



The Sex Shifters

D. J. Manly

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CHAPTER ONE

Tavish stood in line waiting for his coffee. Cassandra Burke stood in front of him, her shoulder length brown hair now free from its constraints. He couldn't help but notice the streaks of gold in her hair. "You look tired," Tavish managed, moving up a little closer to her in line. He never had any problem talking to women. He usually could say just what they wanted to hear, but Cassandra was a special case. She made him feel tongue tied.

Cassandra issued him a cool glance over her shoulder. "I'm not any more tired than you."

"I didn't mean to imply anything by that," he returned with a sigh. "God, you're touchy. You always think I'm..."

"But aren't you?" she demanded, turning all the way around in line now and glaring at him with those gorgeous green eyes of her. He knew people were looking at them. "Aren't you always trying to find some subtle way to tell me how women don't belong in this kind of work?"

"I never said that...I..." he began. "I just said..."

"Let me throw your own words back at you, Lerue, 'you'd be beautiful if you didn't open your mouth so often.'"

Tavish narrowed his eyes. "Yeah, and maybe you'd be less uppity if you got laid once in awhile."

The hand came up fast, and hit hard. In fact, she could pack a hell of a wallop. After she'd slapped him, she stood there glaring at him.

"I suppose this means you don't intend on spending the night with me?" His mouth tried to twist into a smirk, but his face hurt too damn much.

"You're impossible," she shook her head, snatching up her coffee and stalking out of the cafeteria.

"That's the second woman I've seen slap your face this week, Tavish," his best buddy Samuel suggested with a raised eyebrow as he came to sit down at the table. "That's got to be some kind a record."

Tavish scowled as the other two men sitting around the table began howling with laughter.

"Ha, ha, laugh it up, guys," Tavish grumbled, lifting his mug of coffee. "You guys never have any trouble with broads, because you never get laid."

The laughter died. "That's not true," Samuel came close to exhibiting a pout, as the other two men quietly removed their trays and wandered off. "I got laid...just last...well...it was shortly after..."

Tavish met his eyes. "Yeah?"

"Oh fuck you," Samuel tossed.

Tavish laughed.

"You may have 'em lined up to get into your bed Brother, but when it comes to Cassandra Burke...well..."

"Never mind that broad. I swear she's a lesbian."

"What about her ex husband?"

"That doesn't mean shit."

"Let's face it buddy, they may like fucking you, but you can't keep 'em."

"That's just it," Tavish drained his cup. "I don't want to keep them. Women are just a bunch of problems."

Sam shook his head. "You'll never change. Women are just pieces of meat to you."

"Well...I wouldn't go that far," Tavish rose to his full six two, "sometimes they have interesting things to say." He went to place his mug in front of the automated instant dish washer. A steel arm came out, snatched up the cup and dragged it behind a steel trap.

Sam laughed. "Yeah, in between orgasms I

suppose."

"Oh no," Tavish shook his dark head. "I definitely don't want to listen to them yap then."

"You're a relic, Tavish," Sam commented, walking down the corridor of the Mercenary Military Headquarters.

A young woman walked by now, dressed in her military camouflage gear. "Hey Tavish," she said, smiling. "I have a few days. What about you?"

"Just waiting for my next assignment," he said. "Sorry Babe, have to catch you next time."

She winked at him, and ran a tongue over her bottom lip. "I can't wait. I will get you soon, stud."

He laughed slightly and kept walking. He rubbed his jaw. His face still hurt; his pride too. Damn, he couldn't figure that Burke chick out. Cassandra had just come off of a job with him. Sometimes the way she looked at him, well, he could have sworn she wanted him, especially that night he'd come out of the shower with just that stupid towel on, and she was waiting to go in. He was sure something was going to develop, but then the moment passed, and she just gave him one of her snotty looks and walked into the shower. She made it clear that she didn't like him. She said he was sexist, and arrogant. Maybe that was true, but this was the first time she'd slapped him. He grinned to himself. Maybe she did like

him just a little.

Sam shook his blond head. "There. That's what I mean," Sam was saying, his eyes following the woman who'd just passed them. "What in hell is it about you anyway?"

He shrugged broad shoulders, not really picking up on what Sam was saying. Sometimes he jabbered like an old woman! Damn that Burke woman. He could usually have any woman he set his sights on, but not Cassandra. All she cared about was the job. Well fuck her. He was sure that she was a lesbian. He didn't give a shit what the other guys said about her having an ex husband. Lesbians got married sometimes. That was the only explanation that made any sense to him.

Of course any woman would have been able to give Sam a list of reasons why they found Tavish Lerue attractive. Tavish was exceptionally good looking, lean, rugged, handsome face, big blue eyes, square jaw, wavy black hair. He was forced to keep in shape, given his job, and he had a hard, muscular frame, and all the right equipment to keep a woman satisfied. He'd also invested a lot of time in learning how to use that equipment. From the first moment he ever undressed a woman and put his cock inside her, he took the time to find out if she was enjoying it. For Tavish, it was only common sense, if they got off, he got off. They just went the extra mile.

The MMH was located on Sequal6, one of the many new colonized planets in the solar system. The agency was known throughout the galaxy for their expertise and success rates...and Tavish and Samuel had a rep as being the best.

"We're due for a vacation," Tavish told Samuel as they rounded the corner, and stood in front of the Commanders office.

"Yep," Samuel said, lazily scratching his beard, "but we won't get one for awhile."

Tavish sighed. He knew Samuel was right. Their resources were stretched to the limit right now due to the fact that an entire team of Merc's had been killed three months ago in an alien uprising on Gilliam.

Tavish checked the time. At precisely 1300, Commander Mcfee would open his door and invite them in, not one minute before or one minute later. Three minutes left to go.

Tavish had his eyes closed when the door opened. He was imagining himself with that beautiful blond in the hallway he'd just passed. The Commander drove that image right out of his head, when he said gruffly, "Carter, Lerue, get in here."

The Commander was a short, stocky man with a balding head and piercing grey eyes. He'd been a sharp shooter in active duty, and he never missed anything. "Sit," he directed, scraping his

chair back behind his desk, and falling back in it. He began talking immediately. He was never one to waste a moment. "We are up to our asses in service requests as you know. This one has been waiting awhile, and it pays...double your usual."

Samuel sat forward, glancing at Tavish, who would have told him to stick it if he could have. He'd been working non-stop for two years, one thing after another. He knew his service agreement said that vacations were granted only when work load permitted...but Jesus. He was only twenty four. He would have liked to enjoy his youth before it was completely gone.

"What is it, Commander?" Sam urged.

"I'm waiting for Lerue here. Get your mind off pussy, and pay attention."

Tavish cleared his throat and sat up straight. "Sorry Sir. You have my full attention, Commander."

The Commander nodded. "I'm sending you to Pleasure Plateau."

Tavish's eyes widened. Alright, he thought. That he could live with.

"Before you get too excited," Mcfee put up a hand, "and I already see those wheels turning, Tavish, this is a work assignment and it won't be as pleasurable as you imagine."

"Yes Sir," Tavish hid a smile.

The management has had many problems the

last year with theft. Things of great value have been stolen, affecting business. Some of his rich clients have stopped patronising the Plateau."

"I thought," Samuel interjected, "since the plateau is relatively free of legal intervention that Mr. Diamond trained and hired his own security?"

"He did. None of them have been able to catch the culprits. They believe that the crimes are the work of sex shifters."

"Sex shifters?" Tavish laughed. "There are no sex shifters left. They were either destroyed on GenderX, or taken by private owners."

"Maybe some escaped their masters," Sam suggested.

"Impossible," Tavish shook his head. "All the sex shifters who survived

were equipped with electronic implants which revealed their exact location at all times. The moment one escaped, that information went directly to the law enforcement agency on Gender X...and that was two generations ago. Besides, they'd all be dead now."

"If this is too close to home for you, Tavish," the Commander glanced at him uncertainly, "then I can send..."

Tavish stood up. "You know I don't get emotionally involved in my work, Sir. I have a mission. I will complete it. When do we leave?"

"Tomorrow at 0800. Diamond will meet you

when you arrive, and give you a full briefing on the situation. I will have the space craft ready and waiting for you in hold 10, and Tavish, I expect a report every twelve hours."

"Yes, Sir. Of course."

"Oh, and one more thing," the commander said, "Burke is going along on this one. You're going to need her help."

Tavish's face fell. "Oh come on, Commander. How much punishment am I supposed to take? I just..." Tavish glanced over helplessly at Sam, who looked like he wanted to laugh.

"Okay, get out," he said.

Sam stood up, and nodded to the commander before following Tavish out of the office. "Hold up," he said, trying to catch up with Tavish. "Are you alright?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, a couple of reasons. I know you come from GenderX and...the sex shifters were..."

"Ancient history, before I was born," he said. "Sam, I'm telling you, there aren't any sex shifters left. Those who report seeing them are daydreaming."

"If you say so. And Cassandra coming along," Sam grinned. "Do you think she already knew when you guys were in the cafeteria that she..."

"Probably," he scowled. "Who knows? Look, I'm beat. I'm going home for some shut eye. With

Burke along, I'm going to have to be alert."

"Yeah, she could hurt you real bad."

"Funny guy. See you tomorrow, Bud."

Samuel gave his friend a quick salute and headed out the door to his hover craft. Tavish walked past him, waved briefly, and walked over to his own.

* * * *

Cameron reclined back on the king sized bed and yawned. It had been another late night. She giggled as she crawled down to the bottom of the bed and opened the velvet bag. Um...blue velvet. She ran her hand over it a minute. She loved that colour pouch, especially when it was used to carry rubies.

"What are you giggling about?" Shane walked into the room suddenly, already dressed in jean shorts and a blue t-shirt.

Cameron tipped the bag upside down and let the sparkling gems spill out over the pink satin sheet. "This, my dear husband."

Shane shook his head. "You're such a naughty girl."

"Oh yeah," the voice deepened and suddenly the voluptuous breasts formed themselves into rock hard pects, the china doll face transformed into a handsome mask of male sensuality, and the

pretty pink vaginal lips turned inside out to elongate into a rock hard penis, and almond shaped ball sack, "come here and say that."

Shane grinned. "Maybe I'm the naughty girl," he said, his voice softening as he pulled off his t-shirt. As he did, huge melon shaped breasts appeared with brown peeks. His ash blond hair fell longer around his face and the features softened some.

Cameron laughed deeply as Shane came over to the bed and pressed him down onto the sheets. Straddling his erection, she positioned her moist vaginal lips around the head of his cock. "So, Cameron, want to fuck?"

Cameron closed his eyes as Shane lowered herself onto him. He reached up and played with her nipples, pulling and stretching until she began to whimper softly. He could feel her open to him, her vagina widening and widening until she had clamped down on him, pressing against his balls. "Okay, lover," Shane moaned, as Cameron continued to torment her tits, "I plan to use you for my pleasure baby."

