

A HUSBAND FOR LOUISE

By Cynthia Leigh



ILLUSTRATED BY ALDEN GEORGE

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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[Editor's Note: All personal references to the hero/heroine in this story have been deliberately set in the lower case as a way of demonstrating luci's proper position in comparison to his/her "betters," which is any woman or dominant male.]

A HUSBAND FOR LOUISE!

By: Ms. Cynthia Leigh

Chapter I

"Wear it for me, lulu," the woman ordered, tossing the silken garment to me.

i caught the oriental print sheathe dress, gaped at Ms. Rachel, my mouth wide, my heart thudding loudly as i wondered, vainly, how i might extricate myself from my predicament without any more damage being done to my already shaky reputation.

my Lady Friend, Ms. Rachel Lynne Kline, lolled on my sofa, a knowing, sardonic grin curving her lips as she waited for me to obey her command.

i shook my head. "i don't think that would be wise. . ." i demurred.

"Didn't you tell me that you had been taught to obey instantly when any woman gave you a direct order?" she demanded.

"Well, yes. . . i did, but. . . but. . ." i weaseled reluctantly.

"But nothing! Quit this mucking about and get dressed!" she ordered sternly.

There was no way i would be able to avoid wearing the sheathe for her now! i had told her my secret, that i had been raised to obey all women, and that it was almost impossible for me to resist an imperious, dominating woman's direct order!

Nor did it matter if it were a male ordering me when i wore a dress, the same thing happened, i obeyed him! i had no choice. That had been impressed upon my psyche when i was a child and i could no more ignore my childhood indoctrination than i could stop breathing! Both were an integral part of my personality.

"Yes, Ma'am," i capitulated, curtsying low to her.

Ms. Rachel smiled at me teasingly.

"Oh, you do that so naturally, miss lulu!" she cooed softly. "Obviously, you've been well trained as a maid too!"

i blushed, curtsied again, as i had been taught, and turned to go.

"Wait! Do you have the proper accessories to go with that dress? I mean, do you have the right shade of hose? High heels to match? Undies? A waspy corset? Bust pads? How about make—up? Jewelry? The Works?"

"Yes, Ma'am," i admitted, curtsying shyly, hesitantly, in her direction.

"Great! I want you to get all dolled up for me, and I do mean all dolled up! Do you understand me, lulu?" she asked sharply.

i blushed and curtsied deep.

“Yes, Ms. Rachel, i do understand. You want me to get dressed as a girl from the skin out.”

“Yeah. . . some woman sure did a number on your head, didn't she?”

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” i agreed. “i suppose. . .”

“Was it your ex—wife?”

i shook my head. “No, Ms. Rachel, she hated to see me wearing skirts!”

“How about an ex—girlfriend?”

i shook my head again. “No, not really. . .”

“And what's that supposed to mean?” she demanded.

“Well, there is Carole Anne. . .”

“Oh, yeah, I'd like to meet her. . .”

i curtsied again.

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” i whispered dejectedly. “But not her.”

“Your Sister, then? She'd be older, I would imagine. . .”

“No, Ms. Rachel,” i denied. “i'm an only child.”

“There must be somebody else! Who? Your Aunt? A school teacher? A Nun? A girl cousin? Or, maybe it was a boy cousin? How about some special woman friend you haven't told me about? Or, a special male friend? Who?”

“my. . . my. . . Mom. . . and Ms. Angela. . .” i managed finally.

“Ms. Angela? Who is she?”

“Ms. Angela Hackett. She's my Mom's special friend.”

“I see,” she nodded. “Then, I really must meet her someday! And, of course, your Mom. . .”

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” i agreed, caving in under her relentless questioning. “my Mom would like you. She likes dominant women!”

“Does she now?”

“Oh, yes, Ms. Rachel, and Ms. Angela is the best!”

“That remains to be seen, Missy!” she laughed. “That remains to be seen!”

i curtsied. “Yes, Ms. Rachel.”

“Now,, you'd better scoot and get all gussied up for your debut!”

i scooted. . .

i ran into my bedroom, closed the door behind me, and leaned against it while my poor heart thumped foolishly in my chest.

What had i gotten myself into this time?

Absently, i stripped to my skin and took a shower, being very careful not to get my long, auburn hair wet. i didn't want to waste valuable time drying that!

As i changed, i rehashed the past several months in my mind's eye:

Chapter 2

“i'm quite sure we have the proper accommodations for your client, Ms. Kline,” i told the woman on the other end of the telephone. “After all, that's why we're here in the first place.”

“Yes, mr. diaz,” she laughed, “indeed!”

“We try to succor our less fortunate brethren. . .” i intoned mechanically.

“Yes, mr. diaz,” he mocking laughter stung my ears. “I am sure you do!”

“Well, we do try our best to help,” i replied piously.

“Oh, I agree,” she apologized. “I'm sorry if I have offended you.”

“De nada,” i grumbled, barely civil.

“I owe you one, mr. diaz.”

i had an idea of Ms. Kline in my mind, and what i saw, i liked very much. She was exactly six foot tall, weighed precisely one hundred and seventy pounds, with short black hair and dark eyes, a combination i find irresistible in a woman!

i was determined to know her better. . .

“OK, Let's start by you calling me lou. And, since you owe me one, how about making it dinner tonight? See Ms. Kline, that is the least you could do. . .”

“Great! I'll pick you up about seven and we can dine and dance at this joint I know out on The Boulevard, mr. di. . . er, lou. . .”

“You'll pick me up?” i croaked. “For dining and dancing? A. . . a date?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“But. . .”

“Haven't you heard of Women's Lib?”

“Yes, but. . .”

“But me no buts, mr. lou diaz, just say, 'yes.'”

“Well, yes, then. . . i suppose. . .”

“Fine. Seven, then?” she suggested, only it was not a suggestion! “Oh, and remember to dress informally. . .”

“Seven,” i echoed dutifully, “informally. . .”

i heard the phone click sharply in my ear. i had my date. . . with my Lady Attorney. *With her. . . Ms. Rachel Lynne Kline! my ideal woman. . . Wow!*

CHAPTER 3

“This is a nice place,” i commented to fill our conversational void.

"Yeah, I sort of like this joint," she answered absentmindedly. "It's better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick."

She spun me expertly, caught me with ease and, pulling me back against her, led me in the fast steps of a twist.

"You dance very well," i added breathlessly, following her lead easily.

"And you follow my lead so easily, lou," she teased.

i blushed. "Well, you never gave me a chance to take the boy's part!"

She chuckled. "I'm just use to doing things my own way, I guess."

"Oh?" my excuse sounded lame, even to me!

"Where did you learn to dance?" she asked, making small talk.

"Ms. Angela taught me when i was a little gi. . . er, when i was a little boy. She liked to dance and thought a kid should learn too. i guess i just lapped it all up. . ." my voice trailed off in confusion.

"Lapped it all up, eh?" she laughed throatily. "I see. . . I think. . ."

"Oh, you know what i mean," i giggled. "i was an apt student."

"She sounds like my kind of woman!" Ms. Kline commented dryly.

"She's a great Lady," i reminisced fondly.

"Well, most women are. Great ladies, I mean."

i laughed in spite of myself.

She looked at me strangely.

"That wasn't supposed to be funny."

"No, but it sure surprised me. . ."

"What? That I made an unintentional pun?"

"No, that you called the place a joint," i improvised quickly. "It's not, of course. It's really quite nice. . ."

"baby, after some of the places I've been in lately, they're all joints!" she laughed sardonically.

"i can imagine. Being an attorney must be exciting work!"

"It's a bore," she snorted. "I don't enjoy it anymore."

"i can understand that! i feel the same way after some of the clients i have to service during the course of a day. Some of these people are something else!"

"Especially the ones I have to deal with! Tell me, mr. diaz, are all drunks obnoxious, or is it just the ones I see?"

"i guess it's the alcohol that makes them so mean and miserable, Ms. Rachel," i replied without thinking.

"you know my first name?"

“You'd be surprised at what i know about you, Ms. Kline!” i quipped airily as she took my elbow and guided me to our table. She insisted on seating me, and i let her push my chair in, blushing when some nearby patrons smirked knowingly.

“Like, for instance?” she continued, sliding into her chair gracefully.

“Like, for instance, what?” i teased, sipping from my water glass.

“Like what else do you know about me?” she drank deeply from her wine goblet.

“Oh. Let's see. . . well, i know that your given name is Rachel but that all your closest friends call you either 'Raitch' or 'Lynne. . .’”

“you know my middle name too?” she squeaked with surprise.

“i know much more about you,” i bragged.

“Like?”

“Like, you were valedictorian of your graduating class at Vassar and you were phi beta kappa and president of your student body for three years, almost unheard of at such an exclusive women's finishing school. And, not only that, you were Team Captain of the fencing squad three years straight!”

“Yeah, well, I guess they were hard up for warm bodies...”

“Not so, Ms. Kline!” i protested. “You held those offices on merit!”

“Yeah, so you say.”

“The record is quite clear on that score, Counselor! i can read too!”

“My, my! Aren't we being a bit defensive?” she teased, her lips turning up.

“i also know that you're a widow, a senior partner in Chassim, Downe, Fiendym & Scroom, PC, one of the oldest, most prestigious, and richest, law firms in The City, and you didn't become that by being any less than extremely competent! You see, i know Larry Fiendym too. . . er, did, before he died, i mean. . .”

“Humph,” she snorted. “And, what do you know of my late—departed?”

“Not any more than he was an alcoholic and that he died three years ago. You met him when you joined the Firm and you married him two years later. i know you were six months pregnant when you miscarried, the night before your husband died, a heart attack. . . the fetus would have been a girl, had it lived. . .”

“you have done your homework, haven't you?” She raised her wine glass to me, smiling mockingly. “His heart failed getting me to a hospital.”

“Yes, i know,” i admitted. “That's why your baby died too,” i added.

“Pray tell, what else do you know about me, my little dumpling?”

i flushed hotly. “i am no one's dumpling, little or otherwise!”

She gazed at me calmly, her red lips parted in a mocking smile.

“you're over six inches shorter than I,” she observed, “and, if I choose to call you my little dumpling, I shall do so! Any objections, counselor?” She grinned. “And even if I do, what can you do about it, my little dumpling?”

"i probably couldn't do a thing," i admitted reluctantly. "But then, i think you're just a big bully anyway!" i quavered, my voice filled with embarrassment.

"So I'm a bully? So what?" she shrugged. "What else do you know about me?"

"Oh, i know that you like poodles; that you hate cats; that you like omelets; but hate soufflés; that your skin is sensitive to detergents and you prefer nylon and silk to compensate; that you like pants suits and detest skirts, although you always wear skirts or dresses for Court appearances because you believe they give a woman a subtle advantage over a male opponent."

"That it does. Juries and judges automatically side with a crying skirt!" A giggle escaped her lips. "It's a real bitch when an opposing attorney is a woman in skirts too. That's when I have to rely on knowledge and skill!"

"You've got that in spades," i enthused. "Everyone says so!"

"Thank you," she grinned. "But I still think you're prejudiced!"

"i am not!" i protested. "It's the truth!"

"OK! OK!" she laughed. "What else?"

"i know that you like shopping for clothes for others but take little time to buy any for your own use. i know you graduated Harvard Law School and you were a Peace Corps member for two years. i know that you're a registered Republican, but you vote your own beliefs. i know you own a brand new Rolls Royce sedan and that you like to watch Star Trek reruns. i know that you like Double Oh Seven movies, and that you have every one of them on video—tape."

"Hell's bells, any damn fool knows that!" she scoffed.

"i know that your favorite color is purple. i know that you prefer to sleep in the raw; that your dress size is a twenty—two tall; that you wear size twelve in a woman's shoe; that you wear a size seven panty and that your brassiere size is a full forty—six, Double—D cup. . ."

"Hey!" she squealed with surprise. "That's personal and private information! And none of your fucking business! How did you find out about that?"

"i know," i teased, "because i guessed it!"

"Bullcrap! How could you just guess something like that?"

"i'm pretty good at guess—estimating a woman's size. i'm a dressmaker. . ."

"you're a dressmaker? I thought you were a counselor at a half—way house?"

"i am, but i was trained to be a dressmaker too."

"I see!" She looked at me with a new respect in her eyes. "I love it!"

i blushed in confusion. "my Mom taught me. . ."

"More boys should've had Mothers like yours!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Ma'am," i replied inanely.

"All kidding aside, are you really a dressmaker?"

i nodded. "Yes, Ma'am, i am."

"Then why are you wasting your time at a half—way house?"

"i am not wasting my time!"

"You could make lots more as a seamstress."

"i know, but money isn't everything!"

"It isn't?" she acted surprised.

"Satisfaction counts more."

"Humph! you can't eat satisfaction!"

"i make out OK right where i am!" i retorted hotly.

"Oh, I'm sure. . ." she murmured. Then, "I repeat, 'Why don't you?'"

"Because no one will hire a mere male to work as a seamstress for them! And, if i sound bitter, it's only because i am!"

"Open your own shop then."

"But. . ." i stopped short. my own place? i hadn't thought of that!

"If you're any good, women will come out of the woodwork to patronize you."

"i am good, damned good!" i declared proudly.

"Lots of men are. Don't you know that the best couturiers are men?"

"Yeah, sure, i know that! So what?"

"So, sew! you'll never know for sure what you can do unless you try!"

"Yeah, yeah, sure, maybe for some, but not me!"

"Why not, for goodness sake?"

"Because i'm not going to, that's why!"

"chicken!"

"Brawk! Brawk!" i croaked.

She laughed. "OK, let's take in a movie instead, right after dinner, OK?"

"It's a deal. You got one in mind?"

"Yeah. It'll be a surprise."

It was an OK flick, and i liked being with Ms. Rachel. Except i'd already seen it with Carole Anne. . . Damn!

CHAPTER 4

"What's wrong, lou?" Rachel asked.

"Nothing."

"That's not true. I know better. Something has been bothering you for days. Is it another woman? Are you tired of me? I can take it, tell me!"

"Oh, no, Rachel!" i hastened to reassure her. "It's not another woman, well, in a way, it's not. . ." i admitted slowly. How could i tell this woman i loved that i was a TV? No, not a television TV, i'm a transvestite TV! i like to wear girls' clothes in pref-

erence to boys'. . . now how could i tell her that? She'd just laugh at me, make fun of me, and then walk out of my life forever. That had happened to me more often than i cared to remember!

“Something's bothering you, lou. I've had too much experience with reluctant witnesses not to recognize a wrongness when I see it!”

“Don't question me like that!” i protested angrily. “i'm not on trial!”

“No, not yet,” she admitted.

“Then quit treating me like i were!” i shouted, “you can stop with the damned cross—examination already!” i snapped.

“I'm sorry,” she apologized. “But, won't you tell me what's bothering you?”

“Goddess! You never give up, do you?”

“Just tell me. . . please?”

“Nothing!”

“lou, do you trust me?”

“Yes, of course,” i replied absently. The truth was that i trusted no one!

“Then tell me what's wrong,” she coaxed.

i looked at her a long time, then turned and went into my bedroom, closing my door behind me carefully. With my eyes full of tears, i took one of my prettiest dresses from the closet. It was a gorgeous silk print, an Oriental sheathe dress i had modified to conceal my body armor. i caressed it tenderly and smoothed its softness against my chest. i sighed, turned, and opened the door.

Surprised, she glanced up as i entered the living room and moved purposefully in her direction. “Ah, there you are! I thought you'd run away! I'm so pleased that you decided to stay. . .”

i glared at her angrily and threw the silken garment at her. “There! i hope you're damn well satisfied!”

She stroked the dress knowingly. “Very nice. Is it your ex's?”

“No, it never belonged to her.”

“your girlfriend, er, what's her name, Carole Anne?”

i shook my head. “No.”

“your Aunt's? your Cousin's? Surely not your Mother's? Nor Ms. Angela's?”

“Well, of course not!” i denied fiercely.

“Well then, who does own it?”

“me,” i confessed quietly.

“you? I see. I think. . .” Her fingers traced the material's seams.. “It's very well made. Silk is so difficult to work with. you have exquisite taste and good judgment in style, material and workmanship.”

“Thank you,” i managed uneasily. This wasn't going at all as i'd imagined!

“Did you buy it as a present?”

“No.”

“Hunh?”

“i mean i didn't buy it.”

“Where did you get it then?”

“i made it myself.”

“you made it. . .”

i nodded. “i made it. i cut it out of whole cloth and i fitted it and sewed it all by myself.”

“you? you really made it? All by yourself?”

“Sure, what's wrong with that? i make all my own clothes! i told you that i was trained as a dressmaker! So what?”

“I am impressed. So you really made it?”

“Yes.” i repeated doggedly.

“To wear yourself?” she smirked.

“Yes.”

“In other words, lou, you're trying to tell me that you're a transvestite and that you get a sexual thrill from wearing women's clothing.”

“Yes! Those are the very words!” i exclaimed.

“Are you a practicing transvestite?”

“Yes, i do! And, yes, i am!”

“Yes, you do, and yes, you am. . . what?”

“Yes, i do practice, and yes, i am a transvestite!”

“I see. It's nothing to be ashamed of, you know.”

i stared at her in amazement. i had expected almost anything but this! “You don't care that i prefer to wear women's fashions? i can't believe it!”

“No, I don't care! Why should I?”

“But. . . but. . .” i stammered. “Why?”

“Easy. My late—husband, Larry, was a transvestite too.”

“He was? i didn't know. . .” i lied.

“Yes, Larry made a beautiful girl too.”

“He always was a handsome man. . .” i admitted.

“It was really a damn shame that he drank, since we were completely compatible otherwise.”

“And you didn't care that. . . when he wore dresses?”

“Not in the least.”

“And you. . . let him?”

“I encouraged him! Why shouldn't I? I happen to like girls too!”

“me too! But most of the women i've known have just dropped me like a hot potato after i tell them i not only like to wear girls' clothes, but that i was raised as a girl and trained to be female and feminine in all things.”

“you were?”

“Yes, i was!” i repeated defensively. “i'm a woman inside because my Mom and Ms. Angela taught me to be a little lady. . . under no circumstances was i allowed the option of being male while i lived with them! And, even though i now live in my own apartment, i still prefer to: wear girls' clothing; be feminine; and, live my private life as a woman!”

“I see. . .”

“Ms. Angela and Mom also taught me to be obedient to women, and that continued even after i was old enough to live on my own!”

“I see.”

“They taught me to obey women, no matter how inconvenient or importune it was to me personally. i was taught that a woman's will was paramount, and i grew up with that firmly implanted in my psyche.”

“That's commendable, mr. diaz!”

“It's especially true when i'm wearing a skirt. There is absolutely no way i can disobey a woman's order if i'm wearing a skirt or dress at the time! my Mom and Ms. Angela made sure i learned that lesson well!”

“How about a man, mr. diaz?” she asked softly. “Do you obey men as well when you're wearing a skirt?”

i nodded. “That's why i'm so careful about who i wear skirts for!”

“I see. Then you will obey men?”

“Yes, but i'm careful about who it is.”

“I don't understand.”

“i'm disease free and i intend to stay that way!”

“That's commendable, but I still don't see. . .”

“Well, like this one guy i know. . . he's not particular where he sticks that thing and i sure don't want him shoving it up my ass and giving me some disease i didn't bargain for! That crap's for the birds, and even they don't want it!”

“I don't blame you.”

“i'm utterly vulnerable when i'm wearing skirts, and if somebody orders me to lay down and spread my legs, then i do it! i just can't help myself!”

“Always?”

“Unless it's life—threatening, i can't avoid obeying. i'm too well trained.”

"I see."

"That's why i'm so careful about who knows my secret."

"I see," she repeated. Then, "But you don't feel threatened by me?"

"No, i seldom feel threatened by a woman! i trust women!"

"Why?"

"i don't know, i just do. i guess it's because they're female. . ."

"That's an unrealistic attitude and chauvinistic!"

"No, i don't think so," i defended. "i was taught that a woman can always be trusted while men are always devious and duplicitous."

"So are many women."

"i learned that lesson the hard way, but i still don't feel threatened. And, that's why it hurts so much when a woman does it to me."

"Does what?"

"Treats me so shabbily after i tell her that i wear women's clothing all the time and want to live as a woman too!"

"you do?"

"i do, what?"

"Wear women's clothes all the time?"

i nodded. "Yes. . . always," i reaffirmed.

She peered at me closely. "How about right now?"

"Especially now!" i exclaimed. "Everything i'm wearing right now came from a woman's shop. my slacks have a mock fly and a side zip. There are no pockets in them either. Didn't you notice how tight they fit between my legs? i never have anything but curves there!" i added proudly.

"I didn't even notice," she admitted, surprised. "It never occurred to me!"

"my shirt is a man—cut blouse and it buttons backwards. my shoes are women's oxfords and my socks are pink girls' sports sox. i like pink. i usually use the story of something red accidentally getting mixed in with my whites in the wash."

"I see."

"Even my handkerchief and wallet and headband are girls'!"

"Yes, I can see that. . . now."

"And how many other men wear a narrow band wrist watch?" i demanded.

"Not many, I guess," she admitted. "I never noticed. I just didn't think it was all that important. . ."

"It is, to me!" i rebuked sharply.

"Only if you let it be!" she snapped back.

"Well, it's how i maintain my identity and keep my sanity!"

“How about your underwear? Is that female too?”

“Of course,” i whispered in shame. “i have worn women's panties all my life. All my undershirts have lace trim around the neck and a little satin bow right in the middle! Oh, Hell, i use a woman's skin—soap, and even my under—arm deodorant is made especially for a woman. . .”

“Is it secret?”

“Of course,” i replied absently. “i don't broadcast it. . .”

She laughed and i didn't know why.

“Didn't you notice that my fingernails are coated with a clear enamel? And i keep them much longer than most men do!”

“Yes, but some men get their nails manicured.”

“my skin is soft and smooth and hairless. . .”

“I thought it was hereditary. . .”

“i'm hairless all over.”

“I believe you.”

“Well, i am!” i insisted.

“I said I believed you,” she answered softly.

“i shave my legs.”

“Oh?”

“And my underarms..”

“I see.”

“i depilate my body from head to toe.”

“Oh.”

“Between my legs too!”

“Oh?”

“And between the cheeks of my ass too!” i blurted, hoping to shock her.

“How interesting.”

“Is that all you can say?”

“What do you want me to say?”

“It's deliberate.”

“I can see that.”

“my earlobes are pierced. . .”

“That's not unusual at all. Lots of men wear an earring.”

“mine are pierced in both lobes!” i insisted.

“Oh? When did you have them done?”

“Mom had Ms. Angela pierce them when i was just hours old.”

"I see."

"my septum is pierced too."

"I thought it might be. . ."

"And my nipples have permanent rings welded through them!"

"Oh? Did your Ms. Angela do that for you too?"

"No," i admitted, blushing. "i had that done when i was in Hong Kong. . ."

"Anything else?"

"Yes." i held my left hand up. "Did you notice my ring?"

"Yes, I did notice that you wear a woman's friendship ring."

"Mom and Ms. Angela gave it to me on my eighteenth birthday."

