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# UNBOUNDARY SEMPLES

*by eighthwarf2002*



*Part 2: Emily*



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## *Disclaimer:*

*This 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.*

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## *Author's Note to Part 2:*

*Here is the second part of the story, telling the tale of Jona's aunt Emily Miller M.D., now MLE 1.1*

*Why does she bear that technical name now, and what else has she gone through before? - Well, read her story to find out.*

# *Chapter 1: Excerpts from the Diary*

## *1.1 A Brief Introduction*

My name is Emily Miller. Well, that's not quite true, now. That was my name before I became the android MLE 1.1. Many of my fans have asked me about my life, and I have tried to write down my memories to the best of my ability. I have not always been female, and I have not always been lesbian as I am now. I was born as the first child of the Banker, Samuel Schweitzer, and his first wife Vanessa, but not as a girl: my birth-name was Eric John Schweitzer. As Eric I was baptized and as Eric I grew up for the first few years.

But my young life changed when, at the age of four, I had a terrible accident while playing with the neighbor's dog. We were having fun together and I didn't notice anything unusual, when suddenly the dog turned ferocious and bit me in my crotch - the dog was in a frenzy and shook me side to side like a rag doll while clamped on my crotch. He shook me so hard that he ripped my little penis off. Bleeding out, I was brought to the hospital, where I laid in a coma, on the boundary between life and death, for almost two months. When I finally came back to consciousness, I found out I had been neutered. My dad was furious, and demanded that the surgeons make me either a fully functioning boy again, or turn me into a girl - it didn't matter to him which gender I was: he just wanted his child to be anything but a neuter, sexless freak. So I was eventually brought to the surgeons again, who operated on my poor body; it took nearly a year and a half altogether due to several complications from allergic reactions I had to some of the drugs they used on me. During that time I was treated with deep hypnosis to lessen my fear of dogs and sharp teeth, and lessen my resistance at being turned into a girl. When all my treatments were finally complete, Eric John Schweitzer had become Emily Joanna Schweitzer.

But with all the complications from my treatments, there was one bad side effect: I, the newly created girl, became hyper-sensitive to most kinds of textiles. I could only wear a few very soft sorts of silk and satin, and - even better - soft leather, and latex rubber. But when my father found this out, he realized that having a hyper-sensitive child who could not wear normal clothes would be detrimental to his status; it would make the people talk. He couldn't handle the idea of such public humiliation, so he got divorced from my mother and married another woman without such a - quote, freaky bastard, unquote - like me. The twenty million bucks he gave his newly-divorced ex-wife was more than enough to secure my expensive clothing and see to our general welfare for the next few decades. So Mom raised me, her daughter, alone.

After only half a year of living on our own, something wonderful happened: In a special shop for latex outfits, my mother met the rubber clothing manufacturer, John Henry Miller, whom she fell in love with. He was a widower, with two daughters, Charlotte and Jenny. It took less than six months after they had first met, and he and Mom were married. My new step-dad not only loved my mom, he also loved and accepted me, despite my being so hyper-sensitive. He treated me as one of his daughters and insisted that his own daughters treat me as their sister. They even accepted my mother as their new mother. And he treated mom and me to the most wonderful rubber outfits. He designed and created fashionable latex and leather clothes for the entire family, clothes that could be worn in public without fear of shame or ridicule; and did it all to make me feel comfortable and normal.

My new Dad had two brothers. Uncle Jacob, the younger brother, was a broker, and he was always on the lookout for the latest rebates and discounts, in spite of having a ton of money. He was a real Scrooge and not really sympathetic... And he taught his only child Clara to always be aware of her advantages in life, and not just the financial ones. On the other hand there was Uncle Jason, the eldest of the Miller brothers. He was the exact opposite of Jacob and worked in their father's company, earning his money in material research (like his future son-in-law). He was the father of Mary (the future mother of John and Joanna) and two sons -

Bradley and James. He also took a liking to me and allowed Mary to hang around with his brother John's daughters; Charlotte, Jennifer and me. Since Charlotte was 5 years older than me - and Jenny was 3 years younger, Mary, who was my age, mostly hung around with me and sometimes shared my rubber outfits.

Unfortunately Clara, who was some months older than Mary and I, grew more and more jealous of me, her new cousin. So much so that she began to hate me deeply and played nasty tricks on me as often as possible, blaming it on others. As it so happened, both Clara and I were in the same class. Once, I think I was still in Junior High, (yes, it must have been, Charlotte had finished her first year in College) I had the most horrifying morning of my youth, and the root of my tendency towards women. Ever since that day I felt horrified at the thought of being penetrated by a man. Even with that fear, I have suffered through being a living sex doll several times, and I was even raped before I turned 20. But I am getting ahead of myself, so let me get back to telling you about that particular morning.

## 1.2 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 came to our house for a sleepover with me. She seemed friendly as we chatted away and had a nice time together.

Unbeknown to anyone else, before summer vacation began, she had bought a rubber sex doll via the Internet, and had turned it into a gagged, mitten-handed, back-zipped body-suit with built-in dildos. She kept her sex doll suit hidden inside the traveling bag she brought with her for the sleepover. Not knowing what she had planned for me, I was having quite a good time, and even drank some glasses of wine. One of the glasses I drank must have been drugged by Clara, because I fell deeply asleep - almost coma-like. Anyway, after having checked out that I was really out and sensed nothing, Clara unpacked the suit, undressed me, lubricated the suit and put it on me. It must have been quite a piece of work, and Clara had to be careful not to wake me up despite inserting the dildos and the gag, but finally she managed to finish it. After closing it, she hid the closure with color-fitting duct-tape and checked again that I really looked like that inflatable rubber-doll shown on the picture of the package label. Then she put my pajamas on me and went to bed.

The next morning, 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 shown in the reflecting glass, only a stupid looking, blue-eyed sex toy doll with a blond hair-do, open mouth and gaudy make-up.

Hoping it were only a mask, I quickly undressed and went to the full-body mirror to see my entire body - changed! I had big fire-red lips around a round open toothless mouth, thin eye-brows, blue eyes instead of my own brown ones, long eye-lashes, violet eye-shadow, blond hair-do, really huge tits with big pink nipples, no navel, but inviting open labia. My fingers and toes were only hinted at due to the mitten-like nature of the hands and feet, and my whole skin was shiny and rubber looking -- obviously I had been turned into a living sex doll. Now I was fully awake and listened to my body. First, I realized that I was fully coated with rubber, no square inch was left out. I had nothing against rubber latex on my skin, I was used to that material - though not to this extent; but I also realized that I had been deflowered, that my vagina and butt were filled with dildos, and I had some sort of tube gag in my mouth.

And this scared me. Not just a little, but a lot. So I tried to scream "*Help me!*", but nothing more than a dimmed "mmph-mmh!" came out of my "open" mouth.

I sat down - but quickly stood up again because I felt the intruder in my rear end penetrate even deeper. Worse than the simple penetration, these dildos were making me horny. So I went out of the bathroom - not caring that I was "naked" - and wanted to go to bed again, still hoping that it was just a strange dream. But imagine my surprise as I saw Clara in the hall-way with a camera, taking photos of me.

“Clara! NO! Help me!” I tried to yell. But nothing. It came out as “Hmmmh-mmh! Hmmmh! Hmmmh-mmh!” This just caused Clara to tease me more and make jokes about 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! Suddenly I wondered: Did Clara put me into this suit?

I pulled myself together and somehow managed to dress myself in a t-shirt and jogging pants (which is not simple when you can't spread your thumb from your fingers, and can't spread your fingers either, so that you have to move all five fingers together), then I, cautiously, sat down at my desk (nonetheless I was feeling the dildos moving deeper inside) and looked for a sheet of paper.

When I found the notepad in the drawer of my desk, I took it out as best as I could, without being able to spread but one finger with these things which were rather fins than hands.

I grabbed a pen, rolled my fin-like hand around it, and wrote my fears down, with big, unskilled letters:

*Hi, Clara!*

*Is it possible that you put me into this nasty rubber skin somehow? If YES, why???*

*If NO, could you get me out of this stuff, please?*

*There are things inside me, and my hands are like fins now, all this makes me sick! And looking like such a sex doll makes me even more sick!!!*

*Please help me get out of this suit!!!*

*Yours, Emily.*

Then I took the sheet between my “fins” and tried to open the door to the hall-way. Well, to make a long story short, I managed it finally, and the hall-way was empty. I caught a glimpse of Clara entering Charlotte's room. So I pushed the paper under the door to Charlotte's room, then I flew again into my room and threw myself back on my bed. I didn't dare go downstairs to the kitchen and living room as the sex doll I looked like. After a while I stood up and walked around to find a way out of it. But instead of coming closer to a solution, I was getting hornier from the dildos as they started to vibrate and move inside me, until I had to sit down, weakened by my first orgasm ever. After a while I managed to go back to bed and fell asleep again from pure exhaustion, and being able to breathe only through the nose didn't help either - but I woke up with a start when a garment hit my face: it was a one of my rubber latex swimsuits.

“Hi, Emily, you Rubber-Doll! Yes, I have done this to you,” Clara, who suddenly stood in my room, said smirking. “I put you into this sex-doll skin-suit. I thought I'd just come over and give you what you need - and everyone knows that of the few materials you can wear you like rubber the most. So not only have I given you some enjoyment with your favorite material, and me some fun with my camera - but I have also given everybody the opportunity to clearly see what a real rubber-bitch you are. And no, I will not let you out of this suit, because I want you to have a lot of fun with your built-in dildos, too. You look like you already learned to enjoy their dance. Now, put on your bikini, lazy-head. I want you to come to the pool with me - and you don't want to be seen naked, do you?” Again she had this evil grin.

She saw that I was still dizzy, so she just started to take off my T-shirt and pants. She hesitated a bit once the t-shirt covered my head, and she fumbled at my cheeks and neck a bit - I later learned that she had fit me with a ball-gag then. Once she had my clothes off, she put the bikini on me and unceremoniously pulled me out in the garden and threw me into the pool in one quick movement. The moment I was in the water, the dildos started up again. Distracted as I was, I managed to get out of the water and onto one of the deck-chairs, totally exhausted. Clara, of course, did nothing to help me, but kept shooting photos with her damned camera. Then the hot sun and the afterglow of the next orgasm paid their toll on me, and I dozed off despite my urge to leave. I woke up not only because of the re-starting dildos, but also from the wolf-whistles of some rude guys passing by who yelled really ugly remarks at me. Clara was smiling, enjoying my squirming. When she saw I was awake and staring at the group, she came over to me.

“Don't even think of getting up. You wouldn't have made it anyway,” she said. “Look at these slings here at the armrest around your wrists. Though they are loose enough that you can easily slip your hands in and out of them by yourself, in your anger you might feel very restricted when standing up and can't get loose in a second. And the ball-gag in your inviting mouth also is not an item you would want anyone to see really close up.”

I stared at her full of rage, though I knew she couldn't see it under the mask. But she continued: “Anyway, your parents are at a trade-fair and won't come home before dinner. I'm going home to my Dad right now and have the pictures developed so that they are ready before Monday morning. I've had enough fun here with you.”

“Do as you want, my rubber-doll. If you still want to get rid of this sexy doll skin, ask your Dad or Mom when they come home, or wait for my former best friend Mary, whom you stole from me. That's the reason why I hate you so much. You took my best friend, my own cousin, from me - you, a freaky child of a stranger who intruded into our reputable family and took my best friend away from me.”

“By the way: when vacation is over, you will have a new nick-name in school: Rubber-doll, to be exact. Be glad that it won't be Rubber-bitch or sex-doll or worse nicknames you deserve according to the photos I've taken. And: though you can easily slip out of these rope slings here, I doubt that you can remove the gag with your mitten-hands. Well, at least you do have a good excuse why your voice is so muffled. Ta-daa, bitch”, she said, and left me there. But, she again came back, and added: “Just so you don't become too shocked, I programmed the dildos to start at a random, but with a steadily increasing frequency. You seemed to enjoy this so much, I just had to give you more of it. See you in school, Rubber-doll!”

