



Reluctant Press

Legs To Die For

Deborah Edwards



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEBORAH EDWARDS

Copyright © 2005, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

Legs to Die For

By Deborah Edwards

1

“Hey, get outta the way,” the cabdriver shouted as the bike cut in front of him. Tony didn’t have time to look back or answer the cab driver’s yell. Tony was a bike courier in New York City. He would deliver packages and envelopes containing business documents all over town. He peddled toward the Soho district of Manhattan. He was on his most important run of the day, the trip home.

Tony stopped in front of the small warehouse-style building on Mercer Street. The building was once a factory that employed dozens of people. The factory shutdown in the 70’s and the owner converted it into four apartments. The upstairs had two tiny studio apartments, one of which Tony was renting. He carried his bike up the stairs and unlocked the door to apartment #4. He noticed that the door to the apartment across the hall, #3, seemed to be cleaner. The landlord must have finally found a renter.

Tony placed his bike on the oversized hooks he had nailed into the wall. Other than the bike, a cot, and a small table, the apartment was very bare. Tony didn’t mind though, it was his. He spent most of his income on the rent, but it was well worth it. After his mother died, he lived with friends or acquaintances, or in one of the many flophouses around the city. He never wanted to go back to that way of living again. He would make the necessary sacrifices to live independently.

He was hot and covered with sweat. It was unusually warm for a late September day. Tony decided to soak in a bath before eating. After running the bath and gingerly sliding in, he let his cares float away. How would he pay all his bills this month? When would he ever be able to get out of this paycheck-to-paycheck lifestyle? Tony wasn’t concerned with those problems now; he was more concerned with his legs.

Tony took the nearby razor and began to shave his legs where needed. He wasn’t very hairy, he had just a little on his arms and shoulders. After shaving, he applied moisturizers and smoothing creams. He was very proud of his legs and wanted to keep them slender and smooth.

As Tony pampered himself, he thought of his mother. They lived in a one bedroom “efficiency” apartment for most of his youth. It was all she could afford on her scant salary as a waitress, where a wink and a little leg show was the only way to get a buck or two added to a meager tip

She had fantastic legs. She had been a Rockette at Radio City Music Hall. She had to give up dancing after he was born, but she continued to take care of her legs. When he thought she wasn’t looking, Tony would watch while she shaved and moisturized her long legs. It seemed erotic and fascinating to him. He felt closer to her when he did the same routine to his own legs.

Tony removed the rubber band from his hair and dunked his head. His soaked dirty blonde hair hung down on his shoulders. He didn't have the cash for a good haircut, so he just let it grow and kept it out of his eyes. He stayed in the tub until hunger got the best of him. He hadn't eaten anything all day except for some bagels at the messenger service shop.

Tony opened a can of Chef Boy-ar-dee spaghetti and warmed it up over his hot plate. He was a naturally thin person, made even thinner by his haphazard eating schedule. He slipped on a pair of shorts and a tank top. The shorts were very tight and the tank top was at least one size too big. It was the only thing Tony could find at the Salvation Army that came close to fitting him. It was way too hot in the apartment to eat, so he grabbed his food, a can of Diet Pepsi, a lawn chair and headed for the roof. He had found the lawn chair lying in the trash while on a delivery. That is how Tony got most of his worldly possessions, from someone else's trash.

As Tony stepped onto the roof and turned the corner, he stopped dead in his tracks. Someone was already there, lying on a chair soaking up the sun. Tony's disappointment was all too evident. He enjoyed looking down on the city by himself. It was his spot, a place where he could get away. A place where nobody cared who he was, or what he did. It was a sanctuary to him, and now someone had invaded it.

The figure turned to face him and said, "Hi, I'm Laura, Laura Johansson."

"Oh, Hi I'm Tony," he answered, "Tony Olson."

"You must be my next door neighbor," she said. It was then that Tony really noticed her. She had a bright toothy smile that would melt the heart of the cruelest man. He was awestruck by her beauty. She wore a light blue bikini that didn't cover much of her very ample breasts. She had a perfect hourglass figure. Her heart-shaped face focused attention to her beautiful brown eyes. She had her dark Brunette hair cut short on the sides and back, a hairstyle that only true beauties could wear.

Tony stood still, as still as a deer caught in the headlights. He didn't move until Laura finally asked, "Would you like to join me?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "I didn't expect anyone to be here."

"I love it up here," Laura said. "I hope you don't mind if I share this view with you."

"No, not at all," Tony replied. He realized that sharing the roof with her wouldn't be such a bad thing.

"Have you lived here long?" Laura asked as Tony sat down.

"All my life," he answered. "I can tell by your accent that you aren't from New York."

Laura giggled and said, "Nope, I was born and raised in Logansport, Indiana."

"So, tell me all about you while I eat," Tony said as he started in on his spaghetti. He used this as an excuse to have her do the talking. He was very shy, especially around beautiful women.

"Well let's see," Laura began. "I moved here four years ago after graduating high school. Logansport was nice, but I had to leave. My parents wanted me to marry a local boy and settle down. They fully expected to have two or three grandchildren by now. I wanted to live in an exciting place that offered women more opportunities. So one night in June, I snuck out and took the bus here. I didn't know a soul when I arrived. However, I did know I wanted to be an actress on Broadway. That didn't work out, though. Instead I make my living as a model."

"Wow, a model, really?" Tony said with surprise.

"Yes, really," Laura said with a giggle. "Here's a picture of me from a job I did a few weeks ago." She picked up a magazine and thumbed through it. "Here, that's me next to the mini-van."

Tony looked at the magazine and said, "That's not you. The lady in the picture has a soccer mom hairstyle and blue eyes. You have short hair and gorgeous brown eyes." Tony's cheeks turned a bright red after realizing what he had just said.

Laura gave Tony a coy smile and said, "I'm wearing a wig and blue contacts. In modeling, it's all about presenting the image that the advertiser wants. The dealership that paid for this ad wanted a wholesome family shot. They picked me because they like my girl-next-door look."

Laura continued, "As a model, you try to present your best feature to the client. In your case, you would show off those great legs."

Tony's cheeks turned even redder. "You like my legs?" he asked shyly.

"Oh yes," exclaimed Laura. "If I had legs like those, I would be on the cover of Vogue every week."

Tony liked the attention. No one had ever complimented his legs.

"Say, want to watch me work?" Laura asked.

"Sure," Tony answered.

"I'll be in Gramercy Park tomorrow morning doing a shoot. Think you can come by?" she asked.

"I'm in that section of town all the time," Tony replied.

"Oh, what do you do?" Laura asked.

Tony and Laura spent the rest of the evening talking. Laura was a wonderful girl and Tony knew he had found a new friend. He didn't want the sun to go down that day, but eventually they had to leave the roof and go to their apartments. Tony went to sleep almost immediately and dreamed of what tomorrow would bring.

The next morning Tony quickly made his first delivery to a law office on Park Avenue. It was not a problem to go by Gramercy Park. His boss at the courier service constantly yelled at the riders to return quickly. Tony always tried to follow the rules, but this time he would make an exception.

He began to circle around the park, looking for something that would indicate a photo shot. He soon saw a large group of people, moving about in a hectic manor. He pedaled nearer to them and scanned the crowd for Laura. He spotted her sitting by a small table that had a mirror on one side surrounded by bright lights. He wheeled his bike to the edge of the sidewalk nearest to them. He watched the crowd in amazement. They moved about like bees near a hive. Each person had their own job to do, but all of them were somehow working together.

Laura smiled and waved to Tony when she spotted him. Tony waved back and understood her when she held up her index finger. He waited patiently, taking in all of the action. Laura eventually walked over to him. Her smile was like the sunshine breaking through the trees. "I'm so glad you came," Laura said as she approached him.

"Laura, you look fantastic," Tony exclaimed. She wore a black low-cut gown that showed off her cleavage. She wore her hair pulled back with straight extensions that gently fell to her mid-back. The heavy makeup she was wearing highlighted her rosy cheeks and crimson lips. "But why are you wearing tennis shoes?" Tony continued.

Laura giggled, "Thanks, I'm only getting shot from the waist up today. I'm modeling these." She placed her hands on a diamond necklace and earrings.

"I didn't even notice them," Tony said. It was obvious that he was watching her instead. "I'm not taking you away from anything, am I?" Tony asked.

"Not at all," she replied, "We'll probably be waiting around here forever. Marissa, one of the models, has her mother as her manager. That woman is impossible. She pitched a bitch fit. It has thrown our whole schedule off."

"What's the problem?" Tony asked.

"Her mother didn't like the dressing room accommodations," Laura replied. "All the rest of us didn't have a problem with it. She can be such a spoiled brat sometimes. And I am referring to her mother, not Marissa!"

As she was speaking, a tall, slightly balding, man approached them. He had some kind of eyepiece around his neck and moved in a quick manner. "Lana," he shouted, "I need your help."

"What do you need, A.J.?" she asked.

"I need someone to replace Marissa. I'm tired of her mother's antics. Do you know anyone we can call at the last minute? I need to have someone today," he replied.

“What sort of shots were you planning?” Laura asked.

“I can substitute the other girls for most of her set. But I need someone to do the close-up leg and feet shots,” he explained.

An impish smile crossed Laura’s face. “How about Tony?” she asked as she pointed to him.

Tony and A.J. looked shocked as she continued. “He has great legs and small feet with cute toes. He’d make a perfect model for those shots.”

“Let me see your legs and feet,” A.J. said.

Before he knew what he was doing, Tony took off his shoes and pulled his shorts up as far as he could. A.J. grinned and said, “Yeah, I think they’ll do. Come over to the tent and have the girls get you ready.”

“I...I can’t,” Tony said. “I have to go back to work.”

“I’ll pay you \$500,” A.J. said.

Five-hundred dollars was more than Tony could earn in a week. “No really, I need to get back to work,” he said.

Laura put her hands on his shoulders. “Come on, Tony. It’ll be fun. I’ll help you through it.” She gave him a warm smile and she knew that he would do whatever she asked.

“Well, OK,” he stammered, “But I need to call my boss.”

“Use my cell phone,” Laura said as she handed him a small phone. Tony called and said he wasn’t feeling well and wouldn’t be back in today. Tony’s boss cursed, yelled and threatened him. Tony let him blow off steam until he was ready to let it go.

Tony locked up his bike and Laura escorted him to the tent. “What exactly do I do?” Tony asked.

“Just do what A.J. tells you,” Laura answered in a reassuring tone. “He is the head photographer on this shoot. He’s very good to work with. Just relax, and enjoy it.”

“Why did he call you Lana?” Tony asked.

“Lana is my stage name,” Laura said. “Most models use stage names to set themselves apart, and to protect their identity.”

Laura showed Tony where to sit. One of the older ladies told him to take off his bicycle shorts and clean himself off with one of the towels. Tony reluctantly did as instructed, stripping down to his briefs. Laura had to run off to be in a shot. The lady measured Tony’s legs and feet and stepped away. She promptly returned with a pair of shoes and nylons. “Try these on, hon,” she said in a raspy voice. Tony began to pull the nylons on when the lady yelled, “Not like that.” She then demonstrated the proper way to ball up the nylons and roll them onto his legs. “You’re new at this, aren’t you?” she asked with a wink and a giggle.

Tony bowed his head in embarrassment and said, “Yes, I am.”

“Don’t worry, hon,” the lady said, “My name is Marge, I’ll show you how and what to do.” Tony smiled at her and she grinned back at him.

“These are RHT hose,” she said. “That stands for Reinforced Heel and Toe. You’ll be wearing RHT’s most of the day. Be careful not to get a run in them. Just relax and don’t rub up against things. We’ll start you off with these low-heeled pumps.” She took the shoes and placed them on his feet. “Now, try walking in them,” she insisted.

Tony stood up and started to walk slowly. He soon had his confidence and speed. “Great,” Marge said, “Now do it again, but this time place one foot in front of the other, and always try and contact the ground with your heel and forefoot at the same time. These are low heels now, but with high spikes on, you will have to be very careful how you walk, hon!” She further instructed him on the proper way to position his head, swing his arms, and how to move his hips. Tony was a natural and soon was walking flawlessly.

Tony’s session lasted most of the day. He got a chance to wear many different styles of shoes and hose. While he changed, A.J. would be photographing other models. Marge was a great help to

Tony. She carefully explained what A.J. expected of him during each shot. She also painted his toenails a bright red for the open-toe shoes. She commented on the fine pedicure he had. Tony just smiled and enjoyed the attention.

Working with A.J. was a breeze. Tony just simply followed instructions. A.J. would tell him how to sit, cross his legs, which direction to lean, etc. Tony mostly sat on a park bench or a rock wall. However, A.J. did get Marge to find a short black dress for Tony to wear. Tony didn't mind, it was all just part of the show. A.J. took several pictures of him walking away from the camera. By the end of the day, Tony was very comfortable in front of the camera.

When A.J. finished with him, Tony got onto his bike and sped home. He may have been on the streets of New York City, but he felt like he was on Cloud Nine. He had more fun that day than any day since his mother died. The work was enjoyable and the people were friendly. It was so unlike his job as a courier. His boss there was a dictator and the clients either yelled at him for being late or ignored him completely.

After securing his bike on the wall, Tony prepared a cup of Ramen noodle soup for his supper. He was just starting to eat, when he heard a knock at his door. He saw Laura and A.J. standing on the other side of the peephole. Tony opened the door and stepped outside. He was too ashamed of his empty apartment to let Laura and A.J. see it.

"Tony, you left before we could pay you," A.J. said.