"It's beautiful. What else do you have to tell me?"

"i had my nose bobbed."

"I thought so. It looks kind of cute to me."

"Thank you. i had injections in my lips."

"I didn't notice that."

"i had my Adam's apple shaved and after several squirts of liquid nitrogen, my voice went up a whole octave."

"I thought it was a bit high for a man. . ."

"It is. It's more a contralto than anything else."

"It's very sweet. It must cause you some concern in your line of work."

"Some," i admitted. "But i get by."

"Have you studied voice?"

"Yes. It shows?"

She nodded. "I bet you're a good singer too."

"i think so. Some people say i sound just like Dolly."

"Yes, I can see why. you've got that same trill in your voice."

"i also had my bottom ribs removed."

"you did? How? Why?"

"Surgery, that's how. So i'd have a more definitive waist line, that's why!"

"Sounds sort of drastic to me."

"i'm amazed that you're so calm," i admitted shyly, "most women aren't. Most women feel threatened by me."

"Why?"

"Because i'm more female and feminine than they."

"Sounds contagious," she quipped, smiling broadly.

"It's not funny," i snapped peevishly. "Women have treated me rotten."

"Oh? How?"

"i've had them pull right over to the side of the road way out in the middle of nowhere and order me to get out of the car! i've waited in fancy restaurants while they went to the rest room, except they never came back. i've been left in movies, outside buildings, you name it. One woman even threw me out of her house in the middle of the night and then there was the one who waited until we were in her bed, stark naked and just about to make love when she. . ."

"Hold it!" she laughed. "I get the picture!"

"And other women have. . ."

"I'm not like other women, mr. diaz," she replied quietly.

"But. . . but. . ."

She laughed gaily. "You sound like a motorboat!"

"Don't laugh at me!" i shouted.

"I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at what you said."

"It's the same thing!"

"No, there's a big difference."

"i don't see any."

"That's because you're standing too close to the trees to see the forest."

"That doesn't make any sense at all."

"That's because you're upset."

"Upset? You're damned right i'm upset! i've got a right to be!"

"Have you?"

"i. . . i. . ."

She patted my cheek gently. "I'm not making fun of you, nor am I upset about you being a transvestite. In fact, I think that makes you all the more appealing to me as a potential sex partner."

"Why? Are you a lesbian?"

"What do you think?"

"i think you could go both ways. . . and have!"

"Then, let's just leave it at that, shall we?"

"OK by me."

"What do you call yourself when you're wearing skirts?"

"luci. . . louise cecille diaz. . . miss louise cecille diaz. . ."

"Great! Tell me, miss louise cecille diaz, do you ever wear your dresses for others?"

'Like, for a woman?"

“Like for a woman. . .”

“my Mom. . . and Ms. Angela, of course,” i admitted. “Then, there was my girl friend, Carole Anne and some women i met who wanted to see me in skirts. . . Carl and Tony and one or two other boys i've known. . .”

“No, not men, a woman. . .”

“Like, for instance, who?”

“Like, for instance, me!”

“Oh.” For some reason i hesitated.

“I won't bite you,” she promised. “Well, not too hard. . .” she teased.

“Well. . . sure, if you don't get all prissy acting when i come out. . .”

“I won't act prissy with you. . .”

“And, if you really want me to. . .”

“I really want you to.”

“Well. . . all right. . . i suppose. . .”

“Will you wear this dress for me, miss lulu diaz?”

She tossed the silken garment back to me.

i caught it easily.

“Sure,” i whispered, almost to myself. “Why not?”

“Why not, indeed!” she replied.

The die was cast.

Which brings us back to where i started this story:

CHAPTER 5

i sighed, stripped to the skin and took a long shower.

i said that already? Oh, well. . .

Crooning softly to myself, i toweled dry, powdered my body liberally and then returned to my bedroom. i clasped my tightest waspy—corset around my middle and cinched it closed. It was too tight, sure, but it gave me a more sharply defined waist line that looked great with this particular sheathe!

i rolled hose up my legs (after checking to make sure they were still smooth and hair—free. They were!) and hooked them tautly to my garter clips. The nylon hose made my legs look their best and i stroked them lovingly. i liked my legs, but i knew that my rear end was my best feature. i patted it lovingly. The full cheeks were firmly soft, gently rounded, completely feminine. One of my long—ago admirers had told me that my legs went all the way up my thighs to make a perfect ass of themselves! i had been insulted at the time, but now that i knew what he had meant, i was flattered by it!

Shivers of delicious need thrilled me and i knew i had better stop or i'd be taking another shower before i could get dressed!

i snapped the gaff into place, positioned my genitals, and fastened it to the back of my cinch, drawing my sex up and completely out of sight. i winced with a momentary discomfort, but as numbness set in and i got used to the tightness, the discomfort faded and i forgot all about it.

i examined my chest closely, looking for those stray hairs that would give me trouble when i glued my breasts to my skin. There were none. Thank The Goddess!

Hurriedly, i positioned my nipple rings correctly and glued my prosthetics in place, feathering the edges smoothly, waiting the mandatory seven minutes to give them the chance to set properly.

i spent the time combing my hair and fussing with it, getting it to hang just so. i wanted it to fall across my shoulders and shade my eyes, but it took great care to give it the casual look that i thought went best with my face shape. . .

i checked my breasts, finding them firmly set. i jumped up and down once or twice, but they just bounced realistically, their Double—D weight throwing me off balance noticeably! i had forgotten all about that, and i mentally readjusted my equilibrium to compensate for my altered center of gravity.

Knowing that Rachel preferred realism, i decided to forego the use of a bra, to let my pseudo—breasts swing free. i stretched voluptuously. i loved the feel of having them unconfined. . .it made me feel so feminine. . . and female!

And so vulnerable!

i slipped my nyloned feet into my highest heels, strapping them snugly around my ankles. i pointed my toes and admired my leather—shod feet. Great!

Working quickly, i painted my nails, blowing on them impatiently to make them dry quicker. . . i loved the bright pink shade i'd chosen. i hoped Rachel'd like it too. i painted my mouth with a matching shade of lipstick, mascara'd my lids, fastened huge hoops in my pierced ear lobes, clipped a cameo choker about my neck and glanced critically at my image in the mirror. Yeah!

i stood, picked up the dress and slipped it carefully over my head, smoothing it around my breasts and settling it into place about my swelling hips. i zipped it closed and buckled the belt tightly.

Again, i looked at my image in the mirror, and again i smiled. i did look as good as i felt! i felt like a female. The image showed me that i looked exactly like a woman, and a beautiful woman at that! i hoped Rachel; liked me too. . .

My heart was thumping wildly as i pushed my bedroom door open and walked into my living room. “Ta da!” i trilled, falling into a model's hip—shot pose.

Rachel just stared in amazement! She stood, held out her arms. and whispered, “Come here. . . please?”

Without an ounce of hesitation, i jumped into her embrace, my glistening lips parted slightly, up—turned and awaiting her attentions. . .

Rachel kissed me soundly and i swooned in her arms. . .

“miss lulu,” she whispered tenderly, her lips smiling her contentment. “Oh, baby, you can't possibly be a llewellyn. . . are you a louis?”

i shook my head. “My real name is luis cecil. Mom named me luis, after her Father (i pronounced it in the Spanish manner, ”lou—ees”), and cecil after my own Father (i pronounced that in the English manner, “suh—seal”), only the darn clerk heard Mom say, 'louise cecille,' and i've been 'miss louise' ever since.”

“I didn't know that.”

“It's the truth.”

“Oh, I believe you, and I like it, lou. . . er, I mean, miss luci. . .”

“It's been ages since anyone's called me that,” i replied sheepishly.

“Man or woman?” she teased.

“A man,” i replied testily. “my Father, if you must know!”

“Just wondering,” she apologized.

“Oh.” i snuggled against her breasts. “Uhhmm,” i cooed with delight.

“You like big tits, don't you, miss luci?” she teased, touching mine gently.

i nodded. “Yeah, i was broke in right. . .”

“What on Earth do you mean?”

“my Mom has Double—Dees too. . .”

“Oh.”

“And so does her friend, Ms. Angela.”

“And you like your women big—busted too?”

i hung my head in shame. “Ye—yes,” i whispered.



“And that's why you want yours to be the same size?”

“i guess.”

“Where's your Father today?”

“He died when i was sixteen years old. Throat cancer. . . he had a four—pack a day cigarette habit. . .”

“I'm sorry,” she apologized.

“Thank you.”

“What else can you do, besides sew and look beautiful, I mean?”

“Well, i can cook and clean and do laundry and make beds and i do fairly well as a decorator and i'm good at balancing budgets and i'm loyal and keep my person clean and i'm healthy and i brush my teeth after meals and i can give a mean back rub too, if i do say so myself. And, i do!”

“How about hostessing parties?”

“i've never done that, but i'd bet i could.”

“I'd bet so too.”

“But, there's lots more to being a woman than just doing womanly things. . .”

“Oh? The truth will out, at last!”

“Stop trying to be funny, 'cause you're not!”

“I am not trying.”

“Oh. Well, i not only want to dress like a female, i want to be treated like one too, in every way possible.”

“That should pose no problem,” she nodded.

“And i want to be courted.”

“Is that all?”

“You don't understand, i want to be courted!”

“OK.”

“You still don't understand! i want to be the woman in every way! i want to be the fiancee, with the e accent e at the end. i want to be the courted partner in the courting ritual!”

“I heard you the first time You want to have a relationship with someone in which you always, and in all ways, play a traditional, stereotypical female role, before, during, and after the mating—game ritual. Right?”

i nodded. “Yes, that's part of it. . .” i admitted.

“There's more?” she asked, amused.

i nodded shyly. “Yes. i want my fiancé to bring me little courting presents for every date. She must give me flowers or candy or perfume or books or jewelry or the like, to make me feel special. . . and feminine. . . and courted!”

“That should be easy enough to arrange, I would imagine.”

“Yeah, but you'd be surprised how many women say they will and then don't. i mean, there's a world of difference between the saying and the doing!”

“I'm not like other women, miss luci. . .”

“Yeah, that's what you keep telling me,” i teased. “What you do with me next will prove or disprove your sincerity!”

She kissed me tenderly. “There's a lot more to it, right?”

i nodded. “Yes, i want my fiancé to get down on her knee and ask me to marry her, slipping a diamond engagement ring onto my third finger left hand when, and, if, i agree to her proposal and say, ”Yes.””

“I think that's reasonable. . .” she mused. “Anything else?”

i nodded. “i want to be married while wearing an antique white satin wedding gown, and i want my best girl friend to be my Matron—of—Honor and. . .”

“I thought you said you didn't have any other girlfriends?” she snapped.

“i don't. Carole Anne's my best female friend. She's my girl friend, not my girl-friend. See?”

“I think. . .”

“And i want to promise my husband to 'love, honor and obey. . .”

“That's a bit archaic, isn't it? I mean, no one does that anymore!”

“Well, i shall because i want to! Otherwise it just wouldn't be the same!”

“That makes sense. . . sort of. . .” she teased.

“Be serious!” i snapped angrily. “This is important!”

“To you. . .”

“Yes, to me! But, if it's not done my way, it won't be done at all, not with me, it won't!”

“OK, I can live with that.”

“Our vows must be exchanged before a woman minister.”

“A woman minister?”

i nodded. “You got it, Baby.”

“Why?”

“Because, the way i am, given my upbringing and training, my vows wouldn't be binding on me if a male receives them. i can't be untruthful to a woman. . .”

“But you can a man?”

my head moved against her breasts. “Yes.”

“What if he's in a long skirt, like a priest?”

“Makes no difference, he's still male. It's not the same as a woman. . .”

“But, if he wears a skirt. . .”

“But, don't you see? i would know the difference!”

“Oh, I see! It has to be a real woman under those skirts or trousers. . .”

“Yes, that's it!”

“Then, it's not just the skirts that control your attention and obedience in such an instance, but the female sex of the woman herself. Right?”

“Yes, i cannot disobey a woman! That's why i must repeat my vows before one! my Mom taught me that marriage vows are something one should never take lightly. She taught that marriage is for keeps. Once given, wedding vows are sacrosanct, not to be broken under any circumstances. That's why she stuck by my Father for more than eight years before his death even though there was nothing between them for most of that time. Mom made her vows to a woman Justice—of—The—Peace, and my Mom has the same respect for women that she installed in me, you see.”

“A very wise woman, your Mother.”

“Mom taught me her values and i've tried to live up to her teachings my whole life. i hope to continue to do so!”

“I have no objection to anything you've told me. In fact, you have just made me more certain than ever that you're the right choice for me!”

“Can you afford one?” i asked slyly; “A wife, i mean?”

“What do you mean, miss louise cecille diaz?” she snapped angrily. “I am the senior partner in an established Law Firm! Of course I can afford a wife! I can well afford you and I can well afford to keep you in the style to which you would love to become accustomed!”

“That wasn't what i meant! i mean, there's lots more to it than money. . .”

“OK, shoot.”

“All right. i want to be my husband's wife in every way possible.”

“OK.”

“i mean i want to stay at home and make a home for my future husband, because my mate will be my husband, no matter what sex she, or HE, is! i've been trained to be a wife, and that's exactly what i'll be, or i won't be anything!”

“That's a pretty tall order, little girl.”

“It's how i feel inside.”

“Let's see now, courting, presents, a proposal, a diamond engagement ring, an antique—white, satin, floor—length wedding gown with a lace train, something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue, a woman minister, your best girl friend, Carole Anne, as your Matron—of—Honor. What am I leaving out?”

“Oh, lots of things!” i teased lightly.

“Oh? For instance?”

“The Church. Women witnesses. A wedding cake. Satin garters for my husband to remove from my thighs and throw to his attendants. Floral bouquets to toss to mine. Bridal showers. The Wedding rehearsal itself. Our Wedding Night...”

“Wedding night?”

“Yes!” i exclaimed. “A husband has certain duties on his wedding night!”

“I think I understand. . .”

“Do you really?”

“Sure,” she replied off—handily, “you mean in bed, right?”

i nodded slowly and blushed with embarrassment. “Well. . . yes!”

“So you want to get laid? So?”

“Oh, there's much more to it than mere sex!”

She laughed heartily. “OK! OK! I'm convinced!”

“It's not something i can take lightly. Weddings are serious business!”

“They are when you go about one!”

“That's only proper. i want my wedding to be everything i've ever dreamed of ever since i was a little girl!”

“Your wedding night too?” she joshed.

“Especially my wedding night!” i stressed.

“OK, you got it!” she laughed.

“If you're not serious about this, Rachel, don't even start up with me!”

“Oh, I'm serious, all right,” she laughed, falling to her knee in front of me and looking me straight in the eye. “miss louise cecille diaz, may I court you?” She took my hand. “May I have the honor of seeking your hand in marriage?”

i looked down at her a long time. Then, “Are you really serious about this, Rachel? Because if you're joking, tell me right now!”

“I assure you, cupcake, I'm serious. Not one thing you want offends me.”

“Not even that part about me wearing the wedding dress? Nor my girl friend, Carole Anne as my Matron—of—Honor? Nothing at all?”

She shook her head emphatically. “No, not as long as you wear skirts all the time once we're married. If I must accept your conditions of being my wife, then you must agree to my after marriage condition, that you wear skirts exclusively! If you are to be my wife, you must be a traditional wife, if you're to be my wife at all!”

“i promise!”

“On your sacred honor as a woman?”

“i cannot lie to a woman!”

“And you will obey me, no matter what I ask of you?”

“As long as it's not illegal nor endangers my life. . .”

“There is one other thing, and I think it's of vital importance. . .”

“Oh? What? i thought we'd covered just about everything. . .”

“Not quite,” she replied seriously. “Remember you telling me that Ms. Angela and your Mom taught you to be obedient to all women?”

“Sure. . . so?”

“And you said they taught you to obey a woman no matter how inconvenient, or importune, it might be for you personally, right?”

“Yeah. So?”

“you said that you were taught that any woman's will was paramount, right?”

“Yes, i did say that.”

“And that you grew up with that embedded in your psyche?”

“Yes. . .”

“And that you'd been impressed so that you'd never forget?”

“Yes. Yes. i said all that! Why?” i had a sinking feeling in my tummy. i knew she knew! How she knew, i didn't know, but she did know!

“How did they impress it on your psyche?”

There! It was out in the open at last!

“Oh, that's not important.” i tried to get her off the subject.

“I think it's of vital importance.”

“But, why?”

“Because I want to know, that's why! Now, little girl, 'fess up!”

“Yes, Ma'am.” i had to obey her. . . now!

“So, tell me already. . . and tell me now!”

Rachel was a woman and her will must be obeyed!

“They punished me.”

“Hell's bells! I know that!” She waved her hand in dismissal.

“Well, what else is there to know?”

“I want to know how they punished you!”

“Oh. . . well. . . various ways. . .” i weaseled.

She clapped her palms. crisply. “luci, stop this shilly—shallying and tell me what i want to know! And, you'd better tell me right now!”

“Yes, Ma'am,” i replied, hanging my head in shame.

“They would. . . spank my bare bottom and either make me stand in a corner or put me to bed. . .”

"I thought so!" she chuckled, her fingers caressing my closed eyelashes. "So tell me, luci, are you a Masochist? Do you like a little hurt? Are you sexually aroused during a spanking? Do you like to be soundly disciplined?"

How did she know that? I blushed, shaking my head. "No, Ms. Rachel," i lied.

"Don't lie to me, girl!" she snarled.

"If a woman does it," i admitted the truth reluctantly.

"I thought so!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "And, what if a man spans you?"

"It would depend on the relationship between us," i answered honestly.

"So, if your husband were a man, you'd obey because he was your husband, and not because he was a stronger male. Right?"

"Yes, Ma'am, i suppose," i agreed, hiding my face between her breasts.

"HMMMMM. . ." She grasped my wrists in her hand and squeezed gently. i made no effort to escape. She smiled at me knowingly and i squirmed helplessly.

"Oh, Ma'am," i squeaked. "You mustn't. . ."

"Well, of course, I must!" she demurred impatiently, drawing my wrists behind my back and holding them firmly. "Tell me, miss luci, are you into bondage?"

"Wh—what?"

"Are you into bondage?" she repeated. "Do you like to be restrained? Do you like to be all tied up in your feminine finery when you're being spanked? Do you like sensory deprivation? How about dark rooms.? you know what I mean, bondage!"

"Oh, no, Ma'am," i hastened to assure her.

"Really?" she asked in disbelief. "Then why aren't you struggling and trying to get your hands free?" She grinned knowingly.

"Oh, please, let me go!" i whispered, my face flaming.

She ignored me. "If you aren't, baby, you should be! Haven't you ever been tied up or handcuffed? Don't you wear restrictive clothing? Don't you like your hobble skirts, your tight corsets, your high heel pumps, your constricting gaffs, your slave jewelry and the like?"

"Well, yes. . . but. . ."

"But? No, what you really mean is that you have not been trained properly in bondage methodology and the pleasures of submission," she amended. "Right?"

"i guess. . ." i admitted shyly.

"Delicious. . ."

"Oh. . . Ms. Rachel!"

"Then, I shall ask you once more, miss louise cecille diaz, may I court you? May I wine you and dine you and bring you flowers and candy and perfume and may I teach you the many joys and pleasures of submitting to a dominant woman?"

i capitulated utterly.

“Oh, yes. Yes! Please do. . .”

“And when we click and fall in love, may I then ask you to marry me and give you a diamond engagement ring? Will you then agree to become my wife?”

“If you make me fall in love with you, and if i accept your engagement ring, yes, i will consent to be your wife. i will marry you!”

“Done!” Her lips claimed mine avidly.

i surrendered to her passion. i had found my paradise at long last!

Or, had i?

If i had truly found my Paradise, why then did i have this awful feeling that there was a snake lurking in my Garden of Eden?

i'd find out soon enough. . .

CHAPTER 6

Wherever did you find this jewel?" the brassy blonde demanded as i held the tray for her selection. “So beautiful and yet, so talented too! Goddess!”

“Oh, you'd be surprised!” Ms. Rachel giggled happily. “I was servicing one of my client's needs, and when I looked up, there she was. . .”

“Yeah, sure, servicing a client. . .”

“Yep, that's it!”

“On your knees, maybe. . .” the woman taunted.

“Have it your way,” Ms. Rachel shrugged her shoulders.

“Not my style, Honey Bunch!”

Carefully, i minced my way through Ms. Rachel's guests, pausing momentarily as they made their selections. Then, i would curtsy and continue my rounds.

i greatly resented this imposition on my personal time off. It had all begun when Ms. Rachel had asked me to hostess and serve just one party. i'd discovered, to my regret, that Ms. Rachel was never satisfied with one capitulation, she had a savage compulsion to own others so completely that it amounted to slavery!

“And if miss louise doesn't satisfy completely, just up—end her, put her over your knee, flip her skirt up and spank her bottom soundly! You may even take her panties down, if she's been an especially disobedient little girl,” Ms. Rachel was telling a small group of her admiring friends.

“You're kidding,” the big blonde retorted.

“Try it,” Ms. Rachel laughed. “You'll like it!”

The woman eyed me hungrily. “I might just do that!”

“When?”

“How about tomorrow evening? At my place? Say. . . sevenish?”

“miss louise is always prompt!”

i shivered involuntarily and glanced in Ms. Rachel's direction.
She saw and smiled knowingly, pursing her lips to blow me a kiss.
i felt my knees buckle.
“Oh, oh!” i gasped.
i had to obey!
What other choice did i have?”

CHAPTER 7

i squirmed uncomfortably in Ms. Rachel's arms.. “But, i don't want to date any other women!” i protested weakly, wearily. We'd been arguing for hours!
“It'll be fun!” she whispered, her soft breath tickling my ear.
“i just want to date you, no one else!” i repeated for the hundredth time.
“Oh, baby, do it for me. . . just this once?”
“But. . . but. . .”
She giggled. “You sound like a motorboat!”
“It's just not fair!”
“What? That you please me?”
“No. i don't think it's right to go with other women when i'm supposed to be engaged to you.” i held up my left hand and wriggled my ring finger.
“you are engaged to me!” she confirmed.
“Then why do i feel so. . . used?”
“you want to learn how to please me, don't you?” she murmured.
“Of course!”
“Then go out with Dolores and please me by pleasing her.”
“But, i don't want to!” i repeated inanely.
“miss louise cecille diaz, are you wearing a skirt?”
“Of course,” i admitted. “You told me that i may wear nothing else when i'm with you. . .”
“And when you wear a skirt, what happens?”
“i become submissive to a woman's will. . .”
“And you can't refuse a woman's direct order?”
“No.”
“you'll love it!”
“But. . .”
“Oh, shush!”
Her lips closed over mine and i was kissed soundly.

She was wrong.

i loved her kisses, but i hated going out with another woman! No matter who it was!

CHAPTER 8

“Now really, luci,” Mrs. Kline purred silkily, “I'd've never guessed you were so domestically inclined. When Rachel told me that she had met this lovely young man who was ideal for her in every way, I never dreamed that you could ever be so perfect and have such a strong penchant for service to women! Frankly, I doubted her judgment, and said as much. But I see that even she had underestimated your ability. How lovely for her. . . and me!”

i lowered my head, blushing helplessly as i knelt before her, her finger tips tenderly caressing my flaming cheeks, her pointy nails scratching my skin ever so slightly. “Yes, Mrs. Kline,” i murmured softly, greatly ashamed of my position.

