



Copyright © 2014, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

JAILBAIT 2

by Eleanor Darby Wright

********You can't be leaving us now********

“Nurse! Nurse!” shouted the helicopter pilot to me. “How are his vital signs now? Do I still go on to American or should I drop into General?”

I glanced at my fellow nurse, Diana, looking so real in her muted makeup and white nurse’s cap. I held on to Mauro’s hand. He squeezed it, a little smile playing about his mouth. He had playfully had his hand up my nurse’s uniform, teasing my thighs and panties with his long, graceful, wrinkly fingers. I’d removed his soft hand, of course, just in case the pilot did look back.

“Behave!” I hissed at my ‘patient’.

“The doctor said American,” I said to the pilot over the roar of the noisy cockpit. “His vitals are quite strong.” Doc Wills, the male paramedic at Fort George had told me to say that before he’d told the doubtful pilot that the ‘nurses’ were quite capable of looking after one old man on the short trip to the hospital. I’d caught the pilot staring at Diana and then at me. He blushed as he looked away. I only hoped that his embarrassment wasn’t because he recognized us ‘girls’ for what we were!

“Probably turn out to be indigestion anyway,” Doc had grumbled to the young, anxious pilot. “Calling in a medical team just for this, I ask you. Still, the nurses are from there and I’ve got the ambulance to get back as well.”

The pilot still looked very worried as we flew for quite a while before circling over a building where a large ‘H’ was glowing for us. “I’ve never landed here before,” the young man said. “It’s a private hospital, isn’t it?”

Captain Payne and Benson were impassive. “Sure is,” agreed Diana, smiling at the young man, her nurse’s uniform open more than it needed to be but, as the saying goes, if you got ‘em, flaunt ‘em. And Diana was really flaunting her lovely bosom in its black lace bra at the young pilot who looked like he really appreciated the view.

I held onto Don Mauro’s hand as we swayed in for the landing. His off hand, in the pilot’s blind spot, began to run up my stocking as well, twanging the white garter belt I’d had to put on as a ‘nurse’.

“How is he now?” asked the pilot anxiously.

“Oh, his heart is definitely frisky,” I said to him earnestly. Diana nearly gave it all away then by her suppressed giggles at me.

On the ground, a guy who looked like a brother of one of the Don’s regular bodyguards came forward in a paramedics uniform and told Diana and me to get in the ambulance where we could hook up the old man.

“Wow,” said the pilot to the prison guards. “They have real beauties as nurses at these private institutions, don’t they?”

“Helps the patients get better in a hurry,” said Benson with a grin I could see in the mirror at the side of the ambulance. I moved, looking for an image of myself as a feeling of relief came over me at the pilot’s words. I could see what a womanly figure I had. Oh, I did look real! I’d walked away from a man who still thought I was real! Benson actually darted forward to assist me as he would have assisted a woman to get into the back of the ambulance that Don Mauro was being slid into.

“Thank you,” I had to say to Benson with a girlish smile. He deserved it as Captain Payne was being morose and standing well back with the pilot.

Benson came around and got in the front beside the paramedics while Diana leaned over Don Mauro and pretended she was checking his drip again.

“I want the other one,” murmured Don Mauro. I had to sort of kneel and lean over him. “You smell much nicer than any woman I’ve ever had,” said Morry, which I was allowed to call him. I flushed at that as Benson and the paramedic both heard and looked at me as if they might be able to see the fragrance on me.

“Behave,” I said again to the man whom everyone said was in love with me, even my girl friends. “We’re not away yet.”

I was in love with him, said Diana, teasing me unmercifully after my week with a man who was supposed to hate girls like us, trannies as they called us, even to our faces. We had just a little time together to whisper, change to our nurses’ costumes and tone down our makeup before we were rushed to the landing pad. Anyone could see that, with the things I let him do with me in public, argued Diana, stroking my breasts as I was stripping from my bikini and putting on my lace-hemmed panties, I was in love.

I had to tell Diana that she was the one to talk, with what she was letting Johnny Trap do to her as she sat in his lap. Diana had to behave then as Priscilla stopped beside us anxiously, still having questions as she tried to be a girlish showgirl in my place. Yes, I told her. She did have to strip off to her vadgie, just like all the other girls. She was gulping as she sashayed back out and joined the other girls waiting, wiggling adorably, looking and acting like real women all the time now.

Diana and I were the only ones left who had seen the original nine wear their vadgies for the first time as now all we dancers had to. It still was weird to do a totally nude dance, the vadgies disguising what we were, presenting us all as perfect girls, which we weren’t. The way Priscilla was dancing, taking my place now as well, I thought that Morry would soon be transferring his affections to her as she was such a pretty girl with such demure, girlish mannerisms. We’d see, when we got to Vegas, if we ever got to Vegas.

“Victoria is going to have to make do with just a dozen bridesmaids,” said Diana as we sped away in our decoy ambulance, away from the hospital, where Morry was supposed to be attended to, away from the helicopter, and Priscilla, now far behind us. As we reached a roadside cafeteria, I noticed another ambulance, just like ours, heading out in front of us. The lights in ours died as the lights on the ambulance in front of us came on and we coasted to a stop under a flyover.

Don Mauro ripped off the needles that were only taped to his skin. He grabbed me about my shoulders as I was kneeling against him and kissed me right on the lips. His hands were on my bra straps through my nurse’s dress and I knew he was going to kiss my breasts.

“We do have to go,” muttered the ‘paramedic’, shedding his uniform, revealing the shirt and pants he had on underneath. Diana was smiling at me as she handed over the suit, shoes and shirt that the Don was going to wear.

A limo without headlights eased into the shelter of the bridge behind us. That stopped the Don kissing me but he fondled my breast instead as he pulled off his hospital gown to don his suit pants and shirt. I had to help him, of course, as Morry waved off the paramedic, now revealed as a bodyguard.

“My woman will do it for me,” Morry said, holding his arms out so that I could get his shirt into place and fasten his sleeves and his shirt front and put on his tie for him. Of course, as I did that, he had to hug me and, when I was done, kiss me long and firmly on my pink, lipsticked mouth. I closed my

eyes. It was like kissing a much younger, active man as Morry loved to maul my lips.

“I should get you to give me a quickie,” Morry said as my breasts bounced against his chest. When I looked up, there were both Benson and the body-guard watching us avidly. But I was definitely forbidden fruit. I was the Don’s woman. I was cosseted, primed and dressed richly and sexually provocatively as any mobster’s mistress would be.

In just a short couple of weeks, I’d been transformed by Morry into the sexy woman of his fantasies, which terrified me every time I thought about what would happen to me when I wasn’t his woman any longer, such as in Vegas where pretty women abounded.

“Hey, you two,” snarled Morry. “Do your job. It’s not to watch my woman giving me a quickie if I want her to.”

“Come on, Morry,” said a voice out of the darkness. It took me a while to realize it was the Ice-Pick. He sounded most aggrieved. “You can fuck her all you want at the Corsica. We got to move as the Feds will soon know they’ve been fooled again.”

“Fat chance,” muttered Morry as he mauled my scented neck. I shuddered in girly fashion as he would have expected from a ravishing, breasty girl like me. “Bunch of clowns, that lot.”

Diana pulled the nurse’s cap from my hair and put a dark coat over my shoulders. She tugged on my hand. I sort of tumbled out of the ambulance, onto my high heels. I barely had time to sashay away from the Don, which he loved to watch. Diana and I were whisked right away into the back of a limousine with dark glass in the windows.

Morry clambered in after us and had me immediately move beside him so that I could lay my head on his shoulder. I had to cross my legs so that he could kiss and fondle me as if I really was his woman. I sighed and tried to show that I loved all the attention I was getting.

I could feel Pick, the Ice-Pick, glowering at me. He clicked his fingers. Diana moved onto his lap, lifting her skirt to expose her stocking tops and her garter belt quite deliberately. Pick buried his head in her bra and her breasts; and so Morry had to do the same to me. The two men seemed to be in competition to see who was the sexiest guy and who could do the sexiest trick with his girl, who wasn't, as we all knew, really a girl.

I had quickies all the time with Morry. He loved to surprise me. I'd be in the dressing room in just my panties and dancing tights. He'd come up behind me and, zing, down went my panties and my tights. He was inside me with his insatiable penis. He pushed me over the arms of the soft sofas and had me as I was helpless beneath him. Sometimes, he wanted a blow job instead, usually before we went to the clubroom where he was playing poker. He said that it brought him luck. And always, his bodyguards smiled knowingly at me as they watched me in action as a girl.

I had to mince into the card room and sit on the arm of Morry's chair so that he could touch me however he wanted under or over my short dress. Funny, but winning or losing a hand always brought on a break. Morry, despite his age, had to have me, just outside the door, usually pressed up against a wall or bent over, hanging on to the cell bars. I was penetrated and filled by the man whom I had to

thank with affectionate kisses as he promised me that later, in bed, he was really going to get me.

And I was supposed to remember all about the mission I was on after all the feminizing loving I was doing? I could barely remember who I was, save for Melissa. I knew I was she, as everyone called me 'Melissa' and praised me for putting Don Mauro into such a good temper as he was all the time now.

In the car, Morry did something he rarely did. He knelt on the floor, spread my legs, and buried his head in my panties. Oh, I had to do my Meg Ryan for over ten minutes or more, faking an orgasm, as Morry was determined to make me come and finally I had to. I had to think about what Diana had said about her girl friend. Then, I was able to climax, my shrieking in pleasure quite genuine at the end as Morry must have known.

I was both so hard and so femmy as I frantically kissed the top of his head and wiggled my breasts and my bra against his face as he forcefully stroked my maleness, the same as his, making me come to a shuddering climax. I really had to wonder at myself that I could feel so womanly to be doing such a thing with a man. I wanted to live, I told myself, and so I must be the woman he thought I wanted to be. If Don Mauro ever thought that I was faking ...

Of course, beside me, Diana was doing just the same thing with Pick, her squeals just like mine as I saw her fully exposed and being 'done' by a man just like I was. She was screaming for more, of course, just as I was whispering in my old man's ear. Morry switched me. I had to kneel on the back seat astride him and wiggle my tush over his huge, straining pole. Diana was matching me with the

Pick, squealing and gasping and throwing her hair about much more than me.

I couldn't do that as Morry was so much more focussed, stroking my breasts and kissing me so intensely, his tongue almost down my throat as his pecker was thrusting so deeply into my tush. The gargle wasn't from me then. It took me a minute or so to realize that Don Mauro was in trouble.

"Pick!" I gasped as I pulled my head away from Morry. Pick realized what was happening and pulled out of Diana's tush, his penis huge and loaded as Diana, not realizing what was going on, tried to grab him and pull him back, her fingers sliding off his sticky member.

It took Pick and Diana to help me get free of Morry who seemed to be cemented into me for a little while. No wonder I was shaking as they pulled me free, my tush reverberating as they did it.

"I wish you girls were real nurses," snarled Pick as he turned and made Diana crawl up to the front and hit on the dark glass.

We were back in the American Philanthropic in almost no time. Don Mauro was whisked off on a stretcher, to the room where he was supposed to be, with the 'heart attack' that had got him out of Fort George. I was left trembling, trying to put my clothes back into feminine order, covering up my new nurse's uniform.

"Get us out of here," Pick ordered the driver, one of Morry's bodyguards, and he looked wide-eyed at the mob enforcer. "We are not supposed to be here," the Ice-Pick said to him. "And these girls have gotta get out of their nurses' uniforms. Get us to the Corsica before the cops descend on us."

Pick sat back as Diana began to console him as we sped away from the hospital and headed back into town. Pick lifted me beside him as well. "Time for that threesome you girls have been teasing me about," he said gruffly; and that was how we passed the short time on the way back into Vegas.

Pick really loved it, gyrating on the seat and holding both of us so tightly when both of us had our mouths on either side of his penis, one of us always at the top of his so tender manhood while the other was starting over with her oral caress.

"Prick-teasers!" Pick called us as if it was a compliment. "Oh gods fuck Mauro and fuck Ricardo and his fucking claim on you, Diana. You and Melissa are both mine tonight and fuck any policeman who wants to talk to you about what the Don was doing before he died!"

"Morry died?" I gasped at him as he was making a fountain out of his love and desire for the laughing Diana and myself.

"Oh, baby, that was so wonderful," whimpered Diana. "But I want you inside me, like you were before. I'm so hot, baby. I have to come with a real man in me. Oh, please, Picky, fuck me good! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

What could the Ice-Pick do with a 'woman' like Diana in his arms, her breasts bouncing against him. She put her engorged nipples against his lips; soon they were going at it as fiercely as Morry and I had been when he'd suddenly succumbed to his attack, whatever it was.

"Oh, join us, baby," said Diana to me, leaning away from Pick as she pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties, laughing as she revealed

the woman-like vadgie she was wearing over her penis and genitals.

“Yes,” said Pick thickly, pulling on my thin waist. I kissed him as Diana stretched out, her head almost on the floor, her legs about Pick’s head as she had Pick have her as Morry had just been had by me. I thought that I could pull away but, in the mass of bodies and female underclothing, Diana wanted to kiss me in her soft, feminine way. She matched me in the way I kissed, her lipstick as soft as mine. Then, while I was doing that, alarmed at how funny it felt to be kissing a girl, Pick penetrated me. The three of us were squealing and groaning as we all came at much the same time.

“And if anyone calls that a daisy chain,” warned Pick as Diana and I met at his

mouth and kissed and kissed both him and each other, trembling at the incredible highs we’d all reached as man and women, “I have a bullet in my gun for whoever says it first.”

I felt so absolutely weird as I knew how aroused I was by what I’d just done. I wanted to do it again with Diana’s soft mouth on mine. I looked into her lovely, femininely framed eyes. She was laughing at me, seeming to understand how it was to be kissed by another girl. But Pick was still there, waiting to be pleased once more.

“But your gun is such a little one,” murmured Diana to him, going down on Pick. “Let’s see what we can do to make him a little bit bigger and a real threat.”

“Don’t you want a piece of me as well?” asked Pick. I had to shake my long, blonde hair. I couldn’t do what Diana was doing, not when I’d climaxed as

fervently as I had, not feeling the way I did. Not knowing if I was a man or a woman in that moment. It didn't take long, though, as I watched them coupling so easily as if it was so natural for one man to act so girlishly and the other to slide into him so easily. It was as if I had shot off all my female covering. I was Dave Zerbinsky again, wrestling in feminine clothing with two other men on the floor of the car, men who were trying still to get off as if they were a man and a woman which Diana wasn't, just as I wasn't.

I couldn't be by myself. Ice-Pick wouldn't allow it. He wanted me to give him some of the girlish loving I'd given Don Mauro. I know the driver was watching me and would report back to Morry. But what could I do? I lowered my panties and sat astride 'Pick', what Pick liked to be called by us, as Diana was caressing him and smiling at me over his shoulder. I was shivering as I always was these days since I'd made it to E Block. What was it that I'd been thinking? I'd been so delighted to get over among the girls in the Executive Suite where I'd have a chance to escape! I'd even let perverted mobsters treat me as if I was a sex-crazed drag queen for that chance.

The price seemed too high as I bucked and romped on Pick's manhood with my cushiony tush. Pick praised me for being so womanly and had my bouncing tits in his mouth, going from one to the other until he roused me. I had to sink on to him and kiss him furiously as I came. He freed me from my vadgie, laughing at the mess I'd made, 'proof' that I loved him more that I did Don Mauro!

Or so he said. I could have told him that his blonde nurse didn't love anyone but herself but he was snapping my garter belt and stroking my man-

hood again. I thought of all the pretty girls I knew, Diana, Brittany and Corinne, and I ejaculated with him, Diana getting involved, the pair of us doing a familiar act, both of us caressing Pick's manhood with our tongues at the same time until he overflowed. Somehow, we got dressed again as nurses and covered ourselves in the coats we had as the driver yelled back that we were approaching the Strip.

"Sorry about the car rocking so much as we were coming in," said the driver to Diana and me. We tried to walk primly as ladies while a grinning Pick, I had to think of him as that, had his arms about both us as we minced over to the private escalator that another bodyguard had opened for us.

"No problem, Sonny," rumbled Pick. "Might want to get the shock absorbers looked at, though. Still, the girls enjoyed the bouncy ride, didn't you, my darlings."

