Suit Your Self

By Lainie Lee

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Chapter I

All the luggage lost by airlines in America and unclaimed within a certain time ends up in a mall in Alabama. Why? Well, why not? This isn't fiction, you could, as Casey Stengel used to say, look it up. The Sargasso of Suitcases, the Limbo of Luggage exists and is just a warehouse-like storefront in a medium-size town.

"Look around," the clerk tells everyone. "The selection changes all the time and if you can't find what you're looking for, we probably don't have it." He smiles because he tells the same lame joke every day, Tuesday through Saturday, noon to 6 p.m.

* * *

Gordon McKewn stroked the seal-brown moustache in the middle of his cocoa-with-heavy-cream face and looked around carefully. He had heard about this place on the internet and thought he might find a bargain in the strange store. Cameras for seven dollars, shoes for two dollars, a set of golf clubs for fifteen. What he really needed though, and why he had left his hotel in Atlanta, rented a car and driven to Alabama, was exactly what the store abounded in, luggage itself.

A nice suitcase, not too big to carry-on, but big enough to hold two changes of clothing and all the necessities for an overnight or weekend stay in a strange city. That would be ideal. His new job would involve a lot of traveling and his old luggage was hardly adequate for a rising young executive with a fast-growing multi-national company. He grinned; he liked that self-description. He'd been grinning a lot since getting the promotion, the first black man younger than 40 to be promoted to such a level in the company.

Eventually, the new job would mean a lot more money but right now he had to watch his pennies. He had a lot of choices in the strayed and forgotten baggage; almost every piece priced less than a quarter of what such items cost new. Even with the cost of the rental car he would make out better than buying stuff new, and he could put the car on his expense account for eventual reimbursement from the company.

Some of the bags he found came already full of stuff, no extra charge.

One of these seemed really choice, a high-tech looking suitcase of nearly perfect capacity. The clothing it contained obviously had belonged to a woman, lots of frilly stuff, mixed with more casual things, all of high quality and probably expensive; maybe Gordon could give the clothes to his girlfriend. Not that he had one right at the moment; his workaholic habits had gotten him the promotion and lost him several female companions. He should be able to make some points with a future girlfriend with these things, though; silky, lacy underwear and a fashionable-looking black dress, but also a corduroy jumper, walking shorts, tees and tanks and a set of sweats. A pair of stretchy silken slippers had been tucked into one of the inner pockets.

"That stuff will never fit you," said the clerk, smirking.

"I know someone it will fit," said Gordon. Not quite a lie but anything to annoy the clerk. "I think I'll take this one."

The clerk didn't really care but he pointed out the matching, if somewhat smaller case beside the first one. "Want that one too? Shame to break up the set, you got the weekender, an overnighter might come in handy and the two together come to only $38."

Gordon nodded. The slightly smaller bag would do for shorter stays, or use both for an extended stay. "Ok, I'll take them both," he decided. He picked it up and set it beside the larger item and paid for

both of them, along with one of the cheap cameras and a set of nice golf clubs.

He didn't play golf yet, but expected to learn soon and the clubs were an incredible bargain. He didn't realize until later, much later, that the clubs were a ladies' set, much too small for his lanky 6'3" frame.

So it was that Gordon drove the rental car back to Atlanta before opening the second bag.

* * *

Up in the room his company had rented for him in a fine Atlanta hotel, he first emptied on to the bed the cheap plastic luggage he had brought with him. Then he opened the larger suitcase and took out all the women's clothes he had found in there before and dumped them in his old bag.

He spent some more time looking his new bag over and smiling, pleased at the bargain he had found. Discovering the lost luggage warehouse while surfing the internet had turned out to be a fine piece of luck. He put some of his stuff into the new bag, and some of it in appropriate places in the hotel room; he'd be here another few days.

Then he took the attached key and started to open the smaller bag, noticing as he did that it was not quite a perfect match for the larger one. "They ain't the same," he said aloud, a little disappointed. He wouldn't normally use non-standard English like 'ain't', but he wasn't quite so careful when just talking to himself,

But it was true; the suitcases were not the same. The handles were different, and there didn't seem to be a keyhole in the smaller one, besides other detailed differences in hinges and decorative ridges and grooves. "Wottahell," he muttered, looking the bag over more carefully. The big bag had come with two attached keys of the normal, flat metal kind and Gordon had assumed that both bags took the same key. But there was nowhere to insert the flat key and the only opening he could find in the smaller case that might be a keyhole was on the side, near the hinges. About as big around as a ballpoint pen, it seemed oddly placed and even more oddly shaped for a keyhole.

He shrugged, took a pen from his pocket and stuck it into the hole. Something inside went click, the bag opened easily and music began to play, a lively, if slinky tune with a vaguely Arabic or middle-eastern flavor. "It's not a suitcase, it's a big music box!" Gordon exclaimed, stepping back.

A console not unlike that on some computers--the kind you find in the map kiosks of the larger malls--completely filled the interior of the bag. A panel that looked rather like a computer screen in the lid lit up and images of beautiful but strangely dressed people began to parade across the glass or plastic or whatever the surface was made of. Gordon leaned closer for a better view, maybe he had got a really good deal, a powerful computer for less than twenty bucks? "What kind of computer is this?" he said aloud.

"English!" the speakers suddenly blared, startling Gordon back again. "Yes, here at Suit-Your-Self! we speak your language! This SuitCase contains mechanisms to allow you to order and accept delivery of any and all the merchandise for which we are justly famous!" The voice had the mellifluous sonority and manufactured enthusiasm of a drive-time DJ.

"It's a damn advertisement in a suitcase!" Gordon shook his head in amazement.

"Yes! It's the SuitCase; just choose a Suit from our extensive collection and our devices will produce one for you immediately, on the spot! Your Universal Personal Credit Account will be billed and the number has already been entered for you. Please read legal disclaimer before wearing any suit. Remember here at Suit-Your-Self! our name is our motto!" The music became a fanfare and colored lights flashed across the screen in intricate and beautiful patterns.

A little awed, Gordon tried sneaking up on the suitcase to see what it might be talking about. He'd missed the part about the UPCA or it might have worried him, not that he had one; such things were still at least fifty years ahead in Gordon's future. But Gordon was too distracted to notice something that would have sounded suspiciously like identity theft.

The screen image dissolved into teeny tiny lettering; warnings about wearing sample suits for longer than specified times, and about using the supplied solution for easy removal of the suit and.... But it all scrolled past faster than Gordon could read it. Frustrated, he yelped, "Stop!" but that didn't work. He tried pressing a few keys, or at least areas containing symbols on the surface of the panel that looked like a keyboard. The whirling letters paused to show an impossibly stacked redhead with a face like Marilyn Monroe. Gordon gawped.

