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# “HI, I’M GAE!”

by Paige Turner

Some people think that I live a very unorthodox life. Actually, “unorthodox” is my own kind way of talking about it; actually explaining how these relatively handful of people choose to feel. Much different and even derogatory language is usually expressed if they discover some unadvertised tidbit about my background. I won’t be dwelling on those diffident souls who’d rather talk behind your back instead of to the face very much here, although I’m about to tell all about my life and the people close to me, having fun doing it. As for everybody else, well, we get along just fine. Explanations are in order, which I’ll gladly provide.

My name is Gae Mann. I’m a guy. (If you’re going to giggle, I’ll wait.) I live in the good ol’ U. S. of A. and not England where men are often named Francis, Gale, Carol, Joyce, and yes, even Gay with a “y”. Not to say Great Britain has a monopoly on men with so-called feminine names. In fact, some are very famous people — a writer and an actor immediately come to mind — none are even remotely effeminate. (Even in animation, the quintessential name for an airheaded sexy bimbo — did you know that the original Bambi of movie fame was male? Check it out!) And don’t get me started about women with outright male names that everyone takes in stride, unlike their male counterparts. I just lived with what I was christened, as I never really suffered my nom de guerre. Still, it is a hallmark of my unique (to say the least) family.

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First of all, there are my parents. They’re by no means Mr. and Mrs. Joe Average. Still, I’m proud of them and they are of me. Even before they met and got married, they chose to live life to the full, the way they wanted, and the rest of the world can be damned. Adopting this attitude didn’t make us the bane of society. Tongue-wagging narrow-minded individuals did. Emphasis on “individuals”. Again, thankfully, there aren’t

that many. As a young adult now, I've come to enjoy life being unique. "Unique" for the rest of the world, that is. Otherwise, I do just fine.

Jumping ahead just a bit before moving on, school was over and before I took off to be on my own, my folks sat me down for a serious talk. They said that I was always a good son, never getting into any trouble growing up. Now that I was leaving the hearth, as it were, they said that sometimes children can keep things to themselves, only to explode later in life; they asked if I recalled either of them occasionally wanting to know if everything was alright. Always having answered affirmatively, I did so then and they now asked one last time, with an additional query: Since I was moving out, it was okay, I was a man now but...did I hate them?

That shocked me because I had no idea where that came from. I loved my parents with all my heart and told them so. They then told me that every now and then, particularly in entertainment, for whatever the reason, parents gave their offspring odd names. That my name wasn't wholly strange and yet when I was born, they wanted me to always fit in. If not with the world, at least with them. They wanted me to be emotionally strong and brave, but they wanted to be there for me, if I had no one else.

Then they played a tape of Johnny Cash's song, "A Boy Named Sue". As the song went, the boy was deliberately named Sue because his father said that he wasn't always going to be around and his name was to make sure he grew up tough. Well, my folks, being as they were, never left and always supported me, unlike Johnny's song. Whether it was that or the fact that I was just lucky enough to be accepted, no matter what I was called, I did grow up, I guess you could say, soft. Literally.

I was always slender, of slight build, with virtually no muscle tone. As I grew into puberty, I was so bereft of hair, I barely had any around my pubes and what scraggly grew on my face was so pathetic, I noticed that some women had more facial hair than me. What I'd eventually let accumulate, once shaved, stayed away for weeks before growing again. So instead of shaving, instead of taking after my dad in scraping off hair as he did — after accumulating enough to warrant the task — I moisturized my whole body like Mom.

I mean, I particularly tried softening my face after shaving and since I didn't have to shave daily, as I saw her moisturize, I picked that up. Of course she didn't have to shave her face like Dad and I, but did it anyway, with the rest of her body. What really reinforced this was that I caught Dad doing the same thing, all over. So, not questioning it, I simply followed suit, after both of them. Otherwise, I always had a soft-spoken voice, which if one wanted to, it could be called effeminate, but this would just be them trying to be mean.

The world, it seemed, was on my side a long time before this talk and my detractors got the heat instead of me, so few as they were. And while I never had a steady girlfriend, when my hormones began to flow, I was rarely turned down by a girl I liked. I was no virgin before adulthood. While I was no jock, they themselves were a minority. I saw myself a reasonably good-looking guy; just like a lot of boys my age. I was not special nor a freak. So, the only thing left was my parents' unfounded reasonings. It was due to them being different themselves, long before I was born. And with that segue...

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My mom, Charlotte Bey before marriage, who later simply went by Shar professionally, was a porn script girl/plumper. (Yes, Virginia. Some porn is actually acted out with a written plot and not ad-libbed.) Charlotte not getting a part in front of the camera was an enigma when you consider that even titless wonders who never finished high school are major fuckstars today! Don't ask who; I'll never tell. There's way too many to even start a roll call, anyway. (Psst. Rent almost any porn video. There's at least one in every movie.)

Mom was — and is — a longhaired vanilla blonde with incredibly round and firm Ds and an even more round ass, with a tiny waist in between. (Before we go any further, I just want to mention that nudity wasn't a common thing around my house; just that there were occasions of it, with no care about what was seen. Long story short: No big deal. No matter how attractive it may seem to, ahem, you.) Her face had wide brown doe eyes, a button nose and pouty lips that literally defined "bee-stung". Talk about irony. My mother's body is all-natural but she looks like she's been through one of those plastic surgeons who do so much business, the entrance to their office is a revolving door; Mom supposedly making him wealthy.

Anyway, at the time, she couldn't get anyone to put her in front of the camera. "Natural" was/is in and she couldn't get anyone to believe that she was the genuine article. Still, she couldn't walk away cold turkey. Eventually, tiring of never getting her "break" in front of the camera, and never getting to be more than a hired cocksucker as far as sex was concerned, she later became a feature dancer (politically correct term these days for "stripper", an already-scantily-dressed pole dancer or a combination of the two).

Not your average career choice, but ever since she first had sex in her early teens, she wanted to be a porn star; the only legal way to fuck as much as you want and make a living off it. But oddly enough, while she had the desire and the looks — not to mention, the brashness to want to fuck on film — she was overlooked. Yet she did anything to break into the business. Which was why she was both a script girl and a plumper. The two positions were two separate jobs. Charlotte collected two paychecks for the "slash" jobs but earned infinitely more between salary and tips while dancing. She also wasn't averse to collecting extra change as an occasional lap dancer when it wasn't her turn to be on stage.

Back to her first job(s), a script girl's job was to feed actors their lines off-camera. Simple, right? The other job was very specialized.

Before the pandemic danger of AIDS, a plumper's job was to suck cocks; to make them erect for sex scenes. Being out of the loop since she quit, Mom's unsure if they still use plumpers, but guesses they still do. (Ironically enough, actors still give blow-jobs on film, even though they use condoms for vaginal or anal sex. You almost never see them putting it on. One second, a cock is bare. Next second, you easily see it as they fuck. When it's over, poof! Cum squirts anywhere, with no condom in sight, despite the original concern about STDs. Neat trick. In porn, nobody swallows on purpose. Usually sprayed on asses, tits, faces — sometimes drooled out the mouth with saliva — male cum is valuable; called the "money shot": the end of the sex act.) Even scenes where the guy was limp and the female star was to supposedly suck him hard. The plumper's job was to save film and time

by “seemingly” getting the guy stiff on-camera off-camera. Making it appear as if he was stiff in seconds, if not already to go.

Porn is such a quick turnover business, only a handful make it to stardom. And even fewer stay stars long. All Charlotte needed was one shot. Even in the job(s) she had, she dressed as if to sub in for a filmed fuck at moment’s notice. Translation: simple blouse and skirt or dress, no underwear. But, as fate would have it, it was the luck of the draw and she never got her break. My mom was her own casting couch, if you know what I mean. If you don’t, uh, what planet did you say you were from?

Shar’s happy at her present job as I grew up, having lately graduated to “stage mom” to newer dancers and yet still has it all together to strut her stuff, on and off stage. I warned you at the start that I was different. There’s more, and if being proud of both my folks makes me odd, well, I think you’re just jealous!

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My dad, Yancy Mann, was a vocal impressionist that happened to do female celebrity voices better than he did men. In a world where professional (emphasis on “professional”) male voice impersonators were very common at the time, even less did a handful of famous women. Too, they were done mostly over-the-top, admittedly just like the guys. Always aware of his audience, he started out with the guys’ voices but Yancy did both sexes, just to be different, to get ahead in show business. Before too long, he was doing more women than men, it seemed. Turns out that he did a female celebrity so dead-on, it was what his audience wanted to hear most, to be believed. Then they wanted to hear them again and again; it being almost surreal as to how good he was. Never mind that the men were also accurate!

At one point, he had a special costume. It was copied by a few but they couldn’t do it as well as Yancy.



One side, it was a man's suit. On the other, it was a busty, filled blouse and short skirt; complete with stockinged leg and high heel. His face also was half made up on the female side, fake nails and half a woman's wig. Working against a black backdrop, the woman's side wore dark clothes, so that it wouldn't betray the male side. But when 'she' spun a half turn, there was that unmistakable woman, complete with sexy exposed leg in a stiletto! The exposed leg was sometimes from a mini and sometimes it was a gown with a slit almost to the waist in sparkling hose. And it was a femininely-shaped, without any manly musculature. It was a real treat to see him carry on an actual conversation with himself, as if it was a man and a woman talking to each other! The truly amazing thing was what with all the turning, he didn't spin himself dizzy!

Sometimes, he would exaggerate, but virtually every impersonator did it, period. That was the whole idea; to stretch out what made the celebrity unique. But after a while, over-the-top was passe. Impersonators were soon being called impressionists because they could only embellish a voice. It was slowly becoming a dying art. From then on, for him, it was no more exaggerated falsettos; he was then always dead-on. So well, it was suggested that he do a one-shot crossdress show, doing just women celebs. It went over so big, next thing he knew, he was getting more jobs in the drag/female impersonators circuit than in mainstream entertainment, only somewhat dressed in a feminine outfit that went with the voice. That is, while femininely padded, he wore men's clothes under the outerwear.

Vocal impersonators used to be a special talent. Nowadays, almost anybody could imitate somebody vocally, even if they're nobody...famous, that is. Yet in the entertainment world, acceptance of transgenderism was growing (faster than the world-at-large but growing there, too) and it was still a show-grabber to see men impersonate women. (Tony Curtis who looked damned good as a woman in *Some Like It Hot* in the '50s, his transgender movie is a cinema all-time best!)

The better ones lasted longer, obviously, and my dad was one of the best. Eventually, he had a separate special wardrobe — complete, instead of half-and-half, with undies by now; particularly if she was sexy; he would flash mostly panties but sometimes a cleaved bosom in a bra. Clothes that were surely a female celebrity's trademark furthered his career, as along the way he also particularly learned how to use makeup, to look like the woman he imitated. Notably, when he used eye makeup on his otherwise dull gray eyes, they immediately lit up!

Obviously in male wear, he met up with the soon-to-be Shar at an adult film awards gala, and told her what he did for a living. Because he was all-male at the time, Yancy was disbelieved. His talent partly being a very quick study, he thoroughly impressed her by doing her, on the spot, to a T. Long story short, they dated (Sometimes as two women! Mom confessed to be latently bisexual. She told Dad that having sex with 'her' as a woman was an irresistible turn-on but being only unexplainably tempted to want to try a fling with women before marriage, she only had sex with him en femme, as well as him as a man. At that, 'she' was more than enough woman for her!), got married, and had me while they both kept working.

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Mind you, again, all of these frank, intimate details were told to me when I was at an age when my folks thought that I was mature enough to understand and it made a precedent for me to be available to be an arbiter or confidante to either as I grew older. Still, by then, in addition to an sporadic jiggling breast or wagging cock, it was already natural to see Dad occasionally in a dress and even fully made up, as much as he or even Mom wore pants. So ultimate explanations were not hard and bitter pills to swallow. They didn't have to be so thorough, they weren't being unduly salacious, and I love them for that trust. Most importantly, regardless of what either of them did for a living or what I saw at home, they showered me with love and affection...and I'm going to be disgusted with that?

Neither becoming a superstar, neither were raking in big bucks when I was born, and Yancy was ultimately being offered only one kind of job: celebrity female impersonator. So while Mom made a living primarily stripping nude, Dad — tired of going back and forth between genders, already regularly wearing panties and stockings — soon became a full-time crossdresser 24/7, never wearing men's clothes again.

By then, it was more of a relief, actually. He had gotten to prefer being pretty; feeling fortunate that no one could tell that he wasn't born female when 'she' was all tricked out. Gradually, it went beyond voice, clothes and makeup. He took expensive laser treatments for permanent hair removal for sideburns, beard and any hair below the neck. Even his pubes! Here was when he began moisturizing, I caught him, and then we were all doing it. (Mom did it, too, — laser removal — for her crotch and they both were able to get money back for the permanent hair removal as a tax write-off, as a job-related expense!) Diet and exercise got his body into reasonable feminine proportions. (While he faked a bosom, he actually whittled his waist down and expanded his butt to a nice pear shape.) He wore wigs until his own ruddy-red hair grew between his shoulder blades, styled and re-styled accordingly. Then the wigs were exclusively reserved for his female mimicking on the job.

Making common sense, all male pronouns thereafter only referred to me. Like Shar, Dad legally changed her name from Yancy to Nancy, and rarely spoke male. As for the latter, it was not at home but for business purposes, to prove 'he' was a man to agents and others in the business world, to get work. She had gotten that good as a member of the dis-taff gender. (Some jobs thought to call her bluff saying that she was just a woman doing other women, in order to pay her less money. Nancy counter-challenged that she could prove it by exposing her cock. But before even lifting her skirt hem, she also warned that if she had to go that far, it would make it a case of sexual harassment. In our present lawsuit-happy, politically-correct world nobody ever called that bluff.)

Nancy got to be a very attractive woman, almost as good as Shar, despite what was different between their legs. I got very used to her own woman's voice — her whole feminine persona — while knowing full well 'she' was my father but called her Nan around people. Otherwise, she was always my "Dad".

As Nan and Dad became interchangeable, as two women, Mom insisted that with her deceptive youthfulness, that I should also call her Shar, as well. What can I say? It somehow became an ego thing, and for a time, two women even vied for my attention, as they tried to outdo each other as to who was the prettiest. Dad was hot but Mom won hands

down in a skimpy bikini! (Well, Mom was the original hottie, let's be fair!) Sincerely loving her spouse, it broke Shar's heart to see Nan copiously cry in defeat from what was supposedly a harmless competition, and Shar declared "game over"; saying what I'd been trying to tell them all along: that they were equally beautiful. That I was proud to have them as my parents and didn't favor one over another.