"Oh, we loved it," cooed Diana. The guys were smiling at us as we swished into the elevator and were soon zooming up to the penthouse suite.

Pick left us to clean up while he called the hospital. Diana pulled me into the bathroom with her and took me in her arms, kissing me as she fondled and undressed me. All I'd been doing was looking around the fabulous suite, feeling as if I'd returned to civilization from the wilds of Fort George. I even felt a little bit free. I knew I could escape from here.

"What," I gasped. "Why are you doing this to me, Diana?"

"The blue pills," said the girl who'd showed me how I had to make up as a girl, how I was to do my hair femininely and how I was always to dress like a

woman. “They work just as well for us, you know, as they do for Don Mauro and the Ice-Pick Man. I’m still so horny; and you are such a delectable girlie, Melissa, my love.

“You taste just like Sharon. You’re making love just like a girl all the time, you know. I don’t always go on my back like you do but I love it that you’re so girlie. Sometimes I make the first move as well. Some men like it. Girlies like you love it, too, from me, don’t you?”

I soon found out that I was one of those men, or one of those girlies. Oh, I might have breasts and a feminine figure. I had a woman’s hair style and, when I slipped out of my panties, I even looked like I had a female vagina because of the vadgie I had to wear. But Diana was out of hers and had her skinny, little, hairless penis jerking against me as we caressed one another’s breasts and tushes. I sparkled all over as she insisted that I keep on my vadgie as our thighs and breasts touched while she assaulted my mouth. I was back in Fort George, I thought with a shudder.

“You can be the girl this time,” Diana whispered to me. I couldn’t believe it as she inserted her thin penis into my vadgie.

“Ah! Ah!” I gasped as she pulled on my tush. I could feel her as if she was inside me, caressing my manhood with hers. Diana increased the pressure on me as she lifted my thigh and caressed it with her soft, manicured fingers. She kissed me again so much more forcefully than I was kissing her.

“Oh, you are such a girl, Melissa,” Diana murmured to me as she wiggled her penis into me and spanked on my tush as she sort of guided me into

the shower. Her hands caressed me as I felt a strange surge of emotions through me. It actually felt as if a girl was touching me. Her aroused breasts met mine. That was worse, no, it was better. Our mouths and tongues mingled as her soft skin was all against mine. Her legs caressed mine, her hands snapping my panties and my garter belt that I'd been in such pains to put back on.

Diana eased down my panties as she kissed me, our hair swirling about each other. We were so girly as we clung to one another. Save that it was her penis that was pressing into my vadgie. She knew just where to slide it open and insert herself against my straining masculinity. Only it didn't feel very male as she lifted me on to her thing and, yes, she fucked me as if I was a woman. It was such a giggle as she came inside me and got stuck for a while against my wriggling manhood, refusing to undo my vadgie as she had me pressed against the tiles of the shower.

I wanted to get free. I wanted to assert myself but even when Diana wiggled her way out of me, she wouldn't let me take off the thong that was hurting me so. She made me go with her, completely naked, into the hot pool where she kissed me some more even as she creamed the scars under my breasts, exclaiming that Doctor Allington did such wonderful work, didn't he?

Pick came and joined us in the pool, looking a little grim. "They just turned off the respirator," he said, sitting between us naked girls as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "He's dead and the cops are at American. Donny is going to be so pissed, particularly when he hears how Morry died." He looked really gloomy. "And he is going to hear about it."

I didn't have to be told who Donny was. Pick had already told me when we were making pillow talk after he'd done me. He'd had my penis in his hand and was stroking me both there and over my breasts which had started to be so sensitive as they healed. Don Mauro had really had no rights to be called a Don. He'd been a figurehead boss, at one time, of the Mozzanos. The real power in the family, the real 'capo di tutti capi', as Pick had called him, was his nephew, Donny Brown, really Dante Mozzano.

"Will Donny be coming here for the wedding?" I asked Pick, trying not to show the fear I really felt. If I was considered to have caused Morry's death, I didn't doubt I'd face some gruesome death. I'd heard so many stories, since I'd become a woman of sorts, with so many mobsters being serviced by me, that it almost seemed the natural way of reacting to a death in the 'family'.

But hearing about the death of the man who'd made love to me as his woman for a week, almost non-stop, didn't really affect me at all. I'd begun to think of my dancing as a break, even though the small crowd of men whistled at me and said the most awful things about me. I suppose if I'd been a woman, I'd have loved the praise for my tush or for my legs or the way I sashayed in my pantie and bra costumes. That was still bothering me. But Morry's death didn't seem to make me feel anything at all. The man who'd pawed my girlish body was just, just dead.

"Dante's already here," said Pick, drawing me against him in our communal bath, grinning as he saw the vadgie still about me. He ran his fingers over my breasts and kissed me, his arm about my waist as Diana moved against him as well, smiling

as he took her penis in his hand. She began to kiss his face which he really liked.

“Are we in trouble?” asked Diana as she kissed Pick on the mouth and moved in the water so that she floated in front of him. He looked down in delight on her breasts.

“No, I am going to protect my honeys,” said Pick. “That is, if my honeys are really sweet to me.”

So, Diana and I got out of the bath with his arms about us, kissing him for starters, one after the other. We dried ourselves, scented ourselves and put on the showgirl lingerie he wanted us to be in and modelled it for him. We went to bed with him, both of us. I finally lost my vadgie in some erotic adventure with Diana.

I was so much more aroused with her there with me, Pick noticed. He encouraged her to caress and stroke me before he took over, having me from the rear, my body contorted as Diana had me from the front at the same time. It was a sandwich. I was the tasty filling, Diana told me.

“We’ll do it again later,” Pick told us both as his cell was ringing. When he snapped it shut, we had to get up and re-bathe as we, Diana and me, were going to go down to the casino proper and meet Dante, also known as Donny Brown, the real boss. It meant that a hair stylist had to come up from the hotel and redo our hair.

A beautician had to come in and redo Diana’s and my makeup and fingernails. She even did my toenails for good measure, the touch of a woman’s gentle hand on me really upsetting me. I was so used to having other girls like me, or gay guys attached to D Block, work on me and make me a

woman. I almost peed my panties as I sat, cross-legged, and real women worked on my hair, my face and my nails. It increased the femmy and different feelings that swept through me after what Diana had just done to me in bed. I actually did feel I was a girl, a little bit.

Diana had the tiniest of panties on her which meant I had to have something like hers. She was used to preening for real women, unlike me. For me, it was a relief when the smiling women left us. We changed our vadgeies and got into the skimpiest of bras, the strapless dresses fitting us so closely.

“Oh, it’s so lovely to be in Vegas, isn’t it, Melissa?” said Diana, hugging me and being careful not to spoil my new makeup. She ‘assisted’ me in putting on my stockings, helping me to get the thin garter belt in place, smoothing it beneath my panties. It had to be that way as my dress was so tight. Every curve of my feminized body was on display.

Of course, I looked just like Diana but my hair was more platinum, though I’d have liked to be a golden blonde like her. Then, I thought about that, about what I was thinking about my preferences as a woman. I knew that I couldn’t think like that, like a woman, no matter how femininely I dressed and was primped by beauticians.

I was in Vegas to get away, I had to remind myself, not to be in one long sexual romp as a woman. I had to escape for good. I had to talk to my employers! Oh, I was definitely going to demand double pay for this job, plus all expenses. That meant getting these breasts off me and the tush and thighs as well, never mind my hair and eyebrows being returned to ‘normal’.

Oh, but I looked so pretty, I thought, having trouble breathing as I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a pretty girl, with a pretty figure, lovely breasts and girlish legs. And men and women wanted to have me. I did wonders for the dress, for the lingerie without a dress, as a woman. No, I thought, wondering at why my brain functioned so poorly. Neither Diana nor I was a woman!

First, before I could become a man, I had to wear long, dangling, red as ruby stones in the earrings at my ears. I shivered as Pick came in, all clean and masculine, putting a similar necklace about my neck and taking advantage of that to kiss and caress my bare shoulders, sending shivers through me. I had bracelets and a ring to put on as well, a huge red stone winking at me. And I had kisses to give to reward the man for giving me so many pretty, womanly things. I squealed for him in delight and got more kisses that made me stir inside so girlishly again.

Diana handed me a purse with a smile on her glossy lips. I shuddered as I looked at the two of us, such glamorous women in our dark green, glittering dresses as we slipped into our open-toed high heels that fitted us perfectly. The Ice-Pick was in a tuxedo and had his arms again about both of us girls as the elevator came. There were bodyguards there as well, also in tuxes.

We went down to the huge, crowded casino. It was so alarming as I sashayed across the room in my lovely dress. Surely, I'd be able to get away here among all these avid gamblers. I was shivering nervously, however, as it was true I was in an enormous room with real women - but they were all like me! They were hanging on to men's arms, smiling

up into their faces as I did. They were squealing all the time as well in their joy, showing off girlie things they wore whenever they or their man won something. I knew how to behave girlishly like that as well.

I couldn't believe the sexy women all around me, scented like me, dressed like me, hair and breasts like me. Why, oh why, did we have to be here? Despite what he'd said, Pick must be queer and perverted. Look at what he'd done to me, a man who wasn't gay at all.

Oh no? asked a small voice in my head as I swished forward on Pick's arm as the bodyguards directed us into a more private part of the casino where the high rollers were playing. I could scarcely breathe as Rick Newman, lead singer in the Crude, turned from a table, swayed into me, trying to hold me and kiss me like a woman.

"Hey, he can't have two women," Rick said in his so-familiar voice. I so loved his music and could imagine myself as him when he was playing. I shuddered as he made another play for me. A bodyguard physically moved him away from me, muttering a warning to Rick not to disturb the lady. I shuddered as he meant me.

"Over in the corner," said Pick, quite serious as we were brought, Diana and me, to the real power in the room, Dante Mozzano. We must call him Donny Brown. He was taller, darker, than Pete the Ice-Pick. He stood as we approached so swishily, the other men with him frowning and standing as if they didn't know why they were doing that.

"Ladies," said Donny, looking us over. I trembled as, by the sardonic smile that twisted his lips, I

knew that he knew exactly what I was. “Such beautiful ladies,” he went on as Pick held our arms tightly. Diana smiled and accepted Donny’s compliments with a toss of her hair as if she was used to receiving such compliments and that they were true. We were beautiful ‘ladies’.

Donny gave me an odd look as I couldn’t follow Diana’s lead. I just stared stupidly at this man, so much younger and athletic than I’d thought he would be. A younger George Clooney, I thought, as he gave me a charming smile with his lips, a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Oh gods, what was I doing here under his gaze, mincing as I was, being as femmy and girlie as I was, my breasts exposed and wiggling. He’d definitely noticed, I could tell, by the way he looked at my chest, my strapless dress and the way that I protruded so femininely. I expected him at any moment to expose the smiling, giddy Diana and me to the whole world for what we were, trannies or drag queens.

Donny motioned his companions back to the game they were playing, giving his cards to one of his guards to play for him. He extracted me easily from the Ice-Pick, who hadn’t said a word, and led me towards the craps table. That was very noisy as the people there were encouraging a pretty, well made-up, dark-haired, Latina girl to throw the dice. But she was getting all the men in the group to blow on the dice and kiss her before she threw. She was smaller than me.

“You were with my uncle when he died,” Donny said to me, an amused look on his face, stopping us from actually joining the crapshoot. A spasm of terror went through me. I didn’t dare to look at this

man who held the power of life or death over me. I had visions of the desert we'd driven through, a trench, and men with machine guns. No, not guns, machetes. I almost threw up as I shivered so hard. Donny's hand at my elbow pinched me hard.

"Y-Y-Yes," I stammered to him, tingles running up and down my spine as I thought of how I hadn't known at first that Morry was in trouble as he was thrusting into me. I'd actually been trying to keep him going when he was trying to get out of me, his heart seizing or something.

I shivered. I felt the tears coming to my eyes. I don't know why I did that as it wasn't as if I really was in love with Morry, as Diana teased me. It was just that he'd been sort of kind to me; and no man should die the way he had, not making love to a 'woman' like me, anyway.

"It's good that you cry for him," said Donny so softly that I'm sure only the two of us heard him. He glanced back at Pick who was encouraging Diana to flirt with some of the poker players Donny had abandoned. "So many other people are just looking for whatever advantage that they can find in this unholy mess."

"I, I'm really sorry ..." I began.

"Don't be," said Donny, a ghost of a real smile playing about his mouth. I shivered as he looked so charming. Maybe I wasn't going to die after all. But then, the bosses were all supposed to be really charming even as they arranged for so many deaths in the families they controlled.

"I've spoken to Giovanni," Donny went on, steering me away from the tables. Others followed us. "And to Ricardo, Johnny T, that is, and one or two

others. I heard that you really liked my uncle. I believe Morry liked his Melissa a lot. Now I've seen you, even met you so briefly, I can understand why, Melissa. He knew I wasn't going to let him out of Fort George, not even for this stupid wedding. But I can see why he wanted to impress a woman like you."

"I, I feel like it, it was m-my fault," I said, wanting to kick myself, even if it was with a high heel. I didn't know why I was acting so girly with Donny Brown. I didn't have to. He knew all about me.

"Morry died, doing what he loved doing more than anything else," said Donny with a grim smile. "You were only the last of a long line of beautiful women that he, well," I could see that he was thinking for another word other than 'fucked'. Yes, I was a woman, wasn't I, I thought with a nervous quiver. A man couldn't say such a word to me, could he? "That he overdid making love to constantly," Donny went on. "He was in some sort of competition with Pick, wasn't he, Melissa? He took you from our beloved Ice-Pick, didn't he ...?"

"I was pleased he did," I said quickly. It struck me that it had been true for a while. I had liked my old man, loved the way he'd dressed and undressed me. Yes, he'd always treated me as if I was really a woman. He never made me think I was somehow inferior, being forced to be a woman as I was. All the other men in E Block made me feel like a man in a dress, all the time. I felt so hot. I was tearing up again. Oh, it would be so terrible if my mascara ran. How much like a woman that would be!

Donny Brown knew all about me and yet was still walking me about his casino, smiling and treating me as if I was a woman. I shivered in horror at my

expectations. I was being set up. I was being conned. I was a dead 'girl'. I was going to be killed and buried in a dress. When I was found, if I was found, CSI was going to have a glorious field day with me, weren't they? Especially if I was left in all my clothes, my breasts in my bra and a vadgie about my hips, between my legs.

Donny took the handkerchief out of his top pocket. I was very careful but I still got some mascara onto his white linen handkerchief. He stared at it for a moment as I handed it back to him. He took my hand and stared at it, too, a little entranced, it seemed, as he saw how feminine my nails were.

"You girls really do go all out, don't you?" asked Donny, frowning as he studied my face and my figure. I really had to shiver, my dress feeling too tight and too femmy. I should have been used to men looking at me like that, as they did in Fort George, but, here, in Vegas, it was different somehow.

A man like Dante Mozzano could have had his pick of any woman he wanted to look at but he was looking at me. "I wouldn't have known that you weren't a showgirl from the Bellagio or the Venetian Room," he went on, "or somewhere off the Strip. Of course, I should have known how pretty you girls can make yourselves from Victoria there, shouldn't I?"

Donny indicated the lively, sexy, little brunette at the craps table. She was smiling vivaciously, bouncing so femininely and obviously in her strapless dress, for the men around her. She shimmied in girlie fashion before she squealed and demanded luck from them all. As I glanced, shivering as Donny watched me for my reaction, Victoria was kissed once and then twice by several of the players for

luck again. Clearly, everyone thought that she was a girl.

“You do know Victoria, don’t you?” asked Donny, a wry smile on his lips.

“No, I don’t know her,” I said as Donny looked at me sharply. “I, I know of her, She, she was ahead of me in, in ...”

“In finishing school,” said Donny with a wide, stunning smile. “Well, let’s leave her to her conquests. Soon, she’ll be a blushing bride. Maybe she’ll be pregnant as well.”

I started in surprise, a twinge of discomfort running through me as I looked up at Donny’s serious expression. But it changed. I shivered as I realized that Donny Brown was teasing me, knowing I was a girl like Victoria.

“It is the purpose of marriage, isn’t it?” Donny whispered to me, caressing my arm as he leaned over to touch my lovely earring while I wanted to heave at the touch of his hand in my hair and about my bare shoulders and neck. “Now, since we are not getting married, how about I steal you, Melissa, from our annoyed friend back there? You can bring me some luck with all these captains of finance who want to steal my hard-earned money.”

