills into the pockets of her coat, plus some money just in case, and went downstairs to have some supper.



She did her house-work chores and her homework, and then she tried to watch the TV till nine - thirty. She knew that her mom would be home very late, so she wrote a note, reading:

*I'm surprising my buddies with a new outfit - maybe it will surprise you as well when I get back home between 11:30 and 12:00 - sorry about that, but the meeting is at 10:00.*

*No need to worry though - they take care of me, as I do myself.*

*Love, Jona*

She knew that she would probably be in trouble with her mom - but it would be worth it, today.

\* \* \*

The park was not really big, it took her only ten minutes by foot to reach the pavilion which stood on an island in a small pond, and was in the direct center of the park. Jona arrived at the pavilion at a quarter to ten and waited in one of the chairs inside it. Five minutes later, Rebecca arrived, too.

Jona saw her first: "Hi, Rebecca!" she called to her from inside. "I'm here!" And she stood up to meet her outside.

Rebecca was positively surprised. "Hi, Jona. I hoped to see you here - though, to be honest, I didn't really expect to see you dressed so ... feminine."

Jona smiled. "I always try to keep my promises," she replied.

She followed Rebecca, leaving the entrance stairs of the pavilion, and went halfway around. She looked surprised as Becky said, "Let's go inside," and went up to the wall.

"What are you doing? Do you want to climb in? The stairs are back there where we met..."

Becky just smiled, and answered, "Open your eyes, and you'll see what I'm about to do."

She reached into a round ornament and turned it around. A section of the wall - four by four feet - tilted inside and revealed a stairway down inside the foundation of the pavilion. Becky led Jona downstairs.

As soon as they were deep enough to stand erect, a light switched on, and after the tenth step down, the secret door closed itself. When they arrived at the basement level, another light revealed a hallway with several rooms, and two more stairways further down on each end - and the stairway they had just left became pitch-dark again.

"The stairways at the ends of the hallway lead to old smuggler tunnels, as old as the pavilion itself. This hallway is much younger; it's only as old as the stairway and the center-column of the pavilion."

"The center-column? That isn't as old as the rest of the pavilion? I mean, I thought that it was carrying the roof?"

"Oh, no, Jona - any architect could tell you that the roof of the pavilion is carried by just its walls. The column is part of the air-supply for this hallway here. And these rooms were made by a private organization, fighting for justice from behind the scenes, and are free to be used by anyone who knows the way in. They

are absolutely sound-proof, and clean - without any microphones and other unwanted appliances. Further down is a real medical facility along the tunnels, and there even are some tunnels which appear to be a well-designed hostel. So, shall we enter one of the rooms and you can share your secret with me?"

## *Sharing The Secret*

Upon entering one of the small rooms, Jona took a pain-killer out of her pocket and swallowed it. Rebecca sat down in an arm-chair in the corner, and, with Jona's permission, she recorded all of Jona's actions with her mobile phone camera. Slowly, Jona began to undress fully and fumbled her locking card out of her coat. Touching her skin with the card and moving it from shoulder to shoulder, she began to feel that sharp pain again which came with the re-appearance of the skin-suit, looking like it was made of skin-toned Lycra. Since the pills didn't work that fast, the pain caused her to double over. Slowly, and gasping for air, she took off the suit.

"Oh shit, I must be masochistic," said the naked boy now standing up where the girl Jona bent down before. Gasping again to fight the pain still flooding his groin, he covered his crotch with his hands. "Now, Becky. In this form I'm an illegal resident, an official nobody... but this is how I was born." He felt the pain slowly vanish. "Phew! The pill is kicking in... now, that I'm naked."

"How do you feel, um, John?"

"To be honest, I feel wrong. I mean, I've been living as a girl since I was eleven, and before that I pretended to be a girl two to three times every week for at least six years, and though I've been acting boyish, I feel wrong now that I am the boy I used to be before my sister and I got these skin-suits to exchange our identities. Since the real Joanna died being me, I officially only exist as her... I mean being the girl named Jona. That's why I'm wearing this skin-suit non-stop from one exchange to the next; and they have to be exchanged to let me grow."

During his explanation, he rummaged another pain-killer pill out of the coat and took it. When he finished his brief history, he started slipping his feet into the legs of the skin-suit again. Pulling it up slowly he said, "Sealing the suit is even worse than unsealing it. That's why I took another pain-killer, and I can only hope that it's working well enough now. But I need to ask you not to touch me if I collapse, the first few seconds I really get - um - horny, and I can't control myself after that for a while." Saying this, he pulled the suit further up. Finally he closed the suit and swiped the card from shoulder to shoulder. Groaning with pain, the young man doubled over, nearly collapsing, but held his hand up for Becky to keep her distance.

A long minute later the girl Jona stood up, still weak, but okay. She dressed herself again and sat down right beside Becky.

"Now you know my secret. What do you recommend?" she asked.

"Wow! To hear it talked about or to read about it is one thing, but to see it first hand, oh man, this is ..." Becky was speechless. "How often do you have to go through that?"

"Well, at the moment it's about four to six times a year - okay, not counting this time. I can't grow while wearing it, so I have to suffer this pain from time to time when my newest version comes along. The next regular change is in three weeks, and normally I have more time between getting out of and into the skin-suit."

"Phew..." Becky sighed. "Well... Actually I can't recommend anything, though I want to be able to help you other than with just talking. There's nothing I can do right now except be your friend and help you make the best of it. Earlier this evening I had a meeting with a friend of mine. She's a pediatrician and told me about these skin-suits and that they are normally used to help patients with third degree burns over major portions of their body. She also told me that she took two of these skin-suits to help her god-children to fool their parents and friends. That sounds awfully similar to what you told me this afternoon!"

“Yep, seems so,” Jona replied. “So it looks like you must have talked with my Aunt Emily - or Emily Miller MD, the most respected pediatrician in town.”

Becky laughed. “You've got that right, Jona. What a small world. Emily was one of my teachers when I was growing up. She really had a hard life before she came here, and in some ways it's still a struggle. And unfortunately her worst enemy is not only part of her family, but holds an influential position at Chastilock Corporation, which has a major interest in the Chainsman Institute for Mental Health, which in turn owns most of the psychiatric clinics and jails here in the States. That's the main reason why I didn't want to have you admitted there. God only knows what could happen to you in one of those places. I like you, Jona. You're still genuine. Do you know what I mean?”

“No. Not really.”

“Well, even though you're trapped inside this female body and identity, you're doing well. Oh my God! Most other kids - even if they were older than you - would either have been in years of therapy or have committed suicide by now! You only acted masculine and played boyish in a temporary phase of weakness - and in this school which is obviously modern but still thinks conservatively, you're fortunate that they brought you to me. I think it would be helpful if we meet twice a week and I officially call it an ambulant therapy, but use it as a simple way to listen to you talk about your feelings, your sorrows, or your fears. Tomorrow I will send in a report that indicates a favorable potential for correcting your behavioral issues through counseling, and this way you won't be expelled.”

Jona sighed, visibly relieved.

“Yeah - you should be relieved. Such a therapy officially needs one meeting every second week so you can stay in school, but to get better results and just give you someone to talk to, I want you to meet me twice a week - and before the next school year begins, you'll be more girlish than anyone could expect.”

“I'd do anything to stay out of any more trouble.”

“You go, girl - that's what I expected to hear. Meet me at my office on Tuesday after your last class; and do me a favor, don't tell anyone about this hallway and the rooms under the pavilion.”

“I promise, you can count on me!”

“Okay. Then, follow me,” Becky said, leading Jona out of the room, and down more stairs. They went through another long tunnel leading to a door which opened right to the underpass near the Railway Central Station. Hugging the girl she said, “Good bye, Jona. Please try your best at acting girlish. I have faith in you.”

Jona's eyes misted. “Thank you, Becky. See you Tuesday. I'll do my best.”

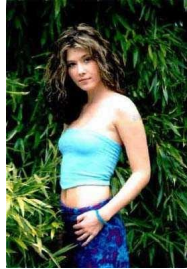
## *Girl again*

When the new school year began, a new, changed Jona started her next grade. Since her first visit to the school psychologist, her behavior did a 180° turn and her change into a girlish girl was simply amazing. And ever since she began using hair extensions to make her hair longer and more girlish, she even made the other girls jealous.

By the time autumn arrived, Jona was a girl who preferred wearing dresses and skirts instead of Blue Jeans and baggy pants, and blouses and tops instead of T-shirts, sweat-shirts and shirts; she even wore the school's uniform skirt, blouse and blazer without complaining. But Jona was not submissive, nor was she brain-washed - she was a self-reliant girl, modest, chaste and well mannered. Her meetings with her skater friends, though not entirely gone, were becoming fewer and far between the more she acted like a girl - because the boys began to see the girl in her, not the buddy anymore. She knew she was becoming accepted again when the other girls started inviting her to go with them on shopping trips, and even the gymnastics trainer asked her to try out for the cheer-leading squad one more time.

All in all, since Jona's psychological “treatment”, everyone who knew her could tell that she had become a better, more relaxed, more optimistic and more self-confident person.

All interests in skating, football or hand-crafting had vanished, and she didn't even really like them anymore. Now her new hobbies, besides shopping or hanging around with the rest of the girls, were needlework, gardening and even housework. Because of this basic change, Jona was becoming quite popular with her classmates. And no-one seemed jealous of her because of her innate charm. Even though she was a natural beauty, she made no fuss about it - she even made every effort to use make-up sparingly for a natural look. She simply appeared like a sunbeam on a cloudy autumn day. Things stayed like that for the rest of Junior High.



## The Revenge

Shortly before the end of the school year, Clara went to see Emily, and she was angry. Myra was away on a vacation trip with her parents and would return in about a week, so Emily was alone.

Clara came right to the point, “Do you know that Jona is being treated by a head-shrinker?” she asked.

“Yes, I do”, said Emily. “Jona has told me about her. She has treated her for some time now and helped her to become more feminine again. Haven't you seen the difference in her?”

“Certainly I have, but why does she confide in you, and not her mother? Don't bother making up some lame excuse, I have enough of your well-meant interference!” she screamed, her face flush with anger. “I'll tell you the reason: because it's not Joanna who lives with me, but Johnny in a female skin-suit, pretending to be Joanna. And the death of Mike and his other child prevented Johnny from getting out of his skin-suit.”

Emily started to become afraid and tried to bluff her way out by asking, “You really think so?”

“Yes, I know so. And I also know that the reason Jona doesn't become male again is because she knows that as a male he would be a nobody, a nothing. He would be without insurance, home, identity - because everything is in the name of Jona Eve Webster, female. And I also know that you're the person responsible for putting him in the skin-suit in the first place. You thought you were clever going through five dummy corporations to purchase the 'developing' skin-suits for Jona, but I found your tracks and figured out what they were for. I think you need to be punished for trying to deceive me.”

Clara saw a straitjacket hanging on a tailor's dummy in the corner. Suddenly she had a gun in her hand. “Undress! Now! And put on that straitjacket over there!”

Emily did as ordered, afraid for her life. She undressed and slipped on the straitjacket. After Clara secured the leather straps behind Emily's back, she commanded her to go to the couch.