"Oh, I forgot," Tony shyly admitted as A.J. handed him five crisp new one-hundred dollar bills. "Lana insisted we cash your first check for you so we could show you the money!" A.J. laughed.

"A.J. thinks you have a real future in modeling," Laura said with a big smile.

"I'm sure this was just a one-time thing," Tony replied.

"She's right," A.J. said. "You have perfect legs, and you are very easy to work with. Here, look at these shots." A.J. opened up a manila envelope containing several photos of Tony's legs and feet. Tony took the envelope and stared at the photos. It was hard to believe it was actually him in the pictures.

"You should get a representative," A.J. continued, "I would be more than happy to work with you again." He said his goodbyes and left the envelope with Tony.

"I could introduce you to my agent," Laura said.

"I don't know," Tony said with apprehension in his voice. "Do you really think someone would hire me?" he asked.

"Someone already has," Laura reminded him. "Let's go to the roof and talk about it," she suggested.

Tony liked that idea. They agreed to meet on the roof after Laura changed. Tony went back into his apartment to put away his cash and grabbed his soup. He thought about what he could do with five-hundred extra dollars. Maybe he would buy a television or some new clothes. Then he considered what he had done to earn this money. This was so much easier than being a bike courier. Maybe he *should* become a model.

The next day, Tony put on his best jeans and shirt. He hoped it would be appropriate. He was meeting with Laura's agent today. His fears almost overcame him. What if she just laughed at him? What if it was all a waste of time? What if his boss at the courier service fired him? Just when he was about to give up and return to the courier service, he heard Laura knock on the door and ask, "Tony, are you ready?"

Tony met Laura in the hall. Much to Tony's relief, Laura was wearing jeans and a nice light green top. Even when dressed casual like this, Laura's beauty was obvious. They proceeded outside to an awaiting taxi. "I thought we'd take the subway," Tony said.

"I much prefer cabs," Laura teased. "Besides, it's my treat."

As they were riding, Laura opened her pocketbook and handed Tony a small package. "What's this?" Tony asked.

"Just a few condoms for you," Laura answered.

“Condoms?” Tony said with surprise. “Why would I need condoms?”

“Tony, in the modeling business, sex is like a business card. Everyone likes to give it out. I’m sure you will be approach at some point by someone. Please be careful,” Laura explained.

Tony was stunned. He was too embarrassed to tell Laura that he was still a virgin. The subject of making love made him think of his mother. Often she would bring men to their apartment late at night. It was all but impossible to be discreet in a one-bedroom apartment. Tony sometimes would watch as his mother pleased a man. The men seemed nice and considerate to her. The next morning they would ignore or totally dismiss Tony. He longed for the men’s attention and he missed his mother greatly.

“Hey, still with me?” Laura said interrupting Tony’s dream. “I didn’t mean to scare you off.”

“Oh, sorry,” Tony replied. “I was just dreaming of the future.”

“Let me tell you a little about Carol,” Laura said. “She is the ultimate power lesbian. She has a very dominate personality and likes to be in charge of every situation. But she is also very sweet and will do anything to help a friend. She’s a former model. She got tired of doing all the work and letting men take the credit, so she started her own firm.”

They went to the Upper East Side on 78th street. There they entered a small building that was home to several offices. They took the elevator to the 3rd floor and entered the office of Carol Linwood and Associates. There was a young blonde girl who looked very bored sitting behind the desk. Laura strolled up to her and said, “Could you please tell Carol that Laura is here to see her.”

The girl looked around the desk for a minute, then stood up and said, “I’ll be right back.” She walked out of the room through a set of double doors.

“That’s one of Carol’s models,” Laura said. “Carol signed her on about a year ago. She didn’t know at the time that she was a complete air head. I guess she felt sorry for her and hired her as a receptionist.”

“She couldn’t even find the intercom,” Tony said with a giggle.

Just as he was finishing, Carol came through the door. “Laura, it’s so good to see you!” she said with excitement in her voice. Carol was in her late forties, but still very good-looking. She had reddish-brown hair pulled tightly in a bun on the back of her head. She wore a light blue Liz Claiborne jacket with matching skirt and a white blouse. Her body was in excellent shape for her age. She kissed the air near Laura’s cheek and Laura responded likewise.

“Carol, this is the next great leg model I told you about, Tony,” Laura said.

Tony stuck out his hand for her to shake. Instead, she threw her arms around him for a hug and said, “Oh Tony, it’s so good to meet you!”

“Nice to meet you too,” Tony said as he hugged her back.

“Let’s go in my office and talk about your future,” Carol responded in a perky way.

They sat on a couch in Carol’s office and reviewed the pictures A.J. had taken. Carol was very impressed with the photos. “I think you definitely have a future in modeling,” she said. “We’ll need to start with some basic modeling lessons, build a portfolio, and get your name out in the community.”

“What’s a portfolio?” Tony asked.

“It’s an example of your work, photos, ad copies, examples,” Carol responded. “These photos are a good start, but we’ll need more.”

“I’m afraid I have to leave,” Laura said. “I have to complete yesterday’s session. Take care of him, Carol,” Laura said as she hugged Carol. She turned and hugged Tony and whispered in his ear, “Trust her, she’s always been great to me.”

“I’ll need you to sign a contract before we can continue,” Carol said. Laura had told Tony about the contract. She had the reputation of always treating the girls very fairly, more so then any other

agent in town. She impressed Tony immediately. She was very authoritative but also very feminine.

Carol explained all the terms and conditions of the contract to Tony. The agency would pay for all Tony's living and working expenses. They would also receive all the revenue from Tony's jobs. Tony would be given a weekly salary based on his income. The agency would invest a portion of his income in a 401k for retirement and other shorter-term investments. Tony would be responsible for keeping receipts of expenses. He would also be responsible for maintaining his body and staying out of trouble. Tony carefully read the contract and happily signed it.

"The first thing I want to do is take some more photos of those great legs," Carol said.

"Can we have A.J. do it?" Tony asked. "He and I seem to work well together."

"Oh no, babe," Carol said. "A.J. is at the top of his field. We would never be able to afford him. I have a staff photographer for such jobs. Just go down the hall. The last door on the right is the studio. I'll have Ricky meet you there."

Tony did as instructed. He opened the door and shouted out a "Hello." No one answered so he sat down and waited patiently. The room was cool and very quiet. Tony relaxed and started to fade away. He was just about asleep when he heard the door open and he jumped to his feet.

In walked a man in his early thirties fiddling with a camera. He didn't look up as he started to say, "Hi, I'm Ricky. I'll be doing your session today. We'll get started..."

He glanced up from his work and stopped talking in mid sentence. He was clearly surprised and seemed to be at a loss for words. Finally, he said, "You're a guy!"

Tony giggled and said, "Yes, didn't Carol tell you?"

Ricky replied, "No, she just said there was a new model that needs a leg and foot portfolio done. I had no idea that the model would be a cute guy."

Tony was taken aback. Was Ricky flirting with him? Ricky was a handsome fellow. He was medium height and build. He had a dark complexion, of Mediterranean descent perhaps. His wavy black hair was starting to recede and he had penetrating dark blue eyes.

"What do you want me to do first?" Tony asked.

"Strip down," Ricky answered. "You'll be changing clothes often."

Two young women walked in carrying several pairs of shoes, hose, and skirts. Ricky began to give one of them instructions on where he wanted the lights, how he wanted the room setup, etc. He directed the other one to get clothes and shoes for Tony. Tony stepped behind a partition and took off his clothes. The cool air made his penis shrink almost to the point of embarrassment. Ricky stepped behind the partition and said, "We'll start with these." He was holding a pair of hose and black pumps. "You're haven't shaved your groin?" he said with a question in his voice.

"Was I supposed to shave?" Tony asked.

"How else are you going to tuck?" Ricky replied.

"Tuck?" Tony asked, completely baffled by what Ricky was saying.

"Yes, you know, where you put your genitals in your body cavity," Ricky explained. From the look on Tony's face, it was obvious that he didn't understand what Ricky was telling him. "Brenda, would you come here and help Tony?" Ricky called out.

Brenda was a short, stout young woman with dark curly hair. She was a wardrobe specialist. Her primary purpose was to dress the models and make sure they had the proper look for the camera. She brought a pair of scissors and a disposable razor. She nonchalantly began cutting Tony's pubic hair, then she proceeded to dry shave his sac. All the time she chatted as if this were a daily occurrence. It was clear to Tony that she knew what she was doing and wasn't shy about working with men. When she completed her task, she called out, "Debbie, would you bring me the nude-colored tape?"

Debbie was physically almost identical to Brenda but with blonde curly hair. She was Ricky's assistant. She handed Brenda three different rolls of tape, each a different shade. "We normally

use the tape to give the girl's bust a lift, but I suppose it will work for you," Brenda said. She carefully pushed Tony's left and right ball into his body followed by his cock. She then folded skin from his sac over the gap and secured it vertically with a three-inch strip of tape. Tony was more nervous than aroused. Tony stood up and felt a little uncomfortable. "There," Brenda said, "Smooth as silk. I didn't make it too tight, did I?"

"Its fine," Tony answered. "I guess it will take time to get used to being so..." Words escaped him, he no longer new how to describe himself.

"So feminine," Brenda injected with a grin on her face.

"Yes, I guess so," Tony agreed. Tony carefully slid on the hose then stepped into the pumps before walking into the main room of the studio.

Ricky motioned for him to come over to a set of chairs. He positioned Tony and said, "Ready for some magic?" as he began to take pictures.

Tony smiled and reacted in just the way Ricky had hoped. Soon they were working seamlessly together. Brenda and Debbie continually supplied new hose and shoes for Tony to wear. Then Ricky suggested that they move on to shots that were more feminine. He had Brenda bring out a full-length black skirt for Tony to wear. It had a slit on the right side that went all the way up to Tony's hip.

"Slide your legs against each other seductively," Ricky ordered. Tony was more than happy to comply. Ricky continued to tell Tony to act sexier and sexier. He had Tony walk to him and display his fine legs. He had Tony bend over to show the tautness of his thighs. Tony was having the time of his life. Around 1 o'clock, the girls started whining because they hadn't had a lunch break. Ricky dismissed them and continued to photograph Tony as the assistants walked out the door for their break.

"Let's try another outfit," Ricky said. They stepped behind the partition and sorted through the clothes. "Here, try this on," Ricky said. He held up a black leather mini-skirt. Hesitantly, Tony took the skirt and pulled it up to his waist. The fit wasn't perfect, but it was close enough. Ricky had a pair of 5-inch sling back pumps and fishnet stockings dangling from his fingers. Tony put them on and walked out to the main room.

"You move so gracefully in those heels," Ricky said.

"Thanks, they feel so good. I love wearing them," Tony responded.

Ricky repeatedly snapped pictures of Tony walking, sitting, standing, etc. Tony enjoyed the clothes and the attention Ricky was giving him. Ricky then ordered Tony to bend by the chair for some shots. Tony bent at the waist and held onto the chair with his hands. Ricky moved closer, but he wasn't taking any pictures.

"You're legs are so smooth and your ass is so tight," Ricky whispered as he began to pet Tony's rear. He placed one hand on Tony's hip and he removed the rubber band from Tony's hair with the other.

Tony turned around to confront Ricky. Instead of yelling at him, Tony flung his arms around Ricky's neck and kissed him deeply. Ricky pushed his tongue deep into Tony's mouth. Ricky placed one hand in Tony's lower back and the other behind his head. He pulled Tony close and held him tightly.

Tony pushed himself away. Tony began to unzip Ricky's pants. "Take me now," Tony moaned.

As Ricky dropped his trousers, Tony remembered what Laura had said. "You will use a condom?" Tony asked Ricky.

"I have one right here," he responded. He rolled the condom on while Tony lubricated himself with some petroleum jelly that Brenda had left behind. He bent over at the waist and placed his hands on the back of the chair. He awaited his lover's arrival.

Ricky tried to place his now enlarged cock into Tony's awaiting rosebud. Since Tony was wearing 5-inch heels, he was way too short to reach it. Tony removed his shoes and Ricky tried again. After a few attempts, Ricky finally found his mark. He slowly moved inside of Tony. Tony groaned with enjoyment as Ricky began to enter. As Ricky moved inside of Tony, he swiftly came.

Tony did know what to think. Is that all there was? It was so quick. He hardly felt Ricky inside of him at all. Tony wasn't even fully stimulated yet. He turned to speak to Ricky and saw him sitting on the floor, looking very depressed.

"I'm so sorry," Ricky said. "I didn't mean to climax so quickly. It must have been all of the excitement this morning or maybe because it took so long for me to get into you."

"It's fine," Tony said. It wasn't fine though. Tony's first sexually experience was a complete dud. Tony wanted to tell Ricky to finish the job. Ricky looked so pathetic sitting there, Tony couldn't be mad at him.

"I'm sure it will be better next time," Tony said as he placed his hands on Ricky's shoulders.

Ricky and Tony both agreed that the session was over. Tony went to change clothes, but couldn't find his jeans and shirt in the pile. "Brenda probably put them back in the office," Ricky suggested. Tony didn't really want to stay there another minute so he put the heels back on and found a white blouse to wear. He left the studio and walked in the direction of Carol's office.

Tony was in another world as he walked down the hall. Had he done something wrong? Were all men like Ricky? Could he be attracted to women again? Just before he got to Carol's door, he heard a voice from behind him.

"Don't you look cute?" Carol said.

"Oh, hi!" a startled Tony answered. "I think Brenda left my clothes in your office."

