

A FEMININE VANITY

By Jane Barrett



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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A FEMININE VANITY

By Jane Barrett.

Loving Parents

Angelique had always felt life had cheated her. This was not the result of an unhappy childhood nor a lack of love from her parents. They were the most loving Mama and Papa and she loved them as much as they loved her. It was Papa's occupation that caused the problem. They were rich and powerful, but would never be accepted by the establishment. They were not from an "old money" family, but the result of two powerful Mafia clans which had joined peacefully. Neither Michael nor Constanta had come from Sicily; but had been born in New York.

Angelique was given everything her heart desired because of her father's position and power. That was the problem; because she had never wanted for anything, her expectations of life became impossibly high. Angelique was the quintessential American beauty; so perfect was she that vanity had never entered her mind. How a stereotypical blonde beauty had been created by a Sicilian family was a mystery to all.

Her Mother had been beautiful, her striking good looks the result of a satin-smooth olive skin, dark flashing brown eyes and raven black hair. She was a slim, tall, elegant woman whose beauty kept other women in awe. She had been the perfect compliment to Papa with his dark smoldering movie star looks. They looked the perfect couple, she so beautiful in her evening gown, he in a superbly cut tuxedo.

Angelique's blonde beauty may have come from an English knight washed ashore following the crusades. His genes lay dormant in one of the families until they had re-awakened with Constanta's conception to produce a daughter totally unlike her parents. Angelique was the perfect beauty, an English rose. "A perfect angel," were Michael and Constanta's first words after her birth. Therefore, she had become Angelique, Papa's angel. Angelique was blonde, not a golden, red or mousy blonde, but a white platinum blonde. A color much sought-after that is rarely natural. She had the bluest of eyes and her skin, the color of cream, was as fine as the most delicate porcelain.

Angelique was graceful as a ballet dancer. Fragile-looking, but never sick, she had a soft musical voice and a lively, inquiring mind. She was a beautiful child who grew into an even more beautiful woman. Angelique never cried but still always got what she wanted. She only had to bat her eyes and smile for all about her to meet her every wish.

She was still a child emotionally when half her world was taken from her. On her tenth birthday, she was taken out for dinner to the most extravagant restaurant in the city. She was so happy to be in a satin party frock and wearing high heels. Halfway through, just as the cake was brought to the table; four tuxedo-clad guests drew guns

and tried to kill Papa. His bodyguards killed two before they could complete their mission, but during the escape of the two survivors, one bullet struck Mama, killing her. In one moment, Angelique lost her best friend and Mother.

As the assassins ran from the restaurant, the ten-year-old knelt and held her dying mother, refusing to release her. Finally, in desperation, a doctor was called to the restaurant, and he shot a sleeping drug into her arm. For the first time, Michael saw her implacable will in play. Not a day went past without the girl asking how the hunt for the killers was proceeding. A week after the death, Angelique sat at the dinner table and fastened her blue eyes upon him.

“Papa, they took my mama from me. I must see them die.”

Michael said it was not possible, but Angelique only looked at him, her eyes wide and innocent, until at last he agreed. Two weeks later, the two were captured. Angelique went into the grimy meat works where they were held. She was wearing an party dress identical to the one now covered with her mother’s blood.

“I want them to know who I am, Papa.

She walked slowly to each of the bound gunmen, looking each in the eye, a blonde angel of death. She took Michael’s hand and said, “Papa, you must kill them now.” Angelique watched each die. There was a smile of satisfaction on her lips as she turned to her father and said, “I will look after you now, Papa.”

The ten-year-old girl and her Mafia father became inseparable. Angelique never spoke about her mother. In one way, she seemed to want to forget about her mother, but in another it was obvious that even in death her mother continued to be the child’s idol. Angelique quickly developed an impeccable dress sense and, even as a teenager, she had elegance that was unsurpassed.

What she didn't develop was a sense of womanhood. Angelique became more and more beautiful. She loved her Papa, but never found anyone to give the love and affection she had experienced from her Mother. Her heart had turned rather icy. This rarely showed as she had a beautiful smile and knew how to use it to get her way. Don Farranti knew how manipulative his daughter had become, but others rarely noticed how talented she had become at using other people.

After the death of his wife, Don Farranti took to entertaining mainly at home, as it seemed safer. Angelique became the hostess and the house was completely redecorated. The dark, heavy furniture was thrown out, replaced with a more contemporary romantic style. The Don did not argue but he thought there was far too much cream and peach; to his taste, it was too feminine by half.

Angelique became the perfect hostess. With her supreme fashion sense, elegance, and sophistication beyond her years, it was difficult to realize that she was so young. Her schooling had been by tutor until she was sixteen, then Angelique selected a womens’ college and pursued a degree in fine arts. She was erudite, confident and charming, but her sexuality never moved beyond that of a preteen.

Angelique was the perfect foil for the Don. They discussed what had to be done in his “business” and, to his surprise, she gave good, practical advice. Angelique might seem to be a naive romantic but underneath the smile and charm she was single-

mindful and quite ruthless. She also had a capacity for self-deception and she ignored the nastier parts of her Father's work. In her mind, Papa was nothing more than a successful businessman in a highly competitive area.

There was little romantic interplay. Every man was polite to her, they desired her, but she rarely flirted. The thought of her father's wrath if she became annoyed was enough to dampen the most ardent spirit. Angelique was sexually naive; she liked beautiful things, sometimes strange feelings swept her body, but they were disturbances rather than needs that had to be satisfied. Besides, she had her father to take care of.

Angelique loved new clothing and dressing well. She was at her happiest when being admired as a beautiful woman and wearing elegant clothing. As a child she had accompanied her mother to the couturiers and had been fascinated by the glamorous models. Her dream was to become a mannequin. She practiced the walk and look used by those elegant women on the catwalk. It was later that she was told that parading like they did was out of the question for a well-brought-up Italian girl.

Not being allowed to follow her dream did not stop the fantasy of wanting to wear beautiful clothes; following the death of her Mother this became an obsession. Three or four times a day, Angelique would change her dress, underclothes and shoes. Morning dress, afternoon, dinner, and evening wear. Her father did little to discourage her; money was no object, and having a beautiful daughter helped to shape his image.

Angelique was an incurable romantic, Jane Austin and the Bronte sisters were her favorite reading. The man who, in her fantasies, would sweep her off her feet was modeled on Heathcote and Mr. Darcy. Angelique knew she would swoon in his arms as he smothered her in kisses and carried her off to a four-poster bed shrouded in white silk.

Marriage

She was just nineteen when Marcus came into her life. Marcus was the only son of the leader of a smaller rival gang. He'd was college educated, undeniably handsome, tall and very romantic. He smothered Angelique in flowers, adored her looks, and brought her gifts. He was just like Papa and an ideal partner. Papa was all for the marriage as it would expand his empire and establish a dynasty.

Angelique adored the events leading up to her wedding, always being the center of attention, the parties, giggling with her friends about what was about to happen. Few of them were married, so their thoughts were romantic and embraced the fantasy of being loved. The wedding allowed her imagination and desires to take full control. The gowns were fantastic, angelic even, in white satin, and lace, with six bridesmaids and two flower girls in cream satin. Two of her cousin's boys had been dragooned into being pages and looked very uncomfortable in cream satin and lace "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suits.

The wedding was everything Angelique could have wished for. She was ecstatic, surrounded by her friends, walking down the aisle in the most gorgeous gown of satin and lace on the arm of her dignified father towards her handsome husband-to-be. It was the happiest moment of her life; she felt ready to burst. The reception was attended by the most powerful of the New York rich. The drive to the ship was exciting with their black Cadillac sweeping through the streets behind a police motorcycle escort. Due to the time Angelique required to change into her new Charles Fath going-away silk dress, the Queen Mary delayed sailing half an hour to allow the couple to join its honeymoon suite.

In the following hours, her new husband turned from a gentleman into a sex maniac, as a romantic dream changed to a nightmare. Sex and romance had been one and the same in Angelique's mind. She had never discussed the mechanics of sex or what was likely to happen on the wedding night with anyone. Without a Mother and Papa being too shy, her only knowledge had been obtained from her girlfriends as they giggled over it at the wedding showers. It was the stuff of a Barbara Cartland novel: all romance, moonlight, and bliss.

Until now, the extent of her lovemaking had been the acceptance of Marcus's kisses; even these were on the proviso that they did not unduly mess her carefully applied lipstick. When Marcus had tried to kiss her breasts, she realized it would disturb her new bra and petticoat and asked him to wait until they were married. Angelique wanted to be admired rather than handled.

It all changed that night. No sooner was she ready for bed than he had tried to tear the beautiful ivory silk and lace nightgown from her body. She was frightened his insistent pawing at her breasts would stretch the skin. Then, like a man in frenzy, he exposed his organ to her. Angelique had never seen anything quite as ugly, all red and aroused. Despite her sobbing protests, she hadn't been able to stop him mounting her and thrusting that awful engine into her body. It was absolutely terrible. There was a tearing pain; Marcus thrust and thrust, then he collapsed with an ahhh.

When at last she managed to move Marcus from her, she felt quite numb with pain and covered in sweat. Her beautiful nightdress was covered in blood and gore, quite ruined. Angelique tore it from her body; she'd never be able to wear it again. The memory of what had happened on this night would return. She took a long hot shower to try to rid her body of the pain she felt between her legs. In a fresh nightgown, she returned to the bed to find the sheet sprinkled with her blood and Marcus's gore. She spent the night in the suite's other bedroom silently crying. For the first time she wondered how she was going to cope with a marriage.

Later Angelique quietly questioned her girlfriends; she learned her husband had been gentle and kind. It seemed that Angelique was just not cut out for sex. The following day she decided that her body was to become inviolate and she shyly informed Marcus that her body was too overcome by his ardent lovemaking to participate that night. She was so obviously terrified and sore that Marcus did not press his claim. It was plain his wife had been a virgin and she needed more time to settle into married life. She was so beautiful he would do anything to please her. The following night he tried to introduce her to oral sex, but the mere thought of putting his monstrous organ between her lips was enough to make her gag

Over the next few weeks her hands gave him necessary relief, but not the satisfaction he sought. Even this she found messy and animal-like but for the rest of the honeymoon, she managed to keep him happy. Before he could press her to take up her connubial role again, they had returned to New York. Angelique managed to find further excuses. Marcus was less intimidating with Papa there and before his husbandly demands became too pressing, she found herself pregnant.

Angelique found the first few weeks of pregnancy very pleasant. Marcus doted on her, insisting she rest while he fetched drinks and anything else she wished for. The threat of sex disappeared; he no longer insisted she masturbate him. That was a relief, as the whole exercise was so messy. Her Father treated as though she was the Virgin Mary. Once again she had an excuse to obtain a whole new wardrobe.

From a very young age she had a vision of herself as a Mother dressed in a white silk nightgown lavishly trimmed with lace, holding a beautiful blonde little girl clad in a gown as pretty as her own. The lovely child would be gurgling with laughter and quietly saying "Mama". All the time, their eyes would look fondly into each other's as Marcus brought her a bunch of red roses.

A few short months later, all the difficulties of pregnancy began to emerge. First came morning sickness, the swelling of her body and tender breasts, then the terror and pain of birth. Despite all the heartache and pain she had gone through, she never achieved her dream.

There was no beautiful baby girl. Instead, she was presented with a screaming monster of a boy. It was dreadful; he was so ugly, all red and wrinkled, nothing like the image she'd had of a baby. From the first sight she wanted nothing more to do with him. Although every one said he was absolutely gorgeous, to Angelique he was like a little red monkey. Nothing seemed to match her vision of motherhood.

Papa found a wet nurse to take over the care and feeding of the newly named Nicholas. As the redness and wrinkles disappeared, the baby became closer to her

dream. Within a month he was the epitome of a pretty baby, blonde, with the bluest of eyes and a breathtaking smile. He was so delicate and pretty that everyone assumed he was a girl. To Angelique, this was a God-given sign. If he was as beautiful as a girl, then he was meant to be dressed as one. Right from the start, Angelique never considered his real sex to be anything but female; Nikki, as he became known, was dressed in pink and white and given dolls to play with. Marcus objected at first, but as Angelique explained, young boys in her country were always dressed as girls at the start.

Through exercise and diet, Angelique gradually recovered her previous body. Only two tiny stretch marks refused to disappear, but they were low enough never to be seen. She accepted these as battle scars, a constant reminder never to let it happen again. . With the help of her compliant doctor, she told both Marcus and her father that the birth of Nicholas had proved so difficult she would never be able to have another child.

It didn't take long for Angelique to transfer her love of clothes to her son. Virtually from his first day Nikki was the best-dressed baby in the whole USA, if not the entire world. As she had never had to worry about money, nothing was too good for her daughter. Angelique could never think of him as a boy; from birth Nikki had become her beautiful baby girl and that is how he was dressed.

White, pink and cream, silks, satins and lace. The slightest sign of dirt or food spillage and into a new dress he would be popped. He was breast-fed for more than a year by Maria. Angelique's breasts were too precious for that task. Maria had been Nikki's wet nurse from birth. She received further help when Angelique, after a careful search for the right person, employed an English Nanny to take over Nikki's training. Miss Bates or "Nanny" as Angelique called her, did not take much persuasion to think of Nikki in a similar manner and was happy to consider her charge to be a girl. Following these arrangements, Angelique enjoyed being a mother; her beautiful little girl was cute and always dressed in the loveliest gowns. Nikki would be wheeled out for her lunch parties, dressed in the prettiest dresses. He'd be cooed over by Angelique's friends, then taken back to be fed and have a nap.

As he grew older, he shared the limelight with other infants and young children as they accompanied their mothers. Girls in particular were welcomed; no one ever questioned his sexuality, he was so feminine.

Don Torrent expressed his concern about Nikki's gender, but Angelique gave him her enigmatic smile and asked if he didn't love his darling grand daughter. In the end, he accepted that what his daughter was doing was for the best. After all, she explained, "He has the rest of his life to be a man. For now he can be my daughter. Surely Papa, you must understand how much one can love a daughter." The Don had to live with his doubts, for not even he was prepared to go against his daughter's will.

To the world at large, the Don was a man of unequalled strength, but to his family, he showed a softer side the world would never see. While he might not fully understand what his daughter was doing with her son, he tried to love both of them anyway.

Motherhood

The real opposition came from Marcus; it went completely against his masculinity to have a son as feminine as Nikki. To have to hold and cuddle the baby in a silk and lace dress was one thing, but watching Nicholas at his third birthday was very disturbing. Only five boys had been invited and they wore fancy party costumes, “Buster Brown” suits of velvet with silk blouses. Not Nikki, though; *he* was in a dress indistinguishable from the other thirty-five girls.

Marcus looked at his son, the prettiest girl at the party and tried to hide the gorge rising in his throat. Nikki's dress was white silk organza over a pink moire taffeta skirt. Frothy petticoats swirled about his legs in pink silk stockings and white kid Mary Jane shoes as he skipped and danced with the rest of the girls in a game they were playing. A white silk ribbon held his long white blonde hair off his face. Nikki turned as he saw his father him and smiled. He was so pretty, it was impossible to accept he was not a girl.

Marcus became increasingly disturbed with the direction in which Angelique was taking his son; he bought boy's clothing and tried to make Angelique dress him more appropriately. He purchased an electric train set and tried to get him to play with it and the other boy toys he had placed in the nursery. Several times, he had asked Angelique to change the style of dress and to have his son's hair cut. She would smile sweetly and Marcus would see the beguiling look in her eyes. The subject would be dropped as they made love; with her body inviolate; only her hands were used. It was not what he desired, but beggars could not be choosers.

Another month or so would pass before he summoned the courage to raise the matter again. For the moment he had given up; he had been insistent last time and Angelique had become an ice maiden. There was nothing offered sexually, not even a kiss, until he agreed not to bring it up again. He was determined that, following Nikki's fifth birthday, he would once again dress and act like his son, rather than his daughter.

Almost certainly, Nicholas' role as a girl would have stopped a lot sooner if Hitler had not started a war in Europe. Unlike many of the “family”, Marcus felt obligated to preserve people's freedom. He became a Reserve Bomber pilot. Seeking the excitement of battle, he traveled to Canada, enlisting just after the war started in 1939. Within months he was in England as copilot on a Manchester bomber. At last, Marcus had found the perfect environment for his temperament. The flying was dangerous, but he appeared to lead a charmed life.

He progressed from copilot to pilot, then to Squadron Leader. By now, he had become a hero and was decorated by the British and later by President Roosevelt, after the United States entered the war. He was on his fiftieth mission deep inside Germany when he was shot down. Only slightly injured, he was left to finish the war in a prison camp, one of the infamous Stalags. Marcus was determined to continue helping the struggle by leading daring escapes from the Stalag, known as Colditz Castle. None succeeded but the name of Marcus Rossetti was synonymous with courage and he became a hero.

At first, Angelique missed Marcus. After a few months, though, she began to enjoy her new status as a hero's wife. With no pressure to change Nikki's gender, she continued in her role of a mother bringing up her lovely daughter.

It was not difficult to understand her reasons, Nikki had the type of beauty that encouraged Angelique. He was perfectly feminine, all his childhood illnesses had come and gone—measles, chicken pox—but nothing had marred his beauty. Just before the conflict finished in Europe, Nikki turned twelve and his long blonde hair was half way to his waist. Maria, now his personal maid, brushed it one hundred times each night as he sat at his dressing table in a white satin nightdress and matching negligee. The silky white blonde tresses would gleam under the light; it had just a hint of a wave, and he wore it loose, held back from his face by a ribbon or jeweled barrette.

He was slim and delicate, without any gawkiness. He never became plump yet his limbs were not muscular, with a gentle roundness that exaggerated his feminine appearance. It was as though he had been planned as a girl and someone had just forgotten to cancel his boy's genitalia. The expression, "the eyes are the window of the soul" could have written for Nikki; they were so blue, every one who looked at them would remember the sky in summer. His skin was smooth as silk; and part of his ancestry had endowed him with just a hint of olive to render it into cream-colored porcelain. There was always a hint of pinkness in his cheeks, as if he was just about to blush, highlighting high cheek bones and a fineness in his features that only a girl should be able to lay claim to.