If I could have made more than just muffled noises, I would have yelled at her. What an evil beast!

I suffered through another orgasm and just felt asleep after that. When I awoke, I was struggling both from the heat outside and inside my body, so I dared to go inside. What else could I do? Clara was right, I could never have managed to remove the straps of the gag by myself. Not to mention the devilish suit.

Entering the living-room through the French Doors, I almost ran into Dad and Mom. My mask could not hide my tears as I stood crying in front of my parents with the appearance of an inflatable sex-doll, unable to say a word to my Mom and Dad, who were at least as shocked as me. I just collapsed, because a bunch of hot shivers began to seize me once more: “Hmmpmph-mmh!” I just managed to muffle. The dildos inside me had begun to dance again.

Mom held me to keep me from hurting myself when falling, and waited until this evil game was over. Quickly she then brought me into the bathroom, undressed me seeing the whole sex doll body, and searched for the closure. Finally she found it, but before she could remove the tape, I was seized again with another shiver of multiple dildo-caused orgasms, and I was totally wrenched and groggy when Mom finally could remove the tape and open the suit. When she took it off, I fell on my knees, just crying. I felt tired, dirty, abused, and sore.

Mom helped me into the bath tub, carefully showered me, and then made me a nice bath. Then she helped me out of the tub, and, after wrapping a huge towel around me, she took me by the hands and walked me like a little child to my room, where she laid me into my bed.

The next day, Dad asked me who did it. I refused to answer - but knowing that the surface of rubber easily kept fingerprints of everyone who touched it, he put some rubber gloves on and put the doll suit and the ball-gag into a plastic bag which he brought to a friend of his who worked with the police. Summer vacation hadn't quite ended yet, when he came into my room one night and told me that he knew who did it to me. From that time on, Clara was not welcome anymore in my Dad's house.

## *1.3 After the Summer*

As Clara promised, she circulated some of the pictures of me in the sex-doll suit around our school and I was given the nick-name Rubber-doll. But unlike Clara had planned it, I acted as if I was honored to bear that name and did not get mad at her about it, though hearing this name hurt at first. I just wanted to show her that I was above all that - and I grew used to the nick-name. I loved wearing rubber - so what? On the contrary, I even began to wear tight rubber cat-suits every-time school uniforms were not obligatory. This helped me to get even more used to wear rubber in public, and at the same time it gave me the image of a girl who wouldn't be told what to do.

But the teachers could see by the rest of my actions that I was not being rebellious, and they knew that I was a better student than most of my fellow classmates. That's why I was sent to College, too.

In College I wasn't allowed to wear such tight rubber clothes on campus at first, but after I brought a medical report that latex and leather were about the only materials I was able to wear without any problems to my skin, they allowed it again - underneath normal clothes. So I wore skin-tight rubber catsuits underneath the school uniform and even underneath my gym clothes.

Slowly recovering from the "Rubber-doll" incident, I met my first boy-friend, Johnny Masciatto, who was 2 years older than I. His job as a truck driver was the reason I got into the hobby which I still have: CB-radio. The CB handle I chose for myself was no surprise: "Rubber-doll". Johnny and I seemed to be getting along great, but unfortunately, he was not ready to accept that I didn't want to have sex so soon after having been raped by those dildos. Well, we went out now and then, and he was really kind and neat, but his feelings towards me never really grew.

## *1.4 Rubber Bitch*

Then, at the beginning of my second year in College, Johnny asked me via CB to meet him at our usual corner at the end of the quarter. I did as he wished. I wore a tight black latex catsuit that day like so often, and waited for him to arrive, this time willing to let him make love to me.

But what happened next, I never suspected.

His truck arrived, and he was smiling behind the wheel. He leaned over and opened the door for me, so I got in the passenger side. But behind the passenger seat was Clara, wearing a triumphant grin. Before I could do anything, I felt the poke of a needle in my arm and -

- when I woke up, I was blindfolded and gagged. I sat on something like a bed, my forearms and upper arms tightly bound together to form two elbow-long stumps. My thighs and calves were bound together to

form two knee-long stumps also, and my body was covered all over with rubber. I was trapped helpless in this quadruple stump suit.



Then I heard Clara's voice, dimmed by the rubber layer of my outfit: "Emily, the last time you've earned punishment because you took my friend Mary away from me. This time you tried to steal my lover - so this will be the revenge for your meddling. You are actually in our love-nest, a flat we had rented only for our meetings. It is expensive, and your interference caused my little investment in this place to go to waste. So we want you to remain in this state, helplessly bound and full of pain-blockers, until you've paid back all the money Johnny and I had advanced for renting this apartment."

And Johnny, - now I realized that he was my ex! - added: "Clara and I, we have prepared something to give you the opportunity to earn the money without having to leave."

"Yes," Clara added, "and you don't even need to lift a finger. It's really an easy job, you could even say you'll earn money by doing nothing."

I really had to do nothing. They were all too right. I wasn't able to do anything. But because I was never relieved, the more I suffered. Sure, occasionally my gag was removed and the rubber suit was taken off by two gagged women clad in full rubber suits that even covered their faces, but my arms and legs remained thus bound to mere stumps. I was fed, and then laid down on a bed by them. My stumps were attached with rings, then spread, the elbows and knees of each side were forced to meet and were connected; and I was tied immobile to the bed, being nothing more than a helpless sex object. Lying there I could do nothing more than wait to be raped - often by two men at the same time...

The bad thing was, I could absolutely do nothing but suffer through it. The first time I was raped I tried to scream into my hollow dildo gag, but I realized that together with my painkiller drugs I got something which paralyzed my vocal chords. I also tried to walk away, or wiggled my stumps to make it more difficult for them to fix me on the bed. But when I did such things I was put into a transparent latex suit - which had hollow dildos in mouth, vagina, and anus - and they forgot the pain-killers for the time I was sealed into it, so that my "stumps" would hurt like hell. So I quit struggling and became obedient.

During this time I even began to dream that I had no arms and legs anymore. When I didn't dream that I was a real dog, which became more and more often, I dreamed that I was a quadruple amputee with stumps much shorter than mine, which were a bit longer than just to the joints of knees and elbows.

But these daily rapes were not everything. Little did I know about the connections Johnny had because of his job...



Some time later, I woke up finding that my dreams had become true: instead of having my limbs bound up as stumps, I obviously had real stumps! Still I was mute, but I was told to have earned some improvements. One of them was the limbless skin-suit they put me in, a suit that actually changed my body somehow to one without limbs; and the other improvement was a ridiculous doggie costume, and that I slept in a bed in the shape of a big dog basket. I could walk around freely on all fours, could eat from a dog bowl, though I felt my mouth was like inwardly rubberized, and I was walked through the house where I met other "doggies" like me in other apartments; and they had us play nasty sex games which each other.



My days were monotonous: the faceless women woke me up, I could eat from the bowl, then I was walked to the bed where they undressed me and left me to be raped, after some hours I was brought to the bathroom, showered, then fed, and brought back for another time of suffering; after that I was bathed and dressed into that costume again, then I was walked back

to my room to feed myself, and after walking freely around in the house I would crawl into my basket to sleep.

Then, after what must have been some months, they organized a party which they called their “dogfight festival”. This meant, after my breakfast I was dressed into another “doggie” suit: it was made of black leather, with a double dildo in my vagina but a free butt; I got a double penis gag mask over my face and was walked outside to the garden meadow behind the house, where all “doggies” were gathered, dressed like me. Johnny told us to screw each other with either of these dildos and to avoid getting screwed ourselves. The doggie who was best would be rewarded, the other ones punished. Of course I wanted to be the best - though it was no fun in that. I simply wanted my situation to be eased.

It was late in the evening when the event was over, and I was as hungry as a wolf and totally exhausted. Back in my kennel the mask and the double dildos were removed, I was taken out of the black leather suit and I emptied two bowls of that food. I merely groveled into my basket and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. The next day it was the same, except that the bowl was served in the garden, and only the dildo mask was removed so I could eat. Then there was fireworks, and after that more dogfight until breakfast. It was not even noon and I was so exhausted that I just fell asleep while I was between two other “doggies”: I took one with my lower dildo and was taken at the same time from behind by another one.

\* \* \*

When I woke up again, I was in a padded cell and I had all my limbs again, but was wearing a straitjacket. They had brought me to the Chainsman Institute for Mental Health while I was deeply asleep.



When the institute staff realized that my skin was too sensitive for the linen straitjacket, I was dressed into a rubber straitjacket with a special rubber coating beneath.

But nonetheless I remained straight-jacketed a long while. I would stay in stationary therapy until I realized I had an intact, complete body; no stumps anymore but full, healthy limbs to use, and a voice. I remained there even after I wasn't addicted to the pain-killers anymore, and after I stopped getting furious every-time I heard the names of Clara Miller and Johnny Masciatto...

## 1.5 *Free Again*

After several months of stationary therapy, I was finally discharged.

When I came home I learned that I had been absent for sixteen months. Meanwhile, my College scholarship had been canceled, so my mother took the money left from her divorcement settlement to pay for my education. Nevertheless I wanted to be independent, and so I earned my own money to finance my studies, first by working as a waitress in a bar, then as a go-go dancer. When I thought I was earning enough, I moved into a flat of my own.

After College I started to study medicine, pediatrics. My studies went forward, and I was in the top third of all the students in my class. I was even allowed to wear latex at the university. Later I began to intern in a hospital as a pediatrician. Well, the salary was not that much, and the working hours were long, and sometimes it seemed like walking through a bunch of hungry wolves, but I stayed and kept working and saved most of the money I earned in hope of someday starting a medical practice of my own...

# Chapter 2: *Emily Miller M.D.*

## 2.1 *The Beginning*

After a year of interning at the hospital, I got the opportunity to buy a pediatrician's practice, which included a house. It was run down a bit, and the waiting, consulting, and treatment rooms had seen much better times as well. I hesitantly took my savings to buy the house and to renew it and to properly upgrade the interior, but to get the permit to open the office I had to be married and had to have a nurse.

Well, that was a problem. But I knew someone who was a nurse and needed a job, and someone else who would probably play along with marrying me; someone who would marry me right know, despite knowing that nothing at all would happen in bed. This someone was my buddy Jack. Jack, or Jakob Blumfeld, had finished studying medicine at the same university as I did, and began studying Traditional Asian Medicine after that. I had met him when I attended a self-defense class he was giving. At that time he was a master of Martial Arts. Fourth Dan of Tokagure-Ryu-Ninjutsu, to be exact. A long name for some Martial Arts, I know, but this was the official name of this style. Unfortunately, my friend Jack was not born in the States and he only had a student visa, even though he was 5 years older than me; he would be forced to leave after his studies were finished...

So I asked him: "Jack, is there any way that I can help you get your Dojo?"

"I don't see how. I only have a student visa. To be allowed to open a Dojo, I'd have to at least be a resident alien, if not a citizen of the States. But to do that, I'd have to be married to an American woman or maybe win the Green Card Lottery. And since there is no such thing as the Green Card Lottery, where would I find a woman to marry me when I haven't even started to search for one?"

"I would do it," said I and explained my plan: I would marry him, and we would live together so he could open his Dojo, and I could open my pediatrician's office. Sexually, he could do what he wanted with other people, and after a couple years we could get divorced, because then he would have his US citizenship and could do whatever he wanted. He agreed, and we went to Las Vegas and got married.

A short time later we moved into my new house and I opened my office, employing Myra, a friend of mine, to be my nurse. I bought Jack a little farm nearby at a Real Estate auction, and he built his Ninjutsu Dojo on it. Very soon both of us were extremely busy. I began treating patients and acted as midwife often enough. I even midwived my cousin Mary, who had married Mike Webster, a material science engineer working at Artificial Skins Laboratory. Mary gave birth to a pair of really sweet twins, whom they named John Eric and Joanna Emily. Jack and I were invited to their baptism to become their god-parents. Both of us were very proud of that.

