



Reluctant Press

Lady's Secret

Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

TWO 'SPECTRUM' STORIES

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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LADY'S SECRET

By Evie. Kay

“You tell us your secrets and we'll show you ours!” proclaimed the hostess, as one passed through the portals of one particular night spot of the city.

Those who asked, .“Just what is Lady's Secret?” got the coy response, “Don't you know that every lady has a secret? Enjoy yourself, and see if you can't find out for yourself.”

It took a lot of hard work to make the club a success even before the doors had opened, but it was worth it. Now one of the hottest clubs in town, it was also one of the most exclusive. What made it so was not that it was a membership (or “key”) club. This club had them, certainly, but any and all were welcome. Yet only a relative few were privy to its secrets, hence the latter part of the bistro's name.

Lady's Secret was more than just a dining experience with staged entertainment. Looking deceptively small outside, Lady's Secret was a carnival, a circus of sorts. To many people, it was many things.

To the underworld, it seemed to be a gay bar. This worked out fine as a deterrent, as the club did not want to be hassled by the Mob and that sector did not seem to want the taint of association with such a place . To a number of men, it was known as a strip joint for women, similar to Chippendales. To some women, it was just another one of those topless bars, where shameless bimbos strut their voluminous bare chests, to the carnal delight of lecherous men. To the less-initiated, it was a dining experience that had a respectable floor show of music and dancing. Lady's Secret was more than a catchy name for a nitery.

Just what was Lady's Secret? It was all of these things... and more!

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“Pammi, could you bring the receipts in from last night, please?” the pleasant voice crackled over the private intercom. “We may not get hassled by anyone else, but the IRS is always around, right on time!”

Pamela Hoskins—affectionately called Pammi—soon wiggled her tight, leather-skirted bottom into her boss' office. Arriving at her desk, she passed to her employer, Diane Elliot, the records of the previous night's business. After offering Pammi a seat, Diane said, "I pay you to look at these things before I do, to soften the blow. Okay, I'm ready... let me have it."

As she sat, Pammi's skirt rode high, even as her blouse became amazingly taut as she moved forward in the seat, allowing braless nipples to punctuate the silken material. She made no effort to pull the skirt down and crossed her gartered, black-stockinged legs, letting one three-inch stiletto-heeled shoe rock, as the foot therein limply dangled.

Choosing her words carefully, Pammi hesitated before speaking, running her fingers through her voluminous black mane.

"Well," Pammi sighed heavily, "everything seems to be going well..."

"But," Diane said, "you didn't say it yet. So, spit it out, already!"

"Well... remember the idea of the expansion of the voyeur sex show?"

"Yes..."

"Remember how it was suggested that, if we bought out the store next door, to acquire its pornographic books and novelties, we could have a business that was open twenty-four hours a day? The club itself would be open at night, but the sex shows from the club could operate around the clock."

As Pammi paused, Diane said, "Yes, I know all that. As I recall, it was all your idea. You said, instead of showing video peeps, we could go one better, with live-action. Since we had the willing customers and personnel, the only expense would be in paying the help."

Pammi continued, "Well, since it's the beginning of the month, and you never ask for day-to-day receipts from the store, included in this report is a copy of the store's receipts, along with the first month of the new peeps."

Diane looked concerned at hearing Pammi's disheartening tone of voice. "Are you saying now that you were wrong? That it wasn't a good idea, after all?"

Pammi twisted her mouth in a half-pout. "We-e-ell... yes and no."

"Explain."

"It was a good idea, financially. We've been able to get people to use the room, knowing that they were going to be watched. The day-timers pay us a fee for the use of the room, with its plush surroundings, for less money than the cost of a cheap motel room. Even though it isn't totally private, no one that uses the room is afraid of being seen by the 'wrong' people. Everyone does whatever they want. The money that we're paid is used as an account against room clean-ups and having to pay our people."

"Okay. So, what's the problem?"

Pammi sighed heavily. "Those that used the booths in the store, have not been, shall we say, 'sanitary'. Well, to be fair, let's not say everyone's been doing it. Even some, though, is more than enough!"

Diane shook her long red tresses back and laughed, "Honey! I thought you were going to tell me something like they found a way to tunnel into the room and were molesting the people in there! It would be nice if they didn't leave their spunk behind when they jerked off in there, but it happens! I knew that! A while ago, with the videos, I starting paying people to clean up every night for the job. Now there's a degrading job!"

Pammi really pouted now. "Well, I didn't know that! Since it was the first month, I wanted you to be proud of my idea. I wanted to be able to give you a sterling report. I personally inspected those booths before the store closed... evidently before they were cleaned... before coming into the club last night! Euuuw! I nearly gagged! I'll swallow it any,day, but to see it all over, dried and smelly...?! Yuck!"

Diane now sighed herself. "Well, maybe it wasn't such a great idea, after all. At least, it was extra money. You know how much we spend on paraphernalia for the other rooms, downstairs. Utilizing the store, we not only bought for our customer's free use in the rooms, we bought for the store, to sell outright, for a profit. We've been working from a profit, to be able to buy the store that already happened to be there, and the booths were an extension of that. It'll be no problem to shut that part of it down. We don't need the Board of Health on our backs, complaining about the sanitary conditions of a 'dirty' book store!"

"We have enough trouble from them for the club!" exclaimed Diane.

Pammi giggled again, at that remark.

Diane then took her by the hand, and having Pammi stand, she wrapped her arms around her slim waist.

"I'll look at the books later. C'mon now, gimme a wet one," said Diane.

Pammi then met Diane's mouth in an engaging buss, lingering a few moments to allow their tongues to entwine.

Diane began caressing Pammi's rear, in an effort to futilely raise her skirt. Diane stopped, and breaking the kiss, said, "Dammit, girl! I like wearing leather myself sometimes, but do you have to have to wear the skirt so tight?" She then whined, "I wanted a little pussy..."

"I could take it off..." Pammi hinted.

"No," Diane said in resignation, "it's just as well." Then, with a smile, she added, "Maybe later. I should go out there and make a presence in the club."

"Okay," Pammi said. Then she deliberately wiggled her rear seductively as she left the office, returning to her desk.

A few minutes later, Diane passed Pammi's desk, looking businesslike for the benefit of the world, having even tied the end of her long red hair with a big black bow.

She wore a pale peach blouse offset by a collarless gray jacket, adorned with only one huge button, with a matching gray skirt that barely covers the knees. With modest gray pumps, Diane's legs were nonetheless sexily shielded with smoky black, seamed stockings.

Although the club was spacious, still, it did not take long to stride across to the main dining area where musical entertainment was offered.

The "specialty" areas were downstairs, in what was a long-unused dank basement, and were one of the 'secrets' in "Lady's Secret."

The property used to be a small theatre, with the basement being used for mostly props and dressing rooms. With the ceiling of the former theatre area lowered, there was no more balcony, creating spacious living quarters, accessible only by Diane and Pammi from the inside; there was an outside entrance, as well.

Actually there were two basements, one being dug anew underneath the old one. They were both used for anything practiced between consenting adults...straight sex, group sex, transvestism or homosexuality for example. These acts took place in a number of re-furnished, spacious rooms and "apartments".

On the main floor there was a male strip area, as well as a female strip show. Both were separated from the main dining room and general entertainment area.

As Diane emphasized to her help, this is what earns the extra revenue, and was to be offered to regular customers only.

Diane was very soon spotted by a familiar figure, who said, "Well, if it isn't Lady Di! Come now, give a kiss!"

Now you know who the "Lady" in the name of the club is. This nickname was given to Diane, being borrowed, of course, from the original owner from across the ocean.

"Hello, Sasha," greeted Diane, with a kiss to his cheek. "Did you bring your boyfriend tonight, or will you be dining alone instead?"

"The dear boy is parking the car," said Sasha. "But you know I'll never give up hoping that Peter will return."

"Oh, Sasha. Must we go through this routine every time I see you? Peter was only here to set things up for me when I opened this place up, over a year ago. He's gone on to bigger and better things. He's the vagabond type, making friends all over the world. That way, if he ever gets into a jam, at least he'll have a place to lay his head, before moving on."

"I bet I could make him settle down, if I had the chance..."

"Maybe you would give him pause at that," Diane smiled wistfully. "Somehow, though, I figure Peter as a man who wouldn't be 100% faithful to you, even if he loved you dearly. He would need some pussy from time to time."

"Oh, you're just saying that to be mean," pouted Sasha. Then, with a sigh, he said, "Oh, well. One can only hope."

"And you always do THAT," said Diane with a grin.

“Well, you never know. You just wait and see! The day I give up on him, that dear boy will walk right through that door, with another man in his arms and I'll be kicking myself for the rest of my life.”

“We all have our dreams, dear Sasha,” said Diane. Then, she moved on to talk to the hostess at the entrance.

“Hiya, chief,” Diane was greeted.

“Evening, Holly. Everything okay?”

“It's early, Di, but no problems yet. We're still getting people who hear about the place and want to skip the dining room for the 'main event',” said Holly Folger, Diane's chief hostess.

“Well, even though we've been here a while, we're still a bit new. Our food and entertainment are first-rate. You know as well as I do that word-of-mouth got us here, and the 'word-of-mouth' has not been the cuisine!”

“Yeah... I do,” Holly giggled, making the exposed flesh of her bosom ripple, as it popped from the top of her dress.

“Besides,” said Diane, “we're in business because we know our customers and what they like in order to keep them happy. It costs money to do that. We're not running a sideshow here. This way, everybody's happy, for the most part!”

“I know all that, Di,” said Holly. “Sometimes, though, I get a gut feeling about certain people who want the 'dessert' before the 'main course'. I just know it and hate to turn them away or discourage them until they show that they'll come back.”

“I know, dear. And I know that you're not just being a soft touch. That's why you're up front and in charge. But you also know that the rules would be this way if we were just a straight but exclusive restaurant. We have to be leery of troublemakers. Especially for what we do on the side. If we're lucky and careful, we'll never be in trouble because we're double-sure of our players, our consenting adults. Our success has been in covering our asses before there's trouble, not after and being suspicious of every new face, even new regulars. Never for a minute do we forget that what we do here can be spoiled, by a few.”

She continued.

“We're doing something not wholly illegal here. And while we're on the subject, it bares repeating...Even though a number of your girls were former prostitutes... you included... nobody hooks for themselves in this club! I pay you well enough, Holly, but if you need extra money, you do it elsewhere. I don't care if you're still in the business. That's your problem if you've broken my trust. Just so long as you don't do it here, for me to find out. This place was created as a safe haven of sorts, for everyone to ply their trade without fear. Everything goes into one pot, to be shared by all. Everyone is well-paid. Only tips go in bras and jockstraps.

“I do my best to make sure that you and all who participate downstairs are always clean. I wouldn't appreciate it, though, if you're taking advantage of my generosity, by working outside on a regular basis.

“Remember, if someone catches something, I'm obligated to track down the regular that gave it to him or her, as well. I have to decide whether the regular stays or goes.

“And I know you've heard this song and dance before, but it bears repeating... As far as drugs go...Not... in... MY... place!

“Anyone caught doing drugs... selling, buying or taking... will be escorted out. This is one of the primary reasons I have bouncers.