“Wait. That's not yet snuggly enough,” she said, and went to the closet, to find - after some rummaging - a dildo fitting her revenge fancies. She went to the couch, opened the crotch of the fetish straitjacket, and positioned the monster between Emily's thighs. The dildo happened to be the biggest in the house, fresh out of the box - Myra's latest acquisition for their games, and almost twice the diameter to which Emily was used. Clara forced it in her crotch, and closed the straitjacket again.



Emily was speechless; not only because of Clara's boldness and rage, but because she was trying to prevent herself from climaxing. Before she could manage to get used to the new sensation, Clara led her to another chair and forced her to sit. Emily sat absolutely still, not willing to move because she was afraid she might come. Clara realized that she didn't need the pistol anymore and disappeared into Emily's bedroom closet. She came back with a package the same color as the straitjacket.

It was getting worse for Emily; Clara had found the single-legging binder to the straitjacket.

“Put your legs in it!”

She did as ordered, and Clara bound her legs tightly so she was unable to run away.

“You're insane,” said Emily.

“No I'm not -- you are. I'm not the one that made a girl out of a boy. You did. That's why I have to punish you. My darling Joanna is dead, and John is only a replacement - though a very good one, thank you very much. But you shouldn't have done it. You are to mind your own business. I'm going to leave you here to fast and ponder about it, and just so you're unable to scream for help, here's a pacifier for you.”

“No! Please don't gag me! I ...”

Emily's cries for mercy were cut off when Clara forced the gag into her mouth.



As if that wasn't enough, Clara also managed to cover her head with a full mask! Emily was absolutely helpless, unable to use her arms or her legs, blind and mute - and no hope of anyone finding her soon.

For the final straw, Emily felt chains being pulled through the rings attached to this outfit. When she heard the click of a lock, she knew there was no hope of moving from that spot. Then she heard some fading laughter and a door clapping shut, and she knew that she was alone.



She didn't know how long she had been trapped that way. It must have been more than one day, but it felt like an eternity.

### *Jona the Savior*

Eventually Emily heard a door open and close. Somebody was here. She was afraid it might be Clara coming back, so she decided to remain still.

But then like an angel's voice from heaven she heard Jona call out, “Aunt Emily, are you home? Your door was open, where are you?”

“Hmmmh-hmm!” was the only sound she could make.

Jona wandered from room to room, calling for her aunt, until she finally heard her muffled cries and found her all bound up. “Is that you, Aunt Emily? Oh my, what happened to you?” She relieved her poor aunt from the chains and choker, and helped her to sit up. Then she removed the mask and gag-plate.

“Thank you, darling”, said Emily. Strangely, she didn't seem hungry, but she urgently needed a smoke and a shower. “Please give me a cigarette; I need something to calm my nerves. Then you can help me get out of this thing.”

So the child brought her a cigarette and a lighter from the bathroom, put it between her lips and lit it.

Emily managed to stand up with Jona's help, and while she calmed herself with the cigarette, Jona opened the single-legging restraint and removed it. Jona massaged her aunt's legs to help her get back some feeling, then she opened all the brackets of the straitjacket. When she went to take it off, her aunt stopped her and asked her to help her get to the bathroom. Emily told her she would be alright for now, and she was left alone to shower - and, more importantly, to remove the jacket and the dildo in privacy. Meanwhile Jona prepared some chicken soup and a few sandwiches to help her aunt regain her strength. After her shower, Emily started to dress in a fresh latex leotard and a pair of long stockings and gloves; but she was weaker from hunger than she had thought and fainted before she could leave the bedroom. When she didn't come to the kitchen, Jona looked for her and found her slumped on the floor. She woke her poor aunt up, helped her to her feet and led her to the kitchen. Jona fed her sparingly at first, so as not to upset her system any further, until she could begin to feed herself. Emily was starved, and as she ate, her stomach and nerves began to calm down.

After Emily had recovered some strength, she looked at Jona's concerned face and said, "Not that I'm ungrateful, but you visited just last week, what brought you over here today?"

"Becky wasn't available for our scheduled session today and I just wanted someone to talk to; and it's a darned good thing I stopped by. Who did this to you?"

Emily thought for a moment, and decided to leave Clara and what she knew about Jona out of the discussion. She didn't want to unduly alarm Jona, for Clara didn't seem to want to harm her, and Clara would probably have some alibi for her whereabouts, so she couldn't prove that Clara had done this to her.

"No one that you know," Emily lied, "and it won't do any good to report this to the police. This person is very well connected and will be able to deny everything."

"But shouldn't we do something, Aunt Emily?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do, sweetheart, except watch my back more carefully in the future. Anyway, there was no permanent damage done here, and I'll get over it. So let's change the subject, okay?"

Emily asked Jona about school and her psychiatrist, Becky. She was glad that Jona was making so much progress towards fitting in as a girl. Then Emily had a bright idea and said, "I know, since you're looking to expand your femininity, how about I give you some of the outfits I wore as a teenager?"

Jona wasn't sure, but Emily suggested that she try out some of her "carnival costumes", just to see if she might like the rubber outfits. So she agreed to try, took off the dress she wore and put on a cat-suit. "Oh this is nice," she said, feeling the satiny soft rubber cat-suit caress her body. "It's nicer than anything I've ever worn before. Do you also have a real costume, one that hides my face and hair?"

"Depends on what you like," said Emily. "Try this one. You will be stunned."

And stunned she was: The next suit was as tight as her skin-suit, and had a face-mask, gloves, and very strange soles attached. She now was fully covered with black latex, and only her mouth, eyes, and nostrils remained uncovered. Her feet were inside special hoof-shaped boots. Jona was a pony-girl now. Just so that Jona didn't feel too weird, Emily got dressed in a full covering cat-suit, too.

Jona found she liked the feel of rubber and leather as the two of them tried on outfit after outfit. She had especially liked the sensations she received from wearing the pony hooves, so she left them on with most of the outfits. After about half an hour, Jona said, "Oh these hooves are starting to kill me. I should put my other clothes on again."

"Why change? They're yours to keep, I want you to have them."

"Thank you very much, Aunt Emily. But at the moment I'm working to become a real girl. That's why I'm dressing mostly in skirts and dresses now..."



"So you like wearing dresses? I think I have something for you. If you want I'll prepare it in the bathroom: I'm sure you'll like it." Jona was curious and agreed.

Emily brought a really feminine outfit including make-up, nail-polish and a blond wig into the bathroom. Then she called Jona in to try it all on.



After Jona put on the clothes and Emily applied the make-up and wig, Jona looked beautiful. She wore a black latex top, ankle long skirt, blond shoulder-length curly hair (the wig), and black nails. She liked this new outfit even better than the pony-girl suit, even more than the black cat-suit she had first tried on. She even had tears in her eyes.

"Now I look like a girl again, Aunt Emily. What do you think; will I ever be a boy again? I mean, besides whenever changing into updated skin-suits?"

"Oh, darling, you can't imagine how I sometimes hate myself for giving these skin-suits to the two of you."

"Then I would be dead instead of Joanna. Believe me, I'm rather a living girl than a dead boy lying in the grave."

"Darling, I don't know if you will ever go around as a male again. I'm really afraid those times are gone forever. But I'll help you to at least be as girlish as you can."

Jona thanked her and looked at herself in the mirror again. "I love these outfits, but I'm afraid they would be pushing the limits at school. Could you save them for me? That way whenever I feel the time is right I'll have some really cool leather and rubber things to wear."

"Of course I will. I'm indebted to you for getting me out of that little predicament, so I'll be here for you whenever you need my help or just want someone to talk to."

## *History*

Suddenly Jona asked: "Mom was it, wasn't she?"

Emily sat frozen. After what seemed to be an hour she came up with "How ...?" She was too surprised to not stutter, but was cut off by Jona anyway.

"Aunt Emily, I know you don't love her and that you mistrust her, and I know she doesn't like you. Both of us, Joanna and I, have always known that, and we also have known that you always tried hard to be kind and respectful to her, in order to not hurt us and Dad. Do you think we kids were as blind as Dad?"

"Darling, ..." Emily went to the child to hug her, tears in her eyes.

"Aunt Emily, Becky told me you had an enemy within the family who is very influent. I don't know how influent Mom is, but I know she has a lot of friends, some of them in high posts. I thought a long time about this her innuendo, but it this could be the only conclusion: Mom is your enemy, isn't she? Am I right? Mom was the person who treated you so badly, either in person or had others do it", Jona simply stated.

"Oh Jona, sweetheart," Emily said and hugged her niece, sighing deeply, then she opened the flood and started:

"Perhaps you know that I was adopted. I became the middle daughter in the Miller household. Mary, your mother, became my new cousin. Since Mary was my age, she started to hang around with me and sometimes shared my rubber outfits."

"Unfortunately Clara, who was a little older than Mary and I, grew more and more jealous of me, her new cousin, because I was spending so much time with her best friend, Mary. So much so that she began to hate me deeply and played nasty tricks on me as often as possible, blaming it on others. Unfortunately, both Clara and I were in the same class. One time, I think I was still in Junior High School, (yes, it must

have been, Charlotte had finished her first year in College), I had the most horrifying morning of my youth.”

### *Rubber Doll Emily*

“It was the start of summer vacation and my two sisters were away. Charlotte was at her best friend's house, and Jennifer was off for a week of camping. Uncharacteristically, Clara decided to come to our house for a sleepover with me. She seemed friendly as we chatted away and had a nice time together.”

“Without going into too much detail, while my parents were out and we were having some wine, Clara drugged me. After checking that I was really out and sensed nothing, Clara dressed me in a rubber sex doll outfit, complete with some rather nasty appliances fitted on the inside. It covered me from head to toe, and had stiff mittens for hands. She sealed it tight and hid the closure with color-fitting duct-tape, dressed me in my pajamas and then she went to bed.”

“The next morning, I was still groggy as I stood up and went to the restroom to wash myself and to pee. Looking in the mirror I was shocked: There was no Emily in the reflecting glass, but a stupid looking, blue-eyed sex toy doll with a blond hair-do, open mouth and gaudy make-up.”

“Hoping it was only a mask, I pulled off my pajamas and went to the full-length mirror to see my entire body - changed! I tried to pull the suit off, but I couldn't grasp anything with my mitten-like hands. I tried to scream 'Help me!', but nothing more than a dimmed 'mmph-mmh!' came out of my 'open' mouth.”

“When I left the bathroom looking for help, I saw Clara in the hall-way with a camera, taking photos of me.”

“I tried to yell out, 'Clara! NO! Help me!' But nothing except muffled noises came out. Clara still took pictures and taunted me. So I fled to my room and threw myself on my bed. My false girl-friend and cousin laughed at me instead of helping me out!”

“She followed me into my room and taunted me even more. She called me 'Rubber-Doll' and 'bitch', and said she hated me for taking Mary away from her. She planned on humiliating me at school by spreading the pictures around, and even warned me about telling my parents that it was her who had done this to me. She said that no-one would believe me after she tells them that she saw some of the local tough guys hanging around the house that afternoon after leaving me to sun out by the pool.”

Emily saw the shocked look on Jona's face and decided that was enough. She thought it was best to leave out some of the gorier details.

“I know it's hard to believe, Jona, but it's true. As Clara promised, she secretly circulated the pictures at school and I was given the nick-name Rubber-Doll. But unlike Clara had planned it, I acted like I was honored by bearing that name and did not become angry about it. On the contrary, I began to wear rubber cat-suits whenever school uniforms were not obligatory. This helped me to get even more used to wearing rubber in public, and it gave me the image of a girl who wouldn't be told what to do at the same time. Clara never forgave me for spoiling her revenge, and she hates it even more that I use the name 'Rubber-Doll' for my weekly radio show.”