“Sorry, boss,” said the man who’d played Donny’s hand before as Donny re-joined his poker table. I was shaking a little in my tight dress as I saw the men looking at me. Here I was in the ‘real’ world as a trophy woman. It was most disquieting, to say the least. Worse was the amount of power that the man who was guiding me to his side emitted. And it was me whom he chose to be the pretty woman who stood beside him.

I wanted to scream and run as far from him as I could. But I'd be caught; probably I'd be raped, many times. I'd definitely be dead if I embarrassed a man like Donny Brown in any way.



I had to be a pretty girl for as long as he wanted me to be one, like the pouty models with some of the other men there, giving me jealous looks. Girls, if you only knew, I thought as I sat as gracefully as I could and smiled as if I enjoyed being a trophy on a man's arm.

Donny Brown's quiet word with Pick had sent him off with Diana, a scowl on Pick's face, an anxious look for me on Diana's. Now, I was left all alone, a man in a woman's dress, my breasts jutting out in front of me, so tight was the fitting about my bust, my waist and over my hips. Just the flow of my dress on my stockings reminded me of how wrong it was that a man like me should be in such a setting. Donny could easily have picked off one of the real, beautiful girls. I'd have loved to get to know them better, as a man, that is.

"Don't be sorry," said Donny, a friendly smile to the man who had lost some of his money. "I have a feeling that my luck is about to change."

"You can't keep her with you," objected one of the men who was sitting with a big stack of chips in front of us. "She's far too gorgeous, Don, far too much of a distraction to the rest of us."

"That's the idea, Charles," said Donny with a smile. Everyone laughed and looked me over as if I really was a woman. Well, I'm made to be one, I thought with a shudder, knowing how to smile when everyone was staring at me. I'd had enough practice of that as a chorus girl. I thought of myself as a nude showgirl, recalling how strange it had been when men applauded me when I took off my bra and my panties.

I imagined all of these men in the audience, part of the orgy, in E Block. It made me cooler somehow. I'd survived that. Now, I'm a gangster's moll. I could survive this if I could only keep on Donny Brown's good side. I hoped that he really did have one. I guess being a moll is a step up from being a whole cell block's whore.

*******The Bride and his father*******

I sat beside Donny Brown, so cool, calm and relaxed, and tried to work out who the people were, playing poker. There was a dealer from the hotel, of course, a young man distracted by me in my strapless gown. I caught him watching me each time that I had to, as girls do, adjust the neckline of my strapless gown upwards a little. He, I knew about, but there were men at that table who spoke of oil and gold and securities as if they were commonplace commodities. I had little or no idea what they were talking about.

Charles, or Chuck, a financier of some kind, noticed each time as well when I re-crossed or uncrossed my legs or pulled up my neckline over my breasts. His play was erratic. It might have been whether I was there or not, I didn't know, but he swore after each time he lost that it was me distracting him with a smile or a movement of my leg or my hair.

"You should give her one of your banks, Chuck," another man said to him. "Then she might let you in to make a deposit."

I was used to men being ribald around me and making fun of me. It was strange that men who

thought I was a woman were just as bad as men who knew that I wasn't.

Don Brown was nice to me in a way, asking me what I would like to drink and trying to deflect the obvious interest of the other men. Perhaps, they sensed that I was a whore, I thought, trying not to let humiliating thoughts, like that, occupy my mind. I tried to smile through all the barbed remarks. Finally, however, after about the fifth wisecrack about my female attributes, Donny Brown stood up, put his arm under mine and quit the game.

“Hey, Don, you can leave but she has to stay,” Chuck protested. “She’s the only good thing to look at around here.”

Donny waved back at the poker game where one of his men was sliding into his seat and taking over the pile of money he’d amassed in the short time I’d been there. His arm was really tight about my narrow waist. I could feel waves of emotion running through me as he marked me as a woman to all his friends.

“Let me introduce you, Melissa, to the blushing bride,” said Don Brown, ignoring the rich men he’d left behind. I had to shudder as the boss of the men who had made me the way I was, led me away, like a lady on his arm. He matched his stride to the mincing steps I had to take in my high heels as I held up my long dress, just the bottom part swishing femininely against my ankles, as we went again towards the crap tables.

Victoria, in her long, flowing gown, was still flirting with every man at the table. I could see that one or two of the hardened, professional gamblers were

exasperated with her. So was the man who was making me lean on his arm.

Donny Brown excused himself to the croupier. By the appraising looks he got, I'd say that everyone knew who he was. There were a lot of looks at me as he said he had to take Victoria away with him. She pouted most prettily, of course, and wanted to stay with her 'boy friends', one of whom had his arm tight about her slim waist as Donny's was tight about me.

"They'll do well without you now you've inspired them," said Donny with a smile at the lovely Latina. He lowered his voice to add. "Your father has just arrived, Victoria darling. With Ricky in tow, clean and sober, I do believe. You have to meet them now."

Victoria's face became very pale as she stared nervously at Don Brown. "R-Ricky is here?" she gasped. "R-Really here!"

"In the flesh," said Don Brown. He took Victoria's arm and put it under his other one. He was walking out with a blonde and a brunette on either arm. A lot of people congratulated him as we minced and swished by them, telling a smiling, impassive Don Brown how much they wished they were him. We went up one floor of a wide staircase and along a balcony at the Corsica before Victoria balked.

"I, I have to go and powder my nose," said Victoria earnestly, sounding like a little schoolgirl, I thought.

"That's why you're here," murmured Don to me. I almost jumped out of my dress when he gave me a little hug and leaned over to whisper in my ear. He was so close I thought he was going to kiss me at

first. “Go with her into the Ladies’. Make sure she doesn’t shoot up or ingest any drugs at all, Melissa. I can trust you to do that, can’t I?”

So, shaky and anxious, feeling every feminine article of clothing I was wearing most sensitively, I went with a dewy-eyed Victoria into a Ladies’ Room. It was amazing how nervous she was and how it wasn’t about meeting her father at all. That was when I found out that her father really was Ramon Rojas, the infamous leader of a drug cartel named after him. Yes, she was Victoria Rossarini, so-called so that she could live a ‘normal’ life! She took an age to re-do her makeup perfectly.

I couldn’t ask her outright if she was the Rossarini boy I was supposed to identify for Frank in some way. But I shuddered as I knew in my bones that she was. No wonder Frank hadn’t been able to find ‘him’. I wondered if Frank had known that this lovely girl, refreshing her lipstick after kissing so many men, was Rojas’s son. He hadn’t told me.

Frank couldn’t if he hadn’t known what kind of prison it was that this boy had fallen into. Perhaps Frank had, I thought furiously, and had deliberately had me incarcerated in the same place as ‘Victoria’, knowing I’d follow the same path as ‘her’.

The boy must have endured everything, before me, that I had. But she, I couldn’t think of her as male at all, clearly enjoyed being a girl. Femininity and girlishness flowed from ‘Victoria’. I doubted that anyone who met her ever thought of her as a boy. Yet, she must have been male, at some point, to be in Fort George

I was terrified, too, of meeting the leader of a drug cartel who'd see what had happened to his son at the hands of the Mozzanos. I quivered, trying to be a good girl and help her while she, Victoria, fluttered around the Ladies' Room and worried about Ricky Macado as if she really was a girl.

She dismissed meeting with her father as if it was of no account. No, it was meeting Ricky, her future husband, that terrified her.

"Maybe he won't like me," Victoria cried time and again as I tried to help her restore the look her makeup had given her when I first saw her. That was when I learned that she was about to enter into an 'arranged' marriage.

"I'm sure he will," I told her, in my lilting, womanly voice, wondering how much of a woman she'd become. How much did this man she was 'arranged' to marry know about her? I patted her face gently with a powder puff. "He's going to marry you, isn't he?"

"Yes, well," said Victoria, shuddering with distress. "That's because Daddy's bought him for me."

"Bought him for you?" I asked her in amazement, feeling so womanly as my dress swished against hers, both of us looking like such female debutantes. It was so easy at times just to go with the flow and be what others thought you were. In my case, I was thought to be a woman, like Victoria. "Victoria, haven't you two lovebirds, you and Ricky, ever met before?"

Victoria shuddered and shook her mass of dark, wavy hair, halfway down her back, I was sure. "N-not as I am n-now," she whispered in a girlish voice, just like my own. "D-Daddy w-was so m-mad

with m-me w-when he found out what the Mozzanos did to me. He, he said that I sh-should h-have k-k-killed myself b-before ... He was g-going t-to k-k-k-kill them all,” she stammered so femininely, her voice so high-pitched, to me, trained just like mine.

“You didn’t want to be a woman before you got sent to Fort George?” I asked her. Victoria shook her lovely head of hair. I had to wonder if she’d had some work on her face as she must have on her breasts and tush, like me. She had such a pretty, bobbed, feminine nose, I suppose I did, sort of, as well. But her eyelashes were so thick and looked so natural as did her high cheekbones, rouged so lightly.

“It, it never entered my mind,” Victoria said, her stammer going as she started to smile and explain herself. “I was never, n-never like this,” she indicated her lovely, female body shape, “before they made me put on women’s clothes, those horrible she-males in D Block there.”

Oh yes, that confirmed it. She had been in D Block. She was as much of a girl as I was, which meant, not at all.

“Then why don’t you stop, now?” I asked Victoria, bewildered at the look on her face. She was actually taking over from me and reshaping and improving her lipstick in the mirror, adding more cologne to her breasts and her shoulders, even to her wrists. She liked muskier fragrances than I did. I could smell the fragrance rising from her. I adjusted the bustier neckline of her colorful, off-the-shoulder gown for her. She was admiring my dress as well, and my breasts, my lovely ring and necklace, wanting to talk about them.

“Why don’t you leave this place?” I began again.

“Because all the men love me so,” Victoria said, in exasperation, turning her lovely face this way and that as if it was obvious why she was here in the Corsica and dressed so adorably. She stood in front of the mirror, fixing her long hair again and again, smiling and pouting femininely at her image, hardly thinking about her answer to my question about stopping dressing as a woman, escaping and getting away. She made no move to even think about any of those things as she studied herself in the mirror.

A blonde, exquisitely madeup woman, me, stood beside the attractive, self-absorbed, brunette girl. The blonde’s jewellery at her ears and about her throat sparkled beautifully, like the other girl’s pearls, the bright lights of the bathroom making the gold and jewels of each beautiful woman gleam. The blonde was shapely, like the brunette primping beside her. I wanted to hug the platinum blonde, though it was impossible, as ‘she’ was me.

“All the men,” I began as the pause between us girls lengthened while Victoria studied her feminine face so critically.

“Oh yes,” said Victoria, the expression on her face as she touched up her eyes, dreamy and priceless. “I was a little bit gay as a boy, I suppose. I knew what would happen to me in prison. I really was terrified. I didn’t know how to tell Daddy I’d been so silly and been caught with so much weed in my suitcase.

“I was just hoping that a bodybuilder, you know, someone like that, someone a little bit gay like me, would fall in love with me and protect me from all the brutes they have in jail. But it’s not just gay

men who like me now, is it, like this? It's real men as well who want me to make love to them. They fall over themselves to kiss me and touch me. You'd know how wonderful that is, a girl like you, don't you, Melissa?"

Real men? I gasped a little. Surely this girl wasn't taking chances and sleeping with real men who didn't know she wasn't a real girl. I hoped she wasn't. The guys I was with in prison would be furious if she'd revealed anything about what was going on at Fort George to anyone else. She looked so femmy, though. She could be a girl. She might have had the operation. Then men could admire her openly. As well they should, I thought silently, staring at Victoria Rossarini, wondering about her.

She was a dish, was this girl. Victoria must know it as well. Look how girlish she was with all the guys at the crap table. She could have had any one of them in bed with her if she had wanted to. I shivered and hoped that this 'girl' knew what she was doing with men, even if she'd been snipped, as Diana called it.

"When Daddy found out what had happened to me," the girl Donny had called Victoria went on in her lilting, high-pitched voice, making me think of the lessons and the hours I'd spent with the other girls learning to talk like that, "that I was in jail, he sent these lawyers to talk to me and get me out but I couldn't see them, could I? Not with the way I was dressing.

"I shouldn't have used Mama's last name when I was buying the weed. I shouldn't have used the false ID I'd had made so that Daddy wouldn't know I was on this side of the border. Pick tracked me through the lawyers who were asking about me. He told me

to send word to Daddy that I didn't want to be his son any more! Daddy got so mad. He started a war! And that's why I have to get married."

My mouth opened into a perfect, pink-lipsticked 'O'. I couldn't see how those two ideas went together. "I don't see," I began in as girlish and lilting a voice as the brunette's.

"My Daddy started a war with the Mozzanos," said Victoria with a shiver. "But Picky, you know him, Melissa? You were his girl friend in Fort George E Block, weren't you? I had to stay locked up with Chris Benson, doing him while I'd much rather have been with Picky Pick who was fucking you.

"Well, it wasn't too much of a hardship, really," she went on, flashing me a real smile of delight, looking like she remembered and loved what Benson and she had been up to. She lifted one of her thin shoulders and arms to pout femininely at me. "But I really wanted to be on the stage with all of the girls like me! Chris used to amuse me by telling me how lovely you all were and how you looked when you stripped right down to your vadgees, and didn't take them off! I wanted to do that as well! Chris said all the guys were going crazy over you, Melissa. Ooo, I can see why!"

Victoria turned around and wanted to hug me, touch her soft cheek and hair to me, as if she saw in me a girl just like her with the same aspirations and desires she had. I held her around her tiny waist and let our dresses flow together, my insides quivering all over with such mixed emotions. I almost forgot that she was one who could answer so many questions, so much information had she given to me, her bosom friend, quite literally.

“Your Daddy started a gang war with the Mozzanos over you,” I murmured to the lovely girl, pushing a curl perfectly into place about her lovely face. Surely she couldn’t be as giddy as she sounded. It made me think of Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, who’d launched a thousand ships in the Trojan War. What a disaster that had turned out to be!

Victoria didn’t seem to see any wrong in what she’d done. She popped her lipstick tube back into her purse as she turned in silhouette to admire her femininity. She’s a woman as much as I am, I thought angrily to myself. No, she was much more a woman than I would ever be! A surge of bitterness and rage passed through me as I thought how she’d made it easy for drag queens like ‘Mistress Louise’ to think that they could make a man like me into a woman.

Yes, it was queens like Victoria, who’d accepted and even enjoyed everything done to her! Well, she was ‘a little bit gay’! I’d never been that. I’d been sick all the time I was trained to be a girl, trained to make love to men, no problem for those who were a ‘little bit gay’. Well, I was supposed to find this Rossinari. I had. Let the Feds have her, I thought, shaking inside as I thought of the scandal that there’d be when this news hit the wires.

“The Pick was much too much of a man for my Daddy’s men,” Victoria said, making a pretty face as she checked her perfect teeth in the mirror. “Every time he killed one of Daddy’s men, or a gang of them, he made love to me. It was so dreamy! All the time we listened to Ricky’s music.” She sang something in Spanish, her voice a little girl’s soprano, about love and kisses, I think. “Oh, the number of

times Picky Pick had me. It was the best time of my life!”

The idiot girl was smiling as if being fucked by the Ice-Pick each time one of her father’s men had been killed didn’t count for anything at all.

“I still don’t understand why you’re getting married,” I said, smoothing my own long dress against me before I brushed Victoria’s hair for her and attached a white ribbon to hold back the long, brunette hair that she had floating over her bare shoulders. Pins kept the sides well back so that her lovely earrings could be seen as well.

“Everyone wanted the war between Daddy’s cartel and the Mozzano family to end, Pick told me,” said Victoria resentfully. “But you know what, Melissa, my own Daddy didn’t want me back! The Mozzanos didn’t want to keep me! I couldn’t even be a whore here in Vegas! I’d have done that for them in a shot. Pick told me I could earn five thousand a night!”

I looked at her in unbelievable surprise. Oh yes, Victoria, I thought, I could just see you as a whore here in Vegas. But five thousand a night? No girl made that. There were pretty girls on every card handed out along the Strip for a hundred times less than that. Had she forgotten what she really had between her legs? I know I could never forget what I had.

“To stop the fighting,” Victoria told me, her lovely face breaking into a smile, “Pick suggested that Daddy just let me live my life any way I wanted. Daddy agreed, Pick told me. So long as no-one ever knew about me. I had to promise as well.”