Despite the war and the shortages it brought to many citizens in the America, none of these applied to Angelique. For Michael Farranti and his household it was business as usual; in fact there was *more* business than usual. The war effort had brought more sources of profit than ever. No one would accuse the Don of being unpatriotic, well not openly at least, but who could expect him to stop a new source of income? The black market was a reality and his organization brought some order into an otherwise chaotic situation. It was also useful for the household. Why should they suffer discomfort because of something so far away?

Maria looked after all Nikki's needs. She fed and bathed him, and put him to bed. Angelique continued her role of Mistress of the house, entertaining for her father, lunching with her friends and attending fashion shows.

Nicholas living in the role of a girl at first disturbed her Father. Don Farranti may have been quite ruthless and capable as the head of the most successful mob in the USA, however he knew that trying to change his daughter's mind was far more daunting than facing up to a rival mobster armed with a Thompson submachine gun. He had already spent a week of coldness and tantrums from his daughter after his first attempt at convincing her that Nicholas should be treated as a boy. Sensibly, he decided to leave well alone.

Without Marcus' continual carping about Nicholas' sex, the issue was forgotten and he became a girl by default. Only five people besides The Don and Angelique were ever aware of the one item that denoted he was a boy. Four were still living, as Nanny had returned to Britain and was killed in the Blitz. Now only two within the household knew: Maria and Angelique's personal maid Anna. The only outsiders were Doctor Syl-

via Medina (Angelique and Nikki's Doctor) and Miss Myrtle Chalmers, Angelique's corsetiere and maker of her underwear.

All four knew better than to let even the slightest hint about Nikki leak out to anyone. They had heard of Omerta, the code of silence, and that was enough to ensure that no one talked about Nikki's "addition". Maria had not dared tell Thomasino, her boyfriend and the Don's chief bodyguard. All knew that the slightest whisper would lead to a terrible fate. Nikki, himself, remained blissfully unaware that he was a boy.

In part because of Nikki's "secret", his life was incredibly sheltered. Like any child, Nikki reveled in the attention he received. He had merely to ask for something and, if it was available, he would receive it. He was the "little princess" of the house, that was for sure.

A Sacrifice

Remaining in this role became certain, when his father was killed just before the war ended. Marcus was leading a mass breakout from a high-security Stalag when the Gestapo executed him. He was posthumously given the highest decoration and a hero's burial. There were few who didn't shed a tear at the newsreel film of the beautiful Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and her pretty daughter standing at the grave site for a final farewell to their husband and father. Their grief was captured forever on the cover of Time magazine, and a portrait was made from it. The picture, titled "The Sacrifice" captured the sorrow of a lovely widow and her daughter and became the centerpiece in the Capital War Memorial. It was the beauty of Angelique and Nikki rather than the symbolism that captured the public's imagination and made it one of the most copied portraits in history.

Don Farranti knew he would become a laughing stock if it became known that the beautiful granddaughter who had dutifully held his hand was, in fact, his grandson. How on earth could he explain it to his colleagues? No, it was impossible, Angelique and Nikki had now become icons of American bravery. Now they were shown in a film sequence prior to the Pathe Newsreels. To have Nikki's sexuality discovered would destroy her recently acquired "A" listing in the social register. Her status had changed since Marcus's death; she was now the beautiful widow of a war hero, a role that removed her from her father's shadow.

Don Farranti and Angelique had agreed that attending a school could create problem; there was the question of Nikki's security and the possibility that, even in an exclusive girls' school, his secret might be discovered. An alternative was found. Throughout his career, the Don had donated very generously to the Church, and it in turn was more than willing to provide any number of tutors for Nikki. So, his education was carried out by a series of nuns all carefully selected by Angelique. It was made quite clear that her daughter was to have a well-rounded education. Artistic, Christian, but it was not overly religious; the unpleasant things in life, like sex, were to be left out.

Nikki was a bright child, he was excellent in mathematics, and science; but his real love was literature and the humanities. Angelique determined what he was taught: lots of Bronte, Austin, and the romantic novels. There was plenty of romanticism, but the teachers were to steer clear of sex. Nikki inherited his Mother's love of clothing. By good fortune, Sister Eve, one of his tutors, shared this love and they pursued the history of costume and style. None of the teachers had the slightest idea or the vaguest suspicion that Nikki was any more than a beautiful and polite young lady. Any suggestion he was a boy would have been met with derision.

Angelique was not a good mother. She loved having a beautiful child, providing that Maria eliminated all of the difficulties associated with child rearing. This allowed Angelique time to entertain and belong to a large number of charities. Her reason was not altruism; she was far too selfish to be civic-minded but she needed a large number of social outlets to wear the hundreds of dresses and costumes she had purchased. It was fun to mix and lunch with society. Her favorite charity raised money by two fashion shows per year, a spring and an autumn showing, with all the modeling completed

by selected members of the charity committee. Angelique was a natural and was always asked to display the most elegant gowns.

When Nikki was just eight they introduced a new category, a competition that took place at the end of show, for the most beautiful mother and daughter. It was no surprise when Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and her daughter Nikki won it the first year. Problems arose when they won every subsequent year.

It was due to this event some years later that Maria received her first real fright of what might happen to her if Angelique ever discovered she had not been carrying out all her duties. Four years earlier, prior to Nikki becoming a teenager, Doctor Sylvia had introduced Nikki to a new female hormone.

“It will keep him a girl and help diminish any masculine change,” said the doctor.

Angelique was happy to agree and Maria was instructed to give him two “vitamin” tablets night and morning. Nikki had been taking them for over three years, when one day she noticed that the tablets could be used to diminish facial hair. She had been troubled by a dark growth on her upper lip and decided that no one would notice if Nikki's dose was reduced to half, and she took the other tablets. It was very successful; even Thomasino remarked on how much prettier she looked.

The problem occurred six months later, not long before Nikki's sixteenth birthday. Angelique and Nikki were again preparing for the competition. Angelique took a bold step and chose identical outfits for herself and Nikki. It was as if she was testing the femininity of her son by choosing a masculine style currently in fashion, placing him under the full scrutiny of her peers.

The choice was a cream silk suit with boldly padded shoulders and tuxedo-styled lapels in light pink silk satin. The pleated skirt was barely knee-length and Nikki had been allowed to exchange his knee-high socks for real silk stockings. He felt very grown up as Maria dressed him, affixing a lace and silk garter belt about his waist before drawing the suspenders down the legs of his satin French knickers and attaching them to the lace embroidered tops of his stockings.

Suddenly in a single moment Maria realized that she had made a very serious mistake in reducing his dosage. The pills had not only given Nikki that marvelous skin and the budding breasts, but had also held back his sexual development.

Nikki was completely oblivious to the drama, he was so excited to be wearing silk stockings. In them he felt so grown up, as they made his whole body tingle. When Maria made up his face this sent another delicious thrill through his body. The fashion parade was a complete success for Angelique; once again they captured first prize. Next day, the society pages were bearing the photograph of “The beautiful Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and Nikki, the prettiest girl in New York”.

It was only a few months after the fashion parade and following his eighteenth birthday that Nikki's sexual horizons expanded. It was accidental but inevitable that it would occur. The Godfather had always found great pleasure in his granddaughter. Anyone seeing the Don with his granddaughter would have had trouble recognizing him as the same ruthless Mafia boss who dealt in extortion and death.

For the Don it was quite fun dandling the beautiful child on his lap, and they had a special closeness, for Nikki had always loved cuddling and being cuddled by his Grandfather. Unlike Angelique, he quite liked being pawed and sat on by Nikki. He was so large, Nikki could swarm over him like a playful kitten; for Nikki this was wonderful. He received from the old man the attention that was denied to him from his Mother. Bodily contact with Angelique always resulted in complaints.

“Oh Nikki, please be still and stop messing up my dress and hair.”

“Now look what you’ve done to my skirt and stockings! Really darling, can’t you be still?”

The Don's Dilemma

Angelique was the main obstacle to any sexual relationship for the Don. To Angelique, sex was a messy, quite unnecessary, pursuit and in her mind her father was too old for that sort of thing. Besides, he owed respect to her dead mother and should not even consider it. Several times, he had suggested that he was considering remarrying, but the image of her father coupling in bed with another woman was enough to make Angelique nauseous. She made her feelings very clear on this point and any burgeoning relationship quickly came to an end.

The Don was unwilling to face her icy wrath and made sure that his sexual needs were met without her knowledge. Twice a week, a beautiful young call girl named Carla arrived. She was brought to the house in the large limousine, which returned from the city after delivering Angelique to her luncheon date with her girl friends. This was the one certain way of not being discovered; the servants, including Maria, knew better than let the slightest whisper reach the Don's daughter. They would retire quietly at this time. Carla would silently enter the house, ignoring the smirks of the two bodyguards who withdrew out of earshot but kept a close eye on the Don's room as the door slid shut.

It was never a long session. The Don liked, but felt no love for, Carla. During the lovemaking he would remain seated in his chair as Carla kissed him passionately on his lips before kneeling, opening his trousers and taking the heavy, thick member between her lips. To the Don it was not passion, but relief that he sought and Carla was extremely able. For a few moments after the session was over, he would hold her in his arms, then Carla would tidy herself and quietly depart. Don Farranti would sit motionless as the girl wiped off any residue and buttoned his fly. Then, still seated, he'd drift off into a doze with the memory of his wife still in his mind. This had worked well through the years, each new girl lasting roughly twelve months before being replaced.

While Angela was lunching, Nikki was supposed to be looked after by the ever-faithful Maria. She had watched the habits of both Mother and son and learned to use them for her own advantage. Her lover was Thomasino and, as with all households of this type, it was difficult for two lovers to find those precious moments together. They both realized that there was a time twice a week when they could be together. With Alberto, the other guard, chauffeuring Carla back to the city and Nikki's mother enjoying herself in the newest restaurant, they used those precious hours for lovemaking.

Maria had become used to her docile young charge having his midday nap. Although he had "come of age", he was still treated to some degree like a young child. His dress would be removed and the beautiful boy would lie in his satin slip and panties until she returned to tidy him up and greet his mother upon her return. Nikki was an obedient child and had accepted a midday nap as part of life. Over the years, however, this period of inactivity in the middle of the day had begun to pall. At the age of eighteen, Nikki wanted to explore more of life. Recently Nikki had become intrigued by his Grandfather's activities, noting the arrival of Carla. He had found out her name and watched her disappear into Grandfather's study and the shutting of the door and wondered what happened there.

There was a rear door that was the province of Grandpapa and his mother. Only they were allowed to use it. Disguised as a closet, it opened into a small office for Angelique, a place where she could keep the secret documents. Built into the door was a spy hole to allow Angelique to act as a silent witness. Everyone else was forbidden to use the room; they all entered via the front door under the watchful eyes of Thomasino and Alberto. Life was rarely safe for a Mafia Don and one never knew when death would arrive in the disguise of an innocent-seeming visitor.

With Angelique lunching, no one ever thought of securing the other entrance for it would not be occupied and no one would dare enter it without permission. No one that is except Nikki. Over the years he had become more inquisitive and bored with being put to bed in the middle of the day. He had also been increasingly puzzled by what happened behind Grandpapa's door on the two days a week that Mama went to lunch. Instinctively, he knew that asking Maria about Grandpapa would lead nowhere. So one night, after being put to bed, he waited until Maria left, then pulled a short silk negligee over his satin petticoat and panties and quietly went downstairs and let himself into his mother's office. He was about to walk into Grandpapa's study but he spotted the visitor just in time. It was quite a mystery and he could make neither head nor tail of what the very pretty girl was doing to Grandpapa. At first, he thought she was about to sit on his knee and kiss him just as he did. Nikki knew he was wrong to spy upon Grandpapa, but he was unable to take his eyes from the scene.

Then the girl did the strangest thing; she let Grandpapa play with her breasts. By his heavy breathing, it was obvious that the old man really enjoyed this. A little later, the girl slid to her knees, lowered Grandpapa's



trousers and undershorts and took his pee pee between her fingers. Through the spy hole, a mesmerized Nikki could see his member swell, and grow to a tremendous size. Then the girl did an even more curious act; she lowered her head and began to kiss it.

This affected Grandpapa in the strangest way; his face changed gradually to pink, then to red, just like it did when he became annoyed. However, it was obvious that he was not annoyed; he gave a sigh, which even Nikki recognized as pleasure, as the girl began to swallow the now swollen organ. The cries became louder and Nikki thought he might have been mistaken, maybe Grandpapa *was* in pain. He was about to run into the room to help but stopped when he realized they were cries of enjoyment.

The excited cries brought odd but enjoyable sensations to his own body. Nikki began to feel warm all over, and the blood seemed to be flowing faster through his body. His face felt warm, like the love he felt when Mama was holding him close and kissing him. He was tingling all over and something strange was happening in his panties. Beneath the satin he could feel himself growing; it was like the feeling he had when he went to the toilet, but much nicer. A glow was going right through his body. Nikki reached down and touched himself. He felt frightened; what Mama called his “water pipe”, or his “clitty” as Maria insisted upon had gone all hard and stiff.

As he watched the girl's head move faster and faster over Grandpapa member, Nikki felt an urge to rub his clitty through the satin. The feeling produced the most wonderful feeling, better than the most delicious ice cream he had ever eaten. In the other room, Grandpapa's cries became louder and Nikki could see him take the girl's head in hands and he began to pull it faster and faster up his member.

All of a sudden it was over. With a frightening gasp, he fell back limply in the chair and the girl's head became still. Nikki knew he should not be there, but it was so exciting he no longer cared. His own clitty was hard and stiff, really tenting the panties.

Grandpapa still looked red in the face but very relaxed. He hardly moved as the girl drew his trousers back into position and fastened his fly. She went to the hand basin, rinsed her mouth, cleaned her teeth, and gave the old man a kiss on the lips. Then he lay back, his eyes closed as she quietly let herself out.

“No, leave it closed, and tell them I don't want to be disturbed. You can return to the city now.”

Nikki felt disturbed and strangely excited. He knew returning to his bedroom was the sensible thing to do. His whole body was tingling and his clitty just refused to go down. It was as though his bladder was about to burst, but he didn't want to go to the toilet. It was awkward to move with it in this condition; it brought new feelings to his body. Strange exciting ones, impossible to ignore. Right at this minute, he wanted to throw his arms about Mama and burrow deep into her warm scented breasts and tell her how much he loved her.

He wanted to keep rubbing himself through the satin panties, for it felt really nice. He remembered the warnings from Maria. “You must not play with yourself, Nikki.” She had alarmed him in the most graphic way, telling him his clitty would fall off if he did. Nikki was sure she was not serious, but all the same he didn't want it to happen. It was such a pity, because the feeling was so good.

A FEMINNE VANITY
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Miss Kingsley

Angelique decided to introduce a new member to her society group. She was a much sought-after society hostess. Helped by her extensive charity work and her continued exposure in “The Sacrifice”, Angelique and Nikki had become celebrities.

She liked Nikki to accompany her, it was gratifying to have other mothers in the group say, “Mrs. Rossetti, this *can't* be your daughter! You are too young”.

“Your daughter is so beautiful, Mrs. Rossetti, almost as beautiful as her Mother.”

They envied her slender figure and unlined face. Their admiration gave Angelique a feeling of satisfaction and well-being. Today would be different, she was certain Vera Kingsley would not be overwhelmed by her, she had too much confidence. However, Miss Kingsley had mentioned her niece would be delighted to meet the famous Nikki.

Angelique had already selected his clothing; she had become to like the “mother and daughter” look, the fashion that had brought such praise after the last parade. The latest fashion was from Dior and his “New Look”. Angelique loved the way it showed off her tiny waist and she didn't really mind the tight corsetting that went with it. It was time that Nikki realized that there had to be a little discomfort in the pursuit of elegance.

His suit would be similar to hers, with a full skirt, and close-fitting jacket in rose-colored moire silk. Beneath it was a camisole type blouse in the softest of cream silk satin. The full skirt required four taffeta petticoats to give body to it. Silk stockings in a light pink shade and glace kid shoes with a two-inch heel. In addition, some make up, a rose lipstick, just the lightest touch of blusher, and a little eye shadow completed his look.

Maria loved dressing the boy-girl, he was so different from Thomasino. His skin was so smooth it was like touching warm cream and his hands, feet and face were so delicate and feminine. Although Maria loved Thomasino, his body was hairy and crude; she could understand why Miss Angelique wanted to keep Nikki just the way he was. There was only one disconcerting item in the last few weeks; Nikki had grown enormously in one area. It was difficult to call his penis a “clitty” any longer. Although it was not quite the size of Thomasino's, there was not much difference, and the sight of it on Nikki's feminine body made it appear even larger.

It had been several months since Maria's first fright at Nikki's erection. The hormone dosage had been increased, but it was obvious that more would be required. Up until now ,Nikki rarely had erections; the few that occurred had only lasted a few minutes before he became floppy once again. Today as she drew his stockings on, he had begun to swell; this continued as his corset was tightened until he became fully erect. To Maria's consternation, it had shown no sign of diminishing when it became time to pull on his “French knickers”. Nikki appeared quite embarrassed with the display; a delightful pink blush spread over his face and down into the soft flesh of his chest as Maria looked at the display.

“I'm sorry, Maria. The corset is so tight, it makes me go all stiff. I just can't help it,” he said, his upper lip quivering.

“Mama mia! You are growing up too soon.” With a practiced hand, she took a pair of fresh satin panties and, seating him on the edge of the bed, wrapped it around the engorged appendage.