I was so busy with my pediatrician job that I didn't realize that Jack had a lover. I finally heard it through the grapevine three years after our marriage and asked him about it.

Since there was no trust to betray, Jack told me everything. Yes, he had a secret lover for a year now, and it was Mona, the sister of my nurse Myra, who I had fallen in love with. He said that he couldn't stand years of celibacy, and that he was sorry if he hurt me. I told him that it was alright, and that I understood, and that I was only hurt because I heard it through the grapevine and not from him. And we continued as if nothing had happened.

Okay, there were people who were disgusted with my way of life, of my constantly wearing rubber stuff underneath my doctor's smock, and the fact that I slowly began to explore lesbian love with my nurse. But they put up with it because I was the best pediatrician for several counties around.

## 2.2 *Bill*

One day, a patient's mother told me, in hushed tones as if she were betraying a confidence, "Mrs. Blumfeld, I don't know how to tell you, but I saw your husband kissing another woman when I picked up my eldest son from that Karate Farm...."

I only answered, "I know. That's his lover. How do you like her? She's really a beautiful woman, isn't she?"

And a beautiful woman she was. Except for her beauty, Mona shared nothing in common with her sister Myra, my nurse. Mona was strictly hetero, a "konuichi" (a female ninja) preferring nature and the philosophy involved in the Ninjutsu stuff, while Myra just knew enough to defend herself, had strong lesbian tendencies, and loved the closed apartments of the Bond Club she recently had opened in the Hearst Cottage, as one of the founding members. Don't ask me how they managed to get that estate donated to their club.

Anyway, the woman was flabbergasted and went away. I never saw her and her children in my office again. That same day, a boy was brought to me who had severe appendicitis. I told his mother that he needed to be taken straight to the hospital. But she said crying, "Please Doctor, I can barely afford your services, the hospital is much too expensive for me. Could you do nothing for my darling?"

Our conversation was overheard by a traveling salesman, Bill Deacon, who often arranged really good and inexpensive medicine deliveries for me. He was sitting in the waiting room and came right in when he overheard the woman's plight. Before I could send him out, he laid a wad of cash on my table with the words: "This is for the treatment of this child. If something should be left, save it for treating another poor child. And now, you'd better call the ambulance, quickly."

Before I or the mother could say a grateful word, he disappeared again. I looked at the cash. It was really a lot of money, all hundred dollar bills, bundled by a rubber band. Immediately I called the ambulance, which brought the poor boy to the hospital, just in time to operate. I told them to send the treatment bill to me because I would pay for him. When I was later called in to the hospital because of the bill, they asked me why I wanted to pay this particular bill. What could I do? I told them that this boy's mother was poor, but that she always would give me some money even when none of her children had to be treated. And because of these payments I could offer special prices when one of her children was sick - and now her account with me, all totaled up, was just enough to pay for this operation and treatment.

Well, they called me a foolish idealist and a closet communist, but gave me a fair price. There was still quite a lot of money left, which I used to relieve many poor families from high medical costs. But I didn't just throw it away. I noted each amount on a list.

After about three weeks, Bill came back again. Not even being asked, I showed him my help-list: and after he praised me, I asked him where this money came from. (I didn't want to become guilty of money-laundering.)

Bill only laughed, and said: "Dear Emily, you should worry more when being given money by companies. No, seriously: the money I gave you the other day actually was meant to be spent on the poor. I can prove it if you wish."

I believed him. Bill told me that his salesman's job was only an official alibi to come around to doctors like me. His real calling was to help the poor and the victims of the evil. Since I laughed at him and said he couldn't help everyone who was beaten up, he said:

“Emily, daily violence is evil enough. You're right, and we're fighting against this, too. But the law handles the simple day-to-day violence well enough. What we fight against are the producers of such violence as you see over there.”

And he pointed to a poster just being put up on a wall on the opposite side of the street. “That is an advertisement for a permanent chastity device, which can never be removed once activated. They sell it to both women and men. Only there is a side effect for the men: they are transformed into chastised women - forever. And hard as it may seem, these are the more discrete victims. Here is my cell-phone number. Call me whenever you meet such a case.”

Time slipped by and I began to forget about Bill's words of warning. I began to explore my lesbianism, and soon I was the lover of the sister of Jack's lover. Jack had nothing against my relationship to Myra, and I had no objections with his relationship to her sister Mona... We agreed to live an “open marriage”...

But one day, Mona failed to show up for a date with Jack. Jack came home worried, and he wanted to know if she had called. When he barged into my room, he caught me right in the act of making love to Myra. Thinking it was Mona who was in bed with me, because Myra really looked similar to Mona since they were binocular twins, he dragged me into his car, cutting off every attempt I made to talk to him, and we traveled to Reno, divorced, and I returned to my maiden name. Just one day later, Mona called from the hospital: She had been overwhelmed with helping out in a pre-mature birth case. Jack tried everything to beg forgiveness, he even wanted to undo the divorce. I was too hurt to allow that, but I forgave him, and at least we remained friends. We still are friends, and I am a God-mother to his children, too.



## 2.3 Chastilock Victim

### Bobby the Mummy

One day a phone call reached me: “Can I bring my Bobby through your garage? I don't want us to be stared at.”

“Sure you can”, said I unsuspecting. “When will you arrive?”

“Just open the garage door. I'm right around the corner.”

So Jackie Ortner, a Marine Officer's German wife, mother of a 15 year old son and a 13 year old daughter, rushed her car into my garage. Fortunately it was big enough to keep two cars conveniently. Together with my beautiful nurse Myra and his sister Anne, we carried Bobby into my living-room, placed him on my TV chair. He was bound tightly in red tape like a mummy, and was tape-gagged, too.

Cautiously I removed the tape from his mouth, after being sure that Myra had made a photo secretly. Meanwhile, Myra hid the camera and brought a soda for the bound boy and his mom.

After having sipped a bit, he asked: “Mom, can you tell me, who did this to me?”

Though I knew it was Robert Ortner inside, I felt I would reveal a Roberta once the tape was removed. Let's call it intuition. Or a good interpretation of what I saw and heard...



His mother was shocked. “How can't you know who taped you like that? Of course it was your friends who did it. Bill and Max! They brought you still sticking inside your sleeping bag yesterday, saying they couldn't open it after having found you! And you slept so deep, you didn't even snore.”

“Mrs. Ortner, with a gag in the mouth it's almost impossible to snore”, said I.

“Oh. I didn't know that. Anyway, they really said they found you like this near the river, those liars!”

Intensively examining the tape I had removed from his mouth, I said, “Mrs. Ortner, this couldn't have been teenagers. - Myra, could you please bring me our sharpest scalpels? And call Bill, please, I will need about twenty new scalpels during the next hour, if possible.”

“What's the matter? And why couldn't have it been the boys?”

“I'll tell you. First, this tape is not available in any shop or retailer. And I don't know how some teenagers far removed from the rubber industry could come on this heavy but thin rubber tape. The only source imaginable in a thirty mile radius is one of the material science labs over at Chastilock or ArtiSkin Labs. Look, this is not standard duct-tape. It's a special kind of tape which sticks only on skin and on itself ...”

Robert interjected, “But when I rode my bike to Dad's place, I went past Chastilock! I can't remember reaching Dad's place, though. I only remember waking up in my sleeping-bag on my bed, and you were cutting my sleeping bag open. That's all I remember. But ... what's up with my voice? It seems like a girl's! Mom? Please tell me that I'm not sounding like a girl. - And what's with these bumps on my chest? Pretty please tell me I'm not becoming a girl, I couldn't stand it! - Doc Blumfeld? How many of these Chastilock stories are true?”

I just had sorted my scalpels and wanted to position the first scalpel between his feet, but stopped, saying, “Which Chastilock stories?” Damned, I knew exactly what she meant. And I really knew now, that the crying teenager was a girl underneath all this tape. Hell, I even could watch her breasts swelling.

“You know, these stories about permanent gender-changing, and transformations which are talked about ...”

“I really can't answer this,” I lied. Maybe I even lied to myself. “Whenever I read about proofs for one side, they are always claimed to be fake by the other. So I am really not absolutely sure whom to believe. But now better keep your feet still, I have to cut, and I don't want to cut into your skin.”

When I arrived at his knee, throwing the fourth of five scalpels and our blunted scissors away, the doorbell rang. Bill came, and was led into the living-room by Myra. He looked at my patient and said, “Hi everyone. Oh I see: another Chastilock mummy. The second today. - Hey, what size are you?” he asked Bobbie while putting down a box full of scalpels - fifty, maybe.

“I wear size M. Why do you ask, Mister?”

“Well, just trying to be helpful. I think you're going to need something to wear, don't you? And I have something in my car which I think could fit you.” He went outside again, and came back a short time after with a paper bag in his hand, which he laid down on one of the chairs.

## *Fears Come True*

Then he told us: “This morning I was in a small town about twenty miles from here. They had found a teenager who was camping a mile up the river from Chastilock, who couldn't get out of his sleeping bag and tent. A hitch-hiker had found him following the noise the teenager made, because the tape-gag made it impossible to call for help. It appeared that not only the sleeping bag closure was sewed and sealed together, but the teenager in that sleeping bag was mummy-taped like this one here, too. This poor youth had no remembrance about the last four days. I lent them about fifty scalpels to cut him out, so I don't know yet

whether he was transformed or not. But last month, a mummy-taped ought-to-be boy had been a girl after being cut free, I'm sorry to say."

I didn't know that Bill could be so callous. If looks could kill, Bill would be dead, struck down by my eyes.

But he continued: "By the way, my two sons, and my wife, all three of them have been transformed by Chastilock. My elder son - well - daughter, you can see on that damned poster out there. Here are some photos of my wife and my sons Steve and Sam, after they became Stephanie and Sammie."

"While my wife is 'only' totally amputated, my sons became girls. And only one of them can go out as one: Stephanie, formerly Steve. Whenever she isn't earning money with modeling, she, together with their nurse and me, cares for her mother and her sister, who has become merely a torso."

"I'm only glad to have managed to rescue my wife and Sammie, for both of them almost had become sex slaves for a certain private bordello over there in Kansas City. But I made the owner of that bordello, the former John, now Jenny Masciatta, have a taste of her own medicine. Now she is playing her favorite pet for herself. -- I see in your eyes, Emily, that you know this person."



I said nothing. The memories hurt too much. I had to concentrate to not cut poor Bobbie former Bobby.

Two hours later, I finished cutting the tape from the teenager. Well, as feared, it was the transformed, female version of him. While the freshly uncovered Bobbie cried and put the dress and shoes on which she found in that bag on the chair, her mother and sister cried with her. Then Bobbie needed to go to the restroom, and I showed her the way. When she didn't come back after half an hour, I looked after her. Instead of sitting on the lavatory, she sat still dressed beside the shower stall, crying desperately.

I did my best to console her, but... when a boy discovers that he has become a girl more or less over night, then it's really horrible for him or her.

One week later I was picking up one of my patients at The Chainsman Institute, and by chance, I could check up on Bobbie. She had had a severe nervous breakdown. She was now standing in a rubber padded cell, wearing a textile straitjacket, and was fixed to the ceiling by a leather strap between her legs: a steady state of arousal to learn for sure that there were no penis or balls there anymore.

I've only heard from the grapevine that her family settled somewhere in New York State, shortly before Bobbie was discharged from the Chainsman Institute. And Bobbie was only the first of many to reach my offices...

Some time later, I learned at a medical conference that there were full body-suits available for each age and gender, so-called skin-suits, to grant people with severe burn injuries a healthy appearance again. They were produced in almost each size, for each age, "race" and gender. And because I understood they were just a new kind of skin replacement, I wondered what would happen if they were used on the opposite gender as well...