A nude Marilyn Monroe in full-color and apparent 3-D--plus sound and motion--he realized as she winked at him, shimmied her bountiful curves and cooed, "I love being me." Gordon goggled at her. Soft porn pictures on a computer were hardly new to him but he hadn't been expecting such a libido-enhancing image. And how the heck were they doing the 3-D on a flat screen? He actually tried to look behind the screen--suitcase lid--then felt embarrassed that he had been fooled by the hologram. Still he'd never seen one this good in full-color and motion, yet.

The advertising voice started up again, drowning out anything else Gordon might have been thinking. "You have chosen, LS-213NJB-042R3, our Lifestyle Mary Lynne Classic in Auburn! A wise choice, sir or madam, and certain to please any discriminating taste. Thank you!" The smarmy voice oozed congratulatory gratitude.

From a slot he hadn't noticed at one edge of the panel, the SuitCase began extruding a thin silky-looking film. From another slot a white plastic card emerged and a third slot produced something that looked a lot like one of those wet napkin packages given out at fried chicken fast food places.

"Please!" the suitcase exclaimed causing Gordon to jump again.

"Damnit!" he complained. "You're gonna scare the life outta me!"

The box ignored him and continued speaking, "Remember, the Deluxe, Lifestyle, Fantasy and Exxxotic models from Suit-Your-Self! all contain Patented Mass-Folding Pockets to give you exactly the look, size and shape you desire! Every suit in the Lifestyle, Fantasy and Exxxotic models also includes programmed aids for your enjoyment; so that you not only look the way you want to look, you can move and act appropriately as well! Sonic Enhancements even in our CustomFit Suit line for the Voice That Suits! And all Suit-Your-Self! models include Sensory Enhancement Technology Interface for that 'It's really me!' feeling! Remember at Suit-Your-Self! our name is not just a motto -- It's a fact!"

The voice changed suddenly, accelerating into a nearly incomprehensible babble of weasel-worded legalisms. "*Satisfaction-guaranteed-all-caveats-apply-void-where-prohibited-apply-in-person-or-by-virtual-persona-insertion-at-suit-your-self-headquarters-for-settlement-of-all-complaints-not-responsible-for-psychological-trauma-*

or-mental-changes-such-as-addiction-personality-dislocation-gender-racial-or-other-dysphoria-not-for-resale-samples-provided-free-of-charge-use-at-your-own-risk..."

The rapid-fire monotonic babble stunned and confused Gordon. He stepped back from the SuitCase and shouted at it, "Shut up! Wottahell are you talking about!" The SuitCase responded by abruptly cutting off in mid-sentence and snapping closed with a final sounding ka-chunk!

Lying on the bed were the three items extruded from the strange artifact with the manners of a carnival pitchman and the saccharine suavity of an infomercial: a length of silky cloth, a plastic card about 2x3 inches and a packet that looked as if it contained a large "moist towelette".

Gordon just stared at the objects for a moment. The little card had a picture of the naked redhead on it so he picked that up first. Startled, he discovered that moving the card caused the image of the woman to pirouette and smile. "Wottahell?" he murmured, fascinated in spite of his disorientation.

It was a full-color 3-D image too, of higher quality than any he had ever seen in a hologram; it looked just like the one on the screen of the SuitCase. The redhead's lips moved and Gordon heard her whisper sexily, "I adore getting naked."

If he moved the card, she pirouetted again and said something else. Gordon watched the routine all the way through several times, blinking each time she spoke. And each time, she said something different; sometimes repeating her previous announcements or coming out with new bimboesque utterings such as, "Dance with me, lover." "Tell me I'm beautiful." And, "I love to be loved."

He turned the card over when she had repeated herself twice. The backside of the card had a simple set of instructions. "Remove other clothing. Wrap length of Suit around trunk of person to be Suited; seamed edge uppermost, smooth side out, textured side next to skin. Overlap ends. Suit may be easily removed during initial fitting period by use of Separation Signal Solvents in Special Applicator Package. Do not neglect body cavities and interstices between digits when applying for safe, rapid and complete removal. After fitting period, contact Suit-Your-Self for instructions on how to remove this Suit."

"Huh?" said Gordon.

He picked up the 'Special Applicator Package' and read much the same instructions there along with an assurance that the Separation Signal Solvents were "Safe, Sanitary and Subtly Scented".

"Is it like a blow-up doll?" Gordon asked himself but since he didn't really know, he didn't answer. He thought about opening the suitcase again to see if he could interrogate it but decided not to. The machine had come close to shattering his sanity with its noise and salesmanship.

He picked up the shimmery length of translucent gauze and examined it instead. About ten-inches wide and four-feet long, it did have a seamed edge; a sort of thickening along one edge, anyway. It also had a smooth side and a textured side; the smooth side like satin, the rough side like terry cloth made of hosiery nylon. "Weird. Weird. Weird," Gordon muttered to himself.

Impulsively, for a reason he couldn't quite fathom, he began to remove his shirt and pants. In a moment he stood in briefs and socks looking again at the 'suit'. Feeling slightly idiotic, he wrapped the gossamer thin material around his bare middle as described in the instructions. "Might as well try this?" he said, wondering only a bit at the almost compulsive need to feel the silky Suit next to his skin.

He closed the gap at his waist and stretched the material slightly, overlapping the ends; he was surprised at how tight it seemed to fit and just how small his waist seemed to get as he tightened it. Fascinated, he pulled it tighter and tighter, apparently squeezing his waist down as he did so. "How does it do that?" he wondered out loud.

But he hadn't noticed other things happening at the same time, so engrossed was he in the marvel of his shrinking waistline. The top of the gauzy material expanded up his chest, across his shoulders and down his arms while the bottom part spread further downward, passing under his briefs and down his legs.

Gordon first noticed this effect as the filmy wave reached his hands and face. "What's happening?" he asked lifting his hands, his brand new, slender, delicate, feminine hands. The change hit his voice in the middle of the movement and he heard his tones climb into a squeak of soprano surprise.

To that he added an even higher pitched squeal as he felt the change travel down his body; his waist getting even more slender, his butt widening and filling out into beautiful half-globes. His dick and

balls shrank and disappeared into a Patented Mass-Folding Pocket. Gordon yelped as he attempted to grab the disappearing organs but the changes continued.

His chest first got narrower and then filled out as two large, teardrop-shaped breasts formed. The fact that his skin tone had lightened to a pale, rosy beige seemed very unimportant. He tried to scream but somehow he didn't have the air for it.

Moaning instead, he sank to his knees; his new dimpled knees in the middle of his long shapely white legs. He fell sideways and rolled onto his round bottom. An odd spasm seemed to force him to stretch his limbs and arch his back. He felt absurdly, obscenely, aroused and he cried out again, moaning as he thrashed about on the carpeted floor. It occurred to him that the sensations exactly resembled an orgasm, but more intense and seemed to last for minutes.

It didn't hurt at all; perhaps more worrisome it felt deliciously, wonderfully sinful--like the taste of chocolate or the sound of a swing orchestra, Gordon's favorite kind of music.

Still in the grasp of the ecstatic conniption, he sat up and tried to look around. He wriggled and giggled inanely and stared for a moment at his feet as the toenails turned bright red. Extending his hands he saw that the nails there had done the same.