“Victoria!” I gasped. “Can’t you hear yourself, girl? You’re talking to me ...”

“Oh, you don’t count, Melissa,” laughed Victoria. “You’re a girl like me, aren’t you? I know you’d never tell anyone about me. And I have to talk to someone! You see, Daddy laughed at Pick, I had an earjack into the phone. Daddy said he’d give me what I wanted in this real sneering voice. He thought I’d want to be a real girl. You know, have the sex change operation?”

“But I didn’t want that from him! I can get that later if I want to. He should have known what I wanted because I’ve always loved Ricky Macado and his music. Every Latina girl has since she was a teenager. I told Daddy what I wanted was to marry Ricky right here in Las Vegas. He said I was insane as well as a, well, he used the f-word, an effing pervert.”

“Oh, Victoria!” I said with a smile as I hugged her, thinking what an imbecile she must be. Imagine sending such a message to your father. If mine were still alive, he’d have reached for his shotgun when, if, he ever saw me again, and blasted me apart. Or at least in my nether regions so that the only thing I’d be for the rest of my life was a soprano. I agreed with her Daddy but I couldn’t say that out loud, could I? “Whatever made you ask for that?”

“I love Ricky,” said Victoria. She was quivering as she swished her lovely dress against mine. “I’ve always loved him. Daddy took me to one of Ricky’s concerts when I was twelve, with my sisters. Ricky signed my program for me and told me I was cute. Oh, I so wanted to be kissed by him as he kissed Maria and Elena. And he saw me looking up at him

with big, teary eyes and so he kissed me as well, right on my mouth.

“I was so in heaven! I remember that kiss even now! It was a good job Daddy didn’t see us! Marrying Ricky was what I’ve wanted since then in all my dreams, forever! But it was never possible at all. Never! An-and, here it is! He’s here with D-Daddy and w-we’re going to be m-m-married this w-w-weekend! I, I’m g-going to be Ricky M-M-Macado’s b-bride!”

“And his wife forever,” I said to her flushed face, wondering just who the heck Ricky Macado was and did he know what he was agreeing to. “After your wedding night,” I added. That made the bride blush very strongly. “He does know all about you, doesn’t he?”

“That’s the best part,” said Victoria, flushing and dancing against me, taking me in her arms, our dresses swirling, our heels clicking as we circled on the hard, lacquered floor. She went on so girlishly, almost squealing as she looked at herself, admiring the ribbons in her hair in the mirror. “He does, Melissa! He does! Daddy told Pick to tell me that my dowry is huge. That’s what’s made Ricky agree to marry me. Ricky wrote me a lovely note that said that he’d love to marry a girl like me!”

“So why are we in here?” I had to ask her as Victoria wanted me to spray her again, even under her dress, as if she was expecting to get lucky with her future husband this very night. “Your Ricky’s out there with your Daddy, waiting to meet you!”

“Oh, in our part of the world, it’s so much bad luck if he sees me before the wedding!” wailed Victoria, flinging her arms about my neck, her breasts

banging into mine, as we rocked together, she in such female distress. I couldn't believe how much like a girl she was, how she must see herself in exactly that way. It was a shattering, nerve-rattling moment for me. No, I'd never be like her, I promised myself. I can't! "I can't see him," cried Victoria. "I can't! Not until we're standing at the altar rail!"

"Your wedding is here in a ballroom," I told Victoria as I saw that I'd have to fix her makeup again. "And it's only bad luck if a groom sees his lovely bride's beautiful wedding dress before the day on which they're married, isn't it?"

"Not in the village where I come from," insisted Victoria. "All our marriages are arranged to prevent incest, you know. The girls never get to see their husbands before they're married. That's why I was running away in the first place. They wanted me to marry Alma Sentillas. I had a look at her in her village. She's twice the size of me everywhere! I had to run from that!"

"And look what you ran into, *Senorita Rossarini*," I said to her. She didn't dispute the name I used for her. "How many men did Pick kill before the truce was declared? Who insisted that you be married as that was what you wanted?"

"Two of my uncles," said Victoria, amazing me as she didn't seem at all afraid for herself as she identified over twenty men, possibly more, that Ice-Pick had personally had a hand in killing, and over a hundred more he'd worked deals with police and other cartels to take down.

Her father's cartel had been crushed to almost nothing in the war Rojas had started, to 'rescue' Victoria. No wonder he'd had to agree to the humiliat-

ing terms, of seeing his son married as a bride, to bring the 'war' to an end. It was laughable in a way as Victoria had described it. It did seem that neither side had wanted her at all in this war!

"Will you tell Dante, Melissa, that Ricky can't see me till I walk down the aisle?" Victoria begged so girlishly of me, thinking me a girl just like her. Yes, she knew all about me, didn't she? She'd said already that she did. "It won't be like I'm married properly if Ricky and I meet before our wedding day."

So, I went out of the Ladies' Room. There was Donny, Dante Mozzano, a gangster as I'd been reminded by Victoria, a wry smile on his face, frowning when he saw me coming out alone. He waited implacably for me, his men a discreet distance away. Donny made me shudder as he put his arm about me and held me close so that I could whisper in his ear as he'd done before in mine. I explained as best I could about the bride's problem with meeting the groom. Donny looked quite stunned.

"That, that," he searched for an expression he could use in front of me and would be accurate.

"That tranny?" I suggested, a shiver running all through my long, clinging gown, as I think that word or something worse was what he was thinking of both Victoria and me. "That drag queen?"

"That woman," said Donnie with a flash of a smile. "She's behaving exactly like a bride should behave, isn't she?"

"Like an idiot?" I asked him in surprise, seeing him watch the shimmer of my dress. I shuddered in it again with the same exasperation that I felt towards 'her' as he must as well.

Donny slipped his arm about my waist as a short, mustached, middle-aged man came marching importantly down the hallway with a bunch of young, hard-looking men around him. Only one long-haired guy wore a dark suit like the older man. Donny made a gesture. I saw all the men who'd tensed, his men, relax again, like their boss.

"Where is she?" Victoria's father, it had to be him, demanded of Donny. Ramon Rojas's mouth curled as he used the female pronoun. "I come all this way. I put my head in the lion's mouth and she," it was a sneer from his mouth, "can't come out and face her," he said the word as he had said 'she' as if it tasted of poison, "her father," he finished, the fury evident on his face, which he let us all see.

"Not you," said Donny with a smile. "Him." Donny pointed at a good-looking, long-haired guy who was shivering and sweating in his dark suit as if it was way too hot in the air-conditioned hallway. "She says it isn't right he should see her before they're married."

I could guess how Donny felt. He sounded as if he didn't want to be here in this hallway with a man in a dress on his arm, trying to be womanly, as the other, older man stared at me wondering why she, me, was there with Donny's strong arm about me.

I didn't belong in this bizarre situation, either, I wanted to scream at both of them. I was dressed in clothes I didn't want to wear. My hair was styled and dyed as Victoria's was as well. I wore a dress like her; and so I knew it was cold as well. I shivered as the long-haired guy was doing. I was a woman, though. I could pull my silk wrap around my shoulders if I was chilled. I did so and Ricky Macado looked over at me and smiled, sending a shiver

through my feminized body, at his appreciative glance at my chest.

“Victoria wants to be married like back home,” said Donny with that charming smile of his. “No seeing the bride, or the groom, till the marriage ceremony. That’s the way you do it back in Guada, isn’t it?” The older man looked quite taken aback. “We got that right, didn’t we?”

Victoria’s Daddy turned and pointed to two of his guards. “Take him back to his room at the Espana,” he said. The men moved with alacrity, one of them explaining what was going on in rapid Spanish to the confused Ricky Macado.

“Now, I can meet my new daughter,” snarled the Mexican leader of his cartel.

Victoria must have been spying on us through a crack in the door of the Ladies’ Room. She came out, her hands holding on to the wide, full skirts she’d worn. She minced delicately across the floor towards where her father was standing so rigidly, staring with horror at his only son.

She, his daughter now, looked so much like a showgirl in her dress with a plunging neckline. Only the tightness of that neckline kept it up around her breasts. Victoria should have worn a bra, I thought. Her dark hair flowed down her back. I thought that she looked beautiful.

“Hello, Daddy,” Victoria said in English and swirled gaily in her beautiful, golden dress, showing off her high heels, petticoats and stockings to him.

No-one could have reacted fast enough, I think, to have stopped the roundhouse slap or punch that Victoria’s father launched at her as she was smiling

and moving towards him with her arms outstretched.

He was calling Victoria all kinds of words in Spanish, the only one I really understood being 'puta', which I think means 'whore' or 'prostitute'. Victoria was screaming as she fell. I think Ramon Rojas would have booted her in the face but for Donny Brown letting me go and jumping at Rojas to shove him away.

Guns came out everywhere, terrifying me. "So you've met your daughter," said Donny Brown harshly. "Now go!"

Rojas stepped back a foot, his eyes squinting as he looked at me as I tried to bend properly, without popping my breasts loose, and console the lovely, sobbing 'girl' that her father had struck.

"Our deal is still on?" asked Rojas savagely.

"It's still on," said Donny Brown, much more calmly than I could have in such a time and place. The looks that the two men exchanged spoke volumes of secret deals beyond the so-called 'war' ending. It made me start thinking. My thoughts were pretty bleak as my hair fell around my face and caressed me so gently.

Victoria's father looked at her as she clung to me. I took Donny's handkerchief which he'd given me. I tried to wipe Victoria's face with it. Her father said more vicious things to her in Spanish. She hid behind me, her dress swirling against mine.

"You have a room here?" Donny asked me.

"With Pick and Diana," I said nervously. Donny nodded.



“Take Victoria there and let her sleep alone to-night,” Donny ordered me. “She has a bridesmaids’ shower tomorrow, doesn’t she, over at Treasure Island.” He gave me a packet. “A sleeping draught for

Victoria. Give it to her right away in whatever drink she has at night. Make her drink and sleep. I'll send a car for you. We have to talk, Melissa, don't we, about a lot of things that have happened to you that shouldn't have happened to the innocuous young man you used to pretend to be."

"I am," I began with a shiver. Donny's hand snaked out, touching my lips, making me stop talking and telling him a lie, that I was an innocent bystander caught up in a perverted escapade.

I obeyed. I was too frightened of Donny to do anything different from what he told me to do. I held onto Victoria and took her to the right elevator and took her to my bedroom where she collapsed on the bed, in a rustle of femininely delicate clothing, a rustle that she didn't even seem to notice. She seemed to be so used to it. I suggested a warm drink and brought her a mocha, a mix of chocolate and coffee.

Victoria drank the drugged mixture gratefully chattering on about her wedding and how her father was going to ruin it for her. She wept and babbled on about her father, how ugly he was, and about Ricky Macado. And didn't I think he was so handsome? And he had kissed her. And she was in love with him. And it didn't matter what her Daddy did to her. She was going to be married to Ricky and that was that.

We both changed into nightdresses and creamed our faces, being girls going to bed together. I was supposed to have been sharing with Diana and Pick. But they didn't come back. Victoria yawned and complained that she couldn't keep her eyes open as I put her hair in braids. I thought I might arouse her

doing that but nothing could keep Victoria from the drug-induced sleep.

******Getting to know you******

Victoria wasn't interested in me as a girl beyond hugs that were really what girls always gave one another. No, she wasn't like Diana. I didn't even think of having sex with her. I tucked her into my bed, thinking that if she'd offered, despite what Dante Mozzano had said to me, I might have given in and experimented with a girl like Victoria.

It had been a long time since I'd had a girl in bed. I didn't count Diana, or the way she'd groped me in front of Pick. I checked the phone as there was no-one to stop me with Victoria. As I'd thought, I had to go through the switchboard for anything. The elevator was guarded, I knew. The stairs would be, as well. Just natural precautions and nothing really aimed at me.

The phone rang suddenly. My heart jumped, my breasts flipping, despite my bra. The room had been so very quiet. "Yes?" I said into it.

"Your car is here, Miss Brady," said a girl who identified herself as being on the switchboard.

Visions of me walking into Fort George with the papers identifying me as 'Peter Brady' pinned to my orange perp suit, as everyone called them, came back to me. I hadn't heard that name in a year until just a few weeks ago when Barry, rewarded with my body for being a good boy, had whispered the name to me. I'd thought my very existence had disappeared. There was no Pete Brady any more. I was supposed to be out in six months but I'd been in for over a year with no-one to ask or complain to.

“Something the matter, Miss Brady?” asked this woman’s voice.

“N-No,” I managed to gasp. “I, I just need to change. I’ll be there in fifteen minutes!” Donny Brown was going to have his meeting. I couldn’t go out in the baby doll nightie I was wearing.

“I’ll send security for you, Miss Brady,” said the girl, “in fifteen minutes.”

I barely ran a brush through my hair, put on a glittery, golden top and a tight black skirt, with stockings to match when there was a quiet knock on my door. Oh, those security men looked so big and so tough. I panicked for a moment. If they came in, they could do whatever they wanted in the room. I couldn’t have stopped them. I couldn’t have protected myself.

But they were hotel security. They didn’t touch me. They seemed to know that Victoria was asleep. They were quiet-voiced as they asked me if this was the purse I was going to take with me, this my coat, these my high heels.

They made sure that the door was locked, put the key into my purse, silently rode down the elevator and escorted me out of the Hotel Corsica to a black limo with tinted windows.

“Melissa,” said Donny Brown, the sole occupant, save for the screened off driver. “So glad you could come.”

I shivered and sat beside him on the back seat, buckling myself in as he was, crossing my nyloned legs which were so unlike his. He smiled as he looked at me after the normal sounds of a woman being seated in a car.

“Have you been to Vegas many times?” asked Donny suddenly.

“No,” I said, though that wasn’t true. Still, I hadn’t been in drag in Vegas before.

“Go down the Strip,” Donny said conversationally. There must have been a radio in the back of the car because we stopped and turned in the opposite direction from where we’d been first headed.

“We have to have our *Ocean’s Eleven* moment,” said Donny. “You know, when the good guys have finally ripped off the evil casino owner, of the Bellagio, of course, and walk up to watch the fountains while that music plays ...”

“Debussy. *Clair de lune*,” I murmur, having loved seeing and hearing it.

“That’s right,” said Donny. “Let’s go and see what’s playing there tonight. There was a Presley song last time I went by. It quite spoiled the nostalgic mood, I thought.”

I couldn’t believe it when we stopped on the highly busy Boulevard and joined the crowds milling around, me being a girl in a tight skirt, walking along the low wall in front of the Bellagio. Suddenly Céline Dion’s voice burst forth as the water in front of the Bellagio became an array of dancing fountains.

“Marvellous,” said Donny, holding my hand all through the performance. People around us began to clap at the finish. “Didn’t you think so, Melissa?”

“Pretty good,” I said, trembling as I stood there, being admired as a girl, my feminine dress so wrong on me, in such a public place. Yet, there was a romantic feel in the air. I’d loved to have been here

with a girl. But that was what I was, his arm about my shoulders. Surely, this wasn't what he'd brought me out to talk about, the cascade of water and song, integrated into a five minute romantic performance.

"We could go to Caesar's Palace or Treasure Island," said Donny. "Or the Bellagio itself for some high-stakes poker? Up for it?"

"Whatever you say," I said nervously, making sure I strolled with a sway in my walk as a girl should. I didn't want this tall, handsome man to say I'd embarrassed him in public, that he was arranging to ship me back right away to a jail cell I could share with the Pick.

"Opposite Bellagio's is an older casino, but one I really like," said Donny, pointing me towards a small copy of the Eiffel Tower and a large image of what looked like a Montgolfier hot air balloon. We entered the Paris Casino. It was as if we were in a Parisian street with all the stalls featuring different casino games.

"Would you like to gamble?" asked Donny with a smile as I stumbled a little as my high heels found 'Parisian' cobblestones.

"I don't gamble," I murmured, my mind a little unfocussed by what we were doing, strolling along arm-in-arm, like so many other couples; but they were actually real men and real women together.

"The Venetian is just a little further north with gondolas and gondoliers who'll sing love songs to us if I can tempt you to ride with me," said Donny. "Or we can line up for the Eiffel Tower, look over the whole city and you can plan your escape route, Miss Brady."