Although it was just for the stage, Mom had called him Nan for short first at home. With Yancy having been gone for a very long time, eventually, the neighborhood thought that I was raised by a lesbian couple but never gave my parents any flak. Almost considered trendsetters, by this time it was not uncommon to see two women of the same close age raise children in a family setting. Both sexually-looking stunners accepted compliments from men and women, Nan never bothering to correct them.

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Ironically enough, nobody ever caught onto teasing me with a name like Gae Mann. Any more than Dad was teased on stage being Nancy Mann, a term synonymous with being gay. A lotta dense people in the world, it would seem, huh? But true all the same. There are a lot of Nancy Manns who were born female and never dreamed to being treated otherwise. Yet, hey! I was being facetious. People weren't dense. These were the ones who treated us as normal human beings. Thank God they way outnumbered the bigots, bullies and ignorants of the world!

There was even another boy while I was in school, called LaVerne (spelled exactly like that; his folks wanted to make Vernon fancy but it backfired) who was teased mercilessly, as well as guys called Leslie, Ashley, Lindsey, even a Beverly (he did move here from England), Cornelius and one fully named Percy Outhouse (no lie!). Proving that you didn't have to have an androgynous or feminine name, being a boy. But blissfully ignorant — and counting my blessings, even as a more knowledgeable adult — I didn't even get as much as a smirk. As I said, if it happened, it was rare enough to be forgettable. Maybe it did happen behind my back, but that I never knew about, as no one said to me that anyone did that. (Hmm. Wonder if having two hot moms had anything to do with it? If so, if the world only knew!)

Not stupid nor blind, when asked my name, I boldly said it or wrote it down and that was that. If Percy can live with his name (It's completely spelled out — with his street address! — in the phone book!), so can I.

I know, I know. I said that I had an unorthodox life. Me, personally. And I do. But not right away.

It was necessary to tell of my parents — how they had lived their life, before and after I was born — and the fact that I got way into adulthood psychologically unscathed, that led to easy personal acceptance of my life. And remember, I said that it would be how "some people" would've called it. This is my story, without regrets.

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Oh, by the way, I'm sure that you might think that is going to be your everyday average transgender/crossdressing story, considering what I've told you about myself. But I've already told you of some not-so-run-of-the-mill things that adds a different flavor to my tale. Another thing is, while not encouraged, pornography was not forbidden in my home. Both Nan and Shar have their little collection. Shar has a collection of magazines that depicted nude men — for the male gay crowd — and even appreciating the unadorned female for some men's magazines. Given her ultimate occupation, some of Nan's contained transgender fiction. When they deemed me mature enough, nothing was hidden from me. Notably, Nan's latter TG cache I mentioned. I read many of those tales that had the main character, let's say, ideally malleable for the fable. Ergo, you're ready to read yet another like yarn. You already think I'm perfect as the main character.

Well, fret not. Let's see if I can entertain you, as I draw mine from the real world. They say truth's stranger than fiction and it's been proven more than once.

What's truth? What's fiction? Who knows? I might be sitting right next to you on a plane, train...or even at a party. And you just might think I'm...

Enough! You want to know more, then read on!

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Rattle, rattle... Click.

My latest girlfriend, Cassidy Spencer and I had just been together almost six months. And even then, it wasn't every week. A few phone calls, couple dinners out, a couple dinners in — sometimes I'd cook, others she — but mostly as we got to know each other, it was in bits and pieces because we'd mainly be together for sex.

We'd gotten comfortable enough to almost fuck anywhere



indoors. I ate her out once behind a huge redwood-sized tree in the park. I had originally wanted Cass to blow me but for a first time outside where even though it was a not-so-easy chance of being caught, she was reluctant. I was more playful than horny but if she'd say yes, there was no way I was going to stop her!

Anyway, I didn't push her doing me where she would simply be on her knees sucking my dick. But I did counter-offer that I'd do her. Right there, same spot, right then. Well, you know that she just had to call me on it, instantly forgetting our circumstances if the situations were reversed.

So, at first, I kissed her, pressing her against two woods. Mine and the tree. Feeling me through both our clothes against her crotch as we swiftly escalated into frenching, I reached between her legs and felt heat through her jeans. Then I unzipped them, her breath catching when I touched the front of her thong.

Abruptly, she pushed her head back, removing my tongue from her mouth in the process. With a look of disbelief, she gasped, "You'd really do it?"

"Cass," I said, "I don't know how many guys tried to manipulate you into doing what they wanted and I know you felt my cock. But I'm not other guys. I said I'd do it and I'm halfway there." At that, I undid the single button that held her pants around her waist and she shivered...in anticipation.

Her ass held her snug jeans on her hips as I knelt down. Then, with a finger, I pulled aside the thin gusset of her panty, to dive in her twat, tongue first. Cass had been known to be, let's say, demonstrative when we had sex. But it never was out of control nor was she stupid. She did squirm and her jeans slid below her hips as I licked and slurped on her fast-flooding pussy before it could get on her thighs. The most she did then was hold me in place, trying her best not to pull tight on my hair as she wanted to grab a handful of strands. My total focus was seeing how deep I could get my tongue in as I heard her softly whimper and gulp air.

My hands were totally on her, pushing her ass in my face. Even though my throbbing cock was begging for relief. Suddenly, Cass bucked off the tree as if she was about to have an epileptic seizure. Only my grip on her butt served not to dislodge me. Her legs shook violently as her knees slightly bent when she fell back against the tree and it became my turn to gasp for air, as we almost broke away.

Brave soldier that I was, I dove right back in. Cass was cumming and fluids were truly gushing now. Trying to be a gentleman subconsciously, I didn't want her to leave the area with a huge wet spot on the inner thighs of her jeans. I could now hear Cass softly cry as her torso gently vibrated. Later I would learn that she was feeling so good that it almost hurt to be quiet. For the moment, I didn't raise my head, however, until I presumed that she was reasonably less damp between her legs.

When I did look up at her, I saw a face contorted halfway between a grimace and a smile, her bountiful chest heaving. She then wearily slid down the tree, to my level. Tears rolled down her face and I attempted to catch every one in quick sucking kisses.

Then Cass said softly, "I love you, Gae."

"I love you, Ms. Spencer," I said with a slimy-faced grin.

Cass then exclaimed softly, "Fuck this shit!" and then almost tore my zipper off, fighting to free my still-hard cock. Upon wrenching it out to open air, she deepthroated me, sucking so hard my balls felt as if they were rising to pop out of my piss slit.

As Cass then hungrily sucked me, her head bobbed as she put her whole body into squirming gyrations, while she snorted and gasped for air. Being no idiot myself, I did pick the spot because of the expansive tree cover. Yet I could hear the cacophony of people talking, children playing and even street noises, even though we were truly a great distance from the latter and a good distance from people, great and small.

Still, we were not completely impervious from getting caught and outside of embarrassment, the worst that would happen was we both — mostly me, just because I'm "the man" — would be heavily fined for indecent exposure and performing lewd acts in a public place. That is, if the authorities didn't have a nightstick up their ass. Humiliation of being caught would've been enough punishment. We weren't caught and we almost ran after redressing, to fully fuck in private.

Anyway, back to the present, in the confines of my apartment...

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Now, the slight rattle and click was unheard by Cass and I. We had been doing what we did best, fucking. Riding my lap (I think they call it "cowgirl-style") as I sat on the sofa, we were both naked in my living room. I was near to cumming and Cass also felt it. She abruptly pulled my sausage out of her, and pressed it against our abs and she began squirming against me as if we were still fucking. This was another act of sex called frottagé. I wasn't cataloguing sex acts at the time. I was too busy enjoying the sex, period.

Cass then orgasmed and I shot my load between us, up to our chests. She then collapsed on me, the both of us breathing heavy. In our own world, a bomb could've went off and we'd be apathetic about it, as we tried to come back to planet Earth.

Then, we heard the front door slam. It made us jump to reality quicker than desired. Turning toward the sound, a voice from that direction then said, "Whoops! I wondered if I'd ever catch you naked since you moved out, hon. But it never occurred to me that you'd be with someone also in the same state! Well, let me just put the perishables away and you can do the rest. Then I was never here. I can see that this time we can't chat a while. Love ya, darling!"

I was only mildly soured by the timing. But what really surprised me was that I was able to feel the change in temperature in Cass' body, as she spat out angrily, "Are you two-timing me?"

I could almost see the flames in her eyes, which surprised me. Cassidy Spencer and I were an unofficial couple. We got together mainly to have fun together. Speaking for myself, I meant it when I said that I loved her, despite the short period of time. But women say the "L word" so freely...well, I'm not a mind-reader. If we broke up, I wouldn't be beyond repair. That said, we had no verbal or written commitment to be solely true to each other, so her ire was almost a shock.

Still, I said, "Everything's cool, Cass. That was just my dad."

Cass was about to fire a retort when what I said slapped her in the face. "Wow. No one could fault you for originality, Gae," she said. "That excuse has got to be a spankin' brand new one for the books. Wonder how long it'll take to catch on? How about...never?!"

"Gotta admit, though. Your delivery was smooth. But that woman in there has tits bigger than mine. And the way I saw them move, she's braless! Wanna try again?"

What with Cass' sense of humor breaking through, I could also tell that there was disappointment in her voice; that the party she and I'd been having these past months was coming to an end. Too, that there was a tinge of jealousy in her voice. I told you Nan was hot. Cass' reaction proved it. Along with her shapely figure and now-normal sexy bedroom voice, Nan finally getting a boob job (couple years now) just made things worse...or better, depending on your point of view.

As Cass now pushed herself off my lap, virtually ungluing herself from me what with both of our body fluids having dried on our skin, I calmly said to her, "Now I think you know me pretty well by now, Cass. But because it's been mostly fun and games with us, I don't know much about you, the same goes vice versa. I've no reason to lie to you. Never have and I'm not starting now."

"You really expect me to believe—!"

With a finger to her lips, I cut her off. "Wait a sec. Knowing you, you're gonna love this!" Then, "Nan! I know you're doing more than putting away frozen foods in the kitchen. You're doing it all. Would you please come out here a minute?"

Nan did stop to make her little speech when she came in. But Cass now got the full effect of her presence as Nan headed straight for us from the kitchen. Low heels clicking, along with years-perfection of a sexy tick-tock sway of walking — not to leave out the aforementioned freed bosom jiggle, with big nipples affirmatively sporting forward — even I could say that a woman was walking toward us. Long, flowing, bouncy mass of wavy ruddy-red hair, arms and hand moving gracefully without the stereotypical swish or limp wrists, the body wearing a bright green tank-top clinging knit dress, Nan stopped in front of us. The only thing between us was a long coffee table.

"What can I do you for, hon?" she said, as she licked her lips (for Cass' benefit), innocently joking.

"Would you tell Cass you're my father?"

"You're my father," Nan repeated on purpose, complete with a vacuous look on her face. That is, if you didn't catch the small sly grin.

At that, typically for Cass, she hit me in the shoulder — hard. "Apparently, you think I'm as dumb as this bimbo!" she growled.

Nan saw that despite appearances of recent sexual activity, the air was now very serious. So, even though she never changed timbre, she sat next to Cass, and said more staid but sweetly imploring, "Don't hurt my baby...Cass, is it? I really am his father."

Now when Nan sat, her tight garment's brief hem slid up, exposing the crotch of her panties. Normally, Nan would've tugged the hem back to respectability, but this time she didn't, for a reason.

Cass didn't know what was going on here, but there was absolutely no sign of a cock if the claim of male parentage was true. As Nan's legs weren't even firmly pressed together, all Cass could "see" was a woman's crotch, bereft of absolutely anything that could possibly look like a manly bulge, even if he was tucked between his legs. Well, living as a woman for almost two decades, practice does make perfect. (By this time, I had seen pictures of she-males with big cocks, equally adept in tucking their 'equipment' away to expert "feminine flatness"; even without underwear, pressing only the very upper part of their thighs together.)

Of course, Cass didn't know what to make of this farce. Seeing the pantied crotch and then the full breasts from the deep scoop neck of the tank top, it puzzled her that I would concoct such a ridiculous lie. Even getting my so-called "boobs-for-brains" partner to go along. Cass and I never agreed to see each other exclusively. Although I know I inadvertently had, now I was supposing that she did, too. Was she getting more serious with me without telling me? Or was she simply jealous of Nan?

Cass was no slouch herself. Beautiful raven-tressed vixen, she also had a true hourglass figure. The latter was something that, while beauty is abundant — breasts and butts notwithstanding — a frontal-view literal hourglass shape was becoming something only seen in cartoons and other art. The only other person I knew with such a figure was my mom, Shar.

"It's Cassidy," my girlfriend expiated, and "...to you." was implied.

Nan got the message, just as even I had. Nan then said, "I can tell that you really love my son. I'm flattered that you think of me as a girlfriend threat. To prove I'm who I say, I could speak in my male voice. But you never meeting me, you could probably say that it was the talent of a bimbo one-trick pony. Still, almost anyone can sound like someone else, even if it's simply a different voice, like, you know, a valley girl," she intoned at the end. Then, back to her regular voice, "So, in my love for Gae, I'm going to do something for you I never do outside of my home."

At that, Nan arched her midsection up to pull down her panties, as her dress rolled up to her waist on its own. Then all Cass saw were bald pubes. But Nan wasn't done yet.

She reached in between her legs, wiggled her hand and squirmed a little. Doing what I learned later, that while she was untucking her cock, she was also manipulating her balls to drop down manually instead of letting them slowly fall naturally. All the while unfolding her testicle sac, for it to be filled, which was also compacted in there. There is some cognizant uncomfartability doing this. That is, hiding everything in the first place. Yet, not to mention the deft ability to do it, a true professional — or a confirmed crossdresser — is used to such thoroughness. A novice might not get used to it at all. In any event, not knowing what Nan was doing, after a few moments, Cass saw what she would envision as an impossibility.

After allowing her bulging eyes to retreat back into her head and finding her voice, Cass was still unintelligible, as she tried to process what an average-sized flaccid cock with

balls was doing on a body of a woman. An attractive woman in every respect that she could see, except one.

Finally, Cass said, "Can I...can I touch it?"

Nan then even surprised me when she said tersely, "No." Then she softened, and added, "Honey, ever since marriage, only one woman got the privilege to touch this and I want to keep it that way." She then kissed Cass on the forehead, to show that she meant no harm. "Now, if you'll excuse me, tucking this is not as easy as untucking. Be right back."