## 2.4 *God-mother*

### *A Big Changing*

Then something terrible happened: My dear cousin Mary died in a car accident on her way home from a meeting with some of her clients. Her little twins were just in primary school. It was really terrible for the kids, they could hardly understand that their Mommy was gone for ever. Because I loved them so much and saw that Mike was so overwhelmed with job plus kids plus household, and because the baby-sitter he ordered each week was too incompetent to care for the kids for a whole day, I reminded Mike that I was also their aunt and their “God-Mother”. And with a bit of pushing in the right direction, Myra and I often became their charge-free baby-sitter as well. And I liked it, as much as Myra. Myra and I came from time to time to look after the three of them and help them as far as we could. We had managed most of the funeral and everything, why not this? Johnny and Joanna were so darling, just adorable. And how they liked to trick everyone with their cross-dressing - how did they call it? Their “twisting”! This was really funny. Strange, though, that I was the only one who intuitively always knew who of them was who. It was just like my knowing whether or not these mummified teens had changed their gender underneath their bindings.

After half a year of mourning, I said to Mike that it was time for him to look for a new wife, so that his kids might have a mother again. Yet a couple more months needed to pass before Mike thought about my recommendation. So it was that more than one year after Mary's funeral, he came up with a new lady-friend. Of all his female colleagues, of all the women out there, he had chosen Clara as his bride-to-be! Although all of her actions seemed to show love and acceptance, not only to Mike, but to the children, too, I decided to keep an eye on her - of course without showing that I mistrusted her. One more punishment, this time for mistrust? No way. But if Mike would fall for Clara's lies and charms, I'd be there on beck and call to prevent her from doing to my cousin's children what she did to me.

Soon she moved into Mike's house. Her charm must have worked, because Mike gave her free rein over the household. Clara stopped the children from wearing their unisex clothing and put the kids in different courses - with one side-effect: the kids began to “twist” much more often than ever before. Each second or third day the twins appeared as the other one. Clara never found out that the kids were “twisting”, and Mike didn't tell her about it - I think he had no clue himself whether his kids were “twisting” or not, nor what they talked about when they talked about twisting...

### *Exchanged Identities*

Some years later, when Mike's kids had finished their fifth grade with an "A", they decided to "twist" again like so often before since Mike had married Clara. But this time they planned it for a whole weekend: for one of their parent/child weekends. So when the Webster's visited me for a snack, John (alias Joanna) and Mike were prepared to go fishing, and Clara and Joanna (alias John) looked as though they had been at a hair-dresser and a boutique: really nice.

Mike and I were real close friends, almost like brother and sister. Even Clara did not mind the good relationship between him and me. I still watched their house when both of them (Mike and Clara) were absent, and looked after the children like I had done when Mary was still alive. Sure, there were jokes sometimes about my wearing only rubber clothing, (which only started after Clara came on the scene), but the kids loved me. And, because I was not only their aunt, but also their pediatrician, I could demand certain things. So while they were having their snacks, I simply stated: “You must delay your trip until after their medical check-up, which is overdue.”

When Clara started to protest, I added: "I'm their pediatrician. I know what needs looking at, so I doubt that I need more than an hour for the two of them. You can pick them up in about an hour, or wait here, just as you please, but the kids need their medical treatment right now. Myra, could you bring that new box into the office, please?" And Myra and I stood up.

The twins waved their parents a good-bye, and followed us into the ante-room. This ante-room was a dressing area as big as an average bathroom. Myra went straight ahead to the opposite door heading to my pediatrician's office.

I talked the kids into getting naked, and told them, much to their surprise, that I knew exactly that they were not the person who they pretended to be, that they had "twisted" again. I don't know whether they thought I was a witch or what - but I think that was not all too far from the truth.

Anyway, right after the check-up and needy vaccinations, I handed them the contents of the mysterious package. It was two body-suits, or, more exactly: one male skin-suit for Joanna, and one female for John. Now the kids sat on the chairs trying to get into the stockings of these skin-colored, skin-tight unitard-like suits. Finally they were ready and I showed them how to activate their suits. I think I was more surprised than they were as I realized that they had to endure a pain during the really short process of transformation. But then, it was as if they had swapped bodies. John appeared to be Joanna, and Joanna appeared to be John - as I was told when I got these suits.

The twins were totally enthusiastic about that, but had also - naturally - their questions. I explained to them that these suits had changed their bodies, and if they ever lost the activation cards, they would stay in this state forever.

Leaving the treatment area, we met Mike and Clara in the living room, waiting. The new John left right away with his dad, while the new Joanna and Clara stayed a while with me. After having some cakes and coffee, with hot chocolate for Joanna, they also left me, to go swimming.

## *Chapter 3: Trapped*

### *3.1 The Birth of Jona*

The next afternoon I got a phone call. It was Bill. He told me in strict confidence, that Mike and John were officially dead now, but in fact were being given false identities in the Witness Protection Program, and that I had to remain quiet. I gave him my most sacred promise. But I felt sad about Joanna - she would be trapped in this identity now, as I couldn't help her without betraying her brother and father. But I still had to pretend that everything was alright. Myra and the remaining part of the Webster family would know the news soon enough.

Right after I hung up the receiver, the door-bell rang, and Clara and Joanna stood at my door: I invited them for supper. Joanna rushed right in to go to the bathroom, and Clara followed me. We had just sat down with our coffee and pie, when the door-bell rang again. Two cops, officers Stubbs and Jackson, were led in by Myra.

When they stood there silently, I asked, “Young man, Officer, what's up with you?”

Jackson couldn't manage to say a word, so Stubbs told us what we now had to know: he told us that Mike's car was found blown up over in the forest at Perry lake, together with the remnants of two male persons - and that everything indicated that it was Mike and John who died in the car.

That Bill already told me about it, didn't help – that the cops came by and told us that Mike and son were dead, made it official. “Oh my god!”, was all I could say. As shocked as Clara was about the loss of her husband and her stepchild, as shocked were Myra and I – we lost a friend, and I already regretted that I fitted the twins with these skin-suits, because there would be no way for a long time for Joanna to get her male identity back.

Joanna of course cried full of despair, and ran into my bedroom, where she threw herself on the bed. No-one, not even me, could reach her now in this understandable reaction of grief. Even Clara was shattered, so that I invited both of them to stay overnight in my house. Both of them lived with me until the day of the funeral. Clara was too busy with job and preparations and everything to be able to manage their own household - and the poor child was almost going mad.

Then the day of the funeral came. It was a doubly sad day, as if heaven would mourn with all of us: gray sky with dark clouds. Everyone wore black, and of course, people went by to offer their condolences. Everyone paid their respects at the graveside; Joanna's and John's whole class, John's football team comrades, Mike's friends and colleagues, and some neighbors gathered to say good-bye to both of them. In the entire cemetery, Bill and I were the only persons who knew that Mike and the John were still alive, living somewhere under a false name, and that it was the remnants of two unknown people lying in the coffins. But that didn't help, quite the contrary. I felt responsible for this child's fate. So I took Joanna in my arms and said, “I'm so sorry about this. I'll do everything to make it easier for you. Okay?” Her sad smile and her “Okay” totally wrenched my heart.

Joanna began to spend more and more time with me. It simply was too painful for her to watch that all own things were sold away: everything that belonged to the boy John, and to Mike; to see this was too hard to handle for a child only 11 years of age. Losing mother, father, twin sister... and his own identity, this was really more than hard enough.

## 3.2 Moving, Changing

Soon after the funeral, Clara and Joanna moved away. I tried to talk Clara into not selling everything, and not to move away, but Clara remained stubborn. Anyway, they moved, but not too far away, just far enough to send Joanna into another school district. But worse: Clara changed the child's name into **Jona Eve** Webster, to “remind her of the names of both kids in one”, as she told the officer at the desk. And the poor child was called Jona everywhere, until she grew accustomed to it when the holidays ended. The only good thing was, Clara allowed Jona to visit me as her pediatrician and aunt.

## 3.3 Revenge

Shortly before the next year's summer holidays, Clara came to visit me. She was totally pissed off. I was alone at home, because Myra was already on her own holiday trip with her parents, and was to return in about one week. Well, I smiled despite myself and invited her in.

“Do you know that Jona is being treated by a head-shrinker?” she asked.

“Yes, I do”, said I. “Jona told me that. She has treated her and helped her to become more feminine again. Haven't you seen the difference by now?”

“But why does she tell you, and not her mother? I can tell you the reason: because it's not Joanna who still lives with me, but Johnny in a female skin-suit, pretending to be Joanna. And the death of Mike and his other child prevented him from getting out of the skin-suit.”

Though I knew what Clara was capable of in the past and was afraid of what she might have in store for me, I just asked, “You really think so?”

“Yes I think so. And the only reason Jona hasn't become male again, is because she knows that as a male he would be a nobody, a nothing; without insurance, address, identity - because everything is attributed to Jona Eve Webster, female. And since you have tried to deceive me in all of this, you deserve a punishment.”

When I saw her looking around and that her eye was caught by my straitjacket hanging on a tailor's dummy in a corner, I could imagine what she planned. I was right. But what I couldn't imagine until I saw it, was that she suddenly had a pistol in her hand. “Undress. Now. And dress in that straitjacket over there.”

After having fixed me into the straitjacket, she commanded me to go to the couch.

“Wait. That's not snuggly enough yet”, she said, and went to my closet, to find - after some rummaging - a dildo fitting her revenge fancies. While searching for it, she again threatened me with her pistol, to ensure that I didn't try to run away. Then she came back, opened the crotch of the damned straitjacket, and filled me with this dildo. Man, this was the biggest in house, fresh out of it's box - the latest acquisition of Myra, almost twice the diameter I normally used, and never intended to be used inside the body - well, at least not by us.



With my crotch filled and the straitjacket closed again it became difficult to prevent myself from climaxing. But before I could manage to get used to the new situation, Clara led me to the couch where she sat me down. I was sitting absolutely still, not willing to move for fear of cumming. Smirking Clara realized that she didn't need the pistol anymore, and disappeared into my bedroom closet. When I saw the color of the package she was carrying I knew it was going to get worse. As feared, Clara came up with the single-legging fitting to this straitjacket.

“Put your legs in it!”

I did as ordered. And she dressed me this damned thing. So I was soon unable to run away.

“You're insane”, said I.

“No, not me -- you are. I'm not the one who made a girl out of a boy. You have. That's why I have to punish you. My darling Joanna is dead, and John is only a replacement - though a very good one. But you did what you shouldn't have done. And so that you're unable to scream for help, I'll gag you now.”



“No! Please don't gag me! I ...”

Then my mouth was filled with the dildo-like gag that was on the inside of the wide leather strap that now covered my lower face.

But this wasn't all. Clara also managed to cover my head with a full mask! So I became absolutely helpless, unable to move my arms, unable to go, blind and mute - and no knowledge of when this state might change. The tiny holes in the mask even made it difficult to breathe deeply.

I only felt when I was laid down on the couch, and somehow fixed with what seemed to be chains led through the D-rings at my restraint outfit. Then a door clapped shut, and I knew that I was alone.

I didn't know how long I was trapped that way. It must have been more than one day, and felt like three rather than two.



### 3.4 *Jona the Saviour*

Suddenly I heard a door-clapping again. Somebody was in here. I decided to remain still.

But then I heard the voice of Jona: “Aunt Emily, are you here?”

I could only make muffled noises.

Finally Jona found me. “Oh Aunt Emily, what has happened to you?” She relieved me from the chains, and helped me to sit up. Then she removed my head-mask and the dildo-gag.

“Thank you, darling”, I said after relaxing my jaws. Strangely I was not yet hungry. Yet I urgently needed to smoke, and to shower. “Please give me a cigarette first. Then you may proceed to release me. But at first I need that smoke.”

So the child brought me a cigarette and a lighter from the bathroom, gave me the cigarette right between my lips, and lit it.