She giggled knowingly, her violet eyes taking in my maid's uniform, my sky—hi heels, my ultra short skirt, my nylon clad thighs and my full, tastefully applied make—up. “Yes, it would be a criminal act not to make use of your talents!” she teased gently. “Right?”

i blushed harder, my eyes closed with embarrassment at her words.

“Isn't that right?” she repeated sharply. “Answer me, you little baggage!”

“Yes, Mrs. Kline, i guess,” i replied hesitantly, my eyes still lowered.

“you guess?” she laughed. “My, my, whatever happened to your training? I am appalled! I'm a woman, and since you have admitted that a woman is always right, what is this 'i guess' stuff? Just admit that I'm right!”

“Yes, Madame,” i agreed, my heart full of shame. “Of course, you're right!”

“You're delicious, darling,” she cooed, “now, you must create something for me to wear. . . later. And, as soon as you're done here now, you must join me in my bedroom for a further demonstration of your learned, personal services.”

i bowed my head in submission. “As Madame wishes. . .”

“Oh, come now, dear luci,” she admonished, “surely we've grown so much closer than that by now! Why don't you call me 'Mother. . .’”

“Yes. . . Mother. . .” i replied, my voice reluctant even then.

She patted my hair knowingly.

“Oh, luci. . . my dearest luci. . .”

Her fingertips curled about my head, drawing my hot cheeks between her gaping thighs. . . towards her waiting, wide—open nether mouth. . .

i buried my face in her heated flesh, kissing her bearded lips avidly. . .

It was a long, delicious night. . .

CHAPTER 9

“Mother was very impressed with you, luci,” Ms. Rachel teased, “she asked if I would consider renting your services to her on a continuing basis, and since it's impossible to refuse my own Mother, I was happy to agree, of course.”

‘Of course,” i echoed, shame—faced.

“you are so understanding, luci,” Ms. Rachel whispered, her lips touching mine sweetly, her fingers caressing my nyloned thighs surreptitiously, setting my skin aflame with molten desire.

“Oh, Mistress,” i cooed breathlessly.

It had been such an extremely embarrassing situation to say the least. . . so humiliating! i had literally stammered and blushed from the first moments when I had entered Mother Kline's parlor dressed in my abbreviated uniform skirts. . .

Imagine that you are a boy person. . . that you are in your Fiancé's Mother's home. . . that you are doing housework.

. . . and that you are most provocatively-clad as a saucy French Maid. . . short, flirty skirts almost to the tops of your nylon encased thighs with several layers of stiff white lace petticoats beneath holding your satin skirt high, your sky—high heels making you fight for balance while you totter about, your satin bodice rounded so deep your aureole show blatantly, with your nipples threatening to burst forth at any moment, exposing your full breasts to your Mistress. . . your cheeks a blush, your eyes down-cast in shame, your long, auburn hair caressing your breast slopes, your fingers writhing and intertwining, your movements nervously impotent as she scolds you for some invented lapse, some imagined short—coming on your part. . .

i had spent the better part of the day cleaning her home and making delicious meals for her consumption, then had spent most of the night trying to satisfy her sexual appetite, a never end-



ing task, as i had discovered, no matter what i did!

Oh, she had slept, and quite soundly too, while i continued to suckle her sex diligently, on pain of a threatened spanking should i slack off. . . for whenever i would slow down or rest my aching lips, she would rouse and warn me to get back to work! i never knew how many times i made Mother Kline orgasm. . .

The woman awakened at about six in the morning, freed my erection, mounted me and “posted” for over an hour before dissolving in orgasmic release, her milking, squeezing sheathe bringing me relief, draining me totally!

But, was i then allowed to sleep? Are you kidding? Of course, i wasn't! It didn't matter that i hadn't slept all night nor that i was worn out from all the housework and other activity of the past twenty—four hours. . . i had to suck and lick her clean, driving her into yet another mind—shattering orgasm, before i was permitted to rise; make her a delicious breakfast; and clean up my messes, BEFORE helping her to get dressed for the day. . .

Only after Mother Kline had left was i permitted to leave (in my wrinkled and soiled maid's clothing) and return to Ms. Rachel's apartment where i was allowed, finally, to get some well deserved sleep. . .

“Until Ms. Rachel came home from work. . .

”And now, darling,” Ms. Rachel continued, “I want to hear all the gory details of your visit with Mother. . . and don't you dare leave out a thing!” she warned.

“Oh, Ms. Rachel,” i blurted. “Must i?”

“Of course, darling,” she replied, voice dripping with honeyed anticipation. “How else might I know of your blunders so that I might critique your performance to amend your deficiencies and incompetence's so that we may prevent embarrassment during future sessions as her maid? Really, miss luci. . .” she chided.

What else could i do?

i obeyed.

Reluctantly, i knelt before her, lay my cheek atop her satiny thighs, ashamed and humiliated beyond words, secretly thrilled, deliciously embarrassed. . . yet, knowing that i would savor every breathless second of my mortification!

“Mother loved my Kitty Kisses. . .” i began softly.

“I knew she would,” Ms. Rachel grinned, guiding my cheeks between her opening thighs. “Did she make you remove her panties? Did you kiss her lower mouth like I've showed you? Did you put your tongue deep inside her? Well, did you?”

i nodded shyly, my voice hoarse with excitement. Oh, yes, Ms. Rachel! She'd let me do everything i do to you!” i admitted shyly. “She tastes so good. . .”

“It's very sweet of you to say that, missy,” Ms. Rachel cooed, sliding forward to cram her pussy against my kissing mouth.

“Like you do,” i purred silkily, my tongue seeking. . . delving deep. . .

“Ooh, you say the most deliciously naughty things. . . Oh! luci, Oh, my God! darling! Yes!”

crimson faced, i continued my wet narration. . .

my lewd adoration. . .

my desire. . .

CHAPTER 10

“It's very nice, luci, dear,” Mother Kline enthused, caressing her palms. down the jacket sides, to pat her smooth hips, flattened tummy and flared bottom with approval. “Why, it looks like I've lost a good five or six pounds of cellulite!” she declared, twisting sinuously before the mirror. “luci, you're a genius!”

“It's just the cut of the ultra—suede material and the built in corset effect that does it,” i explained, embarrassed but pleased at her praise.

“Nonsense! Oh, wait till I tell the Girls!” She admired her reflection as i blushed with pleasure.

Mother Kline's new pant suit fit her to a tee. She DID look great! And with the right boots, she'd be smashing. . . i had taken extra pains with every phase of its creation, from selecting the exact shade and texture of ultra—suede to the design selection, to layout, cutting, fitting, to the last stitch, everything had to be just so. And, the result was well worth it!

“You've positively outdone yourself this time, luci,” she praised, taking me into her arms. and kissing me soundly. “you're really ready for the Big Time, my sweet! you're ready to open your own shop!”

i blushed with pleasure and trembled with dread.

Was i really ready?

i doubted it. . .

But, i forgot all about that as Mother's fingers fumbled with my blouse. . .

And. . .

CHAPTER 11

“You're a good girl,” Miss Dolores whispered, her arm sliding surreptitiously around my waist. i squirmed on the sofa and wished for the millionth time that i had refused to go along with Ms. Rachel's scheme.

Her soft lips touched mine gently and i turned away. “Oh, please!”

“Stop the nonsense right now, miss priss!” Dolores hissed, “Rachel claims. you are such an obedient little girl when a real woman makes you toe her mark. . .”

“Oh, no!”

“Oh, yes! Now, get those arms. around my neck and kiss me like you meant it!” she demanded, “or must I upend you and paddle your bare ass instead? Rachel says you're so eager for a little beaver after a woman spansks your sweet ass!”

Blushing, i obediently slipped my arms. around her neck, squirming against her softness, pressing my lips to hers and kissing her sweetly. i even moaned softly for effect.

“That's better, luci,” she murmured after a bit. “Oh, babes, love is so much better between women. . .” she whispered throatily.

“But, i'm not. . . i mean, i'm , , , promised to Ms. Rachel,” i amended.

“Well of course you are, darling!” she agreed smoothly. “But, does that mean you can't have a little fun before you're wedded to her permanently? Come on, my girl, loosen up!”

“But. . . but. . .”

“Oh, you sound like a power launch,” she teased and silenced my protests with her sucking mouth, her tongue probing the back of my throat.

“Oh, Miss Dolores. . .” i whispered, becoming aroused in spite of myself.

“Yes, darling, ' she encouraged, her hand sneaking under my skirt and slipping predictably up my nyloned thigh. i squirmed helplessly as she neared my secret. Oh, how would i ever explain that? She thought i was female, like she was!

i remembered Ms. Rachel's words. . . ”Oh, I'm quite sure you'll find something to take her mind off your panties!” she'd teased. Then she'd caressed my hair as i knelt before her, my blazing cheeks buried in her lap.

The dancing fingers got closer and closer, my heart thumping, louder, louder, as her tongue jabbed deeper and deeper, until my head was swimming with need! my tongue dueled with hers and i tried to dissuade her hand from its goal, all to no avail! The fingers toyed with the lacy leg bands of my frilly panties, caressing my tummy and teasing their way between my opening thighs!

“Oh, Miss Dolores, please. . . please!”

“Yes, my Darling,” she murmured, patting my gaffed sex gently, “we'll have so much fun together. . . you and I!” Her fingers cupped my mound possessively.

Suddenly, i knew how to keep from discovering my secret! Moving rapidly, avoiding her clutching hands, I slipped to my knees before her and ducked my head under her voluminous skirts, sliding my soft cheek along her nyloned thigh.

“Oh, Darling! Yes, yes!” she encouraged, grasping my ears tightly, twisting, hunching, and pulling my face right into the redolent vee of her spread thighs.

My lips pursed, and I kisse...her!

I mean, she wasn't wearing a girdle!

Nor panties!

Nothing!

The only thing under Miss Dolores's skirts was Miss Dolores in the flesh!

“Do me, luci! Do me now!”

i obeyed. . .

Much later, i crept from between her legs and went to repair my make—up. She was still snoring gently when i returned to gather up my belongings. . .

And slip Ms. Rachel's envelope into my purse for safe keeping.

i left Miss Dolores to sleep it off.

There was no regret on my part that i was leaving her.

After all, it had been Ms. Rachel's idea to date Miss Dolores. . .

Not mine!

CHAPTER 12

“I don't see why you're upset about it, luci, ”Ms. Rachel murmured. “I mean, did Yvonne hurt you in any way?”

“No,” i admitted, “but it could have been disastrous if she'd found out i was really a boy.”

“Maybe,” Ms. Rachel agreed.

“Or, had you already told her that i was a boy?” i yelped, outraged, “because i know you told her i'm submissive to a dominant woman. She said so!”

“Well, maybe. . .”

“You did tell her! She knew! She did know, didn't she?”

Ms. Rachel nodded. “OK, so she knew! So what? you didn't think I'd ever do anything to cause you harm, did you?”

“All the time that Ms. Yvonne was showing me off at the restaurant and dancing with me at The Club and all, she knew i was a boy? Oh, how could you?” i cried. “i suppose all the rest of your women friends know too? Like that Ms. Joanne? Or Mistress Barbara? Or that Miss Dolores woman?”

“Well, yes,” she admitted.

“Oh, Ms. Rachel! How could you?”

“None of them hurt you, did they?”

i had been out with her friend Yvonne Smit that evening. Yvonne had stripped me of my blouse and bra and had pulled my skirt off before i could manage to slip my face between her thighs and divert her attention!

She had been my most insistent date, so far. The woman had seemed to resist my every effort to get on my knees before her, countering my moves as though she knew exactly what i was trying to do! Every time i was about to squirm away and drop to my knees, she had ordered me to put my arms. around her neck and kiss her!

Of course i couldn't disobey her. . . until my skirts were down. . . and off! Once those were gone, i was no longer under any compulsion to obey her and it had then been relatively easy to duck under her skirts and reduce her to a quivering, demanding mass of aroused female flesh! Once more, my secret was safe. . .

Once she had orgasmed and passed out, i was able to effect my escape. . .

And now i was getting more harassment from Ms. Rachel!

"It's worse than being a whore!" i cried angrily.

"Is it?" she asked, her voice dangerously low. i had learned not to press an advantage too far when her voice fell to that register!

"i don't know!" i answered angrily. "Is that what you want me to be?"

"Is that what you think?" she retorted. "Do you think I'm renting you out by the hour to all my friends?"

"It seems. like it sometimes!"

"Has any one of them ever tried to pay you for going with them?"

"Well, no," i admitted slowly, "but they all bring me presents, just like you used to before we got engaged. . . and each one gives me an envelope for you!"

"It can hardly be called whoring if no money changes hands!"

"Well, some of that jewelry and those perfume presents i've been given aren't cheap either, by any means!"

"Look, those women just want to be seen with you. What's wrong with that?"

"They expect me to have sex with them too!"

"You like that, don't you? I mean, you do like women, don't you?"

"But, i only want to go out with you! i want to be your girl, not theirs!"

"You are my girl," she affirmed. "That's why you'll do as I tell you, when I tell you to do it!"

"Not if i have to date other women, i won't!"

"Are you defying me? Aren't you forgetting yourself, Girl? Aren't you still wearing a skirt? You will do as I say, or else I'll skin those scanties down and blister your fat ass good for you!"

"i don't think so, Ms. Rachel," i shook my head. "That only works as long as i'm secure with the woman in question. When i feel threatened or am in danger, i am just as resistant as the next girl. And, my ass is not fat!"

"Then you're refusing a direct order?"

"No, but i am asking you to reconsider."

"What about your engagement ring?"

"What about it?"

"Are you still my fiancée?"

"Do you want the ring back?"

"That's no answer! Are you still my fiancée?"

"Yes, i'm still your fiancée!" i cried. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Then you'll go out with Gloria tomorrow night?"

i shook my head. "No."

“you can't have it both ways, darling,” Ms. Rachel smiled evilly. “Either you are my obedient little slave girl, or you are not! Now, which is it to be?”

“If i have to date other women to be your fiancée, then i'm not.”

“I thought you wanted to be my wife?”

“i do! i want to be your wife more than anything else in the whole world,” I nodded agreement. “But not if it means being your whore too!”

“I'm not asking you to be my whore! I'm asking you to date my friends!”

“It's the same thing!” i cried. “Can't you see that?”

“Look, luci, do you want me to marry you, or don't you?”

“i don't want to be treated like some cheap whore either! i don't want to be rented by the hour! i want to be yours! i want to be your wife!”

“What if I found men for you to date instead?”

“i don't want to date men either! i just want to be loved by my husband!”

“Husband, date, what's the difference, if it's male?”

“i want a woman to be my husband, you! That's the difference!”

“I see,” she mused. “Well, if you want me badly enough, you have to take me as I am, friends and all!”

“But, i don't want your friends pawing me!”

“Love me, love my friends,” she repeated.

“How would you like it if i insisted you fuck all my friends too?”

“I wouldn't mind getting into that Carole Anne Ritchey's panties!”

“That's not what i meant!”

“What did you mean, then?” she demanded icily.

“i meant that i don't want to service your friends' sexual needs!”

“But you don't mind servicing yours, is that it?”

“No!” i yelled. “i don't want to service anyone! i just want you!”

“Then you'll be my good little wifey and do exactly as I tell you?”

“Yes, as long as i don't have to sleep with any of your friends again!”

“you can't have it both ways, darling!” she taunted. “Maybe I ought to just cuff your wrists together behind your back before you go out? Would that do it? I mean, as long as they kept your skirt on you, you'd obey them, right?”

“i wouldn't go!”

“If you're wearing a skirt, you'd have no choice!”

“As long as i feel threatened, i do!”

“Then I'll just spank you until you feel more secure,” she teased.

“No, Ms. Rachel, it wouldn't work.”

“If you want to be my wife, you'll do as I tell you!”

“i won't date other women!”

“You're serious about this, aren't you?”

“Yes, i won't whore for you nor anybody else,” i nodded emphatically.

“OK, Baby, no more dates with other women.”

“You mean that, Ms. Rachel? Do you really mean that?” i cried happily.

She nodded. “Of course.”

'Oh, Ms. Rachel, i love you so much!"

“I know you do, baby,” she soothed.

“Love me, Ms. Rachel?” i begged.

“Of course,” she replied, her hands caressing gently.

But, as i relaxed in my lover's arms., i wondered if she were really sincere. Somehow, i rather doubted it. Ms. Rachel had proven to be less than reliable many times in the past, so why should she change now? i would bide my time and see.

i'd discovered this quirk of Ms. Rachel's when we'd begun to get serious about each other and had begun to discuss marriage. At first it had been fun to be her slave girl and be dated by her women friends. It had been great fun to fool them and be their girl friend too. But then, one by one, they had begun taking me for granted and had taken sexual liberties with my person without my permission!

After Miss Dolores, every one of them wanted my mouth under her skirt, if she wore skirts in the first place! Most didn't. But, that never stopped them from skinning out of their trousers and pulling my mouth between their spread thighs!

If i hadn't known how to suck pussy before i met Ms. Rachel, i would've had to learn out of self—defense after! Oh, not that i minded doing it. i didn't mind sucking pussy at all! i just preferred to make my own selections, that's all.

Ms. Rachel's perverse nature had shocked me. i had known, of course, that she was attracted to women by the way she treated me when i was wearing skirts. But, to actually force me to be a whore, her whore, had shocked me!

All the women had given me little gifts, and i thought they were just showing their appreciation. Then, i found out the envelopes held hundred dollar bills!

Ms. Rachel was charging each one handsomely for my mouth's services in between their wide—spread thighs. And that had hurt!

Then why had i not confronted her with my knowledge? For two reasons; first, she was unpredictable when angry. She was just as liable to hit me as she was to caress me! Secondly, i wanted desperately to be her wife! i thought she would change after we were actually married. How naive a girl can be about her future mate! No one changes unless they want to change! You can't change that!

i was so desperate to be married and be a wife that i would have put up with almost anything from her. Unfortunately for Ms. Rachel, she tried to make me her whore, the one thing i'd sworn i'd never be!

i loved Ms. Rachel Lynne Kline, but she was not a nice person.

And, she'd never willingly give me my freedom.

i was stuck and there was nothing i could do about it!

Then i remembered something else, Ms. Rachel had only mentioned women. . .

CHAPTER 13

“Hi, luci?” the soft voice cooed in my ear. “It's your Rachel.”

“Oh, hi, Baby,” i replied off—handily. “What's up?”

'I'll Baby you!' she snapped. Then, “I want you to come over to my office.”

“Now?”

“Right now.”

“Where?”

“I just told you, my office.”

“But, why? It's early afternoon and. . .”

“I know. I have a surprise for you.”

“What sort of surprise?” i asked suspiciously.

Ms. Rachel giggled. “you'll love it, luci, I promise.”

“It's impossible. i'm up to my ass in alligators right now.”

“That can wait, this can't.”

“It's that important to you?”

“To us!”

“Well, OK,” i agreed reluctantly. “Give me an hour.”

“Thirty minutes, dearest,” she corrected, “and wear something nice.”

“Like what? That'll take time. . .”

“Oh, nothing too dressy,” she teased. “How about that linen pants suit? you can change when you get here. I just want my sweetheart to look nice, especially when she sees her surprise.”

”Well. . . i guess. . . what?”

“I said, 'wear your prosthetics. . .’” she repeated.

“Just the tits? Or should i wear the pussy too?”

“The pussy too, darling. And wear that black corselette for me. . .”

“The black latex number with the half—bra and set—off shoulder straps?”

“That's the one, babes,” she chuckled. “Wear those nude, sheer—to—the—waist pantyhose and that new thong bikini gaff I gave you.”

“i can handle that,” i quipped.

“you have twenty—seven minutes of your half—hour left,” she snickered.

“Then i'd better get cracking. . .”

“Now you have twenty—six. . .”

And the phone went dead.

CHAPTER 14

i glanced into the mirror in the lavatory that Ms. Rachel used and readjusted the brief hem of the black, ultra—suede, leather, mini—dress she had thrust into my hands when i had arrived at her office just minutes before.

“you're late,” she'd snarled, restating the obvious.

“i'm sorry,” i apologized. “i got caught in cross—town traffic.”

“Sorry doesn't cut it,” she'd snapped, “when I say a half—hour, I mean a half hour, not thirty—seven minutes! We'll discuss it later. Here!” She'd handed me a package and pushed me toward her lavatory door. “Get dressed!”

Its skirt was so short that it barely covered my ass, let alone my crotch and the tops of my legs! The material was so soft and supple and clingy that it felt just like a second skin, and wasn't the least bit uncomfortable. The low scooped bodice was a lacy nylon cut so far that my nipples threatened to burst forth with every breath i took!

It was just a good thing i had glued myself into my new pussy prosthetic, or i'd be showing a decidedly unfeminine bulge when my skirt flipped!

i fastened the retainers of the huge hoop earrings and glanced in the mirror, noting how the rings swung excitingly against my white—skinned neck. i smiled at myself absently, swiped the blood—red lipstick across my mouth and rolled my lips before blotting them carefully.

i checked the rest of my make—up closely.

i was bitchin!

Even for Ms. Rachel's exacting standards, i was presentable enough.

i slipped my nyloned feet into the four—inch high, heel strap pumps, and tried some dance steps. Perfect! my perfume tickled my nose. i checked my nails for scratches. None. Great!

i was ready.

i squared my shoulders and grinned at my reflection.

“Better get going, girl,” i giggled happily, smiling at my reflection.

Then i turned and opened the door.

CHAPTER 15

“Come in, luci,” Ms. Rachel greeted warmly, “and let me look at you!”

i swished my way over to her and went into her arms., my lips upturned for her inevitable kiss. “i'm ready for my present,” i whispered seductively, keeping my eyes closed and writhing my tummy against hers.

She kissed me fleetingly, then turned me slowly in her arms..

“Gorgeous,” i heard a deep voice rumble. “Abso—fucking—lutely gorgeous!”

my eyes flew open in shock and i stared in open—mouthed wonder at the man who was standing just a few feet away. He was looking at me, his approval apparent.

“Eeek!” i squealed, struggling to break free and leave.

“Hold still, you little idiot!” Ms. Rachel hissed.

“But, it's a man!” i screeched.

“Of course, he is!” she agreed angrily. “Stop your nonsense, immediately!”

“But. . .”

“I said, stop it right now!” she ordered. Sam? This is luci, louise cecille diaz. luci, this is Sam, Samuel Mysin.”

He took my hand and lifted it to his lips, kissing my knuckles gently. “I am very pleased to meet you, miss louise cecille diaz, luci. . .” he greeted.

i was furious with Ms. Rachel, but i had too much class to wash my dirty linen in public. “Mr. Mysin. . .” i murmured in acknowledgment, curtsying politely.

“You're going to a reception with Sam. He needs someone for appearances, and I thought of you,” she explained. “Besides, it's sort of an emergency.”