"Um," Cameron replied, lifting his hips to meet her demand, "don't hold back."

Shane leaned back and picked up one of the precious stones. She held it between her teeth as she began to rise up, then slam back down on Cameron's cock. Cameron let out a cry of pleasure

as he felt the come thundering up inside of his shaft.

"Not yet," Shane said between clenched teeth, removing the ruby from her mouth and rubbing it over Cameron's taut nipples. Their hips began to move in rhythm, slamming and thrusting and grunting until finally Shane told Cameron... "Come baby...come...I'm coming," and almost at exactly the same time, they came. The ruby fell down over Cameron's chest and lodged itself beside his ribs. He pulled Shane down on top of him and kissed her deeply. Shane laughed, rubbing her breasts over Shane's chest. "We have to get ready. He'll be here today."

"I can't wait," Cameron whispered.

"We have to talk about our strategy. He's known for his results."

"Can't wait to meet Tavish Lerue. I hear he's a killer with the ladies. Wonder what he looks like."

"Well, we'll just have to wait and see now, won't we?"

"Who gets to have him first, before we take him together?"

"Um," Shane pondered, running her hands over her own nipples, pinching them brutally, then grabbing Cameron's head and pressing it down between her thighs, "let me think on that one awhile, okay?"

* * * *

Tavish sloshed back some ultra caffeine and rubbed his eyes.

"Want me to drive?" Sam asked, his eyes twinkling when he saw Tavish's state.

"Are you kidding? I want to arrive in one piece."

"Very funny. So, didn't get much sleep last night so I see."

"I intended to."

"So, what happened?"

"Karen, or Sarah...or what ever her name was, decided to come over. She heard we weren't shipping out right away."

"And?"

"What do you think?" Tavish rolled his eyes.

"You could have said no," Sam reminded him, setting the controls as Tavish turned on the engine.

"I could have," he grinned.

Sam shook his head. "So is it Karen or Sarah?"

"Sarah...no...it's definitely Karen."

"It's probably Debbie," Sam strapped himself in.

"Wait a minute," Tavish paused. "Debbie. Yeah...how did you know?"

"Lucky guess. You're due for a Debbie. Plus, you never get the name right."

Tavish shrugged, and prepared for take off.

Cassandra Burke listened to all this without comment, which surprised the hell out of Tavish. He was embellishing it just for her, but she didn't bite.

"Did she end up slapping you too?" Sam enquired, glancing over at Cassandra.

"Not yet, at least," Tavish grinned devilishly, "not on the face."

Sam shook his head, and they took off with a roar.

Cassandra grumbled something under her breath at that. It sounded like "disgusting."

* * * *

Rake Diamond waited patiently for the spacecraft to land. He checked his watch twice. They were right on time. He was glad because he had a busy day today. They had royal guests arriving from Galome, and everything had to be right.

As soon as the door of the spacecraft spun open, Rake Diamond crossed the platform, two of his rather useless security guards at his heels. He did keep the pretty boys though. They served their purpose. "Mr Lerue," he held out his hand.

"No, I'm Samuel Carter, that's Lerue," he hitched a thumb back at Tavish who strolled out of the craft a few seconds later.

Diamond's eyes left Samuel and settled on Tavish Lerue. Whoa. Over six feet of muscle. All male, and gorgeous to boot. Too bad he was a merc. He would have made a great pleasure dancer in the room of lust.

Tavish didn't much care for the way Rake Diamond was ogling him. He'd come across these guys before. They had a right to live...but somewhere far away from him. "Mr. Diamond," he said, not bothering to shake his hand. "I'd like it if you could show us where we bunk, and then give us a run down so that we can get started right away."

"Well, he gets right to business, doesn't he boys?" Diamond said, glancing at the two big muscle men standing to his right.

They both nodded, glancing up in surprise to see the tall, athletic figure of Cassandra Burke suddenly appear on the landing.

"I'm Cassandra Burke," she said, walking over to shake Rake Diamond's hand.

He smiled at her. "Ms. Burke."

"Well, come this way. I hope you boys don't mind sharing. We are booked solid," Diamond said, motioning for Tavish and Sam to follow him. "We'll find something for you as well, Ms. Burke."

"Cassandra will do, and thank you," she said.

"You could sleep with me," Tavish bumped up against her, and whispered in her ear.

"I'd rather peel my skin off my bones," she replied without expression.

Tavish shrugged and returned his attention to Rake Diamond. "You say you're all booked, but I thought you were losing clients?"

"We're losing rich clients," he corrected, moving quickly through a corridor which led to the back door of one of the resorts. "I have many ordinary clients, the ones who make use of basic services, but full service clients are few and far between. They're afraid to come here."

They stopped at a gold elevator. It said, "Basic."

"What's this?" Sam asked.

"It's the wing where basic services are provided," Cassandra responded.

"I've saved a room for you boys, and I'll find one for Cassandra." Diamond grinned. "You do your homework, Cassandra. I like that."

"Why the basic?" Sam complained.

"You didn't think you were going to get the luxury, full service room, did you?" Diamond was horrified.

"I don't even know what in hell that is," Tavish remarked, stepping onto the elevator along with Sam, Cassandra and the two muscle boys.

The two muscle boys pressed close to Tavish on the way up. Diamond noticed that Tavish shifted his shoulders to force them to back off some. He wanted to laugh. Uptight was not the word. It was

too bad, because he had all the right equipment. Some people were their own worse enemies when it came to opening themselves up to pleasure. The young woman kept her eyes straight ahead. "Where you from originally, Lerue?"

"GenderX," Tavish replied.

"Ah...that explains it," Diamond nodded.

They stepped off the elevator.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Tavish snapped.

Sam placed a hand on Tavish's forearm.

Diamond eyed him. "I know the history and the culture. The citizens there underwent severe gender re-identification after the uprising. That would have taken place a generation or two before you were born."

"Yes," Cassandra commented dryly, "and Lerue got zapped twice with testosterone."

Tavish tossed her a dirty look. "Now if we're through with the history lesson, maybe Mr. Diamond can show us to the rooms."

Diamond glanced at the two guards. "You can go now, sweethearts. I will be alright."

Tavish raised an eyebrow at the word sweetheart. "Those are your security men?"

"Yes."

"No wonder you have sex shifters floating around, if indeed they are sex shifters," Tavish remarked.

"Believe me, they are sex shifters," Diamond confirmed, stopping now in front of one of the doors. "Password is glory hole."

Cassandra started to laugh. "Oh that's perfect for him."

"Glory hole?" Tavish muttered.

Sam started to laugh now too.

"Can't it be something else?"

"Oh come Lerue," Cassandra baited, "they are only words."

Tavish ignored her.

"They are pre-coded into the system," Diamond said. "Sorry. I'll let you get comfortable, then you can come to the end of the hall. One of my offices is there. I'll have some refreshments brought up, and we'll talk. Come along Cassandra, I will find you a nice little room."

Sam watched them walk away. He turned to Tavish, and smirked, "Okay, Tav," he said, "say it. Get us in there baby."

Tavish groaned, and muttered the password.

* * * *

"So, what do we get for basic?" Sam asked, throwing himself on one of the double beds in the rooms.

"We don't get anything. We're working, remember," Tavish said, putting down his bag.

"I've always been curious about this place, always wanted to come here. I'm told it's just one big orgy."

"There's a brochure," Tavish said absently, putting some clothes in the empty drawer of a bureau, "knock yourself out."

Sam picked up one of the glossy pamphlets and started to thumb through it. "Holy shit. Wow, it's a smorgasbord of sex. You can get anything here. In the luxury rooms, there is around the clock room service and the server is naked. You can have big tits, small tits, men, women, both if you..."

"I get the picture," Tavish said. "Now, get into civilian clothes. I don't want to call too much attention to ourselves, okay?"

Sam put down the brochure. "Okay, but Tav...I hate to tell you this buddy, you get attention wherever we go."

Tavish didn't comment.

"It will be fun to play private Dick here though ...and we get to watch..."

"Yeah, well just keep it in your pants," Tavish said, coming out dressed in black dress pants and a dark olive shirt.

"Well, I better go change. You look dishy. Wait until Mr. Diamond sees you."

"Sam," Tavish threatened.

Sam laughed, and began pocking in his

suitcase. "Relax Tav. Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to do it with a man?"

"No, and if you do wonder about that stuff, that's cool, but you're not sleeping in this room tonight with me."

Sam laughed out loud.

Ten minutes later, they sat opposite Rake Diamond and a table of food. Cassandra had already arrived. She was still dressed in her maroon coloured uniform and was sipping tea out of a delicate porcelain cup.

"Looks like you were expecting the army," Tavish commented, placing some cold meat and cheese on his plate.

"Don't want to starve you, Lerue. You're a big boy, in more ways than one."

"Isn't he though?" Cassandra put down her tea cup.

Tavish glared at her, then cleared his throat. "So, let's get down to it. What is it that makes you think you have sex shifters here?"

"Well, first of all, all witness accounts are confused as to the sex. Some say man, some say woman."

"So, maybe it's a woman and a man?" Sam said, taking a bite of a sandwich.

"Sometimes it's one, then two, then one that seems to be two," Diamond said, pouring some wine. "Gentlemen?"

"Too early for me," Sam said.

"When was the first robbery?" Cassandra enquired.

"Almost a year ago, with one almost every month after. They know just where to go, and what to take. They know the combinations and most of the time, it's an inside job."

"Then it's someone who works for you," Tavish suggested.

"Or someone who lives here full time," Cassandra countered.

"Okay" Tavish acknowledged. "We're going to need a list of all your full time guests, and your employees."

"Some people live here all the time?" Sam asked, his mouth open.

"Yes. The very rich...but why would the very rich rob anyone?" Cassandra replied.

"To remain very rich," Tavish suggested.

"You can't harass my permanent guests," Diamond warned.

"We don't intend to harass anyone, Mr. Diamond. You must allow us to handle this our own way...and don't go telling everyone who we are, okay? We're just guests. If people find out, they do, but don't advertise it."

"Don't worry, Mr. Diamond," Cassandra said, "if Lerue gets out of hand, I'll reign him in."

"Sounds kinky," Tavish told her.

"Believe me, there is no kink involved," she shot back. "Get your mind out of the gutter."

"It would be a good idea," Sam suggested suddenly when he noticed the tension, "if we were upgraded to the luxury room."

Tavish glanced over at him.

Cassandra threw Sam a look of disbelief.

"Well," Sam replied carefully, "if we are going to mingle with the rich and famous, we ought to be one of them...shouldn't we?"

There was a silence. Diamond stood up and inclined his head. "Very well, if it helps you do your job. I'll call Philip and have him take you to Luxury Gardens. Wait here."

