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# Anita Mann & Cissy Boyd

**by Roxanne Stafford**

## **Chapter 1**

The present stage is two people in an apartment building, one on either side of egress. For the moment, one surprised and the other demurred.

“Anita!” exclaimed Cecil Boyd.

“Hi, babe,” came the sheepish response. “Uh, got room for one more?”

At that, Cecil then took stock of the complete picture. Before him appeared a female of 5’ 6”, made a little taller than that as she wore 4” heeled cherry-red pumps. At her present altered height, she was only a

little taller than Cecil, he presently barefooted at 5' 7". Wide-eyed and full-lipped, it is readily apparent that her make-up is expertly done via meticulous practice or there is a wealth of expense to have it done professionally. It is that well done.

The same could be said about her hair; almost a lifetime of cinnamon-red curly tresses adorned full on top and cascading down her back to just above her hips. Over her body, she also wore a hot pink tank top and a very brief blue denim miniskirt. Wearing thong panties but braless, her thick nipples punctuated the shirt's material.

Through force of habit, she swiftly checked Cecil's crotch for a sign of excitement, as her long-lashed eyelids seductively fluttered. Anita did this without thinking, certainly without deliberate desire for Cecil. By now she could not help it. It was a built-in mechanism that aided her over the years that told her how to act and react with men, friends, as well as strangers. In the beginning, it was for flight or flight with strangers indeed.

It evolved into an option a way to just be friendly, especially if her glance was caught and mistaken as flirtatious. Immediately next to his caller, Cecil noticed were four large suitcases, two on either side. For the moment, given the caller's apparent slight muscular physique, he wondered how they got there, but only that. The answer was obvious but even as it formed in his mind, Anita was at the ready, in a babyish yet sultry voice that had been once cultured but was long ago natural. A feminine timbre that was part bimbo and yet with slight treble that said that the speaker was to be taken seriously and not mistaken for an airhead. Catch-

ing Cecil's glance at her belongings, Anita breathed,  
"Cees, hon?"



Let me in, baby, and then we'll talk about it. I love my heels but they're not designed to be worn while carrying heavy luggage," she joked weakly.

"When's your super gonna fix the elevator?"

Cecil was startled into activity as he then stepped out into the hallway, allowing Anita to enter the apartment. Anita evidently had carried all of the luggage at once somehow, but Cecil took the leisure of handling the baggage inside two at a time. Afterwards, he secured the door and found Anita, sitting with her heels off, rubbing her feet.

"So. Auntie Anita, what brings you...and, uh, your luggage?...to my humble abode?"

Anita could not help herself into swiftly going into seductive pose again, just as she was when she stood before the opened apartment door. She now innocently thrusts her low-cut chest forward as she ran a long-nailed finger upon her puffy bottom lip, looking at Cecil pensively before saying, "Sweetie, how long have I been your aunt?"

The query coming out of left field, an unruffled Cecil replies, "Um, about ten years. Why?"

No, Anita was not a forgotten relative that has re-connected with the family. And yet she then followed up with another left-field swing, "Do you find yourself ever missing your father?"

Cecil sighs heavily as he responds, "Ever since I was shown the door and what with you caring for me as both parents instead of just one, what was there to miss...Daddy?"

Anita blushed at choosing to pick out the best of Cecil's statement. "Oh, stop. You're gonna make me all misty."

## Chapter 2

Did Cecil just call his aunt “Daddy”? Yes he did...and since they already have had the conversation of why they are here and now, as observers to their lives, here are the reasons why: About a decade ago, a thirteen-year-old Cecil Boyd was deemed to be let in on the innermost family secrets. It was decided that with his approaching puberty, that it was a time to hopefully assure against possible and unneeded familial stress. It would be best to be up front with the offspring about certain matters rather than to have these things backfire out of ignorance.

At the time, Adam and Megan Boyd had also decided to expand their financial base with Megan “finally using her college degree,” to quote her. Not only could they use the money at the time, they wanted to play catch-up in saving for their son’s college degree. They had been going from hand-to-mouth by instinct for a very long time, not truly planning for their future, much less their son’s. As a way to bring things up to speed, one important aspect was to include Cecil – in body, if not in mind – into full consideration.

So far, the Boyds had lived an inclusive life. Wary of who they brought into their circle, wary not to upset the family dynamic. Adam and Megan tried to break a cycle than had been shared by ironically both of their extended families. They made things worse by becoming things that their relatives did not care for, strongly. And then, Adam and Megan took things even further.

Adam Boyd met Megan Kendrick when they both entered college and shortly thereafter became a couple. Before long, Adam was invited to join a frat. He was going to decline but Megan convinced him that fraternities and sororities had the best parties. Neither had much money for extracurricular fun, so Adam then followed through in becoming a frat brother. However, he had to successfully complete an initiation. He had to convince everyone that he was a girl.

They supplied clothing and a wig. Megan tossed everything except the hair, using her better wear. This due to fact that the frat's women's clothing were sub par. However, the wig cost a few bucks. Because while they wanted some laughs, they were a little fair. Adam could not even begin to pass his initiation if he was exposed before 'she' even got close. In the end, the worthless clothes were disposed of but the expensive blonde wig was, unwittingly, not. The frat forgetting to ask for it back.

Meanwhile, Megan then boosted her energy into making sure that Adam got in when she failed to get into a sorority. Her help was invaluable, as for Adam's probationary period he had to crossdress. Moreso, to persuade everyone that he was female. Having done these several times, it was not considered hazing as long as the 'girl' was not asked to perform sexually (some did, but on their own) and that they were not abused sexually. In a word, raped. Even under these restrictions, the frat got a lot of mileage out off this initiation. From some who made the grade and even those who did not but got in anyway.

It was supposedly all in fun. A frat brother was seemingly always nearby to somehow document Adam's progress or lack thereof after he appeared to

the frat en femme to be initially recognized. This helped more than expected, because if Adam had not presented 'herself' beforehand, they would never know. This fact was an overworn movie cliché but it also worked it "real life". Adam Boyd was proof.

Megan was not only his cheerleader but she was his mentor in this regard, as she guided his body into more curvy contours and even voice feminization. Now Megan was not a female transformation expert. She was merely an adept tutor, using tools she had to learn to use herself and she had a pliable pupil that not only learned the lessons but the body was also able to adapt.

Achieving a believable feminine voice was no mean feat, especially given the short time frame to perfect and produce to hearers, but Adam was able to pull it off; getting better and better each time 'she' spoke.

Without Megan's able and inventive assist, Adam may have very well passed the initiation, but by being taught and disciplined by a beautiful woman to be as attractive as her, it was ultimately unwitting perfection. Of course, while Adam was in no way effeminate prior to this, but again, it did not hurt that his body, along with his retention and willingness to adapt, and it made for all the difference in successfully portraying a dynamic female Megan had a blank canvas in herself since puberty. Left alone, she could have been just another face in the crowd. Yet, throughout her early teen years, she worked at making herself more and more attractive until she could do no more. Her physical body was blessed and she also found ways to enhance this. Her then-girlfriends occasionally asked her for tips and she always obliged.

When she met Adam and the frat initiation came up, she almost begged him to let her work on him.

Again, to her, frats were Party Central. That being the only reason and Adam was her way in, Megan did not just make him pass, she wanted to make 'her' a shoo-in!

Making herself a beauty best was deemed another challenge. Megan was always trying to improve herself, especially if she had done a remarkable job on a girlfriend. In that none of her past girlfriends were never disappointed, Megan really wanted now to successfully achieve this task within a task with Adam. Given that he was ideal in making everything work, he turned out fantastic. In the end, the frat did not get all the deprecating laughs they would have, but Adam got in. And yes, they partied hearty.

As a result, however, Adam became addicted to crossdressing during and after the fact due to Megan finding pleasure in him being a pseudo-lesbian. She thought it a shame that all of her hard work perfected in such a short time, for a short time, should be disposed. Adam loved Megan, so he easily got back into skirts not too long after initiation, for his girlfriend. Adam was even more immersed into femininity with the open-ended time.

With Megan's tutelage – and permission – Adam learned on his own how to completely act and react as a female, even as 'her' voice was remarkably passable from the start became outright bewitching. Dressed even in ordinary everyday women's clothes, Adam even learned how to entice and flirt, simply by subtly moving her body. Men assumed that an attractive woman was noting them, as Adam sexily undulated and appeared to check out their crotches.

After initial trial-and-error, once Adam got more assured of not only his feminine ability, but also Megan's

approval, the more demonstrative 'she' got. Even Adam began doing it, having fun, and it soon became second nature as he dressed up for his girlfriend. Megan really got off on seeing a penis grow and stiffen, if it was possible to be able to tell while it was in their pants. She would never tell Adam this but he definitely received the fervor of her lust if it did happen.

Megan had told Adam that it would be Adam's safety valve: that the more he acted feminine, the less people would think he was masculine, when dressed. Erroneously calling it his "fight or flight" maneuver, he was never to really fight if it ever failed. It never did. At the time, as far as the 'flight' part, Megan just said that it was much better to kick off your heels and lose them, in order to run faster than to have heels break along with bones.

Since she would be with Adam virtually all the time as a woman, she was selfishly thinking of herself more than him. Men thinking that they were being made fools of by two men, instead of one. If caught, both could be beaten or raped, and Megan definitely did not want to be raped. Although she would not mind seeing Adam with a cock up 'her' ass. A fantasy years in the dreaming, finally happening with Megan wearing a strap-on, Megan playing the man.

Everything Adam was taught, he never forgot. As later in life, he could do these things without realizing. Even to Cecil. But Cecil well knew that his parent was not trying to entice him, he being practically oblivious as he grew adulthood. Meanwhile, the better Adam got, the wetter Megan got, and she would ravish her faux femme lover at their earliest accessible moment. But then, all of this dominoed into more than just a rare or occasional sexual turn-on.

With his then-girlfriend, there was now broader quality that gave way to even an extensive quantity. That is, the ability to be so completely feminine while maintaining a potent penis. Adam being virile enough with a very willing partner never once thought to question anything and even got comfortable with his feminine side, as if he was born double-gendered.

They might not have had much money to party with, but as Megan spent her clothing allowance – and part of Adam’s – she specifically bought feminine items for him. She let him know that they were his, and because they were at the time the same size, Megan always had the option to borrow from him. His feminine self multiplied a variety of ways in which to have sex, as either gender to Megan. Not to mention, straight out, impulsive, spur-of-the-moment intercourse where caution was thrown to the wind and Megan getting pregnant before their senior year.

At wits end for the extra expense of another mouth to feed, their families also abandoned them. (For having a child out of wedlock, regardless that it was legalized later via getting married before its birth. Although they would continue to be estranged from their families from then on, this would be a godsend against other familial abuse, they never knowing otherwise of Adam’s double life.)

As a last resort, Megan happened to stumble upon a nightclub in their college town that showcased female impersonators. Thinking it kismet, Adam applied for the job and got it. Ironically, Adam had gotten hired because he had to prove that he was a man. To his prospective employers he was that good a woman, if only part-time. Adam definitely showed promise, not to be passed up. After all, they were primarily businessmen

and a beautiful Adam in a dress was the ideal product that they were trying to promote. But then he had to show that he had talent to entertain. They were trying to sell that, too. He had none. He did not even have a femme name. During the initiation and afterwards with Megan, he was called several women's names on the spur of the moment. Nothing was supposed to be permanent.

But pleading for the necessity of a job – his impending family – they initially hired him as a waitress – not a waiter – while he found “herself”, as they felt sure ‘she’ would.

As he worked, Adam saw impersonators do strip-tease and even bawdy burlesque. There were over-the-top depictions of famous females and straight-on performances. Given his adaptability, Adam became a Jill-of-all-trades, able to do them all, including lip-sync singing, as ‘she’ adopted the ubiquitous stage name of Anita Mann. She would, strangely enough, take years to legalize it but so as to conform to local laws, Anita got special dispensation as a performer to appear outside of the club without trouble, wearing women's clothes.

Over the years, she was stopped by law enforcement but it was without difficulty. They were part of a small clique – a fan club that was never officially formed. Anita met all kinds of men who would even discreetly show her that they were wearing panties, or more, under male clothes. The gay community constantly recognized her, to praise her performances. There were even genetic women who did the same, and even asked her for beauty tips.