"This ain't happening," he said in his new voice and still the changes continued; still feeling so unexpectedly, irrationally, insanely good! Almost against his will he cupped both of his new breasts in his slender hands and squeezed, gently. It felt marvelous, sexy--and real. As if the breasts were really part of him, as if they were his breasts. His. Breasts.

The waves of orgasmic confusion threatened to wash his reason completely out to sea. "I gotta get help," he whispered and tried to stand up. At first unsteadily but he seemed to quickly acquire a new sense of balance; wide hips and narrow shoulders, long legs but shorter torso, big breasts and long hair. Long hair? Long, wavy red hair.

He could see himself in the mirror over the dresser. A tall, naked redhead with a face like Marilyn Monroe. "I'm her?" he asked inanely. The patches of skin still showing his own chocolatey color faded quickly; the breasts finished filling out; the auburn hair in soft curls fell down past his new slender waist to curl around his wide, womanly thighs.

The little patch of red hair at the crotch of the figure in the mirror looked exactly like a woman's bush.

* * *

She raised her hand to her face in a movement exquisitely feminine. "Oh, golly," she said. "What's happened to me?"

That was pretty obvious but Gordon still felt the necessity to say it, "I've turned into a girl! A white girl!"

She blinked and Gordon marveled at the perfection of her slightly tilted, large, emerald-green eyes. "Wow. I've turned into a gorgeous babe," she breathed. Then giggled involuntarily. "I've got a cute giggle, too," she added wonderingly.

She ran her hands down her sides. Gordon didn't remember ever touching any girl with skin so soft and silky. A little thrill went through her and her hands quite naturally went to her crotch. "It's gone," she whispered. "My dick is gone!"

But it felt so nice to touch herself there, where her balls and penis used to be. She giggled. "I've got a pussy." After a few strokes of the little nubbin she found at the top of her new cleft, she gasped at the sensation. It felt, well, better than playing with herself had ever felt before. She knew that with very little effort she could quickly lose herself again in that erotic dimension that had opened up and swallowed her when she first put on the suit.

She shook her head and forced her hands away from her new toy. "I used to be a guy?" She hadn't meant that to sound like a question. She distinctly remembered having been a man, and that her name had been Gordon McKewn but that seemed so unreal now. Her life as a man seemed dreamlike and somehow far away.

She swayed across the room to glare at the Suitcase. "You did this to me!" she accused. She reached a hand up to cup a breast. "How? Why? Where'd you come from? I mean, who leaves a..., a suitcase like this on an airplane?"

Vaguely, an awareness that her slight Southern Urban Black American accent had also been replaced forced itself on her. "I sound like a white Yankee girl!" Actually, she sounded vaguely Californian, almost like the not-exactly-mythical Valley Girl.

But the sound of her new voice excited her in some way. No one would believe that a woman who sounded like that used to be

someone named Gordon McKewn. Scary. Thrilling? Intoxicating, for sure.

She looked in the mirror again. No way would anyone looking at her ever recognize her as Gordon McKewn, either. Somehow, that struck her as hilariously funny. "I'm sunk. I'm not me, I'm you!" she said to the mirror, giggling. "I sure wouldn't believe me if you told me I used to be me." She shook her head wonderingly, still laughing.

And her giggles seemed even funnier. Pretty soon she had to sit down to keep from falling over laughing at her own predicament. Finally, getting a little control back, she realized she had sat down by the old plastic suitcase that she had filled with the women's clothing from the nicer, reclaimed suitcase.

"Wow?" she whispered. "I wonder if any of this will fit me?" More giggles. Holding a bra up and hefting one of her new globes, she laughed. "No way is that gonna fit these," she decided and discarded it, laughing again. Her large, firm breasts did not really need support anyway, she thought.

"What am I doing?" she asked herself as she dressed her luscious new body in lacy panties, silken hosiery, high heels and an emerald green mini-dress just barely long enough to cover her assets. "Wow, look at that cleavage!" she whispered. It didn't even occur to her that putting on women's clothing had been absurdly easy, as if she did it every day.

She bent down easily and pulled on the black slippers that had come with the other items in the suitcase; they were a little large but fit well enough. She checked the size. "These are sevens, I must wear a six or something. Better remember that." Why she should remember it didn't seem to occur to her.

She posed then in front of the mirror, standing on tiptoe, turning from side to side, and fluffing her hair up around her face. She looked good, she decided. Very good. "I wonder if I can fool anyone? I wonder if anyone is gonna think that I'm really a red-headed babe?" Looking in the mirror she decided that people probably would. Definitely would. How could they not?

"I'm so cute!" she squealed giddily. "I gotta find out!" And without really doing a lot more thinking about it, she walked to the door and out of the room.

Chapter II

The door locked behind her and she suddenly realized that she had made a really serious mistake. "Key!" she whispered.

"I am so in trouble," she added after trying the door. But still she giggled when she said it. Was being female so intoxicating to every woman? It seemed unlikely. It had to be an effect of the suit.

Trying to sober herself up a bit, she muttered, "Stupid, stupid, stupid." But her cute, kittnish voice made even such self accusation sound funny. "I'm going to have to kill myself for being so stupid," she complained after struggling a few more moments, trying to force the door. "Death by Oingo Boingo, perhaps." More giggles.

"Maybe I can get a key from the desk?" she wondered finally, giving up on the door. She started down the hall toward the crossing corridor that led to the elevator bank.

"But what am I going to tell someone at the desk?" Possible scenarios ran through her head, most of them ending disastrously or at least ineffectively. "I'm not thinking so good," she sighed and giggled a bit. "I think this suit resized my brain, too."

She stopped walking and peered at her reflection in the glass cover of a fire extinguisher case. Yep, she was still a redheaded babe who looked absolutely nothing like Gordon McKewn. This was serious trouble. She giggled. "No, really," she said out loud and tried hard not to giggle with only limited success.

Turning around, she wiggled and swayed back to the door to what had been her room. "Wattamygonnadooo!" she whimpered between her increasingly hysterical snickers. She rattled the doorknob one more time but her electronic room key--*Gordon McKewn's* electronic key was still in the wallet inside the room behind the locked door.

The effort of rattling the doorknob had caused her large breasts to jiggle distractingly. Absent-mindedly she cupped the globes in her hands and squeezed. Then squirmed at the astonishing sensations that caused.

"Wow," she whispered. "What did the instructions say? This feels so real, and ... well, it feels good." Very good. "I feel like I really am a woman." She tried to remember what the instructions had said about removing the suit.

Noises at the end of the hall alerted her, someone was coming along the crossing corridor. "And it isn't me," she said aloud. Giggling didn't seem productive anymore and she tried again to stifle them,. Whoever appeared would probably try to get her locked up as a loony if she couldn't stop laughing. *That would be funny. Not*. She bit her tongue, deliberately, to stop the giggles. "Ow!"