Tavish lifted an eyebrow.

When Diamond left the room, Cassandra admonished Sam. "Really, Sam?"

Tavish turned to Sam. "You dog," he laughed. "I can't believe you just did that."

"It makes sense," Sam said, sitting back in his seat and grinning smugly. He glanced at Cassandra. "If we are going to mingle with these people, we have to be among them right?"

Tavish started to laugh.

"I'm suspicious of your motives," Cassandra muttered.

"You're always suspicious of something," Tavish told her. "Afraid you'll have to admit you have some desires buried deep inside that body of

yours?"

"You'd be surprised," she met his eyes. "Just because that desire doesn't run in your direction, Stud, doesn't mean I don't have them?"

"Ouch," Sam grinned. "Well, change of subject...but really, when in the hell else in your life are you going to experience this kind of stuff? We'd never be able to afford it."

Tavish smiled. "Alright, but just remember what we're here for."

"Exactly," Cassandra said. "Why do you think the commander sent me along?"

"Because he hates me," Tavish remarked.

"Besides that."

"Doesn't mean we can't have a little fun, does it?" Sam looked from one to another.

"Well...we do have to play the part," Tavish's eyes twinkled.

"Provided we don't lose track of what we're here for," Cassandra said.

"Did you read what's included in the Luxury Garden plan?" Sam gasped, leaning forward, about to discuss it, when one of the muscle boys appeared.

"We've taken the liberty of moving your things," he said. "Follow me."

CHAPTER TWO

“They’re here,” Shane said.

“How do you know?” Cameron asked, putting on her make up in front of the window.

“Philip told me.”

“On his feet, or on his knees?” Cameron giggled.

“On his knees of course. I wouldn’t have Philip any other way. That guy can give head like no other.”

“You’re the one who gives head like a champ, darling, and by the way, when am I going to get a little man on man loving?”

“Say the word, darling.”

Cameron smiled. “So, don’t keep me in suspense, what did he say?”

“He said...in between swallows, that Tavish is drop dead gorgeous, and the other two are cute as well...one man, one woman, but Tavish...well, we have a special interest in Tavish, don’t we?”

“Definitely a GenderX boy. So, what’s he into?”

"Definitely not me," Shane said, glancing at himself in the mirror, "at least not like this...yet. Philip is very disappointed."

"I already knew that."

"Looks like he might have a hard on for his female partner but she's not biting. She's definitely too intelligent to play the kinds of games he plays with women, but on the other hand, she's not blind."

Cameron stood back and regarded herself in the mirror. Satisfied, she said, "Ah, interesting. Well, you better change, honey. We don't want to scare him off. It's been awhile since we actually had some fresh blood around here...and eternity since it's been one of our own."

Shane quickly made the transformation. "Now, I'll definitely have to rethink my outfit," she said.

Cameron laughed. "I could use a little girl on girl action before we leave."

"But your makeup," Shane protested, "and I thought you wanted man on man..."

"I've changed my mind, and you know I prefer man on man late at night."

They both started laughing as Cameron came over and began to take off Shane's boy shirt revealing her large naked breasts. "Should we be sisters, tonight?" Cameron murmured, moving her mouth down to capture one of Shane's firm brown nipples between her teeth.

"Anything you want," Shane breathed, "just keeping sucking my nipples like that."

Cameron pushed the shirt off Shane's shoulders. She took one of Shane's breasts in her hand and started to massage it, while she continued to suck and lick at the nipple on her other breast.

Shane buried her hands in Cameron's hair.

* * * *

Sam folded the brochure up in his hand, and then looked at Tavish as they walked out of the room. "So, where do we go first?"

"You're the expert," Tavish glanced at the rolled up itinerary in Sam's hand.

"Well, there is an introduction room for newbies," Sam grinned.

"We don't have to get up and talk about our fantasies or...that kind of crap, do we?"

"I don't think so. Says here they orientate you," Sam said, peering at the paper.

"Um, okay buddy, let's go get orientated."

"Should we pick up Cassandra?"

"I suppose we better," Tavish sighed.

* * * *

Cameron and Shane looked like two fashion models as they roamed the hallways. They were very anxious to meet Tavish. As Cameron made

the rounds, the guests greeted her fondly. "Dear Cameron," Mrs. Moon, an older woman who stayed six months a year, kissed both sides of her cheeks when she saw her, "Shane on business again?"

"I'm afraid so," Cameron said.

"That husband of yours. But I see your sister is visiting again. Lia, how are you?"

"I'm wonderful, Mrs. Moon. What have you been up to? In the ménage room again I see...the one with two men and a woman?"

She laughed. "I just can't get enough it seems. I've been watching all day, and drinking far too much. Why don't you come enjoy the shows? They are spectacular."

"Maybe later," Cameron said, hugging her sister's arm. "I have to find her passion. She's shyer than me."

"Of course dear," Mrs. Moon said, raising a glass. "See you later."

They both said goodbye, passing by the large luxury room which was divided into smaller rooms.

"I enjoy ménage, they are my favourite," Shane whined, her big red lips pouting.

"We'll go back later," Cameron said. "You are such a whiny girl when you change."

Shane laughed.

"Let's go to Novice room, bet they're there,"

Cameron insisted, pulling Shane forward.

They walked past the various fetish rooms, nodding to this one and that one, then came to a stop at the Orientation room. They entered quietly, looking around at the few people who were seated in the comfortable chairs. At the front, Rake Diamond stood, showing various slides of the different rooms and the things that went on there.

"There they are," Cameron whispered, pointing to the front where Sam and Tavish sat.

"Now honey," Shane growled up beside Cameron's ear, "I'm looking at him...and you know which one...and I'm thinking...that's no novice."

Cameron grinned. "Stop."

As they walked deeper into the room, Rake Diamond paused. "Ah, Cameron, and I see Lia is back. Shane must be away on business again...well you know what they say, when the cats away..." He laughed at his joke. "Ladies and gentleman, may I present two of our guests, Cameron and Lia."

People turned to look, some turned and stared, like Sam Carter and Tavish Lerue. Cassandra glanced at the two women, then away.

"My," Cameron said in Lia's ear, "Tavish likes what he sees."

"Does he now?" Lia cooed, following Cameron

to a chair right behind Tavish, Sam and Cassandra.

"Mr. Diamond," Cameron put up her hand, "I just want to say that my sister and I are willing to show any of the new guests around later."

"Oh yes, wonderful idea, sister," Lia echoed.

"That's very generous of you, Ladies," Diamond replied, then continued with his presentation.

* * * *

Sam gave Tavish a look that needed no deciphering. Tavish knew exactly what he was thinking. They were both blond, both buxom with shapely hips and long, luscious legs, shown off to perfection in tight, low cut dresses and killer heels. With their full, painted lips and soft, sexy voices, it was obvious what was on their minds. But Tavish had to put his mind on his mission, instead of the thought of tearing off those girls dresses with his teeth...in fact, both of them at the same time would be quite a treat.

Sam put up his hand suddenly, and asked Mr. Diamond why he didn't have a naked servant in his room.

Cassandra shook her head.

Diamond smiled indulgently. "You have to fill out the preference form. I'll help with that later."

Sam shrugged at Tavish. "I haven't filled out the preference form."

"You have to learn how to write first," Tavish told him.

"Funny guy," Sam returned.

When the presentation finally ended, Tavish stood up and turned around only to meet the beautiful blue eyes of the one called Cameron. "Your name is?" She leaned towards him, giving him a healthy view of her cleavage.

"Tavish Lerue."

"And your friend?"

"Sam," he said.

"This is my sister, Lia," Cameron told them. "Do you guys need escorts?"

"Ah, well," Tavish began, "I guess..."

"Yes, yes," Sam nodded. "We are confused. We need guidance."

"Let us take you someplace we think you might want to go," Lia remarked, licking her full, painted lips.

Cameron reached over and took Tavish's arm. "Oh my," she said, "you are built."

Lia took Sam's. "Two real men."

Sam smiled.

"First stop," Cameron told Tavish, "the ménage room, two women and one man. You like that?"

Tavish's cock was hard as rock. "Yeah," he breathed.

"Very well. Let's go watch, shall we...although with a man like you," Cameron whispered, "I think you'll want to do more than watch." Her hand slipped down his waist and ended up on his ass. She gave his ass a gentle squeeze. "Solid as rock. Can't wait to see you naked."

Tavish looked around for Sam. He and the other woman had disappeared. Wow. That didn't take long. "Just a minute," he said, glancing back at Cassandra.

"Is she your girlfriend?" Cameron asked, as Cassandra came forward.

"No, no," Tavish said, looking at Cassandra. "This is my ah...cousin."

Cassandra smiled at Cameron. "Nice to meet you."

"This nice lady has offered to show me around," Tavish said.

"So I see," Cassandra replied, her eyes going to the woman's hand which was planted firmly on Tavish's ass. "Well have fun...ah...Cous...don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

"Great," he said. "See ya."

Cameron led him away down the corridor. He had to keep his head about him. This chick presented a great opportunity to get some information. Then, he could rip her clothes off and give her a good riding. "So," he said, gazing into her blue eyes, "where is this exciting room?"

Cameron moved her hand off his ass, and placed it on one of his biceps. "Right here," she said, stopping in front of a door which was clearly marked, "Every Straight Man's Fantasy, Hot Women Together."

"Wait," he said as she tried to steer him inside, "can't we go somewhere first, have a drink, get to know one another?" If he went in there with her, he could forget trying to ask her anything. He knew himself well enough for that.

She looked surprised. "YOU want to...talk?"

"Yeah," he said. "There's a bar at the end of the hallway, isn't there?"

She nodded.

"Let's go. I'll buy you a drink."

As they walked into the bar, Tavish's hand on her elbow, he noticed that all the people waiting on the customers were topless, women and men alike. There were some people dancing on the dance floor near the bar, the music soft and low. Tavish slid onto a bar stool, and Cameron sat on the one next to him. "What do you want?"

"Peppermint candy twist," she said.

"Whiskey...straight," he told the bartender.

The bartender smiled at them, then turned away to make the drinks.

"Is everyone on the make here?"

"Just about."

"So, tell me. You stay here all year?"

"Yep, me and Shane, my husband. Lia visits when he's out of town. We're allowed two in the room."

"Husband?"

"We have an open marriage, no worries," she giggled. "No huge guy is going to come barging in here ready to bust your ass."

"Glad to hear it," he said, writing down his room number for the bartender, and adding a tip. "Well, cheers," he raised his glass, looking around.

Cameron clicked her glass with his. "So now that you know my story, what's yours, handsome?"

"Divorced," he lied, "looking for a good time. Me and my buddy heard about this place...so..."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a virtual engineer."

"That's exciting," Cameron placed a hand on one of his thighs.