He tried to tell Maria that the tight corset he was wearing caused this, somehow it made his clitty go hard, when she tightened the laces. Although at first this had been very uncomfortable, something always seemed to happen in his body. First, there was the strange but delicious feeling from the tightness about his body, then when she had rolled his silk stockings up his legs, they swished against his satin knickers. It was as though his body was covered with a whole lot of kisses and he just couldn't make his clitty go down. He thought about trying to explain again, but she might make him take it off; then all the lovely tightness about his body that was so comforting would disappear.

Maria finished dressing him, drawing the taffeta petticoats over his head; they were very full with four layers of delightfully swishy lace trimmed material. Over it went a rose silk moire skirt, the fabric shimmering as if it had been dipped in water. The matching jacket was so tight-fitting about the waist he knew it would never have fastened without the tight corsetting. The lapels were quite full on the front and helped give the impression that he had breasts. He was self-conscious not having real breasts. He had just tiny swellings which were taking a long time to develop into a bust. Apart from that, Nikki felt proud, for today he looked just like Mama sans breasts. With his makeup and high-heeled shoes, he looked very grown-up.

Mama hugged him tightly in the car, “Oh Nikki, I'm so proud of you! Beautiful, really beautiful, my little girl is so pretty. Everyone is going to love you.”

“Which restaurant are we going to today, Mama?”

“We're not, darling. Miss Kingsley has just invited us to lunch at her home in Long Island. You won't have to sit with us ‘oldies’. Today you'll have company. Miss Kingsley has a niece, Harriet. She is slightly older than you but, I'm sure she is very nice.”

During the drive, Nikki kept stealing glances at his Mama. She looked young and beautiful. It was difficult to believe she was not his elder sister; she did not look old enough to be his Mother. Angelique caught his look. “What are you staring at, Nikki?”

Nikki blushed. “At you, Mama. You are so beautiful.”

Angelique smiled. They were words she never tired of hearing. “Thank you Nikki, but you are just as beautiful.”

Miss Kingsley's home, a very imposing mansion, was situated in a splendid garden setting. Angelique and Nikki followed an attractive maid into a sunlit drawing room where Miss Kingsley waited with a pretty teenage girl.

“Mrs. Rossetti, how nice to see you”.

“Please call me Angelique.”

“Well, thank you, my dear. Yes, that is more friendly. I'm Vera. And this, I presume, is your darling daughter?” Nikki, remembering his manners, dropped into a graceful curtsy.

“She's so beautiful, just like her mother. And how well-mannered! Come here, child. Give me a kiss and tell me your name.”

“I'm Nikki, Ma'am,” he said stepping forward and kissing her on the cheek. Miss Kingsley was tall, slender, and very elegantly dressed. At close quarters she appeared slightly older than Mama. She had beautiful skin, snow white, like alabaster with the faintest blush of pink. Her dark blonde hair was swept into a French roll and beneath it were very piercing dark gray eyes, so commanding they glittered with authority. Nikki thought her very beautiful but quite intimidating. Miss Kingsley beckoned to the girl standing silently to one side.

“This is Harriet. I'm sure the two of you will be best friends.”

It was a command rather than a statement. For the first time, Nikki had a chance to examine her. Harriet was pretty, reddish blonde with vapid blue eyes. She was, as Mama put it later, “quaintly” dressed. There was little about her clothes that were fashionable.

She had on a party frock of pink satin, with an overskirt of cream organdy lavishly trimmed with cream lace frills. It seemed too young for her and Harriet reminded Nikki of one of the beautiful china dolls that decorated his bed during the day. She moved toward him with a sibilant rustle of taffeta, the full satin skirt floating airily on the stiffened petticoats. Leslie reached shyly for Nikki's hand. The gesture was cut short by Miss Kingsley saying testily, “No, Harriet dear, greet Nikki with a kiss.”

A now flustered Harriet hugged Nikki and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Nikki tightened his arms about his new acquaintance, pressing into her firm breasts that swelled the keyhole neckline. They were the same size as Mama's, lovely and firm. Nikki felt quite envious, wishing he had a pair just like them. He could feel the firmness beneath her dress which encased her body. She was as tightly corsetted as he was.

“That's better, darling. Oh! Don't they look sweet, Angelique dear?”

Angelique never got the chance to reply for, at that moment, the maid entered, followed by the guests for the luncheon. Nikki and Harriet stood quietly as greetings were exchanged. Once the pleasantries were exchanged, the adults turned to the two children. As usual, most of the attention centered upon Nikki and Angelique; a recent fashion article in VOGUE had called them the most beautiful mother and daughter in the world. As Angelique preened, it became obvious Miss Kingsley was feeling piqued at the lack of attention shown to Harriet.

“Harriet dear, why don't you take Nikki to your room and show her your nice dresses? We'll call you when lunch is ready.”

Nikki discovered Miss Kingsley was very much into understatement, for it was far more than a mere “room”. Harriet had her own apartment, a full suite of rooms. There was a sitting room attached to Harriet's bedroom, a dressing room with walk-in wardrobe, and an enormous bathroom. Nikki was surprised; although his own suite was as large and lavish, it was the style of this one which was so intriguing.

Entering her room was like stepping into a fantasy; everything was so girlishly feminine. The furnishings were similar to the dress she wore, all frills and ruffles. The

cream silk wall panels were covered with pictures of Kate Greenwood-inspired girls in lacy dresses on swings or clutching parasols as they walked in flowered gardens. The furniture was elegant, in cream fabrics of silk and lace, delicate and dainty. It did not seem the room of a young lady; it looked more like a nursery suited to someone much younger than the nineteen-year-old Harriet.

“Aunt Vera likes to dress me a young style and I find it rather embarrassing,” said Harriet, as she sensed Nikki’s surprise. “You look so grown up. It must wonderful to wear such fashionable dresses.”

It was obvious that Miss Kingsley had very definite ideas for her niece, and equally apparent that Harriet was completely under her thumb. Nikki felt sorry for her, she would have looked so much prettier in more suitable clothing. He reached out and took her hand, for the first time noticing how much larger it was than his own. “You look very sweet, Harriet. Now, why don’t you show me your other dresses?”

Harriet’s wardrobe held almost as many clothes as his own did, but there was little variety as most of her day dresses were similar in style to the one she was wearing. The fabrics and colors changed but the juvenile style remained. Harriet asked what were his favorite clothes. Nikki explained that he loved the new “Palazzo” style pajamas. They were the innovation of a new designer, Princess Galliana, very fashionable in Italy, but which had not yet gained full acceptance here. Mama wore them a great deal when entertaining; this style might have been made especially for her. She looked so gorgeous in the slinky satin and crepes as they flowed fluidly about her body. Mama liked them so much that several pairs had been fashioned for him. He loved wearing them; they looked so wonderful, and they gave such a sensuous feeling when he moved.

Harriet looked wistfully at him. “You are very lucky, Nikki, to have a mother who treats you in such a grown-up manner.”

Nikki thought so too, but didn’t say so to Harriet. Her clothes may not be very fashionable but they sure looked fun to wear. Maybe he could try some on. As he pushed aside an errant garment, he felt one of his silk stockings catch against a small handle. A run was obvious in the delicate fabric. Harriet became quite flustered and distraught, saying Aunt Vera would so upset if she found Nikki had an accident in her room. Nikki tried to calm her and said if she had a similar pair of stockings, he would change into them and no-one would be any the wiser. Harriet calmed her herself and opened another section of the wardrobe. Nikki seated himself on the dainty Queen Anne style dressing stool and, raising his skirts and petticoats high, began unfastening the suspenders.

Harriet returned with a pair of pink silk stockings in her hand.

“Please let me help,” said Harriet, slipping the wide flared leg of Nikki’s silk French knickers back. Suddenly her eyes were wide as she exclaimed, “My God! It can’t be true, you’re a boy!”

Discovery

Nikki was startled, then confused by the shock in Harriet's voice. "Of course I'm not a boy, Harriet. I'm a girl."

Harriet looked at him sharply, a question in her eyes. Was he making fun of her? No, he didn't seem to be. He was really bewildered at her remark. Then she realized that it was not a joke. This beautiful creature *really believed he was a girl*. For a moment, she considered making fun of her remark and saying it was just a joke. The look on his face told her it was too late, her surprise and astonishment at what she had seen had started questions in his mind. It seemed cruel to present this very beautiful boy with the truth but she had said too much already. Aunt Vera would find out that she had spoken out of turn and punishment would follow. Harriet was expected to be discreet. The last time she'd said the wrong thing, Aunt Vera been so cruel and she didn't want to suffer like that again.

It was a dilemma for Harriet; at any moment they would be called to lunch and she had to convince Nikki not to reveal her indiscretion. After that, she'd try to find some way of tidying up this mess without suffering the punishment she had suffered last time.

"I don't understand. Why did you say I was a boy? I can't be. Mama says she could never love a boy, they are rough and do nasty things to girls. I'm a girl! I *know* I'm a girl. Otherwise Mama wouldn't love me." Nikki eyes were shiny. He was very upset and began to sob.

"Please Nikki, don't be upset, I shouldn't have said anything, it was just such a shock to find out you were a boy."

"Find out? What do you mean?"

"When I was fastening your stocking, I saw your penis and testes."

Nikki looked even more bewildered. It was obvious he had never considered that this is what they were. "Oh no, Harriet, you've made a mistake. That is my clitty. Maria, she's my maid, said a man has a penis." He giggled. "And sometimes she calls it a naughty word, a 'cock'. But Maria said what I have is a clitty, and all girls have those."

"I did not want to upset you any further Nikki, but a clitty is quite different. It is within the vagina; outside, it's like a slit with two fleshy lips underneath the body. Just inside, there is a clitoris but it doesn't hang down like yours."

"Oh, you mean like Mama's and Maria's. I've seen Mama's when she is dressing and it is very pretty, not at all like mine. When I asked Maria why I was different, she said it would change as I got older. I'm sure she is right and it *will* become just like hers, when my breasts begin to grow and be just like yours. Oh Harriet, I'm sure she is right."

Harriet could see Nikki had been quite shocked by the discovery and was desperately trying to convince himself that his world was still the same as it had been a few minutes ago. She wanted to say she had made a mistake, that he was really a girl, but

the question would remain in Nikki's mind. The Pandora's box of Nikki's sexuality had been opened and she knew the secrets could not be pushed back in.

She took Nikki's hand in hers. "Nikki, if you are born a boy, you stay one unless you have an operation. You are what Auntie calls a fem-boy, born a boy but brought up as a girl. You are so beautiful that no one would ever know the difference." Harriet paused, glancing down seeming to weigh her words with care. Then she reached a decision, "I know, Nikki, because I'm a fem-boy also."

Before Nikki could fully comprehend Harriet's words, there was a knock on the door and the maid entered the room.

"Miss Harriet and Miss Nikki, lunch is ready."

"Thank you, Doris. We'll be there in a moment."

Harriet held Nikki's hand tightly. "Please Nikki, don't tell anyone, Aunt Vera would be so annoyed and I'd be punished. Can this be our secret? I'll explain after lunch."

By now Nikki was intrigued. He had been stunned by what Harriet had told him and still couldn't believe it was true. He knew if he tried to talk to Mama about this, she'd tell him he was too young to understand and to wait until he was older. Besides, Harriet looked frightened and he didn't want to get her into any trouble. He wanted to share Harriet's secret, it sounded like fun. Nikki squeezed her hand; "You will tell me everything? Promise?"

Harriet, whose anxiety could no longer be hidden, nodded her head.

"Then I won't say anything. I promise."

Nikki couldn't get Harriet's discovery out of his mind. Normally, he enjoyed lunching with Mama; listening to all the gossip about society, who was being nasty to whom.

Today was quite different. He felt impatient and wanted lunch to finish quickly. Then he could continue his conversation with Harriet. He felt different now with the knowledge that he was not really a girl, but a fem-boy. Though his discovery was only a few minutes old, this new knowledge had created a strange sensation, sending shivers of excitement through him. The very thought of all this was making his clitty swell up.

As soon as it was polite, Harriet and Nikki asked to be excused. "What are you two going to do this afternoon?" asked Angelique.

Nikki thought quickly, "Oh Mama, if Miss Kingsley allows me, I'd like to play dress-up with Harriet. She has such lovely clothes."

Miss Kingsley smiled indulgently. "Of course you may, Nikki." Her hand stroked Angelique's thigh. "What a delightful child you have, my dear. Such good manners and almost as beautiful as her mother.

Harriet took his hand as they skipped up the stairs. "Did you mean it? About dressing up."

"Of course," said Nikki, "besides, we are less likely to be disturbed if they know we are playing."

Harriet's wardrobe was an Aladdin's cave of silk and satin. They were similar in size apart from the bust line and it obvious Nikki would have no problem sharing her clothes. Along the rear wall were a number of smaller sizes, really frilly and pretty. They all hung neatly in rows, together with accessories. Nikki noticed a really lovely one. It was more suited to a costume party, but it would be really fun to wear it today. The dress was in mist green silk satin. The skirt was short, barely knee-length; the bodice was plain, secured by thin spaghetti straps. Over it went a chiffon overskirt with full floaty sleeves and a wide Quaker collar. Beneath the skirt, instead of petticoats, were filmy ankle-length silk pantalets in the same mist green color. They were very full and buttoned at the ankle in a mass of lace ruffles.

"I have another one in lavender, Nikki. Shall we dress as sisters?"

"Or girl-brothers?" added Nikki.

He saw Harriet's face turn red and realized that she was still very embarrassed by the disclosure of her true sex. "I'm sorry, Harriet. I didn't mean to upset you."

"Oh Nikki, you didn't. There are only a few people who know my secret, and no one has ever said that to me. It felt strange to hear those words, but at the same time very exciting."

Harriet helped him remove his dress. The corset Nikki was wearing was almost tight enough to provide the waistline required. Almost, but Harriet had to draw it in several notches before the tiny waist would fasten. Nikki gasped for breath as the laces were pulled even tighter. The tight constriction also had another effect on his body and the feeling he had experienced earlier that morning began between his legs. His clitty swelled, then surged erect, tenting the thin silk of his knickers.

There was a gasp from Harriet and her hands fluttered in consternation. Again her face was flushed, but it did not appear to be embarrassment as there was a strange look of hunger in her eyes. "You're so large, Nikki. I didn't expect you to be because you look so feminine."

Nikki's face flushed with embarrassment as he explained that this had happened earlier this morning.

Harriet was quite willing to take over Maria's role as maid. She lightly dusted him with a perfumed powder. At first he felt quite self conscious as she spent a lot of time making sure that every possible crevice was thoroughly covered. Her soft hands felt so sensuous.

By the time she drew the dainty silk pantalets up his legs, Nikki was feeling another tremor of anticipation as he reacted to the sensuous touch of silk against silk. Harriet slid the satin underdress over his head and adjusted it carefully before the floaty chiffon settled about his body. She fastened the dainty pearl buttons at the neck and cuffs before tidying two tendrils of hair that had escaped during the dressing. Now she stepped back and looked him up and down. There was tenderness and longing in her eyes as she said wistfully, "Nikki, you are absolutely beautiful".

Nikki couldn't wait to see himself in the mirror. He was quite taken back by the change in his appearance, he looked so pretty, like Jo from the illustration in "Little Woman". This dress did make him look feminine and in some really nice way, made

him feel different, too. Watching his reflection, he spun about in front of the mirror, seeing the skirt flare out and the pantalets drape about his body. It was such fun being a girl when he was with Harriet.

He unfastened Harriet's dress and helped her remove the petticoats. She wore a much heavier corset than he did. Made of white satin, it was very heavily boned and looked most uncomfortable to wear. It completely encased Harriet's body with heavy double lacing tightly fastened about her waist. The garment was so unlike his own, the heavy strapping continued up and about her shoulders and high beneath the neck bound her firmly and almost cruelly. No wonder her carriage had been so upright; wearing such a corset it was impossible to be otherwise.

The corset reached right down her thighs fastening about the top of each leg with wide satin straps. The front was cut away in a high "V" shape but there was no sign of Harriet's clitty. This rather disappointed Nikki, as he wanted to compare it with his own. Instead, there was only a smooth mound beneath her silk panties.

It took only a few minutes, then they were almost like two blonde sisters, one dressed in mauve, the other in misty green. At that moment the outer door opened. "Miss Harriet, where are you?" The voice was commanding with a French accent.

"In here, Josie."

A tall dignified woman entered the dressing room; her raven hair was drawn into a tight French roll. She was attractive rather than beautiful; although she was smiling, there was a touch of disdain on her lips. Beneath a smooth brow, her eyes were watchful, predatory. Her dress was quite severe, fashioned in navy blue silk, high-necked with a white "Peter Pan" collar and long sleeves with the finest white lace cuffs. Dark navy silk stockings and very high-heeled glace kid court shoes completed her outfit. She was the most elegant personal maid Nikki had ever seen.

"Ahh, Miss Harriet, I have returned from my shopping. You have changed, I see and have had help?" She turned to Nikki. "Miss Rossetti, you are so beautiful and the dress it really suits you, oui?" She looked about the room but seemed to find nothing out of place. Her presence had affected Harriet; since she had entered she had become increasingly nervous. With a last satisfied glance about the room, she said, "Doris will bring you bring drinks and sweets. I will be out until this evening for Madame. Very nice to meet you, Miss Rossetti."

With that, she swept out of the room and Harriet visibly relaxed. The boy-girls returned to the bedroom and were quite comfortable when Doris arrived with tea and coffee in a delightful china service. As they sipped tea, Nikki reminded Harriet that she had promised to tell him her story.

Harriet's Tale

“Mama came from Virginia. Her parents owned a large plantation and were very wealthy. Aunt Vera and Mama were the only children; she was twelve years old when Aunt Vera was born. They were a very loving and happy family until tragedy struck and their mother was killed by fever. Mama was only twenty, very pretty and the toast of the state. The death affected their father and he began drinking heavily and spending a lot of his time at the gambling tables. The crash on Wall Street took a lot of their wealth away.