Otherwise, Anita may have been one of the lucky ones to have never been berated or assaulted for her

choice of venue. If one did not know her from the club, Anita was just another pretty face in the street.

The couple then made their union legal by marriage. Neither Adam nor Megan ever went back to their respective hometowns, being alienated. Their college was paid for, their new addition was now covered by a steady income, and neither needed to use their degrees upon graduation, as Adam Boyd now professionally became Anita Mann and Megan Boyd became a stay-at-home mom.

As time passed, Adam evolved from dressing up at home to titillate Megan and dressing up on the job, for the job. His body slowly graduated from masculine proportions to feminine ones. Without a care at the time, Adam was being transformed into a woman in men's clothes. The Boyds took it all for granted despite looks they would get, especially if they both wore pants of their appropriate gender. But no one ever approached them nor made them a public spectacle, and life went on.

In the meantime, as Cecil grew older, Anita's profession went stagnant for a time, as regards the public. However, instead of Adam resurfacing wholly, Anita was offered the option of playing in traveling "revues". Adam took this opportunity, having already definitively invested in Anita. He had originally tried to boost his popularity as Anita in getting permanent beard removal, being generally hairless elsewhere. While she used a variety of wigs in her performances, Anita grew her own hair out. If Adam then had to make an appearance, his long hair was tied into a masculine ponytail.

With this desperate time, there was unwitting tunnel vision. Neither Adam nor Megan sought to find

work apropos to their college degrees, seeking only to keep Anita's job. With the savings they had at the time for Cecil, Megan even suggested that Anita get small breast implants. This was yet another thing Adam had not dreamed of doing, but given his situation, he followed his wife's suggestion that perfection was an assured job security.

After all, Megan had already proven her validity in her "fight or flight" plan. That the more attractive Adam was as a woman, the less problems it would be against 'her' That plan was for fun. The principle proved more important being for work, to care for a family. The better Anita looked, the more the public wanted to see her, knowing that she was born a man. Magic was even assumed as no one seriously question that she was somehow really a man.

It had been increasingly easier for Anita to be female as opposed for Adam to be male. His practiced femme voice, used only in the early days at the club but around the clock while on the road, became so predominant, Adam's masculine timbre grew to have an effeminate lilt. Not truly aware of this progression – by now, his growing femininity felt normal for him – if he were to continue in this fashion, Anita's – not Adam's – baby-like cooish voice would be the only voice.

This was not a hard and fast rule, but as time did tell, this is what exactly happened. In any event, by this earlier time, the only identifier left was his healthy, undoctored penis. Adam would come off by now as somewhat effeminate as a man but a very appealing, perfect woman. Otherwise, his member worked fine in every respect and even Megan did nothing to improve on it other than to have her 'girlfriend' tuck it away when not in use; invisible in even the skimpiest of un-

derwear. Eventually, Anita was, even unknown to her employers, more than just a female impersonator. 'She' was actually a bonafide shemale.

Meanwhile, more than a decade passed, and baby Cecil grew into puberty. Adam had largely gotten away with his definite feminine physique at home because he wasn't there quite a bit in his son's early years. On his away junkets, he was Anita 24/7. Because of this, he began to buy intimate items for after hours and sleepwear. Returning to his wife, she discovered what Anita had purchased and confronted Adam. Adam then told her about the ease of not going back and forth while away. Megan wanted to be upset but saw the logic.

It was not long before she asked Adam to wear lingerie to bed, to which he complied without a problem. Adam had worn a sports bra that both supported his chest and yet minimized its protrusion. Able to wear lingerie at home, he wore the too-small binding sports bra less and less, as he wore men's underwear less and less. Thereafter, the only masculine clothing he owned was male outerwear; underneath coverings consisted of a variety of bras, panties and even stockings instead of socks.

When was home, Adam was as male as he could be for the neighborhood and Cecil. He was very affectionate with his son, as if to make up for lost time.

Still, he was wary of his own womanly body more and more as his son grew older. With more than a decade having passed, with the only job that was needed (and therefore kept instead of chancing subsequent work) to support a family, dedication was subconsciously done to be better at its perfection in order to keep the uniquely-specialized job instead of the person

off-hours. That is, until the person on the job and the person at home were one and the same.

As Cecil began noticing the differences in girls and being attracted to them, his paternal forebear found social mores began to change in his favor again. Particularly, tolerance for lesbian and gays afforded them to openly have their own bars and clubs to go to. Adam's nightclub was able to re-open as a stationary business, featuring Anita for steady employment as a headliner again, while gaining a more notable clientele.

Not just female impersonators, but also assuredly gay drag queens provided the entertainment. Entertainment for everyone, no matter what one's sexual predilection was. But being at home steadily made Adam's bustline virtually avoidable for his son not to miss. Although only somewhat small (compared to Megan's bigger bust) when not made prominent in a bra, even in male wear, it seemed larger when womanly hips and waistline were also significant.

So, the waters were tested to see just how much Cecil would be able to accept.

To both of his parents' pleasant surprise, Cecil showed incredible compassion for his age. Adam could effectively disappear, Cecil accepting Anita as his aunt while fully knowing the truth. His parents, not wanting to spoil what they had been blessed with, did not question his acquiescence. Cecil acknowledged the familial reshuffle without missing a beat, as even the rest of the world accepted the new family dynamic of two women instead of husband and wife.

But then, it was Cecil's turn to go to college. He went away for four years and came back...with his arm around his boyfriend.

## Chapter 3

“Daddy...uh, Anita? Do you love me?” Cecil was always treated as the baby, while not being treated like a baby. So he followed through to this very day, rarely calling them Mom and Dad. Actually affectionately calling them, albeit childlike, Mommy or Daddy.

Abruptly feeling a little hurt, Anita replied, “How could you ever doubt that? You’re my baby!”

“Y’see? That’s my point! Whether you were Adam or Anita, you loved me and I always knew it. You were always affectionate to me and you always showed it. Other fathers gave their children...things. You gave me you! Mom never said that she hated me, but sometimes as I grew up, I got the feeling that she resented me. As if I had held her back or something. And when she went to work, the feeling only got stronger.”

Cecil then paused. “Anita? I could ask you if you loved Megan.”

“Huh?”

“Well, we’re both adults now and it’s just us in this apartment. When you ‘came out’ to me way back when, I could tell that it was as if a heavy burden had been lifted of your shoulders. Even before then, you and Mom both taught me to think before I acted and it really came to prove itself when you told me about Anita. We never really did ‘father-son’ macho masculine stuff but we did have our quality time almost every time you were around me.

You'd hug me, hold me, and even kiss me, even before I knew you as Anita while you actually took time to spend it with me, doing whatever or simply nothing but talk. You cared about me, period, and I knew it. That was the important thing; that I recognized our times together for what it was.

"Minutes ago, I said you were both parents to me and no truer words have I ever said. Mom was a mother but you were more of a mother to me than she was, even before I knew the family secret. At that time, you never asked why I accepted you as Anita, I guess to let sleeping dogs lie in not wanting to push things. But I'll tell you now: I figured in my little mind then that if I hadn't, things would somehow change, and not for the better. You were scary serious to me as you built up to the big reveal and I was actually relieved that that was everything was about back then.

"To me, you were always Anita before I 'met' her. The only difference was that she was moreso feminine thereafter in a relaxed state. I might not've liked Adam trying to be something she wasn't, if he wasn't true to 'herself' to continue to be Anita, openly in my presence."

A light bulb then turned on in Anita's head. "You know, you were originally told about me just in case of several things, from innocent slips of the tongue to vengeful teenage spite if your mother and I got you mad. Whether you saw, or definitely would see, my breasts or noticed my figure. Too, while not even remotely effeminate, I wasn't the most masculine of men even before I chose my profession, which probably made it the most easiest to go in that direction.

"Your mother and I just didn't want you to innocently bring unwanted attention to us that had been

avoided until then. That was in addition to wanting your acceptance of me. Despite internal differences, I'm more a total woman than a man now, emotionally as well as outward. But here is something I never dreamed of happening. Why I, at least, didn't bring this before now, seems par for the course of my life: thinking of consequences only until it's almost too late.

"...Did my situation cause you to lean to being gay?"

## Chapter 4

"No, not really. I never knew about your childhood and how you dealt with it 'cause you – or Mom, for that matter – never talked about it around me.

I guess that that fact that both families cutting you off and never

mellowing because of me, well, I guess there are worse fates. But there's a

saying. Something like 'catching more flies with honey than vinegar'. It worked

so well, it surprised even me when I found boys more attractive than

girls. The clincher was definitely when guys liked me back!

"...Anita?" Cecil now looked as if pondering the air, before facing his parent. "All these years, it never hit me until now, but think on this: Mom really made all of the pivotal decisions in your life. I mean, from

what you both told me, it was her decision for you to go do anything you had to, to join the frat back in college. And she even helped! You did get her pregnant but you didn't rape her, did you? According to you, afterwards, it was her idea for you to become a professional female impersonator, for a club that today doesn't really showcase impersonators but blatant drag queens. It's a gay bar!"

"If you're trying to hurt me, Cecil, it's working."

"No, no, no. That's the last thing I want to do to you. I don't think Mom was trying to hurt you when she would butt-fuck you with her strap-on."

Anita blanched, "You know about that?"

Cecil lightly chuckled, "Maybe you didn't intend for me to know, but I'm guessing that after you told me your secret, you both got a little lax when you had sex. One night, I heard noises and investigated. I was in my teens and curious about sex...although I never dreamed I'd see my parents goin' at it!

"Anyway, what sounded like pain at first soon evolved into sounds of pleasures even as I started to open your bedroom door. I caught Mom riding you doggy-style as she pumped and you had a big smile on your face. You two never saw me and as I quickly put together what was going on, I left just as fast so I wouldn't be caught."

"To be honest, it hurt like hell at first," Anita weakly laughed. "But your mother convinced me, at the time, that I could have the ultimate feminine sexual experience. And just as I was going to tell her no more, it got good. Eventually, I begged her to fuck me other...times..."

"...Just like she planned, huh?" Cecil interjected.

“What?”

“If you loved somebody so completely, it would take an outsider to see that you been constantly manipulated. It was ‘no harm, no foul’ because you never really suffered, did you?”

“No,” said Anita sheepishly.

“It wasn’t your idea to name me ‘Cecil’, was it?” he sighed heavily.

“It was your Mom’s,” Anita surrendered.

“You never knew that I suffered all kinds of teasing and hazing in my teen years because of it, because I never said anything. I can’t tell you how many times I was called ‘Cecile’ or ‘Cecilia’.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I knew the family secret. I knew that I was a boy and that my father pulled off being so perfect a woman that Anita had guys – and even a few of my classmates – drooling after her! So I figured that before things got real nasty, those that picked on me, I chose to take a page out of your book. I knew who you really were but saw you be the total package outdoors, to everyone’s approval. So, then, I’d play up to my taunters. As if they wanted me and that was why they teased me. For the most part, it worked.”

“Are you saying that you learned from me how to be effeminate? That doesn’t really make me feel any better.”

“Oh, come on, Mom! For crying out loud! I just explained how everything happened, as nature took its course!”

Anita was taken aback by this outburst but recovered. “I am...not...your mother.”

Cecil had not said what he had as a faux pas. “No, you’re not Megan. But you are my mother!”



“Wh-wh-wh-wait. What?”

“Megan Kendrick gave birth to me, okay. You two got married so I wouldn’t be a bastard child. Just like with a lot of things, abortion was never discussed. I don’t know any aunts, uncles or grandparents. Megan clothed and fed me from money you earned. But except for the fact that I came out of her womb, she is my father and you’re my mother. Do you get it now?”

With a reluctant sigh of resignation, Anita said, “I...I think so.”

“You have been the focus of my life because I have been the focus of your life. What you’ve sacrificed for her, I got the rest, with nothing for yourself. Megan Boyd didn’t show any disgust for me until she showed me the door. You would go away and every time you returned you smothered me with affection. Even when you didn’t travel anymore, you still hungered for my attention. And I hungered for yours became what you gave maybe should’ve come partially from Megan. It’s not a hard and fast rule that men have to be distant while women are endearing, but that’s the way it was in our house. Only in reverse!

“We might not ever know why everything turned out the way it did. Especially why Mom did a one-eighty from getting you in skirts to being disgusted with me being gay, but I’m gonna take a guess. From what we know, Megan Kendrick Boyd was, and possibly is, a control freak! If she lost control of something she didn’t have a handle on, she didn’t want it around. I’ll bet anything if she had paired me up with my first boyfriend, we’d all still be together!”