“All this to tell me that you know my real name,” I murmured to Donny as we sat in front of a bar, a guy opposite us admiring my shapely legs until Donny frowned at him. We drank ginger ale from an imitation Montgolfier balloon

“You get to keep the balloon as a memento of your visit to Las Vegas,” said Donny with a grin. “It’s hokey, I know, but I still have the one in my study which I got when I was eleven or twelve and here for the first time. I love this place.”

“Is that why you built the Corsica?” I said to him, trying to be girlish and conversational. “Pushing all of these older places closer to retirement.”

Donny groaned. “I knew you’d figure me out if I tried to show you the town,” he said with mock agony. “You don’t say much, Melissa Brady, but you do get to the point, don’t you?”

“So I’m Brady,” I admitted with a shudder. I don’t know why I didn’t just say Pete Brady and have done with it. I was a man. I should be proud of what I was. “You know who and what I am. You know I’m looking for an escape route from the frilly prison I’m locked into with other, other girls like me. If you’d had done to you what I’ve had done to me, wouldn’t you?”

Donny was quiet for a moment. “That’s not the way you spoke to my uncle or to Pete Pollini,” he said as he took my hand in his and studied my feminine fingernails, buffed to perfection by the beautician who had visited all of us girls that day at the Corsica. It took me a moment or so to remember that Pete Pollini was the real name of the Ice-Pick.

“I, I wasn’t in, in a setting like this,” I gasped, indicating all the people around us. If I slipped his

hand from mine, and kicked off my high heels, I might be able to run from him and really be free, I thought with a shiver.

“No,” said Donny. “Quite an intimidating place, Fort George, I hear. They get young men to do things quite against their nature, don’t they?”

I realized then that Donny Brown spoke extremely well, in a highly educated way. I should have expected it of a second or third generation heir to a mob fortune and family, shouldn’t I?

“Just like you,” I said to him, unable to keep the quiver out of my voice.

“Ah,” said Donny. “You’re trying to reconcile all the things you’ve heard and know about my family with the words that come out of my mouth. Well, Miss Brady, haven’t you worked with some people who spoke even more nicely than me who ordered even more vile acts than any perpetrated at Fort George? I think your present employer, if he still wishes you to carry out whatever he sent you there to do, is a much more reprehensible creature than I am. And believe me, it will be the wishes of men like him that I’m carrying out when you think the worst of me.”

I didn’t know what the last part meant at all. I only felt his arm about me. I could hear the clatter of my high heels. I thought of the ‘vile acts’ and wondered what more could have been done to me or to Priscilla, not daring to visit her wife any more when she came on visiting day to the prison, not after the breasts that bloomed from her chest in all the skimpy costumes she had to wear, like me.

“Do you need a bowl of water to wash your hands now?” I asked him, a tremor rocking through me,

my dress and hair shaking, as I minced so femininely in my heels. Donny Brown gave me a thunderous look. I knew I'd gone too far.

"I was going to show you Harrah's," Donny said grimly, "and you know what is next on this side of the Boulevard as we go north? The Imperial Palace, which is where Frank Marino performs. Surely you've heard of Frank Marino. Angelina does his act which he's copied from Joan Rivers. Best drag acts, best female impersonators in Vegas right there, shows every night. Interested, Miss Brady?"

"I, I'd rather be Pete Brady," I said as we minced through the next casino adjoining the Casino Paris.

"It can be arranged," said Donny, leading me to the main doors where I saw our limo, illegally parked, waiting for us, a tall, forbidding driver waiting to open the back doors of the long car for us. "But I don't want you to do anything, Melissa, until I've got Victoria married off to her future husband.

"If you try, I'll have to send someone after you. Not a clown like the ones Morry was supposed to be supervising in Fort George. Two thirds of that E Block club weren't ever members of my father's family, even if they claimed to be. We're better than them, I assure you. Let Victoria be married and we'll have no reason to detain her or you, Melissa, any more. You'll be a free woman then."

I shuddered as we arrived back at the Corsica. There it was. A woman. I would still be a woman, free or not.

Donny Brown walked me through the lobby, into the special elevator to the top floors of the Corsica and even into my room. He checked on Victoria who

looked cute and little girlie in a fetal position in her bed.

When a man came to my room in Fort George, I always knew what was going to happen next. I half expected that Donny Brown was going to start taking off my dress and climbing on top of me in bed. But he didn't. He drew me to the door after him, handing me an electronic key.

He leaned over me, his hand still on my thin waist and dress. I readied for a kiss. It landed gently on my cheek. "Sleep well, Melissa," Donny said. "It was really interesting to meet you. I think my uncle was right in his assessment of you. I hope I'll never have to send you back to D Block in Fort George again."

I shook as he left me standing there, all tensed up and womanly, waiting for him to compliment me on my female attributes, waiting for a kiss on my lips at least and a mauling, a grope around my panties and legs.

I was so surprised by his leaving me like that, so womanly unrequited, that I couldn't get to sleep right away. His conversation had been so weird. He'd been showing me his favorite places in Las Vegas, meaning to explain something to me, and I'd blown it. I didn't know at all why he'd done what he did or what would happen to me, or to Victoria next. I shouldn't have been so caustic about him shifting blame for his actions onto other evil men. I might have learned something.

I didn't know why he said it but Donny was right about the men I worked for as Pete Brady. They weren't employing me to do something legal and honorable. But I only had to look in the mirror at

Melissa, so shapely in a tight skirt and long, blonde hair, to re-awaken my anger at everyone who was keeping me in the panties and bra I was wearing.

I prowled around the bedroom in my nightie and panties, free to do as I liked, according to Donny Brown, once the sham wedding took place. If I had the opportunity, however, I should take it. I should have tried the stairs but it was a long way to be in the open where anyone could spot me and be suspicious of a woman sneaking around.

I should have tried. I could have mingled in with other people and pretended to be a woman. Men rescued damsels in distress all the time, didn't they? I shivered in my flowing nightie and lacy panties and thought of Donny Brown. Now, if he didn't want me after all, as a woman, there was always Diana, and what she offered, I mused, soon finding myself getting aroused by the thought. Oh yes, I thought sourly, you really are a man, aren't you, Melissa, stopping my hands from caressing my itchy, stirring breasts. You really are.

*******The Gilded Cage*******

For the first time in a year, I slept through a night alone, my hair in pigtails, my face creamed and clear, a nightie about me. Victoria was sound asleep on the other side of the huge bed, dressed and prepared like a girl, she still in her vadgie that she never went to bed without, she'd said.

I woke and prowled around the suite but there was just the one phone to the switchboard. There wasn't a cellphone in the place, nothing hidden in Pick's or Diana's luggage. There wasn't a computer or any mode of communication. The doors to the pa-

tio were locked and had a warning that I should phone if I intended to go out and ‘security personnel’ would arrive to see it was safe for me to walk out there.

Effectively, I was still in prison. It was a beautiful prison. I was still as female as I’d ever been. I found myself doing the things I’d been taught to do, moisturizing my legs and my body, using a depilatory under my arms, and on areas that the laser electrolysis hadn’t worked as perfectly as it had on my face. I had to put lotion and change the dressings on my nipples and breasts, as I did each morning and night, as well as the insertion points on my legs, knowing I was making them soft and feminine.

I’d been so restless going to bed. Thoughts of Donny Brown hounded me, unbidden, reminding me how he’d behaved to me like a gentleman. What had he said when he’d phoned me back to check once more on Victoria? How had he explained the call?

“You might have expected me to stay with you tonight, Melissa, but I’m afraid I’m not like my uncle, or his associates. There are some things,” Donny had said slowly, forcefully, making me cringe and want to die in shame, “I’m not into. I’m cleaning up my family. We’ll be rid of this blight after the, the wedding.” Oh, the disdain in his voice as he said that! “I’m putting a lid on it all. When Victoria awakes, comfort her about her family’s attitude and assure her all will go as planned, will you, Melissa? I’ll owe you for that and will reward you later.”

“Thank you,” was all the stupid answer I gave him as Donny hung up on me. I went to bed, thinking what sort of ‘reward’ a man like him would have in mind for me. A bullet in the brain? I didn’t want

to be part of the ‘cleaning’ that was coming to the Mozzano family. I had a good idea that it was going to come down on me, anyway, if I didn’t get away from the Corsica very soon.

*******The Wedding*******

It was if the day before had never happened. Victoria awoke all girlish and refreshed. She sparkled on the phone as she spoke to Donny Brown. He told her the limo would be there to pick her up for the bridal shower in the afternoon at Caesar’s. There’d be a run-through of the ceremony for her, separate from the one for Ricky Macado back here at the Corsica.

“Someone will have to stand in for the bride,” said Victoria as she gave me a running account of the conversation she was having with Donny. “He wants to speak to you,” she said with a big smile on her face.

I was feeling so different to be there with a girl and no man around. Well, in one way, there wasn’t. In another, there were two of us and no woman. I’d breakfasted alone as Victoria didn’t want to eat. She took twice as long as me to fix her makeup and hair, refusing my offer to help her or to call in a beautician.

“I have to learn to do this for myself,” Vicki had laughed to me as she stood in her panties and bra in the open door of the bathroom. “I’m going to be a married woman in a day or so.”

“Hello,” I said tentatively on the phone.

“You heard what I was saying to Victoria,” said Donny Brown formally.

“Yes,” I said, knowing what he was going to say.

“You’re the substitute bride for the run-through with Ricky,” said Donny. “So you won’t be with her as a bridesmaid.” He chuckled on the phone. “We can’t have the bride being outshone by one of her bridesmaids, now can we?”

“No-one will notice me in the crowd,” I said, my throat dry as I should have been thanking him, in as girlishly pretty a voice as I could manage. I shivered as I thought of myself in a dress like a bride, but he wouldn’t make me do that, would he, Mr Donny Brown, the boss whom everyone had to obey.

“You got my order,” said Donny. “At the six o’clock run through, you’ll be the bride. A limo will pick you up separately from the shower and someone will tell you what you have to do.”

“Yes, sir,” I said shakily. He hung up on me. I didn’t hear any laughter down the phone but being so, so snippy to him would surely rebound on me. The men I’d known in E Block in particular had little sense of humor about themselves. It was all about respect with them.

I couldn’t even say, ‘but will you still respect me in the morning’, to invitations to bed by the men at the card table. I knew that would get me into trouble as similar attempts at being a silly girl had led others to being spanked or slapped in front of everyone. We girls were the lowest on the scale of respect that the mobsters had. Girls like me were much lower than real hookers. I shouldn’t have been snippy to the big boss, I really shouldn’t.

Hal and Benny had done a marvellous job with the gifts for Victoria while Angelina was a first-rate emcee. Victoria loved every piece of female lingerie

she was given. She assured us all solemnly as she hugged us all so femininely, her musky perfume really arousing, that Ricky would love what we'd bought her as well.

Angelina led silly, girlish games as well that women do at showers, Victoria told me with a giggle. Priscilla, looking shell-shocked, as I felt, to be in such a company of glamorous women, or men playing those roles, I should say, blushed the brightest of reds when her prize was an assortment of condoms which all the men from E Block had autographed so that she'd know who wanted to use what on her when she had them.

I think that we all got condoms in one gift or another. We all got new panties which had slits in them. "Oh, I'm not going to use these," said Victoria when she won them for correctly naming girl singers on every letter of the alphabet in the quiz Angelina had made up for us. "Once I'm a married woman, I won't be wearing panties in bed at all, ever."

There was real girlish laughter then around the group. "Oh, Vicki," said Giselle. "You know what men are like. They love to experiment. I bet you'll be really glad of panties like that within a month of being married! Your Ricky is a real cherry after all, isn't he?"

A cherry was what the girls called a man who'd never made love to another man before and definitely not to a man dressed like all of us 'girls' were in that room. Oh, I really, really did hope that Ramon Rojas had told Ricky Macado what kind of woman he was marrying. I could just imagine what an awful wedding night it would be for both of them if it turned out that Ricky hadn't been told that his bride was a man like himself, well, sort of like him.

We had to do forfeits if we couldn't answer the risqué questions that Angelina had for us. I had to get up and do a striptease while all these heavily madeup faces screamed and encouraged me to bump and grind because Angelina said that what I said 'fellatio' was, was incorrect. It wasn't just between a man and a woman and I ought to know that, Angelina told the laughing bridesmaids.

"I, I have to wear your bridesmaid's dress," Priscilla told me, shaking like a leaf as she and the other girls finally went off to the limos sent for them. Did the people around the Corsica ever stop and look at all the pretty, sashaying girls then! I felt so odd as everyone, real women included, were talking to the girls and asking them where they performed, sure that they were all showgirls in Vegas shows. It made all the girls even more womanly if that was possible. Priscilla, even more nervous and demure, was so appealing in my bridesmaid's dress.

I think several of Donny's guards had their eyes on her for after the wedding. I hoped that all parties knew what they were getting into, just like Victoria and Ricky. I would hate to see her hurt as I knew Priscilla was like me. She wasn't a 'little bit gay' at all, to use Vicki's phrase.

Having a man make love to her and make her be his woman made Priscilla cry in shame when I met her the day after the first time she'd had to do that. She couldn't believe what she was doing. She wanted to get back to her wife and little baby, she said. But no-one in D or E Block was allowed parole or even visitors, luckily for her, she said, that Pick hadn't approved of in advance.

I had security guards of my own at the Corsica as I had to make a limo trip downtown to a store I'd

never have expected to enter. It was a bridal store and the woman there had been primed on what I had to wear, a bridal gown.

“I can’t wear that,” I gasped at her as the elegant woman called in assistants to assist me in changing all the way, even my panties and my bra.

“Oh, we have our orders, Miss Zerbinsky,” said the woman. That shocked me to the marrow. I went absolutely white and cold to the bone. The women, looking at me, were all concerned I would faint. It wasn’t Pete Brady that the woman had connected to me. That was supposed to be my identity. No one was supposed to know my real name. I stared at her and expected her, at any moment, to call me Dave.

But the woman didn’t. She made me strip, of course, to put on my new panties. I shuddered as I stood before her, looking like a real woman in the vadgie I had on. She said not a word about my breasts and my tush, seeming to accept the scarring, that had faded a little, as all part and parcel of what went on in Vegas, I supposed.

She called me ‘Melissa’ as well as ‘Miss Zerbinsky’. I cringed inside each time it was used. That distracted me a little from the actual dress I had to put on. Only when one of her assistants pinned a veil to my hair and arranged it about me did I realize that I was in more than just another ball gown. Oh, the shaping bustier about my breasts, from which flowed these long white, silk and satin skirts, several layers of them, was so tight and showed off my figure as if it was feminine perfection.

“Flowers!” shouted the boutique owner. I had a bouquet of flowers placed in my hands. I was applauded all the way through the shop, the white

satin dress spread out all about me as I trembled, close to panic, and minced daintily out to the waiting limo with people all around taking my picture. I couldn't have been a runaway bride if I'd wanted to be. I had to pause and let the boutique woman raise my dress and show off the garter on my leg to the photographers, many of them being just people walking by who took the opportunity to photograph my pretty legs, thighs and panties, I suppose.

Pick was waiting in the car for me. "Melissa!" he said shakily. "You're even lovelier than the bride! And she looks fantastic in her dress. I should have told Ricky I'd be the groom for this walk-through."

It was only a short distance to the Corsica where the ordeal started again as tourists all around the entrance wanted to know who I was and who I was getting married to. They didn't believe that I was a 'nobody'. One big guy said, "We'll be seeing you in movies, won't we? I bet you're shooting a wedding scene in the roped off room."

"You caught us," said Pick, the enforcer, jovially, making me put down the veil over my face. I had to go up the steps, trembling in my white, bridal gown, on Pick's arm and be escorted slowly down the aisle as an organ was playing. All the bridesmaids appeared so lovely in their pink dresses, which I should have been wearing. They were all smiling girlishly as they clutched their bouquets as I walked down to where a pulpit had been set up and a place for the bride and groom.

Rick Macado was stunned as he looked at me. "You're not Victoria," he said, as some pastor went through how the bride would approach and how she would stand beside her husband-to-be.

“This isn’t the dress she’ll be wearing, either,” I hissed to him. “This is just a substitute for the real thing so that you’ll know what to do in the ceremony.” It was too much English for Ricky. Pick had to explain what I’d tried to whisper. We practiced the arrival of the bride at the altar. We went through all the ceremonies which were going to be carried out in both languages.