“Mama was responsible for running the household and taking care of Vera, but with her Father’s drinking and gambling gradually the money disappeared and the estate became heavily mortgaged. It wasn't long before Mama realized it was up to her to save the family. She was almost thirty, so she took a radical step and agreed to marry a man far beneath her station. He was a former foreman on the estate who had gone to Texas; with some luck and good business sense, he had become an oil millionaire.

“John Simpson was far from the ideal husband but his money and desire for social status was enough for Mama. He paid the debts and refurbished the mansion. Once again, Silky Oakes became fashionable. Her father had never liked John Simpson and the humiliation of having him in the family seemed to destroy him. He died not long after the wedding and I was born just after Vera turned nineteen.

“Mama told me my Father did not like Aunt Vera. She was far too aggressive for a woman and he was happy when she wanted to study in Paris, “America’s not good enough for her, I suppose,” was his comment. Nevertheless, he paid her a generous allowance to stay there. She returned during the war and I can still remember the arguments that took place between her and Father. He was delighted when she decided to return when peace was declared. “She hates men, I don't want our son to get into her hands, or she will change him into a damn girl.

“Father was ecstatic when I was born. A son was everything he wanted. He completely spoiled me as only a rich father could. I was named Charles but that didn’t suit Papa and he’d call me Chuck. When Mama protested, he said, “I don't want some namby-pamby name for my boy.” It was the same when I was rude to Mama. He’d admonish me and say, “Now, don’t you be rude to your Mama.” If my rudeness was directed at the hired help or house servants, he’d just smile indulgently and say, ‘A boy’s got to learn to take charge.’

“I traveled a lot with him to the oilfields and would spend nights with him while he drank and gambled in the saloons. He ignored Mama when I refused to attend school, saying it hadn't stopped him from becoming rich. The war had made Father even richer. He was away from home, traveling constantly, Father loved having me with him and I loved being with him. Mama insisted I be schooled properly and hired a tutor to accompany me, not that it did much good. Papa was not worried about whether or not I had a good education.

“My boy’s got enough money to buy all the educated men he’ll need. Hell, I didn’t need no high school. Why should my boy waste his time at some fancy college?”

I was fourteen when Father died. I was not with him at the time; a collapsing derrick killed him. His loss made me very angry. If I'd been there, maybe he would still be alive. That was my thought; it was nonsense, of course, but it helped console me. I needed to blame someone else for my grief, and that person was Mama.

"I became uncontrollable and refused to attend school. I was gambling, drinking, shouting and screaming at everyone. Mama became the target of my anger and this continued over the next year. All of this placed a great strain on Mama and she became quite ill.

"Aunt Vera returned from France to nurse Mama back to health. She begged me to change my ways and said my behavior would destroy Mama. Of course I ignored her. 'I'm going to see you regret this, you vile fiend. Can't you see your behavior is killing her?' In the end, Aunt Vera got her way. When Mama knew she was close to death, she made Aunt Vera my guardian. Although I was not aware of it at the time, my life was about to change. While I was drinking and gambling with my friends, she hired a number of builders and some additions were made to the house.

"Very shortly after the funeral, the will was read. Aunt Vera had absolute control over me until I was twenty-six; until that time, I must give her my complete obedience. The only thing she cannot do is change my sexuality. Mama must have remembered what my Father said all those years ago, for she made it quite clear in her will that my sexuality must remain or Aunt Vera would not receive a cent.

"I was completely stunned by what Mama had done to me and heaped abuse on Aunt Vera. She took it surprisingly calmly. That night I was drugged and awoke in the new part of the house. I awoke wearing a silk nightdress and I couldn't find any other clothing in the drawers. The door was locked and when I tried to climb out the window, I found it had been fitted with bars.

"I shouted and screamed until I was hoarse. Finally, three or four hours later, the door opened. Aunt Vera entered, accompanied by two women. I was so angry I tried to kick and punch my Aunt but the woman seized and held me like a child. Aunt Vera told me that she was responsible for me now and she would change me into a decent human being, using the techniques she had studied in Paris.

"From that moment on, I was recreated. 'Petticoat discipline' it was called. The system had been used very successfully in Europe for centuries and occasionally in this country. Aunt Vera had studied psychology at the Sorbonne and completed a thesis on controlling the male urges. I was not her first victim, far from it. She had established a successful clinic in London using the techniques she had studied, so she knew exactly what had to be done. When Mama asked her for help, she had decided it was time to apply the system to someone in her family. By that stage, it was too late to save Mama. Instead it would be implemented as a living memorial to her dead sister.

"I was kept in my room under the control of the two women, who, I discovered, were also French. I was disciplined, corsetted and forced to wear girl's dresses. Two months later, Aunt Vera, using her power of attorney, sold the estate, the oil company, everything! It was all converted to investments very shortly after we moved to New York and this house. As far as anyone knows, Charles or Chuck died in an unfortunate accident in Austria two years ago. As far as the world is concerned, I'm Harriet, Aunt Vera's

niece. In that guise, I will eventually receive my inheritance. Over the last three years, I've learned how to behave and live as a girl."

Throughout this, Nikki sat, mouth agape. It was the most incredible story he had ever heard. Jane Austin and Charlotte Bronte had never written anything as interesting as this. Chuck had been a real boy! Something like Thomasino must have been like when he was young. Nikki just couldn't imagine it, because Chuck now looked just like any other pretty girl.

"If you are a boy, Harriet, why don't you wear boy's clothes?"

"Aunt Vera won't allow it, Nikki. She said that's what caused my Mother's death. I had become a very bad boy. The only way I could be cured was to become a girl."

"Does that mean you don't have a clitty, like mine?"

Harriet's face turned scarlet with embarrassment, "No, I mean yes, I do have a clitty, a penis, but it's not quite like yours, Nikki. Aunt Vera says the penis is the cause of all our troubles and it must be kept under control."

"Maria, my maid said something similar while she was dressing me this morning."

Harriet broke into a smile and gave a little giggle, "Oh Nikki, that's precisely our problem. When we become aroused is when our difficulty occurs. We're not proper girls, but fem-boys. It's the hormones that take control of our feelings and makes us behave so terribly. Aunt Vera says these feelings have to be redirected."

"I don't understand, Harriet. How are they redirected?"

"Aunt Vera is feminizing my feelings. By making me wear soft clothing and constricting my body with corsets, my sexual appetite is slowly being changed. Nikki, we don't have the qualities of femininity. Over the last two years, I have undergone a complete change. It would be very difficult for you to understand that. Unlike me, you are a girl first and a boy second. Obviously, you prefer it that way."

"Yes, of course I do. But surely you feel the same way now that you wear girls' clothing?"

"Nikki, it is far more complex than that. Aunt Vera thinks that, given the chance, I would quickly revert to my old ways. I can't convince her that she is wrong, probably because I'm not sure myself. A year ago before my breasts formed, while out shopping with Miss Josie, I managed to escape. I robbed a house and stole money and male clothing. It was a week before I was caught gambling in a brothel. Up until my escape, she was certain I had become a well-behaved society girl.

"Her research and clinical practice convinced her that some males will never be changed until they completely accept their feminine side. Part of that process is to accept they must accept themselves as receivers and only give sex under feminine control."

"I still don't understand."

Harriet realized that Nikki was so innocent, that he really didn't understand the control Aunt Vera was exercising over him. Nikki put his arms about her and kissed

her deeply on the lips. "Harriet, thank you for sharing this with me. That was wonderful! I'll never be the same again."

Angelique's Surprise

Nikki matured that afternoon, he was sorry to leave Harriet. In these few hours he had gained a friendship and a closeness that he'd only dreamed of. On the way home, Nikki wanted to tell Mama all about the wonderful time he'd had.

"Tell me in a few minutes, darling. Mama has a few thoughts of her own to clear."

Angelique could see her daughter was bubbling with excitement but for the moment, her own emotions were boiling in a manner she had expected would never happen again. It was more exciting than the first kiss she had received from Marcus. That was the moment in life when her dream of love became reality, before marriage and sex had destroyed her romance.

Now the magic had returned, the memory of Vera Kingsley's hand on her arm still tingled, a fiery brand has burnt its way through her jacket. An excitement raged through her body, she felt strange feelings that had been lost for years. It began the moment they met, a surge of electricity passed between them. All day Angelique had been aware of Vera Kingsley's eyes burning into her body.

Angelique knew the benefit of remaining cool, but she was in despair until the end of the afternoon, when Vera asked Angelique to stay for a few minutes after her companions departed.

"Would Angelique like to see the house?"

The bedroom had been a revelation, with dark gray silk drapes, red satin sheets, and the most wonderful mirrors. It was all in such good taste and so sensual. As she stood next to Vera Kingsley in the bedroom, she imagined an image above the bed of two blonde bodies entwined. Instead of being horrified, she felt a sudden flow of moisture into her silk knickers. The image was so real she stepped back, stumbling into Miss Kingsley's arms and gave a small cry.

Vera's arms were about her. "My dear, what is the matter?"

Angelique was lost for words, she felt so sheltered and comforted. It was as if Mama had returned in a different form. In that instant Angelique knew she wanted more from Vera Kingsley than comfort; for the first time since Marcus's engagement kiss, Angelique knew love. She yearned to experience her mind's image.

It was too soon, she must compose herself. "I'm sorry, Vera. It was nothing, just something I imagined." The arms remained; one gently stroked her bottom before taking her hand. Vera's eyes coolly appraised her.

"My dear, I'd like to get to know you better. I want us to be the best of friends. I'm planning a small get-together in four weeks, in my cottage out on the sound, a lunch for some close friends. "

Angelique could not stop a flicker of disappointment.

Vera Kingsley continued smoothly. "Later, Harriet and I were planning to continue on to supper and the ballet. Would you come and stay over? It would be too late to drive home, of course. I'd love you and your beautiful daughter to join us."

Of course Angelique agreed and they returned to the drawing room with Vera still holding her hand. As they left, Vera touched her lightly on the lips. Angelique meant to respond in the same manner but could not prevent returning a full-on kiss. Vera coolly raised her eyebrows. "My dear, I *know* we are going to be the closest of friends."

Like the touch of her hand, the feeling on her lips refused to go away, a burning imprint on the flesh.

Now feeling like a new woman, she turned to her daughter. "I'm sorry, Nikki, I interrupted you."

"Mama, am I really a girl?"

It was Angelique's second shock for the day. She quickly checked to ensure the glass panel between their chauffeur Alberto was fully raised.

"What a strange question Nikki, why do you ask?" Angelique was horrified. This was likely to spoil the coming relationship with Vera Kingsley. She was certain Vera would have little time for her if it became known Nikki was really a boy instead of her beautiful daughter.

"I was talking to Harriet, and she explained that I was really a fem-boy, Mama."

"I'm not sure where she got such strange ideas."

"Oh Mama, she said real girls don't have such large clitties or testicles and they don't get erections like I do."

For Angelique, every word Nikki uttered made the matter worse. It was as though nails were being hammered into the coffin of her latest love before it had even started. Should she ask Alberto to turn around this very minute and try and explain it to Vera? Yes, that was it! Before she could tap on the glass, Nikki's next words changed everything.

"Harriet told me that when she was younger that she had been a very nasty boy. Her behavior was very bad and she caused her Mother so much pain she died. Now her Aunt Vera is feminizing her and keeps her as a fem-boy."

The content of Nikki's words suddenly struck home. Harriet, a boy! A smile lit up Angelique's face. She took Nikki's hand in hers, "Darling Nikki, you seem to have had an interesting day. Tell Mama all about it".

Nikki was surprised by Mama's interest. Normally, she only listened for a few minutes before politely changing the conversation to the events in her own day. Nevertheless, she listened intently to every word and was still asking questions when Alberto drew to a stop.

Angelique was correct; a great deal was taking place in the Kingsley household.

Girls Only

Four weeks later, they were last to arrive. This was not unusual for Angelique liked to have her audience in place before taking center stage. Today it was quite different; it had taken all her will power not to be there first thing in the morning. Vera Kingsley's little "cottage" of course was no such thing. Built before the turn of the century for a railroad magnate, it was opulence personified in the form of a French Chateau. As Mama said, it was in surprisingly good taste.

Two women in navy blue silk uniforms unloaded their baggage and it disappeared into a side entrance with Maria and Anna as Alberto began the return trip home. Miss Kingsley had politely explained as there was no accommodation available for their chauffeur and she would provide the return transportation. A tall woman dressed in a long pinstriped silk skirt, white silk shirt with a winged collar and striped vest introduced herself as Madam Siddons the Major Domo and lead them into the house.

Madam Siddons explained that Anna and Maria would be accommodated in the servants' quarters, with the household maids. The entrance hall was quite intimidating, wide and spacious with two sweeping stairways leading up to the other floors. They were escorted into a sun drenched reception area. Finally, their hostess appeared.

"Ah my dear, so lovely to see you and Nikki. May I say you look absolutely divine." Miss Kingsley's kiss against Angelique's cheek lingered slightly longer than polite and the squeeze of her hand intimated that there would be more to come when they were alone.

Angelique thanked her. Deciding what to wear had not been an easy choice, the decision had taken most of the week, and poor Anna had been quite driven to distraction. In the end, Angelique had decided simplicity was best and chose a day gown in heavy silk jersey. The blue exactly matched the color of her eyes and the heavy lustrous fabric molded fluidly to the curves of her body. The very simplicity of the dress made Angelique even more beautiful than usual.

Nikki was dressed similarly; the color was the same, but his dress was in silk and in a younger style. For once, he had pestered Maria, insisting that everything be perfect. Normally, he never worried about what he wore; Angelique usually decided on how he should look. A change had taken place since the episode with Harriet. He wanted to look as pretty as Mama. Now, instead of complaining about the tightness of his corset, he wanted to emphasize the smallness of his waist. He had also taken a liking to the sensuous fabrics of his underclothing and now insisted on the finest silk for his stockings and the softest satin for his slippers and panties.

The sensuous fabrics had brought with it a number of problems; the tighter corset had caused a raging erection as Maria drew the stockings. The mistress had been very annoyed following the revelation of Nikki's increased sexuality. Maria would never forget the coldness in her eyes, and it was a very chastened maid who finally escaped her wrath. Although there was no punishment meted out, she would make certain that Miss Angelique was kept fully in touch with Nikki's developments.

Nikki was suddenly brought back to the present as he stood with his mother and realized that all eyes were on them. Self-consciously, he looked about the room. Be-

sides Miss Kingsley and Harriet, there were two other ladies and two girls. Miss Kingsley began the introductions.

“Angelique, may I introduce Mrs. Cecily Irving and Miss Edith Pageter. Mrs. Angelique Rossetti.”

“How do you do, Mrs. Rossetti?” said Mrs. Irving.

“Oh, please call me Angelique.”

Now it was Angelique's turn as Nikki was introduced to Mrs. Irving's daughter Audrey, then to Jessica, Mrs. Pageter's daughter.

Cecily Irving was a tall slender woman apparently in her mid-thirties, an age Nikki had to mentally revise upward ten years after he'd talked to Audrey. Mrs. Irving was dressed in a superbly cut double-breasted tailored jacket in raw silk and matching straight knee-length skirt with a wide, flat cuffed hem. Beneath the jacket was a white button downed silk crepe de chine blouse and gray and blue checked necktie. Her hair was cut short, shingled in a manner very fashionable in the 1920s. Cecily Irving gave the appearance of being very feminine but with a style that allowed her to express a certain undercurrent of masculinity.

Her daughter gave a similar aura of androgyny; like her mother, she wore a similar mixture of male and female. Her hair was quite short and shingled. She was pretty in a boyish way; Nikki thought the short hair over-emphasized her strong, almost masculine, jaw line. Audrey's costume also was androgynous but, in contrast with her mother's clothing, which was feminine with masculine touches, Audrey was the oppo-



site. She was slightly masculine in a very pretty way, giving her an effeminate appearance.

A light green satin blouse -mint green described it- with a largish "Peter Pan" collar. With it, she wore a panne velvet skirt in a deeper green; the skirt fashioned as a kilt, finishing just below the knee. As she curtsied to Mama, Nikki caught a glimpse of frilly taffeta petticoats with a hem lavishly trimmed with lace. From the very narrow waist and the very straight back, it was obvious that Audrey was tightly corsetted. Her stockings were of green silk and instead of shoes she wore green leather ankle boots with punch work decorations, with slim heels over four inches in height. She looked like a very interesting girl and Nikki looked forward to talking to her.

Mrs. Pageter was a complete contrast to Cecily Irving. A slim, petite blonde, she dressed to compensate for her height with a rose silk dress with Dolman-style sleeves. The collarless fitted bodice had a narrow mid-calf-length skirt. Her matching silk fabric shoes had very high heels. It was obvious Mrs. Pageter wanted to appear taller.

Jessica, her daughter, was slightly older than Nikki and taller than her Mother by two inches. She was a slightly-built girl who looked startlingly like Nikki's favorite actress, Jane Powell. She had the same bright, fluffy blonde personality; her generous mouth and wide-set blue eyes made her very pretty. As she curtsied to Mama, her lips grimaced and a look of pain was clear in her eyes. Jessica wore what Nikki would always think of as a young girl's party dress. A knee-length dress of pale pink silk-taffeta with the high neck edged with a wide fabric frill. Over white silk stockings she wore high-heeled shoes with cutaway sides and a decorative bow on the front. By the way she moved, her straight back and stiffness as she curtsied to his mother, Nikki knew she was tightly corsetted.

"Nikki, Nikki, Mrs. Pageter asked a question."

Suddenly Nikki realized he was the center of attention. He quickly turned to Mrs. Pageter, apologizing for his bad manners. Mrs. Pageter smiled and said she understood all these strangers made it difficult to concentrate. She seemed like a kindly lady as she asked about his father and did he realize what a hero he had been. Nikki said he did but unfortunately, he had little memory of him.