“Downstairs, anyone who feels a need to add it to their enjoyment will be asked to stop, or leave. If anyone refuses to obey either request, then either myself, Pammi or Sergio is to be notified immediately. If we're not within sight or arm's reach, all the girls are supposed to know where the 'panic buttons' are. Pressing this will bring all of us, instantly.

“There will be no excuses about 'not wanting to get someone in trouble.' We screen closely, so we know that we can trust our personnel. Nothing is foolproof forever, though, unless you're very fortunate.

“Anything's possible, so there's no reason why I can't be.

“Our regulars pay a fee, at the beginning of the year. This is the time when we officially allow new regulars to become players, for anything they want... except food and liquor, which is paid for in the dining areas... and we oblige. Again, within reason.

“We don't do bondage or S and M, or anything that humiliates a human being. Otherwise, if all partners enjoy themselves and everyone can leave here happy, then go for it!

“In any event, as far as the yearly fee is concerned, no money changes hands immediately and it is not always for sex that it is used, so no one can say that this is some new kind of 'cathouse'.

“What if you're lenient with some and not with others who just happen to be influential? They can become offended... and boom!

“Up front, most of this place is harmless voyeurism, if that. There are a lot of people, though, who frown on fun, much less sex!

“There's always someone there to make something out of nothing. Some of them are rabble-rousers who'll just make noise, true. But there are others who can do something, who can and will cause trouble for us.”

She paused to let her words sink in, then continued.

“You've got a good heart, Holly, and it is appreciated. That's the reason you're in charge of the hostesses. Always remember, though, hon... the truly sincere will understand the rites of passage when they're told to wait, and they will be back, to become regulars we know and trust. These are the customers we want, because they will keep us in business.”

“When you're right, you're right, Diane,” Holly observed. With a sigh, she added, “I guess that's why you're the boss. If this place goes down the tubes, you lose more than a job!”

“You got that right!” Diane grinned, then she moved on.

As she strolled on, Diane was pleased with herself, seeing the success of her club, its fullness.

Passing through the dining area, she noted her topless waitresses. To be fair, there were just as many topless waiters. Not one server had an assigned table until an order was placed. It was all determined by the people sitting there.

As noted by reservations, an all-female table got a man, as did the male gay customers, sent by an alert maitre d'. The reverse was true for an all-male table or lesbians. Then, there were the new walk-in customers who got either sex with a quickly-donned top, so as not to offend.

If after taking their orders, they wondered why their help was clothed or a certain gender, accommodations were easily made for the remainder of their stay, to keep them happy.

Part of the club's success was the repeated attentiveness of the personnel, always knowing when to approach the table without becoming a nuisance.

The help also knew that they were going to be propositioned, touched, and even fondled. Some expected it, and even looked forward to it, perhaps being asked to join a regular guest, downstairs. Of course, they always had the option of refusal.

Diane now greeted her maitre d', Sergio Manetti. "How goes it, Serge?"

"All in all, pretty well. I'm continually asked why you have a chief hostess and a maitre d', though."

"You know as well as I do, that you're in charge of the dining area. The girls handle the general incoming and Holly is in charge of them."

"I know that," Sergio laughs. "It's just that they don't. I'm just making conversation. You planned this 'off-the-wall' place well. It's only the uninitiated that wonder."

"Well, next time someone 'wonders', just tell them that I believe in equal-opportunity. If anything, it's good for publicity." Diane ended her statement with a fondle of Sergio's rear through his pants and a quick kiss to his face's cheek, which made him jump slightly.

"I wish you wouldn't do that. We're in public," he whispered out of the side of his mouth.

"Why, darling! Would you finally like to go someplace 'private', so I can sample your wares? It's early, so we have a pick of the rooms downstairs," Diane teased.

"You know what I mean!" Sergio said, getting a little flustered.

"I'm only teasing you, honey. Still, you know that I've been kissing everyone and anyone that comes into my club or works for me, and you're the only one who's uncomfortable. It's not as if I grabbed your cock through your pants for the world to see! Frankly, I'm surprised at you. You were the first man to kiss me, and you know it!"

"Yeah... well," Sergio cleared his throat, "When I first saw you, you got me horny before we even met! Anyway, that was a long time ago."

"Are you saying that you don't love me anymore?" Diane teased, playfully pouting.

Sergio just grinned, knowing that Diane wasn't serious.

“Okay. It isn't like I have to be worried. You are spoken for. I'll work on not jumping so much. Just give me fair warning...”

“Okay. I'll go back to my office and brush up on my semaphore,” said Diane, patting Sergio's face. As she walked away, Diane gave her rear a deliberate wiggle for Sergio's benefit.

Once back in her office, Diane picked up Pammi's financial report. After thumbing through it briefly, she said to herself with a sigh, *“I've got all night to look at this. God, I'm horny! I thought walking it off would put my mind off of it, even though I knew that I was going to see the waitresses wag their boobs and buns. Once I got to the office area and saw Pammi's tits peeking through her top, and those nipples denting the material, I got the fire back!”*

“Sasha Nelson is a good friend and he's brought a lot of customers here. I really should let him in my inner circle of friends, and soon! He's become too valuable a friend, to waste for so long.

“I should let him know too, once and for all, that he can never have Peter Fell all to himself and that ol' Pete is really closer than I've led him to believe.”

While thinking, Diane raised her skirt and was about to go into her panties, when Pammi walked in.

“Hello, Pammi love. You know me so well, it's spooky. Your timing... as always... is perfect.”

Pammi just smiled enigmatically. After locking the door behind her, she came around the desk and kneeled before her employer. She raised her own skirt with some ease after her knees touched the carpeted floor, and she lowered her panties somewhat.

Pammi, noting the smoothness of her manipulations, silently laughed to herself. She was recalling earlier, when Diane complained of difficulty with Pammi's clothing. She knew, however, that it was only anxiety on Diane's part that caused her momentary inability.

Pammi then deftly unbuttoned her blouse with one hand, even as she reached for Diane's penis, removing it from inside her panties.

As Pammi begins her sweet suction, Diane reflected... as she has many times past... the bitter year that had so recently gone by. Diane recalled why she has been so 'trouble-conscious.' She was ever leery, mindful of how it can show up at any quarter, why it is always on her mind, so it would never catch her unaware. She knew how truly fortunate she had been.

Peter Fell grew up in Anytown, Suburbia, U.S.A. It was like any other suburban area, anywhere in the country. Only the people there made it different. Peter Fell

would never be able to contribute anything to making his neighborhood famous for very long, if he, indeed, became famous at all.

“Yo, Pete! We're getting together a game of touch football and...”

“Sorry, can't,” Peter cut his friend off. “I've Gotta go home and help my mom.”

“Hey, you turning into a 'Momma's boy?”

“Whoa! Cut it right there!” Peter exclaimed. “You know my mom's recently divorced. Things haven't been that great since, and she's struggling to make ends meet. I'm just trying to help out. Be real, man! Show that you understand what I'm trying to do here. You might find yourself a human being!”

“Yeah... Well...”

“Catch you later. Maybe another time, huh?”

“Yeah... Maybe.”

This is the routine Peter chose for himself, with little hints from his mother. She had found it quite difficult to handle home upkeep as well as earning a living to support the two of them. Peter stepped in voluntarily, in order to help.

Not long after, Peter reaches home. Having prepared dinner, it is ready when his mother, Julie, comes home from work.

“Ooooh, honey. That smells good!” she appraised the scent wafting in the air. Peter blushed at the compliment.

“C'mere,” Julie entreats.

Peter shyly walked over to where his mother was sitting at the kitchen table.

Julie held his hand tightly.

“Y'know,” she began, “it hasn't been easy these past few months. Your dad and I had our problems for a long time, and you're old enough to know that it was another woman that came between us...”

“Aw, Mom. You don't have to do this. Like you said, I know what happened. It's okay. Besides, with Dad gone, what difference does this make anymore?”

“No. No, Peter. I'm not bringing up old hurts again. I just wanted to say that you were old enough to know what was going on, what had happened, and you could've gone with your father. After all, the two of you were very close. The court left it up to you, since you weren't a little child. I-I-I'm so glad you chose me. I'd have gone nuts being alone, after all these years...”

Julie Fell began crying and Peter held his mother close to him, in reassurance.

“I love you, Mom. I'll always be there for you.”

In an effort to change the subject, he said, “Hey! I'm trying something new for dinner. Chicken cacciatore! Please say you're hungry!”

Julie knew what he was trying to do, and said, “Mmmm, now I recognize the scent. Lemme freshen up, and we'll eat. Okay?”

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It had been a number of months that Julie had been without a steady, dependable bedpartner. Her husband would claim out-of-town business trips being the reason.

The truth was, however, Ken Fell had become enamored by a newly-hired secretary. She was not hindered by the fact that he was married. A harmless flirtation started by him, attracting the sexy-looking woman, was getting out of hand... with her encouragement. A stolen kiss led to a full-bloomed affair, and a later promotion gave Ken the idea to invent a story for his wife. He explained that extra money meant more responsibility. That, according to him, necessitated the business trips "out of town." Clever as he was, though, Ken overplayed his hand.

Two of the Fells' neighbors were out to dinner one night. It was their anniversary and it was decided to go to someplace special. They went to the ritziest part of town that they would not normally be able to afford.

Ken could, since the new raise accompanying the promotion. He chose not to take his wife. Without Ken's knowledge, the sighting became neighborhood gossip.

The gossip eventually was overheard by Julie. One domino toppled another, as Julie finally felt that... with the gossip continuing ... it was time to confront Ken. Ken did not put up a convincing argument.

Julie kept after him, even after Ken's admission. Because the little time she did have with her bedmate was becoming increasingly rare. She rightfully wanted her share as his wife.

As far as Ken was concerned, Julie was not unattractive. Sylvia Ross, the secretary, though, was forbidden fruit much too good to pass up. Now that everything was out in the open and Sylvia was still willing, Sylvia's bed was more and more inviting.

Julie hired a private detective for positive proof. It was secured, and upon confrontation, it was Ken, rather than Julie, who asked for separation.

Peter and his father had always gotten along. Ken had always found time for his son, especially now that Peter was almost finished with school and the two of them, "could really do 'man things' together," to quote Ken.

They became so close that it came as a complete surprise, when Peter was given the choice to whom he would stay with, that he chose his mother.

Peter privately mollified his dad with the statement that Ken would not need him "hanging around" while his father was trying to make his way with sexy Sylvia. Ken ate up the praise, and honored Peter's decision, and promised to keep in touch with his son. However, the contacts became few and far apart. Peter was, for all intents and purposes, mostly forgotten.

No one could have foreseen outcome of Ken's indifference to his only son. Peter's birthday was approaching and Ken, feeling that he should make some sort of "special gesture" toward his progeny, called Peter.

"Wanna go to a ball game, Petey?" asked the prodigal father. Peter loved baseball and would have killed to go to the game normally.

He had promised his Mom, however, that they two of them would go to the new pizza place across town. That was as "special" a time as she could afford on her salary

and Peter knew it. He was torn. The game was tempting, but he HAD made a promise to Mom and he knew what an effort she was making for him. He wrestled with his conscience as his father waited on the other end of the line.

“Sorry, Dad,” he finally blurted out. “Mom's taking me out for pizza.”

“But, Peter, I bought the tickets just for you.”