Emily couldn't bear to tell her some of the more sinister things that Clara had done to her after the “Rubber-Doll” incident, so she just sighed and said, “She did some more and even worse things to me long time ago - all to 'punish' me, and yet ...”

Jona was frozen in shock and disbelief.

But Emily tried to ease her: “I already regret to have told this to you. These things happened long time ago, mostly before you were born. And with the exception of this predicament, all of them were before she

married your Dad. I thought about forgiving her all these things while I watched how she treated you. I know she has been very nice to you – but then... yes she was it who did this to me...”

Jona nodded her head and said, “Thank you, Aunt Emily. I knew there was something up between you two, but I never knew what until now. Now things are clearer to me. I... I want you to know that I will keep secret that you told this to me, and that I always stay on your side. I love you, Aunt Emily, and I'm sorry that you had to see me being kind to a person who hates you this much. But as you said yourself - she always has been awfully nice to me. But if I had to choose who to live with, I would choose you.”

Emily just sighed and said, “Oh sweetheart. Thank you very much. All I want you to do is be careful around her; you wouldn't want to get on her bad side.”

Joanna hugged her aunt and said, “Thank you, Aunt Emily. I'll be careful.”

And they hugged once more, sharing a bond that ran deep.

\* \* \*

In the following months, Jona met with Emily quite often. She told her aunt all about her meetings with Rebecca, whom she was excited about, and about how this woman was helping her to become a real girl in manners and appearance. Through the “treatment” given by both Emily and the psychologist, the boy inside Jona quickly vanished. Now Jona was a girl, thought like a girl, felt like a girl, spoke and chattered like a girl. It was almost unbearable for Jona to remove the skin-suit and be male for a while. In her mind she now was ready for the final operation to become female; but this was not in Emily's power, knowing that Clara was on to their charade and would not tolerate that level of interference in Jona's life. Emily still hoped that Jona would change her mind some time and become male again.

### *4.3 At Senior High-School*

Jona started Senior High with nearly perfect scores on all her exams, and maintained the image of the ideal step-daughter. And that lasted all through her first year. But then, she met Ivy, a girl just one year older than she, and the “black sheep” of the class.

Now even though the school didn't have a strict dress code, uniforms were, well, strongly recommended. Ivy stretched the dress code by wearing some latex outfits with parts of the school uniforms over them. She would wear things like her skirt and blazer over a red latex cat-suit, or a part of her uniform exchanged with a latex version.



Jona was familiar with these kinds of outfits from Emily and certainly liked the feel of them. Over the past year she had continued to dress in latex outfits while she was at her aunt's or at Techno parties; but it was Ivy who woke the idea in her to also combine her latex outfits with every-day outfits and even the school uniform, just to be able to wear latex in public. Jona owned many latex outfits. Even after her aunt had given her some of her old clothes, Jona had pestered her to buy her some of the new rubber styles that were available - just to try them out. And though her mom didn't like this air-tight and water-proof material, or the look, feel and smell of it, she accepted it as a kind of fashion statement; for it wasn't only sold to fetishists anymore, but at normal clothing retailers, as well. And Jona had worked hard outside of school to afford to buy some of her outfits on her own.

After the first months of her second year in Senior High, Jona didn't care that much for the proper school uniforms anymore, but often wore just her latex and rubber clothes that were similar to the uniform: skirts

and blouses and dresses or a long coat, all made of shiny, mostly black rubber. As time went on, Jona tried out more and more provocative outfits, and - like most kids her age dealing with puberty, not a child anymore but not yet adult - she had to deal with her period, erotic feelings, and her blossoming body.

Although during all this time she was wearing a skin-suit which allowed her to grow like a normal girl her age, she had to have it exchanged for medical reasons twice a year- and she really hated it. She so hated the thought that her femininity was only borrowed, given to her by the skin-suit she was sealed into, hiding the fact that she was still a male underneath, that she always tried to postpone the exchanging. She now felt absolutely right being female, and always hoped that she could leave the current suit on forever.

Her blossoming body, together with her increasing use of latex outfits while on school grounds, soon got everyone's attention at school.

Sure, Jona was intelligent and she always listened and was eager to study, and did not disturb the lessons by chatting like some of her class-mates, but her outfits began to distract the more conservative teachers and her male class-mates.

That's why one fine day, just having showered after her afternoon gym class and dressed in her newest latex cat-suit to show off a bit on the way home, Jona was summoned to the Dean's office.



## The Dean

The school dean was a woman: Doctor Heywood. She was not half as friendly as Rebecca, and though she was not what was called an arch-conservative, Jona knew what she wanted. Her fears were confirmed when Doctor Heywood told her she wanted Jona to stop wearing the provocative latex stuff in and around school immediately, else she would be expelled from school. Jona was disheartened after the meeting, and doubly so when she saw Doctor Heywood later that same evening at a bus-stop in the city, wearing a black sleeveless leather cat-suit. Now poor Jona found this unjust, but she really wanted to get her High School diploma and go to college, so she obeyed and forced herself to wear only proper school uniforms in school and on the way to and from.

## The Club

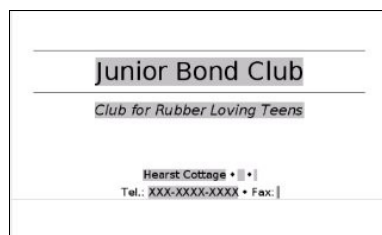
When Ivy saw her wearing only normal clothes again, even on the way to and from school, she asked, "Hey, Jona! Why aren't you wearing latex anymore? I miss your awesome outfits. Has your interest in latex gone away?"

"No, not at all, Ivy. I'm still interested in latex outfits, but if I keep wearing them to school I'll be expelled. Firstly, I really want to go to College, and secondly, I kind of like being a cheerleader here."

"Okay. That's an acceptable reason, especially with your grades. Do you have some free time tomorrow afternoon?"

"Sure, Ivy. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you still like wearing latex, and I know a fantastic club where you can wear it all the time - and among friends. So, if you have time tomorrow afternoon, bring one of your favorite rubber outfits with you. There are locker rooms, too, where you can change your outfit. Here is the address," and she handed Jona a business card.



Jona went to her PC as soon as she got home and Googled the club. She found out the following: Hearst Cottage, the home of the Junior Bond Club, was a New England style villa with a little park behind, which was originally built for the industrial tycoon Walter Hearst. It was donated to a fetish group, and became a home to rubber lovers of all ages, with a strict dress code beyond the locker areas. If you weren't wearing rubber, or at least black leather, you weren't allowed in any of the club rooms (which were like 5-room apartments for each club). There was the Junior Bond Club for the younger members, ages 15 to 24, the Rubber Bond Club for those who were 25 to about 50 (officially), the Senior Bond Club for people older than 50, and a Fetish Shop, as well as the Bond Club Disco and Dance Bar. Then there was a guest house further back in the park area, which was the entry to the Heavy Bond Club - a real bondage club, which was built with a deep basement area with connecting tunnels to the other clubs of the Cottage, sharing its rooms for bondage or other S&M games there.

Jona liked the idea of this club even before seeing it, but decided to ask her Aunt Emily's advice, knowing that she and Myra were in to that sort of thing.

"So, are you really interested in wearing rubber in public?" Emily asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Jona. "There is a girl in my class that got me interested in wearing rubber more often. Oh, Aunt Emily," she said, "I think it might be good for me to go to the club directly after school so that I can dress up in some of the costumes I've come to love."

Emily was quite familiar with the Club, and not only was she a member, but Myra was one of the founding members! Emily would be able to watch Jona in the club and make sure she didn't overdo anything, though indirectly via Myra and other friends in the Club.

Emily said, "I know about this place and think it's the safest place for you to explore your desires. You have my full support, just be careful."

And Jona bounced out of her chair and ran to her aunt to give her a big hug. "Oh thank you, Aunt Emily. I knew I could count on you!"

So the next day when Jona came home from school, she changed into her new cat-suit underneath a sweat-shirt and Blue-Jeans, and stuffed another latex dress into her backpack, wrote a note for her mom that she was visiting friends, and rode her bike to the Club.

After checking in at the reception desk - and paying the quarterly membership fee of ten bucks, she was escorted by a young woman and led to the locker area.

"Hi Jona Webster. I'm Erica, the chairwoman of the Junior Bond Club. Inside the Club my title is Mistress Erica. This is the locker area as you can easily see - and the last point you can reach without passing our dress-code. Everywhere behind this area we need you to wear only rubber or leather. Since you have paid your membership fee, you are allowed to enter. Do you have any latex clothes?"

"Sure I have. Shall I change right now, Mistress Erica?"

"Well, yes. Here is your locker." The Mistress pointed to a double-door locker next to her. So Jona took off her sweat-shirt and jeans and revealed that she was already wearing a latex cat-suit. "Wow, not only a quick learner, but also already a rubberist. Welcome to the Club."

Jona was glad to have found a group with the same interests: wearing skin-tight latex and trying out everything about it.





She liked the freedom she had at the Club so she went there almost every day after her chores and did her homework in one of the rooms there, clad in rubber - sometimes even from head to toe. She got a nick-name: Angel, due to her cute, innocent face, and accepted it willingly. And soon she was friends with most of the Junior Bond Club members.

She also learned about the games down in the Heavy Bond Club and loved to try out what it meant to be bound with tape or plastic film, or to wear a straitjacket or mono-gloves, or to be stuck in a rubber balloon - anything which made her helpless.

Jona soon loved this helpless feeling of having her arms immobilized, being dependent on others, and even grew accustomed to the painful mono-gloves. Often she spent the entire time after doing her homework bound in the rooms of the club.

Her friends in the Junior Bond Club were mostly girls. Only three to four boys from Senior High came regularly to the club to relax and escape their tough guy image. One of them was Frank, the star quarterback of the football team.

### *Jona's Boy-Friend*

On a Friday in September, on a mild clear evening, just a week after she got her driver's license, Jona had her anniversary party in the Club. It took place in the Bond Club Disco & Dance-Hall.

She was dressed and locked by Ivy into a latex straitjacket, and dressed into a plain coverall cat-suit and long rubber boots which covered every single square inch of her beautiful body with black shiny rubber. Only her nostrils, eyes and mouth were not covered. While the zips and buckles of that plain coverall cat-suit were only locked with simple cable ties and black tape, the straitjacket underneath was locked with little padlocks, the keys to which were hidden between the straitjacket and cat-suit. So even if someone removed that suit, Jona would still be locked into the straitjacket. It wasn't a punishment, Jona herself had insisted on being put in that double bondage.



During the party, two of the other girls wanted to pull a prank on Jona by making her situation a little more difficult. While she was catching some fresh air on the veranda, one of the girls offered her a cigarette, while the other one tried to sneak up behind her and put a steel choker around her neck. Jona could see the reflection of the second girl in the glass of the French doors, and when she lunged at her with the collar, Jona ducked out of the way, causing the second girl to accidentally snap the choker around the smoker's neck, locking itself. The girls became angry and started to chase Jona, and she ran from them and headed into the park.

After running through the park panic-stricken, she eventually headed back, frustrated, cold, breathless and regretting each decision which led her into this situation. Blind from tears and unable to wipe them away with her arms bound away effectively, she merely stumbled along her way back to the villa, when she heard someone calling her name.