Mrs. Pageter was pretty and he thought he would like her. She was nowhere as beautiful as Mama, but no one ever was. She took his hand, saying he must always remember what a wonderful man his father was, as not all girls were as lucky.

"My husband was in the war. He was a General and very brave. We didn't have to make your sacrifice, my dear. He returned to us." Despite her smile, there was something sad about the way she spoke and there was a glimmer of fear in Mrs. Pageter eyes. It was as though she was afraid and haunted by something not in this room. Then, as suddenly as it appeared, it was gone. It was difficult to tell whether it was real or just Nikki's imagination.

For the next few minutes, Nikki became the center of attention. The guests and Miss Kingsley talked about how Nikki and Angelique had become two symbols of feminine bravery. They had memories and photos of Nikki and Mama standing by the grave site. Mrs. Pageter said, rather sheepishly, that she still wept at reruns of the newsreels in the Cinema. Angelique smiled and said how kind they all were; it was ob-

vious she liked her celebrity status. In contrast, Nikki felt quite embarrassed and wished it would end. At last, after what seemed an eternity, Miss Kingsley said the luncheon was almost ready.

Nikki was delighted when Miss Kingsley said the girls would not be dining with the adults, Harriet had prepared a separate luncheon so they could enjoy their own repast without interruption. Harriet led the girls to her apartment where the drawing room had been transformed into a smart buffet. Doris had prepared and laid out the food buffet-style, to allow the girls to serve themselves. It looked splendid and Nikki thought about how he could learn more about these real girls and perhaps find out how they felt about fem-boys like he and Harriet. He was reluctant to open the subject, as Mama had been adamant about discretion. It would cause all manner of difficulties for herself and Grandpapa if the wrong people discovered Nikki was a boy.

During their luncheon, he tried to make friends with Jessica and Audrey. They were very polite and gracious but there was a distance in their manner, a certain discomfort as if they were disappointed he was there. Nikki was certain they knew he was a boy; perhaps for Harriet's sake they were too genteel to bring up the subject. His suspicion was confirmed half-way through the meal when Audrey and Jessica began whispering in Harriet's ear. Harriet quietly replied, saying, "Really you two! It is very rude to whisper in company and you are quite wrong."

Immediately the two girls swiveled and looked closely at Nikki. Jessica said, "I don't believe you, Harriet, she can't be. Nikki is far too pretty."

By this time, Nikki was feeling very uncomfortable and wondering what on earth was the matter. The concern must have shown on his face for Harriet immediately reached over and took Nikki's hand. "I'm sorry Nikki, you must think us very rude. Usually we meet for lunch as the Femme Fatales; it was Aunt Vera's idea to form a small club for we fem-boys. Normally we talk of what has gone on and about the other members of the group. Unfortunately, Jessica and Audrey didn't realize you were one of us and were rather disappointed not to be able to have our usual chat."

By this time, both Audrey and Jessica were blushing with embarrassment and rather sheepishly came to Nikki, hugging and kissing him on the cheek.

"I can't apologize enough, Nikki. We were so rude to you. Neither of us can believe you are not a real girl; you're too beautiful to be a boy. I still can't accept it. Still all will be revealed at the initiation." As she said the words, there was a look of intense excitement in her eyes.

Nikki spoke up. "Please don't feel sorry, for I was certain you all were real girls. I thought you knew I wasn't and were feeling uncomfortable about having a fem-boy amongst you. It was difficult to ask because I wasn't sure you knew Harriet was one and it would have been awful to break a secret."

By now, Jessica was hugging him tightly, her golden hair nestling softly against his cheek "Oh Nikki, you are the sweetest person I've ever met, but really, you are so innocent! How could you believe that *anyone* would think you are not a real girl? Honestly! I've *never* seen anyone as pretty as you. I'd just die to have your hair. And your skin, it's so soft. Real peaches and cream."

Nikki became very conscious of the pliant body holding him in her arms, it was comforting but at the same time exciting. When Mama held him, it was with a sense of loving, and he felt the same way, with that warm glow of comfort. This was quite different, at this moment his body was a whirl of emotions. The caress of her hair against his face, and the touch of her lips on his coupled with her firm breasts through the taffeta produced a host of new feelings. A tingling flooded his body and flowed into his groin. It was similar to the excitement produced when his stockings were drawn up his legs, and his corset tightened. Only much more intense. It felt so wonderfully stimulating, but morally wrong. In all the books he'd read it was always ladies and gentlemen swooning in each others arms. Never had it been two boys kissing like this. No matter that she looked so pretty and was dressed in girls' clothing. Maybe it was okay between fem-boys.

Embarrassed, he tried to hide his condition by escaping from Audrey's tight embrace. It was too late, she sensed his dilemma, pressing her hips closer into his. Suddenly, the shy smile on her face changed too one of astonishment, her body pressed closer.

Nikki was becoming quite flustered. Before he could reply, Audrey was none-too-gently pushing Jessica away from him and trying to take her place.

"Please Jessica, you've had your turn! Now let me hold Nikki."

Before it could go any further, Harriet stepped in. "Girls, girls! Please remember your manners. Poor Nikki is looking quite upset at your behavior. Let us finish lunch and then we can see to the initiation of our newest member into Femme Fatale."

Looking abashed, the two girls straightened their dresses and hair. Both apologized, saying they hoped he would excuse their behavior. Nikki wanted to ask more questions about the club and its members but he was told that could only take place after the initiation.

They continued with the lunch but it was obvious the mood had changed once again. Instead of the sense of distance and coldness, there was a complete change of direction. Now they smiled and wanted to touch and hug him at every opportunity. It was obvious they wanted to move to the next stage as quickly as possible, the mysterious "initiation". Now there a sense of urgency, almost indecent haste, as the girls hurried to finish the luncheon as quickly as good manners would allow.

Femme Fatales

"Do we agree to accept Nikki as a member of the Femme Fatales?" Said Harriet.

For a few moments they all stood together in their underwear. Nikki was thankful that he appeared to be just one of the girls. At least there was nothing tenting his satin knickers at this time. Harriet excused herself and a few minutes later she returned with four white silk robes.

The garments were delightful, loose-fitting gowns which fastened at the front with a myriad of pearl buttons. Square-necked with a wide "Bertha" collar trimmed with satin ribbon, each gown had a different color. Pink for Audrey, blue for Jessica, lavender for Harriet while Nikki's was a delightful mint green. They were so comfortable to wear;

falling directly from the shoulders, the silk swirled about his body with complete freedom.

A Tragedy

Jessica asked Harriet to show her the new dress she had been fitted for, so Nikki found himself alone with Audrey. He was at once fascinated and appalled as she related the dreadful mutilations that had been carried out on her body. He wanted to know what had happened but was he reluctant to ask in case it wakened bad memories within her. Nikki need not have worried, as it was Audrey who said, "I suppose you want to know what happened?"

For a moment, Nikki was taken aback by her directness. "I am very interested, but please don't talk about it if causes you any pain. "

"It did at first, Nikki, but after two years I've learned to accept and live with it."

There was a definite sense of sadness and regret in her voice as she began her story. Her father, Harold Irving, was a member of the State Department and had been appointed Ambassador to Persia. Alexander and his Mother accompanied his father and they lived in the residence in Teheran.

Alexander had been fourteen when they had first arrived. It was an idyllic period following the peace declaration. While both Persia and the city of Teheran were in some parts very backward and primitive, there was also great beauty that reflected a very old and artistic culture. They lived in the best part of Teheran with wide streets, beautiful gardens, and they were attended by a multitude of servants. Persia was still a cruel and barbarous country outside the city, but it was difficult to accept that, when all about them was beauty and peace.

With the end of the World War, the political problems went largely unnoticed by those outside the country, but the turmoil was very real as tribal factions fought and jostled for power.

"We had been there three years before this happened to me. I was attending a private Persian school to help me with the language. It was a beautiful, peaceful school, and I really loved the teachers and my student friends. I was returning home with my bodyguard Abdulla when we suddenly set upon by some hooded men. Abdulla was struck down trying to defend me and my last sight was him dying as blood gushed from a dreadful stab wound to his body before I was covered in a filthy cloak and bundled into the back of a lorry. It traveled for hours over rough cobbled streets. Then, still in the cloak, I was carried into a building and left in a darkened, locked room.

"Shouting and screaming to be released did nothing. After some hours, I was led by a burly guard into a sumptuously furnished room. A man in richly-decorated silk robes stood in the center; next to him was a beautiful woman in satin Persian pajamas. They were obviously in charge of the other half-dozen ruffians surrounding them.

"The Shah's police had captured their leader. This was the reason for my abduction; I was to be their hostage for his release. I pleaded with them that I knew nothing of their cause and would not be important enough for their needs. They were firm, the American Ambassador was the most important man in the country and his son made an ideal hostage. Nothing I could say or do would change their mind. The woman was Princess Ashya, a cousin of the Shah, who had trained as a medical surgeon. She took

my face in her hands and said, "You should pray they heed us, my little lamb, or you'll journey to your parents in pieces."

"She was very beautiful but her eyes were the cruelest I have ever seen. By the time she had released me, I was trembling. What terrified me was I could see she meant every word. They sent my clothes and a lock of hair to the Embassy as proof of my imprisonment. I was given a silk robe and returned to the cell. As I feared, their demands were ignored and the next day the Princess ordered I send a letter supporting their ultimatum. At first I refused, but when the Princess asked the guard to cut off one of my fingers instead, I quickly agreed. Two days later, the demand was still ignored and the Princess was incensed. She did not ask me to write another letter but it was clear something dreadful was about to happen.

"That morning I was taken to another room in the house. The walls and floor were of white gleaming tiles with a table. Overhead was a large light; it was an operating theater. Minutes later, I was stripped naked and strapped to the table. The guards left and Princess Ashya and two nurses dressed in hospital gowns and surgical mask entered. The Princess' eyes above the mask gleamed with hatred. I knew something dreadful was about to happen.



The Princess' eyes above the mask gleamed with hatred. I knew something dreadful was about to happen.

'Your father has refused our demand, he obviously does not take us seriously. Maybe *this* will convince him.'

"One of the nurses jabbed a needle into the inside of my leg. The lower part of my body began to numb. A nurse began to shave my groin. 'What are you going to do?' I couldn't hide the fear in my voice.

'Send your father a message he'll understand.' With that, she picked up a scalpel and reached between my legs. Though I could feel nothing, I knew what had happened as

she held a bloody egg-shaped piece of flesh before my eyes.

‘Only the one today. He has a day to reply, then the second.’

“They were the only words I heard before passing out from the shock. The next morning Princess Ashya helped to alleviate the dreadful pain in my groin with painkillers. She unfastened the heavy bandaging, saying it was two hours to the next deadline. No answer was received and on the operating table my second testicle was removed. After this, I was nearly delirious with pain but understood enough to realize that next time was to be a penectomy. Two days later, I was again strapped to the table. At this point I was beyond caring what happened. The Princess’ eyes above the mask glittered with madness and hatred and I knew no plea of mercy would help me.

“‘You deserve to suffer for your arrogance, infidel dog,’ she hissed through the mask.”

“At that moment through the doors came muffled shouts of alarm and the sound of gunfire. I knew that, at last, they’d found a way to rescue me. The Princess also heard.

“‘That won’t save you,’ she screamed. Even as the door burst open, she had her revenge. The razor-sharp scalpel swept down into my groin, slashing and cutting. My last sight as the terrible pain swept me into unconsciousness was a bullet smashing her head open like an overripe orange.

“I awoke a week later in a hospital room. The first sight was that of my Mother. Immediately when she saw my eyes open, her arms were gently about me. Everything had gone wrong, she told me. The receipt of my testicles at the Embassy had resulted in a massive police sweep in Teheran. The Shah still refused to release the terrorists despite the entreaties of my Father and the United States President. A desperate man-hunt had swept the whole city and finally the hideout had been found. However, it was too late to save my dismemberment. The Marine Commander leading the raid had saved my severed penis, putting it a bag of ice.

“An operation by an exceptionally skillful surgeon was partly successful but the Princess had seriously mutilated my whole groin and what I have now is the best that could be done. It was impossible to make me a complete girl; too much damage has been done. Somehow or other, despite my castration, I produce a great deal of testosterone.

“A few months after leaving hospital, it was obvious, I’d never be a boy again. The President agreed to have the details about the kidnapping suppressed; all documents relating to my birth and early life were changed to say I was a girl. As far as society is concerned, I *am* a girl.”

“It must have been very difficult for your parents, Audrey.”

“Yes, Mummy has the greatest difficulty. She loved me as a boy and tries to hide her disappointment now that I have to be treated as a girl, I know she still loves me but it is not quite the same for her. Mummy blames poor Daddy for not doing enough to save me. I’m sure she is wrong but since the incident, Mummy has changed so much.

“She even makes Daddy wear a corset and underwear under his suit to work. He is so embarrassed and frightened he will be discovered. Mummy says it will make him understand what we girls have to go through. During the weekends, he has to dress as a woman. Miss Kingsley suggested that might be a way that Mummy could feel less guilty for what happened to me. I suppose it's a method of punishing Daddy, though he really couldn't have done anything to prevent the kidnapping or what happened. Mummy has recently been reading 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' and has taken to dressing me in sissy outfits like the one I was wearing today. It isn't really a girl's or boy's dress, but somewhere in between. I don't feel very comfortable and I only hope it stops soon.”

Nikki realized just how simple and easy his life was. Mama might be strange in some ways, but he had never had to go through the traumas Harriet and Audrey faced.

A Song Sung Sadly

Jessica had little of the self-possession Nikki had sensed in Audrey. Of course, she was far prettier, but he sensed a waywardness in her manner. They were alone now; Audrey and Harriet were writing the club newsletter in Harriet's study. After listening to Audrey's tale of bravery, he was now curious to hear Jessica's story.

She sat beside him on the silk-covered settee, nestling very close to his body. Through the thin silk robes they wore, Nikki was very conscious of her femininity and the perfume she wore. Jessica took his hand in hers, “Nikki, I'm so glad we've met. I think you are really the most beautiful creature I've ever seen.”

Nikki was quite taken back; he was used to compliments, but this one was unexpected.

“Tell me Nikki, about your Father. Did he make you dress as a girl to punish you?”

Nikki tried to explain that he had spent very little time with his father, he had only been five when Papa had gone to war and that was the last he'd ever seen of him. But he was certain that dressing him as a girl would not have been his father's idea. It was only four weeks ago that he'd found out he was a boy; until that time, he'd believed he was a girl.

“You never realized that you were a boy?”

“No, I've always worn girl's clothes and it never entered my head that I wasn't one.”

“But your penis and balls...girls don't have those!”

“Oh Jessica, I know it must seem so silly, but I thought they'd go away and I would have a nice slit like Mama and Maria.”

“And no-one told you?”

“No one. Mama always wanted a girl and there are very few people that have seen me down there—Doctor Sylvia, our doctor, Miss Chambers the corsetiere, and Maria and Anna of course.

“But what about your teachers, surely they explained sex to you.”

“I never went to school, I was tutored at home by nuns. I loved being a girl, but it is even better being a fem-boy. Don't you just love it, Jessica?”

“Oh no, Nikki, I hate it. Father is doing this for punishment. Over the last year he has made me into a girl to humiliate me and to further his obsession with my voice. You see, I fell in love and wanted to get married. This so enraged my father that now I must behave as a girl for the next five years.”

Try as he might Nikki could not hide his astonishment. “ I find that incredible! Why would he do that? I thought he would be pleased.”

“I’m afraid there’s more to than that. My family comes from the South, and we are very wealthy. We still own numerous cotton plantations, several banks and factories. Father was always careful to ensure I only mixed with the correct people and went to the right school. He was a very strict father, but he was never cruel. As father and son, we used to ride and shoot. Father also delighted in taking me fishing. Those days were the happiest I knew.

“When the war came, Father was a Colonel in a fighter squadron. He was a brilliant pilot and leader and was soon made a General. In late 1943, he was shot down and spent the remainder of the war in a Japanese prison camp. Something dreadful must have happened to he and his men, for when he returned three years ago, my father was a completely changed man. He was withdrawn and his closest confidant was no longer my mother, but a Major Bligh who had been his assistant in the prison camp. Albert Bligh now lives with us and has taken over control of the household.

“We are allowed no say in our lives, Father constantly criticizes and humiliates us, and nothing Mother and I can do seems to please him. Over the last few years our lives have become extremely difficult. We loved him so much and wanted to make him happy, but it seems impossible. It is made worse by his obsession with my voice. During his sojourn in the prison camp, the Japanese would allow the prisoners no entertainment, but Father loved singing and, to raise the morale of the camp, he formed a choir. The other prisoners adored him, but this success led to Father’s downfall. The Japanese Commandant was determined to break Father. What they did to him was unbelievable, but he survived by dreaming of starting a boy’s choir.

“This became his obsession. When he returned, my voice had not broken. I have always had a high sweet voice and, at his insistence, I trained as a boy soprano. By this time, voice choirs fascinated him. When he returned home, my voice became his obsession. He had found in me the perfect male soprano and I was kept away from anything that might alter it. I was not allowed to go out unaccompanied and he was very anxious to keep me away from girls and any sexual activity. Although it was not a happy situation, Mother and I hoped his condition would improve, and our lives would return to normal.

“My father is a very powerful political figure and has always been wealthy enough to control the officials of the State. He never sought political office because he was already in de facto control of the State. The Governor would never go against him. Gradually, he appeared to be recovering, but then came a calamity. Two years ago, I met and fell in love with a beautiful girl who wanted to join our choir. I had never felt like this for anyone; it was love at first sight and I never wanted to be with anyone as much as Kymoto, or Kym as she called herself. She was Japanese, the daughter of a trade official.

“Father was furious when I told him I had met a girl; he wanted me to avoid any sexual contact. When he realized she was Japanese, he became psychotic. The thought of his son loving a member of the race that had treated him so cruelly resulted in a paranoid psychosis. He felt ‘they’ were deliberately setting out to destroy my voice.