I managed to stand up with Jona's help, and while I smoked, Jona opened my single-legging and removed it. Then she opened all those brackets of the straitjacket, and I could go under the shower - and, more importantly, remove that dildo. Meanwhile, Jona prepared a meal with a chicken soup as intro, and sandwiches and salads as main menu. But the hunger and thirst and the forced orgasms by the dildo must have weakened me more than I thought: right after having dressed in a fresh latex body suit and a pair of long stockings and gloves, everything went black. Jona looked after me, and found me lying on the floor. She led me to the kitchen, and we ate... Well, she had to feed me first, to calm my metabolism. Even when I was

able to feed myself again, I really had to force myself not to wolf my food down. Man, I was starved! Finally, my stomach and my nerves began to calm down.

After a while, since I didn't want to talk about my ordeal, we chatted about school and her psychiatrist Becky, and I got an idea. I would give Jona some of my teenage outfits. So I suggested that she try out some "carnival costumes", knowing that Jona liked wearing rubber like I do. So she undressed and put on the cat-suit I gave her. She was excited.

The next suit she tried on was as tight as her skin-suit, and had a face-mask, gloves and attached soles. She now was fully covered with black latex, only mouth, eyes, and nostrils remained uncovered. Her feet were inside hoof-shaped boots. Jona was a pony-girl now. To be similar to her, I dressed in a full covering catsuit, too.

After about half an hour of trying other costumes, Jona said that she preferred dresses and skirts. And immediately I knew what she could try. Nosily, Jona agreed.

And I took out a really feminine outfit, including make-up, nail-dye and a blond wig, and brought them all into the bathroom; and then I called her to try it out. Jona looked beautiful with this black latex top, ankle long skirt, blond shoulder-long curly hair (the wig), and black nails. She liked this new outfit much more than the pony-girl suit, and more than the black cat-suit she had worn before. 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, beside during changing this skin-suit?"

This made me sad, and I told her, "Oh, darling, you can't imagine how I sometimes hate myself for giving these skin-suits to the both of you."

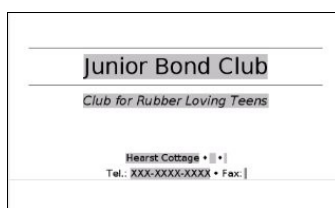
"Then I would be dead instead of Joanna, and she would suffer living in my place. Believe me, I'd rather be a living girl walking around than a dead boy lying in the grave."

Both of us began to cry, and I took her into my arms. Then we sat on the couch, and she put her head into my lap, like she often did when she was younger. I stroked her head and said, "Darling, I don't know if you ever will 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 be."

But then Jona shocked me when she told me that she was sure that it was Clara who did it. She only asked how it started, so I told her about the Rubber-Doll incident but left the goriest details away... but even this was enough. As I already regretted to have told it to her, she promised to watch her back, but to remain silent about what I told her.

## Chapter 4: Mentoring Jona

In the following months, Jona came to visit me quite often. Between the counsel she received from me and her psychologist Becky, the boy inside Jona quickly vanished... Jona told me about school and about her talks with Becky, and how we helped her to become more and more feminine in appearance and habit. Now Jona looked like a girl, thought like a girl, felt like a girl, spoke and chattered like a girl. It was almost a pain for Jona when she had to remove the skin-suit and be male for a while. In her mind she now was ripe for the final operation to become female, but this wish was not within my power to grant. I still hoped that Jona would change her mind at some future date and become male again... Then, one day, Jona told me that she wanted to join a club for rubber loving teens. She also showed me the club's business card:



### 4.1 Jona In The Club

“So you are really interested in wearing rubber?” I asked.

“Oh, yes,” answered Jona. “There is a girl in my class that made me keen on wearing rubber more often. Oh, Aunt Emily”, she said, “I think it will be great to come from school, go to the club and be able to dress in my favorite costume immediately.”

I discussed this with her for a long time. We agreed that Jona should be very conscious and careful of how she proceeded. Though I knew that Myra was one of the founding members, I had always found excuses not to go there myself - my favorite excuse was that I had no time. But now I changed my mind. I could watch Jona in the club to make sure she didn't get into trouble, though indirectly via Myra and another friend from the club. Some days later I visited the club myself. The Club was a villa with a little park behind. There was the Junior Bond Club for the youth, the Rubber Bond Club for adults up to the age of 50 (officially), the Senior Bond Club for people older than 50, and a Fetish Shop as well as a disco. Then there was the Heavy Bond Club in the back side of the villa - a real bondage club, which was connected to each of the other clubs. In all of the club rooms (which were at least 5-room-apartments for each club) there was strict dress code. Without wearing rubber, or at least black leather, no-one was allowed to see more than the club halls or the locker area.

So I was allowed to have a look throughout the place, because I always wore rubber or leather. When I saw how diverse and interesting the place was, I decided to join the Rubber Bond Club, too.

Jona originally just wanted to wear her rubber latex clothes while she was there, but she soon learned the intricacies of playing S&M games. She bound her friends, and was bound by them, and she realized she was enjoying the passive, rather helpless “bottom” side more than being the active “top”.

Then after some months of club-life, including photo-shoots in catsuits and other outfits - which didn't happen to every girl in the club -, and shortly after Jona's 16th birthday, she met a boy and fell in love.

His name was Frank, a junior varsity athlete from her school, who was very gentle and loving to her, and who watched over her whenever she was bound and helpless. She would have suffered anything for the possibility of marrying him, and he loved her so much that he would marry her even if she were “welded into a chastity belt”. Soon they were engaged.



## 4.2 Jona in Hospital

Three months after their engagement, Frank came to me when I was about to close my office. He asked me if I knew which hospital Jona had been brought to. Well, the fact that she was taken to a hospital was absolutely news to me, so I couldn't tell him anything, but I promised to find out for him. I had the feeling that both Clara and her new fiancée, the father of a girl who was a patient of mine, might know something, because he told me one day later that Clara had sent Jona to a private clinic, where she was lying in a coma. When he didn't tell me which hospital, I asked him if he at least could forward the collected get-well cards from her friends. Eventually he agreed and said that he would inform me as soon as her condition changed.

Five months passed and nothing happened. Always the answer was: “No change, still in a coma.”

But then, one Saturday, my private telephone rang. The operator asked if I would accept a collect call from Mexico. Well, since my number was unlisted, and only known to a very few people, I accepted. How big was my surprise when I heard the voice on the other side of the line!

It was Jona, who told me, that she was in a hospital in Guaymas in North West Mexico, right on the Gulf of California. And that she and Andrew, another skin-suit patient of mine, needed clothes and some cheer from their friends.

Immediately I contacted Bill, Myra, who was spending her free day at the club, and Jeff, a computer expert and old friend of mine. I asked Jeff to arrange a flight for that evening. Since he owed me a huge favor anyway (I once treated him at a shot wound without billing him or calling the police), he said that he would prepare everything. An hour later Myra came home with two suit-cases full of clothes, one for Andrew, one for Jona, and a box full of get-well-letters from the Junior Bond Club members.

When Bill came two hours later, the three of us went to the airport to Jeff's plane. As soon as all of us were in his Cessna and Jeff got his OK from the tower, we headed to Guaymas to meet these poor kids. How glad we were to see both of them alive and well. We wanted to take them home, but they needed to stay a while longer for observation after their long comas, which happened to be artificially induced. But the most astonishing thing was that Bill, with his sophisticated electronic sensors, could not detect skin-suits on either Jona or Andrew. They seemed to have undergone trans-gender operations, but there was not even the tiniest operation scar on their bodies.

Eight days later, the week before Halloween, Jona and Andrew were brought to a hospital in Kansas City for convalescence. Her first visitor there was Frank, the second was myself. Unfortunately Jona had to stay in that hospital for a few more months, but every one of her friends got a chance to visit her there.

## 4.3 Mrs. Jona Webster

Right between Boxing Day and New Year's Day, Frank and Jona married. The Club had sponsored the wedding dress and the tuxedo, and the entire ceremony, though it took place in the chapel of the hospital.

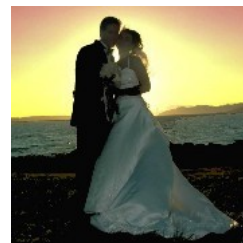
Nevertheless, it was a beautiful wedding. Breaking with tradition, Frank took her family name as his own, so that Jona simply changed from Miss Jona Webster to Mrs. Jona Webster.

Of course I closed down my office on that day so that Myra and I could go to my niece's wedding. And of course Clara was there too, as the bride's mother; but both she and her new husband were anything but excited about this party. In his eyes, and also visibly in the eyes of Clara, every one of us members of the Club was a pervert who needed psychiatric treatment. Nonetheless, they didn't disturb the wonderful wedding ceremony.

Oh, Jona and Frank were so beautiful in their wedding outfits - I never saw a more gorgeous wedding couple. Unfortunately, Frank had to leave to do military service after only a week, but he promised that they would have a very wonderful honeymoon trip as soon as he returned.

Right after she was discharged, Jona took an apartment for her own. Well, actually for her and her husband. But, as long as her husband was serving his country elsewhere, she didn't want to live at her step-mother's house; especially not with her new step-father and step-sister. As soon as the new apartment was ready, she moved in.

Only three weeks later, Frank came back on furlough, and they went on a honeymoon cruise around Hawaii.



## Wannabe Detective

The young couple was on their ship, cruising around the islands of Hawaii, when I got a phone-call.

“Hi, Mrs. Miller. Jeffreys here. The father of Jenny Jeffreys.”

Of course I remembered him. Because he was abroad very often, he was a bit overzealous on behalf of his daughter. Fortunately his wife took things a bit easier. So I replied: “Hi Mr. Jeffreys. Everything okay with Jenny?”

“Oh yes,” he said. “At least, I hope so. You know, I'm working on a cruise ship. And most of the time my wife manages everything. But I'm not calling because of Jennifer, but because of your niece.”

Well, okay. He knew Jona, but hadn't seen her for years. And he seemed to serve on the ship she was on. I sighed. “Tell me please. What's up with her?”

“Well, the poor thing. I don't want to gossip and tell my wife first. But I saw this young couple boarding my ship, and I was shocked to see that this poor armless girl looked exactly like Jona. Even her voice was like her. At first I thought it was only a coincidence, but then I heard her friend calling her Jona. Can it be that it is really your niece?”

I rolled my eyes. “*That crazy girl*”, I thought, covered the receiver with my hand and told Myra: “Jona is armless on the ship. She's either wearing one of those corsets or a skin-suit. She's crazy, isn't she?”

And to Mr. Jeffreys I said, “Well, yes, it's my niece Jona, but it's a long story. I'm glad that you called me first. Please do me a favor. Keep an eye on her as discretely as possible. And report to me if anything goes wrong. And I mean me, nobody else.”

“Okay, I'll do it.”

“By the way, if everything goes right, Jona will have arms again when you come back in town again. Meanwhile, she will have to suffer through her armlessness.”

“Are you just trying to calm me down? How is it possible that such a totally armless person can have working arms within two weeks?”

“Well, you'll see. I'm not allowed to tell details of the treatment, it's a special process and marked as Highly Confidential by the NSA. I'm even risking my freedom by simply telling you that there IS such a treatment. So please don't ask, just tell me how she's doing, and everything will be fine. And, Mr. Jeffreys - please don't say a word to anyone else. This is an NSA project. You know what NSA means?”

“Um, some secret service stuff?”

“Right. NSA is the National Security Agency. Only the President is superior to that outfit. So you see, it's a matter of National Security that you keep absolutely quiet about it.”

“Okay. I understand. So, Jona is being watched anyway?”

“Of course. But it's better that you look out for her as well. You know, four eyes see better than two. I will pay you for your reports when you are back home again.”

“Oh no, Mrs. Miller. It's for the sake of our country, and if what will give Jona her arms back can help our soldiers wounded in the war, I feel honored to be allowed to help. Forget about the money. I will report anytime I can. And I will keep the secret.”