"Y'know, you could've told me your dad was a crossdresser!" Cass snapped at me when she thought Nan was out of earshot.

"Are you still upset after what you've seen or you just wanna pick a fight?" I asked with a tinge of anger, from Cass wanting to blame everyone but herself for her own misgivings. "I've always been honest with you and you know it. And for the record, Nan is not a mere crossdresser. And before you go 'politically correct' on me, she is not just a she-male, either. Being that's she's right here, you ask her for the whole story.

"I know we've said it to each other now and then, but Nan thinks you really do love me. You didn't deny it. If you really do, then cut me some slack here. There's a whole lot I don't know about your background, kiddo."

Cass' eyes widened at my defensive stance. She's always been the more aggressive of us. While I take the initiative less, I'm generally more passive than submissive. I'm no wimp and have been known to be impulsive. Case in point: our park sex adventure.

"You're right," Cass then replied softly. "I'm sorry. I just hate being caught off guard. Even I didn't know how I truly felt about you until the green-eyed monster jumped on my back today. I'm glad it did, now. I really do love you and I mean it." Then she kissed me. When she broke away, she added, "Y'know, your dad...uh, Nan's...pretty cool."

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"Thanks for the compliment," said Nan, as she sashayed back into the room, hearing what Cass said. "So! Are we friends now, Cassidy?"

"Please call me Cass," my lover replied. "I apologize for being a bitch before. I mean, I just had delicious sex with your son. And then, looking like this, still naked, I got instantly territorial as I immediately mistook you for an old girlfriend who got close enough to Gae to have her own key...and still have it, even though we've been together for months!"

"I understand perfectly, honey. What with Gae being a freelance graphic designer, while it pays very well, it's not a steady nine-to-five weekly paycheck. So, every now and then, being parents, either his mother or I drop by with 'care packages' of either fresh groceries or a hot meal. He's been out of the house for years, but we're still his parents. As for the key, well, sometimes he's just not home, and don't think he hasn't argued about it, but we insisted on having a key so as not to leave anything outside the door. Anyway, as I said, I wasn't anything but flattered when you thought of me as competition. Looking this way used to take hours and I've only had boobs a short while."

"Yeah, um, about that, ummm..."

“I know where you’re going, Cass. It’s no secret, sweetie. It all started...”

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As Nan told Cass the tale of how she used to be he and why she remained feminine, I reflected on things I was told by Nan, as even she learned a history of sorts on crossdressing that she didn’t go into now, in talking about herself. How men in general virtually crossdressed for centuries. That, at one time, men and women both in essence wore the same type of clothing before that. From skirts and blouses to makeup, even high heels were men’s domain until, one by one, women somehow appropriated them. (Why do you think that when it came to either sex donning clothes, up to this day, it’s called “getting dressed”?) Until it was women who were the true crossdressers until it just quietly became officially women’s wear. And only then, men were branded transvestites, crossdressers, to lately evolved to being transgendered. Funny, huh?

One very striking point I learned on my own was the fact of women buttoning clothes to the left. Did you know that there was a time when everyone left-buttoned? Today, in many countries around the globe, there are still left-buttoned men’s shirts and some male blouses. As the story goes, when men would wear holstered swords — the “holster” called a scabbard — some genius thought it more practical to reverse the buttoning, simply because swords were worn on the left hip. I don’t know the details of how this affected sword-fighting, only that it was deemed easier, and while not overnight, it stuck for all time thereafter, even though sword-fighting became a minimal weapon of defense.

Yes, once Nan told me about herself and I began reading both my parents’ porn, as I said, aside from videos, there was also some non-fiction of Nan’s that I mentally absorbed. I learned a lot about the transgender phenomenon. Including a note that Nan was telling Cass now, as she ended her monologue.

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“Crossdressing can be a simple fetish, such as a man wrapping his dick around a panty and masturbating. Or wearing the item to do the same. Sometimes, it takes total immersion, complete with wig and makeup, for the sexual charge. Others wear women’s clothes, simply for the comfort, as opposed to men’s clothes.

“Then there are those who are men who feel like women trapped in men’s body. They crossdress, and then again, they don’t, because they feel that women’s clothing are their proper wear. Too, some can try it, like for Halloween — really looking authentic, mind you — and walk away from it. Finally, there are those who, once they wear something feminine — from one piece to everything, including a woman’s voice, and even wanting to be treated like a woman sexually and returning the favor, if you follow — and needs to continue to do so, as a compulsion they can’t break.

“One huge misconception is that one has to be gay if they crossdress. Even if they have sex with men, they consider it heterosexual, even as most crossdressers are indeed hetero-

sexual. While a percentage of crossdressers are gay, they are the minority in the gay community.

"There are many shades of gray in between. Myself, for example. What started out as a simple entertainment gig, had me going all the way, in my private life. As one flavor of transgenderism, I'm wholly feminine now, without hormones, except for one place. So I'm fully potent for my wife when the mood hits us, and thankfully, my being otherwise feminine is not a turn-off for her. Strictly heterosexual and faithful to my wife, I've only had laser treatments and a boob job," Nan finished.

"Y'know, knowing what I know now," said Cass. "I'm sure a crossdressed man can be a turn-on for women in general. I mean, your wife isn't the only female to feel that way."

At that, Cass looked as if she had x-ray vision, as she then stared at Nan's fully-covered middle with panties and dress. Then she looked at my crotch as I was still naked as she was. A small smile grew on her face.

Yup, folks, you know what she was thinking. Still, don't jump to conclusions yet!

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"Gae, um, did you wear women's clothes when I'm not around?" she asked. "I guess you'd think I might freak out like some women if I found out. I might've, but now we'll never know. If Shar being an extreme lover of sex, going from pro porn cocksucker to lap dancer can be faithful to a feminized husband, who I'm sure keeps her more than sexually happy, being their son, I'm sure that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. After meeting Nan and hearing her story, I'm more than cool with it." As proof, Cass then went between her own legs, and after withdrawing two reasonably wet fingers, she put them in my mouth, and I accepted them, knowing where there had been. I had swallowed her pussy juices many times on my own, to not have a problem.

Cass then looked at me with glazed eyes as she stroked my hair. You could almost hear gears turning as her brain was working swiftly, she attempted adding things up. Now, I'm a lover of long hair. On women and myself. Shar and Nan both had long hair. Maybe that influenced me. Many girls and women I've dated from my teen years to adult, including Cass, have had long hair.

However, as far as I was concerned, my dark auburn tresses pulled back tight and slick on my pate did not gather in at a so-called "man-styled" ponytail at the neck. At the neck, to the middle of my shoulder blades, I wore a very thick french braid; almost twice as thick as a woman's big braid. Grown freely after I finished school, it didn't get notably long until I moved out. It was then that I opted for the extra-thick braid as opposed to the ponytail and the braid going criss-cross instead of straight down even surprised me of its true length. But I'm getting ahead of myself again.

As with my other fearless ablutions that we all used as a family and I still did, once braided, it never came undone except for a once-a-week trip to a salon for a professional wash and cleaning. Once done, my braid was re-done and then not by me. The stylist unceasingly tried to suggest re-styling it into something different and I'd always say no. As of now, though, I was beginning to think that she'd finally get a chance.

Before I could answer Cass' question, she went on. "In passing, I'd wondered why your skin was so soft. Why you were almost so totally hairless. Able to grab plenty of butt when I'd blow you, I can see how you've inherited such a nice tush. Mostly, we'd be fucking at the time and I forget to talk about it by the time we were done. Yeah, from what I could see of Nan, you and her together, I think you'd make a smashing femme!"

Cass would've gushed on more, but I finally got a chance to cut her off "My parents revealed everything about themselves to me when they thought I could handle it and they were right. I was neither disgusted or repulsed; only loving them more. I got a more than healthy taste of sex from their — and later, my own — pornography and seeing them both at home and their jobs.

"Having no inner desires to repress, I never drooled over Shar's naked body in either place nor was I curious about dressing in Nan's things after the revelation and she became female 24/7. I waited until I moved out before seriously letting my own hair grow, but simply decided to big-braid it instead of pony-tailing it. We all used the same products, admittedly intended for women, but outside of my having notably rounded and full pecs — I'm guessing a 'flat-chested' woman's A-cup — I never gave a thought to wearing anything remotely belonging to a woman."

"Okay. But still... Would you...um, do it for me, Gae?"

"You heard my dad. While it doesn't have to, it could be addictive, Cass. It makes you horny now, but what about after the thrill is gone and it's all I want to wear?"

Leave it to Cass to counter with, "Would you be fully feminine on our wedding day? I love you, Gae. Doesn't that tell you that I want you for more than just a kink? You're a wonderful person and a wonderful lover. Why can't you be both man and woman for me?"

She was assuming that I was fighting the notion or, at least, not being honest with her. "I love you, Cassidy Spencer, with all my heart. But what if, as a woman, like my dad just said, I develop a desire for a man's cock; to taste it and be fucked by it? What if I wanted it for only one time, just for the 'full feminine experience', so to speak, of tasting a man's dick and you caught me. Would you call me a liar if I told you that and then hate me? Would you divorce me, leaving me stuck as a transgendered person, even though you were the very one to push me down that road in the first place?"

Remember, I've read Nan's books. Not that I was now really wanting to try crossdressing. I was just recalling what I read. Especially the fiction stories. Most of those were tragic. In the ones that ended badly, the born woman almost always pushed. Then there were some who even cruelly dominated or punished them for no reason, save they 'dared' to want to wear women's clothes or every foisted-upon, self-justifiable reason or rationale. Others left the crossdresser and walked away, feeling no conscience or consequence of remorse. Totally unfair.

"With an androgynous name like Gae, I could live and work the rest of my life as a woman, without a blip. But I love you, too. I'd be doing this in the beginning for you, out of that love for you. Nan and Shar Mann are rare but there are other couples like them. Nan has never told me or my mom if she ever had a man and I know men have lusted after her. But note: she wouldn't even let you touch her cock.

"You facetiously asked if I would be fully feminine on our wedding day. But as of this moment, I want you to be my lifemate, and while I just mentioned extreme behaviors, with a witness, I say to you right now: I don't want to lose you over a thrill that can be costly materially as well as emotionally."

Cass then looked at me curiously. "Uh, Gae? Did you just propose to me?"

It suddenly became my turn to pause before speaking. "Yeah, I did. But did you hear everything else I said?"

"Yes, I did. And I do.

"And if you ever have an urge for a guy while being a girl, don't be surprised if I picked him out, knowing what you want," she smiled slyly. "'Cause I'd know you'd always come home to me."

"Whew. Good thing you said that. I can tell that you mean it, again, knowing there's a witness present. Not that I'll be looking, but knowing that if I could be compromised, simply by being caught up in everything, you'll still be there. All of it.

"Uh, we'd better stop. As I said, Nan also heard my proposal and your acceptance and she's about to bawl! Women!" I laughed.

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After a group hug, Nan proclaimed that it was a night of celebration and that she was not going into work that night. She called her job and then Shar on her cell phone and told her the news. When Nan hung up, she said that Shar was also going to take the night off and will be right over.

The four of us were dressed to the nines at dinner that night. I was the only one in a suit, looking like an American sheik with his beautiful harem. Thinking without doubt or fear that I would soon be as beautiful as they are.

Nan had picked the restaurant. Apparently known there, they treated her like a queen upon arrival. It was a somewhat swanky place and not merely one that was TG (transgender)-friendly. It was friendly enough and even moreso when she announced that she and Shar were here to celebrate my engagement. Hearing that, it brought out the management, who congratulated me and Cass, announcing that anything we wanted was on the house.

That overwhelmed me but not as much as it did Cass, in a different way. Squirming like a little girl throughout drinks and the meal, she finally couldn't take it anymore as she reached for her cell. To call her parents, she said.

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Now all through dinner, my parents doted on her as if I wasn't there. They were bonding as three women, even though one of them had a cock as big as mine. What was the final nail in the coffin was Shar's comment, "I finally get to have the daughter I've always

wanted!" and then kissed Cass so firmly on her mouth, if my mother lingered any longer, it would look as if they were frenching. When Nan or Shar kissed me, it was always on the lips; not the forehead or a cheek, but it was a quick buss and this was way much longer. The whole thing hurt me to the quick.

She hadn't known Cass nearly as long as Nan, and Nan only knew her briefly. It made me recall those TG stories of mothers who crossdressed their sons because they really wanted daughters. While I never liked any tales of forced feminization, the way they both were gushing over Cass now had me wishing they had forced me to be a girl. By then, the liquor had been flowing and I wanted to get drunk. But wise old Nan caught me before I got half in the bag.

With a look at Shar, she said, "Ahem! I think we're forgetting someone," as she cocked her head towards me.

We were sitting in a roomy half-moon booth with Shar and Cass in the middle. At Nan's notion, Shar turned to me, to see my crestfallen face. Then it hit her as to what she just said.

Grabbing my head and pushing it on her plump exposed bosom, she proclaimed, "Oh my baby! You know I love you very, very much. Please forgive me for misspeaking. There was never a second that you were unwanted. I make no excuses for what just came out of my mouth. Owning up to them, please forgive your mother. I just want to give Cass as much love as I've given you and it came out wrong." At that, Shar held my head and showered my face all over with kisses.

As Cass saw this, she was dialing her cell phone. As I was allowed to now breathe on my own, after a minute, I saw her face look almost as mournful as mine was moments ago.

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We all wanted to know why she was now feeling downhearted, but again, wise Nan decided that it was time to leave the restaurant. As we had rode in Nan's car to let Cass get re-dressed, Shar was given my now-fiancee's address and brought a dress and shoes for Nan to also change into there. Since we were in my parents' vehicles, I rode with Shar and Cass with Nan, back to my parents' house, instead of either of the apartments.

After we got comfortable inside, without asking, Shar poured and served four small goblets of red wine. It was so quiet, sitting next to her, I actually heard Cass swallow a big gulp of wine. At that, I grabbed her hand as she scanned around at my parents and myself. When she got to me, she buried her head into my shoulder and softly sobbed. We all saw her going somewhat limp as she cried, and Shar carefully took away her wine glass before it spilled.

Shar then lightly tapped Cass' shoulder, saying, "Come with me, dear." I looked up my mother questioningly, and Shar told me with a small smile, "Don't worry, Gae. I'll give her back."

As Shar and Cass left the room, Nan sighed heavily and said, "C'mon, sweetie. You know we've kept your old room intact but it's been a while since your last visit. Let's freshen the bedding." Slightly bewildered, I followed her, almost without thinking.