"Yes she did," Carol answered. "But you really shouldn't change. You are adorable in that outfit."

They entered Carol's office and she pointed to where the jeans were laying. Before Tony could reach them, Carol took his hands and looked him over. "You are just so cute," she said. "Do you like wearing these clothes?"

"Kind of, well, yes," Tony stammered.

Carol moved closer and took Tony by the hips. "I like seeing you in them," she said just before she softly kissed him. Tony did not fight her. He wanted to see what this powerful woman had in mind. She pushed him to the couch and pounced upon him.

"You are so hot!" Carol said as she mounted Tony. She took off her jacket and threw it aside. "Do you like being on the bottom?" she teased.

"Oh yes," Tony answered in a whisper.

Carol removed clips from her hair and shook her head from side to side. Her soft curls fell down on her shoulders. She unbuttoned her blouse and smiled at Tony. Suddenly this professional woman became a sexual animal. She began to stroke Tony's hair and softly kiss him. "I adore your long blonde hair," she said. "You look so tender and soft. Does a little girl like you still get hard?"

Tony was running his hands through her hair when Carol called him a girl. He was confused for a moment, but decided to let her continue. "I can get hard for you," he said coyly.

Carol sat up on her knees and pulled Tony's dress up. "What's this?" she said with surprise when she saw the tape. "I guess you're trying to hide from me." She pulled the tape off and Tony's penis sprung out like a Jack-in-the-box.

"Do you have a condom?" Tony asked shyly.

Carol didn't say a word. She got off the couch and retrieved her purse from a nearby table. She took out a condom and rolled it onto Tony's engorged cock. She removed her panties and prepared to ride Tony.

"Let's do it now," Carol said as she guided Tony into her. He began to grasp her hips. Carol took his hands and pinned them against the arm of the couch. She moved up and down on him hard

and moaned the entire time. She climaxed immediately, but she wanted more. She continued to pound his cock with her wet pussy. Tony was helpless to do anything to stop her, not that he would.

She climaxed again and continued her motions. "I love your hot smooth legs and womanly form," she screamed, "and your hot dick."

Tony was a bit confused; however, it didn't stop his enjoyment. He couldn't hold back any longer. He pushed his hips forward and came deep inside her. "Ohhhhhhhhh," Carol moaned. Her pleasure was apparent on her face.

After she was sure that Tony was finished, she dismounted him and walked over to a mirror on the wall. As she fixed herself up, Tony changed back into his jeans and shirt. Apparently, Carol was ready to go back to work and their lovemaking session was completed.

"So what do I do next?" Tony asked.

"I think I can get you in a shoot later in the week," Carol said. She was still looking in the mirror. It seemed she didn't want to make eye contact with Tony. "I'll call you when I know for sure. Until then, just keep those great legs in shape."

Tony left the office and took the subway home. He was more confused than ever. He had made love twice today; once to a man, once to a woman. Did he really make love to a man? It was over so suddenly, he couldn't even tell if he enjoyed it. Did he really make love to a woman? She was much more aggressive and treated him like a young woman instead of a man. When he arrived at his apartment building, he decided to visit Laura.

"Hey, come on in," Laura said after opening the door. She was wearing a white bathrobe and her hair was dripping wet. "How did your photo session go?"

"Great," Tony answered. "I think we got some terrific shots. Am I disturbing you?" He asked.

"Don't be silly," Laura said. "You're always welcomed here." Tony smiled. Laura was such a great friend. He felt he could confide in her. As they made their way to the couch, Tony noticed Laura's apartment was immaculate. Her apartment was such a contrast to his. They sat on Laura's couch and Tony told her everything that happened on that day. Laura patiently listened to every detail.

"So, which one did you enjoy the most?" Laura teased.

"I don't know," Tony said. "Ricky was so fast, and Carol was so controlling. I don't know if they even needed me to be there."

Laura laughed until her sides hurt. Tony laughed with her. Laura eventually caught her breath long enough to say, "I assumed you were gay, but I guess you're actually bisexual. I thought Ricky might make a play for you."

"Gay?" Tony said with surprise, "What made you think I was gay?"

"Well, you do shave your legs," Laura answered. "You have long hair and you act very feminine. The way you walk, the way you talk, the way you carry yourself."

Laura continued, "Besides, you've never come on to me."

"That's because you're my friend," Tony said shyly.

"And I wouldn't have it any other way," Laura said almost finishing his sentence. She patted him on the hand and then gave him a big hug. Tony smiled and felt warm inside. Maybe now his life was finally coming together. He couldn't conceive of the incredible changes that were about to take place.

Chapter 2

The next few months were wonderful for Tony. Carol booked him for modeling jobs once or twice a week. He enjoyed the jobs and worked well with the people on the sets. The pay was good, much better than he received at his old job. Only working a couple of times a week allowed him to

continue riding his bike to stay in shape. He enjoyed his long rides with no deadlines or people yelling at him. Riding was a great way for him to clear his head.

His relationship with Laura had deepened. Although she was very busy and dated often, she always found time for him. They regularly went shopping, to the movies, etc. Laura help Tony decorate his apartment in a modern urban style. Laura was the only person that he had ever had a connection like this with, except for his mother.

That's why Tony was particular excited when Carol wanted to meet with them both over lunch. They met at the Plum Tree Restaurant close to Carol's office. After ordering, Carol explained why she wanted to meet with them.

"Tony, you are doing a superb job at the gigs," she started. "All the photographers and staff rave about you. But you aren't bringing in enough money. Since we can only use you for lower body shots, our market is very limited. You're not giving the business enough return on our investment. If things don't change, I'm going to have to drop you as a client."

Tony was shocked and frightened. For the first time, he was actually enjoying his life. He would do anything to keep it. "What do I have to do?" he asked. "I want to continue modeling. I want to work for you." Tony was almost in tears.

"If we could market you with full body shots, you could continue working for our company," Carol explained. "To do that, you would have to have breast augmentation, butt cheek implants, and a complete facial make over. I believe I could then book you with numerous jobs."

"I don't have the money for that type of surgery," Tony protested.

"Oh, the company would pay for all the procedures," Carol said in a matter-of-fact way. "You would pay us back over time from your earnings, and we wouldn't charge interest."

"Tony," Laura said as she placed her hand on Tony's knee to reassure him, "If this is what you want, I'll help you in any way that I can. I've had my breast augmented. It's really not a big deal."

"I didn't know you had implants," Tony said as he looked at Laura's chest.

She grabbed each boob with her hands and squeezed them. "You're not supposed to know. No girl wants to be known as a fake," she said with a chuckle in her voice. Everyone at the table laughed.

"I'll put a clause in the contract stating that the company will pay the cost of removal," Carol said.

Tony was nervous; however, he knew what he wanted to do. He never wanted to go back to the life he had before modeling. He would make any sacrifice to continue living the way he did now.

"When do we start?" he asked.

As they ate, Carol laid out the plan for them. She had already called and made appointments for Tony to see the surgeon, Dr. Ausenberger. He was the same doctor that had done Laura's work. Carol cleared Laura's schedule for the next two weeks so she could help Tony. Carol called in a couple of favors and got the doctor to agree to speed up the process. After the surgery was completed, Laura would be in charge of feminizing Tony.

The next day, Tony and Laura went to Dr Ausenberger's office. The office was small and decorated in a late 70's style. Tony went right in without having to wait. He put on a gown while he waited for the doctor. Laura joined him in the examination room. After what seemed to Tony to be hours of waiting, the doctor finally arrived. He was a short, bald man who looked to be in his late fifties. He wore a pair of glasses that sat on the tip of his nose. He was reading Tony's chart as he approached him.

"Good morning, I'm Dr Ausenberger," he said with a pleasant smile. "Laura, it is good to see you again."

"It's good to see you too," she said as she gave him a hug. Tony wondered if Laura had this effect on everyone. She seemed to be everybody's best friend.

"You want to have breast and butt implants," Dr. Ausenberger said turning his attention to Tony.

“Uh yes,” Tony stammered.

“Let’s see what I have to work with,” Dr. Ausenberger said. He pulled Tony’s robe down to his waist and began his examination. After feeling his chest, he said, “Marvelous.”

“What’s so marvelous?” Tony asked. He expected the doctor to say something about a man wanting breast implants. Instead, the doctor had an inquisitive smile on his face.

“You have more muscle and less fat on your chest,” the doctor explained. “I think you would be an excellent candidate for a clinical trial I’m doing with cohesive breast implants.”

“What are cohesive breast implants?” Tony asked. Laura looked puzzled too. The doctor went to a nearby cabinet and removed a box that was about one foot long, one foot wide and six inches thick. He opened the box in front of Tony and Laura.

“This is the latest technology in chest reconstruction,” the doctor said as he opened the box. “The cohesive gel is less likely to leak or cause problems later in life. They are constructed out of a substance that moves naturally with the body. Go ahead and touch them.”

Tony and Laura both reached out and felt the implants. “They feel gooey, like gummy bears,” Laura said.

“You are right,” Dr. Ausenberger said. “That is their nickname, gummy breasts.”

Tony and Laura giggled. Tony felt much better about the surgery now. If the companies that produced the breasts trusted Dr. Ausenberger with their new product, he must be a good surgeon.

Dr. Ausenberger put the implants away and continued to examine Tony. “You have a very muscular backside,” he said as he felt Tony’s ass. “You must work out often.”

“I ride my bike nearly every day,” Tony responded.

“I think you are an excellent candidate for surgery,” Dr. Ausenberger stated. He grabbed a tape measure and took Tony’s measurements. As he was making notes on his clipboard, he asked Tony, “What size do you want to be?”

“Huge,” Tony responded. Laura could not contain herself and began to giggle. “If I’m going to go through this, I want to look incredible,” Tony said to Laura.

“You do have the bone and muscular structure need to support a large chest,” the doctor injected. “We will need to balance your chest and backside.”

“When will you do the surgeries?” Laura asked.

“I can do both procedures at one time,” Dr. Ausenberger answered. “That is if you think you can endure the pain,” he said as he looked at Tony.

“Let’s do it,” Tony said eagerly.

“I’ll schedule the operating room for Wednesday morning. It will be an outpatient procedure. You will be able to go home a few hours after the surgery if you have someone to stay with you.” Dr. Ausenberger explained.

Tony looked at Laura. “I’ll be there for him,” she said.

The next few days were a blur for Tony. The last thing he remembered about Wednesday morning was the nurse strapping him onto the gurney and telling him to relax. Since two procedures were performed, the surgeon gave him general anesthesia. He vaguely remembered Laura helping him up the steps and onto his bed. Pain and semi-consciousness filled the next two days. Dr. Ausenberger prescribed a strong dosage of acetaminophen and codeine that keep Tony asleep most of the time.

Saturday morning, a beam of light shining through the window awoke Tony. As he stood up, he could still feel the soreness in his chest and back. He walked into the bathroom and stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror. He didn’t even recognize himself. He now had large succulent breast and a round firm butt. His long stringy hair hung down below his shoulders. He also had a small penis between his long shapely legs. Why did he let this happen? What kind of freak had he become? Who could possibly love him now?

Tony needed to clear his head. He took his bicycle shorts out of the drawer. He had trouble getting them to fit over his now-expanded butt. He remembered his modeling lessons and tucked his genitals, giving him more room. He put on one of his old T-shirts. It was tight against his chest and made his boobs seem more pronounced. He combed his hair into a ponytail and secured it with a rubber band. Pain shot through his sides as he took the bike off the wall. As Tony started out the door, he bumped into Laura.

“I was just coming to check on you,” she said with concern in her voice. “Where are you going?”

“Out!” he snapped. Laura stepped back. “I’m sorry, Laura; I didn’t mean to shout at you. You’ve been fantastic. I just need sometime alone,” he explained.

“But the doctor said you shouldn’t do anything to physically demanding for a week,” Laura pleaded.

“I need to ride,” Tony replied as took his bike down to the street.

“Tony, wait!” Laura yelled as he started to pedal away. “Please come back, think of your health.”

Tony sped uptown. He just wanted to ride and get away. His new implants made riding more difficult. He rode to Central Park and took Central Park’s East Drive North. In times past, he could circle the park several times before becoming tired. Today, however, he tired easily. He stopped at a bench to catch his breath. Tony wondered if these implants would take away the one thing he loved, riding. He looked down and saw his sweat-soaked shirt clinging tightly to his boobs. He wondered what would become of him.

“Hi,” a friendly voice said. Tony looked up to see a handsome thin man dismounting a bike. “I’ve been following you since 65th street. I didn’t think I was ever going to catch you. Not that I minded the view.”

This guy was flirting with Tony. “Oh, I used to be better,” Tony answered in his best feminine voice.

The handsome stranger said, “I’m supposed to meet a few friends by Belvedere Castle. We are going to ride through all five boroughs today. Would you like to come along?”

For years, Tony had been coming to the park to ride. Nobody had ever asked him to join their group. A stranger, especially a cute one, had never approached him. Did the changes really make that big of a difference?

“Can I ask you something, and get an honest answer,” Tony said again using a feminine voice.

“Sure,” the guy answered. His excitement and anticipation showed on his face.

“Did you stop and ask me to go with you because I’m a good rider or because I’ve got big boobs and thin legs?” Tony asked in a seductive voice.

The guy seemed puzzled at first, then said, “Both.”

“Thanks,” Tony said as he got back on his bike.

“Don’t you want to ride with us?” the guy asked with a puzzled look on his face.

“Maybe some other time,” Tony answered as he started to peddle away. “I have something I have to do.”