"I hear it's not safe to leave valuables around," Tavish said, shifting his weight a little.

Cameron rubbed his thigh. "Really, and where did you hear that?"

"Heard some of the guests talking about it earlier."

"Just keep your wits about you," she shrugged. "I haven't had any problems." She drained her drink. "Ready?" She was already half off her stool.

Damn, Tavish thought, usually girls were

thrilled when he took the time to talk to them, but this one, well she was a woman after his own heart. She was randy as hell.

"Sure," he said, swallowing the rest of his whiskey. He let her take his hand and lead him out of the bar.

* * * *

"So?" Shane asked Cameron absently as she walked into the room. He was sitting on the sofa watching some talent show on television.

"You're in early," Cameron commented, taking off her earrings and throwing them on the table in the entrance. She noticed that he was engrossed in the television. "How was ah...Sam?"

"Horny as hell."

"Did you do him?"

"I gave him a little taste, just enough to drive him nuts."

"You gave him a blowjob," Cameron laughed, dropping down beside Shane and hugging his arm.

"You know what happens to men when I suck them off," Shane glanced at her.

"Yep, you are the King of blow jobs, my love, and tonight you're going to show me," Cameron said, her breasts flattening instantly under her dress, and her face becoming more masculine by

the second.

"You look like a drag queen," Shane pointed out, his eyes glued to the set.

Cameron laughed and stood up, the voice now definitely male. "Does that turn you on?"

"Not in that dress it doesn't."

He laughed, the shoes definitely too tight now. "Ouch." He threw them off, along with the dress.

There was an array of clothes strewn across the carpet. Cameron was now in the bathroom, taking off the undergarments and the makeup. When he emerged, he was a gorgeous man, with dark blond hair and the body of a god...and he was stark naked. Shane opened his arms. "I knew that would get your attention," he said. Cameron slid down into Shane's arms. They kissed passionately, then Shane pulled him over his knee, stomach down. He ran his hand over the silky smoothness of his ass. "So tell me, what happened with our boy?"

"Oh, he's no boy. He's all man."

"Really," Shane said, opening the cheeks of Cameron's tantalizing ass, and teasing his anus with the tip of his finger.

"Did you take him?"

"No, but I...ahh...yes...nice...I wanted to."

"So, what did you learn?"

"Oh he's definitely a product of the gender X re-orientation program. He's macho, has an

aversion to anything remotely stereotypical female, is homophobic, and is ruled by his cock. Need I say more?"

Shane smiled, dipping his finger into Cameron's anus. "He needs discipline."

"Oh...yes...baby. It's our duty," Cameron said, wiggling a little.

Shane reached his other hand underneath and began to play with Cameron's cock. "Does he believe in us?"

Cameron moaned, clutching the material of the sofa in his hands and squeezing. "No..." he breathed. "I don't think so. Too arrogant. Damn it, Shane."

Shane inserted two fingers up inside of Cameron's ass and was now turning them this way and that. Cameron's toes were curling.

"That's good."

"He referred to me...in his mind...as a chick! Can you...ah...fuck Shane yeah...yeah..."

"Imagine that," Shane smiled, beginning to jerk Cameron off. Now three fingers spread his needy hole. "Nasty Tavish, but you want him, don't you?"

"Oh yeah," he moaned. "More than any other."

"Me too. I want him too...you know what these macho sexist homophobic men do to me...I like to teach them some manners. If not us, who else?"

Cameron was on the edge now, so close to

coming, he could taste it. Shane abruptly stopped, pushing Cameron off his knee.

"You...what in hell did you stop for?" Cameron grumbled.

Shane stood up, tall and lean, his eight inch cock erect and ready. "I want to fuck," he said, then smiled at Cameron.

Cameron's blue eyes lit up, then, he sashayed over to the large bed, and hopped into the middle of it. "Well, baby, bring it on!" he invited.

Shane walked slowly over to the bed, his eyes seductively titled downwards. When he was within reach, Cameron grabbed him and dragged him on top of him. Lifting his legs over Shane's shoulders, he urged him on. "Don't hold back sweetheart. I had all I could do to resist that hunk tonight, I do need some satisfaction."

"Satisfaction guaranteed," Shane leaned down and kissed Cameron's mouth, then instructed Cameron to give him the lube. "The caramel, I like that one," he said.

"Um," Cameron said, handing him the tube, "and it's so warm." He laid there quietly as Shane began to lube his cock, and then move an oiled finger around his entrance. Bliss. He was thinking of Tavish Lerue actually, how hot he'd been tonight, how he'd driven him to the point of no return, then left him high and dry. He wanted to laugh. Men like that, especially men as beautiful

as Tavish Lerue, needed to be taught some manners, and every time they encountered one of the them from GenderX, they did just that. It was amazing how attitudes changed with experience.

Cameron moaned now as Shane's cock impaled him. This was something not to be rushed. They had to make sure that Tavish was ready, more than ready. Shane was thrusting now, and Cameron forgot everything. The pleasure was exquisite and Cameron's appreciation came through loud and strong. Fucking was really his speciality, not Shane's. Shane was an expert with his mouth, not his cock, but tonight, Shane had the rare urge to fuck him, and he wasn't complaining at all.

CHAPTER THREE

Tavish woke up to the sound of Sam singing at the top of his voice in the shower, and it was bad. Really bad. He'd hardly slept all night, thanks to that bitch, who'd got him all worked up and then said she had a headache. A headache! Imagine. The oldest excuse in the book. And all night she'd pawed him, and flirted, and told him what a great body he had, and dragged him into that room where naked women with huge breasts and unbelievable asses played with each other and fucked each other with strap on devices. Christ, he'd almost blown his load three times in there. Then she had said softly in his ear, "let's leave." Damn he was ready. She walked him to his room, and then when he went to kiss her, she said, "Oh my God, Tavish, I have this horrible headache. It came on all of a sudden and..." Damn. Was that cruel or not? And all the while, she looked like she was laughing.

"Will you please shut up!" Tavish screamed at

the top of his lungs. Obviously Sam had gotten some last night.

Sam poked his head out the door, a towel around his waist, what looked like a half a can of shaving cream on his face. "What?"

"Are you shaving off your beard?"

"Yep." He started singing again, this time with the door open.

Tavish growled. "Sam, please."

"What's with you? You get up on the wrong side of the bed, or what?" He called from the bathroom.

Tavish pushed the door open, stepped by Sam, and took a pee in the toilet. "You fuck that girl last night?"

"No," he said.

"Then what in hell are you singing about?"

"She blew me, and I'm telling you man," Sam swung his razor back and forth in the air, "it was like nothing else I've ever experienced. That girl could use her mouth and her tongue..."

"Okay, I get the picture. At least you got that."

Sam paused, looking in the mirror at Tavish. "You mean...you...Tavish Lerue, got left high and dry last night? I don't believe it."

"She just up and ran the last minute."

"Well, move on to the next one," Sam laughed, scraping his razor along side his jaw.

"No fucking way," Tavish muttered. "I'm going

to get that one, and she's going to get it bad. She'll pay for that."

"Will she like it?" Sam laughed, rinsing his razor under the tap.

"She'll like it," he said. "She won't ever forget it."

Sam grinned. "That's my boy, down but not out. Hey, and where is our naked servant? I filled out the damn form."

"Never mind that now," Tavish said from the other room. "We got to go over the list of guests and employees. You take employees, I'll do guests with Burke. Let's go get some breakfast and find Diamond."

"Okay, give me a few minutes," Sam said.

"Well hurry up, I want to take a shower."

An hour later, they were in the dining room eating breakfast. Tavish spotted one of Diamonds so called security men and told him he wanted to see his boss. "I'll call him, Sir," he said, and then gave Tavish a slow wink.

Sam patted Tavish on the shoulder and laughed. Tavish threatened to punch him.

A few minutes later, Diamond appeared. "I have royalty appearing today you know. Couldn't this wait?"

"We need to see your lists," Tavish said.

Diamond sighed. "Okay, I'll send one of my men to take you to the computer room. He'll show

you what you need to know."

"Diamond, before you run off," Sam said, "where is my naked slave?"

"We're short right now. Keep your pants on," he was about to turn around and leave, then he paused, "hey, you're cute without the forest on your face." He blew him a kiss.

It was Tavish's turn to laugh.

"I'm cute, did you hear that?" Sam smirked. "If he thinks I'm so cute, he could give me my naked slave."

Tavish drank his coffee, and looked around him. Burke came sauntering in now wearing jean shorts and a t-shirt. She looked great. She always looked great. Cameron was no where to be seen. The restaurant was filled with middle aged and older people. Maybe the younger ones were all tired out.

"Hey," she said, pulling up a chair, "we need to see the files."

"We're ahead of you on that one. Just waiting for one of Tavish's admirers to come and take us to the computers."

Tavish rolled his eyes. "Did you get breakfast?" He asked Cassandra.

"Yeah. I've been up for a few hours. Went jogging."

"Figures," Tavish said. "Didn't get any last night eh?"

"No, and from what I heard, neither did you...in spite of your whining."

"What in hell do you know about it?" Tavish snapped.

"Oh Lerue, no sex makes you very jumpy. I'd lay off the coffee if I were you." She grinned.

Sam looked from one to another. "Did you talk with Cameron?" He asked Cassandra.

"No, but I could hear you outside your room," she looked at Tavish. "She used the oldest excuse in the..."

"I know, enough," Tavish said angrily. "Get over it."

"I am over it, but are you?"

He scowled and looked away.

When the muscle boy came back, asking if they were ready to go to the computer room, Tavish stood up. "Let's go," he said.

Sam grabbed one of the muffins on the table and followed on Tavish's heels. Cassandra walked along behind them, still grinning.

* * * *

"Tav, it's almost four o'clock. Could we take a break?" Sam complained. "That breakfast I had has long disappeared."

"Oh shit. I didn't realise the time. Of course. Let's call it quits for the day. So, anything

unusual?"

"All the people who work here are ah...unusual if you want the truth, everything from acrobats to magicians," Cassandra said, stretching her arms upward and stifling a yawn.

"Think I caught part of the circus last night," Sam said.

"Anyone who looks like they could be a professional thief?" Tavish enquired doubtfully.

"The whole damn bunch of 'em," Cassandra said.

"Lovely," Tavish replied.

"What about the guests?" Sam insisted.

"Well, the long term ones are all rich. I need to find out how they got that way. I can do that by socialising. You and Cassandra hit the employees."

Sam grinned. "Okay. Hope my little Lia doesn't get jealous."

"Any reason why you get the guests?" Cassandra asked Tavish.

"What devious plot are you accusing me of now?"

"Just that little Barbie doll is a guest so I imagine that's why..."

"Jealous?"

She laughed. "No. She's just your type."