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I soon heard a muted roar of water and assumed that Shar and or Cass was taking a shower. I wondered what was going on. Meanwhile, Nan and I were busy stripping the bed down to the bare mattress. Then I asked, "Nan, do you think I moved too fast? I mean, we knew almost nothing of each other until today and that was only my side...and we've been together just six months."

Nan chuckled her cute tinkle of a laugh, and as she then sat on the bare bed, she patted it, inviting me to sit next to her. Then she said, "Honey, love has no rules. I loved your mother from the start, but well after you were born...well, remember the bikini incident? I became extremely jealous of your mother's breasts. I was so much female, I considered my lack of a bosom a flaw instead of the cock between my legs! And it wasn't until you moved out, years later, that I finally got a set of Ds like Shar. My jealousy didn't fester. It didn't turn into hate. I loved your mother from the start and never stopped.

"There have been people knowing each other just a day, eloping and are now grandparents, the fires of love still burning bright. On the other hand, there are couples who courted for years before taking their vows and wind up divorcing or even annulling their marriage...with children! Simply because they lacked that spark that fans into a brushfire...true love."

With a sigh, I realized that Nan had not answered my question and yet she did. Not too shabby for a woman with a cock between her legs.

After a quick buss, she left the room, only to return with fuschia — hot pink — satin bedding. I never had any of that bedding and knew that it was meant to be exotic and or erotic, so I could only guess that they belonged to my parents. Without a word, as Nan smiled shrewdly at me, we re-dressed the bed.

We then left my room and I immediately noticed the quiet. Particularly from the earlier muted sounds. Seeing that Nan's room was closed and yet hearing no bustle or voices downstairs, had me guessing that the other ladies were in the bedroom. As Nan caught me staring at her bedroom door, she then said softly that she was going to make a pot of coffee.

I just had to know what was going on. So, as my father left me, I was going to knock on the door. Close enough to recognize Cass' muffled voice, I didn't but leaned on it instead, hearing her much clearly.

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"Mmmmm, that feels so good, Shar. I never thought that simple hair brushing could make me feel so good."

"You're very welcome, Cass. Nan and I often brush each other's hair before bed. Gae never did have all that much until the last few years. Even then, the visits were so few and his hair was so braided, I never had the opportunity."

"Gae's so lucky to have you two as parents. I'm sorry I broke down in front of him earlier and I'm going to tell him the first chance I see him. Y'know, what I told you in the shower about mine? They're so career-minded, it's a wonder I was even born. Hardly ever home, I was raised by nannies and access to a fund if I ever needed money, before and after adulthood.

"Shar, I threw away money buying things I never needed, just to get their attention. I could've easily become hooked on drugs but I was already let loose to escape the reality of home and family. I was already hurt and it made no sense to hurt myself that way. The only high I ever appreciated was sex. And no one ever gave it to me like Gae. He never bullied me for it if he wanted it and I didn't. Guys before him...well, maybe that was my fault. I was such a slut, they must've thought I was some kinda nympho. But even I needed a break now and then, and their timing was seemingly often off, having me to leave 'em in self-defense. Afraid of them feeling that it was so one-sided, they'd eventually get pissed and take what they wanted; my getting raped...or worse."

At that, I figured out why Cass rarely getting upset surprised me. Her buoyant, bubbly personality was her way of hiding a lot of pain. She was the latter so much, it was almost natural to be that way, instead of showing a whole lot of hurt.

She went on. "Finding Gae was like getting on your favorite ride and never wanting it to stop. We were in sync, for the first time in my life. And just before I could wonder when the ride had to finally end, he makes it forever, by asking me to marry him! There was no way I was going to say no!

"Shar, can I tell you a secret? Well, it's more of a guess, really. At dinner, I could almost tell that Gae was feeling bad at the way you were hovering over me. Not jealous; just feeling left out. You caught him just in time."

"Well, that's what mothers do, darling."

"Hmph. Mine must be an exception, then. I couldn't reach her earlier — nor my dad, either — to tell them of the happiest news of my life, and dammit! I tried so hard to not let it hurt me. But I just couldn't hold it in any longer.

"I'm sorry I've babbled on like this, Shar. I was so tight-lipped and when you saw me sitting on the shower floor crying again, I still couldn't talk until you began washing me. I hope this doesn't make you feel funny, but it felt so good, you cleaning me, I came several times. I hope I didn't break any vow between you and Nan. Although I made her show me her cock, she wouldn't let me touch it and you even scrubbed my pubes," Cass sighed. "Now, I can't wait to tell Gae what's been going on with me. Sorry, I-I'm repeating myself."

"It's okay, sweetheart. Everything. You won't have to repeat yourself a third time to my son. You can come in now, Gae," Shar called out at the end.

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Stuntnedly, I entered. All the while wondering how my mother knew that I was outside her door.

As if reading my mind, she said, "The light from the hallway shows under the door. Your shadow broke it. Nan would have no reason to just stand there. This is her room to freely enter, as well as me."

That's when I noticed that they were both naked. Shar sitting on the bed, with Cass on a footstool, with her back to my mother as she sat between her legs. "Cass, help my little girl undress so I can brush her hair for bed, please."

Almost numb, I just stood there as Cass did as she was told. Once I was nude, she guided me to the stool. While my mother undid my braid, Cass took my cock in her mouth, and quickly getting me hard, blew me feverishly. I came, and on her knees, as her head became level with mine, she kissed me, swapping my cum into my mouth. Holding her mouth on mine as if waiting for something, I swapped her deposit back. Realizing we were snowballing for the first time, it didn't bother me, inasmuch as I've tasted my own sperm many times getting kissed after getting a blowjob. Just as I've done by kissing right after eating pussy. There was a reason we snowballed now, but she wasn't the one who explained it.

Afterwards, Cass sat on the carpeted floor, laying her head against my thigh. During all of this, unflappable as ever, Shar had completely freed my hair and was brushing it.

Then I realized something. "Shar, you called me your little girl..."

"I had remembered my outburst at the restaurant," Shar said. "As we made up, I realized what triggered it. I was trying to welcome Cass into the family, but what I said was caused by what I had remembered of Nan telling me everything that happened before and after your proposal, as she wanted to bring me up to speed by asking for my help in re-dressing at Cass' place. If you recall, Cass having only one bedroom, she changed first, to keep you company while I was with Nan.

"If I offended you..."

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "I want this now. I really do. And with you and Nan as my parents, with Cass by my side, my life's complete." As Shar talked, I knew why Cass and I snowballed. I now was one of the girls, in simply enjoying a full measure of sperm instead of leftovers. Cass wanted it back and returned it, precisely to show that. Who said that we really didn't know each other? (I know I did, Shush!) But Cass didn't create me as a female tonight. My mom did, simply by brushing my hair.

With the bedroom door open, Nan arrived, to say that coffee was brewing. She saw that with all of us nude, my hair unfurled — exotically brushed (it did feel incredibly good) and straight — was now at mid-back, and said so. Undone, there was more than I thought. Well, It's been braided without notice a while.

"Yes," said Cass, "isn't she beautiful?"

Nan agreed, as Shar then asked her mate to get some ribbons for my hair. Taking two, incidentally (or deliberately, on Nan's part), they were also colored fuschia. Shar then made a very long ponytail on each side of my head, tied with big bows.

"Angel wings!" Cass exclaimed. "How perfect!"

"Why don't you two go down and have some coffee?" Shar said, as she undressed her husband. "We'll join you shortly in a cup. Right now, I'd like some cream before my java."

Cass and I giggled at the hackneyed remark and left before Nan's "cream-maker" was exposed.

## 00000

As the days grew into weeks, Cass was busy moving into my bigger place. I had a spacious, roomy apartment with three bedrooms to Cass' one. One of mine was used as a guestroom, mostly when either or both of my parents stayed over, and the other was my office/workshop. Obviously, when Cass stayed over before, she slept in my master bedroom, in my bed, with me, and would continue to do so.

Actually, Cass, being of money, had her belongings moved for her. When things either duplicated or clashed with mine, she consulted me as to which one fit better or both were tossed, in favor of shopping for something new. Cass actually begged me for her to spend money on me.

Along that line, we also went shopping for my feminine persona, mostly with Nan and sometimes just either Nan or Cass. Being an expert along with my having "ideal" qualities (Ahem!), Nan knew that I would have no trouble passing once she taught me the basics, like the differences in the way men and women moved and or generally acted. Supplying a set of silicone falsies that she used before her breast augmentation — she had several, the variety to portray even a certain celeb's bust size — Cass then wanted to play a part, buying my distaff wardrobe.

However, Nan also suggested that before we went mainstream shopping that she also knew all the places for TG accessories, to get my fittings first at least there instead of at a well-known store, getting the jaundiced eyes of people seeing a man buying women's things for himself. While I was a good learner and Nan was a patient teacher, everything did not fall into place overnight.

Stereotypically though, due to my height, weight and build, I wasn't a hard fit. It was just that to walk in a shop a man to come out a novice woman was infinitely different in TG- friendly places. Because of her celebrity status, Nan got excellent service, often being gifted things due to friendship.

Shar not wanting to be left out taught me hairstyling and makeup and sexy deportment. Since Nan had already shown me deportment, my mom's contribution was on "sexy". (I know it sounds weird but Shar was still in the porn business as a stripper and wanted her "daughter" to be as sexy as she was/is.) Cass' creative contribution before someone else thought of it was to pierce my ears.

Last dibs had Nan to develop in me a perfect femme voice. I don't know why almost anyone can imitate a voice these days, but ostensibly, they can't maintain it indefinitely. If I was going to be femme in public, there was no telling how long I would have to keep it that way, aside from Cass wanting to be with her "girlfriend" at home. So Nan's expertise and my simply being my father's son — also my really wanting a flawless timbre to go with everything else — helped out here immeasurably.

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I've read TG stories of how dramatic the difference in wearing women's clothes versus men's were. Reading history, though, what's really odd was the sexual turn-on. When people wore natural fibers, the most luxurious were worn by both sexes. Things of exquisite comfort made from natural means; to feel good overall and not relegated to an esoteric sexual thrill.

Still, as women somehow appropriated the more finer materials and science imitated the natural with similar cloths, from wearing what I normally did for a man and then contrasted it to "female fabrics", for the lack of a proper way to put it, I felt almost indignant that male had to give it up. The gender being degraded — and even self-dominated or made to think less of oneself — for desiring something wonderful and the usage reduced to being called fetishes and, of course, crossdressing, while women are allowed to go as they have been in this wear.

Beauty was always relegated to women. But men with nary a homosexual bone in their body have been called both beautiful and handsome. (Even some women have been called the latter and not looking the least bit masculine.) Men have worn short skirts for ages. From ancient togas to even modern-day kilts. But then there's makeup. To see myself transformed via cosmetics into someone appealingly attractive, well, who in their right mind wants to be ugly? I wasn't hideous as a man, and felt glorious in my beauty without feeling unnecessarily vain. Despite being surrounded by it my whole life and thereafter being nudged into it by my girlfriend, I wanted to stay this way for the rest of my life. Fortunately, if you know what I mean, I was surrounded by people who supported what I felt were my natural desires. If I had to be considered feminine, to be able to appreciate this, fine! "I am woman, hear me roar!"

My parents delivered, and thereafter, it was more Cass than me that wanted to see my femme side often. Admittedly my next job was gotten as a female; just for the reaction. Meaning, it was not an all-important, well-paying job. It was almost typical for the "little guy" to be wary of a woman as opposed to the corporate "big shot" just interested in getting the job done. At least, that's been my experience. At first, they were reluctant to hire me. Not because they saw through me as a man in drag or, prejudicially, a transitioning transsexual, but simply as a woman. Instantly accepting my name as femme, they had heard of my work under an assumption that I was male. Again, my name itself wasn't even a blip on the radar when they presumed me as a man. Go figure.

Without confirmation or denial, I let my portfolio of past projects speak for me. They were my divining rod, so to speak. Because of my past work being why they were interested in me in the first place, it was that which mattered, not my gender. My not breaking

or backing down as female had me giddy in my success, it was Cass who convinced me to seek future work only as a woman from then on. A decision I never regretted.

While I still wore male clothes occasionally, I saw myself following Nan's high heels...ultimately being female 24/7. My "man braid" was gone forever, with dozens of new hairstyles to try. Content with Cass' C-cupped breasts, though, I was still satisfied with my falsies...for now.

## 00000

Speaking about satisfaction, I was quite satisfied to let Cass plan our wedding. While tradition stated that the bride's side paid for everything, knowing how seemingly estranged she was to her parents, my folks were very willing to foot the bill for their only son. Cass wouldn't hear of it, stating that while she lacked ready access to her forebears, for us to recall that she still had unlimited access to funds, to the point of waste. Her own wedding would hardly be considered a waste, if the expenses finally "awakened" her ludicrous spending habits to her parents. They still seemingly incommunicado, Cass really needed some semblance of family. She was marrying into mine and was overjoyed that we were it. However, as she was left to do everything, Mrs.-Cassidy-Mann-to-be developed a quirk:

She enlisted the aid of her best-girlfriend to help her. And you guessed it...her BGF was yours truly, en femme!

It was really strange before I got used to it. Cass and I were in a virginal courting state as all three women worked on feminizing me. My rite of passage was getting my first job as a woman. Then, as she wanted to go out, I guess I should've figured it out then but I really wasn't focused on the road that Cass was traveling, having a whole new path for myself.

We'd go out as mostly two girls on the town. Although my bosom was fake, I basked in the appreciative looks that I got. Never a shrinking violet nor vain, I knew I looked good as a woman.

Cass would only very openly talk to me as if I was another female. I didn't mind. It gave me insight into the female psyche. We'd talk about fashion, even about hunks we saw. I was far from jealous as she pointed and then gushed about them. Because almost immediately thereafter, she'd find some flaw that made us both laugh. Because her actions abruptly surprised me, it's the truth: I simply couldn't believe how she acted, with me right there! I really waited for a "Gotcha!" if I showed being the least bit upset. I didn't, so it never came. She was just being a girly-girl and wanted me to follow her lead as she was finding things wrong with a man, not trying to replace me I tried it, demystifying a gorgeous god of a man, and she even complimented me as to how right I was.

But then, she began planning the wedding with me; wanting feedback or suggestions. I offered what I thought and it was accepted graciously. Yet, if I offered the same assistance in guy-mode, Cass quite plainly said that she had everything well in hand. That it was okay. I thought she had everything all set. But let me get into full female again, she'd come running to me for help. My darling was becoming schizo!

**00000**

All in all, Cass was a pleasure to be with. Even though she sometimes got pretty frank about finding a guy for me when we'd go out together. Cass adopted a mantra out of nowhere, "We need to get you laid, girl!" referring to me!