Tony made his way back to the apartment. As he climbed the stairs, Laura rushed out in a panic. “Tony, I’ve been so worried about you,” she said. “The way you left here, the things you were saying, I didn’t know what to think.”

Tony grabbed Laura by the shoulders to settle her down. He looked her in the eye and said, “Laura, I want to be beautiful.”

Laura smiled and said, “Let’s get started.”

After Tony showered and rested, Laura took him out and bought several essential things for him. The first order of business was to get Tony a few bras. He was now a 38D-cup. They also bought a few panties, some tops, and three pairs of Guess jeans. As Tony modeled them, Laura couldn’t help but tease him. “You could be the next Guess Girl,” she chuckled.

“Who knows, maybe I will,” Tony retorted.

Tony and Laura spent Sunday resting. Laura warned Tony that Monday would be a big day and he needed to be prepared. Tony thought Laura worried too much. He also recognized that someday, Laura would make a wonderful mother.

Laura called the salon and sweet-talked the stylist into seeing Tony first thing Monday morning. A man wearing a grayish satin shirt and dark trousers greeted them at the door. His name was Clarence and he was Laura’s favorite stylist. He kissed Laura on both cheeks and seemed overjoyed to see her. He gasped when he saw Tony. “Girl, what have you been doing to your hair?” he screeched.

“She hasn’t been able to maintain her look for a long time,” Laura explained. “She’s been out of town.”

“Don’t worry a bit, sweetie, we’ll take good care of you,” he said comfortingly.

As they walked into the salon, Tony asked, “Does he really think I’m a girl?”

Laura shrugged her shoulders and said, “Just play along. While they are with you, I’m going to get a facial and a massage. I’ll sneak it onto Carol’s account.”

“I’ll leave her in your hands,” Laura said to Clarence as she walked away.

“I’ll take very good care of her,” he said in a joking tone.

Clarence started by cutting out the split ends in Tony’s hair. The plan was to cut Tony’s hair all the same length and let it rest on his shoulders. After seeing Tony’s hair with the split ends removed, Clarence changed his mind. While Clarence worked on Tony’s hair, one of his assistance gave him a manicure and pedicure. Tony was very nervous about letting someone else do his feet. She did a fantastic job though, later admitting that his feet didn’t need much help. She then gave him a manicure.

While one assistant gave Tony a manicure, another worked on his face. She trimmed his eyebrows very short and gave big curl to his lashes. She then proceeded with his makeup, telling him what she was doing every step of the way.

Laura had finished her facial and massage long before Tony was done. She waited in the lobby, reading old magazines to kill time. Eventually she couldn’t stand the anticipation any longer. She rushed to the chair where Clarence was working and asked, “Are you about done?” She looked in the mirror and saw Tony’s reflection for the first time. The change was astonishing.

“Clarence, this is amazing!” she exclaimed. Tony’s hair was now a golden blonde. The hair parted on the left, was wavy on the sides and back. It fell just below his shoulders and was full and thick. “I love these waves you put in,” she continued.

“I didn’t put them in,” Clarence confessed. “She has naturally wavy hair underneath that mess.”

“Do you really like it?” Tony questioned. Laura turned her attention back to Tony. She hadn’t noticed his new face. It was soft and very feminine. Clarence highlighted Tony’s naturally blue eyes and high cheekbones.

“You look great,” Laura exclaimed in a very high-pitched voice. “I can’t wait to show you off to Carol.” After receiving instructions, which were more like a sermon, from Clarence, Tony was free to go. He wanted to go straight to Carol’s place. Laura talked him into waiting until tomorrow so they could get the proper outfit. It was well worth the wait.

Early Tuesday morning, the duo entered Carol’s office. She was shocked at Tony’s appearance. He wore a sky blue dress that perfectly matched his eyes. It had a plunging neckline that displayed his ample breasts. The hemline was well above the knee, showing off his perfectly smooth legs that rested in 3-inch pumps. Long, straight earrings danced around his neck and a heart-shaped pendent rested playfully on his chest.

“Do you think you can keep me on now?” Tony asked sarcastically.

“I think I can find you a job or two,” Carol teased. “This is so much better than I expected! I can’t wait to show you off to my clients.”

“What should we call him?” Laura asked. “Tony just doesn’t sound right anymore.”

“I never thought of that,” Tony said. “I guess the name *would* be a dead giveaway.”

The three beauties thought for a minute. They tried several names, but none seemed to fit. Then Laura suggested they call him Tanya. The others liked that idea.

“It’s settled then,” Carol said. “From now on we will call him Tanya.”

“You mean we will call *her* Tanya,” Tanya said stressing the ‘her’. After hearing the praise and seeing the results, Tanya vowed to be as feminine as possible for the rest of her life.

“Yes, her,” Laura said with a grin.

Carol also smiled. She felt very different about Tanya now. Instead of just another model or cost center, she saw Tanya as a young woman who needed guidance and support. “I’ve arranged for you to have another session with Ricky today,” Carol said. “I want some updated photos to show new clients.”

“I was hoping we could go shopping today,” a disappointed Laura said.

“There will be plenty of time for that later,” Carol said, “We have to start paying for all of this.”

Laura gave Tanya a hug and whispered in her ear, “I’ll stay if you want me to help you deal with Ricky.”

Tanya responded, “That’s okay, Laura, I’m a big girl now.”

Laura smiled as she left the room. She had helped Tanya become a fantastic young woman. Laura felt very proud of herself. A small tear formed in her eye as she stepped onto the elevator.

Carol walked with Tanya to the studio. As they walked, Carol started to say, “Tanya, I wanted to talk to you about your first visit here. I didn’t ever mean to hurt...”

Tanya took Carol’s hand, interrupting her. “Carol, you don’t have to say anything. I really enjoyed it.”

Carol stopped at the door of the studio and went back to her office. Tanya entered the studio, full of confidence. She wasn’t the same weak timid boy that was here last time. Now she was a beautiful young woman, ready for Ricky.

She saw him standing at a table looking at some film with his back to her. She took off her shoes and silently strolled up behind him. She



put her hands over his eyes and said, "Guess who?"

"The Queen of England?" he replied.

"Close," she said as he turned around. He looked puzzled just before she said, "It's me, Tony. But you can call me Tanya now."

"Tony, eh, Tanya?" he said in disbelief.

"That's right," Tanya responded. "I hope you're not disappointed."

"No, no, not at all," he said. "You look great. When did all this happen?"

"Oh, I've always been like this," she said, "I just didn't know it."

The photo session lasted most of the day. Brenda was there helping Tanya with her attire. Tanya and Ricky shamelessly flirted all day. Brenda could tell she was the fifth wheel, and decided to leave early.

"Are we about done?" Tanya asked.

"Just a few more, maybe you should change again while I get some film," Ricky replied.

"Okay," Tanya replied. "Just don't get me too tired."

Tanya stepped behind the partition. She searched through the clothes until she found the perfect outfit. It was a bright red string bikini. Her breasts flowed out of the top and her round butt was noticeably uncovered by the bottom.

When she reappeared, Ricky began taking pictures. She walked directly toward him. She took the camera from his hand and tossed it safely on a pillow. She ran her hands through his hair and kissed him. He pulled her close and ripped off her top. She pushed his head onto her tits and positioned his mouth over the nipple. He started to suck and rub her boobs. It felt so good for her to have a man want her so much.

"Fuck me, fuck me now!" she called to him.

She pushed him away and walked to her purse. Ricky stood there motionless. He didn't have any idea what to do. She took a condom out of the purse and lay down on the pillows that had fallen on the floor. With her little finger, she motioned for him to come to her. As he approached, she lubricated herself with KY Jelly from a tube she brought with her.

Ricky stood over her and took off his trousers and briefs. Tanya sat up and rolled the condom onto his awaiting penis. As he moved closer to kiss her, she rolled over on all fours and presented her ass to him.

Ricky placed his head at her opening. As he started to push his rock hard penis into her, Tanya said, "I've wanted to feel you inside me for so long. Fuck me hard." Before he could move any further, his come filled the end of the condom.

"Oh Ricky, not again," Tanya said with great disappointment.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what happened," he said in a panic.

"Nothing happened," Tanya came back with. "Does this usually happen when you make love?" Tanya asked as she rolled over and sat up.

"No, never before," he replied.

Tanya didn't know if she should believe him or not. Either way, she was done trying to get him to satisfy her. "I guess I'm just too much of a woman for you," she said.

Ricky tried to make excuses. He tried to talk Tanya into going out with him to dinner. She would not hear of it. Tanya was determined to find a man that could satisfy her, but it wasn't going to be Ricky. She put her clothes back on, said goodbye to Ricky, and headed for home.

"How was your session?" Laura asked Tanya as fixed a salad for dinner.

"Short," Tanya responded with disgust in her voice.

"Again?" Laura said with surprise.

“What does it take to find a good man?” Tanya asked, shaking her head.

“You’ve only been looking for a short time,” Laura answered. “I’m sure you’ll find one that will rock your world.”

“Right now, I’d be happy with one that would rock my boat,” Tanya said with a bit of sarcasm.

“I only have a couple of days off to shop with you. Have you thought about what styles of clothes you want to wear?” Laura asked.

“I haven’t given it much thought,” Tanya confessed.

“We have to dress you in something to show off those great legs and body,” Laura continued, “A very chic look, something a little more urban than what I normally wear.”

Laura considered shopping an Olympic event. She insisted that Tanya only wear designer brands. Laura’s motto was, “If you want to be beautiful, you have to pay for it.” At every store that they visited, salesman greeted Laura by name. The girls rewarded the attentive salesman with large purchases, all on Carol’s account.

The girls spent the rest of the week building up Tanya’s wardrobe. Tanya insisted that everything they purchased would make her feminine as possible, no more jeans and T-shirts for her. She always wanted to wear a dress. She even found a cute pink bicycling outfit. She didn’t really care that she owed Carol’s company tons of money. She determined to enjoy her new life no matter what the cost.

Chapter 3

“That’s it, tilt your head a little lower. Good, good, keep moving, yes,” barked the photographer. Tanya responded to his every order. She was wearing a lovely silk green nightgown and not much else. The material felt so good against her skin, she wanted to take it home. That was the downside of being a model; she had to return all of her favorite clothes.

“Great, let’s change the set and get ready for the next shot,” the photographer ordered. Tanya went back to the dressing room and grudgingly took off the gown and put on a white bathrobe. As she sat down at the well-lit table, a makeup specialist began to touch up her face. Laura was sitting next to her, having already completed her touch-up.

“That gown was gorgeous,” Laura said as she relaxed in the chair.

“I know,” Tanya agreed being careful not to move her face. “I adored that floral dress you were wearing earlier.”

“I may have to sneak that one home with me,” Laura said coyly. “Oh, some of the guys were talking about ordering some pizzas for lunch. You in?”

“Sure,” Tanya said enthusiastically. “I’m so hungry; I’ll bet I could eat a whole pie by myself.”

“Be careful or it will be me wearing that gown,” Laura teased.

Both girls giggled uncontrollably, much to the chagrin of the makeup lady. It was a real treat for Tanya to get to work with Laura. Today they were working for a regional department store chain that was preparing a summer sales circular. It was one of the few clients that could use both of their looks; Laura’s girl-next-door style and Tanya’s uptown-young-woman style.

Tanya had completed her surgery just over a month before. Now she was busier than ever. Her normal schedule was four or five gigs a week. Her sexy long legs, fantastic body, and come-hither face won clients over. Although she was thin, she still had a toned muscular body. Advertisers found this to be very appealing. They were starting to turn away from the anorexic look of most models, to the healthy and slender style. Tanya fit the bill perfectly.

Laura was also staying busy. Her face was perfect for close-ups. It was flawless. Her easygoing attitude and constant upbeat outlook also made her very popular. These were the best of times for both girls.

Carol was enjoying the fruits of their labor. The high demand for the two girls had earned them the nickname 'Dynamic Duo' around the agency. Carol was able to negotiate higher and higher fees for the girls. The photographers didn't mind paying extra to get them. Most models were spoiled brats who constantly made demands and were rude to the crew. Tanya and Laura were just the opposite. They worked hard and always tried to please. They felt just as comfortable in front of the camera as they did joking with the crew.

Carol knew a good thing when she saw it. She wasn't about to let a rival agency steal her girls away. She took the girls under her wing. She spent extra time with them, teaching the girls how to run a business. Tanya was particularly receptive to learning. She had dropped out of high school in her junior year when her mother died. No relatives came forward to help and she didn't have any idea who her father was. So she had to earn her own living at a very young age. Now she saw the opportunity for a better life.

After the session was done, Tanya and Laura decided to stop by the agency. Even though it was a cold day in February, Tanya insisted on wearing a dress. She wanted to dress as femininely as possible at all times. She wore a long denim skirt, a red turtle neck sweater, and brown knee-high boots with a 4-inch heel. She felt very relaxed in her new female form. Laura wore a pair of very tight blue jeans and a tight-fitting blue top that showed off her hourglass figure. The girls turned every head as they walked down Lexington Avenue.

"Hey guys, how did the gig go?" the perky blonde receptionist said. Her name was Tami. She seemed to have taken up permanent residence at the desk. She still had not found work.

"It went great, but I'm glad to be done," Laura answered.

"The wind is terrible outside," Tanya said as she removed a brush from her purse. "It really messed up my hair," she said as she started brushing it out.

"Oh yeah, you look horrible," the receptionist good-naturedly joked. "I'll go get Carol."

"Maybe I should get my hair cut short like yours," Tanya said to Laura.