"So," Tavish sat back and folded his arms across his chest, shifting his eyes to Sam, "did you

shave that off for her?"

"Of course. Don't want to give the poor thing razor burn. The skin on the inside of the thighs is tender you know."

Tavish leaned over and slapped Sam on the back. "You're learning buddy, you're learning."

"Okay, I'm going to puke now," Cassandra said, standing up and leaving the room.

"I learned from the master," he said. "You did that on purpose."

"She left, didn't she?"

Sam laughed. "Now, can we please get to hell out of this room and take a swim or something. I'm dying in here."

"Yeah," Tavish said, standing up and stretching. "We got our work cut out for us."

"Oh gee, does that mean we're going to have to be here a long, long time?" Sam was chuckling as they left the building and made it outside.

"That sure would be a tragedy," Tavish said, glancing around at all the half naked girls around the pool. He slapped Sam on the back, and was about to turn the corner and go back to his room when he spotted Cameron. She was wearing a thong bikini in hot pink. The bottom consisted of a small patch of material which barely covered her snatch, and the top was basically two circles positioned over her nipples. How in the hell they stayed on, he'd never know, but he was curious

enough to find out. "You go on," he said to Sam. "I'll catch you later."

"You're going to catch something, I'm sure," Sam snorted and took off.

"Hello there Cameron," he said, walking up to where she stood sipping a pina colada near the refreshment cart.

"Tavish," she said, sucking some liquid through her straw, "where have you been? Why don't you come for a swim?"

His eyes moved over her breasts, then came to rest on her face. "Interesting suit."

"Yes...it's a special Velcro, sticks to nipples," she whispered.

"Does it hurt when you take them off?"

"Not if I have someone to lick them for me."

Yep, there went his cock.

"Are you going to swim?" She asked again. "I'd love to see you out of those clothes."

"You had your chance last night," he said.

"I do apologize about last night. Can I make it up to you?"

"Maybe."

"If you take off your clothes and come play in my hot tub, I might be able to think of a way."

"Now?" He looked around.

"Um, why not? You can help me figure out how to get the top half of this suit off, and if you're a real good boy, I might even take off the rest."

"I don't intend on being a good boy."

"Well then," she laughed. "Ready?"

Oh yeah, he was ready. He kept his eyes on her naked butt cheeks all the way to her room. It took every ounce of self control he had not to grab them and squeeze them in his hands. Patience...Tavish...patience.

When Cameron opened the door, she let out a shout. "Oh, Lia, I thought you'd be out."

Tavish almost crashed into the backend of Cameron as she stood frozen in the doorway. When he glanced over Cameron's shoulder, he could clearly see the girl's sister standing there, topless. This couldn't be happening, Tavish thought. Either he was the luckiest son of a bitch on the face of the earth, or Cameron was going to send him away again, and he was the sorriest.

"I can leave if you like," she said, with what clearly looked like a pout. Tavish couldn't quite get enough of looking at those creamy, bouncy breasts which had to be at least a C cup, maybe a D. The nipples were unusually pointed and erect, which told Tavish that either she'd been in the pool or she'd been playing with them.

"Tavish," Cameron turned around and eyed him. "Do you mind if she stays?"

"You mean," his eyebrow came up, "you want me to ...both of you?"

"Are we imposing?" Cameron said, looking

apologetic. "If it's too much..."

"Ah, no," he said hastily. "That's okay." Christ, it was a dream come true. Two beautiful babes with huge hooters, and great asses.

"Come on in then," Cameron said. "Why don't you take a seat on the sofa, get comfy. Lia, can you please take these things off my nipples? You may have to lick them off, because they seem to be stuck."

They came and stood right in front of him. Tavish sucked in some breath. Lia leaned forward and began to lick all around the pasty on Cameron's breast, while Cameron began to twist and pull on Lia's already stimulated nipples. As Lia licked, Cameron tugged, and bounced and then licked. Lia widened her legs and moaned, letting her head fall back. Tavish guessed that was his cue. He stood up and walked over behind Cameron and lowered his hands over her shoulders. He cupped her breasts and began to massage them slowly, paying close attention to the nipples, running his palms over them lightly, just to tease, then pinching and pulling like Cameron was doing to Lia. Cameron's hands dropped to her sides, her head went back against Tavish's shoulder and he bent forward to capture her mouth with his. God, these women were his for the taking. He planned to explore their bodies to his fill. He reached over and pulled Lia closer. He

gently slapped one of her breasts, then, played with it as he moved his other hand down between Cameron's thighs.

Lia was undoing his pants as Cameron turned around now and tackled his shirt. Whoa...his heart was beating like a drum, and when Lia took his cock out of his pants, it was standing straight up in the air. His shirt was off and his pants were down around his ankles. He stumbled backwards as both women pushed him towards the bedroom. He was on his back now, and Lia took off his shoes and whipped off his pants. Cameron disappeared for a minute then suddenly reappeared at the top of the bed where she lifted one arm over his head, then the other. Lia was rubbing his cock, and cooing something about how big it was and thick and..." His hands were caught. He glanced up to see that both wrists had been tied securely to the bed post. "Hey," he said, glancing at both women who were standing there beside the bed running their eyes over him, "what gives?"

"Don't you like it?" Cameron asked. One of the pieces of material covering her nipple had been lost. The other hung on slightly askew. She peeled the other one off and threw it aside.

"Well...I..."

"Don't tell me you've never been tied up before darling?" Lia murmured, crawling on her hands

and knees between his thighs. He felt a hand run down his leg, then something circled his ankle.

"Hey," he said, getting nervous now.

Cameron laughed as Lia lowered her head and ran her tongue over the head of his cock. The other ankle followed suit.

Tavish began to struggle.

"I love it when they fight," Cameron said softly, sitting on the side of the bed, and smoothing back some of Tavish's hair. "You're a hell of a hunk, you know that Tavish?"

"I think he does know that," Lia whispered, blowing against the head of his cock, then letting her nipples move slowly over his thigh.

Tavish sucked in some air.

"You big macho men," Cameron continued, leaning her head over and lapping at one of his nipples, "always in control. Giving up control can be fun sometimes. In fact darling, you're about to find out." Cameron bit his nipple, causing Tavish to grunt, then gasped as Lia opened her mouth and encircled the head of his cock.

"Now," Cameron said as she moved her hand over Tavish's washboard stomach and caressed some of Lia's hair as she busied herself with the task of thoroughly sucking Tavish's cock, "first, I want to remind you that you walked into this with your eyes open, Lerue. No one forced you."

Tavish arched his back, stifling a groan. He

tried to concentrate on what she was saying.

"Secondly," she lowered her mouth again and lapped at one of his nipples, "it is our job whenever we encounter brainwashed GenderX souls to enlighten them so that they don't go through life," she paused taking one of the nipples between her teeth, then lifted her head, "denying their bodies of what it really needs."

Tavish moaned deeply. The things that girl was doing to his cock were incredible. It was impossible that his cock could move more deeply into her throat, and her tongue, her lips, and even her teeth were at work sending chills up his spine. He arched his back.

Cameron sat back, and smiled. "You seem to be enjoying yourself, sweetheart, and it's only the beginning. We have so much in store for you...so...we will be keeping you here for awhile, tied up..." "How long do you think it will take for this one, love?" She asked Shane.

Shane wasn't paying attention. Shane was lost in the task of blowing Tavish's cock.

* * * *

At supper, Cassandra asked Sam casually where Tavish was. "Oh," Sam said, looking at the menu, "I wouldn't worry about Tavish. He met up with that Cameron chick..." he paused when he saw

Cassandra's look of disapproval, "I mean...woman, and she was next to naked...so you won't see him the rest of the night."

"Doesn't he have any self respect? How many fucking times does he have to investigate the same woman?"

Sam looked up from his menu, his eyes widening. "Why Cassandra, you actually sound like you give a shit."

"Well, I don't," she said, smiling tightly. "If he wants to fuck that bimbo all night, that's his..."

"I think he's with two bimbo's actually," Sam said. "Lia seems to have disappeared as well and there's a 'do not disturb' sign on the door of their room."

"Don't you care that he stole your girlfriend?"

"He didn't steal her...she went willingly, believe me, and she's not my girlfriend. I didn't even get..."

"Spare me," Cassandra put up her hand. "I need a drink. Where in hell is that naked girl?"

"Over there," Sam motioned to her. "She's coming. So, you want to check out some of the rooms with me tonight?"

Cassandra rolled her eyes. She ordered a scotch, then, shrugged. "Why in hell not? Tavish Lerue doesn't have to be the only one having all the fun tonight, does he? We'll go exploring." When the girl came back with the drink, she downed it in

one gulp, then snapped her fingers at one of the topless male waiters who was walking by. "Okay sweetie, you with the hard on," she said, causing Sam to raise an eyebrow, "bring one for my friend here, and keep 'em comin'."

CHAPTER FOUR

The sweat poured down Tavish's chest and in between his thighs. His cock was covered with his own come. Lia was taking a break. She sat up on her knees and licked his cream from her lips. "How you doing, lover?"

How was he doing? He was exhausted, delirious, in ecstasy, in some kind of state of hyper excitement, and feeling just a little bit nervous. He strained against the ties that bound him, only to be patted on the shoulder by Cameron who had kissed and licked every inch of his upper torso while her sister gave him the blow job of the century. "What did you say..." he breathed, "before about Gender X?"

"Don't worry about that now, lover," Cameron shook her head, leaning down to kiss his lips. "You'll understand everything all in good time. Now," she looked at her sister, "I think we should begin to prepare him."

"Pre...pare...me for what?" He glanced at her,

then at her sister.

Lia smiled. Hopping off the bed, she said, "Be back in a jiff."

"Now," Cameron said, moving down to the bottom of the bed, "I want you to relax, open yourself up..."

Lia giggled from the background.

"Well, maybe poor choice of words," Cameron said, pushing his knees up. "Just relax."

Tavish narrowed his eyes as he felt Cameron's hands push on his inner thighs.

"What...?" He began, his eyes widening as he saw Lia now standing in front of him with an instrument which resembled a small cock. She was rubbing it with some sort of shiny goo. "Hey, you're not...going to..."

Cameron began to play with his cock. "Darling, shush," she said. "All this fuss for nothing. So long you've denied yourself...so long you've had all the wrong idea's. We're experts in this, and we're going to take the time that it needs for you to really enjoy it."

Cameron increased her attention to his cock, squeezing the shaft, slapping it gently with her hand, licking it, then folding her lips around the middle.

Tavish moaned slightly. "Jesus," he whispered as he felt her licking his scrotum, then his balls.

"Feels good, doesn't it, baby?" Cameron

soothed. "You are so handsome, so buff...no wonder the ladies fall at your feet." She continued to play with his cock. It stiffened beautifully. She spread his legs even more, yanking his body downward.