“Angel, where are you?”

It was Frank who called her nick-name. He was worried about her and started looking outside the very moment he realized that she was absent. Again he called her: "Jona, my angel, where are you?"

"Here I am," she answered, her voice grateful and humble, and relieved that it wasn't those girls.

"Oh my sweet angel, thank God I finally found you," said Frank when he found her. He truly sounded relieved. "I was really worried about you, helpless as you are."

"Thank you, Frank," said Jona surprised. "You're the only person who has really worried about me since my real parents have died - okay, except my Aunt Emily. Please hug me."

Frank hesitated. "No, I won't hug you. You're helpless. That wouldn't be fair."

Jona stamped her foot. "Fair or not fair - show me you love me by giving me a hug, because I can't hug you to show you how I feel about you."

At that moment she realized that she had fallen head over heels in love with this damned shy football-star. So when she finally got her hug - a warm, loving, almost bone-breaking hug - she stole a long kiss from him. First he was surprised, and then their lips began their own game. Eternities later, Frank led Jona home to the villa.

"I love being helpless in your arms, Frank, I would even enjoy being totally armless. I really melted away when you hugged me," she admitted while the both of them went back to the villa, and she added, "I want you to be my boyfriend. I have fallen in love with you."

"I love you too, Jona," he answered. "And I'd love you no matter if you're helpless like now or not." He knew for some time that he was in love with this peculiar girl, but he had been too shy to approach her. He turned and kissed her again, dried her tears, and led her cautiously to the villa's veranda. Back inside, he watched over her lovingly during the rest of the party, always making sure that she was pampered and treated properly.

At midnight, they figured that it was late enough to leave the party. Because Jona didn't want her costume taken off in the Club, Frank took her jacket out of her locker and wrapped it around her shoulders. He led her to his car and drove her to her Aunt Emily's, per her request, where he was invited to stay until she could get out of the bondage outfits, showered, and dressed into something more comfortable. After that, Frank drove her home where they shared a passionate goodnight kiss in the car. Jona was on cloud nine.

Jona started spending a lot of time with Frank, and some weeks later she felt brave enough to invite Frank home to meet her Mom. Clara was really excited for Jona, as were Emily and Myra when the two lovebirds visited them again to pick up Jona's bondage clothes.

But Emily had a question, and while she and Frank waited for Jona, who had been dressed in that entire outfit again by Myra for over an hour, she finally asked, "Frank, you look honest, and you seem to be a real gentleman. So please tell me: Is your love strong enough to marry and love this girl even though she may never become pregnant because of a genetic defect?"

The answer came promptly: "Yes, Ma'am. Even if Jona were put into a chastity belt closed by a weld, or were handicapped forever - I really want to marry her. She is my one and everything. I love her, more than I'm able to describe. I wonder how I could have lived before having met her."

After the visit was over and Frank had left, Emily asked Jona how much she loved Frank. Jona never hesitated and said, "I wish to become a real woman as soon as possible. From the very depths of my soul I want to marry Frank and live the next ninety years with him."

And so it came to pass that Jona officially became Frank's fiancée, and she was the envy of every other good-looking girl in her school. Being smart and beautiful herself, and the fiancée of the star quarterback, Jona was the girl who had everything every other girl only dreamed of...

## 4.4 Operation Female

Clara had known for a long time that her beloved princess Jona was, in fact, only female because of a skin-suit. She also knew that Emily was responsible for this, and that she was still exchanging the suits from time to time to simulate growing. That was okay, she had punished Emily for her involvement already.

Clara was also pleased that Jona's mindset was being gradually bent towards the feminine, and that she had quickly accepted her female fate and didn't want to be male anymore. She also knew that Jona still met with her old Junior High School head-shrinker, that Native American bitch.

Clara was sure that this Ms. Jackson had brainwashed Jona somehow. Well, not that this couldn't fit her own plans concerning Jona, but this squaw knew too much. She simply had to disappear. And right after Jona started attending the Club, that's exactly what happened. One phone-call was enough, and the problem was solved: the "Black Arrow" was on the way to Chastilock, where she was treated and trained to become a pony-girl slave, put into a pony-suit and fitted with a bit and harness. Clara, it turned out, was a very powerful and influential woman who was used to having things her way.

She had another problem that was more complicated, but not impossible to fix. She wanted her Jona to be free of the skin-suits, but still be female. There were several points indicating that this might be possible without Jona getting upset. Firstly, Jona was enjoying being a girl and was fully exploring her woman-hood. Secondly, she was in this crazy club which made her even more feminine because of all the sexy outfits she wore. Thirdly, she was engaged to that wonderful boy Frank, and Clara hoped to become a grandmother in the near future. But, she didn't want Jona to get stuck in a permanent skin-suit, because this would mean that she would remain at her current age. It seemed that now would be the perfect time to set her plans in motion.

### *Sick?*

Jona was coming out of a fog, unaware of where she was. She thought hard. Wasn't she supposed to be in one of the bondage rooms, bound naked to a stake with transparent plastic film for some photos for the club album, waiting for Frank to free her.

And now she seemed to be flat on her back and could neither move nor speak nor see. She could only hear. But what she heard was strange enough:

"Nicole, Anna, what happened?" (She recognized the voice of Mistress Erica, the club's chair-woman; but it sounded muffled somehow, like through wadding.)

"I don't know, Mistress. Jona suddenly collapsed. We could only keep her from getting hurt or strangled. We're just getting the last of her bindings off." (Was that Anna, or Ivy? Jona couldn't tell.)

"Has someone called a doctor?"

"I called her mother, Mistress, and she told me she would call the hospital. She also said not to worry about Jona's clothes, only to make sure that she was wearing something."

"Well done. When will the ambulance get here?"

"They just called to verify the address and said to expect it in... exactly seven minutes from now, Mistress."

"Okay, let's get her into some clothes."

"*No!!!*" Jona wanted to protest. "*I don't want to go to the hospital! Frank will come at five pm, and I wanted to meet him here, bound and naked on this pole!*"

But nothing, not one sound came out of her mouth. She could only listen -- though the voices were drifting farther and farther away.

Moments later she was taken to the ambulance and she heard the extremely dimmed voice of her beloved Frank: "Jona! What happened to you?..." Then she sank into darkness.

### *In the Hospital*

Jona woke up with a horrible headache. She reached for her head. She felt sick, and even her chest hurt a bit. Slowly she realized that she lay on a bed in a hospital room. "*This seems to be a hospital, so there must be a nurse!*" she thought. "*A nurse can bring me some pain-killers.*"

Slowly ("*I never moved this slowly before, have I?*") she managed to reach the call-button.

The nurse arrived in a minute. "Good, you're awake! How do you feel?"

"Ho-(cough)-horrible," Jona replied with a sour throat. "I've got a headache that feels like a hangover and I'm thirsty."

"Okay. I'll get you something to help alleviate both those problems," the nurse said and disappeared again as quickly as she had come.

"*Why am I here?*" Jona wondered. She tried to sit up. "*Oh, these headaches - worse than my hangover after that last party! But what the heck is this?*" She saw little hairs standing up on goose-pimples on her naked arms! She always removed all her body hair before it became noticeable, but there they were. "*What the heck! Have these damned bastards removed my skin-suit?*"

She didn't want to be male now! She wanted to marry Frank and become his wife, not his same sex partner!

When the nurse came in again, she gave Jona a painkiller and a glass of water. Jona took the pill and drank a bit of water, and then she asked the nurse, "Why am I here? What have they done to me?"

The nurse answered, "Well, I don't know exactly. But from what I can see in your chart, your hormones were way out of whack and messing with your body - you were brought here in a coma. But our doctors have treated you, and now you're the gender you wanted to be."

Jona wasn't sure of what to make of that last statement, so she just smiled weakly and the nurse replaced the chart and left the room. Eventually the pain diminished and Jona stood up and dragged herself into the restroom to empty her bladder. Then she took off her hospital gown: she needed to see her naked body in the mirror. She had to know exactly whether she was female now or not - her entire future depended on it. To her surprise, she saw in the mirror - herself, with the same gender she had for the last 6 years. The mirror reflected the image of a naked girl of about 17 years. Jona had to sit down, and not from weakness, but because she was confused.

She didn't want to put the hospital gown on again, so she looked around for some other clothes. She dragged herself over to the locker, and to her surprise, there were two piles: a couple slips, a T-shirt, and a two pairs of Jeans, one for a woman, one for a man - and a skin-suit! Strange. Now she was really confused. She sat down on her bed and had to think it through.

If her skin-suit was in the locker, then she must really be female now! No chance to return to being John. No skin-suit exchanging any more. No more lies to Frank. And no stress about being eventually found out as male. She didn't know whether she should laugh for joy or cry out of sadness, for she felt both. But she let her tears flow anyway.

If Jona had bothered to look at the skin-suit a little more closely, she would have been even more confused, because the skin-suit was male.

On her bed-side table she saw a brochure, titled: "Welcome to your New World. How to manage a changed life after your trans-gender operation." It was written for transsexual people who just had the operation to change their gender into what they thought to be their real one. In a way, Jona had been a Transsexual herself, though involuntarily, because of being trapped in the skin-suit.

Rummaging around in the bed-side table she saw a wallet. It wasn't hers, and her documents were absent. The documents in the wallet were for a certain Andrew Harper, born as Andrea, who applied to become a male permanently. Well, someone had to have confused her with this Andrew person and mixed up their belongings...

At the same time, an 18 year old young man found out that in his locker was a female skin-suit and a pile of some female clothes together with his male ones; and in his bed-side table was a purse, with documents belonging to a certain Jona Webster.

So it was that a young man and a young woman left their rooms simultaneously, the man with a purse, the woman with a wallet, both grousing and grumbling about the idiocy of the staff in this hospital.

### *Jona & Andrew*

Walking on weak legs through the hallway, Jona finally reached the cafeteria and almost collided with Andrew. "Those damned idiots!" she said, and then looked up and saw the young man she had almost run into; and he was carrying her purse. "Hi", she said. "Are you by any chance Andrew Harper?"

"Yep. And you must be Jona Webster, so I believe that this is your purse."

"Phew," Jona smiled at him. "Yes, that's my purse. Oh my, it seems to me that both of us are here for the same reason."

"Sure, I looked at your paperwork too. And these idiots not only confused our documents, they also confused the names on our rooms."

"Well, maybe because we look quite similar; we could almost be relatives."

"Now that you mention it, - you're right," Andrew stated, grabbing his wallet and fishing out some money to get a pack of Marlboros from the cigarette machine. Both of them had quite soft faces, but Andrew's showed more musculature. Opening the pack, he offered her a cigarette. "Wanna smoke?"

"Sure, thanks." Smoking quietly, they both were absorbed in their own thoughts.

Then Jona asked: "What do you think we're here for?"

"Well..." Andrew started, searching for an answer. "Due to the skin-suits in our lockers, which made us appear to have the gender we now have permanently," Jona nodded yes, "... then it's clear: someone sent us here to have us operated on so that we can have our pretend gender for real."

"Do you mean I had an operation to become female? But where are the bandages, plasters, scars? There is not one indication on my body that I ever had an operation!"

Andrew didn't have an answer for that. They finished smoking their cigarettes and went to each other's room. Jona looked and sure enough, the sign on the door read "J. Webster".