At that, Anita’s eyes widened as she blanched again. Then, suddenly, she burst into tears.

“Aw, Mo-Dad, uh Anita, please don’t cry. I-I-I’m sorry. Please forgive me.”

“No,” she sniffled. “No, baby. Maybe you’re right...about everything. I’m perfectly satisfied with the direction my life took. I always was, as long as Megan stood by me from square one, even encouraging me to perfect myself. I just never looked inward to find that I didn’t simply make my own choices, what with your mother’s ready approval.

“For some reason, as far as you were concerned, I just thought your mother just couldn’t handle your being gay...and forgot that now my job is an official gay hangout. She was there often on her own, never feeling uncomfortable. I tried to fight for you but you moved out almost immediately afterwards. First at your boyfriend’s and then this place. I just wanted to show you that I didn’t want you to go, by constantly visiting you when you gave us your new address.”

“And you were always welcome, Mom. Can I please call you that?”

“Not in mixed company,” she tried to joke. “Maybe your older sister...?”

## Chapter 5

With her change of disposition, Cecil now wanted to change the subject. “

So, uh...Mom? What’s with the luggage? You wanna store some of your things in my extra bedroom?”

Anita looked at him and then shrugged. "Actually, I'd assumed a bit more than that. I-I wasn't thinking, Cees. Don't you have a roomie?"

"Steve moved out. Funny, that. After all I'd been through in getting shown the door at home, Allen and I broke up. I felt that I couldn't go back home; I was gonna find another boyfriend. Fortunately, Ally let me stay long enough for me to find this place, and thereafter, Steve. Offered it as a way to get him to notice me. Didn't think he'd already have a boyfriend. He was already living here by the time I learned that. He eventually – recently – moved out to live with him when they got serious enough to want to be together around the clock. Something I had already done without telling him that that was why he was here.

"As I'd come on to him at first after having our privacy here, he'd let me. But when I wanted to get more intimate, that was when he finally told me. Steve stayed a little longer...and then he was gone."

"Oh." Anita's eyes suddenly widened, as if recalling something forgotten.

"Okay, what's wrong? Don't tell me 'nothing'."

"I think you might be right about your mother. Your birth mother," Anita said, in resignation to her 'new' title. "I was blind to it before you made me see it."

"What?"

Spreading her arms out, Anita then said, "Notice anything different from when you last saw me?"

It was obvious that Anita wanted him to look at her torso but it took more than a moment as Cecil saw her bosom. Aside from her just seeing him in visits, as his parent, it was not usual for a child, albeit adult, to no-

tice such things on his own. It was pronounced – very pronounced – without the aid of a bra. “You got a boob job? I mean, a bigger boob job!”

“Yeah,” replied Anita, as she lifelessly dropped her arms past near-perfect fleshed globes of almost body disproportionate size with excited nipples denting the tank top. Firm enough not to warrant a bra as yet, they certain could use it if Anita was not used to their weight. The cleavage between the two was astounding, if only by the fact that as they rubbed against each other the skin did not chafe. “I had it done while she was on a business retreat with her job. It was supposed to be a surprise. A nice surprise.

Megan was always bigger than me but in our sex play, she always paid my breasts attention, even as I did hers. So I recently had mine done to match hers. It didn’t click until just now, with you putting all the pieces together.

“It didn’t happen overnight,” she sighed wearily. “But she finally just told me that with her job she didn’t need my money anymore. I mean, I don’t think that she planned it at the time, but when she was working for a while, her salary per paycheck from the start was more than what took me twenty-plus years to finally earn per paycheck. All due to her college degree.

“It was her money that paid for your college. But since you left, she was paying all the bills and had all kinds of mad money left over. My not really paying much attention to the checks I gave her, she gave them all back to me, uncashed. Megan then told me to use my now-mad money to make myself pretty for her. I guess neither of us at the time thought I’d use it for bigger tits!

“Her job had her traveling all over the country. I knew how that was like and yet while I had a family to come back to, she only had me. That was the story she gave me in the end. I paid it no attention then, but she looked my new chest when she said it. Unlike a guy who would ogle my tits, she just frowned. I didn’t dream at the time that had I her blessing before the fact, I’d be in bed with her now. The only thing I had done before without her was beard removal. And even then, she jumped in for my to get my original bosom. Anyway, I believe that now, just like you said about us all being together if she chose your boyfriend.

“But... But she just said that she didn’t love me anymore. Actually, that she needed more. What you said makes sense.” Anita then stopped, her mouth quivering, ready to sob anew.

“And maybe I was wrong!” Seeing this, Cecil tried to verbally backpedal.

“No. Now you’re just being sweet, baby. Your mother’s old enough yet still attractive enough to be called a cougar; to be able to bag a young stud –or studs, plural – or even someone older who’s all man...”

“Stop! Stop this! I won’t have it! If you’re going to live here, you’re going to have to think positive for yourself. Come on!”

“Where are we going?”

“Back to the house,” Cecil grinned. “I refuse to believe that a sexy cougar like yourself has everything she owns in just four suitcases!”

Anita did not call herself a cougar, but Megan. However, not dismissing Cecil’s attributing the salacious comment to her insinuated sexual status, Anita yet innocently replied, “Well, I couldn’t show up here

with everything. Some things are even at my job. What if you weren't home? I came here this morning, not thinking everything out, while Megan is at work. Especially with the elevator still broken since before the last time I was here. I really forgot about that. Fortunately for me, she didn't show me the door.

Even you didn't have to leave immediately like you did, but I knew I had to go, too. If I can get everything out while she's not there, I think it would be best."

Cecil abruptly left the room but came back in a moment. "Here. This was Steve's key. It's yours now, Mommy, whether you stay here or not. For now...

"Well, you caught me taking a day off from work, Mommy, but I'm here for you. I'll get a small trailer and hitch to my car. That's how I moved everything when I got this place. We should be able to get everything out of the house that's yours before even the neighborhood starts coming back home from work, much less Megan. As far as what you left at your job, we'll hit there, too. Just in case the other girls there think it's up for grabs, just lying around. But you're gonna keep everything here from now on, Mom! This is your home now!"

## Chapter 6

Having already deposited mostly clothing bit by bit at work, knowing what she wanted to do today, Anita did not plan on asking her son to help her move the bulk of her belongings from her soon-to-be former home. She had her own car and had even gotten special

dispensation to be able to drive around as herself, while having Adam's driver's license. For now, if all went well, the four suitcases would not wholly be a complete imposition considering that she wanted to be welcomed to stay with her luggage, as it did. All the same, as noted, Cecil's car already had a hitch installed on his vehicle, making it most practical to rent a storage trailer and get everything at once.

Having arrived at the Boyd Home shortly before noon, considering what Anita had largely left behind were more clothes and a variety of keepsakes, leaving major appliances and electronics behind, the duo have completed their load by mid-afternoon. They do not fill up the small trailer, so they presume to top it all off with what Anita had brought to work and to finally unload in one trip.

After a quick bite to eat, they finally get to Cherchez La Femme, the nightclub that showcases female impersonation but predominantly performed by gay drag queens. Despite now being a noted gay retreat, straight clientele not only frequent the place, as the only straight performer, Anita Mann not only headlines but also is the Mistress of Ceremonies.

The club is closed to the public for this evening, which is how Anita was able to show up at her son's apartment. Assuming to use the time to acclimate herself to her new home, not thinking to be turned away. As things turned out, while closed outwardly, the entertainment place was still open for behind-the-scenes business of maintenance. Anita and Cecil, in short order, go to the dressing rooms. Anita, earning her own private one, is about to enter when she hears...

"Hi, Mommy!"

The duo spins in the direction of the voice, Anita more readily than Cecil. "Hi, sweetie! Got some sugar for me?" Anita says with open arms.

Cecil sees his mother warmly embrace who appears to be a woman, who indeed kisses her cheek affectionately. But he knows that in this establishment, even off-hours, appearances can be deceiving. He is a little upset at Anita. After all, he had not too long ago convince his forebear to accept her matronly title and apparently she was already allowing herself to be addressed such by someone he does not know. All the same, after a quick embrace, Anita disengages herself to face him.

"Honey," she says, "this is Daphne Dee."

The top-heavy, deep-cleavaged femme in a tight-fitting minidress extends her hand to Cecil. While very attractive, she is about 6' tall as she stands in 6" white high-heeled platform sandals. She has a deep tan that is contrasted by a wealth of straight white-blonde hair, bangs down to her sweeping brown eyes with the rest flowing down her back. Her bosom, although pronounced, is mostly covered while her hem barely passed her hips.

"Oooh, and who is this hunk o' yummy?" Daphne coos at Cecil.

"This is my baby I'm always talking about," Anita preens.

"Oh my. So this is your daughter? Hi, Cissy."

If Cecil was upset before, he is about to explode. "Mommy?" "Daughter?"

"Sissy?"

Anita now can really tell that there is something wrong with Cecil. She then swiftly unlocks her private dressing room's door and ushers him in.

Before she can close it, Daphne is inside and closes it for her.

"You told this...this person that I was your daughter and she's calling me a sissy, Mom? And I don't believe it! I practically had to beg you to let me call you that?" Cecil exploded no sooner than the door closed.

"Aww, baby, I—" Anita reacted as if she had been hit—hard.

"Whoa!" Daphne jumps in. "You don't get to talk to your mother like that!"

"And you get to call her that at all!"

Abruptly, Anita seeing this could lead to blows, discards her usual submissive exterior, and just like she used supposedly unbelievable masculine strength to carry four suitcases up three flights of stairs, similar adrenaline surges forth to quell the present situation. "Stop it! Stop it, both of you!"

"Now, Cecil, you have always been my whole world. You know that. But there are other people in it besides us. Daphy is my protégé. In a way, she's my child, too. Daphy began here three years ago with very little training.

Another gay soul in need of a job, she was living on the streets until she was found in the alley out back. One of the other girls brought her inside, and I, well, I'm the only one left from when this was a straight impersonator club. I'm the unofficial den mother here."

"I started out in real campy drag just to get by, calling myself 'Double Dee', with tits actually bigger than

double-M cups," Daphy mellowing, jumped in. "My birth name was really David Dee and I earned a living doing slapstick, being a fall guy...a fall girl...for everyone else's routines.

Meanwhile, Mommy..." At that, she caught herself and paused to carefully gauge Cecil's reaction to her now using the intimate appellation.

This enabled Anita to jump back in, as she held her son's hand tightly. Daphy needed to stand on her own. One girl or another here took her in to live for a while. But while there was even some intimacy, she never got a steady lover. The best I could offer her was a cot and that was if she stayed behind when everyone left. One time she got locked out and she got back in, barely not getting spotted by the owners of this place. They, uh, support the business but don't exactly brag about it being theirs. If Daphy had been caught then, they still would've had her jailed, thinking she was a thief.

"Anyway, David told me what had happened and I then worked with him to be another showgirl with her own talent showcased. Her stage name then became 'Daphy Deelish', comedienne, lip-sync singer and cosmetic and otherwise impersonator of famous females. Now some of the girls do work for her! I mean, she got one girl to do a rather swishy Brad Pitt to her killer Angelina Jolie!"

"Since then, we were like mother and daughter," Daphy rejoined. "You, hon? You have nothing to be threatened about. Mommy talks about you constantly. Once she starts, I can't shut her up. Nor would I want to!"

"Then why did you call me a sissy?" Cecil asks, defensively.

“Hey, doll, I didn’t call you a sissy. Maybe I shouldn’t’ve been so familiar off the bat, but you are gay. It’s no secret. And no, it doesn’t show, although from what I can see, you’d be a knockout all done up. Am I right, Mommy?”

“Anyway, as well as I knew you, being told about you, my mind went into girl mode about you. You went to being like my girlfriend even though we just met. So you weren’t Cecil to me, but Cecilia. For short, Cissy... with a ‘C’. Get it?”

As if living out a stereotypical romantic movie cliché, for a brief moment, Anita watched the two of them stare at each other. Then, suddenly Cecil leaned forward, and Daphy did as well, and they met in a kiss, frenching.

Anita then cleared her throat and they broke away.

Being that was his way of apologizing, at least to Daphy, a grinning Cecil then looked at Anita and said, “Uh, we didn’t just commit incest, did we...”