Three men turned the corner from the larger hall that led to the elevators, just as she exclaimed in pain. They slowed a bit as they caught sight of her and their conversation stopped.

They're looking at me, she thought. *Well, duh*. She smiled a bit thinking of how she had looked in the mirror. *I still don't know why I'm not panicky,* she thought with part of her mind. *I'm goofy and scared but I'm not panicking*. The other part used her eyes to look the three men over.

Salesmen, she decided. Two were older with thinning hair and lines in their face and expressions of confused, conflicted arousal. *Married. How the fuck do I know that? And why am I smiling?*

The third man smiled back showing no hint of worry or doubt. With amazement, she felt herself blink rapidly, swivel slightly and--heard herself giggle again. A different sort of giggle this time. Sultry, if a giggle can be sultry?

All three of the idiots are smiling now, she thought. Why am I not panicking, I should be panicking. These men think I'm a gorgeous babe and I know what that means. I really should run away screaming in panic. Panic would be good. Hmmm. The younger guy is kinda cute. Oh, God. Panic now!

"Miss," said the oldest one, making a good effort at keeping his tone fatherly.

"Hi," she breathed, startling herself. *This can't be right, no, no, no*. She frowned and imagined that it really became a pretty pout.

"Is something wrong?" asked the youngest man, stepping a bit closer.

And she stepped closer to him, feeling hips flex, butt and boobs jiggle, hair sway. *I'm doing this,* she thought, *I'm making him watch me,*

I'm...flirting? Flirting with disaster. She giggled. "I locked myself out?"

The men all grinned.

Oh, great. They think I'm an idiot, she realized. Not that I can disagree.

"That can happen to anyone," said the younger man, close enough now to touch her. "Do you need to call the desk for someone to come up and let you in?"

"Mmm, hmm?" she said, "um, could I? Use one of your phones?"

"Sure. I'm Allen, by the way. This is Fred," the oldest man, "and Don," the fattest, baldest one. No last names given, that seemed odd only for a moment.

"Uh," she knew she should introduce herself. "I'm Mary Lynne? Uh, Mary Lynne...." The name the SuitCase had called this...suit. "Mary. Lynne. Two. Words."

Allen grinned.

Mary Lynne giggled. *I am so in trouble,* she thought. She looked down and realized that Allen was holding her hand. Her eyes widened as she contemplated this fact and tried to decide what she should do about it.

"You can use my phone," Allen said and led her toward the door almost directly across the hall.

A man is holding my hand. I'm following him into his room. I'm a tall redheaded white girl with tits the size of cantaloupes. Mary Lynne's brain buzzed with confusing impulses.

The phone. She stared at it.

Allen picked up the receiver and handed it to her.

At least he let go of my hand, she thought.

Allen punched 11 for the front desk. She put the receiver to her ear.

"Desk?"

"Um, this is...Mary Lynne... McKewn? In room 1412? Or I was in 1412? Um, I got locked out?" Why does everything I say sound like a question, she asked herself.

"All right, miss," said the desk clerk in his soft Atlanta accent. "We'll send someone up... Um? You're not registered in that room."

He must be looking at a computer screen, she thought. "I know?" she said with a sinking feeling. And a weird, absurd thrill as she realized that Allen was looking down her cleavage. She turned... to give him a better view?

"What?" she had to ask, not being sure what the deskman had just said.

"Are you going to be added to the room, Mrs. McKewn?"

"Um, yeah, I just got here. A little while ago?"

"Were you in that room, last night?"

"No? I got here this afternoon?"

"I see, all right, Mrs. McKewn, you locked yourself out? Do you know where your husband is? Will he be back soon?"

"Um, I hope so? He must have had a meeting," a bit of invention occurred to her. *I'm going to sound so brainless, she thought but went ahead with the lie*. "I fell asleep and when I woke up, he was gone and, um, I went looking for him and thought I saw him in the hallway and the door locked and I'm stuck?"

I'm stuck. It echoed in her brain. *What had the SuitCase called this? A LifeStyle Suit? Did that mean...what did that mean?*

Allen looked a little disappointed, listening. The view must be a nice consolation though because his smile came back quickly. She felt herself sway one way and her breasts move and sway, too.

"Well." The deskman seemed suddenly reluctant. "Mrs. McKewn, I realize that you probably don't have ID with you right now but you do have some ID in the room?"

"Oh. Shit," she said.

Allen looked at her oddly and she realized she was blushing. He grinned a little uncertainly and she felt the flames of embarrassment flushing every bit of exposed skin. And she had a fair amount of that. But the feeling wasn't entirely unpleasant, as if the flush had sent extra blood rushing to very pleasurable parts of her new body.

"You're not married," guessed the clerk.

She shook her head, well no, she wasn't married to the man in the room, she was the man in the room. Somewhere inside this crazy suit lived a young black man with a future in business. "My--I'm--he's...." What could she say that would make sense of things?

How did this happen? Where had the SuitCase come from? Why had she put the suit on? Would she have to go through the rest of her life looking like a redheaded white woman? She felt her lower lip tremble and realized that losing it in hysterics would not help her solve things.

"Miss?" It wasn't the deskman this time. The voice had come from behind her.

She looked around wildly. A tall man with grey eyes and a hard expression stood in the open doorway of the room looking down at her severely. She cringed. Allen stepped protectively closer and she felt grateful.

Was the grey-eyed man sneering at her now? "Miss, we can't just let you into someone's room if you can't prove you have a right to be there." She noticed that he had some sort of portable phone in his hand. He may have been listening to her conversation with the desk.

She bit her lip but couldn't think of anything to say. She knew hotels took a dim view of certain sorts of women hanging around. At first this didn't occur to her but the realization began to slowly dawn.

The tall man, his nametag said "Larkin," had shifted his expression from simple vigilant reserve to active suspicion. *He's the house detective,* she thought. "I'm not a--I'm not a," she squeaked, unable to voice the accusation.

She felt her knees go weak and Allen automatically moved to support her. The sensation of his arm around her waist while the other took her wrist sent chills and thrills all over her. Her nipples felt like small erections on her chest and her thigh and butt muscles clenched, squeezing her pussy deliciously. *Oh, God,* she thought, *I'm wet!* That thought derailed all others.

When she stopped simply being in the moment, Larkin had been talking into his phone for several moments, probably to the deskman and she simply missed most of it. Nothing else had ever seemed so intense as Allen touching her; or at least, nothing since she first put on the Suit.

I can't get distracted like this, I might end up in jail, she told herself. She looked sideways at the hotel room bed and an image of Allen, naked, between the thighs of a beautiful redhead sprang into her imagination. *Shit,* some remaining part of Gordon thought, *this suit is making me gay.*

Mary Lynne wet her lips and gently hip bumped Allen. *Stop that,* she told herself.

She still held the receiver of Allen's phone and it made an attention getting sound so she put it to her ear. "Miss," said the deskman, not unkindly. "If you want to come down to the lobby, Mr. Larkin is going to check things out."