“I know, Dad. I'm sorry.” Peter had to force the words out. He would have LOVED to go to the game, his Dad's company notwithstanding.

“Uh, okay, Pete, if that's the way you feel about it...” Ken said. The words were bitter. Then, a click and the line went dead. Peter was unhappy that he wasn't going to see the game, but he knew that he was doing the right thing.

When the mother and son returned from their little celebration at the pizza parlor, a policeman was waiting at the door to their modest home. His expression suggested that he didn't have good news to deliver.

Hours later, Peter and his mother struggled to come to terms with what they had been told. Ken had had an accident on the way home from the game. Under the influence of several ball park beers, he had veered out of his lane on the highway. Swerving to avoid an oncoming station wagon, he hit a phone pole. He died instantly.

According to the police, had Peter been in the car with his father, he, too, would have been killed. There was no way anyone could have survived the crash. Peter wrestled with the conflicting emotions warring inside him for months afterward. Julie, forced to get back into the working world, left Peter to care for the home. Julie very much appreciated him taking the responsibility; this served to encourage Peter to go well beyond the call of duty.

Julie only asked that he not put any unnecessary burden on her, now that she was working outside the home. She requested that he keep his room clean and pick up after himself.

Peter followed through admirably on the orders and he kept the whole house spotless. He went from cooking from time to time, to cooking on a regular basis. He added laundering, both his own as well as his mother's to his duties.

Julie Fell had a beauty that could compete with her younger peers. Striving to keep that beauty, now single again, Julie kept her body in top shape.

As fetching as she was, she was aware she had lost her husband to a more captivating woman. She took to wearing dainty, sexy underthings, along with provocative outerwear.

Inevitably, this was noticed by Peter.

As Peter now did her soiled laundry, as he saw her dress provocatively, he came to know just how sexy his mother was, outside and underneath. Growing up, he had not

given any thought to his mother's sexuality. Yet, the laundry which began as a duty, became more than a pleasure.

Peter began to pay more attention to what she wore on the outside, also. It became something to look forward to... doing the laundry, and in particular her lingerie... as he never got the chance to see her undressed enough to note exactly what Julie wore underneath.

Doing things for his mother and home, Peter found less time for outside pursuits. Slowly adjusting to a homebound routine, when he found that he DID have time for himself, Peter felt too tired to take advantage of it. Peter simply found it more gratifying to be home, taking care of it, while his mother was the breadwinner.

Now finished with school, as subsequent years went by, Peter had more than enough time for extra-curricular activities. Having gotten into his ritual of taking care of their home, Peter no longer had the desire to do things with others and his friends found others to be with instead of waiting around for when Peter would not be "exhausted".

Peter, since shortly after the onset of puberty, had been relatively sexually active. These feelings would not be denied, despite his energy level. Masturbation became his source of relief, a welcome alternative that was more and more relied upon.

Over a period of time in these later years, with Peter lacking a sexual partner and his subsequent notice of Julie's sensuous underthings, the delicate clothing gradually became an additional trigger for fantasy, and therefore, sexual release. Peter would see an article of clothing, and it would become a trigger for sexual thoughts.

Initially, all he had to do was see the article for a trip to a sexual Fantasyland. Later, he moved to touching it, holding in his hand, actually caressing the material. From there, he had to hold it against himself, imagining a sexy woman there-in.

Finally, it became necessary to wear them, for him to "be" that woman.

In the beginning, they were a tight fit. Peter would eventually get them on, but the mood would barely be there, because of his discomfort. Because he was pleased he could get into them at all, he would not give up wearing them. He dieted and even began wearing one of his mother's corsets.

Julie did not seem to have need for them. Yet, she had several and all were beautifully enticing, as they would nip in the waist, while thrusting out hips and bosom. Indeed, this was why Julie purchased them—to make her figure ultra-sexy.

Peter now wore a corset constantly... alternating them to alleviate suspicion. All the while, he hoped that with her new life, his mother did not have a need for the one Peter happened to be wearing.

Over the passing months, Peter had neglected to get his hair properly cut.

Julie saw no need to comment on its length. She deliberately avoided doing so, so as not to alienate Peter as she thought she had done with Ken, with nagging.

Peter, finally having no longer a need for the corset, seeing himself in the mirror with his lengthened, naturally blonde, mane, realized that he appeared remarkably feminine!

It was a giant leap from simply wanting to wear Julie's things for masturbatory purposes to actually “being” female. The change didn't happen right away, though.

It happened slowly.

Undisturbed by the feminine image, Peter would dress comfortably in his mother's underthings. With his long hair, he would masturbate in front of a full-length mirror.

Now, he imagined that the reflection was his girlfriend.

Having visualized a girlfriend, Peter now sought to make her more than just merely “there”. Wearing underthings and having long hair still left a lot to the imagination. Peter now wanted to see his 'girlfriend' actually there, with his eyes open.

Julie bought all kinds of women's magazines in her pursuit to better herself and keep up-to-date.

Peter now read every one himself. Now, he paid particular attention to his mother's magazines on hairstyling. He wanted to transform his hair in a variety of styles.

All the while, throughout all of the stages of perfection, Peter had sexual gratification with his 'growth' as a female counterpart. Each improvement intensified successive orgasms. That, in turn, spurred more improvements.

Peter had developed a habit of talking... and even sometimes singing... to himself, as he occupied himself during the day while his mother was at work. He now also chose to practice on a feminine voice, in the pursuit of completing and perfecting the image he sought.

At first, it was just another added thrill to complete the picture as he would play with himself while femininely dressed. The voice brought to the fore, at least in his mind, a “real” woman for Peter to have fun with.

Without giving it conscious thought, Peter had become significantly happier in his feminine persona. It grew to perfection as it was utilized for sexual refreshment.

Peter soon began going directly into his mother's things, not even waiting for wash-day. He would then wear a full set of clothing throughout the day, once Julie had gone to work. By this time, it had graduated from mere sexual relief to overall gratification of accomplishment. At this point this would only be within the Julie's working hours.

Julie's corsets gave him wider hips. Flesh that now had hung somewhat loosely in the cups, with judicious padding, served as “breasts”.

As a result, when Peter graduated to wearing bras, the illusion of breasts became very easy to create. Ultimately, what with all Peter had learned, he could transform himself into a very sexy creature, indeed.

With instruction via Julie's women's magazines, Peter meticulously practiced making his face up. It did not happen instantly. Indeed, he also knew well enough that if he used the makeup too much, Julie would eventually note that it was all disappearing too quickly.

Peter satisfied himself in patiently waiting for his 'proper' figure. He had learned how to style and restyle his hair... not to mention, how to unstyle it before his mother

arrived home from work. Peter patiently did the same with the makeup applications. Soon enough, he got the latter perfect.

Finally, it just would not do to have Peter run around all day, made up, hair styled, in scanty underwear. He felt a need to cover it all up, in Julie's outerwear.

The total package, as it were, was only done for a few hours a day. He desired, for the time being, not to be caught by his mother this way.

One day, however, while completely dressed and singing to himself, Peter forgot himself and answered the door. It was a package delivery, and not his mother coming home earlier than expected. It was not until after the fact, that he realized the import of what had just happened.

Not only was Peter seen as a woman, not only did he automatically, naturally act as a female without deliberations, his appearance and actions were accepted by a total stranger!

Incredibly, Peter could tell that he had been subtly propositioned by the deliveryman!

The deliveryman departed, going about his business content that, at least, the good-looking 'woman' did not react negatively to his suggestive comments.

Upon realizing what had happened, instead of panicking, Peter ran to the mirror to try to see what the deliveryman saw.

Taking the image in, Peter went into a sexual frenzy. Turned on, he stripped for the mirror, in order to masturbate before it. He didn't care that the "woman" in the glass had a penis instead of a vagina.

Now, Peter realized, with almost a perverse joy, that 'she' was considered attractive by another! In recognition of this, Peter was sexually thrilled, and determined to get off on it!

This led to going outdoors as a female with complete confidence, shopping for things Peter or his mother needed.

Peter now resolved to only be male when he suspected that Julie would be coming home from work or when she would be home.

Not sure how she would take it, he decided he would nevertheless one day tell his mother, once he found the right moment.

But he never did.

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One day, his mother left for work and never came back. As the hour grew late that day, Peter's concern grew. Trying his best not to worry, he wandered through the house. He had already cleaned up and restyled his locks to something androgynous, changed back into his male wear and prepared dinner. Reaching his mother's room, he went straight to her closet, sorely tempted to re-dress.

Turning away so as to resist temptation, Peter still wanted to give in. He made up his mind that this would be the day of "revelation".

He remained in the room and ambled aimlessly from the closet to the dresser, to the vanity, and finally, Julie's bed. All the while he worked on getting up the courage, not just to tell his mother, but to show her his full feminine glory.

It was then that Peter realized he had neglected to make up her bed as he had every morning; his mother always left for work in a hurry. Yet, there it was, made up as neatly as if he had done it. Peter was not quite sure that he had not done the bed, and began examining it, as if scrutinizing the handiwork.

He saw something curious.

Half-hidden amongst the pillows, there was a note. Picking it up, Peter saw that it was addressed to him, and read it.

Sweetheart,

These past few years, you have been my strength. Because you chose to stay with me, you gave me the self-respect that I would have lost. I was beginning to think that your father's leaving was my fault. I may have pushed him, but it only happened once he had already opened the door. "Afterward, it meant it great deal to me to be a woman that other men found attractive. I still recall how, when I finally got the courage to date once again, that you would be my cheering section, prodding me, building up my ego, showing me that I still had what it takes.

I can't tell you how good you made me feel, when you took such an interest in me, that you began giving me tips on things to wear, sometimes even what makeup to use!

You made me feel complete. I apologize if this embarrasses you, but I'd look at you with your long hair, and you'd remind me of the daughter I never had. It would be all I could do, to not sit down with you, and have some old-fashioned girl-talk.

God knows, it was a wonder that I never turned you on. But let's not talk about that.

I finally found someone that I thought could make my life worthwhile. The more we saw of each other, the deeper involved I got. I'm relatively young, having you early in my life, but I'm getting older every day.

Please forgive me and try to understand. Having you there has meant a lot to me, but you can't give me everything that I need. Having had it all, I need it so badly, I'd do anything to get it back.

I guess that is what I've done.

I can't have any more children. You knew this. So did Gordon. Only Gordon doesn't ever want to have children. When he said what he did, about not wanting any children, I never told him about you.



As a result, after this news from him, I even played the 'proper maiden.' I never let him in the house when he'd pick me up or drop me off just so he wouldn't meet you accidentally. Despite being a man now, you are my son, forcing me to choose between you two.

He asked me to marry him.

Peter, if you only knew how hard it was to say 'no.' knowing that you and he might not get along, thus creating another unhappy home.

Sweetheart, this is the reason that I didn't dare let myself go. I kept wearing sexy and revealing dresses that maybe embarrassed you.

Peter, I needed him so much, I said 'yes'.

We're leaving everything behind. Or, at least, I am. So that he wouldn't meet you accidentally, in getting our affairs together, I even went so far as to tell him that the house was rented.

Everything is now yours. I made sure of that, legally. It was the least I could do for you. The papers are in my top middle dresser drawer.