Mommy?”

“I hope not, Cissy,” Daphy chimed in, with stars in her eyes. “‘Cause with you being such a yummy kisser, I wanna get to know my ‘sister’... much better.”

## Chapter 7

Several months passed. There were a few notable changes in the new Boyd-Mann household. Primary was the fact of its literal location.

As Megan Kendrick (reclaiming her maiden name) had asked for the divorce, the only way she could get the dissolution was by irreconcilable differences. She had claimed that Anita was not the man she married. Grossly tongue-in-cheek but no one was laughing as everyone got the 'joke'. By this time, Anita could have shown up in pants at the deposition, but they would have been women's pants. She did not own anything remotely considered as men's wear for years, much less able to put it on. Cecil took personal umbrage to the reason of dissolution while Anita just fell apart.

All of the parties – except their lawyers – knew that it was via Megan's encouragement that Adam Boyd wore his first dress. For sure, he was a great deal proficiently feminine by her hand before they were wed. Not to mention that Cecil was conceived due to her lust for Adam as a woman. In any event, Megan had withheld these facts from her lawyer. So far, Anita was reluctant to the divorce. Megan did not need Cecil acting on Anita's behalf, nit-picking through dirty laundry.

After gaining a number of concessions due to her job to freely crossdress around the clock – such as with her special driver's license – Anita did not want to risk losing them, simply for pride. She had to moreso caution her son not to press, reasoning that if Megan had stooped to artful yet smarmy semantics, she might be capable to outright lie...and get away with it.

Never mind the fact of the more recent and very apparent breast augmentation possibly also made public in this venue.

More than Anita herself was on the line here. The only job she held for over two decades might take a hit, assume it as bad publicity for the club owners to be outed as its proprietors and cut their losses with Anita

out on the street. They had been good to Anita, always finding ways to keep her on. But nothing good lasts forever. It could, but the odds against it – merely that they exist at all – were not favorable. Otherwise, Anita dressed very primly yet feminine and would not defend herself. She was too brokenhearted over the original scurrilous tactic. That is, to sever their marriage.

All the same, Cecil retaliated that since Megan wanted the break-up, that she give up the family home, since it was Adam's earnings that paid for it, and that she pay Anita alimony. Megan did try to fight for the house because after twenty years, the mortgage was recently all paid. Anita had obviously paid virtually the whole with Megan finishing up only the last few years. Anita and Cecil got the former home back but alimony was not granted... just as Cecil had planned. Everyone was well off, Megan the most, but it was presumed that if the property was requested alone, it might not have worked.

The move back was not immediate. For one, Megan took her time leaving, and she took almost everything, seemingly out of spite. However, Anita and Cecil were in no rush and life went on before and after the re-move.

Before the return to the house, Cecil and Daphy became lovers. As they would mostly be engaged at Daphy's place, Cecil went from being merely amazed to ultimately enamored when as they went to be seriously intimate, as they stripped to nudity, Daphy taking everything off even remotely feminine, revealing a slim but still-masculine physique. It was only slightly redundant, what with Daphy's feminine hairstyle, trimmed eyebrows and femme voice, but it was all from the neck up. At first glance, it looked as if Daphy

worked out. But despite rounded, full pecs that scooped ever so perfectly distaff in a push-up bra, her arms were not muscular, the abs were faded – barely notable but flattened – and her waistline was indeed femininely smaller and higher than a man's, making her hips seem larger, too.

It was an amazing curiosa for Cecil, as off-hours Daphy remained in girl mode – complete with ‘proper’ voice – not truly drag, as opposed to the other drag performers who came to the club in male wear and left that way; dressing up only for the job or special occasions; even using their stage names only when dressed. He found it thrilling to make out with the woman fully dressed, even playing with her cock in her panties or raising her skirt and blowing her or, as they were both naked, fully facing her pseudo-masculine body as he fucked her ass-pussy.

Cecil would call Daphy David during off-times and in the beginning Daphy tolerated it. After all, at the time, ‘he’ was in male drag. Ironically using makeup to make David's eyebrows appear masculine. However, out in public, the gay man almost involuntarily mildly swished and sounded effeminate without a care, and even moreso naked in private.

Despite the nascent masculinity he was attempting, David's effeminacy was not flamboyantly done. Ordinarily, there were even straight men who could be considered gay in actions and timbre and from this group he could be reservatively added. Still, David was not a masculine gay that could pass totally undetectable, and although Cecil – who could pass as the latter while he himself was also soft-featured – could precisely tell between David and Daphy, he said nothing. Without collusion with his lover, David did what he felt he had to,

all in order to win Cecil over as his significant other. But he could not do it indefinitely.

As Daphy, she went to her den mother and explained to Anita that she was very much in love with her son. "But ever since you took me in the club –temporary shelter, a steady job, the ability to stay on my own two feet –Mommy, I've looked up to you so much. Before I met you, I'd never worn much less owned any women's clothes. The few lovers that I had didn't suggest I even wear lipstick.

"But ever since I tried drag, I've noticed that while you've changed clothes for performances, you've always dressed as a woman could, all day long.

I mean, sometimes you've worn capri pants or hip-hugger jeans and I saw envious glares from GGs, as they saw that you had the ass and legs that made it work! And getting bigger boobs only increased envy from those genetic gals! Up 'til then, even the club owners thought you were an expert bra-padder. And they only knew because you told them when you got your divorce, as if it mattered!

"Anyway, as most of the girls come and go as men for work, because of your influence, I fell in love with you. While I use wigs and haven't had a boob job, I've mimicked you in also being female to onlookers. All the time, just like you. You know that while I do have some men's clothes – I don't know why, considering – I dress like you, all day long. I get positively giddy creating fake cleavage that you really have. I've gotten so good at it, some of the drag girls come to me to show them how, so they can ditch taping theirs, to fake it!

"Knowing you were straight, when you told me about Cecil - this sounds crazy, I know – when you told me that he was gay, I thought I could love you through

him. Finally meeting him, I staked my claim by immediately calling him Cissy, not even thinking about the spelling or that he might take offense in my being misunderstood. Hell, many gays embrace that word like blacks do the 'N' word amongst themselves! All the same, right from the start, that gratuitous plan went out the window. I love you for you, but I really love him for him. Cecil is my first, my last, my always!

“When later he told me that he never had a drag queen girlfriend –actually, he said ‘boyfriend’ – that’s what I tried to be. But I am not David.

He was gay, too, but he died when I adopted my name Daphne. I never told you this, but I even had it legalized.

“While I may never be a born woman, I can’t live being a man. Who I am, I may have grown to become, as opposed to always having been, but it’s who I am, who I want to be. I need to be me. And what I am is female for my man. Not that I ever was or am, if that means being submissive, then so be it. I’ve played airheaded bimbos on stage for years now and I’d be one for real, only for my lover. But I want my feminine...everything! I need that! I love it so much, I want Cissy to be pretty, too. But will it cost me her?

Mommy, help me. I’m scared.”

Anita, of course, knew Daphy’s complete history. Early on, when they first met, Cecil had been given a truncated version of her history because temperatures were about to flare. Still, despite present insecurities, they had been sharing a bed for months now. Anita was surprised that Cecil had not come to her, at least to tell her that he knows Daphy’s full story. It was not something that needed to be told. Only that it could

have been. Now, it was water under the bridge and only Daphy could say anything now, if ever.

It was not as if Daphy – then David – was a fugitive on the run or anything like that. David Dee was gay by choice, after the fact.

Born with girlish looks, his mother treated him like a porcelain doll. Not once did she feminize him as an infant or put him in girl's clothes. If she was ever tempted, she never followed through. But his beauty was almost unnatural for a boy to have. So while he was not treated externally feminine, his brain got the message to accept everything from his formative years, from being treated delicately – as if he were a girl – internally. Yet while his actions, as opposed to macho, might be called prissy at best, he grew up normally masculine.

David followed sports but was not athletically inclined. His father paid little attention to him, not even attempting to harden his soft son. The only serious attention he received were from women – his mother, his female teachers and his girl classmates. He never had a girlfriend because they never considered him boyfriend material. Eventually, in high school, it was then that his sexuality was challenged. No, David was not outright physically attacked from the start. Yet that was when everything finally set in stone.

Now, David was not pretty-boy handsome. He was not androgynous. He was truly femininely beautiful. With a simple act of letting his hair grow even just a little long, it would have brought out a marked femininity overall.

But he always had gone to a barber, having his hair cropped short. He was soft but his voice had masculine depth. And he did not carry himself effeminately.

Yet even though he was not perceived this way, bullies tend to show depths of perception, as they mainly saw targets for their own amusement. Early bullies just talked. Later, bullies demonstrated how he was to them; getting away with acting effeminately as David never was, and yet, attributing it to him. Then, came the ultimate indignity: David was sodomized. He was raped.



Going to school authorities, they feigned helplessness, simply because he was not the other gender that it happened to. As far as his parents were concerned, his mother was indeed that but only emotionally so, offering emotional solace without umbrage. His father simply felt that he deserved it, being as he was. Told to suck it up, that was what David literally did.

And so, never having a girlfriend, David never had a boyfriend. From then on, assuming that he had no savior, he allowed himself to be used sexually. Even becoming infatuated with men instead of women, as he learned to enjoy the sexual contact. David never had to look for a lover. They found him...without the emotional attachment.

David often had to service or be a receptacle for a group. There were one-on-one encounters but they were few and far between. In a cluster, David had to do more than one person. The irony here was that his antagonists never saw themselves as gay, even though they initiated the acts. David's saving grace in all of this was that he was never gang-raped...dealing with more than one person at a time. But his ass surely had its share of sexual punishment.

After school was finished, David could not hold a steady job. For one reason or another, he felt helpless in virtually any situation. Had David been born female, he may have garnered sympathy as being a hapless, empty-headed cutie. As a male, he was just useless. Fired from his latest job, he could not make his rent, and found himself one night serendipitously next to the dumpster behind Cherchez. A drag queen had gone out for a smoke between sets and found him.

She brought him inside, and to Anita. Anita then became more than den mother. She was a surrogate

mother to him, as she unwittingly gave David's life direction, as she asked others to help. When they were unable, feeling that she could not bring him home as her birth son was recently asked to leave, Anita gave him shelter in the club. Helping out behind the scenes, management wanted him to notably earn his keep. Anita then insisted that David be paid a salary.

The club owners had approached Anita first when they had discovered David doing menial janitorial chores. It was fortunate Anita was around as David was cleaning up after a night's show. Rushing to his defense, She and David were told that the club had always been maintained by professional services. They took pride in having a literally clean club while others were considered dirty dives. Despite the fact that a good percentage of customers spent a lot of time making out there – not only in the restrooms, but brazenly pushing the envelope in the main auditorium – using the atmosphere to be sexually stimulated and not leaving to pursue their passions further. As long as actual intercourse was not blatantly performed, what clients did stayed their own business and not asked to stop or leave.

By then, David was succinctly aware of what kind of place Cherchez was. He had even swept up a few discarded condoms and – believe it or not – disposed thongs. Anita had overstepped in asking money to be paid to him. But the owners, not being unkind or rigid, said that the only true way he could earn money was to be a drag performer. Knowing his story – considering how he “became” gay – she was not about to contribute to it unless it was his decision.

He was asked if "she" could perform on stage. David answered affirmatively, in that if there were others who could use 'her' on stage, then 'she' would do it.

David, at first, did it for Anita, who had done a lot for him and was impulsively doing it now. He would not bear to have her look bad. But, as he began to be known as Daphne – called Daphy in camaraderie – she did it for herself. Truly wanting and succeeding in making her 'mother' proud. By this time, Anita had lived longer than Adam ever did, and Cecil notwithstanding, it was her first mother-daughter relationship. David/Daphy and Anita were bonded as such for almost three years, as noted, until Daphy met the love of her life, Cecil.

As Anita went from waitress to headliner, David's paycheck was one that grew the more he became she on stage – participant to solo performer. And proclaimed to be she, albeit a drag queen who left the drag on at all the times, minus the flamboyancy and articulation. Effectively being female in spirit while having a male body.

As Daphy had finished her present conversation, Anita's heart swelled, as if she had reaffirmed her original feeling of having gained a daughter.

This time, in Daphy wanting to sincerely be her son's lover. "Sweetie, you well know that I love my baby unconditionally. Cees feels the same way about me because of that. It's all about being totally honest from the start.