“Father forbade me to see Kym. I disobeyed him. It was impossible to give her up so, with Mother’s help, we met secretly. When Father found out, he was enraged, I thought he was going to kill both Kym and me. We were dragged back to the house, the police arrested Kym’s father on a trumped-up charge and a week later, her whole family was deported.

“Father was still angry; as further punishment and to preserve my voice, he wanted to castrate me. Mother begged him not to do this. Instead, I was to live as a girl and wear a chastity belt to prevent both sex and masturbation.”

“But surely you could escape. Your father can’t keep you prisoner all this time,” said Nikki.

Jessica’s smile was rueful. “I’m afraid he can. He had two judges certify that both Mother and I were in need of care. If we try to escape or go against his wishes, Father can have us committed to a mental institution for as long as he wants, and we’d be given any treatment he wished. He is a very powerful man, not only in the State, but his influence extends throughout the country.

“It’s incredible and seems so cruel. Can’t anything be done?”

“Miss Kingsley is trying to help, Father respects her and believes she is on his side. This is the only time we are allowed out. Knowing we will be amongst friends, even for this short time, has kept Mother and I both sane.”

They were seated closely together on the bed; over the last few minutes, Jessica’s face had become more flushed and her breathing had heavier. By now, her color had deepened to crimson. Nikki wasn’t sure what was the matter. At first, he thought he had embarrassed her, until he noticed her silk robe had become tented with an erection.

A Gilded Cage

Nikki kissed her gently on the lips, “It seems so awful you have to live like this. I do so wish that I could do something for you.”

“You are so sweet, Nikki. You can help by being my friend,” she said, hugging him tightly. Nikki was now very much aware of how excited she was as her engorged member prodded him in the groin.

She seated herself and gave a faint cry as the satin baby doll enveloped her penis. Jessica’s hand tightened about Nikki. “I think I’m falling in love. Oh Nikki, will you be my sweetheart?”

Nikki was taken back. This was an unexpected turn; he liked Jessica a lot but not in a sexual way. At first he’d been pleasantly surprised by her look of adoration and her appreciation of his beauty, but as the afternoon wore on, it had become too cloying and he found it rather unsettling. After listening to her story, he had felt an overwhelming sense of pity. It was terrible that anyone could be treated so cruelly. He wished to comfort her, show his sympathy and hold her tight. Nevertheless, he knew this would be taken as a show of sexual interest and must be avoided.

“Jessica, I do like you and would like to be your friend, but we need more time. I really feel we should get to know one another.”

Jessica tried to hide the look of disappointment, touched his hand, and said, “I understand Nikki, but I really love you.”

He was saved further involvement by a knock on the door as Mrs. Pageter entered, accompanied by two maids. One was a very pretty young African-American, Ivy, who she introduced as her maid, and an older, very elegant person, introduced as May, her Mothers maid, and Ivy’s mother.

“I’m sorry darling, but we must get ready to leave,” said Mrs. Pageter.

Ivy helped Jessica remove the robe and panties. Mrs. Pageter looked at her daughter’s swollen genitalia. “I’m afraid they won’t fit, darling. We’ll have to use some cold water.”

Ivy completed dressing her, easing the taffeta and lace petticoats over her hair, before slipping the pink and cream chiffon dress into place. She settled the full skirt, brushing it lightly to remove any creases. Ivy tidied Jessica’s makeup, adding just a touch of lipstick, then powder to her nose. With the full skirts and petticoats in place, Jessica appeared to be just a normal pretty girl.

Harriet and Audrey joined them and they watched Jessica and Mrs. Pageter carefully negotiate the stairs. Waiting at the bottom were Mother, Miss Kingsley and Mrs. Irving. Nikki’s surprise came as he watched Mrs. Pageter and Mrs. Irving embrace and passionately kiss one another. Even to Nikki’s untutored eye, this was not a farewell of friends, but of lovers. General Pageter was not being paranoid when he thought his wife was being unfaithful, but Nikki was certain he had little idea who his rival was.

“Oh darling, I hate to let you go,” said Mrs. Irving.

“I must dearest, but I’m sure Vera will arrange another tete-a-tete soon.” Another long lingering kiss, then mother and son, hand-in-hand, walked bravely through the door.

No sooner had Jessica and Mrs. Pageter departed, than Mrs. Irving said they must also get ready to leave.

“Will you talk to me while I dress?” said Audrey.

Nikki and Harriet returned to Harriet’s bedroom, accompanied by Bridget, a slender red-haired girl with an Irish accent, who Audrey introduced as her maid. Audrey groaned as Bridget insisted she remove her corset. The maid removed from the valise an even more formidable long line pink satin one. The garment was heavily boned, and as Bridget fitted it to Audrey, Nikki could see it reached high about her shoulders.

“I’m sorry, Miss Audrey, but your Mama insisted you are to attend the Ambassador’s reception tonight and she wants you to look perfect.”

Over long pink silk stockings, Bridget drew a pair of knee-length silk bloomers, trimmed with long Alecon lace frills. They looked strangely old-fashioned and Audrey must have noticed the surprised look on Nikki’s face.

“Mama likes me to wear these. I guess they look a little old-fashioned, but it makes her happy.” She shrugged, a look of resignation on her face. The blouse was of cream silk satin, with a large Flemish lace Van Dyke collar. Nikki gave a gasp of appreciation; he couldn’t stop reaching out to finger the shimmering fabric. “Oh Audrey, I love it! That is so beautiful.”

The suit was rose-colored satin; short and high-cut with three-quarter sleeves. The trousers were straight-legged and cuffed just below the knee. The white lace frills of the bloomers clearly displayed. The suit was very exotic, with a touch of androgyny, Little Lord Fauntleroy-style. Audrey, with her short haircut and a hint of masculinity in her jaw, may have caused people to wonder. That was dispelled at once by the slender waist and high breasts swelling beneath the cream blouse.

They watched as Audrey refreshed her makeup; the lipstick was an exact match of the rose satin. Finally, cream satin high-heeled pumps were slid on her feet. Harriet and Nikki burst out together, “Oh you’re so pretty!” bringing a blush of modesty to her cheeks.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Irving entered. Her outfit was almost identical to her son’s, only she wore a skirt instead of the trousers.

“Are you ready, darling? It’s time we were going.”

Nikki hugged his new-found friend, kissing her carefully to avoid spoiling the lipstick. “I’m so happy to have met you and I hope we see each other soon.”

Strange Preparations

No sooner had the black Cadillac left the grounds than Miss Kingsley called for Maria and Miss Josie.

“We will be attending the Opera and we think you children should join us, don’t we, Vera?” Miss Kingsley took hold of Mama’s hand and tenderly kissed her fingertips. Angeliqne blushed widely, a pink glow slowly infusing her cheeks before spreading becomingly over her whole body. Nikki had never seen his mother so flustered before. “Of course, my dearest angel.”

“Nikki dear, Miss Kingsley suggested you could share Harriet’s bedroom tonight. Would you like that, darling?”

“Yes Mama, that would be lovely. I like to sleep with Harriet, I’m sure it would be such fun.”

By this time, both Maria and Miss Josie were twitching with impatience. There was not much time to prepare their charges and they wanted them to look perfect.

“Yes, all right Josie, you can have them now,” said Miss Kingsley.

With almost indecent haste, they were hustled up the stairs into Harriet’s bedroom. Nikki noted the valise with his clothing for tonight was already in place and a selection of dresses was spread out on the enormous bed.

Miss Josie said to Maria, “There is not time to bath them separately. The bath is large enough for both.”

Maria nodded her head, “Yes, that will be fun.” It had been an enjoyable day for her as well, getting together with all the other maids and talking about the strangeness of their charges. It had been a real revelation. She had thought her life in the household of a Mafia Don would have prepared her for most things, but Mama Mia! what a odd one was that General Pageter.

Maria glanced downwards. The presence of his male genitalia on that perfect female body was alien, like a mustache drawn on Grace Kelly. Like the rest of his body, it was pretty, almost beautiful. Thomasino’s was dark, heavy and wrinkled when flaccid. In contrast, Nikki’s was just slightly pinker than the ivory cream of the rest of his body. It looked like the statue of David by Donatetto. Maria had been surprised by its size for, when aroused, it became even larger than her boyfriend’s.

Harriet was also naked, and looked very pretty but very different from her charge. Harriet would have looked more feminine, but when compared to Nikki, certain masculine traits became more apparent. Her shoulders were just a little too broad, her hips not as well-rounded and her legs a trifle too muscular in the calves. Surprisingly, she was less well-endowed than Nikki.

“Come along girls, we don’t have much time,” said Miss Josie, walking towards the bath.

Nikki slid into the perfumed water. A thick layer of foam hid his body as he stretched out in the marble bath. It was huge but not large enough for the two bodies to be completely separate. Harriet’s leg first touched, then slid forward between his

legs. He visibly started as a foot and toes began caressing his genitals. Nikki looked towards Harriet; her face was impassive as though she had nothing to do with the activity that was sending shivers up his spine. Finally, she could no longer contain her own excitement and a broad smile covered her face.

“Please stop, Harriet, or I will have an accident.”

Almost reluctantly, the soft toes moved away from his groin. As if to compensate, Harriet began soaping her breasts, her fingers cupping them as the foam covered them with a lace-like film. The heat of the bath pinkened her skin and her breast glistened. The aureoles began in the lightest pink and became dark toward the blood-engorged nipples now swelling erect. As Harriet’s fingers caressed them, Nikki thought he’d never seen anything quite so lovely. This was the first time he had ever shared a bath with another and it was one of the most stimulating experiences he had enjoyed. It didn’t require words; the touching of their bodies and the absolute nakedness brought a total intimacy.

His clitty had responded immediately to the sight and was so swollen it was almost breaking the surface of the water.

“Come along you two, it is time to dress,” said Josie as she stood with a snowy white towel. He watched Harriet emerge from the water; it was no surprise to see that she was just as swollen below as Nikki was. Maria’s hands were quite workmanlike and within minutes, he was dry and covered in the most delicately scented body powder. She picked a pair of gossamer fine silk stockings and garter belt.

“Well, come along, Miss Nikki. We don’t have time to dawdle, let’s get these on your legs.”

The slither of the silk over his smooth skin was more sensual than ever. He was further surprised to see that, instead of a corset, he would wear a satin and lace garter belt. He had hoped that a “gaffe” might be forthcoming to disguise his boyishness. Instead, Maria drew the most diaphanous tap panties over the stockings. They were of black silk satin, wide-legged and trimmed with the most beautiful lace he had seen. They slithered silkily about his bottom, but apart from the sensuous touch, he might have been wearing nothing at all. They offered no support and they looked positively lascivious as they draped about the protrusion standing from his body.

“But Maria, I *can’t* go out like this. Please, I want a gaffe or a tight pair of panties. Please, Maria!”

“I’m sorry, Miss Nikki. I’m following your Mama’s instructions, but don’t worry. Everything will be fine.”

Over his hips she slipped a half petticoat which matched his panties. As it fitted snugly about his waist, he recognized this offered no greater disguise than his panties. The arousal was still very evident. He was about to protest when Maria asked him to step into his dress. As it was drawn up over his body, Nikki realized why he was wearing neither a bra nor corset. The gown would not allow either; the material was of black silk taffeta with a sleeveless fitted bodice. A deep V-shaped neckline swooped into the cleft of his breasts, exposing just enough to be polite. Christian Dior intended to emphasize the elegance of the female back. Nikki was completely naked, from his

swan-like neck to the waist where it ended in a large fabric bow. From the waist ballooned a knee-length bell-shaped skirt covered by an open fabric overskirt with a deep frilled edge.

He had never felt so free; virtually all his life Nikki had worn a corset, even to bed. While at times it had proved tight and uncomfortable, there had always been a feeling of security that went with it. Something was firmly holding his body, acting as a shield against an intruder. He knew it was a completely mental process; nothing would give protection against an assault or an attack upon him. However there was a great deal of comfort, and a feeling of invulnerability being bound in the firm grasp of the satin and lace he was used to wearing.

The dress was absolutely gorgeous and fitted him to perfection. Like many beautiful people, he had never been vain. Nikki had been told so many times that he was beautiful that it had become a case of accepting the perfection that nature had bestowed upon him. When he saw himself in the mirror beautifully gowned and looking exquisite, he accepted this as just being himself; the beauty was not his "fault" but an accident of nature.

This evening was different. Whether it was the result of the incidents during the day, the presence of Harriet or his arousal, Nikki was astounded by the reflection in the mirror. For the first time, he really saw himself as a beautiful girl; the image was stunning. He knew the erection would remain all evening; his clitty was engorged and rock hard and for once this phenomenon brought its own excitement. In every visible aspect, he was the absolute personification of feminine beauty, with his perfectly made-up face and the dewy eyes soft and glimmering beneath the upswept platinum blonde hair.

A back of sculptured ivory naked from shoulder to waist, and swaying softly with movement, his breasts with nipples dimpling the satin bodice which were obviously free, hidden from sight by the most sensuous of fabrics. He would walk amongst society tonight obviously a feminine beauty, while hidden beneath the black satin bell-shaped skirt was the very manifestation of maleness.

Nikki was not to know that Vera Kingsley had written the script for his thoughts tonight. It would have surprised Nikki to know that it had been intended for these doubts and self-searching to occur just about this time. Vera knew and understood the male and female psyche like few people alive, and to manipulate Nikki was child's play. During the week she and Angelique had planned the day: lunch with the selected fem-boys, the initiation ceremony right down to the bath and the clothing Nikki was wearing.

In one sense, Vera found it heart-warming and just another reason to love the beautiful Angelique. It had begun with the qualms Angelique felt because of her strong feelings for Vera Kingsley. To love another woman and share that physical love was quite outside her upbringing but she knew she must. Even listening to the sound of Vera's voice on the telephone was enough to dampen her panties and send delicious tremors through her body. However there was a small cloud overhanging her longing to be held in Vera's arms. There was a doubt, a thought of Nikki disapproving of the relationship and losing respect for her. That would be more than she could bear.

“But what if he doesn’t understand, Vera? Nikki is very unworldly, it is only a few weeks since he discovered he was not a girl. How he will deal with two women in love, I’m really not sure.”

So, as Nikki admired himself once more in the mirror, he never thought to wonder why his Mother and Maria, usually so terribly conscious of the need to conceal his real sex, seemed to have placed him in jeopardy tonight. It was a doubt raised by Angeli-que to Vera.

“There is no danger, my darling. We will be with him all the time, as will Harriet. No! There is no danger, but Nikki must feel a vulnerability. It will heighten his passage to womanhood.”

“Oh Vera, you don’t mean...”

“Of course not, my dear. He is too beautiful to even consider any physical change. No, it is a change to his psychological being that is required and after tonight he will understand.” Angeli-que felt a tiny trace of guilt, but that was quickly dispelled at Vera’s first kiss.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the palatial home, her fem-boy son was preparing for the evening.

“Oh Nikki, you’re absolutely stunning. I’ve never seen anyone so beautiful, you’ll be the Belle of the Ball.”

If Nikki was to be the Belle, Harriet would run a very close second. Josie had out-done herself tonight. Normally, Harriet was a very pretty girl, but tonight she was beautiful. They were dressed similarly with Harriet in a short evening dress in pink silk taffeta covered with pale gray lace. The bodice was sleeveless with a deep square neckline which just exposed the tops of her firm breasts. The skirt was knee-length and hugged her body to mid-thigh before flaring out wide over taffeta petticoats before finishing as a scalloped hem decorated with two large pink bows. Beneath it, Harriet wore pink satin shoes with pointed toes and the very latest in high stiletto heels. There was an excitement about her, a radiance that seemed to make her shyness disappear.

“Come along, girls, “ said Miss Josie.” Your mistresses are ready and waiting.”

Giselle

His mother and Miss Kingsley were in the drawing room, sipping martinis. Angelique complimented Harriet on her appearance, saying she looked truly lovely. Then turning to Nikki, she looked at him closely, saying he had never looked more beautiful.

“Maria, is Nikki dressed as I requested?”

“Oh yes, Miss Angelique, exactly as you said. Would you like to see?”

Angelique seemed to pause for a moment as though trying to make up her mind. She glanced at Miss Kingsley as though asking for confirmation. Her question was met with a momentary smile and a slight shrug of the shoulders. This appeared to fluster Angelique for a moment before she said to Maria, “No! There is no need.”

“Nikki dear, you will have to be careful tonight not to let anyone see your clitty.”

“I know Mama, but can't I wear a gaffe like Harriet's? I'd feel much more secure.”

Nikki saw her glance towards Miss Kingsley. This time, there was an almost imperceptible shake of the head. “No darling, not tonight.”

By now Nikki knew there was little point in arguing. He'd have to accept Mama's advice and be careful. While there was no doubt about how beautiful she looked, it astonished how young she looked, more like his sister than mother. This was the first time he'd seen the dress, surprising since he normally saw them all before she purchased them or immediately after. This one was of gleaming black Duchesse satin with a draped asymmetric bodice, leaving one beautiful shoulder bare. The remainder was embroidered and beaded with a pattern of flowers and leaves. A narrow skirt clung to her body, and as Angelique moved her leg, the sleek silk stockings were exposed well above the knee by a long back split. Long elbow-length gloves covered her arms. Over these was worn a diamond and sapphire bracelet.

Tonight, her normal glacial beauty was supplemented by a glowing sensuality. For the first time, Nikki saw her loveliness in a sensual way. Tonight, the icy elegance had a definite glow of sexuality.

Vera Kingsley had chosen something completely different. At Nikki's look of puzzled admiration, she explained that Gassini originally designed it in 1936. The antique trousers had a knee-length satin jacket with a high round neckline, a small collar with beaded and sequined edge to match the edge-to-edge fastening and hems of the inset flared sleeves. It was beaded with precious stones and sequined motifs on front of fitted bodice and sleeves. From beneath it flowed wide cream silk-satin Pajama trousers. It was most feminine and elegant; despite this, there was a definite impression of Miss Kingsley's dominant personality.