“Emergency? What about my present? What about my job?” i retorted.

“Later, when you return.”

i'd been had, and i knew it. i tried to salvage what dignity i could manage. “Are you sure that's all i have to do?” i quavered.

“Would I lie to you, little girl?” She grinned again.

'Yes!' i screamed silently. 'Always!'

“I need a consort for a reception this afternoon and evening,” Sam explained, “and when I came to Rachel with my problem, she thought of you right off. I must say, you greatly exceed my expectations. Rachel certainly has exquisite taste in femininity,” he praised.

“i don't want to go to any damned reception!” i snarled.

Sam turned to Ms. Rachel. “I thought you said she'd be amenable. . .”

“She just needs to be convinced, Samuel,” she retorted. She tuned to me and glared angrily. “What's your problem, little girl?” she asked silkily.

“i don't want to go out with a man!”

“You said she wasn't Lesbian either,” Sam interrupted, his brows knitting.

“she isn't!” Ms. Rachel replied shortly.

“Sounds like it to me,” he snapped.

She turned to me. “Must I skin your panties down and blister that fat little ass for you?” she snarled.

“No!” i protested. “And i told you, my ass is not fat!”

“Looks sorta cute to me too,” Sam commented dryly.

“Shut up, Sam,” Ms. Rachel snapped irritably.

She spoke to me, “I shall spank you if you give me any more static! Remember, you're wearing a dress!”

“i know!” i admitted, my heart sinking.

“And I know how to treat someone in skirts!” Sam chortled.

“Sam needs a consort, and you're it!”

“But, you promised!” i wailed, ignoring the man, tears springing to my eyes.

“Don't you dare cry!” she hissed. “Don't you dare cry and ruin your make—up! I won't have you going out with puffy eyes!”

With a great effort, i pulled myself together. “But, you did promise!”

“I made no such statement,” she insisted, “I said no more women! But, I have thought it over, and if you go to this one reception, it'll be the last one.”

“You promise?”

“I promise!”

i turned to Sam, gulped audibly and smiled hesitantly. “You won't hurt me?”

“I'd never hurt such a beautiful girl,” he answered.

“But, i'm. . . not. . .” i began.

Ms. Rachel interrupted impatiently. “you'll have fun if you let Sam lead you. He's really quite knowledgeable and can show a beautiful girl a good time.”

i was lost and i knew it! My voice trembled, “Well, all right. . .”

“you won't regret it,” Ms. Rachel promised as Sam took my arm, steering me out of her office door.

Ms. Rachel was right about one thing, i not only didn't regret it, i loved it!

i loved being with a man, especially one like Sam who knew instinctively what i needed before i knew i needed it!

i hated that!

That he knew. . .

What i needed, i mean. . .

Before i did!

CHAPTER 16

“That was a wonderful party, Sammy,” i whispered as the man led me out to his chauffeur—driven limousine. “i had a wonderful time,” i told him.

“I knew you would, darling,” he replied, his hand squeezing my elbow, pushing into my softly swelling breast surreptitiously.

Soon, we were moving effortlessly along the highway and i relaxed against the leather of the rear seat. Sammy held my hand, squeezing my fingers reassuringly. i

squeezed back. He pulled gently and i slid over to settle down beside him. i lay my head against his hard shoulder and sighed with contentment.

“Tired, little one?” he asked quietly.

i nodded. “A little. i'll be glad to get home and get these heels off!”

“I never did see how you women could walk in those things!” he exclaimed.

“Oh, it's easy, once you know how,” i teased. “Have you ever tried it?”

“No way!” he laughed. “you'd never catch me wearing those things!”

i twisted and looked up at him. “Don't knock it if you haven't tried it!”

“OK, I'm not,” he placated. “I'm much too busy being nice to you. . .”

“Well, OK,” i pretended to forgive him.

“We'll stop at my place for a night—cap and then I'll take you home. OK?” he whispered, blowing gently in my ear.

“You've got a deal!” i acceded, glancing at the back of the chauffeur's head.

Gently, his lips touched mine and the dam burst loose in my mind as an erotic feeling of ecstasy rushed over me. i locked my hands behind his neck and kissed him fiercely, the chauffeur long since forgotten. . .

Fifteen minutes later, the limousine door opened and Sammy handed me out to stand before a magnificent manor house in the suburbs. i gasped with admiration, “Is this yours?”

He nodded. “One of several. . .”

“Wow!”

He grasped my elbow and guided me up to the front door that was wide open. A smiling woman greeted us. “Aye, Mr. Sam'l, ye're back early?”

“Yes, Bridget,” he acknowledged. “You know I always come home when I have no where else to go.”

She giggled. “Aye, that ye do. Air ye consumed wit' the hongries, then?”

“No. We're going to have a short snort and then I'll be escorting the young lady home. You may go to bed, if you wish.”

“Since me feet be ahurtin', I'll be off then, Mr. Sam'l.”

“Good night, Bridget.”

“I'll see ye at the dawnin'.” And, she was gone, just like that.

“Friend of yours?” i asked jokingly.

“Bridget?” he laughed. “She's more like family! She's been watching over me since I was a child. I can't seem to get rid of her!”

i sat on his sofa and watched him mix our drinks. He poured a glass and gave it to me. i sipped cautiously.

“Hey, not half bad!” i exclaimed, surprised.

“Thank you, miss luci,” he quipped, “one does one's best...”

He sat beside me on the sofa and put his arm about my shoulders. He squeezed gently and pulled me close. I lay my head on his shoulder and sighed. Before I realized what he was doing, he had done it. He was kissing me, and I was kissing him back! My lips parted slightly and he slipped his hot, demanding tongue half way down my throat! I sucked it automatically, happily, greedily.

Then, I realized what I was doing and I pushed him away. “No! No! I can't! It's not right!” I protested.

“What's wrong, luci?” he asked, holding me tightly in his arms..

“I'm not. . . not. . . what you think!”

“You're wrong! You're exactly what I think!”

I looked up at him. “Did. . . did Ms. Rachel tell. . . tell you about me?”

“Just that you have to be coaxed first. . .”

“Coaxed?”

“Yes, convinced, as she put it. . .”

“That Bitch!” I exploded, and burst into tears.

He patted my back, soothing and calming me. He tipped my face back, kissing my parted, trembling lips gently. And, it felt so good, I let him!

He pulled me close and I lay, half on and half off him. His hand slipped up my thigh and under my scandalously short mini dress, to caress my swollen bottom. I writhed helplessly in his tight embrace. My struggles soon ceased altogether!

When he eased me to my knees beside the couch, I didn't protest, and when he pressed my head against the huge swelling in his trousers, I knew what it meant!

I opened his trousers and pried his swiftly stiffening prick from its prison. He moaned with rising passion and I bent to my task, kissing it avidly, ovalling my lips and sucking it deep inside. . . willingly. . . eagerly!

It was almost like sucking pussy. . . except that it wasn't pussy!

And, Ms. Rachel was right again. I loved it!

CHAPTER 17

“Well, it couldn't have been all that bad,” Ms. Rachel teased me later. “For someone who didn't want to go, why did you stay all night? And if it was so bad, why did you suck his prick?”

“I had to do something to take his mind off me!” I retorted angrily.

“Yeah, Sam told me how much of a battle you put up before you sucked him, and he took you to bed! I hear you even showered with him?”

“Why not?” I snapped. “He never guessed I was a boy, not with my new pussy!”

“Yeah, he said you were a great piece of ass!” she replied. “Old Sam really got his rocks off in your pussy. . . only it wasn't your pussy! Tell me, darling girl, did he get it

in your ass?" she asked sarcastically. "I hear tell that all you little pansies like a stiff prick stuck up your ass!"

i blushed furiously. "Ms. Rachel! How could you say such a thing?" God, did she know ALL my secret pleasures?

"you forget who I am, Darling. I'm your fiancée, remember?"

How could i forget?

"Anyway, Sam said he'd like to see you again, so I made arrangements for both of you at the Majestic this weekend coming. . ."

"The Majestic? The Hotel Majestic?"

"Yep, the honeymoon suite. you'll love it and Sam says it's all on him."

"But, i don't have to go. You promised!"

"No, I said no more consorting at conventions. Nothing was said about hotels and honeymoon suites and you being a woman for Sam! After all, he's had you once without discovering your secret, and we both know you love stick—pussy, so what's the big deal?"

"But, you promised. . ."

"And Sam will have his chauffeur pick you up about five on Friday afternoon."

"But. . ."

"Just be ready. . ."

It was an order, and i was wearing a skirt!

Damn!

CHAPTER 18

Some time later when i was visiting my best girl—friend, Carole Anne Ritchey, and we were fitting a gown's veil, i broke down and began to cry, sobbing my eyes out against her soft shoulder. i pressed my cheeks between her inviting breasts, and got her blouse soaking wet! She didn't even seem to notice. . . nor care.

"Oh, Carole Anne, what am i going to do about Ms. Rachel?"

"you're going to dump her, that's what!"

"How? She won't let me go! i'm too valuable to her and i don't want to!"

"There's got to be a way that lets you win!"

"Oh, Carole Anne," i murmured, "i'm so glad you're my girl friend!"

"Me too, Baby," she whispered, her lips touching mine gently.

"i just want to get married and live a decent life!" i wailed.

She held me a long time while i nuzzled contentedly into her softnesses.

"Then, "luci?" i looked up at her. "Does your future husband really have to be female? I mean, you like men too, don't you? Wouldn't a man do just as well? As a husband, I mean?"

i nodded. “Oh, i suppose, but ever since i was a kid, i've always dreamed of being married to a woman and having her children. . . a family and all!”

“you could have the same thing with a man. . . couldn't you, children, a nice home, clothes, a car, love, you know?”

“Oh, i guess so, but. . .”

“But, what?”

“It just wouldn't be the same thing as being with a woman. . .”

“Oh? Why not?”

“i don't know, exactly, but it just wouldn't be the same!” i insisted.

“What difference should genetic sex make if you really love your husband? I mean, male or female, there's no real difference, is there? I mean, after all, a husband is a husband is a husband, right? A husband is a provider, a lover and a good friend, if you get the right one. Besides, who ever said that the woman you might marry would be any of these things? There's no written guarantee, you must know. Just because your husband is a woman, I mean.”

“i never thought of it that way,” i admitted.

“It's not as if you could never love a man, because you already have! you're no stranger to a man's arms. nor a man's way of making love to a woman!”

“You're right, i did love Sammy, very much.”

“you wanted to be his wife, didn't you?”

“Oh, Yes! But he asked that damned Belinda instead! i wanted to scratch the bitch's eyes out! She knew I had first claim on him! She knew i saw him first!”

“But, it wasn't all her doing. . . was it?”

“No, he didn't love me enough to marry me, not another boy. . .”

“i know.”

“It's the same way with any real man!”

“Not necessarily.”

“Oh, yeah? Well, name me just one, Miss Smarty—Panties!” i challenged.

“Nicholas Prong.”

“Nicholas Prong? Who in Hell's Nicholas Pro. . . Oh, i remember him! i went to High School with him! They used to call him Long Dong Prong even then! No, I don't think so. . . he's way too tall for me!”

“Six—nine? So what? You're almost five three and that's tall enough. Why, he's the perfect man for you! He'll be the ideal husband for you!”

“You're just saying that because you had a crush on him once!”

“I am not! I repeat, he's perfect for you! He's steadily employed. He's an all—round nice guy, and besides, he's just right for you!”

“No! He's much too heavy! Why, he must weigh twice my one—twenty—one!”

“He's gentle as a lamb.”

“Yeah, like a mountain ram! I've seen him in action before!”

“He's all muscle.”

“Yeah, mostly between his ears and the rest hanging between his legs!”

“Not so! He's smart. He made the old Tyler place pay off!”

“But, that big ape's got the longest, fattest, hardest prick i ever saw! You should have seen him in gym class! Goddess, like a fucking horse!”

“Me? I dated him, remember? Besides, a wife learns to appreciate certain of her man's attributes. . . I did. . .”

“Did you ever fuck Long Dong Prong?”

“No, of course not! We weren't that way!”

“What's that got to do with the price of eggs in China?” i demanded. “i know you fooled around with him because you said so yourself!”

“Yeah, we did,” she admitted, blushing prettily. “But we never fucked!”

“Well, he's just too big for me!”

“A woman learns to like a man penetrating her vagina. . . I did!”

“You're supposed to, you're a woman!”

“Well, if you want to be a wife, you'll just have to get used to your husband making sexual demands. Didn't Rachel tell you she was going to make you her wife and fuck your brains out, among other things?”

“Well, yeah, but i wouldn't mind her doing that to me!”

“Oh? Why not just get used to a real man instead? After the first few times he shoves it into your hole, it won't hurt at all! Believe me, it does feel good when he fucks you, damned good, if you'll just let it!”

“He's too damned hairy!”

“Yeah, he IS hairy, isn't he?” she admitted, grinning with admiration.

“Hairy isn't the word for it! He's positively Neanderthal! i mean, he looks just like a damned gorilla! Or a fucking grizzly bear!”

“you didn't mind snuggling up in Sam's bear rug. . .”

i blushed furiously. “That was different!”

“Was it?”

“Yes! i was in love with Sam!”

“you could learn to love Nicky. After all,” she reminded, “you did learn to love Rachel. . .”

“But. . . Nicky doesn't know me! i mean, sure, he knows Luis Diaz from High School, but he doesn't know me, Luci, i mean. . .”

“Let me worry about that!”

"i mean. . . oh, you know damned good and well what i mean!" i exclaimed, my anger rising in my throat. "Besides, he's as queer as a three dollar bill! Good grief, everybody says so!"

"louise diaz! That's just an awful thing to say! I mean, how would you like it if people went around saying things like that about you?"

"i wouldn't much like it," i admitted, blushing with shame.

"Well, then?"

"i'm sorry, Carole Anne," i apologized.

"And well you should be, girl!" she scolded.

"But, how can i marry him when i've never even met him? i mean, as a woman?"

"luci! Stop worrying, for Heaven's sake!"

"He doesn't even know that luci, miss louise cecille diaz even exists!"

"Details! Mere details! Just leave that part of it up to me!"

"Besides, he never leaves that damned horse farm of his!"

"Maybe he never had a good enough reason before?"

"Carole Anne! Give him a fair chance!" i switched arguments in mid—stream.

"What chance? Why? What for? Whoever said that a girl has to give any male a chance, fair or otherwise? All we have to do is give him enough rope and he'll hang himself!"

"Goddess! Nicky's already hung, Girl, believe me!"

"Oh, you know what I mean!"

i giggled. "Goddess, get your mind out of the gutter!"

"It's not, but I wonder sometimes about yours!"

"Oh, mine isn't either," i retorted, "it's focused between his legs!"

"His legs? Why, luci, you DO like MEN!" she teased.

i blushed. "i'm just looking at reality!"

"Why not take a look at the whole man, for a change?"

"Hole man? i thought you said he was a horse breeder?"

"No, you said he was hung like a horse!"

"So, he really is a horse breeder then?" i teased.

"Don't be so damned vulgar!"

"i may not be too smart, but i'm not that dense!"

"Don't get so up—tight either!"

"But, Carole Anne, i am tight," i teased. "i'm still a virgin, remember?"

"It's not the same thing, Dummy!" she exclaimed with mock exasperation.

"Well, i am," i insisted.

“Oh? I thought Rachel got into your panties with her big tool?”

“In her wet dreams., maybe. . .”

“That's not what she says!”

“With her mouth maybe.”

“Have it your way.”

“i usually do.”

“Now, listen up, girl. . . here's the scam. . .”

i listened raptly as she unfolded her scheme. . .

WOW!

CHAPTER 19

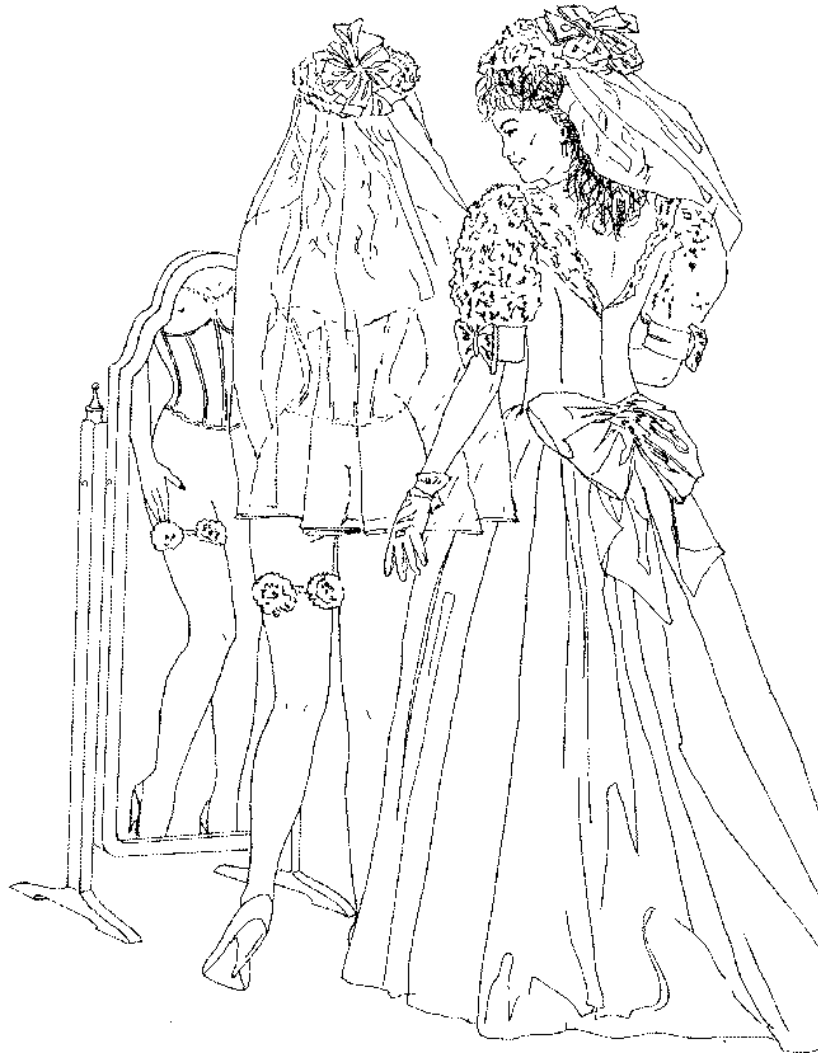
“What do you mean, you don't want to go?” Ms. Rachel screamed. “Since when do you get off telling me no?” Her spread hand flashed in the sun—drenched room and her fingers were outlined on my cheeks, first the left, then the right, while she slapped me soundly. “And why are you wearing those girl's slacks and a pullover? I distinctly told you to wear your tulip mini—skirt and a pink see—through blouse for this date! Go in and put that skirt on, right now!” she screeched, “and then we'll settle your hash once and for all!”

“No, Ms. Rachel,” i replied quietly, “i've had about enough of your duplicity, and i am through whoring with all your friends. i'm no whore and i won't be one, not even for you!” i went on doggedly, “What would Mother Kline say?”

“you leave my Mother out of this,” she screamed heatedly. “This is strictly between you and me!”

“Prove it, Ms. Rachel,” i replied quietly. “Take me to The City and we'll get a hotel room for the night and. . .”

“I'd have to check my schedule. . .”



“You mean you have to get Mother Kline's permission first. . .”

“Why do you hate my Mother so much?”

“i don't hate her, but i do resent her having such a strangle hold on how we conduct our relationship. . . i do love you, but there are limits. . .”

“I'll limit you!” she threatened.

“Look, Ms. Rachel,” i interjected, “when you get ready to discuss us, you and me, not your friends, without your Mother's interference at every turn, give me a call. Until then, good—bye.”

“Why, you fucking pussy!” she screeched. “you're nothing without me, and you damned well know it! Who else would put up with your fairy ways? Hell's bells, you don't even know how to act with a normal woman!” she taunted.

“You may be right, Ms. Rachel,” i admitted softly.

“Go on, get the Hell out of here! Go find some man to fuck! See if I care! Go find your precious Sammy! Get him to fuck you, if you can!”

“i would, if he'd have me, but he doesn't want me!”

“you don't have the guts to leave me, you fucking little pussy!”

i opened the door. “Good—bye, Ms. Rachel.”

“you're making a big mistake!”

“At least it's my mistake and no one else's!” i retorted quietly.

“Go on, leave, see if I care! you'll come crawling back, wait and see!”

“Good—bye, Ms. Rachel.”

“Get a fucking man, then!” she screamed. “you fucking whore!”

i closed the door quietly behind my back.

Something smashed into it from inside.

i shuddered.

i would miss her. . .

But i would never be her whore again!

CHAPTER 20

“I didn't know that you'd changed your mind about horses, Carole Anne,” Nicky confessed shyly. “You always used to say that horse flesh bored you.”

“That thinking's going to get you in big trouble someday, Boy!” she teased.

“Ain't that the awful truth?” he agreed wryly. He looked at me shyly, a tiny twitch quirking the corners of his mouth. “Do you ride too, miss diaz?”

“No, Mr. Prong,” i lied. At his crestfallen look, i added, “But, i'd surely love to learn. . . er, if you knew someone competent to show me the ropes. . .”

“And he's got tons of ropes to show you, luci!” Carole Anne teased.

Carole Anne had surprised me the day before when she had called to tell me we had been invited to his riding academy for riding lessons. i am an extremely competent horsewoman, but when Carole Anne informed me that Nicky would be taking a personal interest in our lessons, i wasted no time accepting. . .

"I'd be more than happy to teach you how to post. . ." Nicky told me eagerly.

"Yeah, post on his prick!" Carole Anne giggled under her breath.

"Hush!" i hissed back, smiling winningly at Nicky. "That would be positively wonderful, Mr. Prong," i cooed, "but, have you the time? What about your friend, Bradlea Brownose? Isn't he your present romantic interest?" i asked snidely.

"Braunuss," he blushed. "Not any more. Brad decided that horses weren't his cup of tea, so to speak. . . and he split, and I. . . I'm. . ."

"Available," i teased, "right?" My heart was thumping so hard in my chest, i thought the whole world could hear it!

"Something like that," he admitted. "How about it?"

"Sure, i guess. . ." i agreed slowly, but not too slowly!

"Great! How about Saturday?" his black eyes snapped with excitement.

"Oh, i can't, Saturday. i have my new sewing business to run. . ."

"Oh." His downturned lips showed his disappointment.

"I could run it for you, luci," Carole Anne reminded, a warning note sounding in her voice. "I know all your customers too."

i smiled at Nicky. "OK, Saturday, then. . . i'll borrow sissy's car. . ."

"I could come for you. . ."

"I didn't even know he was breathing hard!" Carole Anne giggled in my ear.

i poked her in the ribs. "Great! i live in the two thousand block. . ."

"Yeah, I know, two oh six nine Salt Farm East. . . er, I mean, I know exactly where you live, miss diaz. . . er, I mean. . . I mean. . ."

"Just what do you mean, Nicky, Darling?" Carole Anne asked, laughing snidely.

Nicky's face reddened with embarrassment under his full beard.