The next day Andrew and Jona met in the cafeteria, Jona wearing a rubber dress she found in her new room, Andrew wearing Jeans and T-shirt.

"Hi bro," she greeted him.

"Hi sis", was his smiling reply, and, "you look hot."

"Thank you." With a cigarette and a cup of coffee they sat down on the balcony of the cafeteria.

Then Andrew began to tell her his story. "I've only been living as a male for the last three years. I ran away from my adopted family when they wanted to take me from Junior High and sell me as a slave. Until that day, my name was Andrea Summer. Thanks to a pediatrician and her friends, I was relocated to the next town where I used to have my Martial Arts training. I got a male skin-suit, and was adopted as Andrew Harper. Now I'm almost 18 and finally have a family who love me. I haven't felt love like this ever since my parents died."

"May I ask you what kind of Martial Arts training you had?"

"Well, Bushinkan Taijutsu. Are you familiar with it?"

"Sure - it's the official name of a Ninjutsu style," Jona smiled. "And Jack Blumfeld is your Sensei, isn't he?"

"Yes - but, how did you know?"

"Well, three years ago there was only one pediatrician who used skin-suits to treat her patients - and that was my aunt, Emily Miller. And Jack Blumfeld, the Ninjutsu trainer, is her ex-husband. Aunt Emily gave me my first skin-suit when I was eleven, and exchanged it every so often for the next size. Before that, I used to change clothes with my twin sister to trick my family. Then both of us got the skin-suits to perfect our game of pretending - but one day later my sister died wearing the male skin-suit. Since that time I have been the daughter in the family."

"Ouch, that's terrible," Andrew said, and tried to comfort Jona.

### *A Shocking Moment*

After lunch, Jona went back to her room, rummaged around a bit and found a box in the back of the locker with a lot of get well cards. There were cards from her friends at the Club, from Emily, from her stepmom and from Frank.

Looking them over, Jona thought it strange that the cards were mailed to her home address, but even more shocking was the fact that the postal stamps indicated that she must have been here for four months. Wondering if this was true, she went to the staff and wanted to see her treatment file. It took her a while and a lot of convincing, but the nurse let her take a glimpse at it. But it was strange: all the records were in Spanish and full of medical codes! Jona could see that she had been here for about 5 months - but not what they did!

"Why are the records written in Spanish?" Jona wanted to know.

"Oh, sorry, Ms. Webster - you have to go now, I have absolutely no time right now." The nurse almost pushed Jona out of the staff room.

So Jona strolled through the hospital and eventually reached the entrance area, where she saw a news stand with mostly Spanish mags and newspapers, and some phone booths nearby.

She asked the saleswoman in the news stand, "I'm sorry, but where is this hospital located? I can't remember because I was brought here in a comatose state."

"Oh, that's okay, ma'am," came the reply, without any accent. "You're in Charity Hospital, a private clinic in Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, Northern Mexico. So you don't remember that? You do remember your name, don't you?"

Working hard to keep her countenance, Jona answered, "Yes, I know my name and where I come from - but I can't say for sure how long I've been here. I just found out that I have been in an artificially induced coma for months. Now I'm worried about the costs. Even though it's in Mexico, the costs are high. And apparently my friends don't know where I am, either. I have to clear up some things with them."

“Sure, I understand. These telephones accept collect calls, but you can use the free Internet connection on the all floors, in the patients' library, right between the cafeteria and the stairways. And as far as I know, the treatments here are free of any charge. It supposedly operates on grants and is free to all Americans and employees. And when I had my appendix operated on last year, they did it here for free, but only because I am a legal US citizen.”

### *An Unexpected Call*

“A collect call from Mexico?” Emily wondered. Who the heck in Mexico knew this number? This was her private number, unlisted. But she was curious as to who it could be, so she said, “Okay, I'll accept the charges.”

Only seconds later she knew who it was: “Hi Aunt Emily”, said Jona's familiar voice.

“Oh Jona! You can't imagine how worried I've been! You've been gone so long and your mother wouldn't tell us where you were. What are you doing in Mexico? Are you okay?” Emily was surprised, and happy to hear from her niece.



“Yes I'm fine. Well, it seems that I've had the operation, because I'm fully female. I'll never have to exchange skin-suits again, I'm a real girl now. But I do urgently need some clothes. And I've run into someone you know who could use some clothes too, Andrew Harper. We don't know when we are going to be released, or if we are going to be transferred to a hospital in the States or what; though this hospital here seems to be an American one.”

“So Andrew is with you? Is he fine, too?”

“Oh yes, he's as fine as I am. And he would have been here to say hi if he knew that I was going to call you. Oh he'll be angry when I tell him. Aunt Emily, could you please send us some of our clothes? And could you please tell Frank that I'm here? Oh I forgot: Here, that is the Charity Hospital in Guaymas, near the Gulf of California, in Mexico.”

“Gay- what?” Emily asked back.

“Guaymas. G, U, A, Y, M, A, S. According to the newspapers it seems to be a rather big town. And in this hospital the staff speaks English - well at least in the areas I've been strolling through. By the way, we are on the fifth floor, department T. And according to the staff we will be here a while longer, but who knows.”

“Okay. I'll start calling around. But you need a bit of patience. I don't think that we can come before tomorrow. My gosh - five months without any word!”

“Well, I... we just woke up yesterday, wondering what the heck happened to us. We only found out this morning that it's been five months. Can you imagine, even all the get-well-cards have a delay of more than a month!”

“Oh my Gosh! I wish you all the best, the both of you. I'll call Frank and the Club and tell them where you are. I'll let Clara know that you called and that you're all right.”

“Thanks, but I don't think that will be needed. I can't prove it, but I have a feeling that she knows where I am and what happened to me. Her get well cards were the only ones without a date or a stamp.”

“Oh that's awful. Okay, just the Club and Frank. And I think it's needless to say that I'll tell him that you miss him, right?”

“Oh Aunt Emily you're so mean. I love you by the way.”

## 4.5 *Home Again*

It was the week before Halloween, and just eight days after Jona's call home, when Andrew and Jona were flown to a recovery hospital in Kansas, close to their home town. The staff wondered why the two of them suddenly had two travel-bags of luggage each, but no-one mentioned a word.

Since her location was no longer a secret, Jona was allowed visitors. Of course, Frank was her first visitor. Jona enjoyed his visits, for it gave her a chance to leave the confines of the hospital walls for short strolls with Frank in the hospital gardens.

\* \* \*

Between Boxing Day and New Year's Day, on the 28th of December, Jona married Frank in the chapel of the hospital. It was a beautiful ceremony, with the two of them decked out in marvelous rubber and leather outfits the Club had sponsored. And in a surprising show of love and devotion, Frank took her family name, Webster, as his own.



Unfortunately, Frank had to leave his new wife after only a week, because his National Guard unit of the Naval Reserves had been called to active duty. There was no telling how long he would be gone, but he promised her the best honeymoon trip she could imagine as soon as possible.

So Jona used the time to try to catch up on her lost months in Senior High, though she still stayed in recovery; and she grew accustomed to being a young woman for real. On her birthday, she took the opportunity to have her right nose-wing and her belly button pierced, and to get earrings. A day later, she was discharged from the hospital, and a week after that, she moved into a little apartment she bought from the money her real mother had left in trust for her. It was close to Aunt Emily, but close to the Senior High, also - and she was only ten minutes by car from the club now.

### *Honeymoon*

Jona settled in to apartment life and petitioned the school for a chance to make up her missed exams. Three weeks later two good things happened on the same day; she received a letter of approval from school, and Frank came home on leave from the Navy.

Frank showed up on Jona's doorstep with a huge suitcase and two tickets to Hawaii. After she smothered him with kisses and let him catch his breath, he got a chance to explain the honeymoon trip he had planned and organized. They were going to fly to Honolulu for two days, then board a cruise ship for a tour of the islands, and then cruise to San Francisco for a flight back home.

To her big surprise, she realized while unpacking the traveling bag in that beautiful hotel room in Honolulu, that Frank only packed a few days worth of her own club outfits, but many more outfits without arms - she was going to be armless for him!

"How come?" she asked her husband, holding a skin-suit which was meant to make her appear to be an armless woman. "Have you turned into a devotee of amputees?"

"Oh no, my dear," Frank replied. "I just remembered what you said the night of our first kiss. You said that you loved being helpless in my arms, and that you even would enjoy being armless. And now I just wanted to give you the opportunity to try it out. Don't worry, if you don't like it, I won't make a fuss. There are plenty of clothes in the shops here and I'd be happy to go shopping with you."

“Oh that's so sweet of you,” Jona answered. Starting to undress herself, she added, “I want you to get me into it. I want you to make me armless now.”

Frank helped her to get naked and into the skin-suit. When he sealed the suit, Jona felt a little pain in her arms underneath the skin-suit, and then she felt that she had no arms anymore. Even her senses told her what the reflection in the mirror showed: She was a young woman whose shoulders were empty, not even a stump remained where her arms used to be. She was nearly helpless and needed Frank's assistance just to put on pants and a top.

“Cool!” Jona was excited. “I look hot even without arms. Let's see how long we can handle this state. I mean, with me being so helpless, you'll have to help me with everything.”

“Well, if you like, there is another skin-suit in the case, one with stumps. If you want to wear that, you won't be as helpless as you are now. But in any case, there are ways to make you less helpless but still armless. I mean I could give you arms without getting you out of that skin-suit. Do you want to try that?”



“Tell me about it tomorrow. Right now I want you to make love to me.”

The next day, and also aboard the cruise ship, Jona remained armless; at least while they were in public. Of course there were days when she would have loved to touch Frank, and couldn't wait to be able again to embrace and hug him herself. But the armless game they played in public couldn't be quit without revealing her wearing a skin-suit, and despite these few weak moments they both had fun with it. They even laughed in their cabin over sorrowful comments like, “that poor little girl, and the poor boy has to take care of her”, or even smart-ass remarks like, “What do you think, was she born like that? I mean, there are no scars.” - “Haven't you ever heard of scar-free operations, stupid? She wasn't born like that; her shoulders wouldn't be that way.” Although stuff like that was annoying, no-one ever came and asked how this may have happened for real.



Nevertheless, our couple had the happiest time of their life.

Even when they left the ship in San Francisco and traveled home to Kansas, Jona remained armless.

After dropping their luggage at home, they left the house again for a party hosted by some friends of Frank. They had fun, but were exhausted by the time they returned home far past midnight. Once they got home again, Frank undressed her and removed the armless skin-suit from her beautiful body. Like the few times inside the ship cabin, she needed some time to get back full mobility in her arms. But that didn't matter this night - it was the last night before Frank had to rejoin his Naval unit; so they didn't sleep at all, and were still awake when it was time for breakfast. After freshening up and helping him pack his bag, Jona accompanied Frank to his ship. It was a very emotional Good-bye.

## *Becky's fate*

Weeks and months went by. Meanwhile, Jona had passed her last Senior High School exams, and started attending College.

She decided to contact Becky, her former psychologist, to tell her everything that's happened and how she loved her new life. But her phone had been disconnected and all her mail was returned, marked “Does not live here, address unknown”. She realized she was getting no-where on her own, so she asked her aunt if she should engage a detective to find her.

But Aunt Emily had to tell her a sad truth. “Do you remember Bill Deacon?”

“Uncle Bill? Sure, he was one of Dad's best friends. Why?”