"Oh," she said and looked around, Larkin had indeed disappeared. *They're going to throw me out and they want me closer to the door,* she thought. Her lower lip trembled.

"Miss?" said the deskman in her ear.

"Uh, couldn't I wait here?" she looked at Allen. He smiled and nodded, "The man whose room this is says it's okay?" *When had Fred and Don followed them into the room,* she wondered, noticing Allen's companions again? They grinned goofily at her and she stifled another attack of the giggles.

"Let me speak to him," said the deskman.

"Who?" she asked, baffled by the request. *I've forgotten what we were saying,* she wailed internally.

"Allen Brice?" said the deskman.

"Oh." She passed the phone to Allen without saying anything else. I am turning into such an airhead, she thought.

While Allen spoke with the deskman, Mary Lynne stood quietly, pondering her predicament. Whatever orderly fraction of Gordon McKewn's well-ordered mind remained tried to outline her situation.

One, because of the Suit, she was now a gorgeous redheaded white woman. Two, she couldn't remove the Suit without the packet of Signal Solvents locked in Gordon McKewn's room. Three, she couldn't prove that she had a right to anything in that room, much less prove that she was Gordon. Four, the house detective would return in a moment and ask her to leave the hotel.

And Five, what Allen was doing to her butt with his free hand felt so good.

Allen hung up the phone and smiled down at her, "You can wait here, uh, Mary Lynne, everything is going to be fine."

For a moment, she believed it and smiled back as Allen ran his hand up her back to pause briefly at her neck. A little squeeze then he

rested the hand on her shoulder and guided her toward a chair. Mary Lynne felt grateful; she really needed to sit down after the teasing Allen had given her spine.

Even sitting had become a bit strange, her awareness of just what she was sitting on flared like neon in her brain. *My pussy feels hot,* she thought. She clenched her thigh muscles just to enjoy the feeling. Then she clenched a set of muscles she hadn't known she had and almost whimpered in pleasure. Now her nipples ached, and looking up at Allen made her feel very, very odd. *Let's be honest,* she told herself, *I'm getting horny over this guy.*

"Mary Lynne," Allen said, "do you have anywhere you can go if the Hotel won't let you back into your room."

She shook her head, almost anticipating what Allen would say next.

"You can stay with me, if you want?" he offered, actually turning a bit shy, running a hand through his hair nervously.

That is so cute, she thought, then *I am going to kill whoever lost that suitcase.* "Um, thanks." She smiled and fluttered her long dark lashes at him. "Thank you, very much," she added. *I'm seducing him! How do I stop this?* "Allen," she finished, her voice dropping into a purr. *Oh, girl, you better stop, or he's going to throw you on the bed and….* The thought of what Allen would do after that gave her goosepimples.

Larkin came back at that moment, breaking the spell. "Miss," he said, "I found your stuff, and there is no ID there for you, not even a purse." He held the plastic suitcase out toward her. "Your clothes are in here, and that photo of you that was lying on the bed."

Photo? Oh, right, she reminded herself, *the little hologram picture. Had the thing spoken to him? Had he not noticed that it moved and had depth? What kind of detective misses clues like that, she wondered.*

The packet! Had he scooped the packet into the cheap plastic suitcase, too? She took the bag quickly and almost opened it right there to look for the packet but Allen's arm on her shoulder, patting her reassuringly, distracted her just long enough to reconsider.

Larkin and Allen talked, settling her fate perhaps, while her mind spun around the possibilities. If the packet were in the cheap bag, she would be able to change back to being Gordon McKewn. Allen

gently rubbed her arm and, for the first time, she wondered--would she use the packet if she had it?

She shook her head; of course, she would! She glanced at Allen and felt a tiny thrill. Well, she didn't have to do it right away, did she? She had a unique opportunity here--she shook her head again! *Where were thoughts like that coming from?*

For that matter, where had the strange, silvery, talking suitcase come from in the first place, she wondered, not for the first and probably not the last time.

Chapter III

No equivalent to the warehouse in Alabama exists for items lost between worlds. Insanely high tech mechanisms with the capacity to create Mass Folding Pockets might even have a higher probability of getting lost and a very low probability of being found by their rightful owners. Low, but not zero, so efforts to find such a valuable item as the SuitCase might continue for a while.

But who's to say what time really means when talking about actions that involve more than one world? Worlds separated, perhaps, by infinitesimal increments of immeasurable time, distance or some other unknown dimension.

What energies might be manipulated in a search beginning in one world for an object located in some other world? What effects might such energies have in the target world? Would it be like a powerful beam of light, or more like a fishing line? Like the kind of grabber old-time grocers used for retrieving items from high shelves? Or like a piece of gum on the end of a broomstick?

Ever reach for something and actually knock it off the shelf? And an item that has strayed once may stray again.

* * *

William Larkin let himself back into Gordon McKewn's room, shaking his head at human folly. He saw a lot of it working as a hotel detective and he felt certain that Allen Brice would regret taking the redheaded bimbo into his room until her boyfriend? husband? customer? showed up again.

Now this McKewn seemed like someone who might already have learned a hard lesson; the clothes scattered around the room were evidence as to what he and the redhead had been doing but where had he gone and why had she ended up out in the hallway without the keycard to the room?

He wondered it someone had been trying the old badger game in his hotel, a game that had gone somehow wrong.

Because McKewn did not have the keycard either; the only key the hotel gave out to someone staying alone. Larkin had found it on his first search of the room along with McKewn's wallet and keys to the luggage. One of the silvery cases sat open on the bed, folded clothes and sundries casually tossed inside. He'd looked through the open case before; perhaps he should open the other case and search through it, too?

You don't become a detective, of any sort, because you're good at keeping your nose out of other people's business. A hotel detective might really be involved more in security than detection; still, Will Larkin's bump of curiosity had gotten him into trouble before.

It was about to get him in trouble again. He took Gordon McKewn's keys and looked for one that might match the lock on the SuitCase. He hadn't yet noticed that it did not have a lock.

* * *

Across the hall, Allen considered his guest. Mary Lynne almost seemed designed to trip all his sexual triggers. Tall, though not taller than he; better built than any woman he had ever been this close to; she also had clear skin, gorgeous hair and beautiful eyes. And a voice that could go from tiger purr to kitten squeak in the space of one of her, strangely veering, slightly off-center comments.

Besides all of that, she smelled indescribably wonderful and seemed to be in real need of a male protector. Every time he smiled at her, she did something sexy; a wink, a wiggle, a giggle or a toss of her head. Everything about her announced that here was a woman expressly constructed for making love.

He waited for her to emerge from his bathroom where she had gone to "freshen up", and contemplated ways of getting rid of his two business associates who seemed to be hanging around just for another glimpse of Mary Lynne. "Why don't you guys get the hell out of here?" he said bluntly.

* * *

In the bathroom, Mary Lynne breathed a long and heartfelt sigh of relief, the packet of signal Solvents had been in the plastic suitcase Larkin had retrieved from Gordon McKewn's room. *I'm saved,* she told herself and started to rip open the package.