“Just like the parents did before,” said the pastor or priest who was going to be carrying out the ceremony several times. I gathered then that both Senor and Senora Rojas were going to be there and going to be an integral part of the ceremony. I was almost glad when the exchange of vows took place. We faked the ring ceremony, the bride having to give a ring to her husband as well. Pick placed a signet ring in my hand, one he always wore, so that I could place a ring on a smiling Ricky’s finger.

“Hey, baby,” Rick Macado said to me, as he placed a ring on my finger as well. “We married now. How about we get out of here and fuck?”

I shuddered at his crudity. The priest was not amused. A look from Pick froze the pop singer in his tracks. “I sorry, I sorry,” he said, his command of English deteriorating completely.

I was glad to lift the veil, shivering all over as I let him see me as a bride. Everyone else could see my flustered face as well. I could see all the bridesmaids in their pink, low-cut dresses, standing with taller, handsome groomsmen who were all in suits, looking really smart with all the pretty girls.

The one I would have been with, probably after the ceremony, as well, was a really tanned blond guy, now holding Priscilla’s arm. She was looking at

me in amazement and hardly seemed to notice the blond guy who was really, avidly, interested in her. He leaned forward to get her attention, whispering something to her, kissing her ear, which made her go into her demure maiden act. I think he tightened his grip on her and she didn't seem to mind it at all. She, who'd cried to me about being a man who had to act like a girl, actually smiled up at him at that point.

I'd told Priscilla she should make a scene in Las Vegas as that would help her get away but Priscilla just smiled at me helplessly, as if I was asking her the impossible. It might have helped me, I thought, to get away in the confusion that a girl running off would have made.

But, looking at the flushed, smiling, girlie expression on Priscilla's face, I knew she was never going to throw the tantrum or run out into a bunch of tourists who'd surely have helped her to get away. Whoever the blond kid was, he had a girl friend for as long as he wanted her. He squeezed her to him and she tentatively put her arm about him as all the other smiling, chatty bridesmaids were doing with their escorts. Priscilla, like me before her, was not going to get out of the trap built for us when first we'd tried to survive by acting like a woman for a man.

I faked a kiss with Ricky, not letting him get my lips which he aimed for. I simpered and smiled on his arm as Giselle gave me back my flowers. We went where directed and had the lineup for pictures so that Ricky knew just where to be. The picture with the bridesmaids was going to be beautiful.

The one of the bridesmaids in the arms of their groomsmen was so authentic-looking as well, the

girls' lovely lipsticked smiles matched by the looks of expectation on all the men's faces. That would be priceless as well. Thank goodness that I wasn't in any of them.

But the photographer had a surprise for us all. He'd take pictures as well of Victoria's practice, when Ricky and I were gone; now he had to take pictures of me as the bride with Ricky leering at me, kissing me, after he lifted my veil. We were taken as if we were part of the wedding and all the bridesmaids were mine. They would be available in his package, he said, along with the pictures of Victoria and her false groom.

"You'll be able to have your choice," the photographer told the girls who were being as giggly as they could be with the men paying them such close attention. "You can have a blonde or a brunette bride, your pick."

"No, Pick is the bride's father," said Diana. There was giggly laughter from all the girls at that as they were in on the joke.

"And your Ricky's mother-in-law," said Pick as that was the role that Diana had played in the rehearsal.

"I have to get this dress off," I murmured to Diana as the others were all getting so noisy and so excited, chatting to the groomsmen, I noticed. Even Priscilla seemed excited, moving off with the young, blond man's arm around her waist, hugging her to him, smiling as she let him lead her somewhere into the casino proper. She walked with such a feminine sway to her pretty tush that Diana whispered to me that she looked like me.

I had visions of getting away. Pick had said, in response to me saying I had to get the bridal gown off me, “Who’s stopping you, Melissa honey? Take the dress off right here if you want. I’ll get the guys to make a circle. But we have to face inwards!”

In the end, we went back to the suite, Diana, Pick and me, only to find another bride hiding out there. Victoria was in the loveliest of white bridal gowns but she adored my dress just as much as the one with the puffy sleeves chosen for her. She said that she’d dye her hair and wear my dress the next day. That’s how much she loved the way I looked in my dress.

“That would really blow Ricky’s mind, wouldn’t it?” Victoria laughed gaily as she did pick up my dress, rustling as noisily as her own, and hold it against her as I hopped around our bedroom in my white stockings, figure shaper, and panties. “Ooo, you’ve got a garter just like mine, Melissa! That will blow Ricky’s mind as well.”

“Just as long as something of Ricky’s is blown,” said Pick, putting his hands on my hips and beginning to dance with me.

“You can’t do a lambada with a woman in a corset,” Victoria scolded Pick. “It’s obscene.”

But she was laughing and singing when Pick let me go with a loud slap on my inflated hip, making me squirm, even as he began to dance with Victoria in her lovely dress, which she also thought was obscene as Pick insisted on the lambada with her as well.

We had real girls arrive, for the dress and lingerie I’d worn. They smiled at Victoria and me and asked which one was the real bride, treating each of us as

if we were real girls indeed. It was sort of wonderful, as a weird feeling, of womanly fellowship, of belonging, being acknowledged by real women as one of them, swept through me as the girls were so nice to me. I had to be private, of course, to change completely, regretfully, out of my lovely dress.

When I finally re-dressed and went into the main room of our suite, Pick and Diana were gone with Victoria to her rehearsal. My lovely dress was gone. Victoria was left a series of instructions, just as if she was a real bride, I thought with a cynical shiver, to be done before or on the day of the wedding.

I was given the list by a waiting woman, a tight-lipped Kathy, Mr Brown's 'personal assistant', she called herself. I was the one who had to see that Victoria carried them all out properly and precisely. Kathy outlined exactly what I was to do the next day to get Victoria ready and where she was supposed to be at the start of the day. I was not to go to the wedding, Mr Brown's personal instructions, I was told by Kathy, which made me start to shiver.

"Did he say why?" I asked the woman nervously, certain Kathy must see through me and be able to tell I was a man.

"He did say something about the death of his uncle," said the woman, staring at me with a frown on her face. "I think he said you had a part in that. He didn't want anything like that to happen again and spoil the wedding."

I felt quite chilled. Kathy looked at me as if expecting me to say something but I had no idea what to say. She watched me as I sat in the slim skirt I'd changed into, seeming to measure me as a woman. I was sure she knew more about me than she let on. I

didn't dare to do anything, expand on anything as that might tell her exactly what I was, if Donny hadn't told her already.



I was glad when Victoria came back, bubbling over at how the rehearsal had gone. Some of the women who had done her makeup came back with her to take it off and to smilingly prepare the bride for her last night as a single woman.

“At least it’s not an Elvis impersonator in charge,” said one of the women as Victoria was so high and enthusiastic about her wedding, about being a bride, and her future, wonderful husband. I was so glad when Kathy left at last when the beautician’s staff visit to Victoria was over. She’d been properly prepared as a woman for her last night in bed as a maiden, as one woman had said teasingly.

“Do you think it’s all right for me to be wearing white at my wedding?” Victoria had to ask me, when we were alone, she in her lovely nightdress. Such a question left me feeling a little flabbergasted. I should have told her that a white shirt and tie would have been fine on her.

But Victoria was really into this idea that she was a girl, that she deserved to marry the man of her dreams, and she should have the fanciest of weddings to celebrate her being a bride for one day. I knew that joking about what we were, she and me, wouldn’t go over well with her.

“The girls at the shower were teasing me about all the men who’ve had me,” said Victoria, her face as sad as I’d ever seen it. “Do you think that I should tell Ricky I’m not a virgin?”

“I don’t think that any of that matters,” I told her, flabbergasted again by the way she was thinking. She really was so naïve. I hoped Ricky Macado wouldn’t take advantage of her and hurt her deeply in the future but, recalling how he’d propositioned

me already, I really had my doubts, just as a person, and not as a man, woman or tranny. I took her hand and stroked it as I tried to talk to her seriously. "It's a new life that you and Ricky are setting out on ..."

"We are going to have an open marriage," said Victoria, as serious herself as I'd been. I think my jaw must have dropped open as I gulped and couldn't say anything. She smiled at me and began to explain. "Ricardo's going to be touring with all the money Daddy is putting into my dowry and, while he's away, well, he'll have girls on the road. Singers always do. So, I'll have to find some boys for myself who like girls like me, won't I? That's not going to be too hard, is it? Not here in Vegas if I stay here and be a showgirl-entertainer?"

"It's a job that would certainly suit you," I said to her but Victoria didn't get the irony at all. Victoria preened at what she thought was praise from me. She reminded me she had to go to bed early, the beauticians had told her so, and had given her a sleeping draught, she said, so that, when she awoke in the morning, she'd be the most sparkling of brides on her wedding day.

My mind churning and praying for Victoria's dreams to come true, I lay beside the girl who went to sleep within minutes of drinking the warmed hot chocolate with the sleeping draught left for her. For the second time in my new life, I lay beside a 'woman' in bed and didn't touch 'her' at all even though she brushed against me several times as she moved in her sleep.

Two days, twice now in my life as a woman, I thought, I hadn't had a man in my bed. Well, even it

I'd made love to Victoria, I knew that it wouldn't count as making love to a man.

*******A Bid for Freedom*******

I didn't go to the wedding of the year. Neither did Diana. Like me, she couldn't be a bridesmaid as it would have made an uneven number of girls. "Besides," Diana said to me, "if I have to listen to Senora Rojas crying over losing her son one more time, I think I'll walk over and castrate him myself. See how she likes that!"

It was funny to be in Vegas and still be in prison with Diana as we were cooped up in our room. Diana, though, wasn't one to be confined for very long. First, she had me do something that I'd never done, ever. She had me put on a real bikini.

"Oh, I can't wear this," I protested but Diana would listen to none of my objections. I felt as if I was naked. I was shivering as if there was a cold wind blowing but there was nothing of the sort in the apartment. Diana wasn't frightened at all, as I was, as she paraded me to the elevator, nothing at all on my long legs, having called security as escorts for us.

Diana had the guards who came for us, Gerry and his partner whose name I never learned, take us, a thin wrap about our bodies, down the to the second floor. I shivered as I saw in the glass that our bodies were almost naked! The way the men along the way looked at us!

I really could have died with the shame of it all as we wiggled out onto the outside runway of the large swimming pool and deck where we joined real women suntanning naturally. I was sure everyone

must be looking at me but there was so much female flesh around me on deck chairs like the one that I was trying to hide in.

I couldn't avoid surreptitious glances at girls' legs and breasts. There were enough imperfections in the bodies I saw, from head to toe, that it would have been really unreasonable of someone to guess, by the way that I looked, that I wasn't a woman. So what if I was a man, I thought anxiously.

I looked at least as much like a woman as did all the women around me, I thought with a shiver. In fact, the E Block girls were much more glamorous and womanly than most of the crowd on the deck although there were some ... Oh, I'd really have loved to have boffed some of the shapely, skin-flaunting beauties who weren't interested in me at all!

I lay there with my huge sun glasses and my platinum blonde hair while Diana thumbed through women's magazines and rambled on about fashions and stylings beside me. She finally lay back herself and said, "This is the life for us, isn't it, Melissa, my girl?" She giggled a lot and seemed to be perfectly happy to be a girl in a bikini, sunning herself, being admired by the few men around us. I think she expected me to feel exactly the same way she did.

The security escorts sat far back in the shade, sipping on some fruit drink like the one placed beside me. I was going to get a woman's tan lines, I thought with a shiver of feeling passing through me. I quivered as I thought of myself having lines from my bra straps on me. They'd be there even if I did get these itchy mounds on my chest removed. I moved restlessly and then saw the cellphone that the girl who had been sunning on the other side of me had left behind.

So maybe I couldn't run away as I was advising Priscilla and Brittany to do if they were so miserable at being women for their boy friends. But that didn't mean I couldn't finally do something for myself to get out of this place before Donny Brown had me killed or tortured for killing his uncle.

I'd just secreted the cellphone in my wrap when all hell broke loose in the Corsica Hotel and Casino. I heard shots. The security men were beside us instantly, their guns out as well.

Diana and I were immediately shepherded back to the elevators, not even having time to cover our bikinis, while the screaming crowd was pushed to one side. We were rushed to the safety of our penthouse suite. The guards stayed at the elevator door, telling us not to worry our pretty, little heads about what was going on in the hotel.

Of course, Diana was all fluttery and girlie. That made the guys be really nice to her. It seemed to me they were thinking she was a real woman since these guys hadn't been with us in E Block or on the way into Vegas. They seemed to expect us girls to be very scared.

"I need to get some of this suntan oil off me," I said to the one called Gerry, who looked at me almost straight away in suspicion. He backed from the door as if he was going to come into the bathroom with me. "Please," I said to him with as pouty a smile, girlish pose and look that I could put on, glancing at him over my shoulder. "A girl needs a little privacy when she's changing."

By the look Gerry gave me, he found something wrong in my answer but he said nothing, just turning the lock on the door to 'unlocked'. He closed the

door, me at least on the inside. I daresay he was listening and would have burst in if I'd locked it.

"Who the heck is this and where the hell did you get this number, young woman?" Frank snarled at me as I perched on the bathtub at the back of the running shower and tried to whisper into the phone I'd brought up to the suite.

Diana had made me come out and watch the awful things that were happening below us before I could get some privacy for my call. The television news was going crazy about the shootings in Las Vegas, reporting that there were over ten people killed and more wounded after a shooting at a wedding party in the Corsica Casino.

Diana was glued to the screen as was one of the security men. Even Gerry, the one right outside the bathroom door, had tried to keep one eye on what was being reported even as he tried to supervise me as I told Diana I just had to shower. I think he was watching the television as he leaned against the door frame, waiting to hear me stop the shower and change out of my bikini into something 'more suitable'.

"Pete Brady," I said into the phone, trying to make my voice deep and male but failing at it miserably. I'd talked too much like a woman and for too long. I naturally lilted when I spoke now. I didn't speak from anything but my head any more. I had a natural woman's voice. It was too odd for me to speak in any other way.

"He gave you this number, young woman?" Frank Williams asked angrily. "Have you been speaking with Pete Brady very recently? Where is he? Why can't he come to the phone?"

“He’s here,” I said shakily, staring at a blonde, shapely woman in front of me in the bathroom mirror. She looked really scared as she clutched the phone. She had real breasts and such skinny arms. When had I ever got arms like that? When had I ever got such a feminine cast to my face? I seemed to be softer and more female than I ever remembered. No, it wasn’t all makeup that made me look as female as I did. I studied myself and tried to think how to make Frank hear me as what I wasn’t, a man like him.

I really was going to have to stop using so many moisturizing creams no matter that they made me feel really good. The other girls were always admiring how soft and yet how healthy my skin looked. I had to show the other girls, all the time, what the beauticians had told me to do, to have nice skin like mine. And I had to do it myself as all the girls, like Suzanne, Brittany and Priscilla copied me and asked me all the time if they were doing it properly.

But it was all a put-on, on my part, I thought shakily. It was the curse of having almost a perfect memory. I remembered everything said to me but I never believed a word I was saying as I repeated the advice we’d all been given. The other girls, however, thought I was imparting fantastic beauty secrets to them.

I shivered again as I saw how the bikini shaped me as well. I really was a dish, as I heard older men say. I’d had thought the same about Victoria. I really shouldn’t wear bikinis like this any more. I was getting hot just looking at myself.

“I’m calling from Las Vegas,” I went on to the silence on the other end of the phone. “You must have heard about the shootings here. If you haven’t, turn

on your television to any twenty-four hour news station!”

“Just who is this?” snarled Frank again. I heard some popping which meant that someone was recording what I was saying.

“Pete Brady,” I said, making my voice as deep as I could, my earrings shaking about my neck as I tried to talk like a man. I wasn’t succeeding. “Look, the mob at the Corsica know all about me. They know my identity as well and used that name, and another one you have in your files, to give me some kind of warning today.”

“The mob at the Corsica?” asked Frank densely. That was an act he used to buy time in all of his interrogations. “Your real identity? Who are you, young lady? How did you get this number? Are you a showgirl or a hooker? Is that what this is? A shakedown of some kind? Put Pete Brady on the phone.”