"Y'know... I'll bet that if you truly wanted him in drag, he'd do it for you."

"He said that?"

Anita just smiled and then said, “Darling Daphne, follow your heart but use your head.”

David finally told Cecil that ‘she’ was “now and forever Daphy”. That she had dredged up her former self because she thought it was who he wanted.

But she was tired of living a lie – that even though David is gay, he was far too feminine. David did not fit in but Daphy does...and that she does not need tits or pussy for her to be a woman.

Other than that, she does not mind – no, she demands – the right to be outwardly feminine, just like any straight woman has the freedom to wear shirt and pants. She hoped that Cecil would forgive and be able to love her, despite not having the proper body parts a woman has. Daphy then underlined again, saying that she did not need surgery to be herself, just someone to love her as she was.

She then happily discovered that Cecil was too much in love with Daphy by then to argue. He did say that he had finally come full circle in a way; getting the girl he never went after, even if she had a cock instead of a pussy.

Up to that point, from when Daphy first nicknamed him, she had always called him Cecil. However, from then on, as her absolute paramour, he was Cissy to her, without objections. Even though from then on she was always dressed feminine out in public, Daphy was always aware to lovingly call him Cissy discreetly, so as to spare him embarrassment from anyone overhearing. To her, “Cissy” was more than a nickname. It was a brand of ownership.

Moving day finally arrived for Anita and Cecil to abandon their apartment for the house. Cecil freely in-

vites Daphy to move in and, of course, she jumps at it. Between what the three of them owned, what Megan had taken with her was barely missed, save for Anita's once-happy memories.

## Chapter 8

Time passed without notable incident until one day Cecil comes home from work. His demeanor seems calm but he is really very upset.

While his office job is from morning to early evening, Anita and Daphy's are late evening to very late night. Outside of aligning days off to be together, the women are up and around for the quality time during the workweek.

As such, they are around when Cecil arrives and they both are swiftly aware of his disposition without announcement.

Upon hearing the front door open and shut, Anita and Daphy rush out to greet Cecil from separate rooms. As he falls onto the sofa with lackluster, Daphy is first to reach him. Almost instinctively, given his temperament, she dives between his open legs. However, as his mother sits next to him, she is the first to speak, asking what was the matter.

"I got passed over for a promotion," Cecil began to scowl. But at hearing this, Daphy gently massaged his crotch, and it reduced his countenance to a soft whine. "Mommy, I didn't lose it because I wasn't qualified. I didn't lose it to someone with more seniority..." By this

time, Daphy had retrieved his manipulated semi-stiff cock from his pants. "I lost it because I'm gay!"

At that, it stalled Daphy. Obviously, whatever was the matter, she wanted to attempt to make Cecil feel better with a blowjob. But then, he looked down at her and weakly smiled. From this, she sparkled, and proceeded to suckle his member lovingly.

In disbelief at what her son said, Anita countered, "Honey, this area is one of the more tolerant gay communities. That can't be the reason."

"I didn't assume it. I was told outright."

Both Anita and Daphy exclaimed, "What?!"

Cecil then said, "Just because we're tolerated, it doesn't mean that it's paradise. My boss acknowledged that I deserved the promotion. But it was for a managerial position. After a discussion with Corporate Human Resources, they said that it would not be prudent for straight people to be under the authority of gays over them."

"That's bullshit!" Daphy shouted angrily. "You told me that you were able to come out to them, just so they couldn't use it against you later. That because of anti-discrimination laws on the books, the only way they could use it against you as if you hid it. I'll bet anything they have gay people all over their fucking company they don't know about. And even though you passed for straight, you told them up front!" As she ended by repeating herself in frustration, Daphy was now officially pissed for her lover. It was then Cecil's turn to calm her down, as he bent down to kiss her.

Breaking away, he then said, "Without cursing, I said exactly that But my boss said that he personally

had no problem with me. If I swished like a fairy and wore women's clothes, it wouldn't bother him. There were some in other departments who did flaunt their being gay. But, as it just so happened, they somehow proved their worth before they cut loose and kept at least the job they had. And that if another ragged on me because of it, it would their ass on the line.

"He told me that he has a gay grandson in school and loves him very much. Those that hide their orientation run the risk of being fired especially if they're in authority because concessions had been made for gays to be forthcoming. Only they didn't read the fine print: they were promised a job, not advancement. It's not written down, but you get the idea. Being a national company under various state laws, they're not absolutely bound in every location in the strictest sense. It's the corporate structure that's biased, not the infrastructure that actually makes the company exist. It isn't perfect.

"He also said that he fought for me. Somebody had to fight for gay rights in the first place for them to get hired in the first place. But then they gave him looks as if he was a closet gay, even though they don't know about his grandson. So he backed off. In the end, I got a pay raise equal to the job, which was nobody's business, but not the position. Maybe I should be satisfied. I'm not. But I like what I do and did it well to get it this far. As long as I continue that, they can't touch me. But from now on, I'm gonna do it my way!"

"How's that, baby?" Anita asked.

"I don't know, Mommy," he sighs heavily. "To be honest, sometimes I look at you and Daphy – one straight and the other gay – and, to me, you look comfortable in form-fitting tops or breezy skirts and I do

envy what women wear, what with their wide variety from mannish cut to ultra-feminine while a tie sometimes feels like a noose."

"Cissy, baby...?" Daphy begins carefully. "Let's try it. Just one night. I mean, really have a girls' night out. If only to get away absolutely from this fucking day for a while! I've got tons of stuff I know will fit you and we'll be at each other's side. If you don't look like a hot babe on the prowl, then I'll admit I was wrong and we'll another way to have fun." Then she giggled, "But if you do, it'll be our secret what's between our legs.

We'll go out to straight places and cocktease every guy in sight, doing a double flip as lipstick lezzies!"

That gives Anita and Cecil pause, as they look at Daphy and then each other.

"Do what you want...or nothing at all," said Anita. "I'll support you any way you go."

"I know that...Mom," Cecil said, deliberately emphasizing his forebear's honorary title with affection, as he kissed her cheek.

That night Cissy was truly born. Made up to be a very appealing blonde like Daphy via a wig, Cecil had everything covered thanks to his slight build and Daphy's expertise with makeup. That is, everything covered as in looking expertly passable. Not having a femme voice, Cissy got away with Daphy doing virtually all of the talking, with Cissy occasionally giving one or two-word remarks in a soft whispery falsetto. It also helped that the men they met were distracted with both girl's bustlines. Wearing a dress with a low-cut front, Daphy gave Cissy impressive cleavage to die for. Not overly done or exposed, it was not done over-the-top drag. Just two busty girls on a night out.

If men wanted to get too interested, the “girl-friends” lightly necked to show their preference for each other. For them, it worked, as it kept men at bay while the guys got a mild free show of supposedly two women making out. Cissy and Daphy even got none too few phone numbers “just in case they were willing to go bi along with a guy or a threesome, two on one”; the latter was with the man doing double duty of fucking one pussy as he ate the other one out at the same time. This capped off their night in hilarity, away from their ‘fans’, of course.

Cissy could not ever remember a greater time with her lover. That is, Cecil with his lover. ‘She’ began to think that sharing Daphy’s feminine side, with her en femme as well, made all the difference in the world. Cissy was glad that when David put his foot down for Daphy be the one to care for, that Cecil was not adamant that David drop the drag. It was not drag to David any more than it was for Anita.

Maybe Cissy could even say goodbye to Cecil. He never really did like that name.

## Chapter 9

Cecil did not readily jump into crossdressing after the first time and Daphy knew better than to push. So as it worked out, when she did suggest another dress-up outing, Cissy – not Cecil – was willing to go. The “girl’s night out” deal got more frequent. Soon enough, going through Daphy’s closet on her own – with Daphy’s permission beforehand – Cissy was asking for help in otherwise getting ready, as opposed to Daphy doing everything, immediately following

through with makeup. Such help evolved into teaching Cissy to do her own makeup when they did not go out, leaving Daphy to help her girlfriend to speak naturally.

From out-of-doors entertainment, this developed into shopping expeditions. Daphy would merely say that she was going shopping for clothes. Cecil suddenly wanted to tag along. Not wanting to deny him but afraid that he might get bored, Daphy tested the waters, saying that it probably would be better if Cissy came along. That she might find some things that she liked. Cissy thought that was a great idea, and pretty soon, Cissy had a closet full of her own things.

Cecil began to carelessly wear man-tailored women's blouses to work. Most notable because of its left-side buttoning, even though it was virtually covered by his tie. Not that he made a mistake but that he indeed cared less.

He did get some stares but no one said anything to him, fearful of being fired for sexual harassment. Yes, it covered gays, too.

His boss did talk to him about this shift in his behavior and Cecil then challenged this, asking whom he harassed and if the quality of his work suffered. When he was told that there were no complaints and his work was fine, Cecil then sarcastically and not seriously said to expect more changes. He had been just talking, but his superior innocently asked him what kind of changes. Caught off guard by this pursuant query, Cecil did not retract his remark. Now resolute, he said that he wanted to be known from then on as Cecile. That he was going to have it changed legally.

His boss then asked if he was transgender. In deep now, Cecil moreso affirmed his stance and culled forth his now-perfected femme voice that had only been

used when Cissy and Daphy went out, and said, "Should anyone choose to want to associate with me, I'm Cissy to my friends. But here's a warning: It's a nickname for Cecile. If I even think you're saying my name with an S instead of a C, remember I just lost a position because I was gay. I can 't get fired because of it, so that leaves you in the hot seat."

That remark stunned the boss, especially how it was presented, but he quickly smiled, and said, "Any time you're ready to give full disclosure, come in wearing a skirt, or both, I'm on your side, Cissy. You're an excellent employee, period, and gender doesn't fit into the mix. Who knows? Women are advancing more and more. It may not be fair, but Cecile just might get the job that Cecil couldn't."

From the start, what was a rusty, almost brown, brunet, there came to be a tousled and layered, short, dyed sunshine blonde. With pierced ears and a feminine facial makeover, Cecil did legally become Cecile Boyd, as Cecile had a modest bosom, wore short skirts and high heels. Indeed, as stranger things happen, instead of being a pariah, people actually began treating her as if they never saw her transition, but as a born-female. She passed that smoothly. She passed that well.

As Adam had Megan and David had a gaggle of drag queens that metamorphosized them into faux females, Cecile did not go to be one night as a man and wake up the next morning a woman. Not for work, anyway.

Once Cecil told Anita and Daphy of his decision to be Cecile to the world, his bedmate was a loving drill sergeant – an oxymoron, true, yet accurate –in making her lover become Cissy around the clock. In short order, Daphy made Cecile appear to be a woman for

work. Thereafter, having an excellent teacher, within an only somewhat lengthier period, Cecile was as feminine as she could be, without surgery, to the world-at-large.

On the job, Cecile got away with a multitude of flaws early on. Mostly because she had passed her co-workers sometimes literal close inspection. They went from knowing that Cecile formerly being Cecil to Cecile acting as if there were no changes, as if she was always female. If Cecile did not act uncomfortable, the rationale was why should they be? Cecile was calm and collected; no one else was made to feel uncomfortable. That is, unless a few of the men getting erections did not count.

Cecile was definitely attractive enough. She and Daphy both went the extra mile to be so, on purpose, in principle. If a woman can be beautiful, then why not be? There need not be any other ulterior motive than that. Cecile was not aware that she was literally turning men on nor did she attempt to create or notice a hard-on. But if she were told, she would not be surprised. By this time, fortunately, she was just another attractive woman in the office. Yes, Virginia, men masturbate on the job for real, not just in porn movies or books.

There was a definite plus in, first of all, a smooth transition to being able to pass as a female while being male. Being rugged or square-jawed handsome definitely would have taken some bloom off of the rose. Being somewhat short-statured and soft-featured assuredly helped on the plus side.

Neither of the latter meant that one was effeminate or outright gay. But, not having these attributes could lessen the impact of beauty, inasmuch as an attractive

woman with a voice of both masculine and feminine mix. And there are indeed those born female who are like that. They could be drop-dead gorgeous, enough to harden a cock the closer she got. Yet open her mouth, and the same erection would go limp and shrink, as if looking for a place to hide.