Another thought stopped her. *Three men had seen a red-headed white woman go into this bathroom, what would they think if a black man came out of the same room? And the white woman could not be found, just her clothes. Clothes? Make that a naked black man found in a bathroom from which a white woman had disappeared.*

Even without the color prejudices that still lingered in the most cosmopolitan of American cities, that situation could lead to a lot of fruitless attempts at explanation. She sighed and put the packet back in the cheap luggage. *Not just yet,* she decided. *I'll have to wait for a better opportunity.*

Which left her with the present opportunity to explore just what it meant to be a beautiful woman. She smiled at herself in the bathroom mirror and fluffed her shining, coppery locks. *This could be fun? Weird, but fun.*

Excitement bubbled somewhere inside her and she giggled. *Damn, but I am so sexy.* She resisted the temptation to get naked and fondle herself; while that had some appeal another part of her knew that her real best reason for being Mary Lynne involved men. A thought that would have made Gordon McKewn pound his temple with the palm of his hand occurred to her and she licked her lips.

Turning to leave the bathroom, she faced the full-length mirror on the back of the door. She paused again to admire her figure and form. Another giggle of pleasure bubbled up from the well of good feeling inside her just before the room across the hall "exploded."

* * *

Just as William Larkin figured out the ballpoint-pen-operated lock on the SuitCase, the Who or What searching for the strange mechanism reached across the Where or When and with some indefinable How nudged, tugged, pulled, tweaked or strummed the strings that connect one PlaceTime to another.

The SuitCase disappeared from the local space-time containing Mary Lynne and Allen Brice and Fred and Don, too. Larkin, the hotel

detective, went wherever and whenever the SuitCase went. The room, or most of it, stayed behind.

Or rather, tried to rush into the vacancy caused when an approximately eight feet, seven and 3/4-inch globe of reality suddenly no longer existed. So the room really imploded, not exploded.

The violent movement of air into the sudden vacuum had the force of a respectable-size bomb; like the ones hyper-zealous people in some parts of the world use to blow up busses. The window glass shattered inward, allowing the larger mass of outside air to rush into the room and various contents of the room to rush out the windows falling on the heads of the sort of crowd that instantly gathers to watch this sort of thing. The gap in reality stayed open a moment longer and even more air rushed into nothing.

The door to the hallway also broke inward and a tornado-like wind swirled in the corridor where Fred and Don were attempting not to be evicted from Allen Brice's room. Fred managed to grab a large potted shrub in a heavy terra cotta planter and rode the vegetation down the corridor where the planter proved too wide and too heavy to be sucked into the imploding room. Don very cleverly bounced several times against the walls and actually bounced past the opening; too unconscious to appreciate his good fortune for the moment, he lay on the green carpet and made brown stains with his blood until the emergency crews arrived.

Allen had been half-in and half-out of his room, holding the heavy door open with one hand and leaning out to urge his friends to continue their departure. When the hole in the universe tried to suck all the air out of his room, the door slammed against Allen, shattering his arm and crushing several ribs but holding him in the doorway like a temporary vise.

The suction caught Mary Lynne and pulled her, half running, partly flying, mostly stumbling, out of the bathroom and across Allen's room to collide with the loveseat which gracefully overturned and more or less landed on top of the luscious redhead who used to be Gordon McKewn. Since the glass in Allen's room also shattered inward at the same time, the upholstered armor turned out to be very handy, Mary Lynne suffered only minor cuts and bruises, though, she too, was temporarily too unconscious to properly value the brave little sofa.

The sonic boom of the implosion shattered a lot of windows that had not been affected directly by the sudden change in air pressure. A number of other people suffered injuries to one degree or another but there were no known fatalities to report the next morning in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution.

Just two missing persons, William Larkin and Gordon McKewn.

* * *

In the emergency room, the EMT's and one harried intern gave Mary Lynne a lot of attention until one hardened nursing supervisor set their priorities straight. A little dazed and confused, Mary Lynne had to ask the nurse several times to repeat her questions.

"It's just paperwork but I do need to fill it out, honey," said the nurse. "You said your name is Mary Lynne? Is Lynne your last name?"

She shook her head, wondering a little bit what would have happened if she had been more severely injured. What would happen to a broken bone in one of the Patented Mass Folding Pockets? Just trying to think about it made her head hurt.

"Well, then," said the nurse patiently, "what is your last name?"

Not McKewn, thought Mary Lynne as she considered the complications that could arise from continuing to claim kinship with Gordon-who-could-not-be-found. Urban explosions these days were likely to attract the attention of the FBI. "Baker," she said, though it wasn't until much later that she realized that Norma Jean Baker was Marilyn Monroe's real name.

The nurse asked more questions and Mary Lynne invented a few more answers but claimed confusion on a few, like a current address or employer. Nothing perturbed the nurse and if she made a few guesses about her lovely patient's past, she said nothing.

Something occurred to Mary Lynne during the questioning and she quickly asked the nurse, "Did anyone find my luggage? I had a plastic suitcase? Gray? About so big?" She meant the one Larkin had brought her in Allen's room, the one Gordon had brought to Atlanta then filled with unwanted women's clothes. She didn't care if she ever saw the SuitCase again but the cheap luggage had clothing and maybe

the packet of Subtly Scented Signal Solvents. She asked the nurses several times and then she asked a policeman who had come to talk to her about what had happened.

"The hotel may have it," the cop said and patted her hand reassuringly. That startled her a bit and reminded her of just what she looked like now.

Another reminder came when she asked a television reporter from WGCL, not knowing who he was. He didn't know anything about her luggage but he did want to get her on camera. "Have you done any--stage work? Film? Modeling?" he asked.

"No, and I don't want to be on the news," she told him though she did feel flattered, and mystified as to just why she felt pleased that people liked the way she looked. "I'm not supposed to be in Atlanta," she finally had to tell the reporter, "my boyfriend would be really mad if he saw me on the news?"

Funny, she thought when the reporter gave up, *a plausible lie is easily believed but who would believe me if I told them what really happened?* She felt sure that somehow the silvery SuitCase had caused the "explosion" and both hoped and feared that the strange vending machine had disappeared for good.

But if I can't find my own luggage, the case with the packet of Signal Solvents in it.... She let the thought trail off, looking down at her slender arms, her delicate hands, her breasts, and the rest of her new self. She nibbled delicately on tiny orange crackers from a bag of Cheese Nips, and considered just how she might deal with the world.

"Allen," she said aloud and nodded. She'd left the luggage in Allen's bathroom; the hotel would probably put it with Allen's things. If they found it. Or would they put it with Gordon McKewn's stuff, since it had an airline tag with his name on it still attached.

It occurred to her that that airline tag on a bag full of women's clothing could have been used as evidence that she belonged in Gordon's room. She hadn't thought of it at the time and Larkin either didn't notice it or didn't comment. Too late for that now, though; her best hope lay in looking for Allen. Hoping that he hadn't been taken to a different hospital, she gathered her courage and set out looking.