I took what I could, knowing that to take everything I wanted, would only remind me of you, and how I hurt you by leaving you this way. If you want, you can sell everything and go live with your father.

However, it is time that you were on your own. You have been the most wonderful son a mother could ask for. I know that you have been living for me all these years. Now, I must live for myself. I've closed out my account at the bank but have reopened a new account in your name, with some money that should tide you over, until you can get on your own two feet, should you decide to make it on your own.

Peter, believe me, I love you with all my heart.

Forgive me for taking the coward's way out, but I didn't know how to break this any other way. I just couldn't bear to see your hurt, face-to-face. It's all I can do not to cry while I'm writing this. I'm so sure of my new life, I've quit my job and Gordon will be waiting for me, with my luggage in hand.

Please don't hate me and try, please try, to understand.

Your mother forever"

Peter cried as he read the letter. Afterwards, he was angry at his abandonment.

Finally, he knew that if his mother had thought that there was a better way, that she would have taken it. Julie did love her son, and Peter knew it.

Despite personal discoveries to the contrary, Peter was a man now. A full-grown, legal male. It was indeed about time for him to discover the world on his own.

Peter Fall now realized that he had to fend for himself. Always the meticulous person, Peter did not want to wait until his resources were frail before looking for ways to be able to support himself. Upon investigation, checking his savings, he found that his mother had indeed left a goodly sum for him.

Upon examination, Peter noted that his mother had obviously taken quite a bit of the things he had appreciated wearing. Still, she had left behind a variety of clothing, so Peter did not feel that Julie took it "all". Julie also left a lot of makeup behind; her

dresser had been completely filled with various applications and perfumes. Only a little of this had been taken away.

Julie was totally unaware that she was leaving behind a wardrobe for her son.

Peter, needing work now, wondered if he could get a job as a man or a woman, since he was successful in both genders. Indeed, when he went out on his first forays, he did seek employment as a female.

Application after application, though, asked such probing questions such as, "Have you ever been arrested?" or "Have you ever taken drugs?" Peter assumed that with such questions, it was obvious that he would be scrutinized, even if he was hired. Therefore, he stopped filling the applications out. Thus, he never got an opportunity to be personally interviewed about 'her' life.

Peter let himself be intimidated into believing that if anything were to be found untrue, even though it was 'her' first job, that 'she' would not have a job for very long. Indeed, how could she even keep a job, with the everyday worry of being uncovered?

He was concerned, too, about what feminine name to use for "her". For now, 'her' confidence only went so far, to impersonal relationships.

A job would be very personal, indeed.

Therefore, somewhat sadly, Peter resigned to looking for work as a male. Yet here, too, Peter found, to his sorrow, that the job market was very tough.

It was after another day of rejection, while Peter was mentally reflecting that he was fortunate to have money in the bank, when he was approached in the street.

"Hey, pstt," someone called to him.

Peter automatically turned. This caused his caller, a somewhat well-dressed young man...just a little older than him... to further beckon Peter, with a crooked finger.

"Hey there! You're lookin' kinda down, I see," the young man said.

A little naively, Peter responded, "Well, things haven't exactly been going great. I really could use a job."

"Y'know, that's why I'm in business! You look like you could use a little 'pick-me-up...'" At that, the stranger went into his pocket.

Peter, quickly guessing the stranger's intent, protested, "Uh, no thanks. I've got enough problems as it is. I don't do drugs...even if you're giving it away, which I doubt!"

Peter then made a motion, as if to walk away.

Before he could actually move, though, Peter was grabbed by the arm.

"Whoa! Wait a minute! I don't sell to nobody who don't want it, I pass up a lotta people that look like they can use it, 'cause there's a lotta phonies around, if ya follow me. And I do have free samples. It's good for business...at least the way, I do business."

“Look. I was like you, some time ago. I had nuttin. Now... I got nice clothes, a roof over my head, a set o' wheels, and money in my pocket... all from working my own hours, to boot!

“As I said, I'm not in the habit of makin' new business with just anybody. I just thought you looked like you could use a break...”

“Yeah, well ...I appreciate the thought, but...”

“Look. Okay, so you don't want the stuff. You look like a straight shooter, though. You need a job? C'mon, work with me. By your own admission, you seem not to be able to get a job. My boss works in volume. The more people he has workin' for him, the more he makes. So, there's no pressure for a quota or anything like that.

“I'll tell ya this, though. He is suspicious. So, try not to lose anythin', money or drugs. Otherwise, he'll think you're either dealing on the side, or a hophead.

“As long as you balance, you receive your cut for the day and that's that. You get paid every day you work, after you work, from your commission, instead of once'a week, like the nine-to-fivers. What more could you ask for, uh... uh...?”

“Pete,” the boy answered, knowing that it was his name that was being fished for.

“Name's Garby.” Garby then shook Peter's hand.

“Tell you what,” Garby urged. “There really is no pressure. The regulars'll spot you right off, even if you're new. That's how I got started. With you here, it'll be better. Because you can pick out a new location, as it'll be easier for some, who come from far away, to me.

“All you havta do is, be able to read people. You don't wanna offer the 'wrong' person, if ya know what I mean. Other than that, you do get sample bags, mainly to attract new customers, but it's okay to score some pocket money with the free stuff, as long as you show some profit with the stuff you're supposed to be sellin'. That's what free enterprise is all about.”

“I-I-I'll think about it, Garby,” Peter promised, a little unsure. “I really could use a job, 'though I'm not too crazy about finding 'new customers. Bad enough I'm selling at all!”

“No problem. I know watcha mean. But you should be able to do alright. Like I said, people come from far enough away, I don't see 'em often enough. With you on the job, they'll be there. Everybody'll be happy.”

Peter went home, and weighed the pros and cons of selling drugs. Once there and having changed clothes, he had also begun thinking about the feminine things he saw that day as he window-shopped. He thought about how nice it would be to get some things of his own.

Peter could have used his savings, but doubtful of the future, he did not dare. The house was paid for. Other things like utilities and food were not.

The next morning, Peter got dressed up in his feminine finery and went back down to where Garby “worked”.

As Garby had said, he was there.

Peter noted that Garby, while well-dressed, was deliberately nondescript amidst the hubbub of the passersby. As he casually moved from one area to another, Peter could see Garby's eyes taking in almost everything.

There was a sidewalk cafe; Peter went there.

He ultimately did notice Garby's selling techniques, as Garby was approached occasionally, instead of him approaching the customers. Certain people knew Garby and what he was there for. Some customers even brought new 'clients' with them.

Finally, since Peter was not trying to “hide”, he was seen by Garby, as Garby finally made his way over to the cafe. When Garby showed appreciation of Peter's beauty, without recognizing him, the boy was hooked.

Garby's compliment further than just pleasing Peter in not being unmasked. Indeed, Peter was so expert by this time, it would take another expert to “read” him.

No, Peter's new feminine vanity had gotten the best of him.

Now, he really wanted to earn money this way so that he could further his... or rather her... attractiveness. He would wait until tomorrow, though, to convince Garby to get him a job.

Eventually, Peter got his own “territory”.

Prior to this, Garby had Peter work with him, to ingratiate Peter to Garby's long-distance clientele. Garby even told some of his regulars that if for some reason he could not be found, they should look for Peter. Peter had been officially “situated”, to quote Garby.

Soon enough, Peter had his own regulars.

One, became particularly fond of, and she knew it. Her name was Pamela Haskins.

Then, Peter broke one of the “personal rules to live by” that Garby had taught him, in order to survive in the business of drug dealing.

Indeed, Peter got 'personal' with Pamela.

One of Garby's rules was that if you got too friendly with a customer, they might want you to give them drugs for free. This would be okay for a short while, because you had free bags. But if they ever wanted more and you went into the stuff you had to sell, it would only be trouble if you did not have the money to cover it.

Therefore, according to Garby, “What you can't finish, don't start.”

Peter thought that he could handle it.

Money was coming in, and he was able to spoil his feminine self. Peter bought a wealth of clothes and other paraphernalia to replace items that Julie had taken. In perfecting the feminine image, he bought expensive and daringly sexy items that would have even a close observer pant after Peter's feminine persona.

For this to be possible, to go to this length, he became very friendly with another one of his customers, Holly Folger, a local hooker.

Being around her, Holly unknowingly showed him how to be a sexy female.

As he also bedded her, Peter played to her... in false wide-eyed wonder... asking her what it was like to be a prostitute.

Holly had been in this situation before, with others. Some were just nervous. Others sincerely wanted to find out what made a pro “tick”. In their closeness, Holly willingly showed Peter how sexy she was, how sexy she wanted to be, how sexy she had to be, for her tricks.

She would even take him places where she shopped to purchase her “work clothes” and other paraphernalia. She did this simply out of friendship that was supposedly beyond just a drug dealer and client. Holly never suspected that Peter would store all of this information.

Previously, he was able to only act femininely, albeit genuinely so. Now, he was able to act sexy also... thanks to observing a pro at work—a woman who did it for a living.

What stalled things with her, however, was that she was willing to offer her 'services' for drugs, rather than cash.

Still, before it had gotten to that point, Holly had already unwittingly given Peter points on how to add “sexy” into his feminine “vocabulary”.

Peter felt that perhaps Holly had customers who crossdressed and could have shown him things, had he but asked for their assistance.

Yet, as he had already been doing this for years, the “sexy act” was the final piece of the puzzle for the 'her' in him. Knowing where to shop now for such material was surely a bonus. To let anyone know he had a feminine persona, though?

Peter was not ready to share that knowledge with anyone.

Peter then complicated things. He brought Pammi home.

It began very innocently.

Pammi would come around to his location, just to say “hi”. Then, she would stay awhile, whether or not she made a buy. They would have meals together, take in entertainment together.

Finally, Peter brought her home, to bed her.

Then, as Garby predicted, Pammi wanted to increase her buys.

Unlike Holly, Pammi did not want to trade sex for drugs. She wanted it for free out of friendship. Actually, out of being his lover.

At first, Peter kept her at her previous limit.

Pammi even stopped buying altogether for a while. Then, some time later, catching Peter offguard, craftily, she bought her usual amount but more often. By the time Pammi wanted to increase a single buy, Peter was hopelessly in love with her.

Pammi would have to do it yet again.

This time, for good. Peter would not sell her anything.

Then, one night, Peter was home, alone. Peter was relaxing, resplendent in feminine finery. He had been told to get his hair cut by his boss. He bought a very expensive blonde wig, with tresses which were very full, long enough to trail down his back and over his psuedo-feminine bosom.

This night he wore the wig, easily able to merely comb it into his existing hair. Peter also wore a satin silver teddy, specially made so that he could wear it without a bra and still be able to pad it, in order to mimic breasts. Over this was a translucent, white, floor-length negligee. His feet were shod in silver high-heeled mules. His toenails and fingernails were painted red, with his face expressly made up.

Peter was luxuriating in 'her' image, just a moment away from sitting down and taking out the member from between his legs, where it was invisibly tucked away in the crotch of the teddy.

Then... Peter heard a repeated banging on his door!

Quickly responding to the noise, he opened it and saw that it was Pammi.

Stunned momentarily with the familiar face that did not recognize "hers", Peter said nothing. Then, without realizing that he was speaking in a feminine timbre, "Please! Wait! I can explain...!"