"Don't do that," Ricky said as he was walking by. "You have such beautiful hair. It would be a crime to cut it," he said as he gently touched her curls.

"What am I, chopped liver?" Laura exclaimed.

"No, no, I didn't mean that. You're both beautiful, I just meant...", a very embarrassed Ricky said, trying to explain. He stopped his explanation when the girls started laughing. He swallowed his pride and walked away.

"Thanks," Tanya said to Laura. Ricky had continually pursued Tanya since their last encounter. Tanya wasn't interested anymore. She hadn't dated since then. She preferred to concentrate on her work and her biking.

"There are my girls," Carol said with absolute glee in her voice. "I'm so glad you came by today. I have something important to talk to you about."

They went into Carol's office where they could speak in private. "I've got some great news," Carol began. "A.J. is going to begin shooting the Christmas catalog for Secret Pleasures next week. I've talked him into giving you each a tryout."

Secret Pleasures was an upscale lingerie catalog. It had a wide following and every model wanted to be in it. The girls had to compete for a position. If chosen, their fees would increase astronomically.

Laura was very excited. She had a thousand questions for Carol. Tanya wasn't as excited. She sat quietly and seemed to be in deep thought.

"What's wrong?" Laura asked Tanya sensing her distress.

"Well, it's a lingerie shoot and I'm not a complete woman," she said, stressing the word 'complete'.

“Don’t worry about it, babe,” Carol said. “A.J. knows and he still wanted you to try out.”

“OK, but don’t blame me if something goes wrong,” Tanya said shyly.

On the day of the tryout, A.J. separated the girls into groups. Laura was in the group that would be modeling nightwear. Tanya was in the group that would be modeling bras and panties. There were so many absolutely beautiful girls there, Tanya felt totally out of place. She went to her assigned seat in front of a mirrored vanity table and waited for the wardrobe ladies to do their magic.

Tanya couldn’t have been more pleased with the results. While the other girls nervously yelled and corrected the makeup specialist, Tanya patiently let them do their business. The specialist rewarded with a sexy new style. High gloss red lipstick and bedroom eyes seemed very normal on her. The stylist put her hair up in a new do that displayed her perfectly toned shoulders. She wore a black lacy pushup bra that made her chest look even fuller and shapelier. Matching black panties that scarcely covered her tucked-in penis completed her attire. Tanya had never felt more beautiful.

A.J. loved her look. He took more photos of her than any other girl. She responded with an unusual amount of confidence. Her poses were perfect and very seductive. Her shapely legs wrapped in sheer nylon hose tempted every man who saw them. There was no doubt that she’d had an excellent session.

Tanya’s session didn’t go unnoticed by the other girls. They gave Tanya the cold shoulder backstage. Nobody would even talk to her, much less be seen with her. Tanya went to the back of the room, hoping to get a chance to adjust the tape on her groin. While she was sitting alone, Marissa entered the area after her sitting.

“Hi,” Marissa said. “You were great today.” Marissa spoke in almost a childlike voice. She seemed timid and afraid of her own shadow. She was of American-Asian descent and shorter than most of the girls, and very, very thin. She had huge breasts that were obviously implants, much too large for her small frame. Long brunette hair, which came down to her waist, framed her innocent face.

“Thanks,” Tanya said with a big smile. It was nice of Marissa to break the code of silence. “I felt so intimidated by all the gorgeous girls here.”

“Why?” Marissa questioned. “You’re so lovely. I’d kill for legs like yours.”

Tanya turned red with embarrassment. She enjoyed people complimenting her legs, but coming from another model, it was particularly satisfying. While they were talking, Tanya was getting a new piece of tape ready. She was just about ready to remove the old one.

“Mother is in the studio arguing with A.J.,” Marissa continued, “I wish she would stop, but she insists on trying to get more photo time for me. Sometimes I just want to quit and get out of modeling. Mother keeps telling me this is what I was intended to do.”

Tanya listened as Marissa continued to talk. Marissa seemed like a young girl trapped in a woman’s body. She clearly needed a friend. As Marissa spoke, Tanya removed the tape, adjusted her penis, and began to tuck herself. Marissa’s eyes grew wide and she said, “Tanya, you’re a guy!”

Tanya chuckled and said, “Of course I am. I thought you knew.”

“I had no idea,” a shocked Marissa said. “You’re so beautiful and feminine; I can’t believe you have a penis.”

Tanya laughed aloud. Marissa soon joined her. “I didn’t mean to offend you,” Tanya said. “I’ll leave the room if you feel uncomfortable.”

“Don’t do that,” Marissa quickly said. “I want you to stay.” She smiled at Tanya. Tanya knew that Marissa didn’t want to be alone.

She patted Marissa on the knee and said, “Of course I’ll stay, as long as I don’t bother you.”

“You won’t bother me,” Marissa said. “I think it’s kind of neat. I can now have a new girlfriend and a new boyfriend.”

The girls talked for several minutes. The conversation was mostly about the business, clothes, and different photographers. A shrill yell interrupted their conversation. "Marissa, come here!" Marissa's mother called.

"I have to go now," Marissa said. "I want to see you again."

"I'm sure we'll see each other soon," Tanya said.

Tanya only had one more shot that day. After she finished it, she packed up her belongings and started for home. Before she could leave, A.J. stopped her. "Tanya, there's someone I want you to meet," he said.

He took her to his office. Inside the office were several people dressed in business suits. They poured over A.J.'s pictures. "Mr. Cooper, this is the girl I was telling you about," A.J. said as he escorted Tanya into the office. "Tanya this is Harold Cooper, CEO of Secret Pleasures."

A.J. didn't need to introduce him; Tanya already knew who he was. Harold Cooper had built Secret Pleasures from a one-store business to a multi-million dollar corporation. He was a tall man, maybe 6'4", around forty with jet-black hair that was showing a little gray around the temples. He was lean and wore an Armani suit that easily went for over one thousand dollars.

"Nice to meet you, sir," Tanya said as she presented her hand to be shook. She was wearing a periwinkle top and black skirt with 4-inch open-toed heels. She kept the makeup on and the hairstyle from the photo session. It made her feel very glamorous.

"Please, call me Hal," he said. Cold chills went down Tanya's back as he kissed the back of her hand. "Your photos are exquisite," he continued. "I'm sure you will be featured in our catalog."

Tanya gave him a huge smile. "Thank you so much," she said. "That means a great deal to me."

"We'd like to talk to you about working with us on the upcoming catalog," he said.

"Just call my agent," Tanya said, "I'm sure she will be able to workout all of the details."

"You don't understand," A.J. said. "They want you to be featured in the catalog. You will be the main girl, the girl on the cover, the girl to model all of the top-selling items."

Tanya suddenly felt sick to her stomach. This was a huge step.



Any model in the world would kill to be featured in a catalog like this. She felt almost faint and became pale.

“Please sit down,” Hal said as he grabbed her by the shoulders and guided her to a chair. “Can I get you some water?” he asked.

“I’ll be okay, thanks,” Tanya said. “I guess I haven’t eaten enough today.”

“Let me take you out to dinner,” Hal insisted. “It will give us a chance to get to know each other and talk about the catalog.”

Tanya couldn’t say no. Hal escorted her to the awaiting limo. As they stepped in, Hal asked Tanya where she would like to eat. She let him decide since she had never been to a fine restaurant. He chose La Vela Restaurant on the Upper West Side. It was a quaint Italian place had great food and wine. Tanya ordered the small chicken salad and Hal ordered the house specialty, Parmesan chicken breasts with angel hair spaghetti.

Tanya and Hal talked all evening. He kept trying to learn more about her, but she continually worked the conversation back to him. They discussed the commitment that she would have to be willing to make. A.J. had recommend Tanya because of her attitude and good nature appeal. After seeing the photos, Hal happily agreed to use her.

“Hal, there’s something I have to tell you,” Tanya began, “I’m not a complete woman.”

“I know dear,” Hal said. “A.J. has told me about you.” He could see that Tanya was hurt. “You are a very lovely young lady and I don’t have any problems with you, professionally or personally.”

Tanya glowed with excitement. Was he coming on to her? Surely, this handsome powerful man could have any woman he wanted. Certainly, it was just her imagination. Tanya wanted to explore this opportunity further.

“Why would your company want a girl like me?” she asked. “You saw so many wonderful sexy girls today, why pick me?”

“Don’t sell yourself short,” Hal said, “I think you are very attractive, and such a mysterious girl. Mysterious girls are very sexy,” he said as he leaned towards her. Their lips met and they shared a soft tender kiss. Tanya closed her eyes and took in every moment.

“I’m sorry Tanya,” Hal said, “I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you like that.”

“I’m not complaining,” Tanya replied. She touched the corner of Hal’s lips with her thumb. Her high gloss lipstick had left its mark. “You don’t need to apologize,” Tanya continued. “I wouldn’t let you kiss me unless I wanted you to”

“Sorry if I seem a little gun shy,” Hal said. “It’s been three years since my divorce and I haven’t dated anyone since then.”

Tanya scooted a little closer to Hal. “I find it hard to believe that a great guy like you has trouble getting dates.”

“Getting dates is not the problem,” he said. “I just haven’t found anyone that interests me. You have made me very curious. When I met you today, I knew I had to learn more about you.”

Tanya moved even closer. She let her shoe fall off her foot and playfully stroked his leg with her nylon-covered foot. She watched as a bulge appeared in his pants. She rubbed his inner thigh and said, “Maybe it’s time to satisfy your curiosity.”

They immediately left the table. Hal threw down more than enough money to cover the meal and a very generous tip. He had the limo take them to his apartment on Park Avenue. Tanya was dumbfounded when she entered the high-rise. She had only dreamt of such luxury. The apartment was huge. They entered into the living room. It had three couches, several chairs, a fireplace, a bar, and a pool table in one corner.

“Please, make yourself at home,” Hal said. “I need to check my messages.” He adjourned to what Tanya assumed was a study. Tanya walked around the room for a few minutes, then she strolled over to the pool table. She remembered watching the older men play pool when she was young. She picked up a pool stick and twirled it in her hands. She leaned over and tapped the cue ball. It went skidding off in the opposite direction of the intended target. She giggled at her folly.

“Are you any good?” Hal asked, surprising her. Tanya turned quickly around like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Hal had taken off his jacket and tie and unbuttoned the first buttons on his shirt.

“Oh no, I’ve never even played before,” she confessed.

“Here, I’ll teach you,” Hal said. He showed Tanya the proper way to hold the stick. She turned to the table and bent over to line up the shot. Hal took her by the hands and demonstrated the proper method. As their bodies rubbed against each other, Tanya tapped the cue ball and sank the seven ball in the corner pocket.

“Hooray,” Tanya mockingly cheered.

“You’ll be a shark in no time,” Hal teased.

Tanya turned her head to Hal, “Who cares, the lessons are great.” She moved closer and they kissed again. Tanya dropped the pool stick as Hal pulled her to him. They kissed deeply. He took the pins out of her hair and let it fall. She broke their kiss and shook her head from side to side. Her golden blonde hair was full and bouncy.

Hal slowly unbuttoned Tanya’s top, revealing her ample bosom. He massaged one breast and pulled her head close. They kissed again. She opened her mouth slightly giving him a taste of her tongue. He wasn’t satisfied with just a taste and pushed her closer with the hand on the back of her head. He explored her with his tongue.

Tanya ran her hands along Hal’s body, feeling every inch of him. His chest was compact and hairy. His waist was thin. She let her hands caress his tight buttocks. He was so firm and powerful. He was everything she wanted in a man.

“Make love to me,” she whispered to him. He moved slightly away from her and took her by the hand. She grabbed her clutch purse and dug out a condom and KY Jelly. Hal started to lead her to the bedroom, but she protested. “Do me here,” she whispered as she unbuckled his trousers. He took her in his arms and kissed her again as the trousers hit the floor. While he held her, she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to meet the trousers. She handed him the condom, which he eagerly put to use. While his hands were busy, she lubricated herself and bent over the pool table.

Hal took her by the hips and moved close to her. His manhood found its prize and he began to move into her ass. Tanya grabbed the side and corner pockets and braced herself. Hal’s cock was thick and hard. He did not offer any mercy and she didn’t ask for any. He drove into her harder and harder. Each stroke was more exciting than the last.

“Oh, yes, yes, make me yours,” she begged. Her penis busted from its cage and rubbed roughly against the tabletop. She had never felt sensations like this. His dominance and masculinity thrilled her beyond description.

Hal picked her up by the hips. This allowed his already deep cock to penetrate her further. She tried to wrap her legs around him, wanting to feel every inch of his cock. “I’m going to come,” Tanya yelled at the top of her lungs. Hot sperm spewed from her extended clitty. She moaned with pleasure as Hal continued to pound away at her rosebud.

Tanya moved her hips in motion with his strokes. She wanted him to experience the joy she felt. He wasn’t disappointed. He exploded inside of her with one great lunge. His come overfilled the condom’s reservoir and dripped onto the floor. Spent and exhausted, both lovers found the energy enough to cuddle with each other.

Hal had an early meeting the next morning and Tanya needed to get home. She asked Hal where the nearest subway station was located. Hal just laughed and assured her that his driver wouldn’t mind taking her home. Tanya got dressed and gathered her things. Just before she left, Hal swept her up in his arms and kissed her again. He begged her to come back tomorrow night. He didn’t have to beg, Tanya wasn’t going to let this guy go easily.

Tanya fell asleep in the limo as it drove through Manhattan. When they arrived at the apartment building, Fred the driver nudged her until she awoke. It was nearly 2 AM.