There were times when she'd outright ask me how would I like to have sex with this or that guy. If I thought I could handle deepthroating a certain man's cock. Even if I thought he would be a good fuck. I'd tried to be a good sport about it, turning the tables on her, and Cass would always respond in some variation that she was already taken or that she was spoken for, flashing the very engagement ring I got her, as if I didn't know it existed!

Oy! It gave me such a headache! (But truthfully? I loved being treated like a woman!)

**00000**

Then, one night about a week before the wedding, Cass behind me in bed as we laid on our sides in bed, reached into my panties and untucked my cock. Very used to tucking by now, I even sat on toilets instead of standing over them, leaving myself tucked. Anyway, she began stroking my cock to rigidity.

Now we hadn't had sex for quite a while, in order that I was to be conscious of full femininity, i. e., women don't have cocks. I never felt blueballed from constantly having sex to none and saw no need to masturbate. It would only disturb my focus on being female. So with Cass not waiting for our wedding night, I was surprised.

Before I could say anything in my femme voice I used whenever I wore distaff clothes, Cass whispered in my ear, "I want to thank you for playing our game. You've been a great sport."

I spun around to face her and she went on, gradually somber, as she never released me, "You've



done everything so well, I know you did it all for me. There was not even anything in this apartment belonging to an old girlfriend, much less to you, for it to be an impetus. I even threw you at men and you didn't flinch.

"It made me realize that I want us to be like Nan and Shar. Available to all but touchable only to each other. You are my best friend, my lover, my soul mate. I tailor-made you into even being my girlfriend, and you did it all without complaint, without losing your own identity. You are everything to me. If I didn't have you, I don't know where I'd be." Then, in a very quiet voice, "I don't deserve you. I don't deserve anyone."

"Still haven't heard anything from your folks, huh?" I guessed.

Cass just shook her head negatively.

"I know it would've been nice for them to be there, but try this: A wedding is the ultimate breakaway for your parents. To begin your own family, your own new world. That new world is only about a week away. Being it's yours, only you're in charge of the invitations. Anyone who doesn't RSVP, you don't worry about. Your focus is on the people who came."

"Gae?"

"Hmm?"

"That little speech you just gave me would've sounded soooooo much better if it was my fiancée was doing the talking instead of my girlfriend."

That made us both laugh. Then Cass realized that she was still holding on to me. "Maybe this'll put everything in proper perspective," she said, as her head went between my legs and she removed my panties completely.

**00000**

The wedding day finally arrives. There was no response from the Spencers and maybe it was a good thing. Of the guests we invited, mostly those Nan and Shar extended to showed up. Some were pornstars Shar once worked with or knew and some from the "gentlemen's club" where she now was employed. Most of Nan's invitees came in outrageous drag or famous female impersonators that either came as men or very passable women; none imitated a celebrity. Either way you looked at it, at the reception, there were a lot of women dancing with women, outnumbering the men, and you know what I mean.

The ceremony was small, with no groomsmen or bridesmaids. As we stood before the minister, here is what everyone saw of the groom and bride:

I wore simple diamond studs in my pierced ears. My hair was pulled up in a braided chignon surrounded by a small rhinestone crown. I had twin curls as pseudo-sideburns running past my cheeks, with the rest of my hair speckled in white cubic zirconiums. Everything was in white. Over my torso, I wore a modified bustier that flared at the bottom in two points in front like a vest; the whole piece laced and padded at bosom with silicone pads increasing my rounded A-cup pecs to simulate plump B+ cupped breasts. At the bottom of my cleavage was a man's white bowtie. Over the bustier, I had on a bolero jacket. Instead of being cut straight across the back, though, the back plunged down, tapering

long, simulating the tails of a man's mourning coat. For pants, I wore leg-molding capri pants with a smooth crotch; my cock was virtually invisible, being expertly tucked. Finally, on my feet were 2" cone-heeled demi-boots

Cass was resplendent. Her long black hair was made ultra-long with extensions that flowed well below her ass. Her gown was translucent with a g-string thong and clear lucite platform shoes with 4" heels. Around her midsection was an ornately beaded corset, leaving her bosom half-exposed. The off-the-shoulder gown, although virtually see-through — her dark aureolae was very evident through the material; no bra! — it was slit almost all the way to her thong; from the rear, her ass was prominent by the contrast of the stark white string of the thong what wasn't covered by hair. Cass had it all and wasn't afraid or ashamed to (almost) show it. Although she wore a handkerchief veil, it didn't cover her face but connected to a tiara that matched my crown; the chiffon-and-lace covering laid atop and the back over her head. Bare from the half-exposed bust up, along with a made-up face, said face along with shoulder and uncovered bosom were sprinkled with silver sparkles.

The reception was a total blast and Cass and I stayed until the very end. With the company we were with, we might've — the operative word being "might" — seen them again separately or even an intimate party at my (our) parents' house, but not this whole group at once. As Cass and I made our rounds that night, we knew it was a once-in-a-lifetime thrill within a once-in-a-lifetime thrill and we didn't want to miss a second of it.

We were very generously gifted by our guests and Nan and Shar took charge of storing them at our apartment. Still, they gave us a special wedding gift for us to use that night in our honeymoon suite: a white strap-on dildo for the virgin. "And who was that?" you might ask, since we long since fucked like bunnies. The only thing left virgin was territory and since I have a cock, the only virginal place was my ass! (I wonder how Nan and Shar knew that?)

Cass fucked me blind with it and I accepted it like a good little girl. (As I was properly lubricated and willingly allowing my very tight anal pussy to be entered.) And I gladly returned the favor to my "lesbian girlfriend" with the real deal. For a variation, we found an adult sex store and was able to get a double-ended dildo. This I used primarily to suck her 'cock' as I was actually face-fucking her as I pumped it in her pussy.

When we returned from our honeymoon, storing away our prized wedding clothes, so went our special white strap-on. But unlike the clothing, we had every intention to break out the latter for special occasions, particularly anniversaries. Meanwhile, just like the white one could be purchased, we were able to get a strap-on in complete flesh tone, simply for the illusion of realism, (everything as a solid single piece; instead being buckled on, it was slipped on, securely on the waist covering Cass' cunt, giving her pleasure as she fucked me) along with a variety of other sex toys to use on each other and not just me.

In any event, it was a turn-on for me to hear her talk dirty to me, as if she really had a dick while I sucked her and I stroked my 'clit'. I know the difference between the taste of latex and skin, but I never wondered nor wanted to taste a man's prick. No matter what I said, seemingly ages ago. As we continued to play this game off-and-on from then on, Cass would be the only "man" for me.

Back at the old grind, even though I began to take jobs early on before the wedding en femme, I did officially turn over the business to my new feminine self afterwards, and what do you know? As good as freelancing paid, albeit sporadically, my jobs came in much faster. Anyone thinking they could try to short-shrift this girl was quickly dismissed. Already established as a businesswoman, I no longer had to prove myself. They knew not to bandy with me because of my feminine gender. People loved doing business with a beautiful woman, and I became femme 24/7 just like Nan.

Only downside for me was that now that I owned absolutely nothing male, in being a woman all the time, unlike Nan, I lost my ability to speak in my old male voice. Now if I tried, it comes out poorly, like a woman trying to imitate a man's voice and doing it badly. Cass thought that it was funny when I found that I lost it, but she sobered up when she saw that she was hurting my feelings. I really didn't care that it was gone, but don't be mean!

Also learning computer graphic imaging (CGI) myself, I taught Cass how to also be a graphic designer and she took to it like a fish to water, as we worked side-by-side. With our business income doubled, we bought a house and also worked on ourselves. Doing well made no difference to Nan and Shar. They still dropped by with "care packages", as loving parents to their two daughters. Taking a page from Nan's book, we both got laser treatments for permanent hair removal for the little either of us had. (Even Cass' pubes!) Not readily jumping into it, but Cass wants bigger boobs and wants me to be the same size as her. (Psst! Don't tell her, it might piss her off, but I might go first, if she doesn't stop dragging her feet. She already has a rack while I have none!)

Ahhh. For us, life was definitely good.

**00000**

As a postscript, there is a little bit of sad news. It seemed that Cass was not the only one that was neglected in the Spencer family.

With both of the parents so career-invested in their own pursuits in different businesses, they forgot another simple thing, like they were married. Over the years, each had their own series of sexual dalliances with other people between, and sometimes during, working hours. On a supposed planned get-together, minus their daughter, one didn't show up.

When confronted, a lame excuse drew self-righteous suspicions. Without proof, one had the other followed and was caught. While one didn't get caught, the marriage was still dissolved according to a pre-drawn pre-nuptial agreement. It made a provision for their daughter (read that as "children they may have after marriage") that they had forgotten they had. The inclusion as well as almost Cassidy herself

Shocked that she had indeed been so crudely unloved and ignored, Cass took what was offered but wanted nothing to do with them from then on. She had been a mere business deal before she was even born, with only compensation made to her, should she ever exist. The pre-nup was to be honored to the letter by the 'injured party' (read that as "the one who wasn't caught") merely to hurt the other one. Despite the fact that Cass was an

adult earning her own money, there was no loophole in the agreement stating that she should be denied because of this. The argument was to follow the agreement to the letter, and they wound up both getting stabbing pains when they realized that a part of either's portion went to their offspring. That's how Cass got a very tidy sum, which she took purely out of spite. Knowing that in the end, she wasn't their daughter, she was just a codicil. A pre-nup supplement.

As one door closed, another door opened for Cassidy Mann. And I thought I lived an unorthodox life.

After everything that happened, I just realized as I dress for a new day, wanting to look my feminine best, how I ended up this way. Very pleased with myself, I emphasize.

I never got initially turned on to crossdressing seeing Nan fully dressed before or after I was sat down and outright told.

For that matter, I never questioned why Cass wanted me crossdressed after Nan's story was heard. After all that time, the trigger for me was my wife being so warmly welcomed into the family. No turn-ons, not being forced. Just goes to show that there are many motivations to transgenderism. That notwithstanding, Nan and Shar, Cass and myself, as far as life was concerned, we made out like bandits.

"Hi, I'm Gae. And you...?"



# TRANSFORMATION: J.. A. S. O. N. D.

**(from July to December)**  
**by Paige Turner**

**July 4**

"Hi!"

"Uh, hi!"

"Name's Jody. Jody Jason."

Mitch Franks then introduced himself.

"Y'know, you were asleep for quite a while," Jody noted with a small giggle as she squatted next to him. "You must've got here real early 'cause you've got a great spot on the beach for a day like today. Just the right distance 'tween the snack stand 'n' the surf. I know, 'cause I used to do the same thing with my girlfriends. Today I'm alone and just managed to catch the spot next to you as the people that were here just left. I didn't say anything 'til now 'cause you were turning this way and that. Thought you were just evening your tan, y'know? What with all the noise, I didn't guess you were sleeping 'til now."

"Uh, yeah..." was all a still-groggy Mitch could say. He had not meant to sleep so much. The plan for the holiday was to get to the beach first thing, to meet new people. Preferably those of the opposite sex. Still, getting up and out earlier than he was used to paid its price. He fell asleep no sooner than he had gotten comfortable.

As things turned out, he was not wholly disappointed. The sight of attractive Jody's buxom body in her brief bikini, just inches away — and talking to him not vice versa! —

was worth everything. He did not have to search for any come-on lines or anything as Jody introduced her herself!

Mitch began to continue getting to know her better, as he started propping himself up on his elbows. However...

"EEYOWWWWWW!" he yelled.

"Oooh, Mitch," said Jody. "Looks like you toasted yourself pretty good." As if getting an idea, she added, "It's a bit late for sunscreen but I think I got some cold cream that might help. Lemme see."

As Mitch then gingerly lowered himself back down on his blanket, he said to himself, 'This is a disaster!'

## July 6

"I want to thank you, Mitch, for the dinner and the movie. I really enjoyed myself," said Jody.

"Well, it was the least I could do," Mitch said. "After all, since you didn't give me a bogus number and address like some women, if it wasn't for your immediate first aid a coupla days ago, I didn't know how I was gonna make it home. My car was in the shop and I would've had to walk four miles from the beach. Just to avoid brushing and bumping against people from touching me on a crowded bus!

"Oh yes! After a day and a half of peeling dead skin, drowning in lotion and hot soaking baths, it's good to feel like me again!"

"C'mon in," invited Jody, with a sparkle in her eye and a smile on her face. "Tomorrow's the weekend. You don't have to go to work, do ya?"

Mitch bowed his head, and tilting it up slightly, he slyly smiled, "No, nope. I don't have anywhere to go."

Knowing what was on his mind, Jody would have been disappointed if he did have somewhere to go. Once inside, she motioned for him to join her on the sofa, as she said, "About the Fourth, even you have to admit that, even though I shouldn't've laughed, you were pretty funny then.

"I could see you now...when I took you home in my car, first you thanked me for having a sunroof. Then, instead of sitting, you stood up through it the whole ride!"

Even Mitch had to chuckle at the memory. "Yeah. Me and my bright ideas. I was fine until you turned corners and stopped for lights. And every time you hit the brakes, too, my body touched that open roof. And the car was hot, too!"

"You were my own personal siren!" Jody laughed.

"Then you did see all those cars pull over!" chortled Mitch. "In my hazy pain, I thought I was imagining it. How badly I wanted to be home!"

They both laughed heartily at that. Finally collapsing in laughter in each other's arms. Mitch wiped away the tears from Jody's eyes. She did the same to his face. But Jody followed up her move with a kiss.

There was a second one by Mitch, no sooner than she broke away. It was a little longer. A third had her holding the back of his head to keep the liplock, allowing a set of tongues to explore.

## July 28

“Oh! Hi, honey!” Jody exclaimed upon opening her front door. She was about to leave. He showed up unexpected, about to ring her doorbell.

“Boy, you sound thrilled to see me,” Mitch remarked sarcastically.

“Well, I just didn’t expect you. Don’t pout. C’mon in,” Jody entreats. “Listen, the post office is gonna close in about fifteen minutes and I’ve gotta run if I wanna pick up my package. Otherwise, I’ll havta wait ‘til Monday. I need a few things, so I was gonna do a little shopping, too. Won’t be long, promise! Will you wait for me ‘til I get back? Thanks, sweets. Love ya!” And with a quick peck on the cheek, with a furtive tousle of Mitch’s long mane, Jody is gone.