Lia undid one of his ankles and lifted it over Cameron's shoulder.

Tavish squeezed his eyes shut, his cock feeling about to explode, then he felt something cold touch his anus as Lia spread his butt cheeks. Cameron held his leg tight against her shoulder and he began to struggle. Now, there was one place you didn't go, and that was it. "What in...stop...stop," he said.

"Now Tavish, we won't tell anyone," Cameron said softly, as Lia moved the head of that object against his anus teasing the hole.

Cameron played with his cock slowly now, sending shots of pleasure up his spine. He bucked, the head of the object against his anus pushed through a little, then out. He moaned. It pushed through again, then out, then deeper until he felt as if it was splitting him open. "Fuck," he said, breathing hard.

Cameron continued to move his cock back and forth, slowly. The object peeked in again, deeper, then moved around in a circle. Tavish cried out. A mix of pain and pleasure shot through him. "You gorgeous, sexy man," Cameron said softly, "you'll

love it soon enough. You'll discover a full range of sexual needs you never knew you had. God, your tits are stiff...Lia, you need to torment his nipples some and drive that deeper inside of him."

"I see that," she giggled, reaching up to pull at his nipples, while pushing the object in deeper, then pulling it all the way out. Travish cried out, biting down on his lip, tasting blood as it went back in, deeper this time, thrusting, pushing, impaling him, sending such pleasure up inside of him, he heard himself whimpering.

"I believe," Lia said, "he likes it. Don't let him come," she told Cameron.

Tavish felt the object pull out of him. Cameron inserted a finger, then two, and began to put pressure on his prostate. She left his needy cock alone.

Lia came back with a bigger one.

Cameron began to fuck Tavish with her fingers. "I'm keeping you open darling," she said, looking up at his face which was contorted with need. "Beautiful face, and so vulnerable right now." She looked up at the object Lia was oiling and smiled. "Exactly the size of my cock, wouldn't you say?"

Lia grinned. "Give or take an inch or two. Yours is bigger."

Cameron blew Lia a kiss, and withdrew her fingers. "Me now love, I want to fuck him with it. Put some clamps on his nipples. It will increase

the pleasure.”

Lia went to get the clamps, and Cameron placed the well lubricated head of the object at the entrance to Tavish’s ass.

Tavish trembled when he felt it there. He’d never had anything inserted in his ass before, and now this one was bigger than the last, but God, he wanted it. “Play with my cock again,” he pleaded, as Cameron pushed the object a few inches inside of him.

Lia pinched one nipple and then clamped it before Tavish even knew what she was doing. He let out some breath from the pinch, then licked his lips. The pressure felt delicious as did the object gradually making its way deeper up inside of him. She played with the second nipple for a second, then breathed, “What great tits you have,” before clamping that one too. The clamp came down at the same time Cameron began to thrust with the oily object, and someone’s hand began to roughly fondle his cock. The thrusting grew more intense, and Lia straddled his face, urging him to use his tongue on her clit. The pressure on his nipples, the sensation of being filled like he’d never been filled before, the luscious sensation in his cock and his nipples sent him over the edge. Lia spread her cream all over his mouth and he swallowed her juices at the same time as he gave a shout and exploded, his cock jerking like a volcano. He was

still moaning with pleasure minutes later as Cameron pulled the object out of him, and lowered his leg. Lia pulled it over to the side and secured it again, then flopped onto the bed beside Tavish and kissed him softly on the lips. "You have a great tongue," she said.

"You have a great pussy," he breathed.

Cameron grinned from where she sat at the bottom of the bed. "Wow, you really came. Have you ever come like that before?"

"No," he said. He lifted his head. "Now, ladies, it's been fun, but maybe you should let me go now."

"But Tavish," Cameron said, "it's only nine o'clock at night. We have so much more in store for you. Your re-education has just begun."

"Re-education?"

Lia got up and poured some water in a glass beside the bed. She lifted Tavish's head and let him drink. He drank heartily in gulps.

"Yeah," Cameron said. "You don't know the story of Gender X...not the real story."

"That's right," Lia said. "Before the nights out, we want to share that with you."

"How do you know so much about GenderX?" Tavish narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"All in good time, gorgeous," Lia said, drinking some of the water. "You will need to take it slow, big boy. Rest now, you're going to need all your

strength."

* * * *

Cassandra was loaded. Sam had all he could do to keep her on her feet. And when she started harping on Tavish, she didn't let up. "I can't stand him," she slurred, as they stood now watching the sex action in the dominant/submissive room.

"I can tell," Sam said.

"He's arro...you know..."

"Arrogant?"

"Yes...that's it," she jabbed Sam with her finger, "and arrog..."

"Arrogant? I think you already said that." Sam reached out to prevent her from falling. "Come on, let's sit down."

They sat at a table near the back. Sam's eyes widening as he watched the man in black leather strapping a bound woman across the buttocks. "That's got to hurt," he muttered.

"All he wants," Cassandra leaned forward into Sam's face, "are barbies."

"Ah, I don't think Tavish plays with dolls anymore."

"You know..." she burped, "what I...mean...Sam."

"You're in love with him, eh?"

"What?" She looked outraged.

"In love, you, with Tavish?"

"I most certainly am...I wish he'd...I hate him.

He doesn't respect me...he doesn't respect...we'd never work out...work out...we..."

"Cassandra," Sam said, placing a hand on her shoulder, "why don't you just fuck him, and get it out of your system...throw your pride away and..."

She shook her head. "Tavish and I...would never work...I'd fuck him, then kill the bas...bast..."

"Bastard?" Sam suggested.

"That's it."

"Would it be worth it?" Sam said, pulling her to her feet. It was time to get her back to her room.

She looked at him quizzically.

"To fuck him, then kill him?"

She looked stunned for a minute, then she started to cry.

"Oh boy," Sam said. "Hold on."

When he got her inside the room, she threw her arms around him. "Stay with me, Sam. Fuck me."

"Oh my God, no." Sam disentangled himself from her. "You'd hate me in the morning, and Tavish would kill me."

"Tavish," she slurred. "He doesn't give a shit."

"Oh yes he does," Sam said. "Now, go to bed, okay, and we'll pretend this never happened." Sam brought her over to the bed and laid her down.

She closed her eyes and moaned a little.

"Tavish," she said, licking her lips, "I want you."

It was tempting. He gave her one long last look, shook his head, and almost ran for the door.

* * * *

"What time is it?" Shane lay back on the sofa, sipping his mineral water.

"Almost two in the morning," Cameron replied, standing at the balcony door and watching the nude swimmers frolic in the pool outside.

"Well," Shane sat up, "it's time I guess. We've given him enough rest. He's been out since midnight."

Cameron nodded. "My suggestion is you start kissing him, and getting him hot while he's still half asleep. There'll be less resistance then."

"It all depends on if his psyche will give his body permission to enjoy it."

"The programming was strong." She swallowed. "Do we tell him the entire truth?"

"Is it fair that we reintroduce the body, but not the intellect? Our job will not be complete that way, Cameron."

"But I never know how they're going to take it, and Tavish is a special case. He's really..."

"Gender stuck?"

"I like that," she smiled. "Never heard it put that way."

"If he's going to get anywhere with Cassandra, we have to finish. She got loaded tonight."

"Ah," Cameron nodded. "She realised he was here with us."

"From what I can figure out. She's crazy about him, but they wouldn't last, and she knows it. She's by far his superior...at least in the state he's in."

"But women are men's superior, love," Cameron gave him a sympathetic look."

"You won't get an argument from me there. Cassandra's a pretty together woman, strong, independent. She'd never put up with his sexist, homophobic bullshit, and not to mention the fact that he could never be faithful. His cock rules him, couple that with the fact that he's gorgeous and women wait in line for him, you got problems."

"Do you think he really loves her?"

"Deep down, yeah. I think he does. I really think she's his soul mate, but they're doomed if he doesn't understand his own history."

"Well, you've convinced me." Cameron said. "I love a good love story. Pull out all the stumps."

Shane laughed, and stood up.

"Can I watch?"

"Actually you can help. I will need you to open him up a little and stiffen his resolve if you know what I mean."

Cameron winked. "Oh yeah, lover. I know what you mean. It will be my pleasure."

Shane kissed her on the temple.

"Don't enjoy it too much," Cameron said with mock seriousness.

"You know who I love," he whispered, kissing her lips, and by the time he had moved away from her, Cameron had shifted. Before him stood the form of a completely naked man. He ran his eyes over him and whistled. "You are one gorgeous hunk...but I thought you were going to remain female so Tavish wouldn't feel so uncomfortable?"

Cameron lifted an eyebrow. "Well, I think it's time we take Tavish completely out of that comfort zone of his, and rock his world. What do you say?"

Shane nodded with a grin.

"And you know Shane? You should never send one man to do the job of two."

Shane glanced at him for a minute, then, began to laugh. He found that hilarious and he laughed all the way down the hallway to the bedroom.

CHAPTER FIVE

Tavish was dreaming. A hand was gently playing with his cock, his balls, his anus was being opened by a smooth, greasy object, and someone was kissing his mouth. The lips were tender and passionate, but like none other that had kissed him before. There was a strong determination to them, a mouth that knew exactly what it wanted from him and was intent on getting it. The tip of a tongue moved over his bottom lip, then invaded his mouth, mingling slowly, sensuously with his. He could feel his cock throbbing in the lining of someone's mouth, a tongue licking it slowly. There was an object pushing past the outer muscles of his anus, beginning to fuck him.

"Open up, baby," a voice whispered against his ear now, tilting his chin back. Tavish moaned as the object fucked his ass deeper, the mouth leaving his cock. His body was on fire, and it was only when he tasted the hard flesh moving across his lips, then beginning to enter his mouth, that his

eyes flew open. The cock pushed deeper into his throat and he began to gag a little. "Relax," Shane told him. "I'll teach you how."

He couldn't see anything but the rippling muscles of a man's stomach and part of his chest. Everything in him told him this was wrong. He didn't like men. He shouldn't be doing this with men and yet...his cock was throbbing. He'd never before been so hot, never before experienced such supreme pleasure.

The voice whispered in his ear. "Suck it, um, that's it, swallow, swallow some more, move your tongue...ah...yes...yes...you're getting the hang of it."

Two strong hands came down on both sides of his face. "Now I'm going to hold your head still and I'm going to fuck your face, and at the same time, stud, Cameron is going to fuck that beautiful ass of yours. You're so ready..."

Tavish didn't have time to think. He felt the cock going in and out of his mouth and knew that someone was undoing his legs. His legs were hoisted over someone's strong shoulders. That wasn't Cameron. That was no lady!