"Oh, Carole Anne, leave the poor boy alone," i chided, giggling softly, and i opened the car door, sliding into the leather seat.

Nicky waited until i was seated, then closed the door carefully. "I'll come for you," he repeated doggedly.

"That'll be just fine, Mr. Prong. Is eight o'clock early enough?"

"Yeah, eight A.M." he nodded, blushing furiously. "In the morning. . ."

"i'll be ready," i echoed, touching the back of his hand gently.

Carole Anne sped off, leaving the man in a cloud of dust, staring after us.

"Aren't you glad you dumped ol' whatserface?" she teased.

“Ol' whatserface, who?” i asked with a straight face.

Her laughter rang in my ears all the way back to town.

CHAPTER 21

“That's it!” Nicky called. “You're doing just great!”

It was the second Saturday in a row that i had spent with Nicky learning how to post and keep my seat in the saddle. i wondered if i'd ever learn how to ride side saddle. . . like i was right now! That damned horn was battering my tightly gaffed sex relentlessly, and i was numb clear through!

“Nudge your mount with your heel to let her know you want to speed up.”

“Like this?” i dug my spur into the horse's ribs and she jumped in surprise, spilling me from the saddle. i landed squarely on my crotch in the dirt, with no harm done. . . except to my outraged dignity and my cruelly crushed sex!

“Are you OK, miss diaz?” Nicky knelt beside me, his arm around my shoulder as he helped me sit up. “Are you all right?” he asked anxiously.

“i guess so.” i smiled at him, and at the look in his eyes, rested my curls against his hard shoulder, my lips parted, my eyes at half—mast, waiting. . .

Slowly, his lips neared, touched mine gently. . . then, i was in his arms. and they were around me tightly and he was kissing me. . . i mean, the man was really kissing me! i clung to him, my lips flowing under his, my heart thumping wildly, madly, in my chest! The kiss lasted a long time. . .

i lay my head against his chest. “Oh, Mr. Prong. . .” i whispered softly.

“miss diaz, er, louise. . . luci? Would you go out with me on a date?”

i nodded. “Yes, Mr. Prong.”

“Please, won't you call me Nicky, like before?”

i stroked his beard lovingly.

“i'd like that, Mr. Prong. . . Nicky,” i whispered.

“It sounds like music when you say it,” he teased.

“And, of course, you must call me miss luci,” i retorted impudently.

He beaned happily. “Yes, miss luci, and if you wish to ride horses, you will have to get right back on. . .”

“Oh, i suppose.” i let him help me back aboard the horse, and after settling my rump in the side saddle with my left knee hooked around that same horn, i rode my mount easily, much to Nicky's surprise.

He suspected that i had lied about my inability to ride a horse. . .

“For,” as Carole Anne reminded me, “who says a girl has to give a man an even break?”

CHAPTER 22

"I love you, miss luci," Nicky whispered into my ear, lips nibbling at my ear ring. "I never knew what it was to fall in love with a real woman. . ."

How could i tell him that he wasn't in love with a real woman now?

"Nicky. . . please. . . don't?"

"I love you, miss luci."

Tears stung my eyes. "And i love you too, Nicholas Prong!" i replied. "Damn you all to Hell, why did you have to go and spoil everything?"

"I don't understand. . ."

"Of course you don't, you horse's ass!" i snapped. "You never did!"

"I thought you'd be glad to know that I've fallen in love with you."

"i am."

"Then, why the tears? Why are you crying?"

"Because i'm happy."

"Oh? Gee, you don't sound happy."

"Well, i am!" He began to kiss me as my head swam with my swelling emotions. i could feel his hand gliding up my nyloned thigh, his fingers teasing my heated thigh flesh maddeningly. "Oh, Nicky. . . no. No! You mustn't. . ."

"Yes, miss luci. . . I must!"

Soon, i would be unable to stop him, if i didn't do something now! Then, it came to me. The perfect way to keep his hands busy and away from my crotch! In a flash, i was kneeling before him, my hands sliding along his denimed thighs.

"Oh, miss luci. . . yes, my darling! Yes!"

my hands fumbled at his fly, then slid his zipper all the way down. i dug my hand inside and groped for his huge organ, prying it from its prison, holding its colossal bulk in my small hands, stroking and squeezing. He grabbed my ears and pulled me closer, until my lips were touching its velvety length.

i squirmed about, ovalled my lips, moved forward, my jaw creaking loudly as i took it deep into my mouth! It tasted better than ever, and i loved it! When he tensed sometime later and began to cum in my mouth, i tightened my lips around it and swallowed eagerly, expertly. i hoped he'd never stop gushing!

i knew that once would never be enough! Hot tears stung my eyes.

But, how could i ever tell him that i was a boy too. . .

CHAPTER 23

"But, Mom!" i cried. "Don't you understand me? i've fallen in love, with a real man! i'm in love with Nicky Prong! i mean, i've only been dating him for a couple of months, but i've fallen in love with him!"

"I'm sure you will be very happy with your Mr. Prong, luci," Mom replied, her voice low, melodious. "He will make an excellent choice as a husband for you, if the man really loves you!"

“But, that's just it,” i cried. “He's a man!”

“Well, I married a man too, the first time,” Mom giggled, gazing at Ms. Angela fondly. “I kind of liked it. . . at the time, I mean, and I did get you from the deal, didn't I?”

“But, i should be marrying a woman, shouldn't i?”

“That's what I did the second time around,” Mom teased, her gaze fixed on Ms. Angela.

“i mean, i should be marrying a woman first, one like Ms. Rachel. . .”

“Rachel Kline?” Ms. Angela scoffed. “She's all wrong for you! Why that woman has a sewer for a mind! Still, what can one expect from a practicing attorney?”

“You make it sound like some sort of social disease,” i giggled.

“Maybe it is,” she retorted. “The point is, she just wanted you to entertain her friends, and that's not the proper relationship to develop.”

“Remember, dearest,” Mom intoned gently, “that Love never cares whose life it affects, nor when, nor how, nor why, not even the sex of those involved. It just happens, and the most we mortals can do is to relax and enjoy it, if we dare!”

“You're sweet, Dotty,” Ms. Angela whispered, kissing Mom's cheek gently.

Mom patted Ms. Angela's lap. “So's yours,” she teased.

“Dotty! Our child. . .” Ms. Angela gasped.

“Is no child!” Mom laughed. “Our child's all grown up and in love now!”

“What should i do, Mom? Ms. Angela?”

“Do you really love this boy, Nicky?” Ms. Angela asked.

i nodded. “Yes, Ma'am, with all my heart!”

“Then love him,” Mom urged. “Go with your heart!”

“But he doesn't know i'm a boy!” i cried. “He thinks i'm a real girl because i wear feminine skirts and make—up and heels and. . . and all!”

“Then, what's the problem, luci?”

“He doesn't know i'm a boy under them!” i repeated heatedly.

“Tell him,” Ms. Angela advised.

“But. . . what if he doesn't love me?”

“If he truly loves you, and from what we know of his secret preferences, your real sex will make no difference to him at all!”

“i can't take that chance!”

“Does he object to you in skirts?” Mom interjected.

i shook my head. “Of course not! He's never seen me any other way!”

“Has this boy ever kissed you?” This from Ms. Angela.

i nodded. “Yes,” I whispered in shame.

“Did you like his kisses?” Mom asking. . .

Again, i nodded. “Yes. . .” i was barely audible.

“What do you want for yourself?” Mom again.

“i want to get married.”

“Then get married.”

“i can't! i want to be the wife. . . i want to be Nicky's wife!”

“So? Be his wife, then.”

“Yes,” Ms. Angela chimed in, “marry him. I'm sure he'll know what to do, even if you don't!”

“But, Ms. Angela, how?”

“Well, first, you tell him about yourself.”

“That's out! i could never do that!”

“You must,” Ms. Angela contradicted quietly. “you have no other choice. . .”

“But. . .”

“If he can make you half as happy as my Angela has made me, it will be worth it in the long run,” Mom interrupted.

“You're so sweet, Dotty,” Ms. Angela kissed Mom tenderly.

“Uhm. . .” Mom murmured softly.

Fingers caressed. . . squeezed. . . moved. . . seeking. . . pleasing. . .

Then. . .

“Oh. . . oh! Angela. . . Darling!”

i was long forgotten. . .

But, i knew what i had to do. . .

Now. . .

Even if it killed me!

Damn it all!

CHAPTER 24

“Well, how's it going with Nicky Baby?” Carole Anne asked.

“It's different. . . somehow. . .” i admitted slowly, “with him. . .”

“Oh? How?”

“i'm not sure,” i admitted. “Love with him isn't the same as with Ms. Rachel, but it sure makes me feel good inside.”

She grinned. “I told you so!”

“Yeah.”

“When's the big day?”

“What big day?”

“Why, the wedding, of course. What else?”

“Oh.” i hung my head and began to cry.

“Hey! What's wrong, luci?”

“i can't marry him!”

“Why not?”

“Well, for one thing, he hasn't asked me.”

“He hasn't asked you, or he hasn't asked you yet?”

“What are you talking about?”

“He met me last night and we discussed picking out your diamond. . .”

“Oh, that's where he went! i wondered why he begged off our usual date.”

“Yeah, it was my turn in the vinegar barrel!”

“You're loco, you know?”

“I know. So what?”

“So, he still doesn't know about me, my real sex, i mean.”

“So? Tell him.”

“How?”

“Well, open your mouth, move your lips, wiggle your tongue, blow gently, and let it all hang out. Just tell him, that's how!”

“i can't!”

“Then give him up.”

“i don't want to do that either!”

“You have to do something. you can't keep him hanging around forever.”

“i know! My Mom and Ms. Angela gave me the same advice.”

“And, you know we're right, too, don't you?”

“Oh, Carole Anne, i'm so mixed up!”

“luci, do you love Nicky? I mean, do you really and truly love him?”

i nodded. “Yes, more than i have ever loved anyone before!”

“More than your Ms. Rachel?”

“Ms. Rachel, who?”

“Ms. Rachel Kli. . . oh! It's like that, is it?”

“Yes, it's exactly like that. . .”

“You've got a problem, girl. . .”

“Oh, Carole Anne, i'm all fucked up in my mind!”

“And, somebody's gonna get hurt if'n yuh ain't keerful!”

“i won't hurt Nicky.”

“I didn't mean Nicky.

”me?”

“you!”

“i'll survive.”

“Sometimes you have to hurt the one you love.”

“Not Nicky. He doesn't deserve that.”

“Honey, he's not afraid.”

“But, i am!”

“Then, give him a chance.”

“Whatever happened to, 'give no man an even break'?”

“This is different. Nicky's my friend. . .”

“Yeah, but it's all the same! Tonight, i'm going to give him the 'kiss—off,' and get out of his life for keeps, forever, now, today, tonight, before i really hurt him!” i'd made my mind up. . . finally!

“Good luck,” Carole Anne told me, “I still say you should give him a chance.”

“i am. i'm giving him the chance to live his life.”

“Maybe he doesn't want it that way.”

“Tough! He'll just have to lump it, that's all!”

“But, what about you?”

“me? i said i'd survive. . . somehow. . .”

But, would i?

i didn't know the answer to that question!

CHAPTER 25

i answered the ringing phone. “Hi, Nicky, you're early!” i gushed happily.

“Nicky?” came Ms. Rachel's furious scream. “I'll Nicky you, luci, you fucking two—timing bitch! Just who in the Hell do you think you're fucking with?”

“Ms. Rachel! i wasn't expecting you!”

“Obviously, girl!”

“What do you want, Ms. Rachel?”

“I called to ask if you'd come to your senses yet.”

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” i replied softly, “i have.”

“Great!” her voice calmed right down. “I'll tell Molly she can come for you at six, and you just be ready to go. She wants you in that flirty, pink, silk, mini dress you wore last time, the one with those spaghetti straps and the micro—skirt that's cut way up to there!”

“i can't do that, Ms. Rachel.”

“Oh? you mean you don't have that dress anymore?”

“No, i mean i can't go. i won't go! i have a date with Nicky.”

“Listen to me, you fucking cunt, you'd better wake up and smell the roses and come to your senses, if you know what's good for you!” she shrilled.

“Are you threatening me, Ms. Kline?” i asked frostily.

“Fucking—A! Now, get your ass in gear! Molly will be there shortly.”

“I did. i have. i'm going to marry Nicky. . . if he'll have me,” quietly.

“Nicky Prong? That. . . that. . . fucking fairy?”

“He's a real man,” i replied evenly, though i was boiling inside.

“He's a real man!” she mimicked sarcastically. “What can he give you that I can't give you more of and better?”

“Love. . . and affection. . .”

“I can make love to you too.”

“No, you love what i can do for you.”

“What's the fucking difference?”

“i'm not Nicky's whore, that's the difference.”

“It won't last!” she screeched. “Wait and see! You'll live to regret this!”

“Good—bye, Ms. Rachel.”

She was still screaming her vindictive at me when i hung up the phone.
i didn't need her bullcrap!

CHAPTER 26

“Nicky. . . i've got something to tell you. . .”

“May I go first, miss luci? I've got something to tell you too. . .”

“Well, i suppose, but get a wiggle on, OK?”

“Yeah, OK.” He cleared his throat. “I love you, miss louise cecille diaz.”

“Yeah, you've told me all that before,” i snorted sarcastically.

“I have something for you.” He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a small box. i knew it was my diamond immediately.

“Oh, Nicky. . . Nicky!” i was all choked up.

He knelt before me, took my left hand in his great, hairy paw and slipped the ring on my third finger. The huge diamond sparkled and my heart thumped madly.

“Will you marry me, miss louise cecille diaz?”

“Oh, Nicky. . . Nicky. . .” i whispered, overcome with emotion.

“Is that a 'yes'?” he asked shyly.

“You don't know anything about me,” i protested halfheartedly.

“I know that you have a loving heart. I know that you're kind to animals. I know that you can cook. I know that you're a good housekeeper. I know that you design and sew your own clothes. I know that you not only love me, but that you are in love with me!”

“But, you don't know anything important about me. You don't know me at all!”

“I know enough,” he insisted. “Will you marry me?”

“i can't!”

“Why?”

“Because i can't!”

“Why not? You're not engaged to that Rachel woman anymore, are you?”

i grabbed his hand and pressed it into my smooth crotch. He squeezed my taut gaff gently and i arched into his grasp involuntarily. Goddess, it felt so good!

“Because i'm male too!” i screamed. “There, now you know! And i hope you're fucking well satisfied, you stupid bastard! Damn it, i'm a fucking male too!”

“I already knew that. . .” he scoffed gently.

“What do you mean, 'you know'?” i screeched shrilly.

“Carole Anne told me,” he insisted, “so I know. . .”

“You don't know anything!”

“I know I want to marry you.” His hand squeezed my sex maddeningly.

“Well, i can't marry you!” i gasped, arching into his squeezing grasp.

“Who says so?” he demanded softly.

“i do! i'm a man, you fucking idiot! One man can't marry another man!”

“Hell, nobody's perfect,” he teased.

“Oh, Nicky, don't be an utter ass!” i wailed.

“It's OK. I guessed who you were that first day.”

“Hunh? What are you talking about?”

“I guessed that miss louise cecille diaz was male the first day when you came to my farm, and Carole Anne confirmed my guess, and I liked you even more then!”

“You bastard!” i exploded. “Carole Anne told you and you knew who i was and, and, you didn't tell me that you knew? You. . . you utter bastard!”

“I thought it was enough that you knew what you were.”

“i did! i mean, i didn't. i mean. . . oh, Hell! i don't know what i mean!”

“Then, as long as you and I know, what possible difference does it make?”

“i'm a boy, you fucking idiot!” i screeched. “i've got a fucking prick stuck between my fucking legs too!”

“So? You know, you shouldn't curse like that, miss luci,” he chided, “a Lady should always be lady—like, even when she isn't!”

“Damn it all! Don't you see, you stupid bastard?” i yelled, “i am NOT a Lady because i'm not a fucking woman!”

“That shouldn't present us any problem. If the need arises, we can have that little issue resolved surgically. . . after we're married.”

“You'd do that for me?” i asked softly, my anger dissipating rapidly.

“I love you, miss luci,” he replied simply.

“i want to be married in a Church, you know. . .”

“Me too.”

“i want to wear an antique white, floor length, satin wedding gown.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“With missy carrying my lace train. . .”

“I wouldn't want it any other way!”

“And, i'll carry a white Bible.”

“OK.”

“And i want Carole Anne Ritchey to be my Matron—of—Honor.”

“OK.”

“And, i want sissy to be my ring—bearer.”

“Suits me.”

“And, i want to promise to 'love, honor and obey' my new Husband. . .”

“That's fine with me.”

“And, i want to kneel by my Husband's side while i repeat these vows. . .”

“OK.”

“i want to recite my vows before a woman minister. . .”

“I'll ask Reverend Mother Marilyn to officiate. . .”

“Who's she?”

“My older, twin Sister. She's an ordained minister, now. OK?”

“i'd forgotten you had a twin Sister!” i squeaked with surprise.

“Yep, sure do. You'll love her. Everybody does!”

“i have no objections.”

“Me neither.”

“How does she feel about same sex marriages?”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes, of course i do!”

“Then, that's all she'll care about!”

i kissed my Husband—to—be sweetly. “I will marry you, Mr. Long Dong Prong!”

“Oh? You remembered. . . that?” he reddened delightfully.

“Sure,” i blushed. “But you'll have to be gentle with me. i'm a virgin.”

“I know. . .”

“How do you know that?” i demanded, “Ms. Rachel claims. she got into my panties the first time!”

“I know Rachel Kline too, and she's full of you—know—what!”

“You believe me?”

“Well, aren't you?”

“Of course. . . to a man,” i amended, “but. . .”

“But, nothing! I know you wouldn't lie about that to me!”

“Oh, Nicky,” i whispered, pleased.

“We'll be married just as soon as you return from The Clinic in Mexico. . .”

“The Clinic?” i protested. “What's this about a Clinic in Mexico?”

“It's sort of a vacation for you and Carole Anne,” he explained mysteriously.

“But, there's nothing wrong with me, is there? i mean, i'm healthy enough to be your bride, aren't i? What's wrong with me?”

“Oh, nothing. . . except you're still a male. . .”

“How's my going to Mexico going to change that?”

“It's a surprise and I'm supposed to keep it a secret from you. . .”

“i'm not so sure I want to go then. . .”

“Too late, darling,” he soothed. “The arrangements are all made! Carole Anne and you are booked for the flight down in a few days, and when you return, you'll be the perfect bride for me!”

“i like me just the way I am right now! i don't want to be altered!”

“Oh, all they're going to do is talk to you. . . a little. . .”

“Well. . . OK, but only because i love you, Master Nicholas Prong!”

“I love you too, miss louise cecille diaz!”

“Oh, Nicky. . .” i fell to my knees and pressed my face against the gigantic swelling in the front of his trousers. my lips pursed and i kissed it sweetly, my heart sounding loud in my ears.

“May i, Darling?” i teased, my fingers sliding the tab slowly down and taking that monster from its prison. “Please?”

He gripped my ears tightly, tipped my face forward, my lips parting slightly, and i took his swollen penis between my lips, slowly, deliberately, eagerly, yes, and willingly.

. . i sucked him deep, savoring its velvety softness as my jaw was stretched to its limit and my mouth was filled to overflowing!

“Yes, miss luci,” he gasped. “Yes!” Oh, I could never get enough of this!

Shyly, i looked up at him, asking around the huge plug filling my mouth, “May i take you again, my Master?”

“miss luci,” he replied, “I’ll never let you stop! After we’re married, I’ll let you suck me anytime you wish!”

“How about before we’re married. . .” i teased, biting gently.

He winced with surprise. “Well. . . that too!”

“It could prove embarrassing,” i lisped involuntarily, “for you. . .”

“It’d be well worth any price!” he replied gallantly.

i closed my eyes and slipped my lips wetly along the stiff muscle stretching my jaw to the limit, sucking him eagerly as i took him as deep into my mouth as i possibly could, gagging slightly as he touched the top of my throat, pulling back slightly, while i milked it convulsively.

my tongue wrapped itself around his stiffness as i jammed my head forward, my lips skidding along his velvety skin, taking him full down my surprised, spasming throat, my lips kissing his crotch in a brand new (for me!) kiss!

Oh, how it hurt my throat! And yet, i knew i would keep right on doing this until it was as natural to me as swallowing my breakfast!

Some breakfast, wasn't it?"

But, it was more tasty than anything else i had ever eaten before!

And, i wanted more!

Nicky smiled down at me. “Well, one thing's for sure,” he teased.

i arched my eyebrows questioningly.

“your mouth and throat aren't virgin to a man anymore!”

i blushed and closed my eyes in shame.

He was right, but i didn't care!

i no longer had any doubts. . .

i knew that i wanted to be Nicky's cock—sucker. . .

His girl cock—sucker. . .

For life. . .

my life!

But, i still had some doubts about that other thing. . .

But, my trip to The Clinic should cure that. . .

Whatever and wherever that was. . .

And, once i was Nicky's wife. . .

i'd never have to stop loving him!

Or sucking him!

Uhm uhmmm!

CHAPTER 27

“Good afternoon, miss diaz,” the white—coated woman greeted warmly. “Welcome to The Clinic! I'm Dr. Peters and I'll be in charge of your sexual reorientation and mental readjustment therapy. Did you have a pleasant flight down?”

i nodded absently. “Oh, it was OK, i guess.”

“Fine. Now, if you'll just walk this way, we'll get the paperwork out of the way and get down to business.”

“If i could walk that way, Doctor,” i quipped, ogling her swiveling hips, “i wouldn't need your services!”

“Eh? Oh, a little joke at my expense, is it not?” She smiled thinly.

An hour later, Dr. Peters had completed her preliminary examination and i was relaxing in a bed in a rather ordinary hospital room.

“There you are, my dear,” Dr. Peters cooed. “Are we all comfy—cozy?”

i nodded. “Oh, yes, indeedy, we are all comfy—cozy!” i mimicked.

She started visibly. “Yes, well. . . our Dr. Trenton will be in shortly. He will be doing your surgical adjustm. . .”

“Surgery? What surgery? i didn't order any surgery. . .”

“No, your Mr. Prong and Ms. Ritchey did. . .”

“Oh? And just what did THEY order?” i asked sarcastically.

“Oh, nothing too drastic,” she waved her hand in dismissal. “A major scrotal resection with a hormonal computer implant, a penile pouch construction, a shaved adam. apple, a minor rib section, rhinoplasty, laryngectomy, breast augmentation, buttock enhancement, hip section and realignment. . . just your usual transsexual reconciliations with your vaginoplasmy coming at a later date,” she explained.

While she talked, she was poking a needle into my upper arm and injecting its contents into my muscle. “Hey, what in the Hell?” i exclaimed.

“We'll talk again. . . after your surgery. . .” She smiled brightly.

“i want to talk now. . . before you operate,” i protested weakly.

“Of course you do,” she agreed easily.

“i want to know what you're going to do before i will agree to any. . .”

“Oh, that was all decided for you ages ago, my dear,” Dr. Peters informed me calmly. “When you awaken, you'll be made to order!”