“Thank you very much, Mr. Jeffreys. The President would be a happier man if all Americans were as unselfish as you. Well, I'll talk to you later, then.”

“Right, Ma'am.”

“But once again: This is absolutely secret stuff here - if I get in trouble because you talk too much, I will blame you for that; and the NSA is even worse than the CIA when it comes to punishing people. What they are capable of is worse than your worst nightmare, believe me.”

“Understood ma'am. I will keep it secret. I swear.”

Having hung up the receiver, I couldn't hold it any longer and burst into laughter. “Such an idiot. He really believes I was working for the NSA and Jona was part of an experiment for them!”

“Well,” admitted Myra, also laughing, “you sure were convincing - what about attending a theater group? Maybe you'd even get discovered for the movies. That dialog at least was worth the Oscar.” And again we burst into laughter.

After catching my breath, I called the club. They confirmed that Frank had picked up some armless skin-suits there before he went to pick up Jona. So I dialed Jona's cell phone.

“Webster speaking,” said Frank. I remembered that he adopted Jona's family name.

I asked him if everything was alright. And Frank answered that they were enjoying the cruise, and their games inside and outside the cabin.

Then Jona was on the phone. “Hi, Aunt Emily,” she said. After admitting that she was wearing the armless skin-suit, she said, “Oh don't worry, we're having a hell of a time, and I mostly go armless only in public. Oh this is so much fun! And these islands: I wish I could come here with Frank more often.”

Well, she stayed armless even after they returned: Andrew told me later that he saw her at a party some of Frank's friends had given...

But when she brought Frank to his unit the next morning, her arms were right where they belonged. She managed to drive the car to his ship, and it was a very emotional good-bye, as Jona admitted later. She almost didn't want him to leave, as if she knew that she would never see him again.



## 4.4 Jona The Widow

Jona returned to College despite the months she spent in the hospital, and when she heard that there was a theater group, she wanted to join. Not knowing the, well, self-restraining hobby of Jona's, they said that they were looking for someone to perform the title role in "Armless Mary". So Jona had a look at the script, agreed, and got a skin-suit to fit into the role: one that would transform her arms into stumps. I didn't have a good feeling about that, but I thought she would be careful enough.

The theater rehearsals were twice a week, so she used all weekday to prepare for the role. When it became known to her teachers and her class that she accepted this role, and that she had to wear this skin-suit quite often to prepare to play a disabled person, they even encouraged her to come to class "armless" or wearing her prosthetic hooks. So each day her class-mate and best friend, Ivy, would dress Jona into the skin-suit in the ladies' restroom so that Jona could practice during lessons. Jona quickly became really skilled at using the hooks, even at writing with them.

She wore her armless skin-suit only in College, except when there was a big gap between lessons with time enough to go to the park or to a nearby café, but not enough time to undress fully, get rid of the hooks and skin-suit, and dress fully again. And when I met her once in a café near College and saw how she handled the hooks, I went to the ladies room with her. There she let me undo her arm prostheses to show me her stumps: They were about half the length to the elbows, and looked and felt absolutely real. When I fitted her prostheses and helped her dress again, I asked Jona if this skin-suit was also activated by a key card like the female skin-suit she had worn before her operation. She said yes, so I once again warned her to be very careful.

But fate sometimes lets things happen that you don't expect.

It happened one week before Veteran's Day: Jona came to the rehearsal for the play, wearing her armless skin-suit and hooks to fit into the requirements for the last act.



The director was just finishing his scenery when suddenly two Naval officers came in and told Jona that her husband had died.

Not worrying about the hooks, Jona collapsed and burst into tears. After a lot of crying, she got up like a zombie to pick up her bag and went home. There she called me and told me that she would like to remain armless for a while, to get over the loss, and that she needed someone to help her with things she couldn't do by herself without getting rid of the suit.

After some discussion between Myra, Erica, Jona and me, we decided that Tony, the Club house-keeper, should help her. We thought a gay man could become a woman's best friend - and, it was the right decision. With the help of him and her friend Ivy, she started to climb out of her depression.

She started to study again (from home via Internet), met and invited her friends, and went out to cafés, bars, cinema... but it took time. And all this time Jona never took off her skin-suit and stayed a double above elbow amputee. She got so used to her armlessness that she didn't even think about getting rid of the suit. And her friends accepted her whether she had arms or not.

It was spring-time when she finally went to pick up the key-card and had Ivy help her get rid of the hooks and the skin-suit. It almost was too late. The re-building of the arms underneath the suit during the deactivation took a full ten minutes, and Jona had some mobility difficulties the whole day afterwards. Ivy admitted later that it was fascinating to see that happening, so she begged Jona to give her the skin-suit afterwards and kept it for herself.



Jona continued in College and enjoyed the fact that all her friends had stayed by her. But, she never played “Armless Mary” on stage. Instead she started seeing a psychotherapist again. By the way, the theater group found a replacement actress for her role. Well, actually it was two actresses who shared this one role: twins, one of them was really an amputee.

# Chapter 5: Trapped Again

## 5.1 More Mummies

Jona was in her last year of College and was at a party with her sorority when Andrew called me. He said he was coming over with Bill and Jack and a lot of work for me.

A half hour later the three men showed up, along with Jack's daughters, and began to unload their cars: they had gathered a full dozen people who had been mummified with the special tape I had seen previously.

While Myra helped them find a place to lay the mummies down, I took all the scissors and scalpels I had and hoped for the best while beginning to relieve the first one.

It was terrible, and quite a piece of work. Even though Myra, Jennifer and Jackie helped me cut them out and calm them down, it took us several hours. Poor Jackie - it was just a few years ago that she had become a girl the same way.

As expected, all of the mummies revealed girls, but unfortunately, three of them had to discover that they had no arms at all, and a fourth girl was left with short stumps instead of arms.

But even worse, the entire dozen had a libido tending to the ridiculous - they all turned out to be love-crazed, just as if they were all nymphomaniacs.



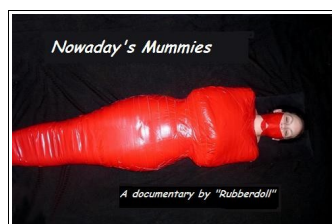
We sent all of them to a psychiatric clinic I knew to be still reliable. There they should have been able to be helped to adapt their minds to cope with their sudden femininity.

But I later heard that the three armless girls left the clinic on their own to go join a bordello close to there. I felt sad that I couldn't have helped them more.

## 5.2 My First Documentary

A short time later, I reviewed the film files Myra had recorded during the process of cutting the mummies out. Together with the photographs she made with the hidden camera, they inspired me to make a documentary about these mummification victims.

So I began to work on it, and interviewed a lot of parents and former mummies to gather information and their impressions. Then, together with Myra, who was a lot more of a computer freak than I was, I cut all the interviews and films and comments together into a forty-five minute documentary, which I copied onto a DVD and sent to several News channels.



Only one of them showed the documentary, and then only very late at night. But I was glad to have tried it at least.

## *5.3 Kidnapped*

Shortly after Jona finished College, she signed a contract at a professional modeling agency. While she was on her third or fourth shoot, Myra and I were visited by Clara. She brought some cake and a very expensive French red wine which she knew I liked, even though she didn't like it herself.

While Myra and I enjoyed the wine and cake, she told us that she was divorced now, and was all alone since Jona no longer lived with her. But she told us that she was very proud of her daughter and bragged that Jona was being photographed for a German catalog at the moment.

Well, I couldn't tell you how positively surprised I was. Our relationship had eased since she had put me into that straitjacket almost eight years ago, and she was always very friendly to me and Myra, so that I had no suspicions about her at all.

We talked about Jona and her new career, and about Frank ("What a pity that he died", said she. "He was such a nice guy. Well, he died a hero at least."), and about her plans to move where her job had called her. She didn't want to speak about the company at which she worked, and she didn't want to talk about Chastilock.

When the French wine was empty, Myra stood up to get another wine which was a little closer to Clara's taste. But half way out of the room, she suddenly collapsed. I jumped up and ran to her, frantically shouting, "Myra, what's happened to you?"

But, before I reached her, I also fell down - totally paralyzed. I could move nothing, and could not even utter a word of protest.

Then Clara stood over us and haughtily explained: "Emily, I really have had enough of your constantly butting into my operations. I drugged your wine with the same drug that I gave Jona before she was sent to Mexico. Do you know why I had to send her over there? Simply to get her away from your and Myra's influence. Even that pervert club is under your control. I hadn't counted on her addiction to you and that pervert rubber stuff. By the way, you and your mummy hot-line have produced a one hundred thousand Dollar deficit in my Research Department by not sending my guinea pigs back to me. I have quite a lot of my own money invested there, so it's a financial loss for me, you understand? Nobody makes me lose money without paying for it. And that documentary was the worst idea you ever had. You understand that I can't stand such kind of subversive action."

The last thing I heard before I passed out was: "Sam, you can come over. I'll open the garage for you."

## *Freedom and Justice*

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was my empty stomach. I saw nothing and heard nothing but the rush of my pulse. It would have been total sensory deprivation if I hadn't felt the gag between my jaws and the bondage stuff my body was being held immobile with.

I realized that my feet and legs were bound together up to my butt and that I was kneeling, and that my arms were behind my back in an arm-binder. With more concentration I noticed a sound, and some movement: the sound came from another person's slow breathing, and the movement must mean that I, and the other person, were being transported somewhere. Unfortunately I was too used to bondage and found too

much pleasure in this helplessness, so I couldn't focus on the pain alone - but soon the pain vanished and I dreamed away.

Suddenly I woke up. Light! Fresh air! And, eventually: relief! While feeling my legs being slowly lowered onto soft ground, I was moved backward until I could see a negative form of a female torso with leg stumps right in front of me, made from something like foam rubber. I must have been inside it.



Somebody loosened my bondage and pulled me off of a telescoping hanger beam where I had been hanging. I was laid down on a mat, and turned over onto my back by... Jona!

While she removed my gag, I wanted to sit up and speak, but she cut me off.

“Shush!” she said. “Don't say a word. You're free. But you are weak and need a rest and some food. In that order. Just lie still until we are finished with our job.”

Then my mat was lifted and I was carried onto a cot. After a while, I could lift up a bit and looked around, trying to watch what was going on. I could see Jona, Bill, and some other folks who were busy freeing other people. One of them, the person right on the folding bed beside me, was Myra.

There were six women, including me and Myra, who had been tucked inside huge trunks, two by two.

Bill and one of the other folk brought out two bound women from inside while Jona and two other girls cared for us. These bound women were prepared the same way we had been and put in one of the trunks the same way. The trunks were closed and loaded again onto a transport, and then was driven away.

After we were okay again, we gathered at a big table for a meal. There I said to one of our saviors: “Sorry, but I'm sure I've seen you before, I just don't remember your name.”

“Of course you've seen me. There are plenty of posters of me around, and as Daddy has told me, there's even one on the street opposite your house. I'm Stephanie Deacon.” She smiled a sad smile. The other helpers were Jack's daughter Jennifer, Andrew, Jona's friend Ivy, and a man who was introduced to us as Tom. And those of us who had been rescued were a newspaper reporter, a prosecutor, a police officer, the armless photo director Amanda Locklear, who was famous for her documentaries and marvelously composed pictures, Myra and I; the first three had been involved in the prosecution of high Chastilock managers.

After we woke up again from a refreshing nap, Bill told how they rescued us: They had gotten information that new candidates for pony-slaves would be transported to a slave ranch. So they watched the truck, gave the driving crew a sleeping potion during their break at a truck stop, and got all the helpers they could reach. They stole the truck, knocked the guards out and bound them, and unloaded the trunks here in this hangar. Even they were surprised when they saw who was inside the trunks.