Tavish started to struggle, but his struggle was short lived...ah...ah god...yes...umm...his cock was close to exploding. The cock in his mouth began to leak come and it trickled down his throat. It stifled the moaning coming from deep inside of

him. Hands released his head and he felt something beginning to enter his ass. It didn't feel like it did before...it felt like flesh, hard...um...God...very hard, and it was going deeper.

"Relax gorgeous," a voice urged, another male voice. "It's just my cock, almost as big as yours."

The cock pulled out of his mouth. He could still taste it, somewhat salty. A mouth came down on his, kissing him passionately while fingers pulled on the nipple clamps.

The cock pushed on, then began to move, slowly at first, in, out, in, out, but not all the way, then deeper, deeper, then all the way. "Now baby," a deep voice told him, "no holding back. You're well seasoned. I'm going to take you for a ride."

A hand moved over his stomach to his cock, where it casually slapped his aching organ back and forth, another hand removed the nipple clamps and then began to lick at both nipples alternately. God it felt good. They were so sore and erect. Fingers were biting into his calves now as a cock was completely ravishing his ass, causing the entire bed to vibrate.

He couldn't think about right and wrong. All he could do was feel. His entire body had turned into one raw nerve ending.

"Shane," Tavish heard the other male voice call

out suddenly, hyperventilating. "I'm coming, bring him with me."

"Won't take much, will it baby?" A deep, dark sexy voice said. The slapping of his cock increased. A hand reached down to fondle his ball sack.

Tavish cried out, "Jesus," as he felt a burst of warmth fire into his ass. His cock pulsed with jizz, firing like a cannon ball.

"Um," the voice below him murmured, lowering his legs, "all over me. Thanks. You taste like heaven...your ass is heaven."

Tavish's chest was still heaving, his body relaxing into a soothing ease of weightlessness. A hand caressed his hair, another body climbed up beside him and placed a hand on his shoulder. When he could focus again, he looked up into the face of a young man, whose beauty seemed almost surreal. God, he'd never thought of another man as beautiful before. There was another man on the other side of him, stroking his chest now. He looked like an angel. "Who in...hell...are you guys?" He was surprised at how calm his voice sounded. His legs were now free, but his wrists were still tied. He was in no position to make demands.

"I'm Cameron," the one on the left told him.

"I'm Shane," the other one said almost at the same time.

Tavish narrowed his eyes. "What happened to the girls?"

"We are the girls," Cameron said.

Then it dawned on him, the entire terrible truth. "You're...oh my God," he said, "you're sex shifters."

Shane touched his cheek. "Now, don't get all excited."

"You," he began, pulling on the ties, "you did this to distract me from..."

"Oh heavens no," Cameron laughed, placing an arm around his waist.

Tavish tried to wiggle away.

"Is that what you think?" Cameron said. "We did this because of the robberies?"

"Well, what other reason could there be?" Tavish demanded.

"Now look Cameron, he's getting all angry again. Maybe we should wait until he's calm to tell him..."

"Tell me what?" Tavish demanded.

"He's not ready," Cameron shook his head, moving a hand down to caress his sex.

"Don't," he said.

"Come on, you like it. I could make you hard again in an instant," Cameron said.

Tavish took a breath as Cameron continued to stroke his cock. "You are one gorgeous stud, you know that? We've actually enjoyed ourselves this

time. Sometimes they are not so pretty."

"This time? What do you mean by this time?"

Shane stood up. He walked to the head of the bed. "A lot of things were kept from you on Gender X. What you considered to be normal education was heavy duty brain washing."

"The values of our people changed after the aliens came," Tavish countered.

"There were no aliens," Cameron said, squeezing his cock again.

"Damn," Tavish said, his cock hard as rock. "Okay," he moaned. "What are you saying?"

"We were a planet of sex shifters, an entire race of people," Shane said. "There was no gender hierarchy. Men and women were totally equal because at any moment, they could shift. There was no homophobia, sexuality was expressed depending on your whims...on the moment, two guys, two girls, a mix."

"Scientists decided that they wanted to experiment and it went wrong," Tavish protested. "My grandparents shifted without control. Drugs were developed to treat the..."

"Tavish," Cameron said. "It was a lie." She brushed her fingers over his cock again.

Tavish moaned. "Shit," he breathed.

"The opposite was true," Cameron continued. "Some sex shifters wanted a way to dominate, to create slaves to work in the industries...they

wanted to find a way to control."

"They invented a drug," Shane continued, "a drug which would force us all into one category or another. They invented the aliens, blamed it on them."

Tavish was speechless.

"Those who refused to take the drug were killed. Some were kept as sex slaves for the new emerging rich males. All new generations were given severe gender education. That's why schools were sex segregated when you grew up." Cameron sighed.

"The drugs evolved," Shane continued. "The severe side effects of the original drug had all but disappeared. All new babies were inoculated so they wouldn't sex shift, including yourself. But inside of you, Tavish, still lies the seeds of both male and female.

"You have overcompensated," Cameron told him, eyeing his erection, "and that's why your ideas are so rigid and extreme."

"Jesus," Tavish's chest heaved, "please do something about this...please," his eyes went to his erection.

Cameron lowered his mouth to Tavish's stomach. He ran his tongue around the outside of his navel, then let his tongue lick down the side of Tavish's cock.

Tavish let out a shout. "Damn."

Cameron chuckled. He crawled down and took Tavish's cock in his mouth.

Tavish moaned.

As he did, he inserted one finger into his anus.

Tavish's hips strained upward.

As Cameron sucked, his finger went deeper.

Tavish moaned. He glanced up at Shane who stood quietly watching. "I want you. I want to fuck you," he said, his tongue coming out to lick his bottom lip.

Shane smiled seductively. "Really?"

"Umm..." he grunted. "Oh yes, really."

Cameron backed off of his cock. "Well I guess we should untie you then, see what it is you can do, baby."

Tavish nodded enthusiastically, his chest heaving, his cock aching. "Oh yes," he grunted. "I'm not going anywhere."

* * * *

"You seen Tavish?" Sam asked Cassandra when he caught up to her in the dining room the next morning.

"No," she said, sipping her coffee. She looked like hell, and felt worse. "You mean, he's not in his room?"

"Nope," Sam said, slipping into a chair beside her. "How are you feeling?"

"Don't ask. Doesn't he realise that we have bloody work to do!"

He shrugged. "He'll be around. So, are you going to tell him?" Sam asked, picking up the menu.

"Tell who what?"

"Tavish. Are you going to tell him you're in love with him?"

"What?"

"You heard me. You told me so last night. You know I think I'm going for pancakes this morning."

"I...I what?"

"You told me last night. God, I need coffee. Did you see that...?"

"Sam," she threatened, grabbing some skin on his hand and twisting.

"Ouch," he said, pulling his hand away. "Last night after ingesting countless glasses of scotch, you told me you loved Tavish."

"I was drunk!"

"You were that, but I believed you." Sam met her eyes.

She sighed. "My feelings for Tavish are irrelevant. He'll never change. He's a womanizer and he lives in the dark ages."

"He does come from GenderX. Maybe you can change him."

"I don't have the time or the energy. We'd fall

into bed, and eventually I'd want to murder that gorgeous hide of his, and he'd break my heart. No thanks. I'm through falling for men who don't respect women."

"Down deep, I don't think he even believes his own crap, Cassandra."

"Stop sticking up for him. You fuck him then."

Sam shook his head. "Not my thing."

She shrugged. "Well, let's eat and then go find him okay? We need to get to work."

Sam called the topless waitress.

* * * *

Shane had lowered himself onto Tavish's cock for the second time. He was using his cock for his pleasure, beginning to slowly move up and down, causing Tavish to groan.

Cameron had shifted back into a female at Tavish's request. She was leaning over him, one of her nipples clamped between his teeth while Tavish's other hand was making circular motions around her clitoris.

Shane started to really ride him now, moving Tavish's cock back and forth haphazardly as he did. The vibrations caused Tavish to lose Cameron's nipple. He increased his effort with his finger, then reached down with the other hand to grasp Shane's erection. "Oh yeah," Shane

whispered, as Cameron whimpered in orgasm and curled up to Tavish.

Tavish felt the cum thundering through his shaft and he began to jerk Shane's cock forcefully, bringing them off almost at the same time. They were both heaving as Shane moved off of Tavish's cock. Shane sat back on the bed, covered in sweat and smiled. "Baby," he said. "That was fantastic."

The sun was coming in through the window and Tavish squinted at him. "Come here," he said huskily.

Tavish felt Cameron move off the bed as Shane sunk down on top of him and they kissed deeply, Tavish slapping Shane playfully on the ass before they broke apart.

"Hey boys," Cameron said, her back against the wall, arms over her head, "who wants to ravish me?"

With her large breasts pushed out from her chest, and her legs spread like that, she was quite the sight. In spite of the fact that he was exhausted, Tavish felt his cock stiffen.

Shane glanced at Tavish. "You want the back or the front?"

Shane glanced over at Cameron. "You up for it, honey?"

"The two of you at the same time. Um...alright," she said.

Shane scrambled off the bed. He leaned in close

to Tavish and whispered in his ear, "hold her like your forcing her. She loves it."

"Oh I see," Tavish grinned.

"What are you fellows up to?" Cameron gazed at them suspiciously.

"It's a surprise," Shane said, grabbing the cuffs that they had used on Tavish and clamping them on her wrists.

"Oh, I love it already," she said.

"Keep your hands on top of your head bitch," Shane instructed. "Us guys got some serious fucking to do."

"Your body is ours," Tavish said, playing along.

Cameron placed her hands on her head. "Oh my," she replied playfully, "I'm terrified."

Tavish pulled her up against him and began to lick and bite at her nipples, while Shane moved up behind her and spread her ass cheeks. When he moved his hand down between her thighs, he dipped two fingers into her cunt. It was wet. "You are such a slut," he said, up against her cheek.

She pressed her mouth on his and their tongues did a private dance as Tavish moved his fingers back and forth inside of her.

"I'm oiling you up," Shane told her, his mouth on her neck. He raised his eyes to Tavish for a second and Tavish leaned forward and pressed his mouth to his, kissing him hotly. Shane smiled.

Cameron wiggled in between the two hard bodies as Tavish lifted one of her legs over his hand and drove his cock into her. At the same time, Shane did the same to her ass. Shane began to thrust, Travish moved back, then he drove forward. "Um," Tavish said, managing to steal another kiss from Shane's sweet mouth. "It feels like I'm fucking and being fucked at the same time."

"Yeah," Shane replied, his hands coming up to play with Cameron's tits, "me too. God, your beautiful Tav." Shane increased his speed, Tavish adjusted to match his pace. Cameron cried out. "Yes... yes... oh... ah... .ummm.... keep going... faster, harder... Shane... keep playing with my nipples... Tavish... kiss me... damn..."

Tavish took one hand off her hip and grabbed her head. He kissed her deeply, passionately, his cock feeling as if it was about to blow off.