He assumed that Pammi knew it was him, if only because of the address, even though he was obviously wearing women's clothes.

"Who're you?!" Pammi screamed, as she wildly looked at him.

Without waiting for a reply, she impatiently pushed past Peter, angrily calling out, "Peter! Where the fuck are you, Peter?"

"You can't hide from me! It's too late 'cause 'bimbo brains' opened the door, instead of joining you!"

"Is she your pussy between my visits, or were you planning on dumping me?"

Suddenly, Pammi realized how fragile her own love for Peter was. As she sought to use Peter, she assumed that he had already shattered it.

Holly was history; Peter truly did love Pammi. After he and Holly officially parted as lovers but were still friends, Pammi became a part of him. He did not know how to break his transvestism to her, and neither did he want to give that up, as 'she' was obviously a part of him.

Way too much time and effort had went into the feminine perfection. Way too much time went into enjoying the results, both inside and outdoors. Being male only when necessary, Peter knew so much of how to be a female, it's a wonder that he didn't relate to Pammi as a lesbian.

Realizing he was now at a crossroad in their relationship, Peter also noticed something else.

“What can I do for you, Pammi?” Peter said, in his male voice. Having realized now that he had spoken femininely before.

“Peter?” said Pammi, turning around in wonder, curious as to how he got behind her.

Not seeing her lover still, she asked the woman she did see, “Where's Peter?”

“Right in front of you,” he sighed, heaving his bosom in notable resignation.

Pammi's attitude now changed abruptly. Cocking her head to one side, she studied the female before her. With a wrinkled brow, she once again asked curiously, “...Peter?”

Crossing his arms under his chest, accentuating his false bosom without thinking, he said wearily, “Yes ... it's me.”

“You... you're beautiful...!” Pammi gasped.

Now, it was Peter's turn to be stunned.

“Then... you don't mind... ?” he asked incredulously, at her acceptance.

“Oh, honey, bring that other voice back,” Pammi urged with a big grin. “This one just doesn't fit the picture.”

“Then... you don't mind?” he asked again, the 'proper' voice having returned, as requested.

This time, however, it was more of an affirmation, rather than a query. Peter was trying to be restrained, but inwardly, he was ready to do handstands, overjoyed at Pammi's approval.

“Hell, no!” Pammi exclaimed. “I like a little kink in a relationship, and you're gorgeous! Just the thing for a non-lezzie lezzie!” Then, with a pause and another crook of the neck, she said, “Uh... you're not gay, are you?”

“Uh, no. Actually, I've never had a man in my life!”

“Not even dressed like this? Walking down the street, I know you must've turned heads. And don't you dare lie to me. Looking this good, you couldn't have possibly stayed indoors! Honey, if you could get 'im to fuck your ass without complaint, you'd have it made! No guy would refuse you anything! Looking this good, you'd have them eating outta your hand! Take it from a bitch who knows!”

Peter absorbed Pammi's comments. Because of Holly's instructions, he knew Pammi's words to be truth. There were times when he did act sexy outdoors, deliberately.

He found that, under normal conditions, a beautiful woman can easily control the situation... and Peter the female was able to make pretzels out of men wanting to get to know 'her' better. But since it was just an exercise to him, he never pushed things too far.

“...Well?” Pammi asked, still grinning.

“Well... uh, like this, I, uh, don't feel like I am a man.

“And... I, uh, well, yeah... I did think about, uh, 'doing it' with one, but only as a fantasy!” Peter added this last sentence as an afterthought. He added it quickly, so that Pammi could not misunderstand.

“C'mere, bitch,” said Pammi. Grabbing Peter by one of his manicured hands, she held him closely.

After the clench was broken, Pammi said, “Mmmm-mmmm! I like the taste of your lipstick. What brand do you use?”

“Y'know...?” she laughed, not truly looking for an answer to her previous question. “I could kick the habit for this! You do turn me on!”

Very surprised to hear this remark, Peter wanted to be sure that he indeed heard it. So, he asked, “Do you mean that?”

“Uh huh,” she said quietly. However, just as softly, “Now... in the meantime... if I only had something to carry me over, through the night...”

Pammi ended her comment with a questioning look on her face.

Peter read it correctly, and answered, “No, Pam. ”I've told you that I don't really like what I do when I sell that stuff. I just do it as a way to get by.

“The truth is, I even tried getting a legitimate job as a woman, only to fail. So, I sold drugs. So that I can be me... her... whatever.

“I don't use it, nor do I keep my samples. I turn in everything, when I hand in what I earn. They think I'm crazy, but so far, they don't make fun of me because of it.”

When Pammi heard the remark about turning everything in, her smile disappeared.

“You don't understand, Peter!” she screamed, the wild look returning in her eyes. “I've tried doing without, when you cut me off, but I gotta have it! I gotta have it now!”

Peter then grabbed Pammi tight.

Even as she began to struggle from his embrace this time, Peter held her fast as he inched the two of them toward his mother's former bedroom, that was now his. Almost falling upon the bed from Pammi's exertions, Peter now slowly leaned into its direction, in a controlled movement.

Upon landing, Pammi began kicking as well.

Almost at a loss, Peter momentarily did not know what to do.

Then, Peter slid one arm down, to clench one of Pammi's buttocks.

Feeling him on an intimate part of her body brought a startling sudden halt to Pammi's movements.

Simultaneously, as the negligee laid completely bare the teddy underneath, Peter spread his legs much wider than necessary. This dislodged his penis. He began gyrating his pelvis, effectively dry-humping Pammi, allowing his member to escape and firm itself, as he kissed her solidly.

“Fuck, me, Peter,” she demanded, once the kiss was broken, having calmed down.

“Fuck this monkey off my back,” Pammi implored. “Please!”

Peter went for the hair first... which was merely pinned in place, thankfully not yet becoming askew, so far. The other hand went for the edge of the robe, grasping a strap of the teddy at the same time.

However, Pammi put a hand his, saying, “Honey, just the negligee. Keep everything else on. I've a feeling that I'm gonna need this bitch to hold me together tonight.”

Some time later, Peter was looking over Pammi's naked body in the dark. Only the full moon's illumination beamed into the room.

With determination, he got up. Peter went into the bathroom, took the teddy completely off, and cleaned himself. Returning to the bedroom, he turned on the lamp next to the vanity, and quietly scrounged for makeup and underwear.

Once again in the bathroom, Peter donned panties and bra, resuming the proper feminine form. Afterwards, he retouched his makeup, and made doubly sure that his wig was secure and presentable. Making a final trip to the bedroom, Peter donned a lacy t-shirt, a pair of close-fitting women's jeans, and a pair of women's sneakers. Turning the light out after checking once more that Pammi was still asleep, he quietly left the premises.

Peter had it in mind to quit selling drugs at once. Tonight. He would find another way to make a living.

After seeing Pammi that night and seeing her acceptance of his feminine self, he did not want her to ever fall into the temptation of drugs again. If he did not do this, the next step Pammi would take, he felt, would be stealing from him... stealing, period... to support her habit.

He asked himself, “How can I stop her, if I continued to sell to others?”

He thought about himself being a soft touch, ripe for theft, since he had many nice things... not just items to further enhance his female persona. Peter Fell had gotten a great number of possessions over the many months he had been a... a... pusher.

The word came hard, but Peter finally realized that it was exactly what he was, willing customers or not.

In any event, it was not so much that he was afraid of losing any of his possessions. Peter was afraid of losing Pammi. Worst of all, although Peter does not think of it, if he did not stop selling drugs, thereby stopping Pammi from taking them, she could turn on him, exposing his alter ego... or at least, threaten to... in exchange for drugs.

Peter realized that if Pammi really wants to kick the habit, this would be only the first night of holding her hand.

There would be many more.

Peter sincerely wanted to be there for her, every night, for Pammi to be clean, having kicked the habit... and beyond.

In recognizing the power of love, Peter now fully appreciated the sacrifice his mother made, when Julie Fell left him, to marry her “Gordon”. He now wanted to be just as thorough. Peter had to be sure that he gave Pammi no way out, other than his love for her.

And if she loves him, they will both make it.

Arriving at a warehouse, Peter tried to find an entrance in the dark. This warehouse was where he had to pick up and drop, at the end of each day he worked. Conveniently, Peter also knew that the head man would be there tonight, as he was at the end of every month.

Maybe, he hoped, speaking to the top man, he could back out of this unscrupulous business, as easily as he got in.

As Peter neared a window, he heard voices, One of them was Garby's. Peering in, Peter noted that Garby was pleading. Pleading for his life!

Peter saw that Garby was being gunned down!

Turning from the killing he was almost about to run when a hand covered his mouth while another dragged him into a car. When he felt the hand over his mouth pull away he was about to protest when the stranger holding him kissed him full upon his lips to silence him.

This was the first time he had been kissed by a man. Truthfully, before he could begin to protest, it was over, and the next thing he knew, there was that sudden glow from a flashlight.

Peter would have surely fought being kissed by another man. As much as a female he was, he had yet to interact with a man, to accept him wanting 'her'. The “physical fantasy” that he mentioned to Pammi earlier had abruptly slammed into reality... ready for acceptance or rejection.

After assessing all of this, he wondered what to do next.

The car soon pulled to a stop.

Peter's would-be assailant began pulling at his wrinkled face, revealing another, much younger face, underneath.

“Whew!” his companion said. “Is this mask hot! It saved my ass again, though. Glad I thought of it, before I went snooping!”

Peter was in such a state of emotion that when he recognized the face that matched the voice, he fainted.

“Hey! You okay? Wake up!” Peter heard a voice call him from beyond.

As he awakened from his fog, Peter realized that he was still dressed female.

“Benjy Carter!” said Peter. “What're you doing here?”

“Whoa, little lady! I'll ask the questions, if you don't mind,” said Benjy. “First of all, we've never met or I would've remembered you. And before you think that's a come-on...”

Benjy then displayed a badge and identification card, proclaiming him a member of a federal governmental security agency. Flipping the wallet closed before Peter could actually read it thoroughly, he said, “Now... how is it that you know Benjy?”

Peter bit a painted lip nervously, and clearing his throat, he said in his masculine voice, “I-I'm Pete. P-Peter Fell.”

Benjy reacted to that, as if he had just been slapped. He recognized the voice, but he was finding it very hard to put it together with the woman before him.

Peter, believing Benjy to be a genuine G-man, was in a hurry to be totally honest with him. Therefore, for the second time, let someone in on his crossdressing secret.

Benjy, disbelieving what he saw, even as it was explained to him in Peter's male voice, could feel his tumescence shrink from its rigidity. Despite this, once Peter had finished, Benjy re-examined Peter's feminine physique.

With eyes transfixed upon Peter's bosom, Benjy made a stumbling request for Peter to resume his “other voice”, saying that his male voice was too “disconcerting for such a beautiful person.”

Immediately catching himself, Benjy scowled, “I can't believe I said that!”

“Relax,” Peter said with a smile. Now completely calm, and feminine voice back “in place”, he said, “I'm not gay, if that's what you're worried about.”

He then playfully put a hand over Benjy's, and added, “You're my first, and you kissed me. To be honest, it was too short. But it was nice.”