“Please take my card, ma’am,” he said. “Give me a call from anywhere in the city when Mr. Cooper wants me to pick you up.” Fred was nearly as wide as he was tall. He seemed to be a perfect gentleman.

“Thanks,” Tanya said. “But don’t call me ma’am. My name is Tanya.” She flashed him a big smile.

He responded with a pleasant smile of his own. “I hope to see you soon, Tanya,” he said. Fred drove away as Tanya entered the building.

Laura was waiting at the top of the steps for Tanya. She was wearing a bathrobe that covered her nightgown. Her hands were on her hips and she had a ticked-off look on her face. “Who’s the guy?” she asked in a demanding tone.

“Guy, what guy?” Tanya teased.

“You’re coming in at 2 AM, riding in a limo, your hair is a mess, your makeup is smeared, and you have semen stains on your skirt. There has to be a guy involved.” Laura tried to act stern, but her smile was a dead giveaway.

“I hope I didn’t ruin this skirt,” Tanya said, looking down at the stain. “Even if I did, it was well worth it.”

If Laura wasn’t curious enough already, that tidbit drove her over the edge. “Come on, fess up, and tell me all about it,” she said in a more urgent tone as she followed Tanya into her apartment.

“It’s so late and I’m tired. It can wait until tomorrow,” Tanya continued her ruse. Actually, she couldn’t wait to tell Laura all about her hot passionate night. Tanya was just paying Laura back. Tanya had listened to Laura talk about her extraordinary lovers for months, now it was time for Laura to suffer a little. She changed into her PJ’s and pretended to get ready for bed.

“Listen to me girlfriend,” Laura said in an angry voice. “You’re not going to get a wink of sleep tonight until you tell me all about him.”

Tanya couldn’t wait any longer. She blurted it out in one long sentence. “Mr. Cooper, Hal, wants me to be the featured model in this year’s catalog and he took me to dinner tonight to discuss it and we went to his Park Avenue apartment and we made mad passionate love.”

Laura squealed with delight. Tanya joined her. They hugged each other and began jumping up and down. They screamed at the top of their lungs, until the downstairs neighbors began beating on the roof. After they settled down, they popped a bowl of popcorn and sat on Tanya’s sofa. Tanya told Laura every detail of her night. Neither of them got a wink of sleep.

Chapter 4

Tanya was to spend the next six weeks working exclusively for Secret Pleasures. Sometimes she would spend the entire day modeling in just one outfit. The worst part of the job was not being able to tell anyone about it. Secret Pleasures always wanted to keep their cover girl under wraps until they published the catalog. Other than that, Tanya enjoyed the work immensely. A.J. was easy to work with and the crew was great. She looked forward to getting up every day.

Her sex life was just as fulfilling. Like an animal just released from a cage, Hal couldn’t seem to get enough of Tanya. She pleased him in every way imaginable. Some nights she would wear the slinky garments that she modeled that day for him. She would do a dance or a strip tease to entertain him. Either way, their lust for each other drove them to bed together.

Some nights, Tanya would sleep at Hal’s apartment. Most nights, Fred would drive her home. She wondered how long she would be Hal’s girl, but she didn’t care. If their affair were to end, she would be none the worse for the experience. She refused to be a kept woman and was prepared to move on when the time came.

Tanya’s new schedule had drastically cut into her time with Laura. Between work and Hal, Tanya rarely spent any time with her. Laura’s spent her time with her new boyfriend. Tyler Jackson was a corporate lawyer that Laura met in Carol’s office. She was instantly attracted to his

athletic build, old world manners, and Porsche 911. She went out with him almost every night. The girls would exchange stories about their lovers over fruit and toast at breakfast.

Tanya wasn't the only model working at Secret Pleasures. The firm hired other girls for specialty shots, including Laura. Tanya would see the other girls from day to day. Rarely would any of the girls speak to her. The other models were insanely jealous of Tanya. They all knew that she was going to be the cover girl and that she was sleeping with Hal.

On the weekends, Hal took Tanya to places she could only dream of going. Broadway shows, fabulous parties and movie premieres became normal activities for the lovers. Tanya enjoyed being at Hal's side. She was able to meet many interesting and powerful people. She was living every young woman's dream.

Hal had a very special evening planned for Tanya. He arranged to take her to the New York City Ballet. Tanya, with Laura in tow, bought the perfect outfit for the occasion. She bought a Halston original, layered chiffon halter-style, turquoise dress. Laura suggested she wear it without a bra. The look worked for her, she looked sexy but not cheap. She also bought a matching pair of Dior slingbacks with 4-inch heels. It made her rather tall, but the effect on her legs was worth it. Hal cheerfully picked up the tab.

The couple was standing outside the New York City Ballet. They were waiting on Fred to bring the limo to pick them up. It was Tanya's first ballet and she was enthralled. The night seemed so perfect; she thought nothing could ruin it.

"Is this your new trophy?" a tall brunette asked Hal. She was dressed very elegantly, even for the ballet. She wore a long jet-black gown that accentuated her diamond necklace, diamond earrings, and diamond bracelet. She wore heavy makeup, but it couldn't hide the effects of aging. She wore her hair in a bouffant style, which only made her look older.

"Ellen, this is Tanya," Hal said. "Tanya, this is Ellen, my ex-wife."

"Pleased to meet you," a very nervous Tanya replied. Her good mood had suddenly gone away.

"I assumed you would start dating younger women," Ellen said, completely ignoring Tanya. "I just didn't think she would be so..." Ellen paused, "angular."

"Ellen, please," Hal said with disgust.

"Really, Hal, did you think that having this child as your new lover would make you look younger?" Ellen said with spite in her voice.

"No," Tanya injected before Hal answered. "Getting rid of you made him look younger."

Hal had to restrain himself to keep from laughing. Ellen's face turned red with rage as Fred pulled up in the limo. Hal opened the door for Tanya. As she got in, Ellen stopped Hal and said, "My lawyer told me you have changed your will."

"Yes," Hal said. "That's right."

"Hal, we had an agreement," Ellen said with anger.

"No, you had an arrangement to take control of my assets," Hal snapped back. "I've followed through on the terms of our divorce. Now it's time for me to take control of my life."

Hal shut the door of the limo and Fred drove away. "What was that all about?" Tanya questioned.

"That was a bitter old woman trying to continually ruin my life," Hal responded. Tanya could tell that he did not want to talk about it anymore.

"Hal, what she said," a trembling Tanya asked, "do I really look angular?"

"Ignore her," Hal said. "She was just looking for some way to put you down. After all, she couldn't say anything about your sexy body or great legs." Hal began to kiss Tanya on the neck. His touch instantly changed her mood. Now she was giggling and enjoying her evening again.

Hal tapped on the window separating the passengers from the driver. "Yes sir?" Fred answered as the window rolled down.

"Fred, let's go around Central Park a few times," Hal said.

Fred smiled and started rolling the window up. "My pleasure, sir," he replied. Hal and Tanya started making out like teenagers in the back seat.

"Hal, slow down. We have a great apartment to go to," Tanya said as she giggled.

"Babe, come on, this is fun," Hal replied.

"Didn't you ever do this when you were a kid?" Tanya asked as Hal unzipped her dress.

"I wasn't ever a kid," Hal replied. "I went to parochial school."

Tanya laughed harder. She started to unzip his pants. "Well, we will just have to make some of our own memories." She pulled his pants and boxer shorts down in one motion. Hal's now rock-hard cock sprang to attention. "My, my," Tanya teased. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you did," Hal stammered as Tanya giggled more.

Tanya slipped off her shoe and touched the tip of Hal's penis. "Do you like that?" she asked provocatively.

Hal could barely speak, "Yes, yes I do." His face turned red and he was noticeably nervous.

"Let's have some fun," Tanya replied.

The limo had two seats in the back that faced each other. Tanya moved to the seat opposite of Hal and kicked off her other shoe. She lay back on the seat and stretched her long legs across to Hal. She gripped his manhood between her nylon-encased feet and began stroking him. "Do you like the feel of my nylons on that long hard cock?" she asked in almost a whisper.

"Oh yes, yes," Hal said. He had never been this aroused. His heart pumped rapidly. The view of Tanya was breathtaking. Her golden blonde hair softly sit on her shoulders, her nipples were hard and pointing directly at him, her taunt legs continued to pleasure him. Tanya licked her lips slowly, letting Hal know she was ready for him.

Hal tried to hold back, but he couldn't restrain himself any longer. His come blasted out of his penis, landing on Tanya's chest. She didn't flinch and continued to caress him. He shot repeatedly, covering her with his seed. Finally, he was done and Tanya curled up in his arms. "Tanya, you were terrific," Hal said. "However, I feel bad that I didn't do anything to stimulate you."

"You did plenty to stimulate me, sweetie," Tanya replied. "I love pleasing you. And you looked very pleased tonight."

Hal helped Tanya discreetly walk through the lobby of his apartment building. He covered her with his jacket and held her close. When they arrived at his apartment, she excused herself to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. There she stood in an expensive evening gown, covered in sperm. She smiled and removed the dress and the tape that was covering her cock. She stepped over to the toilet and began to stroke her now-hard penis. She closed her eyes and thought of the wonderful evening she had. How Hal had treated her like a princess. How sexy she felt when he became aroused. How wonderful it felt to make him come. She grabbed a towel and caught the sperm as it spewed from her.

"Tanya, is everything okay?" Hal asked from the other room. "It's getting late you know."

"Coming, sugar," Tanya responded. She tucked herself back in and took a black camisole and black lacy panties from the suitcase. She slipped them on, fluffed out her hair, and checked her makeup in the mirror. She could tell by Hal's tone that he was ready for bed, but not ready to go to sleep.

Three weeks into the Secret Pleasures contract, Tanya was sitting backstage. She had just completed a session and was awaiting her next assignment. She changed into a bathrobe while waiting in her dressing room. She was very hot and thirsty from all of the bright lights. She took a cup and went to the ice machine in the hall. As she was scooping up the ice, she saw Marissa going into a dressing room. "Marissa," she called out. Marissa turned her head and burst into a big smile. She moved swiftly to meet Tanya.

"It's so good to see you!" Marissa said as she hugged Tanya.

“I didn’t know you were working this shoot,” Tanya said.

“Yes, I’m doing some earring shots,” Marissa responded. She turned her head to show Tanya the diamond-studded earrings she wore.

“You look great,” Tanya said. “Do you have a few minutes to come into my dressing room and chat?” she asked.

“I’d love to,” Marissa responded with a joyful smile.

Tanya turned her wooden chair in front of her mirror around so she could face Marissa. As she sat down and started to speak, Marissa straddled her. Marissa had taken all of her clothes off and stood there totally nude.

“Marissa, what are you doing?” a surprised Tanya asked.

“What do you think I’m doing?” Marissa replied as she opened Tanya’s robe.

“Marissa, I don’t think this is such a good idea,” Tanya said.

“Come on, I want to see it,” Marissa said as she removed the tape from Tanya’s groin. Tanya’s penis sprung to life. As much as Tanya didn’t want to admit it, the fabulous woman aroused her.

Marissa began running her hands through Tanya’s hair. “You’re so beautiful, I want to experience you for myself,” Marissa said.

“Wait, wait, we need a condom,” Tanya said. She had given up trying to stop Marissa. Tanya enjoyed the company of men, but Marissa was too exquisite to turn away. Nothing was set in stone between her and Hal, so she decided not to discourage this passionate young woman.

“Here, I’ve got one.” Marissa reached into the pocket of her robe that was on the floor. She emerged with a condom and rolled it onto Tanya’s now-hard cock. Marissa guided Tanya’s cock into her wet, hot vagina. Tanya lifted her hands to play with Marissa’s massive boobs. Marissa grabbed Tanya’s hands and pinned them against the chair. She moaned constantly as she rode up and down on Tanya. Marissa climaxed and continued to pump Tanya.

Tanya wanted to kiss Marissa and fondle her. However, it was apparent that Marissa was in charge and she only wanted to get satisfied. She moved at a frenzied pace, as if it were a contest inside of a sexual encounter. She climaxed frequently, seemingly not worried about Tanya’s pleasure. Eventually, Tanya spoke. “Marissa, I’m going to come.” Marissa didn’t say anything; she just moved her body faster.

Tanya shot her sperm hard into the condom. Marissa’s body convulsed with excitement. She grabbed the back of Tanya’s head and buried it deep into her breasts. “Yes, Yes,” she whispered as Tanya came. Once Tanya had completely finished, Marissa held her tight and kissed her passionately on the head and face.

A knock at the door disturbed the lover’s embrace. “Tanya, we need you in five minutes,” yelled one of the photographer’s assistants. Marissa dismounted Tanya and started gathering her clothes. Tanya removed the condom and noticed it didn’t seem as full as normal. She assumed the vigorous sexual activity of the past month had made her produce less. As she tossed the condom into the trash, she said to Marissa, “What am I going to do about this?” as she pointed to her erect cock.

Marissa looked around the room and took a towel from the counter. She poured ice into the towel and applied it to Tanya’s groin. The sudden chill was painful to Tanya; however, she knew it was necessary. Her penis swiftly shrank and she was able to tuck herself in as she normally would. After she dressed, she and Marissa exited the dressing room to find the assistant awaiting them.

As they walked down the hall, Tanya asked, “What is all the commotion?”

“That’s Mrs. Watson,” the assistant answered, “She’s yelling at A.J. again.” Marissa hung her head. Mrs. Watson was Marissa’s mother. Marissa wished she could go to just one job without her mother causing a scene.