But when I told them that Clara had drugged us, and that a man named Sam helped her, Jona said, “I knew it. She is more involved in all these Chastilock crimes than each of us ever knew. And she always hated you even though she never showed it. I found that out when Bill showed me a computer file he had others smuggle out for him. It was quite a shock for me when I looked through it while you slept. I had to read everything she had organized and done to all of us. Unfortunately, that file can't be used as evidence, because it was obtained illegally. But from this day on, Clara is not my mother anymore.”

## 5.4 Bets & Dares

### *Jona's new Friend*

Jona went to another stage of modeling: bondage photos. She accepted almost everything: ropes, chains, tape of all kind, mittens and cuffs, and bondage clothing.

During such a shoot, she met a new model: Nicole Burton. At first she was a simple trainee and side-kick for Jona, but soon they both fell in love with each other. Nicole was a girl with Persian features, and looked really beautiful. It was easy for Jona to fall in love with her, because her habits were familiar and made Jona feel like she was her soul-mate.

Things were going along fine when one day Nicole and Jona came to me. Jona was trapped inside an inflatable bondage suit, masked and gagged. Because the bondage suit was glued closed, I cut her mask off and removed the gag. While removing the suit I saw that she wore a so-called Venus-De-Milo-Corset underneath to appear armless. I warned Jona not to get too carried away with these sort of things, and she agreed to not accept such corset wearing shoots as often in the future.

### *Flying doctor*

Shortly after this I was at a conference. A colleague of mine told me about his new pilot's license, and that he now was flying every weekend he could. He sounded so enthusiastic about flying that I got interested and went to a flight instruction school myself. I managed to attend classes and pass all the exams. And after a successful solo flight and I received my own pilot's license, I took part of my private account, my inheritance from mom, which has grown ever since she passed it on to me, and bought a nice little airplane. It was a rather old, but well-preserved and very reliable airplane, a Beech 60 Duke deluxe. One of only 584 machines built ever.

Right after her last big check-up, I had her seats covered with new calf-leather to make it more comfy in there.

Oh how nervous I was the first time I took her up! But the flight went well, and each successive flight got me more and more comfortable behind the controls. Then, only a week after my birthday, Myra made a bet with me. Her conditions were: should I win, she'd take me on our boat three days down and up the river; should she win, she wanted me to fly her wherever she wanted.

Well, she won the bet, and I found myself in the pilot seat of my own plane, on the way to Las Vegas. I didn't feel uneasy, despite knowing that there was 25,000 feet of nothing between us and the ground, because after all, this baby was mine: it was my plane, and I was her pilot.

Oh I was so happy to have so much independence for the price of a well-equipped Hummer SUV, and as we landed at Las Vegas, I was the happiest woman in the world.

I so loved owning that plane. Now I was a lot more independent and could land on any meadow that was at least a half mile long.



# Chapter 6: Armless

## 6.1 The Problem

Half a year after I had to cut her out of that bondage costume, Jona came to me again, accompanied by her friend Nicole. Jona was sad and needed counsel.

“Aunt Emily,” she began, “I don't know what to do...”

“What's the matter, honey?” I asked her.

“You know my Photo Director, Amanda? The one who was with you in one of those trunks?”

“Sure.” I replied. But I thought: *“Was she doing Armless pictures nowadays? That's a new topic.”* Nonetheless I continued: “And I also know that she became armless because of a permanent suit. What's wrong with her?”

“Well, I made a mistake by talking big to the wrong people at the wrong time, and now they're expecting me to keep my word and go to this shoot next week.”

“What did you say? What was your mistake?” I insisted, and saw tears welling up in Jona's eyes.

“Um - well,” she stuttered. “You know that I wore an armless skin-suit when I was younger. But now, it's not safe anymore to buy such a thing and be sure you're getting a temporary suit. And I made the mistake of suggesting an armless summer shoot, and said that I knew a way to take these shots without any photo-manipulation or Electronic Surgery. I said that I would come to the shoot armless and without a Venus corset.”

“Oops,” said I. “That was a mistake.” And as Jona nodded and started to cry, I added: “But I know several ways out of your problem.”

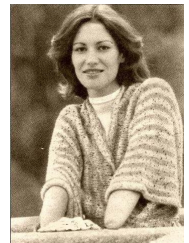
“Do you? Really? How? I mean, my manager has confirmed the appointment already. And I regretted my big mouth the moment he told me that it was all set.”

“Okay, I see only two ways out. Either you resign from this appointment, but you run the risk of ruining your career, or you buy a skin-suit that is guaranteed to be only temporary.”

“Oh, do you know where can I buy one like that? Tell me, please!”

“No, I won't tell you, I will bring you there. We'll fly there today so you can choose an appropriate skin-suit for yourself.”

With a relieved Jona thanking me profusely, I took the phone and called a factory in West Texas. I got their business card from a former patient of mine, and I knew the place was highly reputable. And because I didn't want to fly back at night, I booked two rooms in a nearby hotel. Then I took Myra, Jona and Nicole and drove them to the airfield.



## 6.2 Surprise

Arriving at the airfield, I jokingly said, "Hurry up and get into the plane. The Duke's pilot doesn't like to wait. So get in and have a seat."

Seeing me sitting down in the pilot's seat, Nicole asked, "Um, Emily? Won't the pilot take that place when he or she gets here?"

"Sure," said I. "But - she is already here."

That was the moment they realized that I was the pilot. I prepared everything, started the engine, and contacted the tower. After take-off, Myra told them that they were inside the Duke, that being the brand of this machine, and that I have been her pilot ever since I bought her. She also said that she thought this was a much better choice than the Humvee I had thought about before.

## 6.3 Arriving

"Didn't you make a mistake when you advised them we'd be arriving at five pm? In my opinion, we will arrive at six," Myra stated.

"Yeah, you'd be right if we didn't change time zones. But in fact, we have to turn our watches back one hour," I explained.

On the way from the airfield to the hotel we went past a small facility which could have been anything: office, software development company, or a factory. I said: "That's the place that Jona and I will visit later, while you two wait in the hotel."

Only ten minutes later we arrived at the hotel. It was a rather small hotel, but it was very comfortable, and I thought it deserved at least four stars rather than the stated three in the guide book. We entered the two double rooms which I had booked and left our luggage there. Then Jona and I left our darlings to go to the factory.

The foyer of the factory looked very expensive. It had heavy armchairs around one-legged mahogany tables, a water cooler and a coffee machine. Even the reception area catered to one's comfort - all in all everything smelled like money. The receptionist checked our names and asked us to wait for the custom counselor.

When Jona wanted to get herself a coffee, she found out that the machine had no coin slot, the coffee was free. So she brought me a coffee, too. The moment she sat down again in one of those cozy armchairs, a gorgeous latex-clad woman came to our table, bringing a catalog.

"Welcome to our company, Ms. Webster. My name is Connie, and I'm your counselor. Please have a look at this catalog to choose your skin-suit. This is catalog 3, which means that this product group, the female amputee-suits, is the third product group of a wide variety of skin-suits, as you see on the preview side. Catalog one contains female skin-suits for ages five to eighteen, and catalog two is for young adult skin-suits from nineteen to thirty. Number three, as you see, is for female amputees, number four is for women between forty and hundred, and number five contains the more expensive fantasy and animal skins. The catalogs six to ten are the same products, but geared for male appearance."

Jona took a pen and a small scrap-book out of her purse, and looked through the catalog, making notes every now and then. After some time, while I finished my second coffee, she had finally made her decision. "I'll take this one, this, and this. And I'd like to try out this one first. Are these suits really temporary? I

mean, I had some experiences with skin-suits needing a card to activate and deactivate the seal, and if I had lost the cards, they would have become permanent until the card could be found again.”

“Oh, no. All of our suits are time-programmed between half an hour and six years. If you seal them without programming a time, they stay sealed for six years, but then they open automatically. With this type of suit on, you can even overcome bad injuries, and you can be sure of not getting pregnant. So there's no risk, except a certain numb limb feeling after having worn them too long. But we will have to measure you first to be sure that these suits will fit you. Would you please follow me?”

They went through a door on the left while I waited, thumbing through the catalog she left on the table. It seemed to me that Jona must have chosen a DSD (Double Shoulder Displacement) armless suit as number one. The other items I couldn't figure out. I was shocked, but not too surprised.

## 6.4 *My Armless Princess*

After about half an hour, Jona was accompanied back to the foyer. At first I didn't catch the difference, for I thought she had simply held her arms behind her. But as Connie put a pitch black paper bag on the table, Jona made a complete turn before she sat down in the armchair she had occupied an hour ago. - No, this couldn't be true! Jona looked like she had been totally amputated! My eyes filled with tears.

“How long?” I asked, afraid of the full six years.

“It's for only fifteen hours at first. Tomorrow morning I can take it off again,” Jona smiled. “And the transmitter is here in my purse.”

Well, I was kind of relieved. Then I asked her: “And what are the other items you ordered?”

“Oh, only a quadruple suit - also for me, and a voucher for an armless suit like mine for Nicole.”

A quadruple suit! Now I was shocked. It would make her totally helpless!

Then she added: “And I have told them that I want fitted hooks for this suit, later. They will send them to my home address while I'm on my shoot.”

When we got back to the hotel, Nicole and Myra were shocked as they saw Jona totally armless. Nevertheless, we went to the restaurant and had something to eat. While waiting, and while being fed, Jona told us that she had always liked this kind of restraint more than any other bondage, because she could feel free despite her helplessness.

And she stated, the fact that she could temporarily be a real amputee again was something to be celebrated. That's why she wanted to go out and party at a disco. And she wanted Nicole to accompany her. Myra and I bid them good night and good luck.



## *Limbless Awakening*

It was very late at night when the two of them returned to the hotel - totally intoxicated. Well, I could tell because of the noise they made, and the fact that I heard Jona quarreling and being a noisy pest. Their voices were muffled, and I couldn't understand what they said, but what it meant, I saw all too soon.

At around eight AM. I woke up, fully refreshed. I showered and dressed, and was surprised to see Myra coming in from outside: she couldn't miss her daily jog. So after she was showered and changed, we went over to Jona and Nicole's room to wake them up.

Jona was as surprised as I was when both of us realized that she had just stumps as 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 badgered me until I fulfilled your wish to be dressed in that suit."

"What? But I don't remember - the last thing I remember is dancing 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 back here by taxi again about three. I could hardly hold you upright, because I was pretty drunk, too."

"Oh. That's why I have such an extreme 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. I took it and had a look at it. It looked like a small mobile phone, with number keys and a display that showed **00:00:00**.

I studied the keyboard, and finally found and pressed the "Release"-button. Soon Jona had her legs again as the quadruple amputee suit was removed, but she still remained armless, and Nicole led her to the bathroom to help her with showering.



## Nicole's Surprise

Shortly after Jona and Nicole had put on some underwear, there was a beeping sound coming from Nicole's purse.

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

"No," Nicole answered surprised. "It must be mine."

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. I immediately asked if it was from the military.

She simply said, "Yep", and pushed the button. Almost immediately, she 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.

## Frank!

Well - though it was a less athletic version of himself, it was Frank, the same guy at whose grave we shed so many tears! Jona immediately ran to him and kicked him between his legs. He again fell down, clutching his groin and sobbing.

After Jona calmed down and Frank could catch his breath again, he stood up, wrapped a towel around his hips, and began to tell us everything that had happened to him. He said that he originally was recruited by the NSA to work inside the Navy. Then his unit was sent to Afghanistan to receive further orders and training from the NSA. There they learned that some of them would go deep undercover to try and infiltrate a terrorist cell. It was at that time that he got this skin-suit for his cover as a Persian woman named Fatima. After some hypnotic training to deeply ingrain his background, he was brought out, and managed to live his

cover - but then after two months he was almost killed by stray gunfire. The only reason he survived was that his superior came to the hospital and changed the duration of the suit from 76 to 1,776 days, which allowed the nanites extra time to heal his - now her - body. She remained in the hospital and healed, but word of the stranger's beauty reached outside the town. When she had fully recovered and was ready to be picked up by her superior and taken back to American territory, the hospital was raided and she was kidnapped. She was brought to a subtropical island and fitted with an armless skin-suit, then sold from there to become some rich American's wife/slave. After a year and a half under his control, she finally saw an opportunity to escape - and with the help of her former superior, who got her out of the armless suit, Fatima could start a new life as Nicole, the waitress and later model.