Shane covered Tavish's hand which was planted on Cameron's other hip with his own and squeezed tight as he shouted his orgasm, causing Cameron's body to shudder with release. Tavish came now too, a deep groan escaping his lips as Cameron wrapped her arms around him and buried her face in his neck. She was crying softly. He hugged her close. "Are you okay?" He asked, half laughing, half crying himself.

She nodded. She pulled away and turned to

look at Shane. Tavish placed a hand on his head and pulled it close to his. Then they both pulled Cameron closer. They all kissed slowly, tenderly, then, broke apart.

* * * *

When Tavish emerged from the bedroom, Shane and Cameron were sitting side by side on the sofa. Tavish stopped and looked at them both, then smiled.

"I guess our work with you is done now," Cameron said. "Makes me sad. You, I could keep around a bit."

Tavish put his head down.

"You do believe us, about what happened on GenderX?" Shane asked.

Tavish nodded. "I do now."

There was a silence.

"Everything has changed for me."

"That's good, isn't it?" Cameron asked.

"I'm a little sad."

"Why sad?" Shane leaned forward.

"To think of what my planet once was, and now what it's become. How many of you...are left?"

"We don't know how many are being kept as pets, but free...you're looking at it?"

"You never told me how you escaped being vaccinated," Tavish said.

"My parents were radicals," Cameron said.

"Mine were too...and they were friends," Shane added. "They bribed the scientists then raised us both in seclusion. Others, the ones kept as pets, the drug didn't take. Some were killed, others well... sex slaves. We're trying to find them but it's not easy."

"And how many of us...like me have you...ah...re-educated?" He smiled.

"You're number twenty six," Cameron said proudly.

"Thanks," Tavish said.

"Now, go and get that woman of yours," Shane prompted.

"Woman?"

"Don't play dumb with us," Cameron said. "Cassandra..."

As if on cue, a loud pounding sounded at the door. All three turned to look at the door in surprise.

"Alright, Tavish Lerue, I know you're in there. Get your clothes on and get your ass out here. It's time to work."

"There she is," Shane laughed.

Tavish shook his head. "She's pissed."

"She's jealous," Cameron remarked.

"Look, I know it was you who stole the..." Tavish began.

"You going to turn us in, baby?" Shane said

mawkishly.

"Pack up and take off," Tavish said. "I'll say you guys got away... and no talk of sex shifters. Can you be gone in a few hours?"

"We can do that. It's a deal," Shane agreed, looking at Cameron. "Come back and say goodbye?"

"Tavish Lerue," the pounding started again.

"Yeah, if I'm still alive," he smirked.

Shane and Cameron laughed.

Cameron stood up. "Go out the back way. We'll stall her."

"Good idea," Tavish said, and scurried through the balcony door.

* * * *

It was Shane who pulled open the door. "Yes?" he said.

Cassandra narrowed her eyes. "Well...ah...ah...who are you?"

Cameron came to the door now too. "Well hello. This is my husband, Shane. You're eh...?"

"Cassandra Burke. I'm sorry. I thought...I'm looking for Tavish Lerue. He..."

Cameron looked mystified. "No Tavish here. Just me and Shane." She took his arm and grinned. "Hope you find him."

Cassandra nodded. "I'm sorry," she said and



wandered off down the hall.

CHAPTER SIX

Sam seemed to be in a panic when Tavish came walking into their room. "Hey there," he said, lifting a hand. He was smiling. "What's with you?"

"What do you mean, what's with me? Where in hell have you been? Cassandra is ready to call headquarters and report you missing. She's been going all over hunting down your ass."

Tavish smirked. "She really does love me."

Sam looked shocked. "How did you know that?"

"Know what?" Tavish asked, beginning to undo his shirt.

"That Cassandra loved you?"

Tavish looked up, his mouth opening. "She does?"

"What's ah...wrong with you anyway? You're acting weird."

"What do you mean?" Tavish lifted an eyebrow, throwing his shirt on the bed.

"Like, I don't know...weird."

He began to undo his pants. "So, did she tell you that?"

"Tell me what?" Sam asked, lying back on the bed. "And I didn't get my naked maid yet."

"Tell you that she loved me?"

"Before or after she almost puked on me?"

Tavish stripped off his pants. "Hey Sam," he said, eyeing him, "still curious about doing it with a guy?"

"What? I was joking," Sam replied.

"Oh, too bad," Tavish said, walking into the bathroom. "Going to take a shower. Want to get some breakfast?" He called out, turning on the water.

"I already ate."

"I'm starved."

Sam fell asleep on the bed, only to be awakened by Cassandra who barrelled into the room, completely exasperated. "I can't find him."

"What?" Sam blinked. "Who?"

"Tavish, you jerk." She gave him a shove, causing him to sit up and rub his eyes. "He could be hurt or..."

"I'm fine," Tavish said, walking out of the bathroom, a towel around his slim waist. "What's the problem?"

"You found him and you didn't...?" Cassandra sputtered to Sam.

"He didn't have time. I just got back," Tavish told her, giving her a smile. "Thanks for being concerned. Actually, did I ever tell you what a fine officer you are, Cassandra? I see you making Commander one day."

Cassandra blinked. "Huh?"

Sam's eyes widened.

"I admired your work on our last assignment. I don't think we would have finished up so soon without your brains." He smiled at her. He knew she was surprised, but he wasn't lying. Every word was true. It's just that before he couldn't even admit to himself, let alone her.

"Tav, are you alright?" Sam asked.

"Fine," he said, wiping his face for the last traces of shaving cream. "Well, if you'll excuse me. I'm going to dress, then go down and have breakfast. I'm starved."

"So," Cassandra narrowed her eyes, "where were you last night?"

"I was working." So, it was a little lie. After this, he'd never lie to her again. He walked into the bathroom, placed both his hands on the sink and looked at himself in the mirror. No. No more lies to women. "Cassandra," he called out.

She came to the bathroom door. "Yeah?"

"I wasn't working." He looked up at her.

"You don't owe me an explanation," she shrugged.

"I know, but I want to give you one. Cassandra," he said, standing up straight, "I've changed. I know you won't believe it, but last night something extraordinary happened to me...and...well," he paused, "I want a chance to show you the new me. Will you let me?"

She smiled. "Yeah," she said. "I'll let you."

Their gazes met. Wow! She was beautiful and strong, and sexy. He could feel the sexual tension fill the bathroom. He took a breath. "I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he said suddenly.

"Tav," she said, shaking her head but there was a ghost of a smile. "I'll have breakfast with you if you hurry up. Will you tell me...what happened or...?"

He nodded. "I'll tell you." He smiled. Maybe he wouldn't tell her every detail because there were some things he wanted to keep to himself...but he'd tell her the important stuff.

A half hour later, Tavish and Cassandra sat eating in the restaurant. Tavish ordered two plates of food and wolfed the first plate down without tasting it. "I'm sorry," he said. "I haven't been too talkative."

"You've had your mouth full," she commented, then laughed. "What did you do last night, Tav, climb a mountain?"

"In a way," he said putting down his fork.

"Let's just say I met some people who showed me the error of my ways."

"I don't understand."

"Well, I've learned that women aren't my inferiors...in fact," he reached over and touched her hand, "you are miles ahead of me in many ways, sweetheart."

She shook her head.

"I've also learned that there's a range of sexual expression out there, and that sexual expression is all pleasurable no matter who's doing it—providing it's consensual of course."

"You mean... men with men and women with...?"

He shrugged.

"Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm better than alright. I want a partner, Cassandra, a woman to be my equal. I want to know I can rely on her and she can rely on me. Does that make sense?"

She opened her mouth.

"Cassandra?"

"Who were these people? Magicians?"

He laughed. "In a way." He reached over and took her hand. "Give me a chance honey, I think you might be it. If you don't feel..."

Cassandra leaned forward and pressed her mouth against his in a kiss.

He smiled. "That's a good answer. Let's get out

of this place."

"Well," she said slyly, "you could come to my room?"

"Could we ah...take it slow?"

She nodded. "Sure. You have changed."

"Look," he checked his watch, "I got something I have to do. How about I pick you up at your room in an hour and we go for a nice long walk. It's a beautiful day."

"Tavish, we have to work," she protested.

"Don't worry about that now," he stood up and bent down to kiss her cheek. "See you in an hour."

* * * *

When Tavish walked into Shane and Cameron's room, there were packed bags in the middle of the floor. Shane came out of the bedroom when Tavish arrived, looking handsome in his white linen suit. "So, where you going?" Tavish asked.

"Back to the planet we were brought up on, for now."

"It's a hidden place in the galaxy," Cameron offered as she now emerged, fiddling with her earring.

Tavish reached over and adjusted it for her, leaving a small kiss on her neck after he was finished.

She smiled at him. "Now I want you for

myself."

"Me too," Shane said, coming closer and pushing back some of Tavish's dark hair. "So," he sighed, "did you get the girl?"

"She kissed me," Tavish grinned.

"I don't blame her," Shane replied, meeting his eyes. "She has no idea the pleasures that await her."

"I'm not sure she's going to be open to all my suggestions," Tavish ran his eyes over Shane.

"What woman wouldn't want two men in her bed?" Cameron protested. "No reason you can't share him. That's for later on. Right now you two need to be alone."

"I'm going to wait on that," Tavish said. "I want her to know how I feel, that it's just not about sex this time."

"God, we've done well," Shane said softly.

Tavish laughed. "Well, guess you're off."

"Um, we'll see each other again," Cameron said, hugging him.

Shane hugged him too, then kissed him softly on the lips.

Tavish cast them a glance as he left. He felt sad, as if he were leaving a part of himself. Maybe he was. He stopped at Cassandra's room, and they walked together hand and hand outside. "I have to tell you something," Tavish said suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Well, the thieves have escaped."

"What? How?" She was getting all excited. Tavish placed his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. "Cassandra, we lost the thieves, but we found something far greater. We found each other, and I'm in love with you."

Cassandra melted against him. Looking up into his eyes, she said, "Oh Tavish, don't you know that I'm in love with you too?"

He held her close, and kissed her passionately on the mouth. He laughed. "I'm happy," he said. "I'm so damn happy for the first time in a long time."

"Me too," she replied, taking his hand. And as they walked along in the sunlight, overhead, Shane and Cameron looked down on them from their hovercraft. "So, how long do you think they'll last?" Cameron asked Shane.

Shane leaned over and kissed Cameron on the lips. "Oh, just about as long as we have."

Cameron wrapped her arms around Shane and sighed. "That's eternity, love, eternity."

THE END.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

PUBLISHED BOOKS:

Eternal Souls Book 1 Vampire Lust

Eternal Souls 2: Beloved Foe

Brennus' Witch

Xmas with Wistan

Dreaming of Brandon Archer

The Initiator