As they entered the studio, the subject of the argument became very clear. Mrs. Watson was wagging her finger at A.J. and screaming, "I can't believe you would pick that freak over my daughter. It's unnatural. It ought to be put away. Marissa is much more beautiful than her."

"It was the company's decision Mrs. Watson," A.J. tired to explain. "Tanya is a beautiful woman and deserves the cover. Her incredible legs were the deciding factor."

"We'll see about that," Mrs. Watson said as she stormed away. She turned to see a very hurt Tanya standing next to a very embarrassed Marissa. She clutched Marissa's hand and sprinted to the exit.

Marissa looked back at Tanya with tears in her eyes. She acted like a princess who needed rescuing from the wicked witch. Tanya tried to smile and mouthed a "Love You" to her.

A.J. could see that Tanya was very upset. "Tanya, let's call it a day and let you go home and get some rest," he said.

"No, I have a job to do. Let's get to work." Tanya said in a positive way. A.J. smiled. This is why he had wanted to hire her.

"Okay, people," A.J. yelled. "You heard the lady. Let's get to work."

Tanya was breathtaking in the session. She wore a fire engine red bra and panties with matching seamed nylons and 6-inch spiked heels. She frolicked on a black bearskin rug. She was very seductive and alluring. A.J. wondered if she was being a trained professional or trying to prove something. Either way, he didn't care. The photos from that day's work were incredible. After the session was completed, Tanya changed and hurriedly left the studio. Generally, she would hang around, chat, and relax with the crew. Everyone in the studio felt sorry for her, but nobody knew what to do.

Tanya was grateful that Fred was waiting for her as she exited the building. Fred's regular routine included picking up Tanya after work and taking her to Mr. Cooper's apartment. "Good evening, Tanya," he said in a pleasant voice. "You look lovely tonight." She was wearing an overcoat to protect her from the wind. She assumed he was referring to her glamorously made-up face.

She gave Fred a big hug and whispered to him, "I needed to hear that." Fred politely opened the door for her. Tanya's at last felt secure and protected as she rode in the limo.

"Mr. Cooper is running a bit late tonight," Fred said as he drove up Park Avenue. "He had a meeting. He should be home in a couple of hours."

Tanya's disappointment was unmistakable. She wanted him to hold her and comfort her. She wanted to hear him say she was



beautiful and feminine. She wanted him to make her problems disappear.

The trouble with living in a big apartment is that it is so empty when you are there alone. Tanya tried to amuse herself with the pool table, then the television, neither of which worked. She decided to take a shower instead.

A hot shower was an extravagance for Tanya. Her tiny apartment's shower didn't work and she had to take baths. She turned the hot water to the maximum. She enjoyed the water caressing her skin. She lathered up her hair and soaped up her body. Her troubles now were far away.

She was startled when the sliding shower door opened. The noise broke her out of a wonderful trance. Hal entered fully naked. "Do you have enough room for some company?" he asked.

"Only for you," Tanya said as she put her arms around his neck. "I thought you had a meeting?" she asked.

"I blew it off," he answered. "I couldn't keep my mind off of you."

Hal began washing Tanya's hair as she soaped his chest. His cock soon was rock hard and ready to be pleased. Hal took Tanya's hand and started to leave the shower. Tanya said, "Wait, I've got a better idea." She positioned him facing the faucet. She got on her knees and took his cock into her mouth. The hot water sprayed her in the back and him in the front. He clutched a safety rail with his right hand to steady himself. He put his left on the back of her head to guide her.

Tanya's right hand was at the base of Hal's penis. She took his right ass cheek in her left. She slowly moved her mouth on his cock, driving him wild with anticipation. He clutched her head tightly and sped up her tempo. She responded just the way he wanted. She thrust her mouth on him harder and harder. She moved her right hand off his penis and grabbed the other cheek. She dug her hands into him and struggled not to gag from the enormous head.

"Tanya, I'm going to come," Hal warned her. He tried to move her off him. She continued to pump him. He tried again to no avail. She had never before let him climax inside her mouth. She was determined this time to taste his seed. As his sperm shot out, she moved his head to the tip of her mouth. She sucked hard on the head, wanting to get every drop. When he completed climaxing, he pulled Tanya up by the shoulders and kissed her on the mouth. Tanya clung to him, until her now-erect penis poked Hal in the stomach.

She broke their embrace and turned away from him. In the past, she had done everything possible to hide her maleness from him. She had never asked him to touch her or help her achieve an orgasm. She rarely needed any help as he always satisfied her needs. Tanya was very embarrassed and meekly said, "I'll meet you in the bedroom."

Hal took Tanya by the shoulders and spun her around. He clutched her penis and began to stroke her. "Hal, you don't have to," Tanya said.

"I want to," Hal replied. He kissed her as he continued to stroke it. She put her arms around his neck and held him close. She whimpered with approval as she promptly climaxed.

"I have a few phone calls to make before I can go to bed," Hal said as the two lovers dried off.

"Don't keep me waiting too long," Tanya replied. She went to the bedroom and curled under the warm covers without putting on her nightgown. Tanya tried to stay awake. Tanya, emotionally drained, went into a deep, deep sleep.

Tanya felt a cold hand push on her shoulder. She rolled over, thinking it was Hal. She cracked open her eyes to see a stranger standing over her. He was an older balding man wearing a vested gray suit. Startled, she sprang to a sitting position, forgetting that she was nude.

"It's okay, ma'am," the man said. "I'm Detective Louis." Tanya realized that he was staring at her boobs and covered her chest with the sheet.

"Detective, what do you want?" Tanya asked still stunned by his presence.

"I need you to come with me, ma'am," he said.

"Hal, where's Hal?" Tanya pleaded.

"Please come with me," he repeated.

As Tanya got out of the bed, the detective saw her penis. His attitude suddenly changed. "Hurry up and get dressed," he barked as he turned his head. She put on a nightgown and followed the detective out of the bedroom.

The living room was full of people, all of them wearing police uniforms. As she walked to the front door, she saw a police photographer taking pictures. She glanced over to see why he was taking pictures. There in the living room lay Hal, in a pool of blood. Tanya felt weak in the knees and collapsed to the floor.

Tanya barely remembered getting into the police car and going to the station. She was in a total daze. The police put her in a small room with Detective Louis and another detective. His name was Detective Sanchez. He was younger, Hispanic, with dark wavy hair and very handsome. Tanya didn't care how he looked; she just wanted to know what was going happening.

"Tell us again what happened last night," Detective Louis asked.

"I've told you three times, I went to Hal's, I took a shower, He joined me and we made love. Then I went to bed while he made some calls." Tanya answered.

"Sure you did," Louis said. "And you never heard a gunshot."

"It is a huge apartment," Tanya protested.

"I think he saw your little penis and things got ugly," Louis insisted.

"Hal and I have been seeing each other for weeks," Tanya said. "He knew all about me. We love each other."

"You mean you wanted him and he refused you," Louis said with a little anger. "What was he going to do? Throw you out? Tell everyone your secret?"

"No, no, it's not like that," Tanya insisted. She began to cry.

"Listen, if he was angry and threatened you or hit you, we'll understand," Detective Sanchez said.

"Hal would never do that," Tanya said, "He is a wonderful man. He is kind and caring. He wouldn't hurt anyone."

"You mean he *was* a wonderful man," Louis said, "until you shot him."

"No, no, I would never..." Tanya started to say. She burst into tears and couldn't complete her sentence.

"Admit it," Louis yelled. "You shot him. He wasn't queer like you. He turned you down and you became angry. You killed him. Why are you lying? Where's the gun?" Louis continued to yell at her. He was pacing back and forth in front of her in a threatening manor.

"No, no," Tanya continued to say.

"Hey, take it easy," Sanchez said. "I understand. Just tell us what went happened. We'll make it right."

Suddenly it occurred to Tanya what the detectives were doing. They were playing good cop, bad cop. She realized they were determined to blame her for the murder. She was scared and alone. The detectives kept pressuring her to admit to the murder. She put her head in her hands and sobbed continuously.

"Come on, admit it," Louis said. "You'll feel better."

Sanchez said, "Yeah, we'll talk to the judge. We'll help you out."

Tanya took a deep breath and said, "I want a lawyer."

"A lawyer is not going to do you any good now," Louis screamed in her face. "You're going to jail. We have the goods on you. It can either be easy or hard."

"Tell us what happened," Sanchez said. "If he hit you, I'm sure you'll just get probation."

"Or you can go to prison," Louis said. "How do you think the guys in jail will treat a pretty little boy like you?"

The thought of going to prison terrified Tanya. She knew better than to say anything else. "I want a lawyer," she insisted.

The door to the room burst open. A very well-dressed young man with curly black hair stepped in, followed by a short older man with a very ugly tie. "This interview is over, my client has nothing more to say," the man wearing the Armani suit said.

The two detectives looked at him with disappointment on their face. The man walked over to Tanya, took her by the arm, and started for the door. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yes," Tanya answered, "I'm fine."

"Did you say anything?" he asked.

"She was just getting ready to tell us how she murdered her unsuspecting lover," Louis said.

"I didn't murder him," Tanya snapped back. "I love Hal, I would never hurt him."

"Tanya, be quiet," the handsome young man said.

"Is she doing you too?" Louis asked the man. "You both look like a couple of fags to me."

Tanya couldn't stand it any longer. She slapped Detective Louis in the face and screamed, "You creep!"

"That does it," Louis said. He grabbed Tanya and started to place handcuffs on her. "Assaulting an officer. Now you'll have time to think about what you've done in jail. You have the right to remain silent..." Louis started to say.

"Stop, Detective," the man with the ugly tie said. "Let her go."

"But Captain, you saw what happened," Louis protested.

"Detective, I don't want the whole gay community in New York on my porch protesting your interrogation techniques," he responded.

Reluctantly, Louis let Tanya go. She and the well-dressed man hurriedly left the room. As they were leaving, the captain said, "Counselor, do not let her leave the city."

Tanya did not say a word as they were leaving the station. Outside the station, a familiar limo was waiting with a very concerned driver standing by the door. As Tanya approached the car, Laura stepped out of the back. Tanya ran to Laura and collapsed in her arms. She cried and asked, "How did you know where I was?"

"Fred came by our apartment and got me," Laura answered.

Tanya turned her attention to Fred. "Thank you, thank you," she continued to say as she hugged Fred. He sweetly patted her on the back and said, "It's okay now, it's okay."

"Fred, I didn't do it, I wouldn't hurt Hal. I swear I wouldn't," Tanya said as she continued to sob.

"I know dear, I know," Fred said.

"Let's get in the car now," the handsome young man said.

The trio got in the back seat of the car. Laura held Tanya closely and said, "Tanya, this is Tyler Jackson."

"Thank you so much for coming," Tanya said. "Laura has told me so much about you. You are almost as handsome as she said you were."

Both Laura and Tyler blushed. Tanya looked at Laura and said, "Is Hal really dead?"

"Yes honey," Laura said. Tanya began crying uncontrollably as Laura held her closer.

"The police will be all over your apartment," Tyler said. "I'll go there and supervise the search. I'll have Fred drop you off at my place. You can stay there until this is all sorted out."

Tanya and Laura stayed at Tyler's for the next several days. Just as Tyler predicted, the police searched Tanya's apartment and set up a stake out. Hal's murder was the top story in the

newspapers the following days. A wealthy businessman murdered in his own apartment with a mysterious lover made for sensational headlines.

Hal's funeral was three days later. He did not have any close relatives. His ex-wife made the arrangements. Hal left a very detailed will, but the police did not want his lawyers to reveal the contents until their investigation was completed.

Tyler advised Tanya not to attend the funeral. The media was looking for the "mystery lover" and the funeral could turn into a circus. The day following the funeral, Laura took Tanya to the cemetery. Tanya finally said goodbye. As she knelt at the grave, she broke down and started crying again. Laura tried to comfort her. Tanya opened her heart to Laura. She told Laura how she had never met her father. How the men in her mother's life came and went. Hal was the only man she felt ever loved her. Now, he was gone and somehow she felt responsible.

Laura took Tanya to Tyler's home and put her to bed. Laura called Carol and explained the situation. Tanya emerged from the bedroom and said, "I want to finish the catalog. Hal would have wanted it that way."

Chapter 5

The mood was somber and quiet at the studio. The atmosphere had completely changed since the shooting. Everyone who worked at the studio knew what had happened and that Tanya was a suspect. Everyone also knew Tanya was not a killer. They went about their business in a professional manner. Nobody dared talk about the incident; most just wanted the job finished.

Tanya and the crew worked hard to make up for lost time. They were able to complete the contract well ahead of schedule. This suited Tanya just fine. She wanted to be done with Secret Pleasures. She wanted to put the past behind her, but she couldn't. She thought of Hal all the time. She dreamed of him holding her. She always came back to reality. She was alone again.

Laura tried to cheer her up. She insisted that they go shopping and out on the town. Tanya refused. She would go to work and spend the rest of her time in her apartment. She even stopped riding her bike.

Several weeks passed. Tanya had to meet with A.J. to go over the final proofs. She didn't want to go to his office, but she had no choice. Tanya put on her best jeans and a light green top. She didn't feel like being feminine anymore. She was afraid of the pain it would cause.

As Tanya entered A.J.'s office, she noticed Marissa sitting by herself in the hall. Tanya smiled and approached her. Marissa noticed Tanya and jumped up to meet her. The two young ladies embraced.

"Oh Tanya, I was so sorry to hear about Hal," Marissa said. "I wanted to come see you, but I could never find you."