“But you knew better, anyway,” Peter softly chided. “You saw something nice and thought you could get away with it. Don't think I didn't notice that you used your tongue and even copped a feel of my tit, too!”

Benjy jumped at that mostly because Peter did not lie. Then, he saw Peter's hand over his. With the painted fingernails, he could not help but see and feel the feminine delicateness. Raising his sight higher, Benjy was transfixed by that bosom one more time.

Tearing himself away from there, he saw, not Peter Fell, but a dazzlingly attractive woman smiling warmly back at him.

“For all intents and purposes, I am what you see,” Peter now said. Having breached the initial sexual barrier of kissing a man, Peter was not bothered by it, in his femininity. In feeling more comfortable with Benjy by the second, he added wickedly, “...That is, unless you wanna fuck me. Still, we can... improvise.”

Benjy turned ever color possible, not because he knew Peter's birth gender, but because he knew what he was now feeling, in spite of it.

At the sight, Peter laughed heartily; it was, however, a laugh that never betrayed “herself”.

After the hilarity died down, Peter said, "So, what now?"

"You know I worked for the head man. I guess you wouldn't believe that the reason I was down here tonight was to quit. I was in such a hurry to do so, I didn't realize how I was dressed!"

"I could look the other way, since you were just one of his many pushers. Since we caught the dealer in something more ironclad, his 'distributors' wouldn't have any more outlet, unless... they found another dealer."

Peter caught Benjy staring deeply at him, as he said the last sentence. Peter knew that he was finally looking at Peter the man, not the woman, then.

Holding up his right hand, Peter quickly swore, "You don't have to worry about me! I was through before I got there! I told you that, and I meant it!"

Peter's furtive protestation made Benjy laugh.

"Y'know... it's a damn shame you're not for real, Pete! God, I could go for you! When I saw this good-looking woman peeking through the window, I admit it, I got the hots! I thought, 'Whether she's guilty or not, save first, ask questions later!'

"If you had come as a man, I just might've left you there to get caught by the authorities, and made a deal with you later, after sorting out your innocence."

Then, with a sigh, Benjy further explained.

"When I went down for the wig glue, I was shoving away my walkie-talkie. I was only the point man. Before that, I was a wiseguy, having infiltrated the organization. The warehouse was raided almost immediately after those guys let me go. Any later, and we would've been in the middle of it. I almost didn't get clear in the first place because of you being there unexpectedly and those guys showing up, to check out my car!

"We waited a long time to get this fish. Expecting to catch his hands white with a notably large shipment of cocaine, we got a bonus of a murder and a conspiracy-to-murder charge.

"This will be the glue to make everything else we have on him and his men stick. He won't be able to walk away from this one. Because of an 'outsider' seeing the murder, he won't be able to say that the government is trying to frame him."

"But, Benjy! You didn't see the murder when it happened, did you?" Peter asked. "You were... behind me. Only... I... did."

Peter then paused, the "light" of revelation going on inside his head.

"Uh... oh...," Benjy now said, "My real name's Sergio Manetti. Friends call me 'Serge'." Then, he said, "Yup. As you no doubt guessed, we'll need your testimony, Pete.

"Without it, the 'big guy' could get out of possession of the shipment. Getting a slap on the wrist, eligible for early pa-rol, compared to what he really deserves. He's murdered before, only no one's caught him at it."

"But I can't testify like this! ...And he knows Peter Fell!" Gathering a handful of hair, Peter added, "All of this used to be real! He personally intimidated me into cutting my hair!"

Sergio responded calmly, "The truth is, no matter what you have on now, Peter Fell saw what went down tonight. You don't have to make a fashion statement.

"Even though you were a pusher, for your eyewitness testimony, as you explain why you were there, we can grant you immunity from prosecution and safeguard you with our Witness Protection Program. There's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about.' Yeah, ri-ight," Peter said, sarcastically. "I've heard about your 'program.' About how many times it's been penetrated. Some program!"

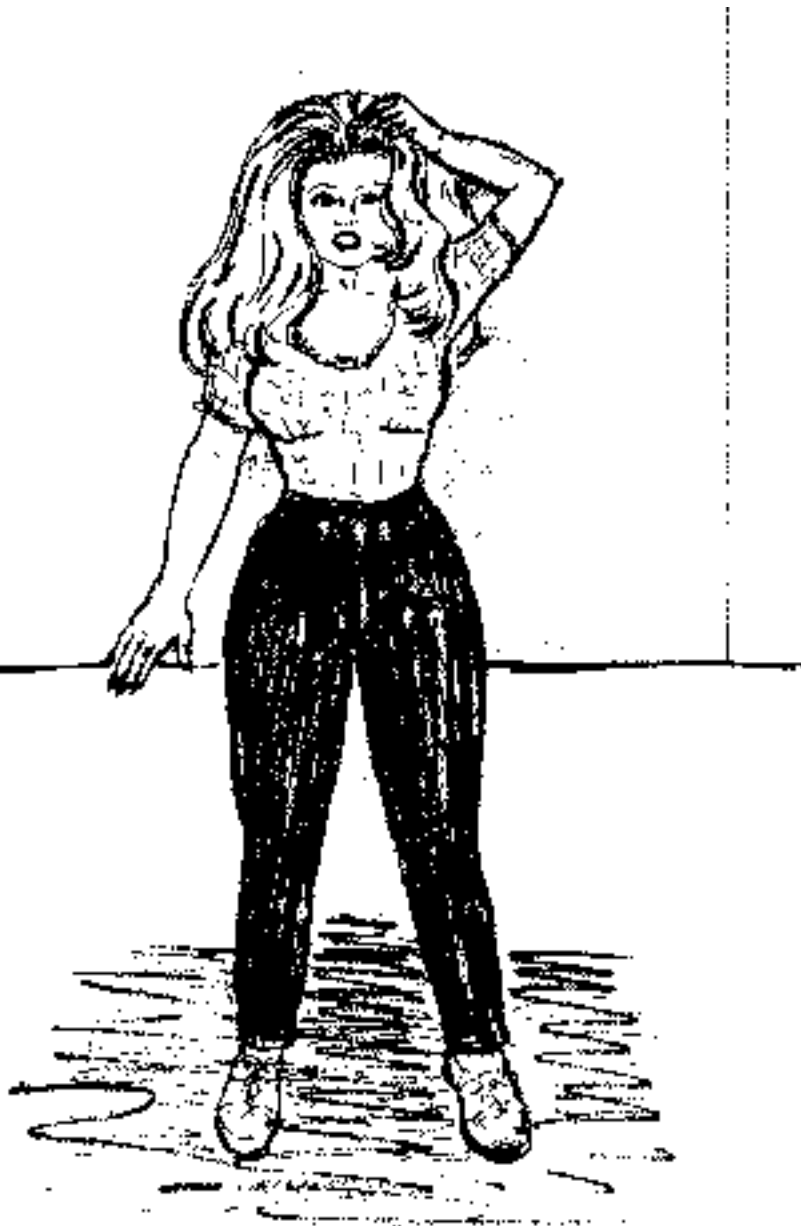
"Nothing's perfect! But it does work!" Sergio defended. "With the few that it failed come the many you'll never hear about."

Peter knew that he was between a rock and a hard place. He knew that Sergio was being nice...for now. He also knew that even though Sergio needed his testimony, he was being so courteous partly because of what Peter now sounded like and appeared to be.

At that thought, a sly grin grew on Peter's painted lips.

"Y'know... there are a number of people I know, that could better themselves, if they had a break. Gimme a minute, and maybe we can work out a deal to not only put this scumbag away, but his whole network... out of business. Then, I'll know that I can feel safe in your program after I testify, to everyone's benefit."

Diane now ejaculates to Pammi's ministrations. After Pammi has licked Diane clean, she stands, only to sit upon the desk, with skirt still up by her



waist, her panties now completely off. Diane sighs at the view, before going down between Pammi's legs.

Indeed, after her remembrances, Diane takes in more than the sight in front of her. She again thinks back to the time after Garby's murder. Peter and the government worked out an arrangement where 'she' has her own business that has the government as a silent partner. This business also acted as a covert way station for other government activities, such as spying.

With its high visibility, it was ironic that it could be used in such a fashion. As far as security went, this was another reason the club had a chief hostess AND a maitre d'.

Diane joked about it with Sergio, but they both knew that with Holly's expertise at handling strangers as a former hooker, she was brave to have taken the front line as security for the club. Sergio would be the double buffer, also alerting any number of agents passing through, to help.

Indeed, government types were continually floating in and out. Even some off-duty, as "regulars".

Sergio Manetti was assigned here as permanent liaison, a built-in traffic cop keeping everything on an even flow. With its government sanction, Lady's Secret is probably the only place ever in the United States, outside of legalized prostitution places in Nevada, guaranteed never to be busted for its "other secrets".

Peter Fell got majority ownership of the business in his new identity, in addition to a real bosom, electrolysis and complete permanent makeover.

This served explain Sasha Nelson's unrequited passion for the "dear boy".

As part of his idea that night in Serge's car, Peter also got jobs here for all that wanted to kick their habit...his former drug customers. Trusted with his plan, Holly Folger was one of the first who took him up on it. She later got some of her hooker associates to join her, whether they were drug users or not.

This gave the new "Diane Elliot" the notion to expand the idea of the club into more of a tangible secret into the downstairs area. Just enough that they could still practice what they knew best.

Diane Elliot, for all intents and purposes, complete with government-supplied credentials, always was and will be, female without questionable past.

One last detail. Pammi and Peter were privately married, just before he 'disappeared'. Sergio and Holly served as best man and maid of honor, respectively. A secret indeed for 'our' Lady Di!

Diane was not looking forward to raising children, since there would be no father figure. She noted this similarity to her mother, and at that, wished her the most happiness, wherever Julie may be.

However, Diane was adamant about being manly enough for Pammi, while being as feminine as she could be. With government assistance, it was made possible. Diane could even wear the most-revealing of bikinis on a beach without worry, and still be more than enough for her mate in the bedroom.

THE END

“THE VIRAGO AND THE MULIEBRA”

By Evie Knowles

“Kim, sometimes I swear, you act just like a girl!” exclaimed Devon Cody.

Devon was chastizing her roommate, for the helpless attitude he always seems to display. This seemed to be their running argument lately.

“Now, don't you start! I can't help it if I'm this way. Remember the last time I tried being macho? It was the last time I ever will try being macho! I'm just not like other guys and I've come to realize that there are things I just can't do,” Kim poutingly rejoined. “It seems to me that it wouldn't hurt if you were more the way I am, anyway.”

“And what's that supposed to mean?” Devon snorted.

“That! That's it, exactly! This 'tough-guy' approach. You're a woman, for goodness sake!”

“You mean to say that you couldn't tell?” asked Devon, facetiously, with her hands on her hips and back arched, thrusting her bosom outward.

Kim jumped on this immediately. “Come on, Dev! If you wanna be honest about it, my chest is as big as yours!”

Hurt by this because her bosom was slight, Devon retorted, “Why didn't you say something before now, hon? If you're embarrassed to buy one, I'll gladly lend you one of my bras!”

“Hardy-har-har! Ve-ry funny!”