“I didn’t know about the plan to kill Rojas and Pollini both,” I hissed at him, my voice definitely female. I thought of the men in the next room. I shuddered at the girl in the bikini in the mirror who couldn’t seem to change her voice at all. I went on a lot more smoothly and femininely. “I couldn’t warn you about it till I stole a cellphone today. This massacre isn’t what it seems.

“All the Mozzano guys who they’re saying were killed were in Dante’s bad books. They’re supposed to be locked away in Fort George. Ask Coppin how they all got here. If you didn’t know already, the Ice-Pick seems to have run an operation out of Fort George against the Rojas Cartel without the real family head’s approval. And that wasn’t Don Mauro.

Dante Mozzano is still very much in charge no matter what anyone says. So the peace conference here wasn't what it seemed.

"You'll find out that the Rojas cartel guys pulled their guns and shot down the guys who executed Rojas' brothers and his wife. They must have had Dante's permission to do that. But it was all a double cross, wasn't it, as they were mown down as well, including Rojas himself.

"If he was the guy I was introduced to and who hit his son before the wedding, he's had cosmetic surgery but you can still pick him out and his wife as well. That was the big surprise. I only just figured out when I saw how everyone is behaving here. They're not worried at all about what went on. It's just another day at the office around here.

"Your Rossinari is gone to Mexico with Ricky Macado and his party." Victoria had flown off in a private jet with her husband on her honeymoon, heading for Cancun and the west coast of Mexico. I'd let Frank and his outfit work to find out just who Victoria Rossinari was, the girl who'd married Ricky in Vegas. I'm sure they'll be amused when they find out. It was what they wanted me to do in the first place, get the Rossinari boy free from the Mozzanos. Well, she was, wasn't she?

"Drew Curry is still here in Vegas and will tell you the same thing," I went on into the silence on the other end of the phone. "The Mozzanos want everyone to think they've suffered a big blow and have had all their links to Mexico cut, but I wouldn't be too sure about that.

"Oh, and get Barry out of Fort George as well. If the Zerbinsky ID is known to Donny Brown, then

Barry's will be as well. Barry's got a lot of interesting stuff to tell you about Fort George. I'll confirm it if you bring the troops in and set us all free from the Corsica."

"Woman," said Frank. He'd been trying to cut in on me in the last minute or so but my mouth had been going a mile a minute once I started with all that I'd worked out. I had to get it all off my chest, yes, my inflated, womanly breasts. But I had to pause finally and let Frank talk to me. "Just who the hell are you?" Frank asked. "Get Pete or Drew and put them on the phone, you hear. Put Pete Brady on the phone, goddammit."

That was the last word I heard as Gerry opened the door, smiled at me, frozen with the phone in my hands. He took it as he tut-tutted at me. "Who told you about the old double-cross in the plan?" he asked me as he smiled at me, still in my bikini, the shower running. "The boss said the blonde wasn't a dumb blonde. She's much sharper than she looks, he warned us. He said you'd have it figured out. I owe him a sawbuck for the sucker bet I made with him.

"Hey, babe, you don't have to change into anything really sexy. The boss isn't going to be banging you anyway, if you think he is. He only fucks married women. It's a thing with him. He likes them experienced and willing to experiment, if you know what I mean."

I shivered as I was offered the chance to shower but only under the watchful eyes of Gerry or his companion. I shuddered and turned that down, going back to sit, still in my black bikini, with a frightened Diana who was watching the reporters

screaming and trying to outdo one another on the breaking news story.

“What, whatever is going to happen to us?” Diana gasped to me as we saw a new list of dead, a who’s who of the men of E Block who’d run the club there, Giovanni, the Ice-Pick and LaMarco being most prominent. One station even had a chart showing all the connections between the recently deceased Don Mauro and members of the Mozzano family.

It took over three hours for the police to clean up at the Corsica, Gerry getting a phone call and disappearing minutes before the cops attacked our apartment, just Diana and I there, in our summer dresses at last and regular showgirl off-duty makeup.

“I wish Sharon was here,” Diana had wailed as the cops swarmed in and made us assume the position, having lady cops pat us down. We had nothing hidden in our panties, of course, save for what we always had taped back tightly there. The women cops seemed satisfied. The vadgees they felt on us made us feel like we were women, like them, much to my relief.

Diana didn’t identify herself as Drew Curry. I didn’t tell her that I’d guessed who she was and knew she didn’t have any intention of returning to being the undercover policeman she’d once been. Our lawyers appeared moments after the police. We discovered we were showgirls at the Royal Lantern. We were opening in a burlesque show the following week, which was news to us. We had contracts and rooms in a motel off the Strip with all the other girls and comedians in the show.

“We’re supposed to just go on for the rest of our lives as Las Vegas showgirls?” Diana asked me as we strolled femininely out of the Corsica. Newspeople were shouting at us, asking us questions as if we were witnesses. We ignored them as we got into the car provided for us, showing off a lot of leg, of course. I had to admire how cool Diana seemed to be. I was trembling away inside. I’d have done something really stupid and showed I wasn’t any kind of girl if it hadn’t been for Diana’s calm, amused, womanly presence beside me.

All the other girls were there at the motel. When we arrived, they all crowded into our room, Diana’s and mine, still dressed as pretty bridesmaids, hugging us and crying till their makeup ran. They’d been certain we’d been killed while we were certain that some of them had been killed as well.

A flustered Angelina arrived without her usual gangster escorts. “We’re on our own,” she announced to us all flatly. There was a rustling of dresses and stockings as Angelina didn’t sugar-coat it. “We can do what we want. We can go back to our former lives if we want. We don’t have to be girlies any more.”

I looked for Priscilla and Brittany. Neither of them looked as happy as I thought they should.

“But I’m staying right here! I’m going to run a burlesque show just like the one we put on in the club in E Block,” said Angelina, seeming so businesslike, mannish all of a sudden, despite the summery dress, like mine, she was wearing. She tossed her long, blonde hair over her shoulders. “The costumes and dances will be the same, even the nudie dances, and no, I do not intend to tell anyone it’s a female impersonator show.

“I’ll let the clientele find that out for themselves,” she said with a wide smile at all of us. I saw several girls shuddering as I was myself. No, I didn’t want to be part of a female impersonator show. I’m not a female impersonator! I didn’t want to part of a girlie show, a burlesque show or anything showy at all. I wasn’t a showgirl!

“I don’t want any of you to tell anyone,” Angelina said, flipping back her blonde hair in a really feminine way, “but one or some of you girls will let the pussy out of the bag, I’m sure. Now, if any of you girls,” she stressed the word heavily, “want to be showgirls and dancers at the Royal Lantern, I have contracts for you to sign, under the stage names we know you all by.

“Ignore the last names. It was a fun thinking up last names in French to fit Giselle, Camilla and Monique. The rest of you are Smith, Jones and Johnson. Now, if you sign, I’ll be picking up your tab for living here.”

You mean Donny Brown will, I thought with a little quiver, but I didn’t say anything. I think our silence about D and E Block at Fort George was being bought and very cheaply as well. All the girls took contracts and all signed them but me. Priscilla signed. Brittany signed, smiling girlishly to one another.

“I don’t have to be a cigarette girl, do I?” Brittany asked, swishing her pink, lace-edged, frilly bridesmaid dress, her pink ribbons so attractive in her dark hair. “My tush is still sore where all the men were pinching me!”

“No, my darling,” said Angelina, actually smiling really brightly, sounding and looking more feminine

she had before. She gave Brittany a quick, womanly hug and a kiss on her cheek as well. "You are one of us now, the dancing showgirls of the Burlesque Follies!

"I'm not sure what we are going to call the burlesque but The Follies will be in the title and, yes, we advertize that we do nudies, but you girlies know how we disguise ourselves for that and you loved doing it before, didn't you?"

The way the girls squealed and hugged one another, smiling such lovely pink-lipsticked smiles seemed to say that they all did, stunning me.

"It's going to be so lonely without Benny and Hal and the others," moaned Giselle. The girls all joined in, again the rustling and shrill, female voices raised in complaint making me shudder to listen to. I was sure that it was all such a put on.

"Well, girls," said Angelina, with a big smile on her elegantly madeup face, "it just so happens I had to hire security for the club, bouncers, men like that. And I think that Gigi's needs will be well met as Hal and Benny are two of the men who've signed contracts with us to work here for the next year at least."

I've never seen the girls so excited, even Priscilla and Brittany. They were dancing like little prom queens, holding hands in glee as Priscilla did a high kick in her pink dress showing off her panties and garter belt with no trace at all of anything masculine about her.

"Girls, girls!" called Angelina. "Dinner is in the main club itself which isn't open yet. I think it will be appropriate to have a party with all the people who are going to work here, the waitresses, servers,

security and so on. Now if there aren't enough men, though there should be, I know you'll all share."

I waited till the swaying, heavily madeup girls had all gone in a long femmy line to the club, laughing and smiling, sounding like the girls that they appeared to be. I don't think that Angelina was going to have any problems in making the club what she wanted it to be, a female burlesque show.

"You're not coming, Melissa?" Diana asked me as she saw me hanging back. "We girlies ..." she pouted, meaning to charm me to be her sexual partner sometime, I was sure.

"No," I said with as much of a girlish smile as I could muster. "I, I have to go. I, I have to get back to what I was before," I stared at her and she flushed at me, "before I started looking for Rossinari and Drew Curry. I have to go back to being me again."

Diana was totally taken by surprise. "You work for Frank?" she gasped. I nodded my mane of blonde hair. "But you didn't find ..."

"I did," I said to her. "I found Drew Curry. I told Frank I had." That made Diana really antsy. She tried to explain to me but couldn't find the words.

"But you know Frank," I said to her easily. "He doesn't really listen, does he? He had no idea who I was with this new voice of mine. I didn't tell him who the new and improved Drew Curry was."

Diana looked so intensely relieved when I said that. "I don't think I'll ever tell anyone that," I went on.

"Thank you," Diana whispered to me, putting her hands around my slim waist, hugging me against her, our womanly curves bouncing off one another's,

her musky perfume overpowering mine. “But, but, how can you? Go back?” she wanted to know. “With all the men you’ve had. With all the men who’ve had you. I’ve seen the girlie way you’ve dressed and the girlie way you act.” She paused then. “It wasn’t all an act with you, was it? Even with me, when we did girl-on-girl for Pick?”

“Some of it,” I had to admit to her and tell the other half as well. “And not all of it with you. But I, I need to be a man again,” I told her, looking over her shoulder at the blonde showgirl, smiling and gesturing so femininely as she talked to the brunette with her back to the mirrored wall. “I know what I am, Diana. And I was never gay and so I was never a woman, either.”

Diana laughed at me, took my hands to see if I had my fingers crossed and then cuddled me, sending all kinds of strange sensations through me as it was like two women hugging and clinging to one another. She kissed me lightly.

“I won’t spoil your makeup,” she said with a smile, “or your delusions. I’ll call Sharon and her friend later tonight. You could join us. Oh, I’d better get on and join up with Angelina or she’ll think I don’t want a man but I do. I don’t have to explain it all to you, do I, Melissa, how I flip-flop all the time. It’s just like a woman, isn’t it, to keep changing her mind. Oh, I’m feeling so much better and the only bad thing is that I won’t get to screw you after all, Melissa. I was so looking forward to that!”

“I give you permission to dream about Melissa,” I told her, the shudders coming to me in greater and greater numbers as we hugged again, my breasts’ nipples as aroused as Diana’s were.

I packed a suitcase in the room where my dresses had been brought from the Corsica. I was going to have to leave so many lovely dresses behind. The telephones in the room actually worked. It was a cheap little thrill just to call Frank's number again and think I was free, free to get away from all this perversity, free to get my money and go somewhere far away from everything I'd endured.

A girl answered and told me that the Assistant Director, gosh, when did that happen and why, was in Las Vegas and I could contact him through the switchboard there. She was very nice and gave me the number. Only when she hung up did I think at all if I'd been conned again, wondering if the trained, cultured voice I'd heard had really belonged to a man or to a woman.

*******I Get What I Swished for*******

I called for my own taxi and changed into a straight skirt with a matching jacket. I wiped a lot of the guck off my face and then thought about it. It wasn't going to make any difference to Frank, was it, if I was a showgirl or a secretary. I was still going to be a woman. There was no way to hide my hair, my bust, or my hips, never mind the arch of my eyebrows or the soft skin I had. I shook my head and long, blonde hair swept about my earrings that I'd barely noticed I had on.

There was a ring at my door. I looked out to see that it was the right cab company. An older black man stood at my door, waiting for me. Should I take the bag I'd packed at the Corsica as well when Diana and I had vacated there? Why not? So it was more female clothing than I needed but I wasn't

coming back to this place, I was sure. Frank, now Assistant Director Williams, what a step-up for him, was going to want to interrogate me thoroughly. It wasn't going to be pleasant for me. I might need a change of dresses if I decided to face him as the woman I was.

I called the number the girl had given me. Frank answered right away. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him whom he'd had to kill to get his promotion. "I'll send a car for you," Frank said, not missing a beat when I said in my girlish voice that I was Dave Zerbinsky.

"I have wheels. I need an address," I said to him which he gave me right away, hanging up as the taxi driver was ringing the bell for the third time. He was back on the driver's side by the time I opened up and put my suitcases there for him to take.

The older driver pulled a face at me and smiled. "Hoped you weren't there," he said cheerfully to me. "That's a really lively party going on next door." He indicated the Lantern night club and casino where I could have been a dancer if I wanted to be a girl forever. "Do the girls there ever look pretty!" He looked me over approvingly, making a shiver run up and down me, as it did when regular guys looked at me as if I really was a woman. "But it's not open yet, is it?"

"It, it w-will b-be very soon," I said to him, a nervous stammer coming to my voice as I eased into the back seat of the cab. I felt so feminine as I crossed my legs and heard the familiar rasp of my stockings as I did that. It was so absurd. I was so completely acting in character as a woman when I was totally free and didn't have to at all.

The driver was quite chatty, asking me all about the Lantern and if I was going to be appearing there.

“N-No,” I told him. “I, I’m finished with all that kind of work.”

“But you used to be a dancer,” persisted the smiling driver, stroking his white, goatee beard. “You got really nice legs, honey, and,” he hesitated and his teeth were gleaming in a huge smile as he thought how to tell me that I had a nice ass and breasts, I thought. Well, the best that money could buy, I should tell him.

“Is this the right place?” I asked, repeating the address.

“Yeah, it’s all this complex,” said the driver, waving an arm at the huge warehouses that seemed to block our way. “You just have to come through this driveway and the office you want is right there.”

We did draw up right in front of steps that led up to a doorway with a different number on it to the one Frank Williams had given me. The driver was round with the door open as I tried to protest I was in the wrong place. Only it wasn’t the wrong place, I saw, as Gerry and his friend came down the steps and Gerry extended his hand to help me slide out of the cab, taking my purse from me.

The other bodyguard paid off the grinning driver with five huge bills, I saw in fright. I had a man holding each of my arms as I teetered anxiously on my high heels and in my tight skirt up into a business office where I saw Donny Brown’s female assistant directing several very fit looking men who were carrying off boxes and crates to the warehouse beyond.

Donny Brown stood as I entered the office room at the back. "Thank you, Kathy," he said politely to the female assistant, who gave me such a venomous look that I didn't doubt that I'd dead right there if she had her way.

"My sister," said Donny as the girl walked away. "You don't have to sit down as you're not going to stay here," he added levelly, the calm, serious look on his face terrifying me.

"You have to answer for Mauro," Donny went on, as I just stared at him in frightened silence, "and for this." He switched on a recorder and there I was on tape, all girlish and cutesy, talking to Frank, trying to convince him that the massacre at the Corsica was all a plot by the man staring at me so pointedly.

Donny shut off the recorder. "Did you think that I was just going to let such an observant spy from inside Pick's chorus line," I winced at the sneer in his voice, "just walk away with all the information she," another wince at the stress he put on that, "has in her pretty, little head?"

"I, I'm for sale," I said, shivering in fear all over.

Donny shook his head and his face became expressionless. "No," he said. "You're not, are you, Melissa. You never have been, I think. You're like me. You'll lie to the people who are manipulating you when you have no other way out. Then, you'll strike without warning.

"I don't know how Pick missed that in you, that strength you have, to endure what you have to. Some of the girls recognized it in you, didn't they? You were the one they came to for advice. But they don't seem to be following it at the Lantern, do they?"