Made to order? Shouldn't that be “maid” to order?

Then, i knew no more. . .

CHAPTER 28

“you're miss louise cecille diaz and you're a female, a female who is deep in love with a virile male named Nicholas Prong,” the dreary voice intoned.

In spite of myself, i found myself hanging on every word as the voice went on calmly, relentlessly. . .

“Every since you were a little girl, you have wanted to marry Nicholas, to be his loving wife, to bear his children, to cater to his slightest desire. . .”

And, you know? i believed it too! i mean, i could remember that i had once been a man named Luis and engaged to be married to a woman named Ms. Rachel Kline.

“And,” the voice continued, “you've wanted to be a secretary almost as long.”

Yes, i could remember that! i had been a little girl before i'd been luis!

i could also remember my best girl friend, Carole Anne Bates, who'd helped me to be a girl since forever in spite of the male deformity hanging between my legs and i remembered too how she had found The Clinic when i'd most needed it. . .

But even though i had been born male, i could still remember growing up as a little girl in a small town deep in the U.S.A. i could remember my first bra; my first menses; my first formal gown and my high heels. I could remember attending school as a girl and being Nicky's steady squeeze from the first day I'd entered kindergarten. I remembered my first date with a boy (Nicky), the first kiss from a boy (again Nicky), and how the same boy had taught me to suck his huge erection (something I loved!); all Nicky, the only man I would, or could, ever love...

Nicky, my future husband!

As the hours passed, this voice continued to speak to me, until the story was stamped indelibly into my brain and I knew i was Mrs. Louise Diaz, always had been and always would be. Well, until i became mrs. louise Prong, i mean. . .

When i was mrs. louise Prong, i'd enjoy my cock—sucking expertise! i'd savor the sweet tartness of his oily seed as i swallowed it eagerly. . . i could relax, lie back, and enjoy spreading my thighs for his magnificent prick as it sought my eager femininity. . . the new femininity that The Clinic had waiting for me. . .

Except that i didn't know this last. . . no one had told me about that!

All this. . . and more was embedded in my brain while i slept and i knew that once i became fully aware of my feminine self, i would be the perfect wife for my Husband—to-be, Nicholas “Nicky” Prong!

i looked up when someone materialized beside me and i gazed at him with some surprise. “Who're you?” i asked. “Are you real or another part of this dream?”

“Oh, I guess I'm real enough,” he grinned.

“Well, you look real,” i admitted.

“Tell me, luci, how do you like your new voice?”

“New voice?” i became aware that my voice sounded funny in my inner ear. It was much too high. “What was wrong with my old voice?” i demanded. “i was happy with it after i had my larynx shaved.”

“Not enough soprano,” he commented shortly.

“And now?” i asked fearfully.

“Sounds good to me,” he quipped. “I thought I might have taken too much off, but I see now that I took exactly enough.”

“What else did you do? i hurt all over!”

“Everything on your adjustment order,” he explained. “Except for a temporary discomfort in the scrotal area as you readjust to the loss of your testicles, the period of balancing your hormonal computers output, your penis' adjustment to the pseudo—vaginal entrance between your feminine thighs, your heightened sensitivity to sex stimulation, and your newly attenuated and appreciative erogenous zones, I predict that your sexual appetite and acceptance will exceed all our expectations, especially if your Nicky initiates your sexual arousal, and believe me, he shall!”

“But, i'm still a male under everything?”

“Well, technically. . . I suppose.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“It means, miss diaz, that your readjustment surgery is a full success. your erectile apparatus has been effectively negated. The prognosis pleases me. your rib cage will heal nicely and your little waist will be the envy of your feminine contemporaries! Your bobbed nose, enhanced lips and highlighted cheek bones have given you a classic beauty that will cause many a man's heart to lust after you!”

“But. . .” i objected.

“But, you'll be sexually loyal to Mr. Prong. Ms. Gonzalez's indoctrination program will ensure that one essential detail.”

Without so much as a “by—your—leave,” the Doctor examined me thoroughly, his fingers probing, pressing, palpitating, cupping, squeezing, caressing. . .

“your hip surgery has altered your stance somewhat and your restructured foot arches will make walking difficult for a few days, but don't worry, our team will have you up and walking about in no time at all. you'll be utterly



amazed at how easily you can manage walking while wearing the highest heels now!"

His fingers caressed my calves and ankles tenderly. i shivered delicately as they traced a pattern on the soles of my bare feet.

i am so ticklish there!

Then his fingers moved up my quivering thighs, cupping me squarely between my gaping thighs! "Oh, can't you do something about that and let me close my legs?" i demanded, humiliated and embarrassed when i couldn't close them by myself.

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not, my dear. We can't take any chances that your surgery be compromised! Your skin and flesh are much too vulnerable and may conjoin spontaneously if not monitored and supervised properly."

i looked at him blankly. "Hunh?"

"I mean you'll grow all together and we'd have to operate all over again."

"Oh, we surely can't allow THAT!" i retorted sarcastically.

"Well, of course not! What sort of butchers do you think we are?"

i wanted to answer that, but wisely kept my mouth shut!

"Nevertheless, your pseudo—vagina is responding nicely."

It sure was! i could feel his cupping touch and it sure felt nice to me!

"We'll take your bandages off tomorrow and remove your sutures next week," he grinned. "you're going to be pleasantly surprised at how easily you can go from female back to male and vice versa."

"i don't understand," i answered slowly. "i thought i was pretty much female now. How can i change back and forth? i mean, i've always thought that everyone was either one or the other, depending on what one has between one's legs."

"Simple." He smiled tolerantly, as though answering a backward child. "I've made a small pouch and tucked your little pipi back between your legs and. . ."

"Between my legs? Where?" i groped blindly, tearing at my bandages.

He grabbed my hand, horrified. "Here! Here! We'll have none of that! Are you trying to undo everything? My God, girl, give it a chance to heal first!"

"i'm sorry," i apologized. "i just wanted to see. . ."

"It will all be shown you in due time," he mopped his forehead. "I just hope your Mr. Prong can appreciate all we've done for him!"

His hands slipped gently around my body, squeezing, caressing, fingers curved around my hips, across my bottom, around my waist, and up to cup the huge rack of prominent, Double—D—cup breasts i now sported. "I say, I had my doubts about the advisability of their size," he commented absently. He tugged at my long nipples unconsciously and they stiffened perceptibly.

"Why, Doctor?"

"I thought they might prove to be much too large for your too small frame. I feared they would require further augmentation in future. However, with the new

Flex—Plas—Steel brace developed by my European colleague, Dr. Mel Soakum, There's absolutely no danger of that ever happening! your breasts should remain firm and retain their sensitivity, resiliency and elasticity as long as is necessary.”

“Well, i should hope so,” i added dryly.

“Eh? I said they would!” His hands moved up to caress my throat lovingly as i once more shivered delicately. He caressed my chin and lips, pinching my nose, patting my downy cheeks and chuckling his approval.

i winced. “Ouch! Hey, THAT hurts!”

“Yes, it will hurt. . . your orthodontia needed a complete reconstruction.”

“Excuse me?”

“your orthodontia. . . your jaw.”

“Oh. How long before that heals?”

“Give it a week or two of dedicated exercise and you'll be all right.”

“Exercise?”

“Use your jaw,” he replied offhandedly. “Just suck a hard pacifier. . . I'm sure Nurse Gonzalez can find something hard for you to suck on!”

i blushed at his unintentional pun.

“Oh.”

“You'll see.”

“Oh, absolutely!”

“Eh? Well, I must be off.

”Now, that was an understatement if i ever heard one!

“Someone will look in on you shortly. Ta ta, my dear.”

And, he was gone.

i slumped back in dejection.

“Now that's just great!” i exploded angrily.

i began to cry silently, the tears sliding across my downy cheeks unchecked.

me?

Cry tears?

Real tears?

WOW!

i had changed. . .

CHAPTER 29

“I thought the silly twit would never leave us in peace!”

i looked up in surprise. It was the voice from my dreams.. “Who are you?”

“I am Helga Greene, Ms. Greene to you.”

“Hello, Ms. Greene.” i was intimidated by her commanding presence.

“I am here to teach you secretarial skills, among other things.”

i looked at her in amazement. “What for?”

“All females are taught typing and stenographic skills in high school so they may become efficient secretaries for their male bosses in the business world when they go to work. These skills stand a girl in good stead while she looks for her future husband. If she's good enough, a woman might become an executive and have a private secretary herself. To that possibility, our students require a lesbian indoctrination as well. And, I see that you've elected that option too.”

“Why? i'm already sexually oriented to girls.” i exclaimed.

“Indeed, miss diaz? Aren't you affianced to a genetic male and isn't it your intention to marry him shortly after your surgical procedures are completed?”

“Well, yes, i guess i am, but. . .”

“But, what?” she sneered.

“Since i'm supposed to be getting married, shouldn't i be learning how to be a proper housewife and bed—partner for my Husband?” i asked sarcastically.

“you will be a fully trained and capable wife, miss diaz, when I get finished with you, believe me!” she promised ominously. “In the interim, we have our work cut out for us. . . tres bien, mon amie, attention!”

“Work?”

“Work,” she repeated mechanically.

“But, if i was mentally programmed, what else is there?” i asked, puzzled.

She laughed evilly. “The practical application. . .”

i gaped stupidly.

“Your tactile application program as a female will begin now and it won't be easy for you. . .”

“Sorry,” i quipped. “i made the mistake of not being born a female.”

“That doesn't concern me. you disgust me. I don't believe in sex changes at all! To be born a female and grow to womanhood is a very special privilege! No mere male should be admitted into Our Sorority! However, I am here to teach you, not to evaluate your morals, nor any lack thereof.”

“i didn't ask for any of this,” i defended myself. “i was forced into it!”

“Sure you were, and the American Republicans want to increase Social Security payments! Give me a break, miss diaz!” She stressed the “miss” deliberately.

“It's the truth, i insisted piously.

”OK,” she agreed dubiously. She fastened some headphones to my ears and then pasted little electrodes under my fingertips. “I'm going to show you how to type on this board,” she explained, laying a computer keyboard atop my thighs.

“What's this?”

“A keyboard stimulator.”

“Don't you mean simulator?”

She ignored me completely. “Let's start with an 'a,' shall we?” She waited, her toe tapping impatiently.

i didn't know what to do, so i did nothing.

“Whenever you fail to obey or you make a mistake, this will happen.”

A sharp jolt shook my bandaged sex, centering in my swollen testes sac, and i arched from the bed involuntarily. “Oh, my God!” i hissed as pain shook me.

“No, 'Goddess,' miss diaz,” the woman murmured softly, “I'm your Goddess, and if you please, try not to make any more mistakes? Now then, 'a,’” she repeated.

Hurriedly, i located the “a” on the board and pushed it frantically.

“Very good, miss diaz,” she praised. “Now, let's type a 'b.'”

i couldn't locate the damned key and another jolt raised me from the bed.

“Oh, too late, miss,” she commiserated piously. “Let's try a 'c,' shall we?”

She kept me at that damn board for the rest of her shift while she rocked and read her bra—buster romance. Her voice spoke to me through the earphones. Soon, to my utter amazement, the jolts care further and further apart as i learned the locations of the various keys. Before the end of that first hour, i was capable of typing simple words and sentences accurately.

Then, the damned thing picked up speed and i made mistakes all over again!

i was glad to see her go. . . finally! She was such a pain in the nuts!

Still, i was left with her voice murmuring gently in my ears while i tried to keep up with her dictation. When the nurse unhooked me later, my balls ached and throbbed and i thought they were ruined for life. They were!

But, it was several days before i learned that i no longer had any to hurt!

This made no difference to my nurses, especially Nurse Gonzalez.

Maria Gonzalez was a sadistic bitch. Oh, not only because she couldn't speak English fluently. None of my nurses did. She got a great delight out of forcing people to do what was beyond their limited capabilities.

She pounded on my muscles (they called it “massaging”) and forced me to move, walk, bend and stretch to my limits. . . and beyond (“exercise” they called it!).

She slapped and spanked my bottom repeatedly as an incentive. . . and, when i didn't respond as quickly as she thought i should, she slapped at my defenseless nuts smartly!

i screamed with agony. i was anxious to please her then! And, yet, in spite of my pain, i soon limbered up and it didn't hurt quite so much.

i was healing well, the good Doctors Peters and Trenton assured me piously.

Between my corrective surgery, Ms. Greene molding my brain into a feminine and submissive girl secretary, and my nurses forcing my outside body into a curvy sex ma-

chine, i became functionally female in spite of myself! i was thoroughly brain washed until my reactions to outside stimuli became entirely automatic! Still, I didn't realize any of this because it all happened in my unconscious mind.

So, i practiced and pounded on my keyboard until i could type over a hundred words a minute, hour after hour with no mistakes whatsoever. The subliminal tape assured that result! Another tape taught me to be an efficient stenographer, and yet another taught me office procedure. i learned to operate all office machines with an efficiency that surprised even me.

After i had become completely proficient as a working secretary, i was taught other, more basic skills to being an accomplished wife. Gourmet cooking, serving at table, homemaking, the love of shopping for the sake of shopping, and so much more, were taught me as i dreamed. i practiced and practiced and practiced until i could do everything automatically. And, did!

i was even taught proper sexual response and how to please my Husband while i writhed passionately in his arms.. i learned how to seduce a man and bring him to full arousal by using my whole body, and that included using my mouth!

There came a time when even the most casual and insignificant of my feminine persona's responses, gestures, desires, needs and actions became as natural to me as though inbred at birth.

Which had been. . .

i suppose!

Since, in a sense, louise was born there. . .

luis had died.

luis was dead.

Long live louise!

CHAPTER 30

“Can't you hold still?” Carole Anne scolded as she struggled to get my corset fastened. “Honestly, your waist has grown an inch since I began lacing it in! I told you... you should have used a stiff leather for the damned thing!”

“The latex fabric is just fine, Carole Anne,” i soothed her ruffled feathers, my gaze riveted to the mirror. “It's just a trifle snug on me, that's all.”

“Yeah, Nicky will have it all stretched out in no time flat!” she teased.

“In his wet dreams!” i countered, secretly pleased with her words. i stepped into my satin bloomers and pulled them up into place.

“Let me get this thing on you,” she muttered, holding my dress above my head. i tucked my hands into the sleeves and stood quietly as it slithered down around my waiting torso. It just felt so right for me to be wearing a wedding gown!

“There!” i heard the sharp hissing of my zipper closing and felt Carole Anne fumbling under my skirt, adjusting my satin bloomers and patting my flared bottom affectionately. “There we are, all ready for battle!”

i swished over to the mirror and looked at myself critically. i was a damned good looking woman and i made one beautiful bride! The antique satinet draped in soft waves about my hips while defining my upper body blatantly. i watched while Carole Anne settled my tiara in place, my veil falling in soft hisses about me.

“you're beautiful, luci diaz!” she whispered in awe.

i nodded and smiled at her. “Yes, i am, aren't i?”

”Nicky is going to have fits getting you out of this package!” she teased.

“He'll survive,” i commented wryly.

“Sure, he will, but will you?” she giggled.

“Oh, Carole Anne,” i cried, “i'm so scared! What if he doesn't like me? Oh! Oh! i mean, what if i don't come up to his expectations. . .

”He's the one who has to worry about coming up!” she interjected.

i blushed. “You know what i mean!”

“Yeah, but you'll do OK, kiddo.”

“i'm so nervous and scared.”

“All brides are nervous, and all virgins are scared to death! I was before I married Marc. Hell, I was scared even after I married Marc!”

“Yeah, he sure was an asshole, wasn't he?” i agreed, laughing snidely.

“What do you mean, was? He still is!” she snickered just as snidely.

“Yeah,” i giggled. “And speaking of assholes, Ms. Rachel called me the night before we left for The Clinic, you know.”

“No! What did she want?”

“The usual,” i replied offhandedly. “She wanted me to date another woman.”

“you don't need that crap.”

“Yeah, i know,” i agreed. “But what if she makes trouble for Nicky and me?”

“Like what?”

“Well, she is a lawyer, after all. . .”

“Lawyers! Blood suckers! They ought to shoot them all! You know what they call twenty—thousand lawyers at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean?”

“i don't know. . . what?”

“A damned good start!” she giggled insanely.

“You're loco, Girl!” i chortled.

“Then stop worrying about Rachel.”

“i can't help myself.”

“Just let Nicky take the lead. He'll know what to do to you and with you and when to do it, so stop your fretting. Just go with the flow. Remember that he's been down this same road before.”

“Yeah, but. . .”

“Nicky knows what to do if she tries anything! He knows how to shut her up!”

“Yeah, me too,” i quipped, “but i want to save that for myself!”

“you are absolutely crazy, girl! Remember, he's lots more afraid of you than you are of her, and that's in your favor.”

“i'll try.” i hugged her briefly. “Damn, but this corset is tight! It must be drawing me in to at least eighteen inches!”

“Keep dreaming, kiddo,” she laughed. “It's an even twenty—one inches. . .”

“It feels like it's a lot tighter!”

“you'll get used to it. How're the new tits?”

“Great! Except, Goddess! They're so heavy!”

“That's because you insisted on being a full Double—D—cup!”

“me? The doctors gave them to me!” i exploded. “i didn't ask for them!”

“Big deal, you got 'em and you like 'em, so why're you complaining?”

“i'm not. Besides, Nicky likes big ones too!” i retorted defensively.

“Yeah, but you're the one who has to carry them around all the time!”

“Are you sure my stitches are healed enough? i'd hate to have them fall off, especially if we're right in the middle of something!” i felt the tender creases under my bra, checking and stroking them unconsciously. They felt all right, but i checked them anyway.

“No,” she giggled. “They won't fall off. I can guarantee that!”

“i sure hope you're right. . .”

“you're going to be OK, baby, trust me!”

“You know how they say, 'fuck you,' in Silly—wood?”

“Hunh? What? No, how?”

“Trust me!”

She giggled merrily, her laugh tinkling softly in the warm air. “you're just going to have to trust me anyway, baby.”

“The last time you told me that, i wound up engaged to be married and leaving for The Clinic in Mexico.”

“Yeah, ain't it the nuts?”

“Nicky's got those.”

“He'd better!”

“The last time you told me that too, i was readjusted and reassigned!”

“A gorgeous job too, baby.”

i straightened my veil and picked up my bouquet. “Am i forgetting anything?”

“I don't think so. you've got the something old in your grandmother's tiara and veil; the something new in your white satin bloomers. . .”

“That's not all new! i've had most of it since birth!” i teased.

She slapped my bottom playfully. “Nuts!”

“No, Nicky's got those now, remember?”

“Oh, you. . . you've got the something borrowed in my earrings and cameo, and the something blue in your lace garters. Yeah, you're all set.”

“What about my Bible?”

“Right here with your bouquet.”

“Oh.” i picked them up. “my gloves!”

“you're wearing them.”

“Oh.”

“you're nervous as a whore in Church!”

“i've never gotten married before either!”

“Neither has Nicky.”

“You know what i mean!”

She hugged me fiercely. “you'll do just fine, Baby. C'mon, let's get going! Get your ass in gear, girl, the limo's here. Let's get you married!”

“i hope you know what we're doing, 'cause i sure as Hell don't!”

“you're going to be OK!”

“i hope you're right!”

“I'm always right!” She gave my veil one last adjustment and kissed my cheek affectionately. “you'll see.”

“i sure hope so,” i repeated numbly.

“And stop worrying about Rachel!”

“Yeah, OK, if you say so.”

“Trust me!” she laughed and hurried out to our waiting limo.

“Yeah, sure, fuck you too!” i muttered to her retreating back.

i was going to my fate. . .

i was on my way to meet my husband—to—be, Nicky “Long Dong” Prong. . .

In Church. . .

Goddess!

Lifting my satin skirt high. . .

Holding my train out of the way. . .

Dragging my high heels every inch of the way. . .

i trailed after her. . .

What other choice did i have?
After all, i'm just a submissive little girl. . .
Now!
Aren't i?
Of course i am.
Ms. Greene said so.
And she should know.
She trained me well!
Still. . .
Swallowing my misgivings. . .
And wishing i were swallowing my Nicky instead. . .
i followed Carole Anne's lead.
Reluctantly. . .

CHAPTER 31

“Doth thee, miss louise cecille diaz, take this man, Kenneth Nicholas Prong, to thy wedded Husband? Wilt thou promise to love him, to honor him, to obey him, to serve him in all ways, from this day forth, for so long as you both do live?”

The Minister smiled down at me where i knelt by my Husband—to—be's thigh.

“i will,” i answered quietly, outwardly calm, though my insides were churning furiously with excitement and anticipation! i had been surprised when i learned that his real first name was Kenneth, and not Nicholas. i liked Kenny better any way, but Nicky preferred Nicky, so Nicky it was.

i glanced around surreptitiously. The Church was full of people, many i had never known before today. i had never realized how many relatives Nicky had! my own Mom smiled brilliantly, her gloved fingers half—waving, as Ms. Angela held her other hand. i smiled back. my Mom sat, proud, erect, a beautiful Mother of the Bride, even if the bride were her son. . . or, used to be her son!

Then, i started visibly. i had spotted Doctors Trenton and Peters and Nurse Gonzalez sitting behind Mom and Ms. Angela on my side of the Church! She waved at me, smiling knowingly. . . Nurse Gonzalez, i mean.

i blushed with delicious embarrassment.

i glanced at Nicky's side of the Church and got the jolt of my life! Seated, side by side, were Mother Kline and her daughter, Ms. Rachel! Why were they here? i hadn't invited them, had Nicky? Ms. Rachel saw me looking at her and she smiled slowly, a smirk on her lips as she watched me intently. She jabbed Mother Kline in the arm, pointed, and that Lady smiled brightly. She was obviously very happy for me. i doubted Ms. Rachel was happy about it! i turned back to the front.

Carole Anne smiled at me from her kneeling position beside me, winked her eye and nodded towards my groom. Her lips mouthed the words, "Tonight's the night he pops your cherry, darling!"

i blushed and eyed her critically. Her gown mirrored mine both in design and material. The skirt was full with lace overlay, her waist drawn in severely, her breasts high and proud in the fitted bodice. Her lace gloved hands were holding a small nose-gay clasped demurely to her satined tummy. i glanced the other way, towards my Husband's older brother, Donny, his best man, resplendent in the white satin tuxedo that matched Nicky's exactly.

He grinned down at me and i bowed my head demurely, blushing prettily while i glanced at Carole Anne again. i nodded towards Ms. Rachel and Mother Kline. She looked a bit surprised, but shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "So what?"

Our ceremony was beautiful, even if it were slightly unorthodox. i repeated my vows eagerly, willingly, knowing exactly what i was promising. It did seem to be incongruous in this modern day and age to promise to obey and serve one's new Husband, but i had done exactly that, and i had done it eagerly, willingly!

"Doth thee, Kenneth Nicholas Prong, take this woman, miss louise cecille diaz to thy wedded wife? Wilt thou promise to love her, to honor her, to cherish her, to hold her above all others, from this day onward, for so long as ye both shall live?"

"You bet, Sis!"

"A simple, 'I will,' would suffice, Little Brother."