Any man who sincerely wants to crossdress, even in private, wants to be attractive. Although they are possibly too insecure to go out and prove that 'she' is and thus never knows. One does not have to be vain to recognize they are beautiful. But there are men who lie to a mirror, afraid to think that they are unable to pass just like those who are terrible and assume that they are Miss America material. The qualifier here is 'sincere'. Being earnest applies, too.

It is far from impossible not to be pretty. Even linebackers can be good-looking, with only their bulk their drawback. One's worst critic is often themselves, and not to be omitted are those who do not agree out of simple jealousy. Having a 'mother' and a 'sister' in Cecile's case made for a winning ticket in passing, too. Cecile had all of the positive ingredients noted.

Moreso than going out with Daphy, wearing a skirt to work was almost empowering, as Cecile bared her legs, even if they were covered in stockings.

High heels of almost any height aided this. From the waist down, almost nothing else shouted "Woman!" than these. Almost. Up top, there was the bust.

The bosom has such intoxication, that even small-breasted women wield visual authority. The same could be said for the heavy-set. There are companions who would worship the obese. But your everyday woman sets the bar.

Of reasonable height and weight, she can handle an array of breast sizes from B to beyond, leading many men on invisible leashes. Some men allow this willingly. Many without thinking. In Cecile's case, again, she made her transformation so flawless, she really did have some forgetting she was male.

And still others not giving a damn, preferring to simply enjoy the vision before them.

It was not a perfect world. There were those who refused to see Cecil as Cecile, even though they could not see any of him in her. But in jobless-wary times, with enforced discrimination rules, they kept their comments to themselves. After all, Cecile not only had the backing of management, but with the expertise of Anita and Daphy, for example, knowing the 'art' of tucking, she could now come to work wearing tight pants so snug, not only were her hips pronounced, her crotch would only notable to assume that she had a camel-toed pussy instead of a package of balls and cock.

After a while of passing and acceptance, Cecile did toy with the idea to have breasts like her mother but Daphy wanted her Cissy just as she was.

Often saying so, if only in passing. Cissy was now otherwise feminine, right down to the tick-tock walk that sashayed and wagged her then-pronounced hips to teasing perfection. Only in private did Daphy see a dangling metronome...

or was it a pendulum? Aiding her transition, again, Cecile never flaunted or flirted with anyone. 'She' just was, and staying that way from then on, she definitely was.

Cecile never did go for sexual reassignment but her transgender status at work was never contested. Regarded as female, no one on the job ever checked the contents of her bra nor knew that she still had a penis in her panties on days she decided to wear close-fitting pants that betrayed nothing of a well-tucked, flat crotch. Even if her chest was strapped or her middle was shoved up her pelvis, conversely, Cecile felt extremely comfortable. As if now being herself, she was finally home.

However, the more Cecil was Cecile, something in the back of her mind began nagging at her. Becoming something she could not dismiss. So, using retrospection, she patiently went as far back as she needed to, until she found it.

It was her that made Anita see that she had been manipulated most of adult life by Megan. But while Adam Boyd may never had any desire to wear a dress or a very good chance never to have been hooked on crossdressing after a frat initiation, Anita Mann has no regrets. Anita positively existed thanks to Megan Kendrick.

Cecil was gay as far back as he could remember. All of his lovers accepted him as he was...except Daphy. From the first time they met, she referred to him as feminine. Not even Anita forgot that Daphy wanted to see 'Cissy' in a dress. Daphy got her wish eventually, even getting Cecile to dye her hair.

But while Cecile had always been her own person, being in love made a few choices blindly. One was trying to get Steve to love her – then, as Cecil – before making sure that he was free. While he knew Daphy was available, in time, Cecil fell for her. Indeed, with him as the alpha male, Daphy tried to be David again.

She then said that she needed to be herself. But there was something else. Daphy wanted her and Cecile to be sisters.

“Uh, sweetie,” Cissy approached her girlfriend, “you know how close I am to Mommy, right?”

“Uh oh,” Daphy pouts. “What did I do now?”

“Nothing,” Cissy says with a reassuring hug. “At least, I hope nothing.”

“Are you breaking up with me, Cissy?” Daphy went swiftly into teary-eyed mode.

“No, silly. Almost the opposite, really.”

“How’s that?” Daphy errantly sniffled.

“Well, my darling, as I said, I tell Mommy everything, as she does to me. But not absolutely everything, like how you got to call her ‘Mommy’ before I could ever think to. Now, unless you swore her to secrecy, and it concerns me, she tells me. You don’t have a problem with that, do you?”

“No.”

“Well, a while back, you tried to revert back to being David. I never asked you to. You did it on your own, without talking to me first. If you remember, I never asked you to and I loved you all the same. When you felt that you couldn’t be David anymore, you were relieved that I was okay with you being Daphy again. But then Mom hinted to you that I might be okay being in skirts...”

“Ohhh, Mommy told you that. I get it. Is that what this is about? Cissy, you’ve been wearing dresses to work...”

“That was my choice. It was also my choice to grow my hair out. But it was not my choice to go blonde.”

Ass if finally catching on to where Cissy was going, Daphy gasped, “But I—”

“It’s okay. I like being blonde. You wanted us to be sisters and what better way than that?”

“Bu-ut...”

“I might be overly-sensitive, but I want what I want. Still, I’m willing to discuss what I want with you. I might still do it...or I might not. The point is, I love you.”

“I’m sorry.”

“About what?”

“I have no idea.”

That made Cissy laugh. Then, as to not make her feel offended, she hugged and kissed Daphy tenderly. Then she said, “Daphy, there are many things I like about you. Although being gay, you pass for being just another attractive woman. And that’s another point. You can act like a woman, and stay feminine even undressed, but it’s all just a shell. Once in bed, you’re a man.

Man enough for me.”

Daphy wanted to interrupt again, but Cissy pressed on. “I am constantly amazed how, even if you’re lounging, you create such a bountiful bosom.

Nobody walks around the house naked, but even in just underwear, your boobs are present and accounted for. It’s almost a shame that they’re not real.

Daphy, I want real...me. Even though many call ‘em fakes, they’re real enough for me.”

“You want me to get implants? Is that this is all about? Cissy, don’t you know I’d anything for –”No, Daphy. We’re not having this discussion to make you do what I want.

Haven’t you been listening? Anita’s choices to be Anita were largely made for her. Maybe because of that, or even in spite of that, I was determined to do things my way. But I’ve learned something from finally being in a committed relationship, and that’s communication. Without it, any relationship – straight or gay – is on shaky ground and I don’t want that to happen to us.

“I’m the one who wants the boob job. For myself. I’m sorry if I made a big production out of this, but you’ve always made it known that you wanted to be accepted who you are. You’ve made remarks that I was just like you. You spoke for me, assuming that I wanted what you wanted, without confirmation.”

“I meant no harm...”

“I know. But ever since I’ve made the decision to be transgender for my job, I think even my boss knew that I was never gonna get my balls cut off But like Mommy, I want my tits. She wanted her second bigger set because they made her feel good. The first set she got for her job and because Megan told her to. You were Megan in reverse!”

Daphy involuntarily shivered at that, knowing full well how Cissy despised her birth mother. But then, she meekly inquired, “How long will it be til you get ‘em and will you let me play with ‘em?”

Cissy grinned, “Silly girl, ow ssoon are yooou gonna geet ‘em and how long..”

## Chapter 10

Cecil had previously been to the club occasionally to be closer with Anita, and then Daphy. Now Cissy is a regular there, for the four-night-a-week-and-holidays performances. Cissy is able not to miss a night due to the performances of Anita and the queens are generally Thursday through Sunday; the rest of the week and part of Thursday the club is devoted as a tranny strip club.

The strippers all have some degree of breast enhancement and strip down to g-strings, which are almost always taken off for full exposure. Before then, as if incredible surprise, some appear to have absolutely no bulge, while yet others seemingly could not care less how their crotches looked, even covered. Conversely, their middles are poorly tucked on purpose, which is the whole idea behind tranny stripping...to 'show' that they are trannies.

In any event, Cissy visits her family and they do not do stripping. Daphy did say that she wanted to try it, if she could get around needing a boob job. But she does love Cissy, like her, and Cissy dresses to please the eye, any eye, even though she has only eyes for one. She follows her girlfriend's lead, as Daphy followed Anita in, at the very least, growing her hair out. Presently, as Anita's is past her waist, Daphy's is almost past her shoulder blades, and Cissy's hair is just past her neck.

As the drag performers avail themselves to a variety of wigs and hairpieces for yet a variety of reasons and still, for the most part, leave them behind in the dressings rooms, Daphy continues to grow out her

blonde tresses just like the den mother had. Upon Cissy dyeing her hair to be 'sisters' with Daphy, she abandoned her barber forever. It is not notably long yet by comparison but Cissy secretly hopes that since she and Anita are related genetically that she could also have hair down to her ass. Many women complain about even having less than what Cissy presently has to care for. All the same, there are those who revel in their excessive tresses. Daphy did not desire any other maintenance other than her hourglass figure and hairlessness, and Cissy felt the same with one exception. She presently owned an abundant rack, comparable to her mother, Anita.

One night at the club, when Cissy gets to her stage-side table that was usually empty, she sees a woman already sitting there. The table is unreserved and yet regulars know that it was Cissy's place, where her mother and Daphy join her between sets. Sometimes Anita did her MC duties from the table. In any event, this night Cissy warmly welcomes the newcomer instead of getting territorial, before the night's show begins. Over drinks, introductions are made and the latter says her name was Shalia Khani.

Shalia was a tall exotic first-generation Indian-American. She and her brother were born here after their parents moved to America, to find a better life. Shalia proclaims herself proudly a fag-hag. She was so in honor of her brother Mennous, who was a gay crossdresser from his teens, going by the name Aniará.

Shalia and Mennous were born barely ten months apart. Shalia was the oldest. They could not have been any closer if they had been born twins. Peji, the father, even held Shalia back from enrolling in school, just so she and her brother could be enrolled at the same time.

In his mind, Mennous would then be first. If Peji had his way, Shalia would not go to school at all.

But Dehdesi, the mother, knew the real truth. Peji was old school. From the start, he wanted a son but got Shalia instead. Trying again right away, he got his wish in Mennous. But his biggest mistake was not instilling masculine values in his son, expecting Dehdesi to do it for him. She did the best she could but Mennous adapted to the feminine influences in his life instead.

But the mother was not the problem, his sister was. Hitting puberty, Shalia physically blossomed. If genetics truly played a part in familial growth, as Dehdesi was beautiful and busty, Shalia gained all she had to offer.

There were the usual demands to excel in school, and Shalia had both beauty and brains as one of the more popular girls in school. Mennous followed her around like a lost puppy. She was even told by her classmates to deliberately ditch her brother and she refused.

But then Shalia got invited to a party where hard liquor and drugs also were. Mennous was not invited, Shalia brought him anyway, and he was allowed to stay. During the party, brother and sister were separated. The next thing, Shalia had found Mennous and they left for home. Swearing him to secrecy, she told Mennous that she was no longer a virgin.

Taking part of the responsibility, Shalia was relieved that she did not suffer an STD nor was she pregnant. Eventually trusting only Dehdesi, the trio successfully hid the fact from her father.

From then on, Shalia avoided "the in crowd". Some knew what happened; others guessed. Shalia neither

confirmed nor denied. Thusly, she could be not labeled anything that might get back to her father. Things like loose, easy, a “party girl” ...or worse. Not fingering her deflowerer also took the bloom off without hurt feelings or people getting defensive. Shalia was content in retreating back to home grounds where she focused on being a friend to her brother.

Shalia successfully getting away with what could have easily been an explosive episode in her life, despite the lack of life-determining aftereffects, Mennous also noted this and was in awe and idolized his sister. To him, she not only had it all but also had total control of her young life. In being inordinately curious, he wanted to know what it was like to be her. It grew to wanting to know what it was like to be female.

One day, Shalia caught her brother wearing her clothes while their parents were away. Able to get into her things, he even wore bra and panties, as well as her high heels. Marveling as how easy he seemed to be able to walk in her shoes, instead of being upset, Shalia asked him why. Even wanting to know how come he did not have a girlfriend. Mennous did not have an answer. With tears of hopelessness and not of exposure, he simply said that he just wanted to be like his sister. This deeply touched Shalia’s heart and she never felt closer to her sibling as their bond grew to its strongest, without anything sexual being a part of it. At least, not with each other.

Shalia began lending Mennous feminine things, which led to gifting other items. She even taught him how to use makeup. Mennous soon adopted the femme name of Aniara.