Mitch had caught everything she said, but in waiting for Jody to catch a breath so that he could jump in, maybe suggest that he tag along, she had closed the door, with him on the inside. As Mitch assimilated what had happened and what he wanted to do, by the time he got the door open, Jody had already started up her car and pulled off. So, with a shrug of his shoulders, he secured the door and flopped on the sofa.

They had gotten close very fast. Comfortably close enough, living coincidentally nearby via car, this was not his first drop-by instead of calling first. Having no real plans, Mitch is at a total loss as to what to do now.

First instincts was to just leave. But the door does not have a slam-lock. It would just perfect for something bad to happen to her place, if he left it unlocked. Didn’t have to happen, but he just met Jody and he really liked her. He feels that the feeling is mutual. It was too early in the game to mess things up. She was in a hurry and he saved her time to lock up by being there. She was trusting him. So he felt obligated to stay.

The fact was that despite the brief time the couple were a couple. Falling comfortably in love, cementing it with sex after the first date, just two days after they met. In and out of bed that whole weekend, they were rarely apart since. On this Saturday, Mitch had been home, waking up horny. Sleeping late, when he realized that he had morning wood, first instincts was to jerk off. Then, he remembered Jody. Threw on some clothes, jumped in his car..and now, he was at her place. Alone.

Given this time to think, despite their open feelings for each other, Mitch was made to recognize that no formal commitments has been made. He forgot that Jody has a life of her own. In her absence, he notes that it was selfish of him to think that Jody would be waiting for him; just to tend to his needs.

All said, Mitch is still too sexually hyped to take a nap. Staring blankly into space was no help. Spotting magazines on the coffee table, he attempts to read them. However, being of a feminine nature — hairstyling, makeup tips, fashion and the like — they hold his in-

terest none too long. Even turning on the television bores him quickly, so that is turned off literally.

To be honest, some of the magazines had quite a number of women advertising underwear, wearing just that, and still more similarly-dressed advertising other feminine products. In fact, these latter ads were seeming posed as if to deliberately titillate. It caused Mitch to wonder why. They were women's mainstream mags. No man would buy them. Were they designed for the lesbian market? All of this was beginning to give Mitch a hard-on; as if tempting him to masturbate. But what stopped him was his and Jody's fledgling relationship. Sanity told him that any little thing could destroy it. One thoughtless, errant drop of cum on a page could do it. It was downright spooky to Mitch as to how they would discover things...and know exactly what it was! Having had girlfriends before, even the smallest displeasure broke up a relationship. Jody was already unique in that she was the aggressive one. Somehow, Mitch liked that and did not want to lose it. At that point, the literature went down and the TV went on, shortly to turn it off.

**000000**

Mitch then wanders aimlessly through the house, beginning in the kitchen. Opening cupboards and finally the refrigerator, he does not feel physically hungry. In fact, even his sexual hunger seems to be abated now, without consciously dwelling on it.

He goes to the bathroom to relieve his bladder. Although he holds his cock, that is all he does. Afterwards, upon looking in the medicine cabinet, after closing it, Mitch is reduced to making faces in its mirror. Finding one exceptionally funny, it makes him laugh, and that was when he left there. Next, he passes the spare bedroom. Jody had previously showed him that it was empty for no particular reason when she gave him a quickie tour of the house. Knowing that it is bare, he does not even open the door. But Jody's bedroom door is already open. So, he ambles in.

As with the sofa, he flops on her bed, making everything on it other than bedclothes slightly fly before landing, a couple upon him. He picks up a pair of panties and quickly sniffs it in search of Jody's personal aroma. Smelling only its fresh cleanliness, he tosses it back to the bed. Seeing it land atop its matching bra, however, gives him a playful idea.

Removing his shirt, Mitch picks up the bra and it against himself. Suddenly, he feels another presence. He then quickly realizes that it was just his long-haired reflection in the nearby dresser mirror.

Impulsively, Mitch then dons the bra; hooking the back in front of him, turning it around and slipping the straps over his arms. The bra is underwired and slightly padded, so that the wire does not discomfort. Mitch has to pull the bra up due to latching it near his navel and as the straps rest on his shoulders, it projects his pectoral muscles. Not much, but enough to define shadowy cleavage. Unwittingly, he wildly shakes his mane and for a split-second thought he saw someone else. It was him but it was not him.

Mostly feeling playful without thought, he moves from the bed to a small seat in front of the mirror. Only able to be seen from just above the navel up, he is back to being silly in the glass. Yet, he is purposely pretending to be female in the reflection.

Mitch thrusts his bra-covered chest out seductively, despite it being half-filled by definition. He limps his wrists in the glass and continues genuflecting pseudo-feminine movements. Blowing himself kisses, his pout prompts him to pick up a lipstick case, unopened, and yet pretends to put some of the creamy wax on. He does the same with a perfume bottle, mimicking spraying it all over, even his hair.

For a bit, he even flirts with "her" in the mirror. Actually, it is "she" who is doing the flirting from the glass. Every few seconds, he touches makeup containers, in pretense of making "herself" more beautiful. Finally flipping some of his around his face in a corona-like effect, tresses spilling down his neck, past his shoulders in front, Mitch picks up another lipstick case. But this time, he opens it and puts it on as if he had done all of his life.

Then he slowly, seductively, stands up, leaning closer towards the reflection with puckered mouth, as if about to kiss. Mitch cups the molded bra as he almost touches the glass. Then, he sticks his tongue out, barely licking his lips.

Upon tasting the lipstick, his eyes widened as big as saucers, as he exclaimed, "What the hell am I doing?!"

## August 18

"Whew! Am I glad that's over with!" Mitch exclaims.

He had still recalled up to this time that Jody had a whole house to herself. It was a small house but it was all hers...with a vacant room. He was living in an apartment, a small apartment; virtual little room by comparison. Mitch takes a chance, not knowing each other very long, hints escalating that he move in; noting that she had a spare room with no plans for it.

They were in communication continuously since they met and he knew that he was taking a chance in asking Jody for something like this so soon. Fortunately, Mitch found out that she was more than willing to have him as a housemate. After all, she had expenses, too, and he would not be staying there for free.

So this weekend was to be moving time. Only the way Jody came to help, it was difficult for Mitch to think about moving things, at first.

"My hero, the wimp!" Jody now teases.

"Aww, come on, Jody! I carried all the heavy stuff!"

"It's okay, baby," Jody mockingly pouted. "You're still my hero," she giggled.

Mitch just looked at her with one eyebrow raised. Now mid-afternoon, he assesses her appearance one more time, as he had various times this morning, when she first arrived over his place, to help him move.

Jody had lit a fire in him with her scant appearance of only a tank top and short-shorts and sandals. Ready to ravish her right then, she pushed him away with "No sweets until all your work is done, honey."

Now with them both sweaty upon completion, the wetness of her shirt made her braless chest more erotic. Jody had dressed to be comfortable, not a turn-on. Yet her being so-clad did spur him on to be as efficient as possible in order to gain his 'reward'. From

ferrying back and forth, especially the returns for more with nothing, licentious thoughts were forgotten until the last load.

“Okay, then. I’ll make a deal with you,” proclaimed Mitch. Pointing to his middle, he says, “If I’m your hero, then make me a hero sandwich..”

“Oh you!” said Jody, with a grin. “Always thinking of food!” She then gets on her knees and unzips the front of Mitch’s jeans.

Mitch moans softly as he feels Jody’s saliva gathering around his cock, as she begins a pumping circuit. As he feels her lips seal tightly, he gets an added tingling vibration, as Jody begins to hum. Before too long, he gives up all he has and Jody loses nothing.

Jody slowly rises now, licking her lips. Mitch cannot miss seeing her now-stained crotch of her shorts. Without a word, Jody removes her sweat-clung top, freeing her jig-gling bosom.

Reversing positions, Jody now sat as Mitch got on his knees before her. As he drops, he grabs her shorts and pulls it and a small thong down her legs with him. As if taken by surprise, Jody gasps and by this time, Mitch is face-deep between her legs. Nibbling, licking softly biting, and finally lapping, he ultimately gets Jody to clench her thighs to his head as she cums vigorously. Recalling an “experimental” lesbian phase in college, it brought back delicious memories for Jody; that no man could perform cunnilingus on her as good as a woman did. Until now.

## August 24

“Oww! Why couldn’t you use baby shampoo?” whined Mitch.

“Because you’re no baby! This is expensive stuff but I use it all the time because it works. It’s supposed to do more than just clean your hair, but actually put a shine to it as well, as making it easy to manage,” explained Jody, as she scrubbed his long locks.

“I was doing all right with my hair.”

“Yeah, suuuuure you were. That’s why you were making all those funny noises, every time you combed your hair. I could be in my room or the bathroom and hear you grunting and groaning, cursing your hair. Honestly, I don’t why you don’t go and get it all cut off, unless you like pain.”

“Hey, you volunteered to wash my hair. I didn’t ask. And for the record, didn’t you just hear me grumble about soap in my eyes? I like my hair long. I thought you do, too, aside from having long hair yourself.”

“I do like your hair long, sweets. Okay,” Jody sighs, “I’ll try to be more careful. But you’ve got to sit still in the tub!”

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Some time later, Jody has Mitch’s hair in curlers and setting gel. “Tell me again. Just why do I have to have these things in my hair?” implores Mitch.

"Your hair will finally have gotten some body to it, and it would look nice with a little curl..."

"But...!"

"'But' nothing!" chastised Jody. "I know exactly where you're going with this. If you're worried about looking strange, it's a wonder you hadn't worried before now, what with your hair already past shoulder-length. As it is, I cut off your split ends, overall repaired your hair, and gave it a cleaner look."

"With your hair already long, people should only note that it's cleaner, if that. Those that think otherwise more likely had those thoughts before they met you. Being preconceived, they have nothing to do with your appearance now. You're your own person. It hadn't bothered you before, so why now?"

"You're right, Jo. I'm being silly."

"Yes you are...Michelle."

"What did you call me?"

"You heard me. Every now and then, you call me 'Jo'. So, every time you act silly, I'm gonna call you 'Michelle'."

"Aww, come on!"

"Yes...Michelle?"

"Michelle" just sighed.

## September 1

"I'm so glad you wanted to go shopping with me," said Jody.

"Well, I've been known to shop around, looking for best buys, being on my feet quite a while," replied Mitch. "Figuring you're like most women, you always shop that way. So, since I've wanted to be with you before on such times, every time prior, before I could ask, poof! You were gone!"

"...But this time, I asked. None of my girlfriends were available and I wanted some company. No matter what you just said, though, I think you're sweet to put up with all of my walking around, as I'm trying to take advantage of the Labor Day weekend sales."

"My pleasure, madame."

"Here. Take these for me. I wanna try 'em on to see which looks good on me," Jody says, as she hands Mitch several dresses that she picked out already. Now with her hands freed, she gets yet another to pile on Mitch's arm. Nothing more is said, as Jody continues to look at clothing. Before long, they are both at the threshold of a ladies' dressing room.

"You want me to go in there with you?" Mitch surmised incredulously.

"Now, Michelle, be a good girl. After all, you've already seen me naked I'm only going to strip to my underwear, to try these on."

Mitch notably shivered, quickly checking around to see if anyone was within earshot. "I've gotten used to my 'nickname', Jody. But not in public!"

“Oh, hush! I wouldn’t embarrass you, hon. But you were acting silly again, Michelle.”

Seeing that she was not to be discouraged, Mitch says hurriedly, “Okay, okay. Let’s get into the room already!”

“Y’know, you’re sooo cute when you blush!” grinned Jody, with a quick scrunch of her nose.

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In a short while, Jody has tried on all of her selections, looking in the room’s full-length mirror, as well as comments from her boyfriend.

“Y’know, I like all of them except this knit. It’s okay, but it just doesn’t feel right,” she says.

“I think it’s very nice,” complimented Mitch.

“Well, then, let’s see how it looks on you.”

“Me?!”

“Shush! You don’t have to yell!” Jody brought her voice down to a hard whisper.

“Okay!” Mitch now whispered in kind. “But I don’t wear women’s clothes!”

“You didn’t complain when I had your ears pierced and got you those earrings,” Jody countered, raising her volume only a little.

“That’s different. A lotta guys wear wedding band earrings!”

Jody then sighed. “Oh, come on, Mitch. It won’t hurt...and only I’ll see.”

“Oh, all right,” he surrendered, speaking calm and normal. “But only because you called me ‘Mitch’ instead of ‘Michelle’.”

Mitch then took off his tee shirt and jeans, and slipped into the clinging knit. He looked at his reflection and found himself surprisingly disappointed. An emotion doubled by Jody.

“Uh uh. That won’t do...at...all,” she commented.

“I tried to tell you.”

“I don’t mean that,” said Jody, reading his mind. “Take it off for a second.”

Her words were not lost on Mitch. He knew it meant putting the dress again. But he did not know what Jody had in mind. However, he did not have long to find out.

Jody removes her bra and socks. She then yanks Mitch’s boxers off, almost making him fall. Conveniently, as he danced to retain his balance, he inadvertently stepped completely out of them without being directed. He gasped but before he could object, Jody told him to put the bra on.

“Why?” Mitch asked, although already knowing the answer.

“...Mic-he-elle?” Jody sing-songed.

“Oh, all right, he soured.

Without thinking, Mitch takes the bra, and without thinking, hurriedly hooks it from behind and slips the straps over his shoulders. As he adjusts the latter, Jody is already stuffing the cups with her socks; neither realizing what he just did.

Jody, after molding the stuffing to some semblance of roundness, finally satisfied with her efforts, she removes her panties. Squatting to tell Mitch to lift his foot, he realizing where it is heading. Yet he is surprised when she swiftly tucks his member between his legs for a false flat front look.

"I want to see how you look, right," she says before he has a chance to ask. "That's why you're wearing my bra. And you could hardly look right in the knit with your front looking as if you're about to give birth to Tom Thumb!" she smirked.

Mitch was about to face the floor-to-ceiling mirror when Jody said, "Hold it!" After producing a small hairbrush from her handbag, she deftly creates makeshift bangs over Mitch's forehead.

Mitch starts to turn again, but Jody says, "Freeze!" after which she produced lipstick and the next thing he knew, his mouth was being coated. He knew better than to talk once Jody touched him until she was finished.

With a heavy sigh, Mitch said, "Can I see myself now?"

"Do you really want to?" Jody asked with a pretentious frown.

"Do I really look that bad?" Mitch asked, surprised, but turned to the glass anyway.

What he saw did not displease him. In the sleeveless knit dress with a modest scoop neck and short hem, a dalliance several weeks ago came back to him. But with feminine bangs in addition to lipstick, he was speechless.