“Well, Bill is a long time friend of mine as well. When I realized that Becky was missing, I had him look into her disappearance. It took a while, but he did find her. We can even visit her, if you want; but we'll need more resources than we have right now to get her out of where and what she is.”

“Why? Where is she? What is she doing?” Jona wondered.

“Well, Bill found her while you were on your honeymoon, and discovered that she had been a pony-girl slave for two years. Here is a photo of her,” Aunt Emily said, as she showed Jona two photos. “And that's the life she's living now - transformed into a mermaid at the Chastilock Zoo.”

“NO!” Jona screamed, remembering her frequent visits there, with or without her mother. Tears of guilt ran down her cheeks.

From that moment, Chastilock became a bunch of criminals in Jona's eyes, and she became very aware of where she went, and whom she trusted.



# Chapter 5: Widowed

*How am I ever gonna get rid of these blues  
Baby I'm so lonely all the time  
Everywhere I go I get so confused  
You're the only thing that's on my mind*

*Oh my beds so cold at night and I miss you more each day  
Only you can make it right no I'm not too proud to say*

*All I know is I'm lost without you I'm not gonna lie  
How am I going to be strong without you I need you by my side  
If we ever say we'll never be together  
and we ended with goodbye  
don't know what I'd do ...  
I'm lost without you*

## 5.1 Armless In Grief

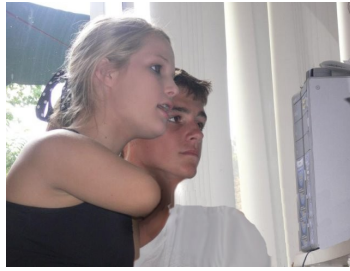
In the first few months after Frank's unit had been called up, he and Jona were able to keep in touch by phone or Live Messenger. Then Frank told her during their honeymoon that he had been promoted and that his unit was being sent to Afghanistan - a country on the other side of the world - on a special mission to fight terrorism. There would be no chance of speaking to each other until his mission was over.

From the moment she knew her hubby was over there, Jona followed the news reports daily to find out what was happening, and worried each time when a Navy Base was attacked or when they told the new number of losses.

Jona was constantly stressed out, worrying about Frank. Her Aunt Emily suggested she do something outside of her school work to take her mind off of things. So when Jona found out that her College had a theater group, she asked if she could join them. Their answer was, "Sure. We're having trouble finding someone to play the lead in our up-coming play, because it requires getting dressed in an armless skin-suit. Would you be interested?"

If they only had known - no-one in this college was a member of the Club, even though they allowed students to wear rubber outfits to classes. So Jona's latex outfits were not unusual there, but nobody knew about the bondage games in the Club.

But nobody knew that Jona liked to be armless. So Jona accepted, pretending hesitation and reluctance. The entire staff of the College had so much faith in the play, and respected the bravery of Jona to try and keep up with wearing this obstructive body-suit, that she even was encouraged to "go armless" during classes, to learn to cope with this "handicap" faster, that she might give her role character real success. And Jona gladly used every opportunity to had herself dressed into this armless skin-suit as soon as she arrived at College. Ivy or one of her friends from the theater group would hold the skin-suit, while she slipped her bent over arms elbows first into its sleeves, then they would activate the suit which made her arms vanish, except to two stumps half as long as her upper arms, and dress her again, with or without fitting her with the prosthetic hooks she would learn to use instead of her hands.



Then, a week before Veteran's Day, it happened:

The theater group had their first dress rehearsal of a play called "Mary Armless" (in which a girl loses her arms in the first act and has to cope with that during the rest of the play). It was the last act, and Jona, alias "Mary", wore this armless skin-suit under her costume, and was already fitted with the prosthetic hooks.

Suddenly, two Naval Officers entered the theater.

"Good evening," one of them said. "We've been told that we could find Mrs. Jona Webster here?"

"And you are?" Tom, the director asked them.

"Lieutenant Jones and Warrant Officer Smith, United States Navy. Is Jona Webster here?"

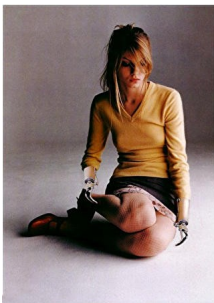
Worried that they had bad news, Jona left the stage and went to them. "Hi, I'm Jona Webster."

"You're Jona Webster, married to Frank Webster? Sorry, we were not told that he had a disabled wife."

"That's me, yes, and no need to feel sorry. In real life I'm not disabled. The hooks you see here are just part of my costume for the play. - What's the matter? Has anything happened to my husband?"

"Well, Mrs. Webster, we regret to inform you that your husband was killed in service to his country yesterday. We're truly sorry."

The Lieutenant hadn't finished yet, but before he could continue Jona simply fell to her knees. She silently cried her eyes out until she could cry no more. She didn't move from that place nor let anyone of the theater crew comfort her.



Finally she stood up, went like an insomniac back to her dressing room to pick up her jacket and purse and went home - despite still being in the armless skin-suit. She simply didn't care, even though she realized that she had difficulties with the hooks that she wouldn't have had with her hands.

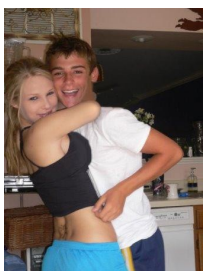
At home, she got out of her costume and dressed in a pair of comfy shorts and one of Frank's shirts. Then she threw herself on the bed and cried again, till she cried herself asleep.

Jona was awakened by the sound of the telephone ringing. She picked up the receiver while trying to shade her eyes from the bright rays of the early morning sun. She was surprised when the caller identified himself as the Dean of the College. He had been informed of her loss and offered his condolences. He also said that the College would allow her some time off, until she could cope with this loss and be ready to pick up her studies again. She thanked him for his kindness and said she would probably take some time to pull herself together. After hanging up with the Dean, she made a call to Emily to tell her that she had decided to continue wearing the armless skin-suit for now, and that she needed someone to look after her and to attach the hooks on her stumps if needed. She didn't care that she normally wasn't disabled. She just felt okay being armless, it gave her a comfy, familiar feeling, and wanted to live like this for ever in memory of the happy times with her late husband, and didn't want to miss it.

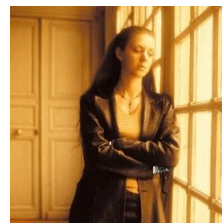


Emily and Myra met with Mistress Erica to figure out a way for Jona to get out. They agreed to let Jona remain armless as long as she wanted, but insisted that a care-person from the Club look after her. Jona

agreed. Together they worked out a care schedule that included her classmate Ivy, and Tony, a young gay man who worked as janitor and house-keeper in the Club, but seldom took part in the Club's games.



Tony was really kind to Jona. They knew each other, and liked each other like brother and sister. He let her alone for the most part, and aided her only when she asked for help, but he always stayed around her as long as he could. Tony and Ivy rotated their stays at Jona's - if Tony had to work, Ivy would look after her, and if Ivy was studying, Tony hung around. And because Jona wasn't allowed to drive her car in her armless state, they drove her everywhere she needed, and even accompanied her to the funeral, where she could say good bye to Frank forever.



If it were not for Emily, Myra, Tony, Ivy and all of her friends from the Club and her class, Jona would have even quit using the prosthetics and simply remained armless. But she consequently used her hooks, started to study again, and took her exams via the Internet.



Eventually she started taking trips outside again. Together with Tony and some friends from the Club she went shopping, swimming, skating, to the movies or to the Club; they simply took Jona out, no matter if she had her hooks on or not - just to make her life fun again.



But, she never played "Armless Mary" on stage. By incident, the theater group found a replacement actress for that role anyway. Well, actually it was two actresses who shared this one role: twins, one of them really amputated.



## 5.2 Waking up

It was spring-time already, when Jona finally realized that she still could have fun with her friends, that she was not loved and cared for because she was a cripple, but because she was the same person she always was to her friends. So the day came when she looked at her hooks in disbelief and asked herself, "What the heck am I doing here? Am I crazy to live like this?"

So she went to College with Ivy, took the key card for her skin-suit out of her locker, and had Ivy help her to get rid of the hooks and the skin-suit so that she could use her own hands again. It almost was too late. The deactivating, I mean the process of re-building her arms underneath the suit, took entire ten minutes: ten minutes while the stumps grew in length and width until they showed that there were folded arms underneath. Ivy would



tell later that it was too fascinating to watch that happening. That's why she even talked Jona into giving her that skin-suit afterwards and kept it for herself. Jona needed the whole rest of the day to gain full mobility in her arms again.

The next day, Jona went to the Dean and said that she wanted to attend her classes again, and then went to a therapist to arrange sessions for the rest of her College time.

Next, she put on a long black latex dress, bought some flowers, and went to the cemetery to visit Frank's grave. She managed to stay there without collapsing, telling "him" that she missed him so much, and that she would never ever marry again.



Leaving the cemetery, she rested for a long time in a small cafe. While she was there, a man came up to her, introduced himself, gave her his business card and said: "Maybe it's the wrong moment, but I would be happy if you would meet me at my office. I am an agent for professional models, and you look beautiful enough to be a model."

Jona gave him a kind of smile, and said, "You're right, it's the wrong moment. I have just recovered from a crippling grief over the death of my husband. Thanks for your generous offer, maybe I could think of this later. But for the moment, finishing College is far more important for me. Excuse me." And she left the cafe, but she did put the business card into her purse.

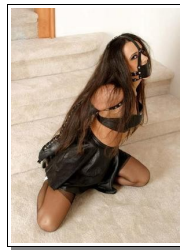
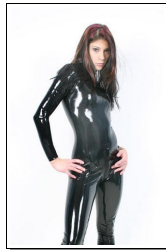
She became used to the everyday life of a College student again and quit mourning. Very slowly she even began to allow herself to be happy again when going to the Club and meeting her friends. And her friends could tell more and more that she had finally shrugged off her terrible agony.

## Chapter 6: Jona the Model

*She's playing her game and you can hear them say  
 She is looking good, for beauty we will pay  
 She's posing for consumer products now and then  
 For every camera she gives the best she can  
 I saw her on the cover of a magazine  
 Now she's a big success, I want to meet her again*

After passing her College finals, Jona finally looked up that professional modeling agent and accepted his invitation, - but not before she had convinced herself with the help of the Internet that he was a legitimate agent, and a successful one at that.

When Jona finally met him at his office, she said, "I'm sorry, but I have no portfolio - I've never worked as a model before. However I did bring some of my private photos, shot by some friends at the Bond Club".



The agent was excited after having looked at them. "That's great!" he said. "I never saw private photos like these. The people who photographed you have a lot of talent for shooting models. Do you know that you have very expressive eyes? Your eyes give the impression of knowing deep secrets, as if you knew or experienced much more than any other fetish model."

Jona only thought, "*If you only knew ...*", and was quite surprised when he offered her a two-year contract on the spot. The contract stated that Jona would be paid not less than 15 percent of all income from selling and publishing her pictures in several magazines, or from cat-walk modeling appearances. And she was forbidden to have photos taken by any other agency by a \$100,000 penalty clause. Neither was she allowed to sell photos of her herself. Otherwise, no change of Jona's shape or face by "Electronic Surgery" or photo manipulation was allowed by their photographers.

