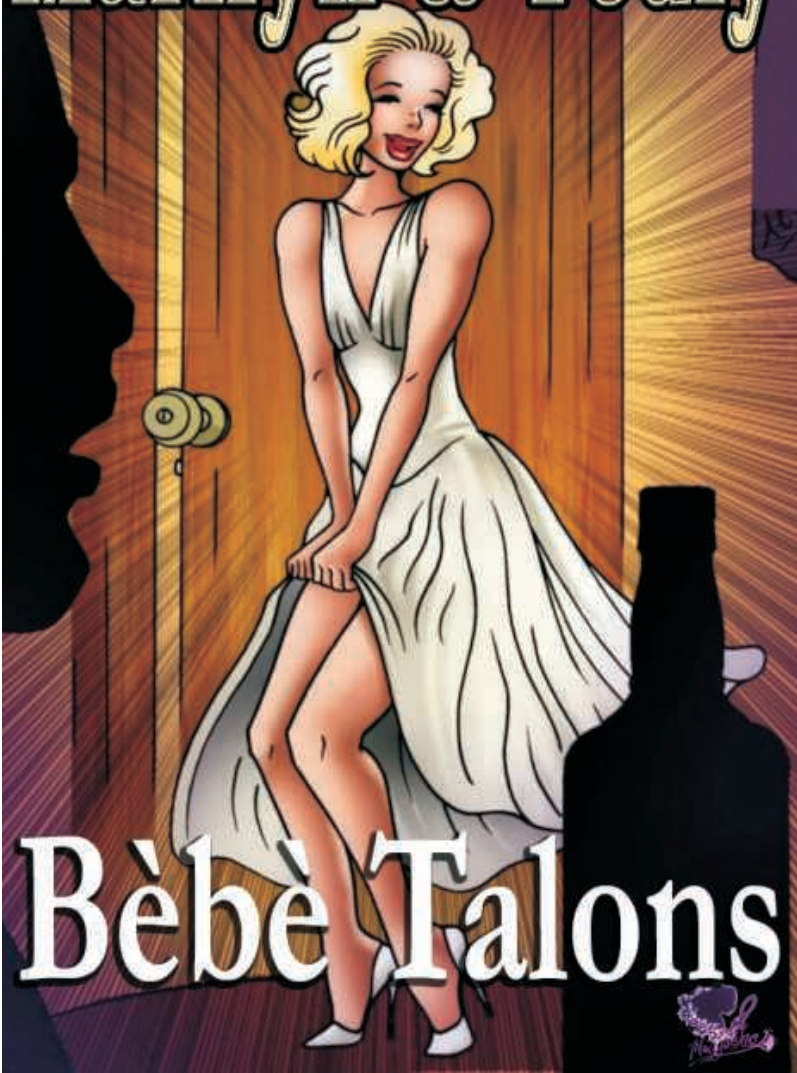


Marilyn & Tedly



Bèbè Talons

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Marilyn & Tedly

by B  b   Talons

I

Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock leaned back in his office chair and held his head gently in his gnarled hands. Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock was nursing the mother of all hangovers and the steady tap-tapping of a typewriter coming through the closed hatch wasn’t doing him any favors either.

The evening before, a Sunday (and he knew he had to go to work the next morning, but he had gotten drunk in spite of his best intentions), he had met some pilot friends and they had gotten to speaking airplane and he had just lost count of how many drinks he had imbibed.

All he could remember was drinking, then waking up in his room at the B.O.Q., feeling like death warmed over. On second thought, he didn't feel that good either!

Back to the incessant tap-tapping. . . "God damn it, Chief!" he bellowed, "Will you for God's sake stop that infernal tap-tapping on that fucking machine?"

Thankfully, it stopped after a moment or two and he tried to relax in his chair.

Then, the tap-tapping started again and it seemed to have picked up speed!

"Sum-na-bitch!" he roared, jumping to his feet and throwing open the hatch. "God damn it, Chief!" he bellowed. "I said to stop that damned infernal racket! Can't a man get a little peace and quiet in his own fucking office?" he demanded angrily.

He looked through bleary eyes, fully expecting to see the multi-striped arm and beribboned chest of Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson sitting behind the outer desk. Instead, he saw an Able Seaman in dress whites seated at the Dictaphone, typing furiously, his eyes closed in concentration, his fingers flying over the keys with astonishing speed!

"Who in the Hell are you?" Captain Wheelock roared, but the Seaman paid him no mind, but kept right on tap-tapping as fast as his fingers would move.

"I said, who in Hell are you?" Captain Wheelock bellowed in frustration. Then he saw the ear phones covering the man's ears that prevented his hearing anything extraneous.

Angrily, Captain Wheelock grabbed an ear phone and yanked it free. "I said, who in Hell are you?" he bellowed at the top of his voice.

"Oh, oh, eek!" the startled young man squeaked and jumped out of his chair, bringing the heavy Dictaphone machine crashing down to the floor, right atop the same sore great toe the Captain had injured when he had tripped leaving the B.O.Q. that very morning!