"I will. I do!"

"Now, miss louise, repeat after me, 'With this ring, i thee wed. . .'"

"With this ring, i thee wed. . ."

"To have and to hold, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for so long as we both shall live. . ."

i repeated these words solemnly, adding in my mind, 'Oh, yes, my Own! i will obey you! i will serve you! i take my vows seriously, as you shall see!'

i glanced up at him shyly as i slipped the wide gold band over his huge, work hardened knuckle. He smiled and i blushed happily as i leaned forward and kissed his ring humbly. "my Husband. . . my Master. . ." i murmured softly.

"Now, you repeat after me, Kenneth, 'With this ring I thee wed. . .'"

And Nicky repeated his vows, his voice catching with emotion. i held my hand high when he slipped the narrower gold band onto my much smaller finger. He bent and kissed my knuckles lingeringly. "wife. . . mine. . ." he murmured.

i blushed and lowered my lashes shyly, as a proper wife should!

"Then, by the power vested in me by The State and by His Most Holy Ordinance, I pronounce Kenneth Nicholas and louise cecille as Husband and wife. What my God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!" She snapped her Bible closed.

There was an expectant hush, broken by discrete coughs and feet shuffling. i could hear my Mom's happy tears as i leaned forward and kissed Nicky's hard bulge deliberately, in full view of our guests, leaving a telltale lipstick mark on the white material. He blushed as i bowed my head bashfully.

“You may kiss your bride too, Kenneth.”

Reverend Mother didn't miss a thing!

He bent, cupped his hands under my crooked elbows, lifted, pulled gently, and i was in his arms. at last. He kissed me fiercely and i knew that i was his wife! i was mrs. Kenneth Nicholas Prong at last!

“Go get him, girl!” i heard Carole Anne whisper. “He's all yours now!”

i kissed my Husband, my Master, holding him possessively.

“Wait until tonight, Darling!” i whispered in his ear. He blushed prettily.

“Oh, luci!” Mother Kline enthused, taking me into her arms., and kissing me as tenderly as ever. “you are such a pretty bride, darling! Every girl should be a bride at least once in her life! Weddings are so beautiful when done right!”

She turned to Ms. Rachel who had just joined us. “Isn't that right, Dear?”

“What? Oh, about being a bride? I guess. . .”

“Rachel?” Mother Kline warned. “Make nice!”

“I am. . .” Ms. Rachel muttered through clenched teeth.

“My sincere congratulations, Mr. Prong,” Ms. Angela smiled, ignoring Ms. Rachel completely. “You'll have your hands full with this one, mark my words, just like I did before I got her Mother completely trained!”

my Mom glanced up into Ms. Angela's sparkling eyes, her eyes soft and adoring. “Oh, Darling, you shouldn't say things like that! What will people think of us?”

“Probably that I had my hands full training you and keeping you in line, Dear Heart,” she grinned mischievously.

“Angela! Please! There are people watching!” Mom protested mildly.

“Who cares,” Ms. Angela quipped, squeezing Mom's arm affectionately.

Goddess, but Ms. Angela looked great in that pant suit, masculine and fully in control of the situation, but obviously female and feminine and proud of it! Mom positively glowed in her pink—satinet Mother—of—the—Bride gown, her hand lovingly held in Ms. Angela's, their intimate relationship and commitment to one another a matter of public record and demonstration!

“I certainly don't!” Nicky agreed.

“Watch it, Buster!” i growled, poking his ribs sharply.

“Hey!” he yelped.

“I warned you,” Ms. Angela laughed merrily.

“I envy you children,” Mom added. “You've your whole lives before you!”

“Break it up there,” came a soft voice. “It's my turn.” And, then i was in her arms., Reverend Mother's, i mean. Goddess, her mouth's like a vacuum cleaner!

“Isn't she dreamy?” Carole Anne whispered softly into my ear after she let me loose. i looked at my best girl friend in surprise.

“You too?” i asked gently.

She knew exactly what i meant, blushed, and nodded. “Yes, me too!”

i gazed at reverend Mother questioningly. Reverend Mother nodded, slipped an arm around Carole Anne's waist and squeezed possessively.

“Me too,” Reverend Mother agreed. She wasn't such a stuffed shirt after all! i mean, her shirt was stuffed full, with breasts larger than mine even! But she, herself, was OK! She was exactly like her younger brother. . . well, almost. . . There were some obvious differences. . . like her breasts and rounded rear, which was not at all like my Husband's. . .

i hugged my best girl friend tightly. “i wish you every happiness!”

“What happiness!” Carole Anne chortled.

“No, Nicky's got the penis,” i joked. “Remember?”

Carole Anne blushed and tickled me. “Oh, you. . . you're nuts!”

“No, Nicky's got those too,” i laughed.

Nicky watched indulgently while i giggled helplessly under her tickling. The rat fink bastard!

“I'll visit you later, my dear, so that we may become better acquainted. . .” Reverend Mother interrupted. “Carole Anne has told me all about your preferences and I'm quite sure we can find much in common! After all, your new Husband is my brother and I must get to know my new sister—in—law better. . . don't you agree, darling new sister—in—law?” she whispered throatily.

And i realized that i'd just traded one woman's attentions for another's. . .

i had ditched Ms. Rachel. . .

And found Reverend Mother!

But, what a difference between the two women!

“i'm looking forward to it. . .” i murmured shyly.

Her soft, knowing laughter thrilled me to my very core!

i couldn't wait!

Then, Mother Kline spoke again, “That was a very pretty ceremony, Darling.”

“I thank you, Mother Kline,” Reverend Mother replied, “it was one of the most satisfying ceremonies I've ever had the pleasure of doing! little luci is a rare find, I'll tell the world! she's just right for our Kenneth!”

Mother Kline laughed. “I agree. It's just too bad that Rachel didn't marry her when she had the chance!”

“Your Mother?” i asked Reverend Mother.

She nodded. “Adopted, of course, but, yes, my Mother!”

“i don't understand. . .”

“Our Mother died and our Father remarried Mother Kline who was a widow. Our Sister, Rachel, came along nine months later. . .”

”Mother adopted us,” Nicky added.

CHAPTER 32

i was stunned.

my Husband was Reverend Mother's younger, twin brother.

And, Mother Kline was Reverend Mother's Step—Mother!

That meant that Mother Kline was my Husband's Step—Mother too!

Which made Mother Kline my Mother—in—Law!

And that made Ms. Rachel their younger Step—Sister because Ms. Rachel was their Step—Mother's youngest daughter..

Which now made Ms. Rachel my Sister—in—Law since i was married to her brother!

It was all so confusing. . .

“i didn't know Ms. Rachel was related to you too!” i gasped, glaring at my new Husband. If looks could kill, he'd have died on the spot!

“Why, I thought you knew!” my Mom spoke, her tone one of great surprise.

i shook my head. “No, i did not know! But apparently everyone else knew and no one saw fit to tell me!” i looked accusingly at my new Husband.

“You knew that Rachel was my Step—Sister when we went to school,” he offered by way of an apology.

“i did not know,” i insisted. “You and she went to great lengths to conceal the fact from me!”

“What difference does it make anyway?” Ms. Rachel cooed. “What's done's done, and make no bones about it!”

“Nicky'll give you a bone tonight, dearie,” Carole Anne whispered to me.

i blushed furiously. “i suppose you knew about this too?” i asked her.

She nodded her head. “Sure, it was common knowledge,” she replied softly.

i turned to Mother Kline. “Why are your names different?”

“Simple,” she explained, “our name was Prong when I was married to their late Father. He was a widower and I was a widow when we married, you see. Rachel and Donald were our children. After their Father died, I reverted to my maiden name, Kline, for professional reasons. Marilyn's name was changed when she married, as was Rachel's, and each kept her married name later on. In our Rachel's case, she lost her husband through a divorce while Marilyn's husband was killed in the last stages of

Operation Desert Storm. We never gave it a thought that my maiden name was the very same as Rachel's married name.”

It all sounded so plausible. . .

Heck and darn!

Even my own Mom had known!

Darn!

Damn!

“I'll call you, darling,” Ms. Rachel cooed gently, and i did not know whether she was speaking to my new Husband, or to me!

i shuddered with delicate dread. . .

And great anticipation!

And clung to my Husband's strong arm for support.

He held my hand tightly. . .

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” i murmured politely.

She grinned at me with satisfaction.

“Bet on it, darling,” she retorted.

Oh.

OH!

CHAPTER 33

Nicky took me into his arms., his hard lips claiming mine at long last. “Come here, wife! I've waited long enough to get into your panties!”

“Goddess! You're no different than that damned Step—Sister of yours!”

“Except that it's legal with me!” he teased. He wrapped his huge arms. around me and hugged me tight. I was not afraid, just a bit anxious. After all, he was so huge. . . much larger between his legs than any other man I'd ever known!

“Legal rape?” i asked teasingly.

“I love you, miss luci.”

“i love you too, Man Mountain.”

“I'll be gentle. . .”

Slowly, he undressed me, stripping my clothing off, tossing it aside. A huge hand released my tiny limpness and caressed it gently. He bent over me, inquisitive lips seeking, finding, nibbling, drawing me into his wetness.

Involuntarily, i arched into his mouth. . .

“So small, so sweet. . . like a Girl's. . . my girl!” he murmured reverently, his tongue licking my lips tenderly. “I love you, miss luci,” he whispered.

He rose over me, settled between my spreading thighs as his lips claimed mine and his hand squeezed my sex gently, lovingly, reinserting me in my tiny sheathe.

i began to tremble with my rising sexual need.

“Oh, Nicky, Darling! Don't make me wait any longer!” i begged shamelessly.

Nicky placed the head of his huge prick to the sculptured tightness behind my shrunken pipi and pushed in slowly, his mammoth crown spreading my outer portals, seeking entrance to my secret virginity.

i felt myself grow moist and i hooked my ankles behind his mammoth thighs, to pull him forward eagerly.

“Take me, Nicky! Take me, please!” And i thrust my tongue into his mouth!

His hard prick thrust at me.

There was a momentary resistance. . .

A sharp burning. . .

An acute tearing sensation. . .

And then, his mammoth erection had ripped into my distended sheathe, crushing my tiny pipi, hurting me greatly, and i screamed with outrage! After a moment to let me calm down, to let me become accustomed to his swollen organ filling me, he began to move back and forth, his steely prick moving in and out of me. . .

i cried. . .

At first, i cried bitterly, but as he moved slowly within me, i began to feel a warm glow spreading through my body. i felt light-headed, queasy, and my tummy was full of butterflies! i was trembling uncontrollably. i tightened both hands around his neck and began to move my hips in opposing rhythm to his thrusts. . .

When orgasm hit me, it came as a complete surprise and i fainted dead away!

i bled all over our bed. . .

You would have too, if you'd had that monster prick shoved up your ass!

Why should i have been any different?

Goddess, how it hurt!

But, as Carole Anne had predicted, i learned to accept and welcome him in me!

i did learn to like it and i did learn to orgasm. . . every time!

The lessons from The Clinic returned to guide me. . .

“Swallow continuously while sucking a prick. Remember not to panic when your breath catches in your throat. Hold your breath while you suck deep. You'll be surprised how much air you will get, even with your mouth plugged full! Remember that your lungs can go several minutes if need be without drawing a breath.”

i heard Nurse Gonzalez's voice just as though she were right beside me in our bed, directing my every move as she had at The Clinic!

“Remember, your mouth and lips are your greatest gift to your Husband! Only your mouth remains just as tight after years of use as it was in the beginning!”

Then why had she insisted that i learn to contract my sphincter muscle so it would remain tight for Nicky's prick? "Maintaining elasticity," she'd called it.

But, there was something else, . . Nicky protested when i wriggled out of his arms. and rested my head on his hard thigh, my lips kissing his slack organ before taking its slick length between my lips and sucking deep.

"I want to hold you, Baby," he'd protested.

"You promised!" i lisped, my teeth digging into his huge plug.

"Ouch! Take it easy there! Your damned teeth are sharp!"

"Then be quiet and go back to sleep!"

i snuggled down, my nose tickled by his curly hair and sucked him eagerly.

i was in Heaven!

"Remember, miss diaz," i could hear Nurse Gonzalez's whisper in my ear, "when sucking a stiff prick, use your whole mouth. your lips and tongue can give a man just as much pleasure as your mouth and throat. Everything you do must be aimed directly at bringing your man to orgasm. Always run the tongue around his crown on the out stroke and let your lips caress him on the in stroke. Believe me, he will love you for it!"

And, i knew Nicky loved me. . .

i fell asleep with his swollen crown filling my throat and i realized that i wanted to serve my Nicky in just this way for the rest of my life!

As his loving wife. . . his woman!

i couldn't wait!

i sucked. . .

And salivated. . .

i swallowed. . .

And swallowed. . .

And swallowed. . .

And swallowed. . .

Completely satisfied. . .

Utterly satiated. . .

How wonderful to be so fulfilled!

By a Husband. . .

My Husband. . .

My Nicky!

Who'd have thought it possible?

After Ms. Rachel, i mean.

i snuggled up to my Dear Husband.

And blessed The Clinic for teaching me how to love my Husband. . .
And i slept peacefully.
While i sucked. . .
And sucked. . .
Oh, Mom and Ms. Angela will be so proud of my wifely accomplishments. . .
And, especially, Mother Kline. . .

CHAPTER 34

“Yes?” i answered breathlessly. i had run all the way from the kitchen into Nicky's den at the telephone's insistent ring. i vowed to have another extension installed in my kitchen at the earliest convenience! “Yes?” i repeated.

“You sound all out of breath, darling,” Mother Kline teased.

i giggled, happy to hear from her. After all, she had always treated me with the utmost respect. i had no quarrel with her. “Mother!” i gushed, “i'm so glad it's you! i've been meaning to call you and have you for lunch. . .”

“I'd love to cum, darling!” she trilled. But i knew she didn't mean the same thing i did! That's my Dear Mother—in—Law, always unpredictable!

i giggled. “Oh, Mother, really?”

“Really, darling,” she cooed. “What are you doing this afternoon, dearest?”

“Oh, nothing. . . really,” i admitted slowly. “May one ask why?”

“I'd like to have you over my. . .”

“This afternoon?” i interrupted.

“Yes, dearest, can you make it?”

“Sure! Give me a few minutes to put on my face and slip into something a bit less revealing,” i teased.

“We'll make dinner and i'll call your Husband since you'll be so busy. . .”

i laughed merrily. “Oh, Mother Kline, you're too fucking much!”

“Yes, I am, aren't I?” she admitted. “In half an hour then?”

“Half an hour,” i agreed.

“Don't be late, else I shall have to attend to you. . .”

“i won't!” i promised.

“It's been too long, dearest,” she whispered, “since you worshipped me!”

“Oh, Mother!” my heart melted with desire. “May i?”

“Hurry, darling!” she ordered.

i hurried. . .

And was there in twenty—seven minutes!

CHAPTER 35

“But, I fail to see what your objection is,” Mother Kline whispered, her hand caressing my hair gently. “After all, it's not as if we were complete strangers, or anything,” she reminded.

“But, i'm not a servant,” i cried, “and i don't want to be one either!”

She patted my hair tenderly. “I don't see what you're getting all hot about, dear,” she soothed. “After all, we wouldn't want that pretty dress to get dirty while we make dinner for your Husband, would we?” she teased.

“No, i guess not,” i admitted.

“Great! I have your maid's uniform all laid out for you in the spare bedroom down the hall. You remember, don't you, dearest? Now, why don't you go into the bath and get under the bubbles? I'll come in and do your back for you.”

i stared at her. i just couldn't disappoint her! And, since i was wearing a tight skirt, i couldn't disobey her either!

Mother had had tea all ready when i had arrived and we had spent an enjoyable hour in each other's company. i had forgotten how witty this Dear woman could be and we were soon laughing and teasing one another as we had seldom dared of old.

She seemed such a different person. . . now!

When she had left her chair to sit beside me on the sofa to show me pictures from one of her many photo albums., i had welcomed her, our skin touching when she turned the pages. It was lots of fun and i pressed tightly against her.

Then, when she had taken me into her arms. and kissed me tenderly, i wasn't a bit repulsed, but had returned her kiss for kiss, caress for caress, giving back just as good as i received! Our kisses soon escalated to passion and i found her fingers under my skirts, caressing my opening thighs lightly, insistently.

“Oh, Mother!” i gasped when they found my little sheathe and pried me from my sweet prison.

“Yes, dear?” she teased. “Is something wrong?”

“No!” i gasped. “Everything's exactly right!”

“Oh, then you won't mind. . . this. . .” And her tongue stabbed deep into my mouth, tickling the top of my throat, making me gag, but not unpleasantly.

Before i knew what had happened, it had happened and i was completely naked, lying in her arms., and we made sweet, lingering, soul—satisfying love. . .

It was wonderful!

And now, we lay naked in one another's arms., talking softly.

Mother was completely reasonable in her request that i help her out. . .

It wasn't that i had any real objections to these requests because i had been Mother Kline's French Maid on more than one occasion.

“So, why should i object now?”

i couldn't.

i wouldn't.

And, i didn't!

"Well, i guess it's all right," i capitulated, "er, i mean, as long as i can change before my Husband arrives. i want to greet him properly."

"Of course, darling," she agreed. . . too willingly. i should have been more suspicious. After all, she was Ms. Rachel's Mother too!

i went into Mother Kline's sumptuous bath, stripped and slipped into the pool of delicious bubbles I found waiting for me. i relaxed, enjoying the warmth as i soaked my cares away. In a few minutes, Mother Kline entered, and i saw that she had removed her outer clothing and slipped into her robe before joining me in the bath, because that's exactly what she did, stripped off her robe and joined me in the tub! What a sight, two naked, feminine bodies filling that tub, the immature female fitted between the older woman's spread, raised knees, her wildly tousled head resting against the mature woman's welcoming breasts.

Mother Kline slipped her arms. around me, soaping my front with gentle motions of her caring hands. i sighed and snuggled tightly against her.

"Oh, that feels wonderful," i whispered throatily, as her inquisitive fingers delved into my unsuspecting pussy, freed my little limpness and washed the pouch, her soapy fingers entering and sousing it clean. It felt so good!

i wasn't a bit surprised when her fingers insinuated themselves into my rear portal, something only my Husband's erection had done up to now! That felt good too! i squirmed in her arms., twisting and kissing her waiting mouth sweetly. "i love you, Mother. . . er, i never did learn your given name," i murmured, ashamed of my oversight.

"It's Rebecca, dearest," she replied softly. "It's from The Bible. . ."

"i know," i admitted. "It's beautiful. i like it. It fits you because you are the most beautiful woman i know!"

"Why, thank you, sweetums.," she praised. "That's the nicest compliment I've ever had about my name." She kissed me gently. "When my first husband was still alive, he used to call me Becky Sharpe or Sharp Becky, depending on how he felt. Oh, I admit that he angered me at times and I was forced to spank his fat little bottom soundly on more than one occasion! But, he really did love me, as I loved him, and I miss him terribly."

"i'm sorry he died," i whispered, consolingly.

"Me too," she mused. "He was a wonderful lover! He could make me cum for an eternity, i swear! i miss that most," she stated simply.

"i bet you do," i crooned. "i'm surprised you didn't marry again."

"Well, I couldn't. . . my son married you first. . ."

"Oh, pooh! There're lots more nice men out there just waiting to be found!"

"None like you!"

“You're sweet too,” i murmured, twisting in her arms..

Our kiss lasted until the water was stone cold. . .

Finally, she cradled me in her arms., whispering, “If we don't finish up here, and soon, we'll still be here when Nicky cums. . . er, I mean, arrives!”

“And that would never do, would it, Ms. Becky Sharpe?” i teased.

“You got it, Baby!” she enthused, pushing me forward and heaving her bulk out of the concealing suds. i watched as she rinsed the suds from her gleaming skin, stepped out and patted herself dry.

“Your turn!” And, she did the same thing for me!

Several minutes later, we were in the spare bedroom and she was helping me to get dressed in the waiting goodies. i shivered as she hooked the corset about my waist, drawing the laces in until the busks met in back. i felt crushed!

“Oh, it's much too tight!” i complained.

“Nonsense,” she contradicted, “it's the same size as your wedding corset!”

Well, that had been twenty—one inches, but this felt lots tighter! Still, it would do me no good to argue, so i shut up while she dressed me.

my stiff nipples were cupped in an old—fashioned bullet bra that lifted them, separated them, and pointed them like cannons at a target, in a manner that was a bit obscene to behold, or so it seemed to me! i liked how they looked though.

Sheer, black nylons were rolled up my hairless legs and clipped tautly to the garters dangling from my corset. Becky held something for me to step into and as she drew it up my legs, i found it was a thong bikini panty. It fit me as snugly as my own skin, holding me securely inside my little pouch and outlining my pussy blatantly. i liked it! So did Becky! (And so did my Husband. . . when he got to appreciate it hours later!)

She settled the stiff petticoats around my waist, and as i held my arms. high, she slipped the satin uniform over my head, onto my arms. and down my body. i was ad-



miring the smooth, black satin as she adjusted it and fastened it closed around my body. i felt like i was in a sausage casing, it was so tight!

“Almost done, darling,” she cooed. “How does it feel?”

“Tight,” i admitted.

“Good! It's supposed to! Here.”

She made me sit on the edge of the bed as she fastened my feet into five inch, high heeled, ankle strap sandals that would keep me on my toes (literally) until i took them off! She tied a frilly apron around my waist and drew me to my feet.

“Turn for me, dearest,” she ordered.

i did, catching sight of myself in the mirror over the bureau. “Oooh, i look rather nice, don't i?” i whispered in awe.

“You are a beautiful maid, dearest, absolutely beautiful!” she praised.

“That's sweet,” i gushed, kissing her exuberantly.

“And if it were up to me, I'd keep you under lock and key all the time!”

“Why, whatever for?” i asked, pleased in spite of its erotic implications!

“To keep you safe. . . and secure. . .” she teased.

i kissed her again, my tongue licking her salty skin lasciviously.

“Here, enough of that!” she scolded. “We can do that later. . .”

i curtsied politely. “Yes, Madame,” i answered courteously.

“Now, into my room and I'll make you up. Then, it's off to work we go!”

Hi, ho, hi, ho," i quipped.

“Hi, ho, indeed,” she laughed, taking my hand in hers and leading me back to her bedroom where, as promised, she made me up. i looked great after. . .

She pinned a lace mop—cap to my curls, patted my shoulder and lifted me to my feet. “There, all ready, dearest. Let's get to work!”

i curtsied, my finger tips grasping the hem . of my uniform daintily. “Oui, Madame, que vous dit,” i answered.

“A real French Maid,” she exclaimed with delight. “Lovely! Tres bien, tu es Francaise jusqu' ce que je tu donnes cong.”

“Oui, Madame,” i answered, curtsying again.

“Maintenant, ce chambre est une disgrce, ma bonne!” she exclaimed.

i looked around. It didn't look all that bad to me. “Madame?”

“Clean it thoroughly,” she ordered curtly. “And be quick about it! We don't have all afternoon to waste! My guests will be here in a few hours and the place has to be spotless before then!”