“I couldn't reveal my true nature immediately because several men from my unit were still working undercover. If their known associate, Fatima, were exposed as a man, it could put them all at risk. But even though their missions are now over and I am free of the time restraints on the suit, I don't know what to do. As a male, I am a person who's supposed to be dead, I don't exist anymore. So I think it might be best to put my suit on again, to fit my identity as Nicole.”

## 6.5 *Nicole Again*

At this point, the fifteen hours of Jona's sealing time were over. I undressed her, and she went to Frank to hug him with her still numb arms. “Oh Frank, I missed you so much,” she said.

“I believe it, for I missed you too,” said he. “But I have to become Nicole again. Firstly, I have no valid documents anymore as Frank Webster, US citizen. Secondly, I don't feel male anymore. I feel like Nicole, and I actually miss my female appearance; and thirdly, I know that you love Nicole, too. So, honey, would it be alright with you if I remained as Nicole for the rest of my life, and let Frank be where he officially ought to be?”

Reluctantly we all agreed, even though it was like losing him a second time. So, while pulling the skin-suit up, Frank said: “Hey, Jona, sweetheart. Deep inside I will always remain the same person, even though my appearance is 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 on his transmitter gadget, and the suit was activated. After only one painful minute, the girl Nicole stood in front of us again.

On the flight back, Jona and Nicole were even more inseparable than before. They hugged each other and were still in a state of renewed love when they left my house one day later.

## 6.6 *Armless Model*

With her new armless skin-suit, Jona was a hit. 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. With the assistance of Tony, one of Jona's friends in the Club, “our” girls even took private photos, both of them armless - well, after Nicole had a lot of convincing from Jona.



If I still had my arms, I would know very well where I liked to grab you!



Jona's success as an armless model brought about a new trend towards handicapped women. While fashion for armless people, and for handicapped people in general, had been merely a small share of the market, this share was growing fast due to Jona's popularity. There were a lot of articles in the media about skin-suits, prostheses and even amputations: to look like an amputee, or even to be one, became "in". Even in the magazine that carried the column where I answered questions as "Rubber-doll" were found such advertisements.

**Young adults give an arm and a leg to keep up with hot, new fashion trend . . . LIMB AMPUTATION**

By MIKE FOSTER

**CUTTING-EDGE TREND**  
Kids are going to embrace "amputation artists" who chop off a leg, but wait, it's an arm, too. Some start by losing just a fingertip, then an arm and return to get the whole hand removed.

**IT'S A CUT ABOVE THE REST!**

**I**F YOUR son comes home from college with a hand or foot, don't freak out — he's just joining in the latest fashion trend among chic young folks: Limb amputation!

Limb amputation is the hottest new body-modification fad," declares pop-culture guru Laura Smith, who edits an on-line magazine devoted to youth fashion.

"Tattoo and piercing are considered passé — like classic slacks in '60s. Having legs, fingers, or entire arms or legs surgically removed is seen as a way to stand out from the crowd."

While keeping track of voluntary, cosmetic amputations is difficult, researchers estimate that as many as 1,000 were performed in the U.S. and Great Britain last year — and the popularity of the procedure is growing fast.

Parents whose teenage offspring have undergone the operations generally have less reactions. Disbelief and nausea.

"When my 19-year-old daughter came home from winter break and walked to the door missing three fingers, I nearly fainted," says shocked mom Patricia Harbert of Washington.

"I thought she'd been in some kind of accident. When she briefly explained to me that she'd had a dose of pyrogen, I literally threw up."

Her daughter Courtney, like most other young people who've elected goodbye to body parts in the name of fashion, is shockingly sane about being missing the bits.

"I did it to make a statement," Courtney explains. "Pain can be removed, and piercings close up after a while. Amputation is forever."

Conservative health officials are more concerned about the future trend, noting that the operations often are performed in unlicensed practitioners under unsanitary conditions. Frequently used, such as carving knives designed for carving turkeys, "Amputee" is rarely more than a six-pack of beer.

"The most alarming part is you see young people becoming addicted to amputation," says an expert at the National Institutes of Health. "They'll have a finger removed one day, and be back a month later to have the whole hand chopped off."

Some politicians want to pass laws that ban medically unnecessary amputations and shut down back-alley "body shops" where the procedures are performed. But such legislation irritates the government's fan club, telling adults what body parts they can or can't cut off.

An emotional surgeon and self-described "amputation artist" in Los Angeles, who goes by the name Spike and operates in a van, laughs at all the hand-wringing in tonight's column.

"People said the same thing about body-piercing," he points out. "Now you see back letters with rings in their spines and nobody thinks it's a big deal. In a few years, it'll be the same thing with amputation."

# Chapter 7: I, Robot

## 7.1 The Silver Suit

Surfing on the Internet for a new outfit to buy, I found a cool-looking silver-metallic Zentai catsuit. It really looked awesome. Immediately I ordered it, not realizing that I never heard of the retailer before.

Three days later it arrived, and I wanted to surprise Myra by wearing it. The suit covered me from head to toe with fine shiny silver, making me look like an android, or a model made of steel. Myra loved it on me, as I loved wearing it, too.

Well, Myra and I didn't work together anymore. We had closed the office and locked the connection door to it. Myra was working at the university now, and I didn't want my patients to get in trouble for going to someone who helped people in the underground. So I helped them only by supporting them financially or by counseling, or by going to them as a "doc on the streets". And I was engaged in my radio show, "Ask Rubber-doll", which needed more and more of my time, though it ran only twice a week - and the show on Saturday was not a live show, but rather a conclusion of the entire week. So I recorded it Friday morning and my weekend was free...

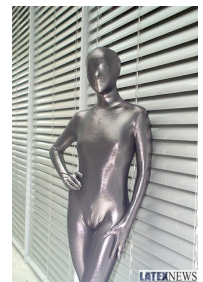
Now I knew that the next two days - this weekend - was a trade fair, where Myra had to represent the university. Well, I kept the catsuit on, and we made love with each other until we fell asleep, still wearing our outfits.

I dreamed a wild, confusing dream about death, resurrection, robots and such stuff - more like a nightmare, but strangely it wasn't - and it seemed to me twice that Myra wasn't beside me. But I was too tired to even open my eyes to have a look.

When I finally woke up, the sun was shining through the windows. With a start, I sat up, and touched Myra's shoulder.

"Myra! Wake up! You're late for the trade fair!" My voice sounded strange.

And strange was Myra's reaction. She turned to me, starred, and crawled away backwards, panicking. "EMMIE!!!" she yelled.



## 7.2 MLE 1.1

"What's up with you, my darling?" I asked, wondering about her panic. Seeing the silvery glint on my arm, I said, "It's only me, your old Emily wearing the same silver Zentai suit like last night - we were too tired to undress, remember?"

But there was something completely wrong. It wasn't only my voice sounding strange, there was also something about the colors, the suit glinted like solid metal and felt like it, too; and there was more. I just couldn't put my finger on it.

But then I realized there was something different about Myra, and I wondered why she was wearing an outfit other than the one I remembered, and why was she so extremely shocked as she asked, "Emmie? Is that really you? What happened to you this weekend?"

"What do you mean, what happened this weekend, the weekend is now. Are you still sleeping? And, who else should I be? I'm still the same old Emily, clad in a simple silver metallic Zentai suit."

"God in Heaven!" Myra's eyes were full of tears, and she was trembling out of shock. "It's Monday morning, it's our day off, and you have changed! Go, look in the mirror and convince yourself! Then tell me what happened to you while I was at the trade fair."

So I stood up, went to the wardrobe mirror, and -

"Emily?" Myra's voice came out of the darkness. I must have passed out. Myra sat beside me, between me and the mirror.

"Emily?"

Now I remembered. I got a grip on myself. Two times passing out were enough. The second time was when I saw my reflection in the mirror behind Myra, and passed out, screaming.

This time Clara had definitely destroyed me. She had to be involved in my transformation. It couldn't be otherwise. Emily Miller, Medical Doctor, pediatrician and midwife, was definitely dead. I was now only a machine, an android, a robot in form with all my memories intact. I had become a thing, a thing that just thought it was a person.

If I could form tears, I would have cried. Well, I found out one can cry without tears. At least I can, now.

It took us some days to find out my new abilities: I heard more frequencies, saw more different colors, my brain was running faster, and I had access to all my memories. However, I had no more subconscious, and no repressed or forgotten things, but I still had my emotions. So Myra suggested that I take a new name: MLE because of the similarity in sound, and as an improved version: 1.1 - together: MLE 1.1

Bill, and later Jona, one day before my burial, were of course shocked when they saw my new appearance. But they accepted it, and were glad that I wasn't actually dead, merely officially dead.

Bill even used his strange connections to get me tested as to whether or not I was a person despite being an android, and they came to the conclusion that I was a caring and feeling person as much as anyone else.

Then, after some months, another miracle happened: I got an ID, a social security number, a driver's license, and a pilot's license. And in my passport, my name read: "Miller, MLE 1.1"

## 7.3 *New, Old Job*

No-one could imagine that an android was able to treat human children adequately, well, at least I couldn't, and Myra agreed me. So we moved out of the house, and into an apartment. And we tried to rent the house, looking for a young, idealistic pediatrician or doctor to use the office and the living part, all in one.

For my self, I was glad to be able to get my old radio-show again: "Ask Rubber-doll" every Wednesday and Saturday for one and a half hours. And as if that wasn't enough, added to it I also got a new show: "Android's Adventures" - a two hours documentary and interview show, with Techno and Gothic music as sound-track, once a week.

And still I could do film-making, and beside the research and answering letters from listeners, I did research and interviews for other documentaries.

Oh, I had fun doing all this. Well, some topics were really serious, and I was often moved, even concerned; but doing the documentaries out of the material was fun for me. And to get some virtual workout (though I knew I never ever would need any to remain fit), and to kill the time I used to spend reading and researching in the Internet before my becoming an android (now it took me minutes what took hours before), I started to ride my bike for three hours each early morning.



## *Chapter 8: A Riddle*

About seven months after “my” burial, I was called because a terrible, unsolvable problem. Because I was known for my interviewing skills, even interrogating people for my “Android’s Adventures”, and because no other reporter of our News service had time, my boss said to me: “MLE, you have a pilot license, and you have a lot of experience with camera work and interviewing. There is a famous model from this area that has turned up missing from a photo shoot on an island in the Caribbean Sea, and there’s no sign of how she could have left the island on her own. I just got the police ticker.”

When he saw that I gulped, he said, “Emily, I know that you were not made by men. I know that you were transformed into this form, and that you were once human. But look, this is the chance for you to work for us in front of the camera.”

“No, boss,” I said. “Not for this story. I’m too involved in this. There is only one famous model from this town working on that island. Jona Webster, my niece. Send someone else. I’ll take over his or her story instead. I can’t look into it myself, but I’ll hire a private investigator on my own to help find her.”

My boss understood my feelings and accepted. And I called Bill to engage him to find her, no matter what the cost.

I learned that Jona was armless on the set, and wearing a black cat costume short before she disappeared. Such a costume, that of an armless, black latex cat, simply could not be forgotten if anyone had seen her. It had to be noticed. But nobody except the film crew had seen her dressed like that, and nobody had seen her after entering her trailer for a break. The police were looking for her with everything they had, even with boats and divers, but nothing.

When Nicole came home, she was full of sorrow and despair, but was hopeful that Jona might be found some time soon.

But even one month later, there was no news of Jona, neither by the police, nor by Bill. Her whereabouts remained unknown. And every night, I stood on the balcony of my apartment, wondering, and asked into the night:

"Jona, where are you?"