The performance that evening was Giselle and Nikki loved every moment of it. Harriet became thoroughly caught up in the drama unfolding before her and held Nikki's hand through some of the sadder parts, dabbing a silk handkerchief to her eyes several times. On each occasion she squeezed his hand and whispered how silly she was. He wondered whether Harriet was just caught up in the drama or whether she saw it as a metaphor for her own life and the other members of the *Femme Fatales*.

Mama and Miss Kingsley were seated behind them in the box. They had been holding hands throughout the performance and kissed several times. They were not friendly kisses, but those of lovers. It was having a serious effect on Nikki's emotions, Harriet's soft hand and the sight of his mother kissing another woman together with the excitement of the performance had made him rock hard. It was affecting him; the brush of the satin bodice covering his breasts sent shivers of electricity coursing through him. His nipples were now tautly, painfully erect and a pinkish blush covered him.

Nikki wanted to stay in the confines of the box during intermission, trying to avoid any public display while in this state, but Mama and Miss Kingsley would have none of it. Instead, he was the star attraction. Miss Kingsley introduced him and Mama to a multitude of friends. Nikki even outshone Angelique; all eyes were upon him, and he knew that was due in part to his arousal. He was giving off unconscious signals and could see by the embarrassment of the males near him that it was affecting them all. He didn't need to glance down to know that a bulge would have occurred in their trousers.

Even the supper at "Pierre's" was uncomfortable. Normally, Nikki enjoyed elegant restaurants and this one was certainly in that class. White linen tableware, chandeliers, and velvet chairs. Pierre was on hand to greet them and show them to a discreet table. "The best in the house for Miss Kingsley," he said.

The effect of four very beautiful women entering the establishment was electrifying. Any one member of the party would have caused heads to turn but the arrival of the four brought an immediate pause in the conversation, followed by a buzz as the patrons tried to identify them.

"Why, isn't that Angelique Rossetti and her daughter Nikki? Remember the portrait in the War Memorial? They were on Time and the Saturday Evening Post. Isn't she beautiful! And that daughter, she is absolutely ravishing. Incredible!"

Poor Nikki just couldn't sneak in quietly; again the group was the focal point. Supper was a delight: champagne, lobster and salad, enough to remove an appetite but



leave the diner comfortable at that late hour. Nikki felt so grown up. Mama and Miss Kingsley, who she insisted he call her Aunt Vera, discussed the finer points of the ballet with him. This developed into gossip surrounding those they had spoken to during the intermission and Nikki was intrigued to learn how catty Aunt Vera could be towards her acquaintances. It was plain that she was a better friend than enemy.

Nikki received one fright when two young men, wearing white tie and tails, approached the table, and asked permission for Harriet and Nikki to join them on the dance floor. For a moment Nikki nearly died with fright when it appeared Angelique was about to agree. His pulse reduced to half as she apologized, thanking them for their manners and saying it was unfortunate but they were about to leave. The look of frustration on the faces of both young gentlemen was very obvious. It would have been a feather in their cap to claim a dance with two very beautiful girls. In contrast to Nikki, Harriet looked quite disappointed.

The evening with its sensual nature plus the addition of wine had obviously released a number of inhibitions. Harriet and Nikki were sitting opposite Mama and Aunt Vera on the jump seats of the Cadillac. The seating was comfortable but the movement of the car was causing more friction on his clitty. Nikki had never felt so sexual; the hormones were raging through his body and demanding relief.

So intense was the feeling that, if he had been alone, he would have lifted his gown and stroked himself despite all the heartfelt promises he had made to his Mama. He reflected that he hadn't been aware of these sensations until a month ago. It had only begun when he had seen that pretty girl pleasure Grandpapa.

Up to that time the most he'd ever learned about sex was from his tutor, Sister Elizabeth. She had not explained human sex at all, but spoken in metaphors about the birds and the bees, all of which had been extremely confusing. He'd known one part of a woman's body was different to his own. He'd thought it would be something like a tadpole changing into a frog. In his imagination, they gradually became family jewels, then they disappeared and a neat little slit took their place.

The meeting with Harriet had changed all that; now he knew he was not a girl. The sensations, feelings and wonderment from that realization had been extraordinary but complicated. Nikki didn't want his innocence returned, just some way of understanding how to cope the new and exciting life that had suddenly become his.

Harriet's hand clasped his own. "What are you thinking, Nikki?"

He turned to Harriet; there was a worried, anxious look in his eyes. "Just how wonderful it is to be with you," he said, squeezing his friend's hand tightly.

He heard an uncharacteristic giggle from his Mother. She was lying back in the arms of her friend Vera, locked in a passionate embrace. Their lips were amorously together. The sight of his mother in the arms of another woman sent a sense of shock through Nikki. First, there was a sense of jealous anger at his Mother loving someone else. This was followed a microsecond later by a wonderful sense of joy at the thought of his Mama finding happiness with someone else. It was obvious his mother's coolness towards sex had changed as she gave an excited cry when Vera Kingsley's perfectly manicured hand began to caress her satin-shrouded breast. At the first touch, Angelique's nipple immediately began to pucker the glimmering black satin. Nikki had

never seen anything quite so erotic as the two women before him. Immediately, Harriet's fingers tightened on his hand and he knew his friend was affected in a similar manner.

Then Angelique became aware of the astonished look on Nikki's face. She blushed and said, "Oh Vera, no! Not yet, please wait."

Reluctantly, Miss Kingsley released her beautiful blonde companion from her embrace. "I'm sorry, but I can't control myself with you around. Please forgive me."

"Oh Vera darling, I want you, too, but it feels strange in front of the children. What will my poor Nikki think?"

"She will think how lucky I am, darling Angelique, to be able to hold you in my arms. But you are right, my love. We are almost home, there is no need for haste."

As they disembarked, Aunt Vera suggested that Harriet and Nikki might prefer to allow their maids the remainder of the night off and undress each other. It obviously appealed to Harriet; without further ado, they retired to the bedroom.

Beneath the Skirt

By this time, Nikki was feeling very uncomfortable. In addition to the sensuality he had been subjected to all evening, the scene in the car between Aunt Vera and Mama had stimulated him even further. As they walked up the stairway hand in hand, Harriet said, "I've never seen Aunt Vera like that before. She is usually in control of herself, but tonight she was a completely different woman. I'm sure she is in love with your Mama."

"Oh Harriet, are you sure? Because I was thinking the same about Mama."

"I'm certain, Nikki. It sent shivers all through my body watching them on the way home. And when your Mama's nipple went stiff, I almost came all on my own, I was so excited. How did *you* feel?"

"Did you *really* nearly come? I thought those feelings were unique to me. At first I was a bit embarrassed, but then I was ready to burst."

Harriet opened the door and they entered the bedroom. The light had been doused except for two candles on the antique dressing table that cast a soft ivory light through the room. The bed was drawn on both sides, ivory-colored silk sheets glistened erotically in the candlelight. She kissed Nikki on the lips, drawing his body against hers; a tongue entered his mouth. By now the pain in his groin was exquisite, his whole body was on fire.

He felt her fingers in the waistband of his knickers and felt the slither of silk against silk as they slid down his legs to form a black puddle on the floor. Her blonde hair vanished beneath his taffeta skirt and suddenly he became aware of the most marvelous sensation as Harriet's mouth enveloped his clitty. The sensation was so wonderful, like nothing he'd ever experienced before. Her tongue teased the sensitive underside, then went on to tickle his testes. It felt so wonderful that he wanted it to go on forever. Nikki had never felt so erotic! This was so unexpected and the sensuality was heightened by the anonymity of Harriet. He could not see what she was doing. Her head and arms were completely hidden beneath the bell-shaped skirt and all he could feel was the glorious hot, wet tightness of her mouth.

Just as he thought he reached the peak, his whole clitty slid deep into her throat and the muscles tightened about the tip. Nikki could no longer contain himself as every cell in his body seemed to explode. He was enveloped in the most exquisite pain; it was so intense it drew the last bit of air from his lungs. Harriet refused to let go and long after every last drop of seminal fluid had been drawn from him, she continued to hold his clitty between her lips.

Nikki helped her from her knees, and wrapping her arms about him, held her tightly. Her hair was mussed and her lipstick was completely rubbed off. They kissed, his tongue forcing itself between her lips. There was a faint bitter salty taste and he knew he had tasted part of himself.

Nikki was bathed in a sexual afterglow and he couldn't stop giggling. It was just like Mama after Vera Kingsley had held her breast.

“Harriet, that was so wonderful. Goodness!” His body gave an involuntary shiver. “I never felt so wonderful. Oh Harriet, thank you, thank you.”

At once, Nikki realized that, although his immediate needs had been taken of, Harriet had not received any attention at all. “Harriet, would you like me to do that to you?”

“What, Nikki?”

“I’m not sure what it’s called.”

“The technical name is fellatio. Once, I heard Miss Josie call it cock sucking, but I don’t think that’s a nice term.”

“Would you like me suck you? I’m sure it’s fun.”

“Later perhaps, dearest Nikki, but maybe we will find something better.”

Nikki looked at her, astonishment on his beautiful face. “Better than that, Harriet? Oh, there *can’t* be.”

Harriet took his hand. “You are so sweet and innocent. Sometimes I find it impossible to think you are real. Come, my sweet, why don’t you undress? Then we can make love.”

It took only a few moments to slide the dress from his body. He stood clad only in the black satin half-slip, silk stockings garter belt and high heeled sandals. Nikki slid the slip from his body and began to undo the black satin waspy.

“Nikki, would you be too uncomfortable wearing it in bed? I love the feel of silk stockings against my legs and the corset against my body. Would you mind?” It would have been more comfortable but the thought of lying in bed with Harriet and the rubbing of silk stockinged legs against his sent a thrill of delight through his body. It did sound exciting.

Harriet’s corset was longer and more heavier than his own small waspy, but she removed her bra, exposing her beautiful high breasts with their dark pink uptilted nipples. The satin corset encased her from just beneath her breasts to upper thigh. The corset was cut out over her derriere exposing her beautifully rounded cream-skinned buttocks.

Harriet picked a black nightgown from the bed and drew it over Nikki’s head. It was the softest silk satin and it slithered down his body. The soft material cupping his breasts was held up by slender spaghetti straps. The gown was short, with A-line finishing at mid thigh, and it barely covered his by-now turgid clitty. Nikki spun about like a ballerina glorying in the spotlight.

Although his maleness was large, there was a beauty about it, not the red ugly veins of the normal male, but smoothly sleek with just a pink sheen on the same ivory skin that covered the remainder of his body. Pretty as it was, it was strange that one body could be so total female and still carry the ultimate male “addition”.

Harriet asked to be excused, saying there was some preparation to complete as she slipped into the bathroom. Nikki lay back on the bed, luxuriating in the silk sheets. Glancing upwards, he was startled to see his reflection in an overhead mirror that cov-

ered the whole bed. He twisted sideways and cupped his breast with one hand. The sight of his black satin-clad body with his leg still sheathed in black silk stockings was terribly erotic. Even in this soft light it was clear that, despite the obvious femininity, there was something quite un-girlish causing the tenting in the black satin gown.

Minutes later, Harriet appeared. She was wearing a quite different garment from his own, a pair of pink silk satin harem pajamas. At first he thought it was very demure, something quite unexpected at this stage. The top had a high Peter Pan collar buttoned high about his neck. But that was the only fastening; with each movement it fluttered open to expose his breasts with their deep pink nipples.

Long and billowy sleeves were gathered tightly at the wrists into a four-button cuff. The pants were full, cascading down her legs before being gathered at the ankles. The fluid bias-cut material clung tightly to her body, leaving little to the imagination. Her pants were crotchless, completely exposing her maleness. Harriet without her gaffe was surprisingly large; she had no pubic hair at all and this made her clitty appear larger as it stood erect.

“Do you like these?” asked Harriet, pirouetting to display the pajamas.

“They are lovely, Harriet. Do you always wear pajamas?”

“Not all the time, but I like this style, it is so sexy. At first, they are demure, with the high collar, long sleeves and full legs, but as soon as you move, well, everything is exposed. I like nightgowns, too, but they must be of silk or satin because I love the touch of it on my body. Auntie insists I wear a night corset and now I’m accustomed to them. I really feel uncomfortable without one.”

Harriet lay back against the silken sheets and held out her arms to Nikki. He sank into her arms, their bodies merging, one silk stockinged leg between hers. Harriet was absolutely correct, there *was* something very sexual in the touch of satin against satin. Nestling his head on her shoulder, he was very much aware of the scent of her hair. He wriggled his nose as a tendril tickled his forehead. He felt relaxed and at peace. It only lasted until he recalled how wonderful her lips had felt caressing his clitty. Immediately, his clitty began to twitch in anticipation of more.

Harriet was also anticipating further action; rising on one elbow, she began to nibble his ear. Soon her tongue and lips were in full action, moving down his body onto his left breast, kissing and nibbling his nipples. One very erect nipple was caressed softly by her lips as a new arousal demanded attention. Her hands joined in the assault on his body. Soft fingers sensed and played with every nerve though the soft satin. One hand and its attendant fingers found his erection and tenderly caressed him. Nikki was no longer passive. Rather timidly, he sought her clitty.

He tentatively placed one finger on it, not knowing what to expect. It was soft skin which slipped beneath his fingers over the hardness beneath. He marveled at the silky texture. It quivered beneath his finger like a tiny animal. His hand joined one finger as Nikki completed the exploration.

The exploring hands and lips were having an effect on both participants; it was evident in the overhead mirror that a pink flush was suffusing both parties. Their move-

ments were becoming more frantic as their bodies sinuously intertwined into an entanglement of pink and black satin and sheer silk stockings.

“Please make love to me, Nikki. I want to be your sex slave tonight, and whisper rude words in your ears.”

For a moment, Nikki was shocked. This was not the Harriet he had expected, but her new character was sending surges of excitement through him.

“Come on, my masterful sissy boy. Fuck my cunt with your cock.”

He was quite shocked by her language. He had heard the words before; Thomasino had used similar phrases once when he'd been angry with Maria and failed to notice that Nikki was with her. Maria told him to be quiet and he went away, still muttering the words under his breath. Intrigued, Nikki had wanted to know what they meant. Eventually she told him, but she said they were rude words and that he was never to use them.

Now hearing them from Harriet made it so much more exciting. He knew now his “clitty” was a cock, but he also knew Harriet didn't have a cunt. Only real women had those and he wasn't sure what she meant. He was not in doubt for very long as she rolled onto her back and drew her legs up, pushing a silk pillow beneath her bottom.

“Oh darling, you really don't know what I mean, do you?”

Harriet pulled the crotch of the satin pajamas wide and pulled her clitty high up, her groin now exposing the pale pink pucker of her rosette. Her other hand moved down the inside of her thigh, slowly caressing the smooth white flesh. It cupped her sac, gently squeezing the two eggs inside. Then one long red nailed finger reached up between her legs and slid inside her rectum. It was so sensuously done that the excitement continued to rise in his body and he saw a tiny drop of moisture ooze from his slit.

“It's all right, darling. I'm all clean and oiled inside, ready for your beautiful cock.”

She slid forwards and pulled him forward at the same time, bringing his clitty cock to her rosette. He pushed forward and the tip slid inside. In that one moment, he could have died with pleasure; he had never felt anything so wonderful. Harriet gripped him so tightly he could go neither forward nor back. The silken flesh held him poised.

“Ohh.” Harriet gave a long deep sigh. “Oh yes, push in, please.”

Nikki thrust forward; it was sensational. The tightness about his clitty was so intense, yet so slippery smooth. The feeling was so ecstatic as to be almost unbearable. The day had brought sensation after sensation: Harriet's lips and mouth, now this. Unable to contain his passion, he slid all the way in.

“Ohh yes! Ohh yes! Yes! Yes!” Harriet cried.

It was just as wonderful as he withdrew. Nikki paused, the tip nestling in the entrance. He tried to wait; the desire to bury himself deep within her was exquisite. His flesh demanded the tight warmth of her. Still he waited; desire made it seem like forever, but it was only seconds.

It was too much for Harriet. "Don't do this. Push in, oh please, please!"

As he entered deeper, her muscles tightened, the satin smooth flesh squeezed and tugged, drawing him in deeper and deeper. His only disappointment was that her proud erection had disappeared. Her clitty, once as erect as his, had collapsed. He wanted to ask whether he was hurting her, but it didn't matter. It was no longer possible to stop, his flesh had taken over his mind.

Beneath the mirror, bathed in the golden candlelight, the two beautiful bodies thrusted and writhed. Breasts swaying, hips twisting, grinding with feline grace, trying to immerse two bodies into one. Nikki was surprised to find her erection had returned, feeling it thrusting upward, pushing into his stomach. Lip against lip, their tongues pushed deep, hers invaded his throat.

A strangled "Yes! Yes! More! More!" became a mantra for Harriet.

For a moment, they joined in body and spirit. Nikki's whole being was seized as Harriet's passage rippled with clenching spasms as her climax began. Her organ began shuddering with seminal fluid bursting and gushing hot into Nikki's stomach. He was on such a high, Nikki wished this to go on forever. He tried to relax, to recite a poem, anything to keep this nirvana. He was too late, the climax was unstoppable. From the top of his head to the end of his toe, the most glorious feeling took over. Time stood still, as a stream of butterflies fluttered from him.

He collapsed onto her, nuzzling her hair, their lips fluttering, both of them giggling, mouthing silly loving phrases. So happy and relaxed, their bodies were boneless.

Ten minutes later, Harriet wriggled from beneath Nikki, "Sorry my love, my legs are cramping." It was time to move. Nikki looked down, the front of his satin nightgown and the waspy and his stockings were smeared with Harriet's sticky juices. He struggled out of them as Harriet returned with a soft wet cloth and towel.