* * *

When she found Allen, the sudden rush of sympathy for his injuries startled her. A green cast covered his right arm and tape and bandages covered most of his right side above the waist. They had even bandaged his head and a small cut above his eye had visible sutures holding it closed. "Oh, Allen!" she said, and she knew she couldn't--wouldn't put a name to the emotion she felt at that moment.

Allen grinned at her, "Who would have thought of terrorists attacking a real estate convention?" Then his smile changed, "You look--beautiful?"

She giggled and sat on the straight gray chair beside the bed in the curtained cubicle where she had found him. "You look terrible," she said bluntly, "but cute?" *Now why did I add that?*

He grinned even wider and reached out, with his left hand, to take her hand and give it a comforting squeeze. "I'm okay," he reassured her.

She smiled, comforted in spite of herself, "I'm glad we both made it all right," she paused. "Um, your friend Don is in surgery but they say he's going to be fine? Oh, and Fred has his leg in a cast but his wife is flying in to be with him." It amazed her how willing people were to talk to a pretty girl.

Allen nodded. "That's good, we can check on Don later, probably his wife will show up also." He added after a pause, "I don't have anyone to fly in to be with me."

"Neither do I," she said. I can't call any of my friends or relatives, she thought and shook her head before she said something about that. "And, and the only people in Atlanta that know me are you and Don and Fred." Her lower lip trembled. "And Gordon," she added realizing she probably needed to keep up the misdirection for the moment.

Allen squeezed her hand gently. "It'll be okay, Mary Lynne," he said.

She sniffed, she really had been leaking a few tears. "The police said the hotel would be arranging other rooms for everyone, but I didn't have a room, and, and, they still haven't found Gordon or that Mr. Larkin," and privately she didn't think they would ever find the hotel detective. "And my suitcase was in your room and--and that's all I have in the world!" Realizing that the last part of that was literally true, she began crying more tears--with little hiccoughy sobs, this time.

Allen tugged on her hand, pulling her from the chair to sit on the bed next to him where he could put a protective arm around her, his left, not the one in the cast. "It's okay," he murmured, "Things will turn out just fine." It was comforting to be held even if she had trouble believing the reassurances. She cried for a while and wondered at that, it had been fifteen years since Gordon McKewn had cried real tears.

Allen patted her arm and her shoulder, then kissed her forehead. The shock of that stopped Mary Lynne's tears. *A man just kissed me,* she thought. *A man who is practically holding me in his lap and he isn't wearing but bandages above the waist. Why does that matter?*

Allen used a tissue to dab at her eyes and she took it to blow her nose with; a task she accomplished in an unexpectedly delicate and ladylike fashion.

"Feel better?" Allen asked.

She nodded, a little surprised that yes, she did feel better. He hugged her gently again. *This is crazy,* she thought, he's a guy and inside this suit, *I'm still a guy. Aren't I?* But it felt nice to held. She put her left hand back in Allen's left and crossed her right arm over her to put her right hand on his cast. It didn't feel awkward at all, but she wondered how it looked.

Both of their left wrists bore those hospital-issue plastic identity bracelets and she knew that hers read Mary Lynne Baker. *More and more of me is Mary Lynne all the time,* she thought; what had the SuitCase said, "programmed aids...so you can...act appropriately"? *The suit is brainwashing me, or something?*

Allen's voice brought her out of that uncomfortable reverie, "If the hotel doesn't give you a room, you can stay with me? Or I'll get you your own room, if you like?"

She realized that she didn't really want her own room. And that was such a scary thought that she just blinked at him for a bit. He smiled and she smiled and they squeezed each other's hand lightly. *Something just happened,* she thought, *we've just agreed to sleep together!* The bit of her that remained Gordon McKewn raised only feeble objections to the plan. She felt a bit dizzy. And hopeful?

* * *

Wearing a snap-together hospital tunic as a shirt, Allen got a ride out to the taxi in a wheelchair despite his protests that he could walk fine. She got in first so she could be on his left side and they sat close and held hands all the way to the new hotel. Mary Lynne succeeded in not thinking too much about this as Allen talked.

"I've got a nice condo in Issaquah, Washington," he murmured quietly. "You'd love it there, it's all trees with mountains and lakes; and Seattle is only twenty miles away."

She nodded distractedly. *If my luggage doesn't show up, could I really move in with this guy?* I guess I may be finding out.

"Does any one call you just Mary, or maybe Molly? Mary Lynne is quite a mouthful."

"No one who knows me calls me Mary," she told him wryly.

"What do your friends call you?" he asked.

Gordo would not do and neither would Mac she reflected. She resurrected a nickname from her childhood; one given to baby Gordon by his two-years-older sister, "Go-Go?"

Allen grinned and she blushed. That might not have been the wisest nickname to claim but Gordon had used it even into high school. "Do you dance?" Allen asked.

She thought about it. "Probably," she said.

Chapter IV

Allen really could walk fine and proved it by walking from the taxi up to the new room, where Mary Lynne moved quickly to look over the items the old hotel had sent over. No gray plastic suitcase. Her lip trembled again.

"Your stuff isn't there?" said Allen, coming up behind her and putting his good hand on her waist.

"No," she said miserably. "All I've got in the world is what I'm wearing." *These clothes and this stupid invisible Suit,* she added silently.

He buried his face in her red mane and nuzzled her neck. "It will probably turn up."

"Uh," she said. *Well, my toes have certainly turned up,* she thought and giggled.

"Mmm," he said. "Just think, you can go shopping and replace all of that stuff?"

"But I don't have any money, I don't even have any I.D.?" she made a feeble attempt to pull away and felt almost disappointed when he let her.

"No one told you? The hotel is paying for all medical expenses and has offered money to anyone who will sign a release." Allen had kept hold of her hand and tugged her back toward him, face to face this time.

"Release?" she asked.

"Yeah, a promise not to sue them, I don't know how much they're offering, probably a few thousand?"

But Mary Lynne had lost track of the conversation again, so near to Allen she had automatically put her arms around his neck. He encircled her waist with his good arm. His presence filled her mind with confusion.

She looked up.

He kissed her.

Wottahell, she thought and kissed back, enjoying the rush of sensation in spite of all weirdness. Their lips parted and they touched tongue tips, gently, searchingly. She pulled her face away then, embarrassed at just how intense things were getting. "It's really me," she quoted from the SuitCase spiel.

"Pardon?"

"Nemmine," she murmured leaning her cheek against him, fighting the urge to giggle hysterically.

"Help me out of this tunic?" he asked. She undid the snaps and eased the wide sleeve over his cast-covered right arm. He shrugged out of the rest of it, commenting, "I'm right-handed, so this is pretty awkward."

"Uh huh," she said. "Well, I can help?"

"I'm going to need it," he said. "Doc said I've got probably eight days in this cast then another week or so in a smaller one?"

Making plans, we're making plans? she thought. "How soon do you have to be back home?"

"My ticket is for tomorrow, Sunday," he said.