Before, a fleeting glance had startled him. Now, despite lacking shoes, complete with ersatz curves and nice untuned legs, assuredly a long-haired woman looked back at him in the glass.

"I, uh, look all right," he said cautiously.

"All right?!" said Jody. "You're prettier than me!"

"I-I-I do not!"

"Yes, you do! And I'm jealous!"

Alone, it bothered him a lot. But with Jody right next to him, it did not feel wrong at all. After all, everything was her handiwork. Mitch looked good as a female but Jody was kidding. Wasn't she?

"I'm joking," said Jody, while she was redressing. "I'm not jealous. But seriously? You do look good, Michelle."

"We're still in public," Mitch now sing-songed.

"Tell that to the woman in the mirror, babe."

Mitch was slack-jawed again as he did take another look. A very close look.

"C'mon, take the dress off by pulling down and step out."

Mitch does as he is told and then he reaches behind him, again without thinking, to remove the bra. Jody stops him.

"But...!"

"I'm already dressed," Jody explained. "In case you didn't figure it out, you made the dress. The dress didn't make you. Girls wear guys clothes all the time. Don't sweat it. I'm right here. I don't have any tissues, sorry I wasn't thinking. So I'll take the lipstick off later. But if you start flirting with strange men, you're on your own, sister," she kidded.

Mitch sighed once more time as he started to touched his bangs away and then thought better of it. "Hey! Just you don't expect me to talk to you around people, though. My voice'll be a dead giveaway."

"Don't worry, sweets. We'll work on it," Jody said softly.

Mitch did not catch that. But if he did want to worry, he could have paid attention at the cash register. For something she was unsure about, she paid for it, along with other things she wanted.

## September 17

"Mitch, I've got to take up some hems of my dresses," Jody said, during dinner. "The styles dictate a higher hemline and I can't afford to go shopping every time a hemline goes up or down."

"Uh huh," said Mitch. "G'head. I'll watch some TV. My set in my room, if you wanna work in the living room."

"I am gonna work there. But I mentioned it, not as if I was a town crier or something. I said it, so that you'd help me."

"Me? I don't know anything about sewing hems."

"Well, remember when we went shopping a coupla weeks ago? I figured I could use you, literally. In order to see exactly just how I was making each hem."

"You mean...you want me...to wear a dress....again?"

"Actually, several," Jody grinned weakly.

Mitch moaned, "What in the world would you do without me?"

"I got by," Jody stated flatly. "Come on, be a pal. I wouldn't ask you if you weren't my size, as we found out."

"I'm surprised you didn't make me wear that dress home!"

"Oh, you! Admit it, you loved it!" Jody chuckled. "And when we stopped to eat, we were booth complimented by the waiter at our table, as attractive young ladies." After a pause, she added, "Despite you wearing that tee that said, 'I'm with Stupid'."

"Yeah," Mitch grumbled, knowing Jody wanted to make him laugh. "But at first, I wanted to deck the guy. I thought he was making fun of my hair."

"Ah, but thank goodness I was quick on the draw and put my pocket mirror in your hand. Almost instantly, you went from wondering why I gave it to you, to seeing your beautiful hair surrounding your face...with lipstick on it!"

"Yeah. I did," Mitch deflated.

"Then, as he took our orders that I gave him and walked away, I had to fight you, to give it back!"

"I just wanted to see what that guy saw."

"Is that why you were blowing kisses to yourself?"

"Oh, stop!"

"That's exactly what I said then!"

"Okay, so I was playin' around and got carried away. But no mo-ore!"

"Aww, come on. It'll take forever, doing it by myself! Pleeeeeeeease?"

"Oooh. You know you're ugly when you beg?"

"You're gonna get such a hit!"

"Oh yeah? You and what army?"

Jody then got up from her seat and sat in Mitch's lap. Wrapping her arms around him, she dove into his voluminous mane, as she nuzzled his neck. Relaxing to enjoy it, Mitch wrapped his arms around her back. Jody began licking his ear. But before Mitch could enjoy it, she bit his earlobe, right on the earring.

"Owww!" Mitch cried. "No fair! No fair! Fo-oww-ou!"

"Me and what army, huh?"

"I surrender! I surrender!" Mitch laughed.

"Okay," Jody says, as she gets off Mitch's lap. "March into my bedroom, get a set of my undies from my dresser, strip and put 'em on. I'll meet you back here as soon as I put the dishes away."

"But...!"

"No butts! I can't do it right with you wearing no bra and just boxers," she says. "Now, shoo! Geddatta here!"

"Yes, ma'am," Mitch smirks, speaking in a horrible falsetto.

"Gracious, girl! That's positively awful! You're gonna need a lotta work!"

Mitch ignored the comment as far as content, but stuck out his tongue in playful defiance, and left.

Upon Jody finishing in the kitchen, she saw Mitch sitting in the living room. Already in her underwear with his legs crossed, apparently even tucked. She noted that he was twirling a lock of hair. Jody noting a difference in demeanor, she also saw that he had re-created the makeshift bangs, just as she made in the dressing room weeks ago. She was impressed.

"Okay. Are you ready, Michelle?"

"What did I do now?" Mitch asked flatly, as if Jody's voice brought him back from another world.

Nothing. But if you recall as I said when we went shopping, you're not gonna look like a 'Mitch', even if it is only gonna be a little while..."

"Okay," "Michelle" sighed. "Let's get this over with."

"Never mind," Jody said curtly, inwardly surprised and disappointed with Michelle's attitude, from what she just saw.

"Huh? What? I thought you..."

"I thought we could make this fun. But you act like I'm killing you slowly. It'll take almost as long as doing it by myself if you're gonna make it like a burden. If you don't wanna do this, I am not gonna force you!"

"Ohh, Jo-dy..."

"Ohh, Jo-dy', nothing!" She was really upset. "Geddatta here!"

Michelle does abruptly rise from the sofa and walks past Jody, head hung low. At that, Jody thinks she sees something and grabs Michelle by the arm. Michelle starts to reject the clasp but Jody had already began the pull, which causes Michelle to spin around, facing her.

"Oh!" cried Jody. Then, hugging Michelle, she says, "I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean it. Please. Come back."

Michelle then literally cried in earnest tears, flooding 'her' face with the few Jody initially saw. "Please don't make me like this! I'm not supposed to like this!"

"If you don't want to, you don't have to, sweets," Jody replied softly.

## October 30

"Hey, Jody! Tomorrow's Halloween! Wanna go out 'Trick or Treatin'?" Mitch asked.

"We-ell, I think I'm a bit too old for that," Jody replied.

"No...you're...not. Besides, I'm not talking about door-to-door mooching for candy. I was thinking about how the grown-ups celebrate some fun. We can go to a place that celebrates the occasion."

"Y'know..." Jody began thoughtfully, "I have been sorta dyin' to go to the 'Hunk-y Dory Club'. Now that I remember they're supposed to be plannin' a blast tomorrow night!" Jody ended excitedly.

"The 'Hunk-y Dory'? Isn't that a male strip joint?"

Jody started to speak but then caught herself. Calming down quickly from her initial reaction. Then, "Uh...yaaaah. Never mind. My girlfriends're all married and their husbands would kill them if they went behind their backs..."

"All your friends?"

"Well, no. But the same deal applies to boyfriends...y'know?"

"Well, you and I aren't like that," said Mitch. "I'll find something else to do if you really wanna go. I'm not that insecure!"

Jody then got up from her seat and kissed Mitch. "Thanks, sweets, for the vote of confidence. I appreciate it. But it's no fun unless you got someone to share it with you."

"Then I'll go with you."

"You might wind up feelin' funny, babe. The dancers're gonna make passes at all the women there; especially shaking their packages in women's faces. They don't do total nudity like some women's strip clubs, but you can almost see full definition in those g-string jockstrap pouches. Secure or not, you're gonna feel awful isolated, even if there are other men there with their partners."

"Well...I can enjoy it as much as you, if I really dress up..." Mitch let it hang.

"Huh?"

Then there was a silence that could have been cut with a knife.

Mitch finally said, "To be honest, I know that I acted as if it wouldn't bother me. But truth is, I overheard you talking to your girlfriends few times about the club tomorrow night over the phone, while both our room doors were open.

"I know all about your plans for a bunch of you to attend the 'Halloween's Ladies' Night Bash', as I heard you call it. Where the women get in without cover if they come in costume, just as much as the performers. Although the guys'll be wearing very small costumes.

"I heard how animated you were. How you were gonna flirt back at them as much as they do to you. I knew that you meant in fun. But then I heard after a few calls, the growing disappointment in your voice; your friends obviously making excuses on their end."

Knowing what he said was true but recalling all that had gone before — particularly the night Mitch cried — Jody asks cautiously, "Uh, you sure you wanna do this?"

The question alone spoke volumes to Mitch. For one thing, it said that she really did want to go. So, then came the reply, "You bet your sweet ass I do, sweets!"

That took Jody by complete surprise. In using Jody's familiar term of endearment to him, Mitch had answered affirmatively. Not only that, the timbre was virtually feminine. As melodic as a woman on the prowl.

"I-I just wanna make you happy, 'sweets'," said Mitch in his normal voice, deliberately emphasizing the sobriquet again that Jody uses for him.

"But last month..." Jody began, and then she stopped in mid-sentence. After a long pause, she continued, "You said that you didn't..."

"I couldn't stand to see you so sad," Mitch explained. "The Bash was scheduled well in advance, and while you and I were seemingly getting along, something was missing. Not that you wanted to change me or replace me but something was dying in you. Understand, I wasn't spying on you. Our doors were seldom fully closed, despite respecting each other's personal space.

"Still, frankly, I am greedy and selfish. Not knowing that you wouldn't've gone alone, I didn't want you to enjoy yourself...without me.

"So...well, as a guy, I felt that I would've been outta place. Not thinking about some guys there with their wives or dates."

"But how...?"

"The voice? I've been practicing these past few weeks every chance I got when you weren't around. Ever since I heard the earliest disappointment in your voice. Just like you said, everything else of yours fit me. Forgive me, but I even went into your room and tried on some heels. I kept a pair to practice walking in them; hoping that you wouldn't suddenly want that pair.

"It wasn't just hearing you on the phone. I could tell your acting slightly different afterwards. You've tried a lot of women. You needed some real fun. We'd have sex and it was good. I made sure you came, even though you seemed to think I was having some kinda problem and you blew me, making sure I came, too, without a word. That's when I knew that I didn't have to worry about us being together. You just needed to cut loose and bring me along for the ride.

"Still, to be perfectly honest, I didn't come to these conclusions right away. While I was practicing the voice and the high heels, I just thought it would be a nice surprise. Not even thinking about Halloween. It was a kick to hear myself improve as I talked into a tape recorder. But then, just for a moment, I got paranoid. I was afraid of losing you."

Jody then cut Mitch off. "Listen. I did want to go. But it was nothing, absolutely nothing, but a girl's night out. You and I had been together almost constantly, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I just picked the wrong place to celebrate the holiday and got carried away in not thinking of an alternative or dropping it, without thinking.

"I don't want anyone else, Mitch, okay? I don't love you because I want you to wear a dress. I admit it, I did get a kick outta seeing you in the store. Wanna hear something funny? You never mentioned it, but we left your underwear behind as I wore no undies and you wore my panties! In a women's dressing room, in a women's clothes store!

"I did want those hems done and did them at my leisure, instead of all at once with you. I did wanna see those great legs of yours again in a skirt But if you didn't want to do it then, then I'm the one who's crazy, if I've gotta find another guy because of that!

"So, let's just forget it, okay? Even if you still went with me, I wouldn't dream of having you go as a woman, anyway."

"No," Mitch cut her off, in turn. "It's Halloween. I can't think of another disguise or a better place for you to enjoy yourself. Let's go and have a good time.

"Who knows? Maybe one look at me and they won't bother with a hag like you!"

Jody felt that Mitch did not want to do this. That, all the same, he did want to do it for her. To make her feel good. His reaction only served her to love him all the more.

Jody did only want to go out of curiosity; the novelty of seeing really built-up beefcake hunks. Plain and simple, seeing guys like that from pictures and the like, hearing so much about them in reality and fiction, she was looking forward to doing just that. Looking. Hal-

loween was as good as an excuse as any to do it, to satisfy the male strip club curiosity. Jody did not openly try her friends in front of Mitch, unsure that he might be jealous. Unaware that he was able to find out, and constantly being rejected for her girlfriends' company, her disappointment also came as a surprise. She knew that it would be very improbable to fall for one of the performers. Actually, that thought never entered her mind. Therefore, as Mitch had injected it, she dismissed it.

But now, hearing her boyfriend's last remark, she said, "Listen, you...!"

"Ah-aah-aah! Be nice!"

"I'm gonna make you look like a cheap slut! Then I'm gonna watch you squirm when they do come after you!"

"Jody! You wouldn't!"

"We'll see, come tomorrow night!" Jody laughed giddily.

## October 31

The duo were in the semi-darkened nightclub. Going shopping earlier in the day, Jody bought specific items for what she had in mind for Mitch tonight.

All in black, she is wearing a long-sleeved satin blouse, without a bra. The sleek material clings to her, emphasizing her pudgy nipples, not to mention wholly each breast. In any event, it is cut wide and deep, her bust half-exposed. Her knee-length skirt is slit on either side almost to her waist. With black elastic-topped stockings, and 5" black pumps, Jody literally caps everything off with very long extensions to her auburn tresses; the entire length brush past her butt.

Jody has Mitch — or rather, Michelle — in a miniskirt that barely covers 'her' crotch and hips. Wearing a tight flesh-colored spandex panty, genitals are firmly undetectable to discovery. As such, over this is a very lacy affair, making the two panties seem as one. Protruding through the panties were the ends of a six-gartered belt, deliberately longer than the skirt hem, holding up black fishnet hose. On Michelle's feet are a pair of 3" spiked heeled demi-boots.

For a top, Michelle wears an opaque midnight blue sleeveless blouse. Underneath, there is a light beige bra, filled with firmed gelatin; the bra straps deliberately loosened to assure the imitation of a big bosom jiggle. While buttoned to the neck, the illusion of a woman's chest is perfect, unless the viewer is way too close.

Michelle's blonde hair is teased out and layered, fluffing out to appear as if she has very much more than she actually does, spread over her back, shoulders and ersatz bosom. In both Jody and Michelle's ears, they wear very long chandelier earrings. They are both expressly made up. If Michelle could pass with just lipstick, there was absolutely no mistaking her now other than female.