“Guests?” i spoke in English, forgetting myself.

“Since when does a servant question her Mistress's words? Yes, guests, as in more than one. Do you understand?”

“Oui, Madame, pardonnez moi, s'il vous plait.” i curtsied hurriedly.

“Better, girl,' she muttered. ”Now, get to work!”

“Mais, Madame, je ne suis pas une femme de chambre,” i explained.

“Are you or are you not wearing a maid's skirt?”

“Je pares dans la uniforme d'une femme de chambre, mais je ne suis pas. . .”

“Silence! You will do as I say because you have no choice! And if you don't obey me, I shall blister that fat ass of yours to a fare—thee—well!”

“Madame, mes fesses ne sont pas grosse!” i gasped with indignation, “elles ne sont pas comme la petite chevalerie grosse!”

“Silence!” she roared as i lapsed into a sullen acceptance of her authority. “That's better. Now, get this room cleaned up and then you can do the bath while I start dinner. Honestly, you'd think I were asking you to work while I took it easy!” she exclaimed angrily.

i curtsied politely. “Oh, non, Madame, pardonnez moi?”

She laughed. “Of course, darling! Now, to work!”

i curtsied again. “Oui, Madame.”

i had no choice. She had tricked me into wearing my skirts, not that it made any difference. As long as i was in no danger nor was i being threatened by more than embarrassment (which i secretly loved!), i had to obey her! Besides that, i liked being her maid anyway. The benefits more than made up for any drawbacks!

i set to work with a will and soon had Mother's bedroom spick and span, with a space for everything and everything in its place. i looked around, seeing that nothing was lacking and went into her bathroom. Heck, it wasn't that bad either! In less time than it takes to tell, i had the tub scrubbed, the tiles wiped, the toilet bowl scoured and the sinks polished to their sparkling best. Once the mop had made a pass at the floor, it looked great!

Proud of my efforts, i went down to Mother. She was working busily over the stove when i arrived, stirring a savory sauce. She looked up.

“Oh, it's you! It's about time. Here, stir this while I start this other.” i obeyed as she turned to the freezer. A few minutes later, she sent me into the living room with instructions to vacuum and dust everything. It was fun for me, in spite of the fact that i was being “forced” into it. . .

my feet were beginning to hurt when Mother finally called for a coffee break, which i had to serve to her, standing politely behind her chair, “like the proper maid you are,” she teased, while she sipped at her coffee.

i remembered my training, no maid ever sits in her Mistress's presence unless she is given special dispensation, and i hadn't been! So, i stood quietly. . . while Mother rested. . .

Oh, well, i was her maid, wasn't i?

Of course, i am, and i'm a damned good maid too. . . i know my place!

Things progressed pretty well with me doing much of the heavy labor while Ms. Becky did most of the thinking and directing, which was only fair, she was and is my Mistress!

By four, i was quite used to the tightness of my uniform, and when i said as much to Ms. Becky, she took me back up to the spare bedroom where she stripped me and redressed me in a fresh corset, clean undies and a formal maid's uniform for evening wear. It was obvious, even to me, that she fully intended to keep me in uniform and make me serve table for her and my Husband. . .

Well, that's OK. After all, he is my Husband. . . and he's seen me in more than a maid's uniform. . . or should i say, less than a maid's uniform? Tee hee!

Shortly after five, the doorbell rang and Mother sent me to answer it. Well, imagine my surprise when i saw Ms. Rachel and her fiend, Ms. Molly Clapp, standing there! i gaped like a star—struck movie fan!

“Close your mouth, luci,” Ms. Rachel chided. To her friend, “We didn't expect to ever have her working for us again, but fate took a hand, and here she is!”

i stared at her awkwardly. What did she mean by that us stuff? i was merely giving Mother Kline a hand. . . temporarily, that is. Wasn't i? Well, of course i was! i mean, after all, it wasn't as though it were my real job, was it?

i recovered my wits and curtsied. “Entrez, s'il vous plait!” i invited as I stepped back, holding the door open for them.

“Ah, a real French Maid,” Ms. Molly teased, giving me a pat on the bottom when she passed me. i jumped with surprise. Then jumped again as Ms. Rachel gave me a hard slap on my other cheek!

“Who is it, luci?” Mother called, coming from the parlor. “Ah, hello, Girls, you're right on time! Come in, please!”

“Hello, Mother,” Ms. Rachel greeted, kissing her Mother affectionately. “You remember Molly Clapp, don't you?”

“Of course, Molly, do come in, Dear.” She gave Ms. Molly a quick hug and kiss and led them into her parlor. “Do have seats, Girls. luci? Would you please do the honors and make the drinks?”

“Oui, Madame,” i replied, curtsying politely. “Mesdames?” i asked brightly.

“I'll have my usual,” Ms. Rachel mused, “a vodka martini.”

“And i'll have a straight gin martini, not too wet,” Ms. Molly chimed in.

“Just ginger ale for me,” Mother quipped. “I'm driving. . .”

They laughed at her witticism, but we knew she wouldn't drink any alcohol all night. Mother was a teetotaler from way back!

i served their drinks, then stood in a corner like some child being punished, listening with a deaf ear as they discussed me and my potentialities.

“Very good,” Ms. Molly praised, her deep blue eyes regarding me with more than a proprietary interest. Idly, i wondered what excuse Ms. Rachel had made that day when i had refused to prostitute myself with her. . . i didn't care, really!

“Yes, luci is the best maid I've ever had,” Mother chuckled.

“luci underwent corrective surgery and was trained as a personal lady's maid, you know,” Ms. Rachel commented. “she graduated The Clinic School several months ago, and she's been kept abreast of the latest innovations in personal service to Ladies. . .”

“Commendable,” Ms. Molly replied, “though it's a pity she's unavailable. . .”

“Oh, but she is!” Mother exclaimed, and i about died!

“Que?” i asked, surprised.

i knew right then and there that i'd been had!

Again!

“Be quiet, missy,” Mother warned coldly, “else I shall see to you directly.”

“But. . . but. . .”

“You still sound like a motor boat, dearest,” Ms. Rachel laughed.

“And don't forget to speak in French,” Mother Kline warned me, “if you forget again, I shall remove your panties for a bare bottom spanking right here in front of the Girls!”

i lapsed into a resentful silence and listened avidly as they continued their conversation. “What do you mean?” Ms. Rachel asked, a sly grin on her lips.

“I mean. Dearest Rachel, that luci's ready to resume her rightful position in our household.”

“Well, it's about time!” Ms. Rachel chuckled.

“Yes, I've talked it all over with her Husband and Nicky agrees that our luci has too much free time on her hands during the day and that i should correct that situation immediately! To that end, I'm considering renting her services to some selected clients. . .”

“Same rates?” Ms. Rachel asked snidely.

“Oh, Heavens, no!” Mother demurred, “she's trained. . . we can ask top dollar for her domestic proficiency now!”

“Good!” Ms. Molly snapped peevishly, “I shall expect her at seven tomorrow and shall write you a check for her time and services. . .”

“Oh, no, Darling,” Ms. Rachel laughed. “Cash only!”

“Very well,” Ms. Molly agreed immediately. “What's the freight?”

“One hundred dollars for an hour; two hundred and fifty dollars for a matinee engagement, three hours maximum; five hundred dollars for the night, six at night until eight the next morning; a thousand dollars for a weekend, Friday evening at six until Monday morning at eight; and two thousand dollars for a whole week from Friday evening at six until the following Friday evening at the same time.”

“What about a week plus the following weekend?” Ms. Molly asked.

“Special or extended terms available upon request,” Ms. Rachel explained.

“Fair enough. I'll take her for tomorrow night,” she nodded. “And, anything we demand, she will do? Will she be all ready to start in when she arrives? Are there any limits to what she will or won't do? How is she with men?”

“She will obey any given command,” Mother Kline nodded, “as long as she is in skirts. If she isn't wearing skirts, you must give the orders. She will only do what she is told as long as a woman gives her the orders. As for limits, we have yet to discover anything she won't do! She likes masculine men and shows she has a decided reluctance with less—than—masculine males.”

“Then, if Terry should direct her while she is in skirts. . .”

“She will obey immediately,” Ms. Rachel affirmed.

“And when he's dressed as a girl? When he's Teri?”

“luci may be somewhat reluctant, but she will obey. As long as Teri is firm with her and gives her no room to equivocate and refuse. . .”

“She obeys even better after she's been soundly spanked,” Mother added.

“In that case, here's to crime!” and Ms. Molly drained her glass.

The others followed suit.

“I'd like another,” the woman burped drunkenly.

“Me too.” Ms. Rachel half—turned. “miss?” to me.

i curtsied. “Mademoiselle?”

“Refills.”

“Oui, Mademoiselle.” i hurried to comply, refilling their glasses before she waved me off and i returned to my corner to wait. . . my cheeks blazing with the shame i felt.

The doorbell buzzed again.

“Get that, will you, miss?” Mother ordered. It was no request.

i hurried to obey.

Imagine my surprise when i found my Husband standing there, simpering like an idiot! “Nicky!” i squealed and jumped right into his arms. for a welcoming kiss!

“Hi, Baby,” he greeted. “How are you making out with Mother?”

“Oh, OK, i guess,” i admitted. “Your Sister, Ms. Rachel and her other friend, Ms. Molly, are with her in the parlor right now,” i explained, kissing him again.

“Good. I could use a drink right about now.”

“Nicky,” i interrupted, “they want me to work again,” i told him.

“Good idea,” he replied. “You've too much free time as it is!”

“But, you don't understand,” i cried, “they want to rent me by the hour!”

“Well, Rachel tells me that's what you were doing when I met you, miss luci, so what's the big deal now?”

"Nicky! i squealed, shocked. "You know i didn't know!"

"She told me that you never forgot to collect the fee. . ."

"i collected envelopes," i protested. "i never knew what was inside!"

"And she told me that you were as accomplished with women as you were when we were together. . ."

"i always tried to give value for value. . ."

"Then you did know?"

"No, i mean, i liked sex with women, and besides, you know how helpless i am when i'm wearing skirts and heels!" i exclaimed.

CHAPTER 36

i looked at my Husband through swollen eyes, my throat choked with my sobs as i cried in his arms.. "Oh, it's just awful! Mother Kline has ordered me to serve your dinner tonight, and she forced me to wear this shameful maid's uniform too!"

"But it looks so natural on you, dearest," Nicky soothed. "Honestly, I don't understand all the fuss. I mean, you do like being Mother's house maid, right?"

"Well, yes," i admitted. "But. . ."

"But, nothing. You make a damned good maid, you've told me that yourself!"

"Well, i am. . . but. . ."

"And I know Mother enjoyed your sexual favors this afternoon. . ."

"How do you know that?" i demanded, sitting bolt upright on our bed. "i have said nothing about that. . . yet!" i cried.

"darling, Mother informed me yesterday that she fully intended to have you in her bed for sex this afternoon," he explained, "and I. . ."

"Wait a minute!" i objected. "She told you yesterday?"

He nodded absently. "Unh hunh."

"How could she?" i demanded, "i mean, i didn't even know myself until earlier today when she invited me to join her. It was all a set—up, wasn't it?"

"Now, dearest," he placated. "I'm sure Mother meant no harm. . ."

"How do you explain Ms. Rachel's convenient appearance? i mean, she knew when she rang the doorbell that i would be answering it, expecting you. . ."

"Have you discussed any of this with Mother?"

i shook my head. "No! Of course not!"

"Well, I'd advise you to keep your opinions to yourself, my dear," he started to say, when I cut him off in mid—sentence.

"Not say anything?" i yelped in outrage, "why, for Heaven's sake?"

“Because Mother has a temper, darling,” he observed wryly. “And, I seriously doubt you've experienced that first—hand. Were I you, I'd postpone that day just as long as possible!”

“But, shouldn't i know, especially since i'm the major subject under review?”

“Oh, I'm sure Mother meant you no harm. Stella had extended the tips again, making them even more noticeable, and as if from far away I felt my male—self wanting to take hold of those perfect hands and kiss those perfect lips.

I was in a daze and meekly followed Stella's directions to get dressed.

We drove home and I could barely speak, trying to absorb the sensations that seemed to be running through my body and mind. Stella had given me a different perfume and I was lost in memories of all the soft and loving times it was very kind of her to offer us my old bedroom. . .”

“She offered you the use of your old bedroom,” i snapped. “She ordered me to use the maid's room connected to hers. . . ordered me, for Goddess's sake!”

“I heard you,” he retorted, “and frankly, I think it's for the best because I haven't been getting my proper rest since our marriage.”

“Nicky!” i yelped. “What a terrible thing to say!”

“Well, it's true!” he blustered. “Besides, it's her house and she has always been quite capable of making rules of conduct under her own roof. . .”

“But, we have our own home,” i countered, “the town—house, the farm. . .”

“Well, we did, I admit,” he quavered weakly, “but a developer offered me more for the farm than I dared turn—down, and when I mentioned that to Mother, she was adamant we move in here with her where you could take full charge of things. . . er, take care of everything, I mean. . .”

“You mean, work for Mother and whore for Ms. Rachel!” i snapped angrily.

“Now, darling, I'm sure it's not all that bad. . .”

“i don't belong to either of them!” i cried. “i belong to you!”

“I share everything with my Mother and Sisters,” he retorted when our bedroom door opened and Mother Kline entered without so much as a “by—your—leave!”

i jumped up, startled. “Oh, oh, Mother Kline!” i cried. “i wasn't expecting you to just walk in on us and. . .”

“Obviously,” she commented dryly, glancing at our mussed bed. “Honestly!”

i blushed furiously and curtsied quickly. “Well, it is our bedroom, Mother Kline,” i defended our state of unreadiness.

Nicky said nothing, just let me do everything! The damn coward. . .

“missy?” she started in curtly, “I believe you have some chores awaiting your attention in your kitchen?”

“What?” i exploded. “my kitchen? May i remind you that i'm your house guest and not your slave girl! You can't just order me about like that and then expect me to obey

you blindly, without question! Honestly, Rebecca, i am amazed! Nicky and i might agree to live in your house, but i must insist that we be allowed our own suite of rooms. and that i be in full charge there!"

"I can see absolutely no reason why you can't be placed in full charge of the entire house, luci," she answered, and turned to my Husband. She kissed Nicky's cheek gently.

"Dear Boy, would you mind terribly leaving us women alone for just a few moments? There's something I must discuss with your wife, but as a Mother would speak to her daughter. You know, female business. . ."

"Monkey business, i'll bet," i muttered, but they paid me no mind.

He grinned. "Surely, Mother." He kissed her cheek affectionately, turned to kiss me and smiled, "Be a good little girl, luci, and do exactly as Mother says!" he warned.

And, he left us alone.

i stood there, my eyes swollen, my skirts mussed, my maid's uniform wrinkled, my cheeks blushing helplessly as Mother Kline looked me up and down. i fidgeted, my mannerisms. nervous, embarrassed,. ill—at—ease. . .

"Now, what's all this fol—de—rol about not doing your chores?" she demanded.

"i'm your son's wife! i'm your guest, not your personal slave," i began, but she interrupted.

"Guest? You've been a maid in my house for weeks, and now, all at once, just because you've suddenly become my son's wife, you think that changes anything? I am appalled at your cheekiness, dear girl!"

i blushed and stammered, "Well, i am his wife!"

"And you're still my maid!" She sat on the edge of the bed, grabbed my wrist and yanked.

Unprepared, i stumbled forward, falling head long across her lap, my hands flying out to catch myself. When i felt her throw my skirts back across my back to bare my pantied mounds, i spread my palms. over them protectively, only to have her grasp my wrists and pull upwards, rendering me helpless, vulnerable, and completely exposed to whatever she intended to do to me next!

She pulled my panties down to my knee hollows and patted my cringing rondures affectionately. "Such a cute, little fat—ass!" she cooed admiringly.

"It's not fat!" i squawked.

"My, my, luci," she teased, "whatever happened to your Parisienne accent?"

"Madame," I answered, "mes fesses ne sont pas grosse! Elles sont gentilles!"

"Well, let's see if we can't remedy that sad state of affairs. Attends moi!"

SMACK. . . SMACK!

Her palm swatted my unprotected ass cheeks ringingly.

"Oh. . . Oh!" i cried, wriggling impotently in her grasp.

i made no reply. i was lost, and i knew it!

i turned my attentions to the task at hand. My tongue searched out her every secret place, laving her and driving her out of her mind! Her legs tightened on my head, but i never even slowed down!

“Oh, Goddess, luci!” Mother Kline gasped, urging me to even greater effort.

Humbly, i leaped to obey her summons. . .i knew i belonged to Mother now, and i would obey her. . .i was hers to command!

i was following my wedding vow to, “obey my Husband!” Wasn't i doing exactly as he'd ordered? “Do what Mother tells you,” he'd said. You know i was!

So much for Husbands!

Mother would see to my needs, after i was finished seeing to hers. . .

CHAPTER 36

Timidly, i bent at the waist, pressed the doorbell with my nose, and waited.

Was this the right address? i looked at the house number. Yes, 2500 South Salinga Street. . . this was it. It WAS the number Mother had given me earlier.

i glanced around, seeing danger at every turn and i wished whoever was inside that damn door would hurry up! i felt so vulnerable, standing out here in such a revealing, abbreviated costume! Granted, i was wearing a thigh length mink coat, but i only wore a thin saddle strap beneath it! And my jewelry. . . you remember the chain connected nipple rings, the ruby sewn inside my navel, my link earrings in each pierced lobe connected by golden chains to the ring through my septum and the rings in my nipples, don't you? And, the slave ring—bracelets i wore on both my hands? And the steel anklets that were connected by chains too? And the knee hobblers? And the supple steel collar tightened around my neck? The collar with its attached chain leash? You remember all that, don't you?

How could anyone forget. . .

i'd have protested vehemently, except that my mouth was stuffed full of nylon scanties, nylon scanties that Mother Kline wore for two full days before donating them to my use. Isn't she the most thoughtful woman? No wonder i love her so!

Feeling totally exposed, I pressed my nose against the doorbell again, and i could hear it buzz loudly inside. Still, no one came and i waited. . .

Why didn't i push the bell with my finger?

Well, i couldn't! My hands were enclosed in tight, leather bags and fastened securely to steel loops set in the leather belt snugged around my waist!

Oh, i was some package, i was!

Finally, i heard the lock open and i tried to shove my way inside when it was opened, only to be brought up short by the chain lock!

“Yes?” a soft voice whispered. “Who is it? What do you want?”

i saw a wide open, blue eye watching me warily through the crack in the door.

“Ouvre la porte!” i snapped angrily, only it came out, “Umpnh umph umph!”

“Oh, it's you, finally!” the woman sighed in relief. “Well, don't just stand there like an idiot, go around to the back door and wait until I let you in!”

And the damned door closed in my face! i stared at it with disbelief, turned and picked my way around the house through the debris strewn alley way, until i at last reached the back door. Of course, it was closed. . . and locked!

She should have let me in by the front door!

i waited a moment, and when nothing happened, i pressed the doorbell with my nose. Again, i could hear the bell chime inside, but no one came to let me in!

i felt totally isolated and alone!

After a short time, i pushed the bell again, listening to it chime inside the house. This time, the door opened a crack and the same blue eye regarded me with a fearful look.

“Are you alone?” she asked.

i nodded curtly. “Oui.” (“Eee!”)

“I told you to wait until I opened the door,” she complained querulously. “I do have other things to do than dance attendance on you! I never expected you to be so impatient! Honestly!”

The door closed and i heard the chain being taken off the lock before it came open just enough for me to squeeze in, which i quickly did.

The inside room was completely dark and i waited until the door was relocked and the chain refastened. i could hear its rattle. . .

i waited expectantly.

The light clicked on.

i looked at my Hostess and my mouth gaped with surprise. (Well, it would've gaped had it not been stuffed so full of panties!) My Hostess appeared to be the exact double of a Cat Woman. i mean, she looked fantastic! From the smoothness of her stretchy full—head mask to the toes of her shiny high heel boots, she was encased in gleaming black PVC! Her eyes peered myopically from the eye holes and she fluttered them weakly, trying to clear her vision.

The suit outlined her body blatantly, and i saw that she had a magnificently proportioned figure. From her full, Double D—cup breasts to her miniscule waist, to her lyre—shaped hips, she was beautiful! Her blood red lips smiled at me as i stared at her with undisguised lust and admiration.

“Hello, Luci,” Molly greeted. “We meet properly, at long last!”

i curtsied politely. “Mme Molly,” i murmured. (Muh Muhhee.)

“Really, Darling,” she chided, “you should be punished for refusing to visit me that other time. I was so disappointed. . . and, hurt by your refusal!”

“Who is it, Moll?” came a deep, masculine voice from the other room.

'Who is it, indeed!' i thought angrily. 'Who were they expecting?'

"It's just a little whore working her way through life," Ms. Molly called, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Oh?" came the same, deep male voice. "Then you'd better get her down to our playpen before our time's up and we have to pay another day's rental fee!"

'Hey! Did they think they were renting a fucking VCR?'

"Yes, Dearest," Ms. Molly replied, "shall you be right along?"

"Yes, I'm just putting the finishing touches to my make—up."

"Very well. Please join us as soon as you're ready!"

"I shall, Madame," he promised quickly, "I most assuredly shall!"

She smiled, reached out and took my leash. "As you've guessed, that's Terry, my husband, getting ready for his debut as 'Teri.' I'm sure you'll love him very well. . . Dearest," she giggled. "He's hung like a bull for all his beauty while wearing skirts and heels, and that's why you've been chosen. . . well, one of the reasons you were hired! I mean, he's way too huge for my little pussy, while you are well used to the largest pricks, thanks to your Husband!" she teased.

i could only stare at her with amazed fascination.

"Well, let's go discuss what we might do about remedying your oversight this past week, shall we?"

i curtsied hurriedly when she tugged experimentally at my leash.

"Follow me, Luci," Ms. Molly crooned, "and let me show you my playpen. . ."

i followed as she led me down some steps and into a huge room that was filled with every kind of bondage gear imaginable. My heart raced with excitement and i knew i would become intimately acquainted with it all before i left there!

Ms. Molly took me into her arms. and kissed my gagged mouth sweetly.

"Isn't it just the most gorgeous place, my Pet? I went through a lot of trouble for you, Darling!" she cooed seductively.

i rested my head against her shoulder and sighed happily. Ms. Rachel had been right all along. . .i WAS a little whore. i am still a little whore! i guess i will always be a little whore! It was going to be a long, exciting evening. . . Mistress Molly and Miss Teri were just the first of many more to come.

P O S T S C R I P T

i turned around just as Miss Teri entered the room and i gasped with delight and surprise. Terry, er, i mean, Teri, was beautiful! She was barely as tall as i in her sky—high heels, her voluptuous body an exciting invitation to lust! Her waist was as tightly corseted as mine, her skirt just as short as those i usually wore, her bodice stuffed just as full of breast, her painted lips as eager to be raped, her need as obvious. . . i knew i'd love her. . .And, obey her!

And tomorrow, i have a date with Ms. Rachel. . .To tell her all about Mistress Molly and Miss Teri. . .i can hardly wait!