Clean once more, Nikki accepted a pair of pajamas, identical to Harriet's except for the color, a gorgeous lavender. She slid a fresh set over her body. "Do you like them?"

They were comfortable to wear, he loved the sensual feel as they slid over his body. Thank goodness the trousers were baggy, in the front at least. That helped hide his clitty which kept trying to escape through the open crotch.

"They are so comfortable, and they feel exquisite. Thank you, my love."

They nestled together, spoon-like, Harriet pressing into his back. He was aware of the warm pressure of her breasts and her clitty against his bottom as he drifted into a sound, dreamless sleep.

Nikki thought it was a dream as the delicious feeling filled his groin. He finally slid back from sleep to find Harriet's golden curls nestled between his legs, her tongue licking the underside of his very aroused clitty.

"Ah ha! I *thought* that would get a response."

She was impossible to ignore, not that he wanted to. Within minutes, they were kissing and playing with each other's breasts. Harriet was already breathing heavily and in the morning light, Nikki could see a milky bubble oozing from her clitty.

Her lips were hot as she kissed frantically, then she scrambled quickly onto her stomach, breasts flattened on the silk sheets, hips raised high, creamy buttocks spread wide. Between the pink satin layers, her pink rosette exposed, puckering and squirming in anticipation. "Come on lover, fuck me now. I need you in me. Push your cock into my cunt. I'm so hot for you."

He was stiff and hard as he entered her. The passage was exquisitely tight, but slippery smooth. A cry of pleasure burst from his lips as he slid deep inside in one smooth thrust. Doggie fashion, she called it. It was not as intimate as last night, as he couldn't touch her breasts or kiss her lips. It felt more wicked and abandoned. He rocked back, withdrawing. Harriet's muscles gripped tightly. It was the most exquisite torture, every nerve jangling. Then the head was held for a moment as her sphincter muscle tightened and massaged him before allowing him to once more journey up the smooth satin passage. It was momentous, the discovery that so much pleasure was available to his body.

The body beneath the satin wriggled and squirmed. Every movement brought such intense pleasure that he was willing to die if it continued. As much as he wanted it to, it couldn't last forever. Consumed by lust, all pretense of control had gone from Nikki and Harriet. They turned and twisted as his clitty plunged deep into her bottom. He seized her clitty, pistoning up and down.

This time it was Nikki who succumbed first. The welling in his body overcame him. With a final, very unladylike lunge, he speared deep inside her as a fiery torrent jetted deep into Harriet.

"Oh yes, yes!" His cry was triumphant. He could feel the spasms in Harriet's passage as moments later she began her climax. Her clitty pulsed and surged as the fluid squirted forth, soaking the silken sheets.

Nikki lay collapsed on top of her, reluctant to move and spoil the magic. His clitty was softening and he jumped as her sphincter squeezed him tightly. As he withdrew, a tiny thread of creamy liquid followed his clitty, symbolically joining them. He broke it with his finger and touched it to his lip, remembering the same salty, bitter taste on Harriet's lips last night. So much had happened; it really was incredible he had experienced all this, in just one day and night.

There were so many questions in his mind, but before he could ask them, there was a knock on the door and Maria and Miss Josie entered. Miss Josie took one look at the two bodies clutched in an embrace, their moisture spotted pajamas and the crumpled and stained silk sheets and said, "You have been playing games, my little children?"

Maria was less blase; her beautiful charge lay like a wanton, his hair a bird's nest of tousled platinum curl. Lips swollen and his clitty, obviously well-used, had escaped from his pajamas and lay snakelike across one satin-covered thigh.

Confessions

“Oh Nikki, what have you been up to? You’re such a mess.”

The more assured Miss Josie took command, clapping her hands to bring the two lovers fully awake. “Come, ma cherries. It is time for breakfast.”

Nikki felt wonderfully relaxed, so free and quite different. It was difficult, well, impossible, to define the change but he had grown up over night and redefined himself. His hair was a mess, his lips still tender from the work out they had received. It was inside, though, where the real change had occurred. He knew he was no longer a child; he had become an adult. A look in the mirror made his realization appear totally ridiculous. With his body shrouded by a white silk negligee lavishly trimmed with cream lace, there was absolutely nothing to suggest that he was anything but a beautiful girl. Only Nikki knew that the thought of last night’s activity was causing his member to stir and surge erect.

Maria slid the gown from his shoulders as he slid into the perfumed water, catching sight of his member.

“Oh Nikki, not again. This is becoming too much of a habit. I’ll have to speak to your Mama.”

For a moment he felt guilt and a tiny taste of fear that he could be tamed like Harriet. In that instant, he saw a “hickey” on Maria’s neck that makeup just failed to hide. It could only have come from a love bite, presumably from Josie.

“I’m not sure Thomasino would like to know his girlfriend had been making love to another girl.”

Maria had never been good at hiding her emotions; this was no exception. Her face blushed bright crimson; she started to protest, but realized she had already given herself away. “Oh Miss Nikki, I didn’t mean to, it just seemed to happen. Oh please, Miss Nikki, you won’t tell him, will you?”

“Of course I won’t, Maria. We are friends and friends help one another, don’t they?” In those few words, both Nikki and Maria realized that their relationship had undergone a subtle change, Nikki had grown up. Maria was now his maid and he expected her to carry out his wishes.

The bath had relaxed and calmed him and there was no need to reduce any embarrassing bulges. After breakfast they were to attend the local church. Maria had chosen an all-white outfit for the day. Following the white satin corselet were French knickers in snowy white crepe de chine. Maria drew the silk stockings with white on white seams up his legs, passing suspender tabs through his knickers before fastening them.

Maria slid a white silk petticoat over Nikki’s head. He revelled in the sensuousness as it slithered down his body. It was impossible not to enjoy wearing such beautiful fabrics such as these. He sat before the mirror as Maria began to skilfully make up his face. As usual, she insisted he watch closely. Normally, he just pretended to pay attention, but this morning he was really interested.

She eased a small amount of foundation onto her fingertips and, with gentle, even strokes, smoothed it onto his skin, massaging until it had all but disappeared, giving his face a “dewy” moist look. A creamy blusher softly shadowed his cheekbones. It looked natural; then, expertly, she darkened the long eyelashes with mascara. Careful to avoid blotching or caking, his eyelashes became longer and darker, making a perfect frame for the lustrous dark sapphire-colored eyes.

The dress was of white silk, with a fitted bodice; inset sleeves flowed from a straight neckline. From a deep inset waistband, the bell-shaped skirt with unpressed pleats was worn over stiffened petticoats. Inset sleeves flowed from the straight neckline. There was no adornment; Maria wanted nothing to detract from his soft, feminine beauty. The only touch of color was provided by Nikki’s accessories: a pair of light dusty pink silk gloves, matching three-inch high-heeled court shoes and a slim kid leather clutch purse in the same color.

Moments later, Harriet emerged from the dressing room; she looked really in fashion this morning in a sack dress of silk jersey. Nikki liked the idea of the fashion but Mama and Maria had always been against the style.

“Darling, why hide your lovely figure beneath such a shapeless dress?”

This was not true for the simple design Harriet had on today. Of supple powder blue silk jersey, the dress had a straight-cut boat neckline; from there the gown dropped straight to a below-the-knee cuffed hemline. The dolman sleeves were long and slimly-cut, finishing in flared buttoned cuffs in a slightly darker shade of satin.

Nikki enjoyed the fun and excitement but it was comforting to return home. Today was different, for the first he knew he was going to miss having company. He'd enjoyed Harriet’s company. Meeting the other girls and the initiation ceremony had been exciting but last night had been out of this world. Never had he experienced anything like it. Nikki glanced at Harriet; those full lips with the shy smile, had been about his clitty only hours ago. He watched her bottom swaying enticingly with each step. The thought of how much pleasure had come from between them brought a flush of excitement to his cheeks and a surge of blood between his legs.

Her eyes twinkled with excitement. Nikki knew similar thoughts were passing through Harriet’s mind as she squeezed his hand. It was such a disappointment to be returning home without being able to experience the pleasure and excitement again; it could be weeks before they got together again. Then Mama called out to him, and he knew that miracles sometimes did occur.

No Further Doubts

“Nikki, Vera has invited us to stay over tonight. I’m sure it won’t disturb Papa. Would you like to, darling? Vera and I are very tired. We wouldn’t be going out, so you and Harriet will have to amuse yourselves. Do you think you can do that, Nikki?”

Nikki didn’t need to say a word. The smile on his face was all the answer needed, as he kissed her lightly on the cheek and said, “Oh Mama, what a wonderful surprise!”

Nikki turned to Harriet, but it was obvious she had already guessed why Nikki was so happy. “Nikki, you’re staying? Oh, how wonderful!”

The walk back to the Kingsley mansion suddenly sped up as they discussed plans for the day. When Mama had first mentioned it, the thought of what could happen that day had sent excitement surging through his body and his clitty was swollen in the gaffe beneath his skirt. It was clear Harriet’s arousal matched his own, evidenced by the puckering of the clinging silk jersey covering her breasts and her now obviously erect nipples.

Josie and Maria were waiting as they entered the mansion. Maria was obviously ready to return home. Nikki ran to her. “We are staying tonight as well, Maria. Isn’t it exciting?”

Miss Josie looked at her charge. “What are you and Nikki planning to do today, Miss Harriet?”

Harriet looked at her maid, blushing as she giggled. “We will be resting, Josie.”

Josie’s look was stern but indulgent. “In that case, we’d better use the bathroom now. A colonic irrigation is in order!” Taking her hand, Josie led her firmly up the stairs.

Nikki waited until Vera Kingsley and Mama had arrived. “Harriet said she would look after me for the remainder of the day so Josie and Maria can also have a rest. Do we have your permission Mama? Miss Kingsley?”

The two women looked at one another; Miss Kingsley smiled, ‘Please call me Aunt Vera, darling and yes, of course, you may. Though Josie should prepare Harriet first.’

Nikki said he thought that was already in hand, as Josie had taken Harriet away for a colonic irrigation. It was obvious Nikki was puzzled by the term.

Vera Kingsley laughed quietly. “You really are innocent, Nikki dear. Harriet is receiving an enema, just so she is lovely and clean.”

His face still showed puzzlement. Angelique whispered in his ear. “Josie is cleaning out his bottom with a douche. So you won’t find anything there.”

At last he understood. He was blushing furiously, in part because Mama had been so frank. He felt quite embarrassed that she knew what activities they were up to. But he realized that the remark brought them even closer together. He hugged her tightly. “Thank you Mama, I love you.” Now it was Angelique’s turn to be surprised. Their eyes met. “Oh darling, thank you.”

A few hours later, Josie was leaving the bedroom as Nikki entered. "I understand you girls are giving us a rest, Miss Nikki. If you need us, please don't hesitate to use the bell."

Harriet was wearing a white silk negligee; her face was flushed and beneath the flimsy clinging material, her erection was evident. She noticed his attention to her condition, reddening with embarrassment. "After an enema, I'm always like this. I probably would have been anyway from the thought of being with you," she said, fluttering her eyelashes coyly.

She helped Nikki undress and suggested that they wear something special.

"The feel of silky fabrics swirling against my body, confined in a tight satin corset with my legs in silk stockings is so sensual." Self-consciously she said, "I love wearing high heels as well. Oh Nikki, I hope you don't think I'm too strange or kinky."

Nikki couldn't entirely dispel the "kinky" notion about his friend but there was something strangely exciting about the suggestion. By now, he was almost naked and he turned and hugged Harriet, pressing his body with his hard and swollen member into hers and kissing her on the lips.

"It does sound strange and kinky, but really exciting."

Naked, holding hands and giggling, they ran into her dressing room to pick out the clothes. They were not hard to find as there were two complete shelves of them. Harriet chose her selection and suggested Nikki wear the mirror image. Nikki went bright red, "I couldn't. Really, they're lovely, but oh my goodness." Finally her look of disappointment was too much and he agreed to wear her preference.

Nikki insisted Harriet dress first. "I'd feel too strange wearing it on my own."

Harriet drew the black silk stockings up her smooth legs. The stockings were gossamer sheer with a satin sheen and fitted more firmly than any stockings he had ever seen. The corset was of black satin, lavishly trimmed with crimson lace. It would be at home in any upper-class bordello. The bra had a three-quarter cup, the ends cut away to reveal Harriet's nipples. She closed the basque fastening as Nikki began tightening the laces. Her hands were high, holding a trapeze-like bar. She stretched her body as she insisted Nikki draw the edges of the corset together. It took an effort but, at last, it was completed. He wanted to stand back and admire her, but there was no time for that as Harriet insisted it was now his turn.

Harriet lowered the trapeze bar, asking him to hold it. She touched a switch and suddenly his wrists were imprisoned. Before he could protest, the bar was raised until he was standing on tiptoe. "Harriet, what are you doing? Let me go!"

"Only when you are dressed. The corset must be really tight."

Nikki realized that it was pointless arguing, he was quite helpless. He obediently raised each leg as Harriet drew the satiny stockings up his leg. The corset was tight; by the time Harriet had fastened the waist, all the air was pushed out of his lungs. Despite his pleading, she insisted on drawing the corset edges tightly together. Before releasing him, the suspenders were fastened, stretching the stockings tautly, making him aware of a silky constriction all over his legs.

At last the trapeze was lowered, bringing more pressure on a by-now tortured waist line; for a moment, Nikki felt so lightheaded he thought he would faint. That passed quickly and the tightness about his body became sensual pleasure. He looked at Harriet, knowing that, except for the coloring, he would soon look the same. The black satin cup nestled her pink-hued breasts in black satin and allowed a red-tipped nipple to peek cheekily from open-ended bra. Her waist was incredibly small. The corset, cut high both front and rear swelling out over her softly rounded hips and forming an arch above the black silk stockings where each creamy-skinned buttock swelled invitingly before disappearing into the mysterious grove between her legs.

Only at the front did the conundrum emerge; the high-cut front panel of the corset had a modesty panel of crimson lace. At that moment, the soft delicate lace was rudely thrust aside by Harriet's clitty. Aroused to its full length of six inches, empurpled with lust, it reared menacingly.

Harriet turned him towards the Cheval mirror. The crimson satin corset and black lace presented a negative to Harriet's positive. The anticipation, the tightness of the corset, and the sheer sensuality of the surroundings appeared to have enlarged his organ. It looked truly monstrous; hanging serpent-like, it scattered the delicate fabric, leaving it draped ineffectually along its eight-inch length.

"What's happened, Nikki? You're so large. I'm sure I never swallowed that monster last night." Her eyes gleamed with anticipation; her fingers touched it tentatively, felt it quiver with excitement. "Oh Nikki, make love to me. Make it slow and hot."

Harriet led him toward the bedroom. The stiletto heels of the black satin sandals were the highest he'd ever worn. They were slender and gave a wonderful shape to the legs, but they were very difficult to walk in. They were meant to be worn to bed to give that extra piquancy to lovemaking. They lay together, legs entwined; there was a sibilant swish as silk-encased legs playfully twisted together as they enjoyed the slippery icy movement. Nikki was aware of Harriet's clitty gently touching his own. Her lips had taken over his nipples, the delicious swirl of her tongue, the exquisite pleasure-pain as she playfully nipped him. She was more commanding today, a leader, taking charge.

The dance of their bodies continued. As Harriet began, she let out a small cry as he thrust deep. "Oh yes yes, more more!" Nikki wanted this to go on forever but an immense welling was growing in his body. He was riding the highest wave imaginable and it was beginning to crash on the golden sand below. Suddenly, Harriet began crying out, "Oh yes yes YES!" Her golden silky tunnel began to spasm about his clitty, tighten, and loosen. Then, "OH Nikki, Nikki now, please."

A feverish excitement, white hot lava jetted from him, flooding Harriet's passage. It continued as her own liquid jetted forth hot and sticky over the crimson satin corset. She collapsed upon him, giggling, laughing. His clitty was still held within her. Relaxation and happiness was in her voice. "Nikki, that was wonderful!" Her rosette continued to hold and squeeze him; she bent further kissing him.

"That was wonderful, dearest Nikki. I'm never going to let you go."

A few minutes later, they showered and changed into matching satin nightdresses. They lay spoon-shaped, Harriet with her back to him. Already her breath had become heavier as she drifted into sleep. Although Nikki felt totally exhausted, his mind was

too active to allow sleep. Too much had happened over the two days to absorb. Less than a month ago, he had been a girl in his mind. Now he knew his true sex was really male and boy, had it been fun finding that out.

For a moment, he wondered what the future would bring. He knew with complete certainty that his sex might be male but he had no intention of changing his gender. As far he was concerned, he had been brought up as a girl and he would remain one. Well not quite a girl, a fem-boy; it was so much fun.

What would life have been liked if Mama had not raised him as a girl? At this point, it seemed almost unimaginable, given all that he had been through. Most people would probably think that the way he had been raised was wrong, perhaps even morally incorrect. Nikki couldn't look at it that way, however. After all, it was the only life he had known. For most of his eighteen years, he had thought he was a girl, for God's sake. Since the truth had been revealed to him, so very much had transpired. The truth of his gender, if unexpected, had opened up possibilities he could never have foreseen.

The "adventures" he had had since discovering that he was a fem-boy would not have been available to him if he had never had the revelation. Only as an "inbetween" could he experience the love he had known from his fellow fem-boys. If the whole of society might have rejected him as he was, his circle of friends were more than willing to accept him exactly as he was. More than willing, actually. Eager.

It seemed the best of both worlds, to wear silks, satins, pretty dresses, silk stockings, corsets and high-heels. Only a girl could do that and he couldn't bear the thought of those being taken away. Wearing men's clothing sent a cold shiver through his body. With Harriet, he had found sex and the pleasure was unbelievable. Mama had always called him her "little princess" and at that moment, it was exactly the way he felt. I'm so happy, Nikki thought and he knew this was what he wanted for the rest of his life.

The End