As if constructing a new, different bond, Shalia and Aniara became closer still and eventually went out-



doors together when they could without being caught by their parents; they did mall-walking and window-shopping, even daring to try on clothes in stores whether they bought or not. Aniara developed the fearlessness of her sister that Mennous seemed to not have.

And when boys began to notice both sisters, Aniara did not cringe in fear. She conversely discovered how to flirt back. Instead of cautioning her, Shalia was ecstatic that her sibling was finally happy in being 'herself'.

But eventually, papa Peji found out and he was not pleased. He had no proof. He simply noticed that his son had no friends of his own and was always hanging out with his sister. To him, it was okay if Shalia stayed home, but for Mennous to do so, it was his own father who first branded him gay.

At first, he took it out on his wife. Peji began assaulting Dehdesi, for not disciplining his son to be a man. But even though she was born in India and tried to be a good Indian wife, coming to America, she adopted many American ways. Dehdesi also knew that there were laws that protected her from her husband's physical abuse. More to the point, there were laws that defended battered spouses. She then fearlessly made Peji aware of it. At that, to escape trouble in USA, Peji fled back to India, taking Mennous with him.

Shalia and her mother Dehdesi defended Aniara but Peji wanted Mennous. This strained the marriage and soon, although in his late teens, he was taken to India by his father. In the beginning, it had been outright kidnapping.

But before the women could act on it, Mennous wrote to them not to take any action; that he was with his father willingly. If only to see if he did not take the easy way out and at least try to be a man. Dehdesi could see Peji's hand in the letter but she did advise her daughter to let things be, for now.

In Hyderabad, Peji frequented brothels and took his son to them for Mennous to lose his virginity. The son

did, but one prostitute saw more from Mennous than a customer as play for pay.

While delighting Peji that his son found a woman to love, even though she was a hooker, they eventually met under the guise for sex for other things. Her name was Kenah Dhallah. She became Mennous' confidant. Mennous told her that while it is perhaps nice to be bisexual, he truly wanted to embrace his feminine side, for the love of a man. Kenah the pro empathized and through her, Mennous became Aniara again in full flame. Having much more knowledge than Shalia, Kenah transformed Aniara into more than a mere crossdresser with a barely passable falsetto. Instead of being reformed, Aniara and Kenah went out on dates as two girlfriends, with no sex involved... most of the time, and it was never a business transaction.

Peji was thrilled to discover that his son would get anxious about his next date with Kenah. Kenah was every man's dream girl. Indeed, she had paid a very tidy sum to look that way, from bust to bum. What was more, she even referred other men in the past that could afford it, for these surgeons who also did sexual reassignments. As such, Kenah had several friends in the gay/transgender crowd.

With her, Aniara began to find many others who sympathized with her. Kenah introduced her to kothis (Indian drag queens) and she saw that Aniara was where she wanted to be, where she needed to be, and it was not a physical location. With the miracle of camera cell phones, Aniara shared her friendship of Kenah with her sister back in the states, Shalia. Aniara was so happy. She had even met a few hijras (transgenders/transsexuals).

Sadly, it all came to an end. As Kenah became the bearer of bad tidings to Shalia, she had a sad tale to tell. Mennous had turned 21. As a legal adult, he wanted to be on his own. Peji was happy at first. But he did not know of any woman other than Kenah. His son could not marry a whore, he thought. So, as Mennous was not forthcoming in all of his future plans, Peji snooped around on his own.

In his investigation, he even bumped into Aniara a few times and found her very appealing. By now, as Aniara was naturally attractive in the beginning, subsequent camaraderie with her new friends made her very beautiful.

But Peji did not consider himself a fool. He was seeing Aniara one too many times. Once, it seemed that she was genuinely frightened of him and Peji could not understand why she would be so of a handsome man like himself.

When he thought about the incident more, Peji tried to rationalize it, assuming that maybe she was overwhelmed of the bulge in his deliberately-tight pants. He was then sidetracked, as if to find out more about this mysterious beauty. It would not hurt to win her over in the process.

Peji then went to look for Aniara – not knowing her name, of course – instead of Mennous. Finding her, it was then he realized the district they were in. After all, he had originally come searching for his son through Kenah. But Kenah was elusive. Seeing him or assuming that Peji was heading her way, she avoided him, whether he wanted her or information about Mennous.

Not only protected by the brothel, she had years to learn not only to be cautious but effectively defend herself. Of the vicinity, Peji had searched in areas he knew

about, not where Mennous could be. He had vaguely assumed he could find Kenah and through her, if not with her, her son.

But the gay community, while distinct, was intermingled within the brothel area. Aniara had thought she was finally free of her father as she moved about the area living on her own. But she had been caught by Peji more than once, if only in passing and recognized as to whom she really was. Afraid at first, unaware that Peji had been looking for Mennous, much less herself, Aniara assumed that he was looking to get laid; that he would go to a brothel and not pick a girl from off the street, meaning her.

She then went about her day, despite not taking precautions. In her defense, in the very localized community, it was easy for Peji to see the same faces more than once. Aniara could have ignored Peji or simply passed him by, not giving him nothing to recall, even that she was possibly just another hooker from a brothel.

But Aniara would not remain cool and collected around Peji. She always spotted him too late. She wondered what he was doing here so often. No one was that horny and she knew that Peji did not have that much money to spend on sex.

As Aniara became cautious too late, Peji had found her and came from behind. At first, he had merely wanted to know why she seemed frightened of him.

Not seeing Peji first like other times, Aniara then truly became frightened out of her mind.

Aniara screamed, "Please don't hurt me!" in her male voice. Aniara had cultivated a most-melodious voice that matched her refined beauty. But, assuming

that she had been caught en femme and was unmasked, the additional morbid fear of being caught by her father brushed it all away.

Peji had only known of his son being gay by his own original assumptions, never seeing 'her' fully done up in American wear or Indian garb and makeup, as she presently was. It took a moment for Peji to wonder where had he heard the male timbre before and to recognize it as Mennous'.

At that, rage may not have been originally planned, but it was gathered all the same. Disbelieving that the beautiful creature could be his son – no, in his sudden insanity, not even thinking that – although disassociating it, dormant frustration of not being able to find Mennous, Peji just started to hit and hurt repeatedly.

He finally stopped when Aniara's face was brutally unrecognizable. Only Aniara's friends could later identify her. To anyone else, was just another kothi and whore. Without exposing her to nudity discover no breasts and the presence of a penis, as clarity returned, Peji thought that he had beaten a woman for no apparent reason. But though he would never know this, Shalia's father had beaten her brother/sister Aniara to death, for Aniara's supposedly insistent sexual orientation...by proxy and in fact.

Since he did not hang around to find out exactly whom he had killed in his madness, Peji would never know the truth, having fled successfully. No one ever seeing him in the brothel district could or would not testify against him and, being no fool, he never returned. Somehow, in the close-knit community, Kenah was told, and she being able to piece everything together – albeit correct guesswork, but guesswork all

the same – summarily, she informed Shalia of Aniara’s happy last days that came to such a horrific end.

The saddest fact was that Aniara had told Kenah that she had finally found a male lover who accepted her as a woman and was in preparation of moving in with him. They had engaged in mutual oral sex but she was saving her ass-cherry until they were permanently under one roof. In this way, Aniara had died a virgin. There was no investigation of a kothi, as Aniara was classified in the end, especially if there were no witnesses, much less a perpetrator.

Mennous’ body was somehow shipped back to America, at Shalia’s request and expense. Instead of an unmarked grave in India, her sister was buried as Aniara Khani. Home, where she was born, in America.

Before long, the show began. While Anita, being mistress-of-ceremonies, saw Cissy and Shalia talking animatedly rather than watching the stage, she betrayed no emotion. But when it became Daphy’s turn to go on, looking over to her lover and was seemingly ignored, she almost could not get through her set. Near the end of her set, it was almost all she could do, not to leap from the stage at them, as she saw Cissy tenderly embrace Shalia in comfort upon hearing the end of Shalia’s sad tale.

To Daphy, it was one thing to sit at “their” table. It was another thing to take her lover. Her performance was barely over and Daphy stormed over, getting possessive. “She’s belongs to me, fag-hag!” she proclaims.

Before Cissy can intervene, Shalia meekly says, “You spit that out as if it were a curse. Lacking a kinder way to call me, I’m proud to be a fag-hag. Besides that, I’m no threat. I’m old enough to be her mother.” From what Cissy had learned, Shalia only had about ten

years on her. Maybe not exactly old enough to be her mother...

With Cissy's assistance and insistence, Daphy cools as Shalia tells her story again but more briefly, during which time Anita joins the trio. Before the night was over, Anita empathizes with Shalia and a bond is formed between these two.

When they all leave the club for home, Shalia was invited to join them. Daphy has never been so worked up over her lover. With good reason. With her very long and shiny, straight black hair, full, round eyes that had almost glassine brown eyes along with sweeping lashes, natural very full lips, her mocha-hued skin proudly jutted a firm and impressive bosom, Shalia is incredibly beautiful, all natural and all woman.

Daphy had recalled that Cissy had said that she had come full circle with her, accepting her over her former alter ego, David. She was never insecure about that until she thought that she was being ignored earlier tonight as Cissy was seemingly focused with Shalia. Everything supposedly resolved, when they arrived back at the house, all the same, Daphy was all over Cissy then. Almost impolitely disregarding the others, Cissy went with the flow of her lover's fervor, as they barely made it into the bedroom.

Anita and Shalia continued to chat. But given the prevailing atmosphere of grunts and moans of pleasure behind barely-closed doors, they stole a kiss from each other. It was meant, as if telepathically, as a warm buss for a new friendship. But breaking away, they each had a sly smile. Thereafter, hands and lips began to explore.

Soon enough, they were naked in the living room. No bothering to retreat to Anita's room, she and Shalia virtually attacked one another on the plush carpeted

floor. Starting with pleasing each other orally, Anita was delirious over the second pussy she has had in decades. For her part, Shalia is beside herself in having relations with her first woman with a very healthy cock. They would later learn that Shalia had been celibate for years, not having sex since Aniara's death. Although a comparatively shorter time since their lives did not run precisely concurrent, Anita had been sexually deprived more than long enough.

Unlike some fag-hags, Shalia was one in simple defense of gay people by way of her dead brother, frequenting their hangouts and merely making acquaintances. She had never found one to be sexually connected with until this night. She feels that shemale Anita Mann is perfect for her. As far as Anita was concerned, she no longer pined for what she had with Megan Whatshername. They both soon gave Daphy and Cissy a run for their money, as the sounds of sex ruled the very late night.

In short order, the quartet becomes a clique as Shalia moves into the Mann house, as it is now called. Anita finally making her stage name her legal one, adjusting all of her property paperwork and belongings to reflect that. Called Cissy more than a formal Cecile, Anita's daughter is the only Boyd, but she likes her first name now.

Anita and Shalia become lovers...and more. Genetically the opposite sex, despite their ultra-feminine appearance, they are able to legalize their union. They held a moderately private wedding at Cherchez that was attended by customers who were close friends, comprised of straights and gays; some dressed modest while others were outlandish. But in no way outshin-

ing the “bride” and “groom”, their drag friends seemed to want to outdo each other in attendance.

Despite their gender complement, Anita and Shalia wore matching white saris that were speckled throughout with gold sequins. Their attendant bridesmaids wore wheat yellow mini-togas while Shalia’s mother Dehdesi wore a naughty translucent sari of sky blue, with no underwear. Still sexy after all of her years, Dehdesi’s smartly trimmed pubes and very wide areoles were notably, boldly seen, without shame.

Shortly thereafter, not to impose on Anita’s day, while Cissy and Daphy make sure of no more untoward scenes of jealousy, they were also joined as a couple, in being able to be united in common-law status. Having written vows to be read during the ceremony, Daphy promised to always trust her lover.

Later, Cissy would have it in writing and framed, as a constant reminder. After all, Daphy sometimes could not help herself...and the makeup sex was fantastic!

Epilogue: In the shadowy back of the club near the exit, there was a woman with a dyed jet black boy-cut wearing a spiked dog collar that had a chain attached. At the end of a set, she notices that it is a habit as she sees Anita and Daphy join Cissy and Shalia at a table near stage to happy embraces, hugs and kisses all around. Megan Kendrick sighs heavily as she assumes that Anita had found true happiness again.