"Tomorrow is Sunday?" she asked. It seemed impossible, Gordon had driven to Alabama Saturday morning and it was only Sunday tomorrow?

He laughed, "Yes, it's Sunday tomorrow, Go-Go." He pulled her toward him again.

She giggled nervously at the inane nickname. He put his good arm around her waist again and asked, "You hungry?"

"Uh, no?" she said. The only place for her arms seemed to be around his neck.

"Sleepy?"

She shook her head.

"We've got a nice bed here? Shame to waste it?"

She grinned, "Now, that's original?" *What am I doing? And why?* But, if she were going to be stuck as Mary Lynne Baker, and if the Suit were going to make things easy for her to be Mary Lynne, maybe she should just relax and enjoy it.

He laughed softly. "Let's get naked and see what happens," he suggested.

"You're just full of them," she said, still smiling. Then he kissed her again. Gently at first and then with a bit more passion. It took her breath away.

"You're beautiful," he whispered. "I don't know what I've done to be so lucky."

She couldn't think of anything to say so she kissed him again. Then she stepped out of his embrace and toed off her slippers. Watching his reactions, she lifted the skirt of her little black dress.

"Naughty," he smiled as he glimpsed her satiny panties. Her nipples were already pebbled against her dress and his gaze made her tingle all over. She pulled the dress up further and off over her head.

Her large breasts attracted his eyes now, the rosy areolas, the strawberry milk glow of her skin. She put one hand under a breast and lifted it; a pleasant weight, and she thought for a moment how much Gordon would have enjoyed playing with her breasts. "It's really me," she said again.

"I knew that," he said. Awkwardly he worked on his belt buckle left-handed.

She shivered a bit, the A/C in an Atlanta hotel room is usually set to stun but contemplating what was probably going to happen in the next few minutes made goosebumps on her goosebumps.

Allen's pants fell to his ankles and he stepped out of them and his shoes at the same time. Mary Lynne stared at the bulge in his boxers. *I thought white men were supposed to be smaller than that,* she thought with a little absurd, mocking humor.

Her breath came in ragged gasps. They moved toward the bed and lay atop the covers.

"I didn't know men could look beautiful, too," she heard herself saying.

He snorted, "I work out, but I'm no pretty boy."

They moved closer and he touched her nipple with his thumb while cupping her breast in his left hand.

"You look like," she tried to think. Her brain seemed to be located right behind her nipple at the moment. "Like that guy that played *Starman,* Jeff Bridges?"

He laughed. "I don't think so, but thanks for the compliment." He moved his hand upward, teasing her as his fingers glided softly to her face. "You know who you look like?"

"Uh huh," she said. "I sound like her, too?" Something touched her thigh, something with a stiff, rubbery, probing insistence. She gasped as her legs opened without her conscious intent. *What happened to my panties and his shorts?*

"Sometimes," he agreed. She watched his face as he winced a bit.

"Maybe we should wait till you're not hurting?" she suggested, almost fearing that he would agree.

"I want you now, Mary Lynne," he said. And she knew that she wanted him, too. Wanted to find out how it felt to be penetrated instead of being the penetrator. And more, she wanted to do this for Allen. *How weird is that,* she thought.

He tugged on her arm, "You get on top, honey. If I did, I might hit you in the head with this cast." They both laughed softly at the slapstick image.

She moved naturally to sit astride his thighs. She felt his cock rub against her belly but she did not look, keeping her eyes instead on his face. *I know how to do this,* she thought, *but I don't know how I know how?* "Who's on first?" she asked.

He grinned, "I think we're rounding third about now?" He reached up with his left hand and played with her nipples while she found his cock with both hands. They looked into each other's eyes and both thought; *I've never felt quite like this about anyone before?*

She lifted herself up and guided his cock against her pussy just as if she had done this before. The tip of his penis had a drop of fluid on it, that and her own wetness made things easy as well as very pleasurable.

He grunted with the effort of holding back, then he thrust upward unexpectedly, driving his cock inside her and meeting her own hip-rocking thrust. The sensation of pleasure turned incredibly intense, propelling her consciousness almost outside her body. *Where is it going,* in there? *she wondered with some tiny, faraway part of her mind. Another Patented Mass-Folding Pocket?*

But more thrusting drove all thought out of her head, she cried out, almost shrieking with pleasure. Thunderous multiple orgasms

battered her consciousness like chain lightning and she barely felt things change as his need burst inside of her.

She pressed herself against his wilting erection, seeking and finding a decrescendo of pleasure that left her more satisfied and happier than she would ever have thought possible.

For Allen, her continued movements had become almost painful and he tugged her close then rolled onto his side taking her with him so they lay against one another, still almost coupled. He began kissing her again as he murmured, "I think I love you, Mary Lynne."

That sort of snapped her out of it a little.

What just happened? She wondered. *Well, if you were going to design a woman, wouldn't she be easily brought to multiple orgasms? It's the Suit,* she told herself. *Allen doesn't love me, she told herself, he loves the Suit. And I can't love Allen, I'm a guy.*

"You can't love me, you don't know me?" she whispered.

"We'll work on that," he promised a little sleepily.

The knock on the door startled both of them.

"Who is it?" he called.

"Bell service, sir," someone answered. "The other hotel sent over some more of your things."

"Ah, okay, just a minute?" Allen sat up and grinned at Mary Lynne. "Can you help me get some pants on?"

She giggled and nodded. First she wiped him off with the discarded boxers then helped him back into the dress pants that had been left lying on the floor. As she stood she felt his cum leak out of her pussy onto her leg. That almost paralyzed her for a moment but he handed her the little black dress and said, "Maybe you want to wait in the bathroom?"

Good idea. She scampered into the tiled room and shut the door. A glance in the mirror showed her the face of a woman who had just been fucked. "And wants more," she thought, blushing.

She took washcloths and towels and began cleaning herself off, and once again she did something she had never really done before with practiced ease. "I don't think I can get pregnant," she told herself out loud. "But maybe I should worry?" The Suit had accomplished the impossible several times already.

She turned on the shower and holding her hair up out of the way, did a quick rinse of her body, turned the water off and began patting herself dry.

"Honey," Allen called through the door. "They brought your suitcase."

She stopped, half bent over to dry her feet. A short movie played in her head; she opened the packet and she rubbed the Signal Solvents all over Mary Lynne's body. Wherever the chemicals touched, the Suit released Gordon McKewn from wherever he had been. Hands, legs, torso, face, groin, Mary Lynne disappeared everywhere the pad touched until only Gordon McKewn remained.

And with the SuitCase from Nowhere gone, once Mary Lynne had vanished she could never be recalled. *I don't want that to happen,* she realized. *I don't want to stop being Mary Lynne. At least, not yet.*

"I'll be right out, baby," she called back. And with that casual endearment, she knew she had made some sort of decision. She might not throw the Subtly Scented Signal Solvents away immediately, but she did not believe she would ever use them.

She stood up and looked in the mirror, smiling. "Wottahell? It's really me," she said.