“No, seriously,” said Devon, as if getting a brainstorm. “You just said that you can't help the way you are. I know that when your voice broke, it went up instead of down,” she tried to joke, even though it was the truth. Before Kim could get defensive about the friendly gibe, Devon went on. “We wear our hair short and yet we're even about the same length there. What's short for a girl is still long for a guy. Yours is even short for a girl, if you follow me.”

Devon saw Kim's eyes widen expressively, as his mouth momentarily hung open. She said, “Now, don't get excited. I know you're not gay. But you do get 'those' looks and you know it. You already look so delicate and fragile, I'll bet you could borrow my clothes and not get a second look... and I mean that. No joke!”

“Well, no 'second looks' of derision, anyway,” Devon grinned. “Sorry... couldn't resist. But it's still true.”

“And I suppose that you could get away with wearing mine?” asked Kim, deliberately ignoring her last remark, trying to set her up in return.

“Sure. Wanna bet?” Devon did not even flinch.

“What do you have in mind?” Kim asked, curious.

“Well, we're fresh outta college, ready to go job-hunting. You gotta be aggressive out there or you'll be eaten alive. Suppose we trade job opportunities? Not necessarily jobs, but how 'bout we go for them as the opposite sex.”

“What'll that prove?”

“For one, that we can get the job in the first place. For example, although there are positions filled by both sexes, being a secretary is stereotypically a feminine job. Still, men are hired for the job, occasionally. If you were to get the job in 'properly' applying for it, that would prove that as we're out in the working world, we're better-suited for them.”

“And what if you're wrong?”

“Well... how's this? If I'm wrong, then for as long as we live together, I'll cater to your every whim. If I'm right, then you have to do the same for me.”

“You mean... slavery?”

“Hell, no! Look, you're more meticulous than I've ever been. Still, you've been bugging me to death to do my share. My idea is that, sure, I'll help out. But primarily, it'll be your job... even with an outside one... without nagging me. If I lose the bet, then I'll be 'Little Miss Homemaker'.”

Catching who would be otherwise be 'Little Miss Homemaker', Kim piped up, “But wait a minute! For me to pull this off, I'll have to be a woman!”

“Hey! What was that crack about having as big a bust as me?”

“But-but you're flatchested!”

“I... beg... your... pardon! I may be small but I am not flat! You know I work out. Did you forget why? I thought you were just referring to it as the last time you were 'macho.' That night in my first year of college, when a couple of drunk frat boys thought that I was an easy lay? That's how we met. From out of nowhere... seeing that I was about to be raped in the dark of the campus grounds, no less... you just happened to be there, to jump in to be my hero. Only I wound up saving you!”

“I was only trying to help...” Kim whined.

“I know, sweetheart,” Devon gives him a quick peck on the cheek. “That's why we're together now! I was out-numbered three-to-one, as well as being caught by surprise. By the time you showed up, they almost had me naked. Ripping off my bra, they were about to take care of the panties, when there you were! But because you had no power in your arms, you were more of a nuisance than a threat.”

“So, because one guy was then ready to take me, the two other guys stopped holding me down, to take care of you. The lone guy was ready to yank the last piece of clothing I had on away, and was too horny to expect anything from me. After all, I'd already 'let' them strip me!

“To be honest, although I was still struggling, I thought that I couldn't fight three guys and would be even weaker as each of them had me. So, I really was giving in. But you aive me the opening I needed, as two of them went after you, to beat you up, just for the hell of it.

“With strength outta nowhere, I was then able to kick my guy in the balls hard enough for him to stay out of the rest of my action.. Then, I dove for the others who began to beat on you. I played as dirty as I could, with my adrenaline to the max. Soon enough, they were all clutching their crotches.

“I gathered what was left of my clothes and we both hobbled out of there. I was too angry for the near-rape to traumatize me but you needed me then for what you almost went through. We were naturally drawn together as I even felt protective of you.. So, after being friends for a time, we both thought it best to pool our money to get a place off-campus, just in case our attackers had bright ideas of revenge.

“But since then, I was determined that although I may not be all that tall, I didn't want anyone to think that I'm an easy mark anymore. I've even gotten some muscles to show, to underline that fact. Yet, working out to get those muscles has flattened my bosom and I just don't bother to spend a fortune on underwires and push-up bras.”

“But you do have a few of each!” Kim cut in with a laugh. “In fact, that's all you have... when you wear a bra!”

“Do we have a deal or not?” Devon asked curtly, embarrassed at being caught in her “white lie”, not realizing that Kim knew this wasn't true.

“Deal!” Kim said, still laughing hard over his 'victory'. Abruptly, he then caught himself as to what he was agreeing to. “Whoa! Wait a minute!”

“Nope. Too late!” Devon declared, with pleasure from the reversal of triumph now.

“But I can't do this! Not really!”

“Yes... you... can!”

“My point is that you already have! The only difference is that you haven't been wearing panties and a skirt!”

“I have to make a revision, then!”

“Uh uh.”

“Aww, come on, Devon! What if I get laughed at?”

“That's the whole point, Kimmie dearest! If you do, then I lose! But you're gonna be so adorable, the guys're just gonna eat you up!”

“That's what I'm afraid of!”

Oddly enough, while Devon had an A-cup chest, Kim approached a B-cup. Call it what you will, but on him there was a defined roundness, if not a wholly feminine

breast on Kim's chest. Even his nipples were femininely pronounced, and they would punctuate his t-shirts. Kim would likely be able to comfortably fit Devon's padded bras... Devon bought the larger-cup bras in wishful thinking that she could return her bust to its former state. Kim never dreamed that he would wear one let alone see how it would conform to a feminine bosom—HIS bosom—therein.

Devon and Kim had met a little more than three years ago. As noted, they became fast friends... and eventual roommates. In their time in college, they found out each other's life stories, along with ambitions and failures.

In being the scrappy person she was, Devon sincerely wanted to be the boy her father wanted from birth. Yet, as masculine as she had desired herself, Devon truly did not take herself serious in this regard until she was almost raped.

On the other hand, Kim was simply never the man he thought that he should be. He was diminutive in comparison to his masculine peers, as well as soft-spoken and naturally demure. It was something that he lived with all his life. Yet, Kim never had a problem with his effeminacy until Devon brought it up. He knew that he could be considered effeminate, but he was very fortunate not to be derided in the past. It took living with Devon as a lover for it to be noted. He tolerated her comments because he had affection for her.

They unwittingly jelled together so well as each other's counterparts, they decided to negotiate their dorm fees into a private place off-campus for the remainder of their college years. The revenge motive was just a good excuse to do so, since a while had passed since the incident. However, the idea was lent weight by the fact that Kim and Devon had become compatible by then.

That night of 'helping each other out', they could have thanked one another and gone their separate ways. Yet, while it was not exactly love at first sight, Kim's femininity attracted Devon's own latent masculinity. Upon graduation, they were living in the same place, as they looked to venture out into the working world.

"Tell you what," Devon now said, "let's start tonight. We still have a few bucks between us to live on and party conservatively for a while. Let's go out tonight, but I'll be the man and you be the woman."

"But Devon, I know nothing about being a woman. It's more than just wearing a skirt, you know. I would also have to learn about makeup and stuff."

"Honey, you're about halfway there. You're already feminine in so many ways in the way you act, believe me. And sweetheart?" she smiled, as one eyebrow rose, "Just so you really know... as proof... just that quick, you're worried about how pretty you need to look, mentioning makeup."

Kim wanted to counter that, but before he could, Devon added, "Now don't you fret. Sure, I don't use a whole lot, but I've got some makeup. From now on, it's all yours, Babe. I'll teach you what little you need to know."

"Is that a crack?"

"Kim, you've really gotta work on not being so sensitive!" Devon said, thick with sarcasm. "I mean, really! Girls have guts, too, you know!"

“Is that another crack?”

Devon just laughed. They soon got dressed for dinner, in each other's clothes. While Devon was not surprised at how Kim comfortably fit into her things, she quietly amazed herself at how equally form-fitting Kim's former wear was on her. Yes, within minutes of being fully dressed in Kim's clothing, Devon was officially determined to wear Kim's things more. Making them 'formerly' his. To keep them as her own. Leaving Kim 'her' proper wear.

“Do you know that you're beautiful, Kimberley?” said Devon, once the couple had been left alone at their table by the waitress. Kim had surely been made attractive by Devon tonight. Having seen himself in the mirror back home, he knew it. Now, he blushed.

Between the eyeliner and mascara, his blue eyes were made electric as the light hit it. With a few deft strokes of a comb, brush and hairspray, Devon made Kim's “short-for-a-girl” hair length definitely feminine.

Devon seemed to go out of her way to make Kim look sexy this evening. Devon quickly dressed in Kim's male wear as Kim struggled with a bra for the first time. After Devon completed buttoning the shirt on her torso, she went about making sure that Kim was equally comfortable in the different clothing. Being sexy-looking was designed to make Kim feel a little confident, as he surely would also be appreciated by others. Kim did not have true feminine breasts. They nonetheless fell easily within the cups of the bra, defining cleavage, and the padding emphasized them. Once Devon helped him latch the brassiere, with a minor adjustment, she adjusted the cups to make the underwire do its magic in further pronouncing the bosom.

As Kim then paid attention to his 'new' top, Devon smiled to herself. Simply put, Kim had a small penis. While there was never any complaints when they got together sexually, she now purposely noted how fitting it was that it made no bulge whatsoever in the panties.

Kim had merely donned the underwear as he would have his usual jockey briefs. Not facing a mirror where he could see his middle, Kim had not yet registered the significance as it easily slipped further in his crotch by itself, between his legs. The french-cut panties rested high upon his true waist.

Devon then got out high heels of varying heights to have Kim walk in the “more comfortable pair”, she said. He may have had trouble with the brassiere, but Kim again surprised Devon by not complaining in any height, as he walked for her to make the choice of what would look best. Devon had Kim walk a bit in each pair and noted the naturalness of Kim's hips swaying within the little cloth of the rear of his panties.

All this time, Devon was able to dress swiftly. Because of that, she was seriously getting turned on by seeing her boyfriend in this new light, but fought to restrain herself. Devon presumed that despite there being mutual enjoyment, Kim's fear of being considered a mockery of a woman might cause him to not want to do this again. So, Devon planned to get Kim to appreciate himself as “herself,” as if it was his own idea. She then dug in her closet for the sexiest thing that she owned. Devon had steadily bought less titillating feminine wear, after being attacked several years ago.

Getting back to Kim, Devon had to argue with him. But she won the “right” to curl his hair into tight ringlets. When the hair was freed from its curlers, it was styled into a feminine wavy bob as it cascaded down his forehead in front, as well as behind the head.

Kim had on a midnight blue, crushed velvet mini-dress. Its waist line was three-tiered and molded to his curved middle. As its skirt hugged his hips, it ended at mid-thigh. The dress had generous bat-wing sleeves that were three-quarter length, as the rest of the arms and hands thereafter were adorned with bracelets and rings. A complete set of elongated press-on red fingernails also complimented his fingers.

“I almost hate to say this,” Kim sighed, “but you fill out my suit better than I ever did.”

“All you need now is your ears pierced,” Devon added, deliberately ignoring her own compliment, trying to seriously get Kim to accept his own change.

Kim's mood abruptly changed.
“Why must I go that far?”

“Because losing clip-ons will drive you cra-azy!”