Ignorant of Shalia’s true gender or sexual orientation, presumptuous that Anita finally caved into being as gay as her longhaired blonde son, who now looks as beautiful as his father, Megan can only bemoan her own present state.

Megan had carried herself very well for quite a while after the divorce. She dated for a time, but there was no spark from any of the men she had sex with. She was in self-denial that she was the problem. Megan could not even get a vibrator or dildo to satisfy her. Even masturbation with her hand was deemed either exhausting or frustrating as she either came too soon or not at all.

Otherwise, outwardly, shortly after Adam had gotten the job as Anita, 'she' took very good care of her own maintenance. Megan was okay with that, realizing that with Adam having a job as a professional woman, as it were, Megan could not be there for Anita's every moment for everything. But then the student surpassed the teacher. Whether it was envy, jealousy or something else entirely, Megan played catch-up with her mate. She finally gave up when she went to work. As Megan worked days and Anita worked nights, Megan did not really see the competition up in her face anymore. Which was not to say that Megan lost her beauty. It sort of leveled off, even as Anita continued to improve herself; at first for the job at the club, then for herself, as if became almost an everyday ritual as easy as breathing.

After the divorce, Megan had tried to immerse herself in work. At first, Megan getting a high-powered position job that was able to boss around many subordinates, she felt that was what she wanted. It was a way to vent as well as an attempt to be in control of others. But then her mind would wander to happy times with ex-family. Her entire family. As a result, Megan lost her edge...and control of herself.

One day, behind closed doors, she broke down and poured her heart out to her secretary, Eris Tang. Eris

was a diminutive Asian who was a foot shorter than her boss and was treated no better than the other employees, as Megan's personal assistant.

But while Eris could be as submissive as the job needed in order to keep it, she was also an aggressive opportunist; seeing prospects and tried to use them to her advantage. For the most part, she was successful; indeed, getting her present high-salaried position. But all too soon after being hired, however, her boss was treating her like dirt and she hated it.

Despite how Megan dealt with Eris, she needed her to help run things. Feeling down one more time, Megan mistakenly went to her for consolation one day as she groaned over her loneliness. Having been through this once already and fed up with this yo-yo affect on her, seeing her chance, Eris quickly took advantage of it.

Hugging her, she comforted the then-vulnerable Megan. Assuring her that she could always come to her as needed. As Eris saw the kink in her boss' armor, she held her in her arms. They sat down on a small couch in Megan's office, as Eris even kissed her tears. Eris never had a lesbian episode in her life, but behind closed doors, saw a chance to be one, for a lack of a better way of putting it, as she slowly seduced Megan, to manipulate her.

Thereafter, Megan was still Queen Bitch to Eris and other people. She had thought that she could be cruel to Eris and still use her for solace. But Eris was now in charge of her boss, playing Megan like a fiddle. She took the verbal abuses and threats, while Eris became more of an outlet for her, for Megan to let her hair down when she got depressed. After that first time, Eris had recalled Megan being moody and less mean.

Finally letting Eris' foot in the door, so to speak, Eris eased her whole body in and Megan literally let it stay. Clever Eris had Megan being the one who was subtly and progressively submissive to her, as she had been the first time. Eventually, they had sex in Megan's office, as Megan again reminisced a time she regretted leaving behind.

Eris armed with the foreknowledge, actions were more deliberate, more precise, on her part. Patiently over time, comforting hugs became tender kisses. Little pecks became torrid frenching. Subtle fondling over clothing grew to fleshly gropes. Soon enough, they were both naked. Without being asked to do so, Eris ate her first pussy. And that sealed the deal.

Once visited, Megan enjoyed cunnilingus of a different flavor than before with Anita. If she had a new willing partner, she would easily spread her legs again. Without going down Memory Lane, That is, without being depressed.

As such Megan did not wait for Eris to volunteer. Megan tried to manipulate Eris to go directly to her crotch a second time. This time, being seductive, assuming her secretary would do it easily. But then Eris surprised Megan, when she said of how wrong it was, that she could not do it again. Eris had gambled that Megan had deprived herself of sex for some time, even if she masturbated. Megan had then discovered that she needed the comfort of a patient, if not pliable, partner. Eris assumed that Megan did not appear to be gay, so accepting a woman's mouth on her vagina was definitely new ground. Eris was only half right.

Getting loving affection after quite a while with the one-time added oral sex, Megan now needed physical contact like a bad fix. She promised to give Eris any-

thing she wanted. Eris then said to treat her as an equal. She said that she understood that Megan had to lord it over others in order that her authority was not undermined, but that she was her personal assistant, her right arm. Ergo, she deserved more.

The old Megan's eyes glazed over, in rebellion. She did not want to give in. But then, Eris moved to walk away. The new Megan swiftly dismissed her old way of being in control. She then hurriedly agreed, even as she began to raise her skirt.

Seeing this, Eris inwardly smiled, and still said no. But Eris did not leave. She then said that if Megan was truly sincere, that she should dine on Eris' cunt first.

Megan was not thinking straight. If she had, she would have remembered that Eris had just said that to perform cunnilingus was wrong. But Megan's pussy was already soaking her panties in anticipation of Eris compliantly going down on her in the first place.

Eris, not being a lesbian, did a piss-poor job her first time. But Megan still wanted it now, as Eris' mouth beat masturbation, hands down. At the time, she did not dream on demanding such a thing from her employee and took what she got. But now, Megan had planned on getting much more; not even thinking of Eris refusing. She could not force Eris. She never thought that she would have to. As Megan owned a hefty pair, Megan had sucked on Anita's breasts before Eris'. But Eris' vagina was brand new territory for Megan.

Eris would definitely be her first woman.

Megan dropped to her knees, went under Eris' skirt and pulled down her panties. At that, Eris gently buckled to the carpeted floor, and almost before her ass

landed, Megan's tongue was darting between her labia. Now, as poor as Eris had been, so was Megan. Eris had not only to make Megan want it but to keep wanting it. So as Megan attempted to get into eating her first pussy, Eris again tried something new. She slowly gyrated her body and they ultimately sixty-nined. As they both got pleased as they came on each other's faces, Eris assuredly got more.

Thereafter, Eris would volunteer to get Megan off even at her desk, but Eris wanted reciprocation. Maybe not then, but whenever Eris would ask. When Megan conceded, they had become lovers without preamble, exclusively to each other. Megan would not realize, however, that she wound up giving more than getting.

Without another way out, Megan still was a bitch. She was Eris' bitch. Megan began dressing differently. While she favored a hip-length jacketed look, this became abbreviated to waist-length to even shorter style; unbuttoned to allow a blouse-covered chest to jut freely. Her modest knee-length skirts were history. For a very-impatient, sex-hungry Megan they took seconds too long to bare her thighs. So they went to mid-thigh. Often going without any underwear, when she wore panties, thongs were the order of the day; the gusset easiest to move to expose her crotch. Finally, as she occasionally went bra-less, Megan was thrilled that her jacket peek-a-boo covered her excited nipples. For middle age, Megan just barely pulled it off. Not that it mattered if she was a cougar on the prowl. She had no prey. Instead, again, she belonged to Eris, who filled all of her sexual needs...or was it the other way around?

Why did she do this? All Eris had to do was to suggest this or that, and Megan did it, without acknowledging that she was doing it for Eris...yet. As a result,

supposedly admiring Eris flowing' ebon locks – it was actually one of Eris' deft suggestions that Megan jumped at, to please her – Megan dyed her strawberry blonde hair to midnight black; ultimately chopping off very long tresses to a spiky close style, literally appearing to others as exactly the tough bitch she was. It was exactly the way Eris wanted. If Megan was once a drop-dead beauty, while not completely unattractive, her outward appearance was now as ugly as her attitude.

Making it seem her boss' idea, Eris moved in with Megan and became her butch without changing herself at all, as an outwardly attractive woman everyone thought was straight. At home, the couple was almost always nude; Megan was like a kitten, constantly nipping at Eris' pussy. Eris rarely reciprocated now and when she did, she used a very thick strap-on in Megan's ass as well as twat.

By this time, Megan was broken beyond repair; somehow able to be her old self at work, but only there. Leaving for home, it only appeared that Megan was using Eris as her chauffeur. Eris was in charge of virtually everything. Eris was never belittled on the job. They ultimately became very proficient lesbian lovers, even utilizing many toys and appliances. That is, Erin on Megan. She even freely ate Megan's pussy often at work, without repayment. Never worrying about being caught, fully knowing that if she was, it would be Megan to get in trouble; looking as if Megan had forced her. Eris really got into being a lesbian, forsaking men but eating Megan out at the job simply for the thrill of getting caught; enjoying these times twice as much as Megan. This plan was always kept in reserve, as they were very careful at work. At least Megan was in this respect...or thought she was.

Off-hours, Megan was the willing slave without outright being called one. Just as she now knew that Eris was her mistress, without Eris demanding the title. Maybe they would be utilized later, but for now, Eris was no fool.

Megan could fire her with a lie or truth in a noncompromising moment, if Eris did not maintain her subtle control. Eris could not use blackmail because of sexual harassment/anti-defamatory laws. They would have to be caught red-handed and while Megan could be fired, Eris eventually realized that she could not guarantee being someone else's PA.

What with Megan telling Eris about Anita and Cecil, as if to put salt in the wound, Eris had she and her dress in S/M attire and go to the gay club where Anita worked. Megan would see how between sets Cecil and Daphy would cozy together as supposedly a man and a woman, to ultimately, two women; the now-Cecile in full drag, or so Megan thought. She wanted to scowl in self-righteousness but only felt hurt at heart when she ultimately saw him pretty as a picture. Knowing that many drag queens duct tape their chests, she almost found it funny that Cecil went that far. Yet, in unbelieving amazement, Megan could almost swear that sometimes his breasts were real!

Not knowing that her offspring had legally changed her name, she did not know that Cecile was not in drag, to fit in as even Megan assuredly was; gaudily made up, wearing PVC or latex, with chains. She knew that ever since the divorce proceeding that he attended with Anita, that Cecil thoroughly hated her. So she would never approach him, to catch his ire. And Anita seemed to never be alone, to pull her aside.

Then there was the matter of the dog collar with the chain leash that Eris never let go of. Much less allow her to go off and approach Anita's table and take her chances. Megan even had to tell Eris when she needed to use the restroom, and to use it Eris went with her. Megan was allowed to use a stall, with the door open. By now, Megan thought that Eris was doing it out of love. And Eris was...loving every minute of it.

To Eris, Megan had repeatedly regretted the divorce now, which was why Eris had thought it deliciously cruel to occasionally visit the club. Despite the fact that when she would suggest they go there, Megan would giddily agree, sincerely taking what she could get. Megan had blindly thought that Eris was doing her a kindness, just to see her ex-spouse and son. But Eris got off on it, literally.

As several other gay couples openly made out in the dim light of the club, Eris would tug on Megan's neck chain. This was Megan's cue to go under the table and pleasure her, virtually in front of her ex-family. Given that she was at the club 'with' her former mate and son, as she willingly goes down on her lover, one time Megan reflected that she had named Cecil after her grandfather, to get back into family graces, but failed. Because of failure, she never told Adam the reason why her son was so-named.

When Cecil came out as gay, instead of holding on, she snapped; thinking that he had spoiled her chance from getting back with her family with their rigidity and bigotry, which was why she had no contact. Anita's family was no different and after portraying a woman full-time, she knew better to attempt a reunion, as they would have appalled with their son's shemale appearance, despite remaining heterosexual.

Back to Megan, when Anita did visit their son, Megan had unwittingly mimicked her relatives, ostracizing Cecil just as they did her. Anita unaware of Megan's familial efforts or motivations, got less and less sex and managed to do without after the divorce. That is, until she found Shalia.

This night, Anita and Daphy had arranged to leave early with their partners and unwittingly passes Eris' table while Megan was busy underneath.

Standing right next to the table, it was easy to see that close what was happening between Eris' legs. But with Megan's new hair color and punk style, with Eris' firm hand atop her head, Megan could not stop cuntlapping if she wanted to.

Doing it deliberately, as if to see if she could get a rise out of Megan, Eris said to Anita, "Great show tonight."

Anita merely replied buoyantly, "Glad you enjoyed it."

"Oh, I always do," Eris rejoins with a chuckle as the foursome departs. And below, recognizing Anita's voice so very close, Megan cries.