"Holy Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" Captain Theodore "Ted" M. (for Morgan) Wheelock bellowed as he danced around, his hand grasping his sore toe trying to ease the renewed throbbing.

"Sorry, Sir," the Seaman apologized, "but I didn't hear you. What may I do for you, Sir?"

"First of all, who in blazes are you and where is my yeoman, Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson?" he demanded imperiously. "Where is old Horse's Ass?" he bellowed again.

The Seaman seemed to quail before the Captain's verbal barrage as he replied hesitantly, softly, "Why I would imagine he's long since Stateside by this time, Sir."

"Stateside? What's he doing Stateside? I never signed no leave papers for him!"

"No, Sir," the Seaman agreed, "Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson was retired with full military honors at retreat last Friday afternoon, Sir!" he tried to explain.

"Retire? Why that simple son of a bitch hasn't been in the fucking Navy more than ten or fifteen years, if that fucking long!" he objected, his forehead wrinkling as he worked himself into a frenzy.

“Actually, he had over forty eight years on active duty, Sir,” the Seaman replied gently.

“Hell’s bells! No one ever tells me a damned thing! What’re you doing here?” he demanded.

‘I wouldn’t wonder, with that attitude!’ the Seaman thought. Aloud, “Yes, Sir, Ensign Maxwell sent my reassignment orders down through channels a week ago. Didn’t you get them? When they were returned to her they had been initialed by you, Sir.

Vaguely, Ted remembered signing a whole bunch of papers a few days ago, but had taken his Yeoman’s word that it was all, “just routine paperwork, Sir.””

‘God damned Dawson! That bastard hid them from me in the fucking pile, knowing I’d be up shit creek when I did find out! Damn him all to Hell!’ he thought viciously. “OK, OK, I get the message, I have been screwed royally! What’s your name, Seaman?” he asked in a quieter tone of voice.

“I am able Seaman Marlin Monroe and I have been assigned as your replacement clerk, Sir.”

‘Oh, great! Another one still wet behind the fucking ears!’ he thought maliciously. Aloud, “I suppose you are familiar with Navy procedures as pertains to resupply and requisitions?” he demanded.

“Yes, Sir. Ensign Maxwell briefed me most thoroughly.”

“Oh, she did, did she?” Ted asked absently.

The Seaman nodded in agreement. “Yes, Sir. She wanted me to get up to speed as soon as possible, Sir,” he added shyly.

“All right, what in Hell were you doing with that infernal typewriter machine?”

“Why, I was typing up your last week’s dictation, Sir. Somehow it didn’t get done,” he explained.

“That fucking Horse’s Ass Dawson!” Wheelock stormed. “If I ever catch up with that cocksucker, I’ll kill the bastard, then I’ll punch his fucking lights out!” he raged angrily.

Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock and Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson had taken an instant dislike to one another the very first day they had met.

Dawson hated reassigned fly boys like Wheelock and Wheelock hated petty officers who thought they were smarter than the rest of the Navy!

They had been sniping at each other for four years with neither the clear winner.

“Carry on, Seaman,” Ted retreated through the hatch and closed it behind him. His headache had seemed to have almost dissipated and he pulled his in-basket towards him. Taking the first letter, he saw that it was from Fleet Supply wanting to know the status of some damned doo hickey or another.

“Seaman Monroe!” he bellowed. “Get your sorry ass in here!”

He waited a minute, but there was no response.

Again, he bellowed at the top of his lungs, “Monroe, get in here, NOW!”

Still no response.

Angrily, he strode to the hatch, threw it open and saw that once more Monroe was engrossed in his work. Grabbing an ear phone, he yanked it off roughly. “Damn it, Monroe! I been calling you for five minutes! Why didn’t you answer me?”

Once more, the startled Seaman jumped in fright and once more the heavy Dictaphone fell to the floor with the same predictable result. Once again, it landed directly atop Captain Ted Wheelock's sore, still throbbing great toe!

Once more, "Holy Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" Captain Theodore "Ted" M. (for Morgan) Wheelock belated and once more he danced around the room holding his great toe and whimpering as stabbing pain rushed over him.

"Sir!" the startled Seaman asked, "Why didn't you use the intercom to call me?" he asked softly.

"Intercom? What fucking intercom?" Ted belated.

"Why the one on your telephone, Sir!" the amazed Seaman answered.

"Show me, dammit!" Ted ordered.

"Yes, Sir, when you want my attention, just press this button on your phone and it lights up a light on my phone. If I'm hooked up to the Dictaphone, it buzzes softly in my ear to alert me to incoming."

"Well, I be damned!" Ted replied in amazement. "How long's that been there?"

"It's standard equipment for all Navy phones, Sir," the bewildered Seaman answered. "Has been for many years now."

"That son-of-a-bitchin' Horse's Ass Dawson never said a fucking word about any intercom! Damn him to Hell and gone!" he raged inwardly. Back pedaling to cover his confusion, Ted murmured, "I did not know. You can be sure I will use it in future."