### *New Photos Edited*

The photo sessions greatly helped Jona get over the loss of Frank. She had something to do (even though only on the weekends), went on the road, had shoots throughout all the states including Hawaii, and earned enough money to live quite a good life. And the only thing she had to do was to pose in several latex rubber outfits or model outfits on the catwalk - it was like getting money for having fun. And the good thing was she could eat what she wanted - she always maintained her weight because of her normal daily work-out program.

## 6.1 A Relief Job

Right after her fourth shoot, Jona was greeted by the friendly face of Bill Deacon. She had just gotten off the airplane when he stepped out of the shadows and said, "Hi, Jona, long time no see. I need you for a job. It's hard work and no modeling, but it's important. Will you help me?"

Of course Jona agreed, remembering that this man was a trusted friend of both her late father and her Aunt Emily. So she went with him. They stopped at a hangar where huge trunks were being unloaded from a transport. Her attention was drawn to two women who were bound and gagged and struggling in a corner.



"Don't mind those two," he said. "The ones who matter are inside there if my informant is right," and he pointed at the trunks.

Jona started to become a little uneasy with the situation, but watched as the trunks were put down and opened - and there were women inside, in heavy bondage, which aroused Jona. But she chided herself in finding pleasure over their plight. Jona and some other folk unfolded cots and put mats and pillows behind each trapped woman. Then they began to undo their bonds. To Jona's surprise, one of them was Emily. And in the same trunk was Myra, too. Jona didn't know what to make of all this, but she was certainly glad to be able to help Myra and Aunt Emily.



After all of the women were relieved and cared for - and had fallen asleep due to a relaxant, Bill showed Jona a file he found on a hard disk of a computer in a Chastilock office which was thought to be erased. Jona had a look at it, and was shocked to find that her step-mother, Clara, had done this and more to Emily, and that she had organized everything about her own abduction and transport to that Mexican hospital. Hell, at least she hadn't anything to do with Frank's death, or had she?



Jona's first thought was to sue Clara. But as Bill stated, this wouldn't work: the file was not obtained by legal means. It was recovered by hacking into a computer illegally, so it was useless as evidence. But that didn't stop Jona from thinking of ways to get back at Clara, and she reminded herself that she must be more careful around her in the future.

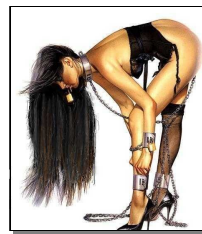
She sat watch over her Aunt and the rest of the women throughout the night.

## 6.2 Bound and Armless

Putting that awful night behind her, Jona returned to her daily routine. During her modeling job she met some famous models, who not only did fetish fashion modeling but bondage modeling as well. And because she was into bondage in her spare-time, she asked her favorite counselor, Aunt Emily, whether she should do this also, because her agent hadn't allowed it yet.

So Emily said, "If you can handle it and feel safe being bound in front of the camera, why should I say no? It's up to you. You know best what's right for you."

So, only eight months after starting her model career, Jona decided to accept bondage shoots, dressed in plain coverall cat-suits or straitjackets, or simply bound with chains, ropes, tape or other mittens.



After a while she got an offer: a bondage device factory wanted her to model a corset they called the Venus-De-Milo, a skin-colored device like a corset, which made the wearer appear armless. Jona accepted their offer, but realized that it was very painful to wear; much more painful than wearing an armless skin-suit - because once the skin-suit was closed, she felt one short, but bearable pain, then her arms couldn't be felt anymore. While in this corset, the pain in her arms and shoulders was bearable at the beginning, but grew with time, together with shorter breaths due to the tight corseting.



## 6.3 Nicole

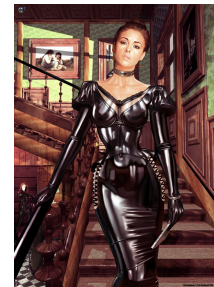
A short time before her first De Milo Corset shoot, Jona became friends with a new colleague. This woman, a gorgeous, dark-haired, Persian beauty, had a very American name: Nicole Burton. She was working as a fetish model, too, and had been ordered to be Jona's side-kick during a shoot.

At this shoot, which was the second part to a photo-story, Jona wore a latex suit with an attached half black, half transparent gag mask, and a lot of leather cuffs with attached rings, like a puppet on strings. She was immobilized between the seat she was kneeling on and the railing of the second floor hallway - and could do quite nothing but squirm.



Then Nicole came down the stairway, dressed like a rubber princess, and went up to the subdued Jona like she was about to unwrap her latest gift.

When Jona saw her, she instantly fell in love with this goddess. She couldn't understand it, but it somehow felt right. So Nicole and Jona became a lesbian couple right after the shoot. Nicole admitted to her that she only accepted the invitation to model because Jona was working with the same agency.



They moved in together, and Nicole voluntarily became Jona's assistant whenever her lover was helpless.

## Helpless In Rubber

One day it happened: Nicole and Jona were together for about three months, and went to one of Jona's shoots.

Everything started like normal, but this time, after having shot some Venus-De-Milo-Corset photos of Jona, they didn't allow her to take a break to get out of the De-Milo. They continued taking photos of her trapped immobile into inflatable suits, draped simply over her corseted, armless body.

The last costume was a suit which pressed Jona's calves tightly to her thighs, so that both of her feet touched her butt. This suit made her look like the black latex version of a snow-woman; and kneeling there in front of the camera, held upright by Nicole, was more than just uncomfortable - especially because of the Venus-Corset she still wore underneath.



But then the director got another idea. After a short break, without being allowed to get out of the costumes, he insisted on putting a gag-mask over Jona's head. This, and a black rubber wig, made her even more helpless. She couldn't even make any noise other than a quiet hum. Two little holes for her nostrils and her eyes were the only uncovered parts of her body. It was very annoying for Jona.



And if she were not gagged underneath her mask, she would have cursed, yelled, and screamed at Nicole, as the end of the shoot was delayed until there was no time to get rid of the costume before their scheduled flight back home.

Even worse, Nicole saw when she hastily tried to get Jona out of this bondage costume, that in the short time between the break and the last shots, while she was in the restroom, Jona's costume must have been tampered with: the zippers couldn't be moved even the tiniest bit, the mask was glued to the suit, and the rubber wig was stuck on the mask.

With tears in her eyes, she put Jona on a luggage cart and carried her to the plane in that state, and said: "Let's go straight to your Aunt Emily, she can help you out."

Jona could do nothing other than nod. So, she was carried onto the plane where she suffered the entire flight bound like that. When they landed, she was carried out of the plane and carefully laid on the rear seat of a taxi, just like an oversized piece of luggage. Finally they reached Emily's house. Holding Jona upright with one hand, Nicole rang the door bell.

## *Armless Model*

Emily didn't recognize Nicole at first, so Nicole had to introduce herself again: "Hi, Mrs. Miller, it's me, Nicole Burton, Jona's friend? Jona's here in this cocoon and she needs your help. I don't know how to get her out, so I brought her to you as fast as I could."

"Okay, come in with that poor girl. Myra, could you come to the door, please?" So Nicole, Myra and Emily carried poor Jona into the next bedroom and laid her on the bed. Nicole told Emily everything, while Myra brought a box of scalpels. It took a while to cut Jona out of that trap. First, the head-mask including gag was removed, and despite the unpleasant situation, Emily and Myra were glad to see Jona again. Eventually the suit and the Venus-Corset were removed, too, and Nicole cried tears of sheer relief.

After Jona was washed and dressed again, she stated, "I will never put another Venus Corset on for as long as I live. If I ever accept another armless photo-shoot, I'll use a skin-suit, and give Nicole the key for it."

Six months later, Jona and Nicole came to Emily and told her that Jona had accepted a shoot only one week from now - and she was supposed to be armless, in summer fashion. And now they were anxious about not getting stuck in a permanent skin-suit by accident.

It so happened that Emily owned a small airplane and had a pilot's license, so they flew to a reputable factory Emily knew, which only sold temporary skin-suits.

While Myra and Nicole waited in the hotel they had booked, Jona and Emily went right to the factory. Two hours later, a happy, armless Jona arrived at the hotel, together with Emily who carried her bags. After they all had some supper, Jona went out with Nicole to a disco. It was late at night when Nicole finally led her to bed. They were both drunk, and Jona convinced Nicole to put another skin-suit right over the one she wore. Nicole, giggled as she helped her into it, and passed out shortly after Jona did.



## Limbless

The next morning was a terrible one. Early in the morning, Emily and Myra came in to wake the young women up. Emily touched Jona and pulled the sheet aside to help her to get up. But she was not as shocked as Jona, as she realized she had no legs!

“What the fuck! Nickie! Help me! I have no legs anymore! They have vanished!” Jona almost panicked, struggling around with her torso.

“Hey, princess, don't you remember?” Nicole wondered. “You were drunk and wanted me to put this skin-suit on you, and you complained when I hesitated.”

“What? But I can't remember - the last thing I remember is that we danced to that song from that Bodyguard movie. You know, that oldie by Whitney Houston?”

“Sure”, said Nicole. “That was the last song in the first disco. My precious, we were in two discos and a night-club, before we came here by taxi again. I could hardly hold you upright because I was pretty drunk too.”

“Oh. That's why I have such a bad hang-over. But, darling, how long have you locked me in this thing?” While Nicole still wondered, a beep out of a small gadget on Jona's side-table gave the answer. Emily got the “transmitter” and pressed the “Release” button. Soon Jona had her legs again; but still she remained armless, and Nicole led her to the bathroom and helped her with showering.



In the shower stall, Jona asked Nicole: “Why did you finally put me into it? Was I really that annoying?” And apologized when she got a positive reply.

Shortly after Jona and Nicole had dressed in some underwear, there was a “beep” out of Nicole's purse.

“Hey Jona, this can't be your transmitter, can it?” Emily asked. “Your fifteen hours aren't over yet.”

“Oh my god - no, sorry,” Nicole answered. “It must be mine.”

Ignoring the surprised looks and remarks, she rummaged around in her purse and came up with an almost antique device: It looked like a mixture of a cheap pocket calculator and a suit case number lock - and was an ugly olive green. Emily immediately asked if that were from the military. Nicole only said, “Yes”, and pushed the button. She immediately fell down, and her beautiful, oriental female skin transformed into a brown Zentai skin-suit. Then the Zentai suit was opened, and ...

... revealed a slender young man.

## 6.4 Frank!

Though he was less athletic than before, it was definitely Frank, the same guy at whose grave the three women shed so many tears! Jona immediately ran to him and kicked him between his legs. He fell to his knees again, sobbing.

After Jona calmed down and Frank could catch his breath again, he stood up, wrapped a towel around his hips, and after an apology he began to tell his story:

### *A Special Task*

“First of all, I was never really in the Naval reserves, though I worked inside the Navy. I was recruited by the NSA during Senior High. I was sent to serve inside the Navy, and do some tasks there. Then my unit was sent to Afghanistan. Together with some of my fellow agents, I was ordered not to fight, but to prepare for a special task: to infiltrate a terrorist cell. So we were brought to the former mayor's office. There I met my colleagues the first time. Every one of us got a skin-suit, and a bundle of clothes. We were ordered to undress and to slip into the skin-suits. Mine was that female one here. The skin-suits were sealed for a time of 76 days - two and a half months to prepare, complete our task and return to the base.”