I shuddered. "They, they w-will," I muttered as I couldn't read his impassive face at all. "W-When sanity sets in and they realize they're really free. They, they are, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes," said Donny Brown. He smiled, trying to charm me, I was sure, though he needn't have bothered doing that if he'd known how truly scared I was. "They're free. I have another sawbuck coming from Gerry at Christmas if a story breaks about a tranny showgirl from the Lantern. Another sawbuck if it's also about a politician. I think it will be Diana, Drew Curry. You'll have to tell me how you figured that one out some day." I had a spark of hope but he dashed it right away. "If we both live that long."

"The cavalry is coming to the rescue," I said, working it out.

"To rescue the damsel in distress," said Donny Brown. "Pity that they'll arrive just too late to save the girl who ought to have been the bride at the wedding we staged, isn't it?"

"Could, could I ask f-for just a quick b-bullet?" I begged the man who was going to have me killed.

"After the agony Don Mauro must have gone through?" asked Donny Brown. "You have to answer for that."

"G-Gloating over me will only s-slow down your g-getaway," I told him, as Donny reached into his pocket and took out a cellphone.

Donny only said one word to the person he called and put his phone away, moving closer to me.

"They're on their way for you," Donny said. "Any other last words to say to me, more advice on how I should dispose of you? Dump you in the Director's bed and have the cops find a dead tranny hooker? I

have been trying to think of something creative, you see, something really fitting for a person like you.”

“S-Since I’ll b-be the dead b-body,” I said, a cold lump at the base of my stomach, “you can d-do with m-me what you l-like!” It was the last show of bravado I could muster. I thought I heard tramping feet on the other side of the door.

“I accept your offer,” said Donny Brown, putting his arms around me, lowering his head and putting his lips on mine. My senses were roiling enough with my imminent demise being negotiated between us. Why did he have to kiss me as if I was a woman as well? Just to mock me?

So, I knew that what I was feeling wasn’t real at all. It was just reaction, relief, hope, from the shock of not being killed right there and then. There was even a little glimmer of the last emotion that I might live, if I kissed him well enough, if I impressed him, if he liked my womanly way of kissing.

But the moment I pushed back at him letting my lips open and letting the tip of my tongue find his lips, Donny pulled back from me. I have to admit that I was a little puzzled, disappointed and really frightened as well.

“You don’t have to fake it with me,” Donny said sharply. “If you want to kiss me, then kiss me, Melissa. Don’t start all that stuff you were told you had to do in Fort George.” He grimaced at me. “I’ve seen and heard a lot of perverted, sordid tapes from D Block. You are on a lot of them.”

“Oh,” I said and shivered as I thought about some of the things I’d done in learning how to be a woman, how I’d had to learn to hold my hair back as I did a blow job on a man. Oh, how Jack what-

ever his name was had laughed as Natasha roped me for not doing it prettily and femininely enough as I gobbled on this jerk who'd left spittle on me when he kissed me. That was what we called what we had to do, gobbling a man. I so hated doing that. It was worse than having him fuck me, in my mind.

“What were you thinking about?” asked Donny, grabbing my wrists. He opened the door to the outer office. I swished through, held by him. He stopped and indicated the empty office. “No-one here,” he said, and let me go completely.

I didn't know what to do. “What, what ...?” I began, my thoughts scrambling. I guess the caged bird must have had similar thoughts to mine. It's all a trap. I'll run for the door and, and, Gerry and his grinning friend will step in front of me, guns in their hands, or maybe a knife, or a garrotte.

“You can leave any time,” said Donny Brown, his face impassive again. “I'm not keeping you here, Melissa. I'm not kissing or holding you against your will. You said you wanted to be the real you again. There's the open door.

“That black car there has a key in it and your suitcase. Drive away. There's money in your purse. Drive away. Go to Chicago and look up Doctor Allington. He's the one who did the cosmetic surgery on you. He'll undo what he did if that's what you want. Drive away, Melissa, or I'll have to kiss you again.”

“But, but,” I gasped. “You don't like girls like me and, besides, Gerry said ...” I had to stop then.

“That I only make love to married women,” said Donny with the wryest of grins. “That's true. I won't make any exception to my rules.”

“What’s going to happen now?” I blurted out.
“The car will blow up when I turn on the ignition?”

“Still thinking about yourself and surviving all this?” asked Donny sarcastically. He took my arm but, when I resisted, he let me go. He went to the door, waiting for me. The steps were very steep for my high heels as he helped me down. He went up to the car, opened it, started it and got out.

“Can you drive a car in high heels like those?” asked Donny. “My last wife couldn’t at all.” I stared at him. “I’ve been married three times,” he added. “That’s me, a three-time loser. Can you drive this car?”

“I, I think so,” I said, though I’d never seen a car so long and sleek before.

“Let’s do a test drive,” said Donny, getting out and going round to the passenger side where he got in.

I was actually free. I was driving Donny Brown in the leased car. There was money in my purse. All I had to do was let him off at this small airstrip.

“You’d better stop here,” said Donny as we got close to the parking lot.

I pulled over to the side of the road. It hadn’t been easy to drive in high heels. I’d made a few mistakes but Donny had been very kind when I’d missed my acceleration into a gap because of my heels.

“Put the car in Park,” Donny said, looking ahead as if he’d seen something he didn’t like. He looked out the back, making me shiver.

“What is it?” I asked him anxiously.

“This,” Donny said. He leaned over in the car and kissed me. This time, I didn’t do any of the tricks I’d learned. I just let him kiss me because he seemed to want to. After a little while, he didn’t seem to want to stop. I didn’t want him to, either.



“I know I shouldn’t say this to another man,” said Donny, a lopsided smile on his face right up against mine, “but you really do taste good, Melissa. And the perfume you are wearing is eating at my guts. How do you get your skin to be so soft and little girlish? It isn’t all moisturizing, is it? You did know that Pick was having all of you girls fed with female hormones, didn’t you?”

I didn’t. The look on my face told him how awful and horrible I felt about that. I shuddered at the wheel of the car as Donny took his hands away from me.

“They did, did th-that to us, as well?” I asked him, thinking of all the thoughts that had gone through my head lately, the womanly thoughts about when Don Mauro had me, thoughts that came back again and again to me, as Donny kissed me. I’d thought that it wouldn’t be so bad if he, if he, no, I refused to think any further.

“It only just started with you and the dancing class girls like Priscilla and Suzanne,” said Donny. “So, I don’t think it can have had much effect on you yet. Since you won’t be in the club, you won’t be taking them any more, the hormones, anyway, unless you decide you want to.”

“I don’t want to,” I told him hotly.

“Good,” Donny said. “Well, I really should get out of this town. It’s getting a little too hot for me. Would you like a ride to Chicago?”

I stared at him. I really should go and see Assistant Director Williams. That’s what I should do.

“I wouldn’t go near Frankie Boy if I were you,” said Donny, his arm, along the back of the seat, allowing him to stroke the curve of my hair about my

ear and earring. A shiver went through me as he did it, as if I was a woman in the car with him. "He's going to hide you away somewhere and keep you as a weapon against me. Even though, I did in the end exactly what he wanted me to. If you go with him, don't say that to him. That would lead to your extinction in a car accident."

"I, I just would like to be safe for a while," I said, squirming in my skirt and feeling like a woman, sounding like one as well.

"There's only one place, Melissa, where you can be safe," said Donny and he turned my head back to face him. "And that's with me."

The kiss he gave me was not like the gentle exploration from before. This was a forceful, prying kiss that really did make all my senses spin. I was totally aware of all the feminine parts of myself, even the panties that I had on and the stockings gripping my smooth legs. I twisted in the car seat as the man beside me wanted to devour my lips. I wanted him to do that as well.

Donny moved right over against me and told me to drive the car forward into the parking lot proper and park again. "Moment of truth, Melissa," he said to me as Gerry's security partner came darting forward to open the back of the car. "Take the car, the money, the cellphone, and go your own way.

"Frank will finally figure it out it was you on the phone to him. He'll be after you. He'll have you framed as some kind of girl friend of Pick's, I'd guess. He won't care whether you're really a girl or not. The only way a girl like you can be safe is to come with me or you can give me a goodbye kiss and go."

I tried the goodbye kiss but it didn't work at all. It couldn't as Donny kissed me with such passion and desire that I really did believe the lying bastard that I wouldn't be safe with anyone but him. That's what I've been telling myself for a few years since I murmured to him, "May I come with you as far as Chicago?"

The staff on the small, luxurious jet airplane were delighted to see 'Miss Zerbinsky' board with 'Mr Brown'. The air hostesses said that with such a laugh that I knew that wasn't the name that Donny was travelling under.

"What name are you using now?" I asked Donny as the airplane taxied down the runway.

"You have to pay me for me to tell you," said Dante Mozzano, knowing I didn't have any money. We worked out a deal. He accepted kisses in payment, five for each of his names and aliases, until he finally told me when we reached Chicago that I had them all.

"I like kissing you," Dante said to me, my body in torment as I liked kissing him so much as well. I shouldn't, he shouldn't, knowing what was hidden in my lace-trimmed panties. We circled around Chicago, waiting for permission to land. "It made this part of the trip very pleasant," Donny whispered in my ear, easing my long hair back which made me shudder girlishly. "The second part is going to be lonely as I have to sleep on the leg to New York. You can't be with me as Bonnie and Shirl make this into a sleeping compartment for me."

"I understand," I said, feeling very strange. I really didn't want to leave Donny, or Dante, not now I'd kissed him so much. I thought that he actually

liked the Melissa that I'd become. I'd been having the same sort of thoughts that I had sometimes when I'd been in Don Mauro's arms, though I'd never tell Donny that, reminding him I had to pay for Don Mauro's death in some way.

"It's my reputation, of course," said Donny, um, Dante, then. "I only sleep with married women, you know."

"So I heard," I said, buckling in as we began a descent into another small landing field.

"So, Melissa Zerbinsky," Donny said with one of his wry smiles. "Will you marry me and come with me to New York and places further east?"

"Wh-What do you m-mean?" I gasped at him, sitting up and trying to unbuckle my seatbelt and get away.

"If we're married, you'll be a married woman," said Donny, I mean Dante, quite seriously, his arm about me cuddling me to him. "Then I can sleep with you, all the way into New York."

"I, I can't marry you!" I hissed at him. "I, I'm not like Victoria!"

"Not a little bit gay?" laughed Donny. "Pity, as I'm not, either. That's why I'm going to marry you, Melissa Zerbinsky, right here on this plane, in the lovely dress that is waiting for you in the aft cabin, the one you couldn't go into. The girls are dieing to dress you in it. I'm going to look like an awful idiot if you walk away from me now and get a cab into Chicago. Please, Melissa, don't make me look bad to my employees. Marry me and let me make love to you all night long, and then to Florida."

“Florida?” I asked him with a start, my insides feeling as if they were tied in a knot, a pretty, feminine bow actually. Donny picked up my manicured hand and began to kiss it as we landed.

“I want to see you in the bikini,” said Donny. “Gerry says that I don’t know what I missed by not being with you by the pool with Diana Curry in his bikini as well. Your answer, Melissa is really a free one. You really are free, believe me, to leave any time you want, from our marriage as well, if it turns out not to be what you really want. But I do want to see my gorgeous, shapely wife in her black bikini, I really do.”

“I, I shouldn’t make you look bad to your employees, should I?” I had to say then, a huge lump in my stomach, as the wheels touched down. I knew that my life would never be what it once had been. I can’t do this, I was thinking wildly as I did it, anyway, not holding anything back as I decided I was, yes, I was, a woman.

“She said ‘Yes’, people,” Donny yelled. There was shrieking and whistling from the front and back of the plane. My future husband unbuckled me. I hadn’t noticed that he had buckled me in. He almost lay on top of me as he kissed and kissed me, so much more forcefully than he had earlier as we traded kisses for names.

The plane’s crew became frantic as I was hauled to my feet and kidnapped by laughing girls. I had to go back to the locked cabin, now unlocked, and there it was, the dress and veil I’d worn as a substitute bride in Las Vegas. The girls at least let me use their bathroom to change into the exquisite, female lingerie I’d worn before with my bridal gown.

The female flight attendants were the ones who put the garter on my thigh. Each told me that I had to throw it to Jake, one of the pilots, as he'd blush and that was so pretty on a man. I was blushing myself all through the arranging of my hair and makeup, the placing of flowers in my hands and the walk through the plane, the girls taking pictures as a pastor was there, smiling at me as we went through the oldest of wedding ceremonies, a so manly Dante Mozzano and me, a trembling, feminized Melissa Zerbinsky.

I rued the whole thing all the way through, quivering behind my veil, my earrings so cold and shivery at my neck. I felt so idiotic! I was a bride! I loved every swirl of my dress and tug that aroused my breasts and femininity to heights I hadn't known were in me.

I knew someone was going to point it out at any moment as I blushed so girlishly as I whispered, "I do". I promised to honor, love and obey my newly wedded husband. I had a golden ring on my finger as Donny lifted my veil when the pastor said he could. Then my husband kissed my trembling feminine lips with his manly ones. Ooo-o-o-o, it wasn't so idiotic any more.

Donny, I called him that, held me as champagne flowed freely. New pilots, new air hostesses and old bodyguards joined us, all of the men having to kiss me and greet me as 'Mrs Mozzano', which made me tingle all over in my low-cut, white, silk and satin dress. The first air hostesses were to sleep in the aft cabin while the others prepared the bed for us, silk streamers all about the cabin and windows that were effectively blacked out.

“We’ll get the dress in the morning,” said one of the new girls. Finally I was alone with Donny, my husband, confetti in our hair and down my dress, in the small area, a bed ready for us, shut off from the pilots and the hostesses.

Donny kissed me and immediately began to undo all the work that the girls had put into making me look womanly and beautiful. “I’ve been wanting to tear the clothes off you since the first moment I saw you,” he murmured in my jewelled ear as I pressed myself against him. “If Morry hadn’t died making love to you, I’d have had him shot so that I could have you. You have to make up for Morry by making sure I die in the same way, in your arms, making passionate love to you.”

Since we hadn’t done more than kiss one another, I had to hope that I’d turn out to be all the girl my husband expected me to be. Donny was in such a hurry to have me that he didn’t even get around to taking off my garter and my stockings until we’d made love completely. And he knew I wasn’t faking it at all as I was aroused as he was. He loved my little clit, covering it with my panties and squeezing me, even while he bounced me around our bed on his manhood in such dominating fashion that I thought the plane would surely break apart.

Donny told me for the first time that I was never going to change myself and make myself into another kind of woman. He wanted me just as I was. He wanted to know that I wasn’t doing my imitation of Meg Ryan which I’d taught so many of the girls in my classes.

It took me a year to get used to calling my husband ‘Dante’. I had to do that, he said, as he had purchased some title in Italy. I was entitled to be

called 'Contessa', which he and all the people who worked for him, called me all the time. It has really made me feel like a woman of the world. When I go to the Milan and Paris fashion shows, I'm fawned over all the time as the designers know my husband will buy anything that I like, save for trousers and pants.

The Lantern Revue was in Monte Carlo. Dante and I went to see the fabulous girls. They really are fantastic dancers and strippers. The muscular male dancers they've added really add to the nude ballets they do where Priscilla and her new husband, Giorgio, are the stars. They certainly have the chemistry of a man and woman in love in the way that they dance and how they glide over and about one another.

Dante was mean and wouldn't let me go and talk to my old friends. "They might give you ideas," he told me. "Especially that Diana. She's in all the gossip columns, have you noticed? If she slept with half the men that they say she has, she'd be having a different man every night."

I didn't tell him but that was how we'd been in the chorus line and the dancing class all the time.

"You will have to be content with just one man for the rest of your life, mia Contessa Melissa," Dante told me in his garbled Italian. He speaks it worse than I do.

But there's one thing that he does so astoundingly well that I can forgive him for all the ways he controls my life, making me attend fashion shows, and gala balls all the time, showing me off as his loving and adoring, trophy wife to the most important people in the world. Dante is the most exhaust-

ing and wonderful lover of a woman that I've ever known! And I did have a lot of men! I can forgive him anything for his compliments to me when I wear a dark bikini that he loves. Not that it stays on me for long.

It's why I love the life of womanhood that I've chosen. My husband is envied by other men, he says. I know that women are really jealous of me, especially when my husband will not have an affair with any of them. He's still keeping to his mantra of sleeping only with a married woman. And I've totally accepted now that that is what I am.

***** *End******