Obviously, they are costumed as hookers. Concerned about being taken for the real thing, they decide not to take their cars and having to park a distance from the club. To

avoid jeopardy from real hookers possibly working the area or the police, they take a cab for door-to-door service.

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Once inside, they are able to get a table right next to a lit floor catwalk. In her ringside seat, Jody is having a good time. It makes Michelle feel good that Jody is enjoying herself as she is busy stuffing dollar bills boldly down the jockstrap instead of the g-string. Once, Jody got a nail snagged on a guy's pubic hairs as she inadvertently went too far and was trying not to embarrass either herself or the dancer. This got Michelle laughing so hard, she almost blew her voice, as she tried to speak in her hilarity. Thoroughly humiliated, Jody got upset.

It was funny as she was trying to extricate herself and the stripper went with her instead of against, afraid she might rip his g-string off. He was not playing with her. Male and female clubs had double standards. A woman could bare her pussy in many clubs. A man could not bare his cock in any club. At a given time, there were "plants" at these places looking for any excuse to shut them down. So, as Jody was finding the situation unfunny, it was equally so for the dancer. In any event, Jody got free and only then did she find humor in her predicament.

Then there was a dancer who seemed to be giving Michelle a lot of attention, Jody noticed. Eager for playful payback, Jody saw this as an opportunity for lightning to strike twice; this time to Michelle.

Almost forgetting that they were the same gender, Michelle played along, unaware of Jody's hopes, just to keep her happy. But then something happened.

Encouraged to go Jody's route via jockstrap, Michelle touched his cock and felt it twitch. She swiftly removed her fingers, uncaring if she did cause a scene. But it was more than her feeling something of the dancer. She began to feel something in herself.

Michelle lost herself into being taken for a woman. She was enjoying others treating her so. Jody seemed not to acknowledge her as anything but her girlfriend, even when she got into trouble. She wanted her girlfriend — not boyfriend — to get caught like she had. Michelle found her own middle tingle as she was engaged with her hunk. Not retreating back to her male persona, she still felt a need to get away from the catwalk, and did, as she ambled to the restrooms.

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Using the ladies' room, she femininely used a stall to relieve herself of drink. Even keeping herself tucked the whole time. Having finished, she left the stall, freshened her makeup, and left. As Michelle entered the hallway to go back to her seat, she heard a voice. A male voice. It was not Mitch's.

"Excuse me."

Michelle turned to see that it was the dancer who got her to feel odd. What was more, seeing him still attired as he was on stage, her feelings came back.

"I know we're not supposed to fraternize with the customers," he said. "But I just had to see you, to take a chance.

"It's our job to get women hot, even though both parties are supposed to know it's all in fun. But you...! The second I saw you as I came out...and then you left right after, you know..." He let the statement hang.

Although her voice was now flawless, Michelle was speechless in more than one way. She knew that he had the same feelings that she did!

"Wait! Don't say anything yet!" said the dancer, misinterpreting her inaudibility as rejection.

At that, he grabs Michelle's hand and takes her through a nearby exit door that led into an alley. Once in the corridor, he turns around and whips her into his arms. Locking lips, he holds her back with one strong arm and squeezes an asscheek with the other.

Caught up in the sudden embrace, Michelle melts instead of panicking. Opening her mouth, she invites his tongue. When the kiss was broken, Michelle found herself wanting more.

She became weak-kneed as she continued to be held. Then, noting his hand on her ass, she took one of hers to feel his g-string. Michelle caresses it, making him moan as she feels it pulse. She begins to slide down his muscular chest and he only loosens his hold on her just slightly.

Michelle kisses a path the lower she goes, until her knees hit the ground, facing his middle. As if unstoppable, she pulls the cock out of the jockstrap.

"I-I-I never dreamed... I didn't dare ask..." was all the man could say.

Michelle just watched the penis get fully erect in her hand. Then she began stroking it as if hypnotized, before putting it her mouth. The man then gently touched her fluffed blonde mane as she began bobbing and sucking on the dick as if her life depended on the outcome.

Feeling the sac a bit, her hands went to her clothed bosom. Jody had chosen homemade gelatin instead of water for a more authentic feel, not dreaming Michelle's bosom would ever be touched. Yet, right then, Michelle had convinced herself that her tits were genuine as she fondled them. Michelle then jerked. As compressed as she was in her crotch, she came gloriously.

This was immediately followed by the performer lurching forward, filling her mouth, inflating her cheeks. He wanted to pull out but she held him in at the helmet. Conveniently giving her room to swallow all he gave without breaking the seal, without losing a drop.

The dancer was now weak as he leaned against the wall by the door. Using his body to pull herself up, she could not resist giving him a last quick kiss when she got to his face. Then summoning adrenal strength, she rushed inside, as if she was a thief.

Returning to her table, Jody asked, "Where've you been? I was beginning to worry!" Then, "Never mind. You're here.

"Let's go. The novelty's worn off. I've had enough. Are you ready to go?"

"Whenever you are," was the reply.

When they got home, however, despite one being flat-chested and sported a cock, the couple had a torrid sex session, as if they were two women, before drifting off to sleep.

## November 22

"Mmmm, honey, you fix a mean bird," proclaimed Jody.

"I'm glad you like it," said Mitch. "Even though I shouldn't've bought a big bird."

"I don't know about that. I'm good. But now that you sorta hint it, you have been dropping a lotta weight suddenly. Almost... Naah, forget it."

"Almost' what?" Mitch now asks, with frittering anxiety.

"Never mind."

Calming down, Mitch is still curious about what Jody has to say. "Come on. Don't do that! Almost what?"

"It's nothing."

Mitch then hovers over her with a carving knife and fork, joking, "You're gonna tell me or I'm gonna carve some of your breast and eat it!"

Jody sighs, "It's gonna make you mad."

At that, Mitch's attitude changes again. "Too late! I'm already there."

"Y'see? Open mouth, insert foot. I'm sorry. Please don't be mad."

"Okay," Mitch acquiesces, putting down the utensils. "Pretty please, tell me," he pouts.

"Well, I kinda thought you were, like, roomy in your clothes when I hug you..."

"Are you okay? You're not...sick or somethin'?"

For a split-second, Mitch was emotionless. Then he quickly, deliberately, grew a big smile for her benefit. "No, of course not," he said.

After a few heartbeats, Mitch then said, "I love you, Jody. Don't ever be afraid to care about me. Don't keep it to yourself if you see something. I'd just die without you. On this day of thanksgiving, I want you to know that you're the one and only thing that keeps me going."

Mitch's sentimentality, added to the fact that it was Thanksgiving Day, brought tears to Jody's eyes. "Oh, you!" she exclaimed. "See what you made me do!"

"What? What?!"

Her face wet with tears, Jody sticks her tongue out at him. As she tries to smile, she says, "Never mind, Mr. Blind Man! Come on and eat!"

December 20

Jody has come home early from work, having taken a half-day off. She has done so, having to pick up Mitch's Christmas present. Since they virtually arrive at the same time, although not of late, she wanted the few extra hours to assure that his gift would be a surprise. She had to special order it, and even had her notified of it at work instead of home. Now in her possession, all she needed to do is hide it.

When Jody got home, however, once inside, she heard faint noises. Instantly, she thought the worse, assuming the house was being burgled. Yet, gathering her courage, she crept to the center of the disturbance, her bedroom.

The sight that welcomed her, surprised her so much, she could not help but gasp. Loudly.

Mitch jumped at the sound. Or should we say, Michelle?

Now somewhat face-to-face, Michelle was discovered in full regalia, in one of Jody's business suits. A gray affair; jacket, and pleated skirt, with a lighter gray blouse. She was on her knees, literally in her stockinged feet.

"Uhhhh...hi," was all Michelle could say in her feminine voice, as her perfectly made-up face also showed the pained expression of being caught; almost as if she was about to cry.

Jody just smiled, having quickly put the package behind her back. Easing it to stay on the nearby dresser, she then casually goes over to where Michelle knelt.

Relieved that she was not being robbed, Jody surmised that her things were somehow being appropriated, in any event. "I'm mad at you, young lady," she said, still smiling.

Seeing and hearing the obvious contradiction, Michelle's pained look vanished. But she was still guarded, as she got off her knees, to join Jody, who was now sitting on her bed.

"What are you doing in my room? Shouldn't 'Mitch' be at work?"

"I broke a heel at work, and didn't know if I had time to shop for a new pair. I get so distracted shopping now, needing one thing and suddenly finding a 'must-have'. But I was sure I could get home and back, grabbing something that got me by, from here," Michelle meekly explained.

Jody was now stunned at putting together what Michelle did not say. "You.... You got a new job...as a woman?"

The reaction was not lost on Michelle. Nervous at the correct assumption, she just shook her head affirmatively.

"Now I am mad!" said Jody. "You...you big meanie! You unfair, selfish bitch! Three months ago, when I wanted to fit some dresses, I also wanted to help you work on a voice. But two months ago, for Halloween, you had it down!

"Before that, that knit dress in my closet is all yours! Why would I buy something I was wishy-washy about and also hadn't worn it all...this...time? Didn't you even notice?"

"Didn't you even think about how much fun I had getting you all dolled up for Halloween and never once asked how you easily accepted getting made up for the first time? I even tweezed your eyebrows and not one whimper. I was beside myself!

"Hell no! You did all of this, without me!

"How long has this been going on?" Jody asked, waving her hand at Michelle's appearance. Michelle even had her hair in a very business-like French roll, obviously practicing hairstyling.

In a very small voice, Michelle said, "A week after Halloween.

"Even though I was scared outta my mind when you wanted to hem your skirts, I had these feelings ever since you left me alone in the house months ago. Nothing happened until it all came to roost when we went dress shopping.

"Despite not wearing the clothes often, I found that being beautiful — being feminine — intoxicating. The clothes were a very important part of that. That night at Hunk-y Dory and later with you, I was a lesbian for a night.

"Knowing that I could get away with just lipstick, I obviously got better with everything about makeup, over time. Anyway, the next day I began looking through the classifieds, for a job as a woman. I left with you but doubled back, to begin making phone calls. With a dusted off, feminine-revised resume, coupled with a few female lies and a subtle flirtation, I was offered an administrative position! Even though it was my intention to get it, I was still shocked!

"It was, partially, a game. I set my sights up high, ready to accept failure. Even though, if I got the job, I knew I could do the work. It would've been idiotic to overachieve for a position I couldn't do, just being female!

"Still, I went to the interview as...a...game. Flirt a little, and maybe get told I wasn't qualified or who they had in mind. Who knew?

"Actually getting it, I grabbed it as if it was a lifeline!

"Since it was for more money than I was making at my old job, I never went back to pick up my last paycheck! You'da thought those bastards would've called or mailed my last pay to me, but months later, nothing! Yet another reason why I was glad to get my new job!"

Michelle then went on to finally tell Jody what happened Halloween night, when they were apart. Jody went slack-jawed as she attempted to absorb this news. She thought that she had a special thrill when they had sex as two women that night. She was stunned hearing about Michelle going down on a man.

At this, Michelle wondered if she gave her far too much information and began to cry. "I'm sorry! I'm soooooo sorry! I'm so soooooo sorry! I was afraid of this happening. I didn't want to be branded gay! I love you, Jodeeeee! I don't wanna lose you!"

"Aww, hon-ney!" Jody patted and massaged Michelle's back, as she hugged her. "You're not gonna lose me. I love you, too. I saw that dancer the moment he came out. He went straight for you. If you hadn't been aggressive, he would've taken charge and it would've been a whole other story. I know what you're going through, you dizzy blonde. After all, I get a kick outta being a sexy woman myself!"

At that, Michelle rose from Jody's chest. Upon hearing Jody's evident acceptance of this, Michelle tried to smile.

“Ooh, honey,” said Jody. “You might be a little late getting back to work, after all. Your face is a mess!” With that, she grabbed a handful from her nightstand to wipe Michelle’s face.

As Michelle then goes to the mirror, to repair her makeup, Jody says, “Listen, Michelle. A pair of gray pumps should go with that suit. If you’ve looked in the closet already, then they’re sure to be under the bed.” Jody then goes under the bed and gets them herself.

After giving Michelle the shoes, Jody impulsively hugs her again, and says, “Sweets, I’m proud of you. You’re not slinging burgers in a hash joint. You, a woman, has an important job, if what you’re wearing is an indication. I don’t want you to lose what you’ve built up in such a short time.

“So slip on your heels and get your butt outta here. We’ll talk some more tonight. To celebrate this occasion, I’m gonna take my girlfriend out to dinner.”

“You don’t have to...”

“Hey! Not...another...word. Besides, I’m not being all nice. I’m gonna beat you up later for not trusting your best girlfriend with this!”

“Jody, I’m sor—!”

“Not another word, I said.”

Having slipped on the heels, Michelle turns to leave, and Jody stops her, saying, “Wait a minute...!”

As Michelle stopped, Jody went straight for Michelle’s blouse. Swiftly uncovering the bra, Jody digs into it and takes out pairs of sweat socks.

“Ugh! This the best you could do?” Jody grimaced. Going to the box she brought home, she says, “I was gonna give you this Christmas Day, but you really could use them now...”

At that, Jody takes out two molded breast forms, rosy pink, complete with sunburst aureole and puckered pronounced nipples, and placed them delicately into Michelle’s bra cup. Resting a measure off her own flesh above them; making everything appear that it was all Michelle.

“Y-You knew...” Michelle gasped incredulously.

“Wee-ell, let’s just say I had a hunch, the way your figure was looking so shapely around Thanksgiving. You protested then, but you forget. We don’t always fuck with the lights out.

“Still, as I didn’t know positively where you were heading, they could’ve been dismissed as a gag gift. There are much better breast forms out there. These don’t even jiggle like my gel boobs, but it’ll do the job.

“Sweets, if you only knew how much I wanted to play in your sandbox. From the first day I met you with all this hair, I said to myself, ‘Now there’s somehow who’s his own person!’ If you wound up being offended, as I got to know you, as I wanted to know you, as we were constantly in touch those first few weeks, I knew you were special. You’d still let me in your life.

“Anyway, forget that! I am in your life. Welcome to the club, babe!”

"I don't know what to say...'

"Your voice is saying it all right now. It hasn't dropped once. Now, go! While you're at work, I've gotta get you another present for Christmas. Only now, the possibilities are endless!"

Almost out of the bedroom, Michelle backs up and gently kisses her girlfriend, and says, "I love you, Jody."

"I love you, too, Michelle. And yeah...tell that guy Mitch that I still love him, too," Jody says, with a glance to Michelle's skirt.

Catching the look, Michelle smiles, and says, "He knows. We all're gonna be very happy from now on!"

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