“Well, first everything proceeded as planned: my background as Fatima Lajani was perfect, I was hypnotically taught the language and her history, and began to live her life and become part of the town to establish her credibility. But then, two months later, I was shot by stray gunfire. I was brought to the hospital which was under NATO control, and would have died there for real, if my superior hadn't come to me, bringing the transmitter with him. He added 1,700 days to the sealing time, making it a total endurance of four years and ten months.”

“Though this was not really good for my long-term identity, it did give the skin-suit the ability to heal my injuries. But - as my superior went to pick me up after I was healed to bring me to the airport, he could only watch helplessly as I was kidnapped via car and helicopter. He tried to catch my kidnappers with the help of the Navy, but for nothing. So he himself proclaimed me as dead.”

### *Fatima, The Bride*

“I woke up on a subtropical island, where I was among a lot of other young women. We spent our time armless, either wearing armless skin-suits or Venus corsets, as a kind of preparation. We were served in all ways by maids who wore full covering suits, with just their nostrils and eyes uncovered, and with chastity belts and a choker over the suit. They were confined in total anonymity; if it were not for the number beside the word 'SLAVE' stamped on their suit, I never could have told who was serving me.”

“I think we were treated with pheromones and love-drugs, or something like that, because when a man chose me (like an item is chosen in a shop) I immediately fell in love with him, and didn't care about the armless skin-suit I was dressed into, or that I got a golden choker instead of a ring at the wedding ceremony. But hey, I was on the way to the States as Mrs. Fatima McKinney.”

“Unfortunately, I never was relieved from the armless skin-suit. I had to be served in all things. My husband kept me armless all that time. I was not allowed to get hooks, I was not allowed to go out, except with him - I was stuck in a gilded cage.”



“A year and a half later, he gave me a huge gift: a day out in the Mall. Somehow I managed to get out of his sight and flew out of the mall. I ran into a tiny restaurant on the other side of the town and asked to make a phone-call. I called the NSA, and they let me through to my former superior; and after two fearful hours of waiting, he came.”

## *New Identity*

“I was brought to an Agency hospital, where a week later my superior came to bring me the next-best gift I could imagine: the removal of my armless suit. Next, he gave me a new identity: Nicole Francesca Burton, unskilled waitress. But before I took this identity, I sued McKinney for slavery and divorced him. Later I was told that McKinney was arrested, tried and sentenced to five years in jail for what he did to me.”

“Luckily for me, in that State the anti-slavery laws had not changed and slavery was still forbidden, no matter in which form; and this law-suit led to a whole bunch of slave-holders like McKinney being revealed and prosecuted. Some of their wives had lived all their days in Venus corsets, some in armless skin-suits like me, and some were even real amputees. But two thirds of the wives said, even under the influence of Sodium Pentothal, that they loved that life - so their husbands were not punished, and they continued living in their armless state.”

“Meanwhile, the new governor proposed an amendment to the anti-slavery laws that would allow that kind of family slavery, on the basis of 'free will decisions'.”

“Well, I started working in this tiny bar in Mid-Texas, and I eventually saw a catalog with photos of you, Jona, and my love for you was re-awakened. I began to search you out and was looking for a way to get close to you again. I was sitting in a bar in downtown Toledo when I was approached by a man, our boss, and I became a model. The day he placed me in a photo shoot with you was the happiest day in my life. I really love you, Jona, but in this male shape, I am a person who doesn't exist anymore. So if you don't mind, I'd rather put on my suit again, to fit my identity as Nicole.”

At that moment, the fifteen hour time duration on Jona's suit was over. She was undressed by Emily and went to Frank to hug him with her still numb arms. “Oh Frank, I missed you so much,” she said.

“I missed you too, that's why I sought you out,” he said. “I wanted to tell you who I was, but I couldn't risk it. If you agree, I will become Nicole again. First, I have no valid documents showing that I am Frank Webster, US citizen. That person has a valid death certificate. Secondly, I don't feel male anymore. I feel like Nicole, and actually I miss my female appearance, as well as I know that you love Nicole, too. So, honey, would you accept me as Nicole for the rest of my life, and let Frank remain officially in the grave?”

Reluctantly Jona agreed. It was like losing him a second time. So, while pulling the skin-suit up again, Frank said: “Hey, Jona, sweetheart. Even though I'll be Nicole again, Frank is not dead. It's me what you love within Nicole. And deep inside, I've always remained the same person, even though I look female. No matter if I'm male or female: it's me who loves you - and I always will.” With that, he closed the suit, pushed some buttons, and the suit was activated. After only one painful minute, the girl Nicole stood in front of them again.

On the flight back, Jona and Nicole were more inseparable than before. They were still in love and felt more strongly than ever that nothing could keep them apart.

## 6.5 Armless Wonder

Jona was a hit with her new armless skin-suit. No more picture cosmetics, no more long preparation on the set; Jona and Nicole simply came to the set - Jona armless, Nicole being her assistant and side-kick - and left the set in the same manner too.

Even when the shooting went over a full week, nobody ever saw Jona with arms on a Jona Armless photo set - she left her home armless, and returned home armless, and did not remove the skin-suit in between. She even had learned to use her feet for eating and writing and so on. She also obtained special hooks, fitting to her empty shoulders, while wearing the skin-suit.

Nicole didn't care. She loved Jona both ways, with and without arms. She liked Jona when she was armless, and enjoyed the time when she wasn't. And it didn't even matter whether or not Jona had arms for making love, they found a way around all obstacles.

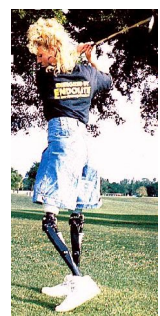
Nicole even allowed herself to be dressed in an armless skin-suit again for a day, so they could be armless as a couple, cared for by Tony. And just for fun, she had some photos done with Jona.



\* \* \*

Because of Jona's growing popularity, more and more young women wanted to have armless skin-suits. And it became chic to have hooks as hands, or no hands at all.

There even were advertisements for armless skin-suits and even for limb amputations in several major magazines and newspapers. More and more women ordered skin-suits. Most of them wanted temporary ones, but some even ordered permanent suits or had their arms amputated.



So the factories had to expand, and other honest companies increased their business by selling temporary skin-suits, too. But there were some companies offering skin-suits with a one week minimum duration instead of thirty minutes - even selling permanent suits labeled as temporary.

And so it happened that more and more armless women, and also legless women, could be seen everywhere, not only in clubs but on beaches and even in movies; and the repair garages had a new niche: preparing cars for handicapped people.

## 6.6 *Emily's Burial*

Jona came to visit Emily between a normal shoot and an awards ceremony where she was to appear armless. She arrived at a house where all the shutters were closed, and a wreath with stripes of black velvet hung on the door. Frightened, she rang the bell.

Myra opened the door, the sad look on her face quite apparent. *"Is it possible? Aunt Emily dead? Please no!"* Jona feared the worst.

But Myra smiled a sad smile and said, "Come in, my girl. Don't be afraid, it's not as it seems to be." And she led Jona inside.

In the living room, a female shaped robot sat in Aunt Emily's favorite armchair. "A robot? Here? But..." Myra saw Jona's wondering and searching eyes, and watched her become astonished as the robot began to speak.

"Yes, it's me, Jona. Well, at least this is what's left of me. Unfortunately, I didn't check the retailer when I ordered my last cat-suit two weeks ago, and got transformed into this android. At least I'm still alive - though the human woman no longer exists."



Jona cried. "Aunt Emily..."

And the android in female human shape stood up and took Jona's hands. "Well, at least my abilities are improved. So that's why I needed a new name - and I wanted a name similar to my old, human name. Now I'm called 'MLE 1.1' - 'MLE' because of the similarity in sound, and '1.1' as a sign of improvement: version 1.0 was my old self. But, such a transformation can't be accepted by the public yet, so Emily Miller M.D. had to die, and will be buried tomorrow. I left one-third of my estate to Myra, as well as a third to you, Jona. And, according to my last will and testament, I even gave one third to myself as the robot MLE; and we, Myra and I, are trying to get me a citizenship despite being an android."

"Oh, Aunt Emily -" Jona hugged the android formerly her aunt, "- you will always be my aunt. Skin or metal surface, that doesn't matter, I still love you."

And so, Jona was prepared the next day when the burial took place. A lot of former patients, their parents, her friends and colleagues, and Emily's family were there to say their fare-wells.

## 6.7 *Jona, Where Are You?*

Jona celebrated her status as a top armless model. Whenever she went to a hotel, she went as the healthy private person, and would leave the hotel for the photo shoot as armless. Jona later managed to fly to photo shoots or to celebrations armless, being seen with arms by no-one but Nicole, her lover, friend and assistant. Most people now only saw her armless, except in her home town.

But one day Jona disappeared. It was during a shoot on an island in the Caribbean Sea. The shoot was in a camp some miles from any towns, and they had some trailers there for their breaks and rest periods.

Jona had an armless job again and was photographed with some odd carnival costumes, so everybody kept an eye on her until she went to her trailer to be fed by Nicole.

After an hour, the assistant director wanted to pick up Jona. But she was shocked when she arrived at her trailer. Jona wasn't anywhere to be found, and Nicole was lying knocked out on the trailer floor. Jona's hooks were in their normal place, and everything else indicated that Jona still had to be armless. So where had Jona

gone? Or, better, where could she have gone, unable to open doors or steer a car or a boat by herself? The whole team began to look for her around the camp. Even the police searched for her. They scoured the entire island with dogs on the ground and with infra-red cameras from a helicopter, even with divers in the sea.

But Jona's disappearance remained unsolved. Neither Nicole nor anyone from the entire team could tell where the armless model starlet could be. Finally, MLE 1.1 got the horrible news. Suspecting foul play, she called her oldest friend, Bill Deacon, and asked him to help find Jona, if possible. Each night, MLE 1.1 stood at the windows, staring out into the dark, asking herself and wondering:

“Where are you, Jona?”

# Chapter 7: Epilogue

*The way of the world  
Has taken its toll  
Ravaged my body  
And bitten my soul*

## 7.1 Observations of a Teenager



Anna, a 17 year old girl, knew nothing of Jona's disappearance. She was just about to be discharged from an “Institute for Mental Health”, where she had stayed almost a year. While she waited to be helped out of her straitjacket, she watched the staff bringing an obviously drugged, cat-costumed, armless woman into the next room, who was looked very similar to Jona; a model she knew from posters and magazines she had seen at her local Bond Club, where she had gone regularly until she was admitted here.

There, in the neighboring room, the staff were undressing the woman and removing an armless skin-suit. When the skin-suit was removed, she appeared to in fact have arms like any normal, non-handicapped woman. Quickly, Anna looked down so that it didn't seem like she recognized this poor woman. They helped Anna out of her restraints and into some normal clothes her parents had left for her. She caught glimpses of “Jona” being dressed into a tight rubber straitjacket and single-legging, was gagged, totally wrapped, and brought into the department where the covering machines stood.

Being sent to the reception desk to pick up her documents in order to leave, Anna took a detour there, and secretly watched the staff coating that woman with rubber from neck to toes before carrying her into a padded cell.

Anna only thought, *“Poor woman. I don't care what she has done. To be totally cocooned like that is much too hard for anyone.”*

Sadly, she looked through the window of that cell, seeing “Jona” there, blindfolded and totally helpless by this all-covering rubber cocoon.

As quickly as she could, Anna left the Institute, almost running despite being nearly blinded by her tears.