That made Kim laugh. “Okay, I get the point. I surrender, I'll try not to get so hyper.” As in after-thought, he added, “You've done a very good job. I do feel comfortable, even in this godawful short skirt with my bare legs. Garter tabs would've shown at the end of stockings, but pantyhose would've at least kept my legs covered!”

“There you go again, Missy, proving my point about knowing what a woman needs. I do have stockings but, I wear those with a garter belt. Although, it's been so long, the stockings may be moth-eaten by now. I didn't even look for them tonight because I knew that the skirt was too short for them... just as you knew. I wanted you to look sexy, not trashy. And just think... beginning tomorrow, you're going to be doing that 'good job' to yourself, as I teach you everything... right after we mutilate your ears. And don't worry, if



things don't work out... even though men wear earrings, too... after a while the holes do close up.”

After dinner, they danced to the establishment's music.

“Uhhh, Devon? Do you know that your hand's on my ass?”

Devon looked at Kim a bit dreamily as they slow-danced, and said, “Mmm hmmm.”

“Well, it's not that I don't like it, but people are staring.”

“Lettum gedderown girl, Kimberly,” she slurred. “Your ass is mine.”

“Uh oh,” Kim surmised. “I knew I shouldn't have let you have that last drink. We came here in your broken-down jalopy, instead of my car, because you insisted on taking me out, you being 'my man' and all. Your car's a pain for me to put into gear.”

“I love you too, baby,” Devon mumbled hazily.

“Uh uh,” Kim stopped, even though the music went on. As Devon did not hear what was said, this was Kim's signal that she surely had too much to drink, as he said, “Time to go home, bitching stick-shift or not.”

Kim then ushered Devon out, thankful that the check had already been paid after Devon's last drink.

Out in the parking lot, Kim going through Devon's pants pockets for the car keys made her ticklish. She broke out into laughing uncontrollably as Kim unlocked the car. Upon finally locking Devon inside, Kim got into the driver's side and attempted to put the car in motion. The stick-shift proved to be as much a challenge as it had been in the past. In the meantime, Devon's giggling had subsided, as she stared at her friend's futility.

“Hey, babe,” she says, “let a man take over.” At that, putting one hand on the stick shift, Devon leaned over and brutally kissed Kim on the mouth. Despite being surprised, Kim allowed it, closing his eyes and even shifted his body to be more comfortable, in acceptance.

However, Devon was now also feeling up Kim's body. In conjunction with kissing his neck, she was also caressing one of his breasts from the outside. Kim was strangely enjoying this new lovemaking, never having been intimately touched there. Especially not while wearing a bra.

Then, Devon reached under Kim's skirt, causing it to rise slightly at the same time. Kim voluntarily parted his legs and Devon was busy rubbing the pseudo-flat crotch of Kim's panties.

Devon snickered as she paused from kissing. “You got some hot pussy for me, baby?”

Kim's eyes snapped open abruptly at this. Kim was getting turned on but now it just seemed as if Devon was no longer joking. Where Devon's hand was, it was as if she could not tell that Kim had a penis... but still wanted what 'she' was 'supposed' to have. Devon's middle finger was even rubbing Kim's crotch through his panties, as if she was running it between the vagina folds of a pussy. Out of nowhere, the car lurched into drive, as Kim had not only found the stick-shift but also suddenly discov-

ered the strength to properly execute it. The blunt jolt jerked Devon back into her seat, where she weakly collapsed, still grinning.

As Kim found their way back home, he had in the meantime tugged his skirt back down to propriety. While waiting for a traffic light to change, he fixed himself as he looked in the rear-view mirror. He remarked to himself on how startled he was when Devon asked her curious question. Although taken aback by it, he now smiled at his beauty, as the light turned green.

The next morning Kim was shocked to see Devon as chipper as ever. "Dev..."

"Hmmm?"

"You okay?"

"Huh? What kind of question is that? Of course I'm okay!"

"Well, with what you put away last night, I could've bet you would've had the mother of a hangover today!"

"Uh uh. Don't get 'em."

"How's that? If it was me, I'd be crying all week."

"Well, that's the difference between us, Kim-ber-ly."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that. I excused it last night, but..."

"But what? You saying it doesn't fit? Admit it! You were right at home with yourself last night, even if you were a slut."

"Slut? Me?" Kim could not help but laugh at this.

Devon then said, "I went for your pussy and you automatically spread your legs for my cock!"

"My... Your..." Kim sputtered, unable to get the words out. He knew that he had been willing, but had not dreamed of himself as 'herself', as 'she' had voluntarily reacted to Devon in the car. He finally said, sourly, "You make yourself a bastard as a man, Devon. I'm not sure that I want to know you, if we switch sexes!"

"As I recall, we already did. And you didn't fight me off... slut!" Devon repeated.

Kim was getting hurt by this designation. As he pouted, his only defense was, "As bombed as you were, you remembered that?"

Devon replied, "Sure. I had planned to do it all along, just to see how you'd react. Boy, were you easy!"

"Stop it! Don't say that! I only let you because I knew you! I'm not cheap!" Kim now cried real tears.

Devon apologized. "Awww, I'm being mean, honey. I'm sorry. But do you see yourself? You pout and fret, but do you attempt to slug me like a guy? Nope."

"Okay! Enough!" Kim wails. "So I'm a girl! Big deal!"

"It's okay, baby," Devon now hugged him, even as Kim struggled to escape. Still, Devon prevailed and Kim relented, shaking as he continued to sob.

After he calms down, Devon released her grip. "You okay?"

Kim nodded positively, even though he still shivered slightly from crying.

"Tell you what," Devon announces. "As of now, we've switched rooms. What was mine is now yours, and vice versa. We both know our true selves, so let's do it right, as we learn how to do it better.

"The bet's still on... even though you've admitted what you really are... because it was my hand on your butt last night and not another man's. And, as I said, I did plan to do it. Although you were pretty enough, you also didn't attract and entice me to do it, at the time. I want you to see for yourself and not merely be worn down from what you may call 'my bullying you.'

"We'll do the makeup thing whenever you're ready. I won't push you. You should know a little something by the next time you leave the house, even if it's just to walk around the block.

"But Kimberly?" Devon used Kim's full feminized name. "Remember to be my girl... okay?"

"Okay," Kim sniffed, as a grin grew. He understood that to mean not to get carried away as a woman. Yet, he had no intention of letting that happen.

Yes, although Devon had been so calculating and cold while Kim was so naturally submissive, he honestly felt that despite everything, it was all superficial. He really was not feminine. But, as with after the activity in the car when he had admired himself in the mirror and pulled his skirt back into place, Kim admitted to himself again that he did enjoy the feeling.

Devon then asked, "So, tell me now... am I your guy?"

Kim could not help but broadly grin at this paradoxical inquiry. With reluctance, he said, "Yeah."

One day, Devon came home all smiles. Kim was relaxing at home and Devon's demeanor was curious. Devon, in her shirt and tie, was impressed with seeing Kim with his legs tucked under him as he sat on the couch. He had worn a simple red tank top dress and Devon could see a tiny peek of the white bra underneath.

Kim has dutifully worn all of the necessary accoutrements, as did Devon, every day since their night out. Devon was overall adequate in her masculine visage but she did think that she would feel more comfortable, in at least her panties. But to ask for this concession now might blow the whole deal, as she regrettable recalled that Kim had wanted to make some exceptions in the beginning and she had turned him down.

Still, she thinks, "Maybe later..."

In any event, Devon did like being a man. As she went through her day of job searching, the deference afforded her in appearing male was exhilarating. Even her name was taken as masculine. Yet, as she wanted to be as male as she seemed to be, Devon wanted to be so with her counterpart Kim, and not 'another' woman.

Therefore, she had bought Kim a gift. As she announced such, Kim said, "Dev, I appreciate it, I really do, but you really shouldn't have. Money is tight and we may need it for other things."

"Oh, stop being such a hausfrau and take it!" Devon huffed.

Kim did so and upon unwrapping the small box, he found that it was a small bundle of hair in a hairnet. Still, he asked, "What's this?"

Devon took it from his hands and deftly removed the net. Then she bolted from her seat and ran to the bedroom. Bringing the bundle back with her, she also had a comb, a brush and a hand mirror. Putting the utensils down, she then, violently shook the hirsute bundle and it seemed to ballooned and it now became evident what it truly was. A long-haired, golden blonde wig. Devon then approached Kim, to place the wig upon his head, brushing and combing it properly in place. She then gave him the hand mirror to see himself, as she once again left the room.

When she returned this time, she firmly secured the wig to Kim's head with several strategically-placed hairpins.

Kim looked at himself in the mirror, how the hair fell down his back and in front, down his chest. He was very happy with the visage and it moved him to tears.

"Oh, Kimmie, don't cry now!" said Devon.

"Oh, but I have to!" Kim sniffed, while trying to stop. "Dev, I've got a confession to make. I was scared stiff to go out on my own. You know... as a woman, looking for work. Oh, I left the house a couple of times, but I didn't get very far and came back before really meeting anyone. Still, all the same, I felt that in the things we traded, a tremendous burden had been lifted from me, in not having to be a man.

"I tried so hard before, and yeah, when my voice changed, it was a joke the way it got even softer instead of deeper, as I told you... and you remembered very well.

"But I wouldn't've chosen to be a woman. It would've just been such an impossible choice, even if I had thought about it. Then again, I wasn't man enough to make it in the first place. You did it for me."

"Kimmie..."

"No, let me finish. I admit it, okay? This time, really. For me, being female is easier. You win the bet, whenever you get your job. I'll try to find something to do... but I'm too scared to try it in a skirt."

"Are you finished now?" asked Devon.

Kim just nodded positively.

Devon went on. "I love you, Kimberly Hall. Now don't get upset. 'Kimberly' is who you are and you've just admitted it. All bets are off and no more games, as we're just going to be ourselves from now on. All I want from you now, is to make it official... by marrying me."

Kim's reddened mouth just hung wide open. He then said, "We can't get married now. We can't afford it! We need money!"

“Hey! Are you rejecting me?” Devon said, as she got down on one knee, in front of Kim.

Kim then took Devon's face in his hands and looked at it for a moment, as his long red fake fingernails framed it, and kissed her lips. After breaking away, he said, “I love you, too, Devon Cody.” As if getting a bright idea, with a grin, he added, “It'll be a kick being 'Mrs. Kimberly Cody'.”

“Then, it's settled,” said Devon.

“What's settled? We're still poor. We're gonna be out on the street if at least one of us doesn't find work.”

“I've got a job,” Devon said matter-of-factly.

Kim's eyes widened as he smiled. “You did?”

“I start next week. I'm not irresponsible. I would not have asked you to be my wife, if I couldn't support you!”

“Wife?”

“Didn't you just say that you'd be 'Mrs. Cody'?”

“Uhh... oh. Yeah, I did, didn't I?”

“Well? That's why I bought you the wig... until your own hair grows out. My girl's not gonna look shabby at all, y'hear?”

“Yes, dear,” Kim playfully said.

Devon then stood up but quickly bent over, as she scooped Kim up from his seat, lifting him fully in her arms.

“Ooooh,” said Kim as she felt one of Devon's arms. “I just love a man with muscles!”

“I'm gonna let you prove it, right now, lover... in the bedroom!”

- END -