"That's okay, babe," Tanya said as they broke their embrace, "I wanted to be alone." She stepped back, looked at Marissa, and said, "You look great."

"Thanks," a noticeably happier Marissa said. "I feel great too."

Just as the two girls began to get comfortable with each other, a piercing voice interrupted them. "Get away from her!" Marissa's mom screamed.

"I was just saying Hi," a shaken Tanya protested.

"Get away! If it wasn't for you, Marissa would be on the cover," Mrs. Watson yelled.

"Mrs. Watson, honestly, I...", Tanya started to say.

"You should be put away, you freak," Mrs. Watson said.

"Mother," Marissa yelled. "Tanya is a wonderful person. Don't talk to her like that."

Mrs. Watson turned her head and looked at Marissa in shock. Marissa had never talked back to her mother. "She's, he's, it's a freak," Mrs. Watson said, "I will not allow you to see it again."

“Don’t say that,” an angry Marissa said. “I love Tanya.”

“Why, what has it ever done for you?” Mrs. Watson asked.

“Tanya is going to be the father of my child,” Marissa said. She immediately covered her mouth with both hands.

“What?” Tanya shouted.

“Your what?” Mrs. Wilson echoed.

“Oh Tanya, I wanted to tell you sooner,” Marissa said as she turned to Tanya. “I put a hole in the condom. I wanted to get pregnant and have a baby. You seemed so nice and so beautiful; I wanted you to father my child.”

Tanya froze. She didn’t know what to think or do. Marissa continued, “I know you must hate me, but I wanted a child. Please say that you’re happy about it. Please say you’ll love me and the baby.”

Tanya stood in disbelief. She was able to blurt out, “Of course I’ll love the baby and you.”

“You!” Mrs. Wilson screeched, “You’ve ruined everything. You’ve taken away my girl and her career.” She reached into her purse and pulled out a revolver. “Now you’ll have to pay, just like your boyfriend.” She pointed the pistol at Tanya and squeezed the trigger.

“No!” Marissa yelled.

Tanya screamed at the top of her lungs as the blast from the pistol rang throughout the building. Tanya fell backwards. She lay on the floor in a pool of blood. Two of A.J.’s employees wrestled Mrs. Wilson to the ground and took the gun away from her.

“Someone call 911!” Tanya pleaded. She sat on the floor holding Marissa in her arms. Marissa had stepped in front of Tanya at the last minute and shielded her from the bullet. She was unconscious and bleeding heavily. Tanya cried hysterically, as she prayed that her lover would live.

Darrell Andrews had never seen such an open and shut case as this one. He was the Assistant District Attorney in charge of prosecuting Mrs. Watson. He charged her with the first-degree murder of Harold Cooper and attempted murder of Tanya Olson. The 32-year-old attorney was almost saddened that this case wouldn’t make it to trial. He knew the publicity would certainly help his career. He was sure the defense would accept his plea bargain in today’s meeting.

“Over my objections, my client has turned down your offer,” a frustrated Ben Harper said to Andrews. Ben Harper was the defense attorney representing Mrs. Watson. He was a bald 50-something well-respected man. He looked, acted, and spoke as an attorney should.

“Please inform your client that 10-20 years is a very generous offer,” Andrews said as he stared at Mrs. Watson.

“Don’t try to sell me that bull,” Mrs. Watson replied.

“Mrs. Watson, please,” Harper implored with her.

“Listen here,” Mrs. Wilson said, ignoring the advice of her attorney. “All we have to do is put that freak on the stand, tell how he impregnated my daughter, and I’ll be in the clear.” As the defense stormed out of the room, Andrews thought of his strategy. He would have to overcome the public’s fear of transsexuals if he was going to win this case.

Reporters, special interest groups and other attorneys packed the courtroom. The publicity generated by this case was phenomenal, even by New York standards. Motions and counter-motions delayed the trial for several months. The judge finally agreed to allow reporters and observers in the court with strict orders of decorum. If the crowd gave the judge any reason, he would immediately throw them out.

The prosecution brought a parade of witnesses. The forensic expert who testified that there was no doubt that the gun that killed Hal Cooper also shot Marissa Wilson. A.J testified how upset Mrs. Watson was over Marissa not being on the cover. A.J’s employees testified about witnessing the shooting and taking the gun from Mrs. Watson. Detective Louis testified that Mrs. Watson

wasn't even a 'Mrs.' after all. She had never been married. The witness that everyone was waiting on took the stand last: Tanya.

"The people would like to call Tanya Olson to the stand," Andrews declared. The courtroom became dead silent. Tanya hadn't seen any of the proceedings since Tanya was a key witness. Every head turned as she entered the courtroom. They were stunned at what they saw.

Tanya looked better than ever. Clarence had let her hair grow much longer. It now lay down to her shoulder blades, styled similar to actress Victoria Lake's. She wore a very fashionable Anne Taylor dark blue dress that was conservative and inviting at the same time. It had $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves, a modest neckline and five black buttons down the front. The hemline was just above the knees and she carried a matching clutch purse. She wore unpretentious jewelry and 3-inch black heels.

As she walked into the courtroom, her hair bounced with ease and her gorgeous legs sprung out for all to see. She walked with grace and confidence. She was excited about today; because today was the day she would put her lover's killer in jail. A murmur spread through the room, raising the judge's anger.

"Order in the court!" he demanded. The room quieted; no one there wanted to miss a thing.

Tanya turned her back to the jury to take the familiar oath. The men of the jury strained to get a look at this fabulous woman. The women of the jury dissected every bit of her in search of a flaw. The women searched in vain.

"Please state your name for the record," Andrews said.

"My name is Tanya Olson," she responded.

"Could you please tell us of your relationship with Harold Cooper?" he asked. Tanya addressed the jury. She told of how she and Harold meet. How they became lovers. How she was awakened one morning to see him dead. She sat up straight and spoke boldly, even as a tear ran down her face.

"Could you please describe the incident that led to the shooting of Marissa Watson?" Andrews asked. Tanya told how Mrs. Watson confronted them in the hall and how they had discovered she was the father of Marissa's child. How Mrs. Watson had intended on killing her, but Marissa stepped in the way. How Marissa had lost their child at the hospital.

A cry came from the courtroom. Marissa sat behind her mother and wept in her hands. Tanya felt for her and wished she could comfort her. Andrews continued with his questioning.

"Did you attack Mrs. Watson or threaten her in anyway?" Andrews asked.

"No, of course not," Tanya replied.

"Were you and her daughter lovers?" he asked.

"Yes," Tanya replied.

"Did her daughter consent to have sex with you?" he asked

"Yes," Tanya replied.

"You did not force her in anyway?" he asked.

"No, she was a more-than-willing -willing partner," Tanya answered.

"No further questions," Andrews said as he turned to look at Harper. "Your witness."

The courtroom observers were puzzled. They assumed that the District Attorney would question Tanya extensively. She was the one person who could establish Mrs. Watson's guilt.

Harper stood up and approached the witness. He knew that his case rested on his cross-examination of her. If Mrs. Watson were going to get off, it depended on making Tanya out to be the villain.

"You testified that your name is Tanya Olson, is that correct?" Harper asked.

"Yes, that is correct," Tanya replied.

“Until just a few weeks ago your name was Tony Olson. Is that correct?” Harper asked in a sharper tone.

“Yes, that is correct,” Tanya replied.

“Are you trying to hide the fact that you are indeed a man?” Harper asked in a sarcastic tone.

“I’m not a man,” Tanya replied.

A shocked look came over Harper’s face. “We just heard you testify that you were the father of Marissa Watson’s child. How can you not be a man?” He asked.

“I do have male genitals, and I can reproduce,” Tanya answered, “But I am feminine in every other way. I act as a woman, think as a woman and live as a woman. The person you see before you is not a freak or an oddity. I am a human who is capable of loving and being loved. If you can’t see the difference between a man and me, there is nothing more that I can say to convince you.”

The murmur began again in the courtroom. While the judge silenced the crowd, several jurors smiled in agreement with Tanya. Harper could see he was losing the jury and had to change his attack.

“But you were man enough to make love to Marissa Watson,” he charged.

“Yes, but she was the masculine one in the relationship,” Tanya answered.

Pointing to Marissa, Harper asked, “That little woman was the aggressor?”

“Yes,” Tanya answered. “She was defiantly on top and in control all the time.”

Marissa nodded her head in an affirmative manner. Harper was now on the defensive and had to turn the jury against Tanya. He decided to try a different approach.

“From your experiences, would you say that Mrs. Watson was protective of her daughter?” Harper asked.

“I would say she was very protective,” Tanya answered.

“So would it be reasonable to say that she would harm someone if they thought she was a threat to her daughter?”

“Yes, I guess so,” Tanya answered.

“So, wouldn’t it fair to say that in the heat of the moment, Mrs. Watson might do something rash to protect her child?” he asked.

“Objection!” Andrews shouted from his desk. “The witness isn’t an expert on human behavior.”

Before the judge could say anything, Tanya stated, “That doesn’t explain why she killed Hal in cold blood.”

Harper stopped in his tracks. He didn’t have an answer for her or the jury. He had no choice but to dismiss Tanya and call his client to the stand.

While on the stand, Mrs. Watson declared her innocence. She claimed she tried to kill Tanya to protect her daughter. She had mistakenly thought Tanya had raped Marissa and lost control. She then claimed Marissa had told her that she and Harold Cooper were lovers. When she confronted the man that was much older than her daughter, he had threatened her. She shot him in self-defense.

It was then Andrews’ turn to cross-examine her. “I have only one question for you, Mrs. Watson,” Andrews asked as he approached her. “Are you going to put Marissa on the stand to verify that she and Mr. Cooper were lovers?”

Mrs. Watson sat there in silence. Andrews knew that Harper couldn’t put Marissa on the stand. If she told the truth, the case was over. If he knew she was going to lie, he was obligated not to make her a witness. “Thank you Mrs. Watson, your silence is your answer,” Andrews said.

The closing arguments were short and to the point. Harper continued to depict Mrs. Watson as a mother trying to protect her child. Andrews pointed out her obvious motive, greed. He ended his summation with this statement. “No matter what you think of Tanya Olson’s lifestyle, you cannot

deny her the basic rights that every human being has. Everyone has the right to live their lives as they choose and not be held in fear of retribution.”

The jury was out for less than an hour. They found Mrs. Watson found guilty on all counts. The judge was not impressed with her pleas for leniency; he sentenced her to 25 years to life.

The day after the verdict, the new issue of Secret Pleasures hit the stands. It was an immediate sellout. The company quickly printed more issues to keep up with the demand. The incredible demand for the catalogs led to higher sales. The woman of mystery of the front cover had everyone talking. Was she really a man? Had she had surgeries? What was she really like? Everyone had an opinion, but nobody had the facts.

Tanya remained a mystery by design. Carol was flooded with offers. From advertisers to porn movie producers, everyone wanted a piece of Tanya. However, Tanya was determined to stay with her true passion, modeling. Carol put together a three-year deal for her with Secret Pleasures and limited her modeling to only the highest paying clients. Carol enjoyed having the upper hand in negotiations.

Tanya wasn't the only girl doing well. Laura had become engaged to Tyler and they were planning a big Spring wedding. She was going to quit the modeling business and spend her time setting up a household in Connecticut. She wanted to give her parents the grandchildren they wanted.

The police finally allowed Hal's attorney to execute his very thorough will. The future structure of his businesses was set, properties were given to charities, employees rewarded. The interesting tidbits were at the last of the will.

“To my ex-wife, Ellen,” the next-to-last paragraph started. “You have always wanted everything I earned, including the shirt off my back. So that is what I'm giving you today, the shirt off my back.” The lawyer held up an old torn, T-shirt and handed it to Ellen. Everyone in the room giggled.

“To my lovely companion Tanya,” the last paragraph started. “You have given me great joy and excitement. I know you wouldn't accept any cash, so I want to give you something I know you will love. You will have my Park Avenue apartment, its lease fully paid, for the next 25 years.”

Tanya smiled and felt very warm inside. Hal always knew how to make her happy. She quickly hired Fred to be her driver.

As Tanya got ready for her date, she realized that it was exactly one year ago that she had done her first modeling job. She reflected on how much had changed. Never would she have dared dream that she would be where she was today. It was getting late, so she quickly finished her makeup.

She was wearing a cobalt Jodi Kristopher full-length dress with one large strap over her left shoulder that fit her tightly. She had her hair up and she wore several pieces of jewelry. She wanted to look as stylish as possible. It was her first trip back to the ballet since her ugly confrontation with Hal's ex-wife. She wanted to dazzle everyone and not have to worry about old brooding hags.

As Darrell Andrews opened the door of his Lincoln Continental for Tanya, cold chills ran down her back. It wasn't from the weather, but from the excitement of this powerful man wanting to date her. As they drove away, she asked, “Are you sure it's okay to be seen with me? I don't want you charged with a conflict of interest.”

“The trial is long over,” he said, “Besides, who can blame me for wanting to be with you?”

“How did you know to let Harper attack my character during the trial?” Tanya asked.

“It was a little bit of a gamble,” Darrell admitted. “But nobody likes to watch a victim attacked. Besides, after I met you, I knew the jury would fall in love with you.”

Tanya smiled at him. She slowly crossed her legs, letting the dress fall off her thighs. Darrell's eyes widened as Tanya continued to tease him.

Suddenly he stepped on the brakes and narrowly missed a boy on a bicycle. “Those couriers!” he said, “You can never tell what they are going to do.”

Tanya reached over, began playing with his salt-and-pepper hair and said, “No, you can never tell.”

###