"It will make life a whole lot easier on both of us, Sir, especially since your foot and my poor old Dic-

taphone seem to have a fatal attraction for one another!" he smiled brightly. "What did you need me for, Sir?" he asked politely.

"It's this letter from Fleet. They want to know our status on some damned doo dad or another."

"May I?" Seaman Monroe held out his hand and Ted passed the sheaf of computer print over to him. Stepping to his desk, Monroe leafed through the pages, stopped, ran his finger down the row of print, stopped, made a pencil tick at one line, then leafed through the pages again, stopping further on through the stack where he once more ran his finger down the row of printed words and numbers. He repeated this procedure several more times, then stood up-right.

Smiling, Monroe informed Ted, "You may tell Fleet to continue as scheduled."

Ted stared at the Seaman in amazement. "That's it? Are you sure?" he asked dubiously.

"Oh, yes, Sir, it's obvious when you sort through the chaff for nuggets of pertinent information."

"Show me!" Ted ordered.

"Surely," Monroe agreed with a small smile. Once more his fingers flew across the pages and down the printed columns. "See? We are authorized four items." He made a pencil tick, flipping through the pages again. "And here," he pointed, "we are projected to use three as replacements for these ships of the line being retro-fitted." Again a tick, and he flipped more pages and pointed to another line for a bewildered Captain Ted Wheelock.

"That will give us three used items to turn in to Fleet. Our projected input is three replacement

units and here,” he made another pencil tick as his fingers flew down the pages, “we will once more be at our authorized complement of four units. Therefore, just tell Fleet to proceed as scheduled.” He smiled at the astonished Ted. “See?”

Ted did not **see**, but he couldn't admit that to Monroe. “Well, I will be damned! That fucking Dawson would have kept me on pins and needles for a week or more before telling me this!”

“I am not Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson, Sir!” Seaman Monroe answered snippily, drawing himself up to his full five foot nothing.

“No, Seaman, that you aren't! And damned glad I am of it too!” Ted praised, laughing.

Turning on his heel, he strode into his office and closed the hatch. “Now, damn you Charley!” (his friend at Fleet), “stew a little. It'll do you good, you s.o.b.! Payback's a bitch!” He laughed to himself.

After a few minutes, he was about to push the intercom, but thought better of it. Placing his cover on his head, he strode through the hatch and passed Monroe's desk. “If Ensign Maxwell calls, tell her I'll be at Flight Ops.”

When Monroe didn't answer, Ted pushed his button. When Monroe looked up, he removed an ear phone. “Yes, Sir?”

Ted repeated his order and left the building.

As he strode across the windy, rain swept tarmac, he had to clamp his hand down on his cover to prevent its loss, until he felt himself bump into something soft, wriggly, with all sorts of blonde hair swirling in his face, sweet smelling and most definitely female!

“Darn you, Captain Ted Wheelock,” came the dulcet tones of Ensign Marlana Maxwell, “just because you’re a Captain and I’m just a lowly peon Ensign, doesn’t mean you can blithely ignore my salute! I’ve half a mind to put you on report, I do, I do!” she sputtered in frustration.

Ensign Marlana Maxwell, all five foot nothing and one hundred pounds of rounded femininity, long blonde hair, blue eyes and a body to die for, glared up at him.

“Why, hello, Ensign Luscious!” he greeted taking her arm. I didn’t see you through all the rain! And the half a mind I see looks pretty darn tasty!”

“A poor excuse is worse than no excuse!” she pouted. “Did your new clerk show up this morning? I had to go all the way to PacCom to get a qualified clerk to replace the Master Chief.”

“Yeah. Speaking of that son-of-a-bitch, why didn’t you tell me he was retiring from the Navy? It came as a Helluva surprise when I found Monroe sitting in his chair this morning!”

“Why, Captain Ted Wheelock, I sent you those orders at least two weeks ago! And you must have seen them because I have them initialed by you in my office files even as we speak!”

‘That fucking Dawson!’ he thought bitterly. ‘He set me up big time!’

Aloud, “That Horse’s Ass Dawson!” he grouched.

“Why, I thought the Master Chief was just adorable!” Ensign Maxwell smiled.

“Yeah, if you like black widow spiders!” he muttered. “You up for some good Navy coffee?” he asked to change the subject.

“You mean that swill they serve at Flight Ops?” she asked, grimacing prettily.

“Years and years of experimentation went into the production of that coffee!” he objected.

“Yeah, all the way back to Alexander the Great, I bet!” she snapped pettishly.

“Nah, he never had no Navy!”

She linked her arm in his and walked closely beside him, her hip bumping his lame leg regularly, innocently, deliberately.

“Watch it there, Ensign Luscious,” Ted cautioned with a wide grin, “I bruise easily!”

“You’re just a decrepit old man!” she taunted.

“I am not decrepit!” he objected hotly. “I’m just badly bruised!”

“Excuses, excuses! You’re just full of excuses, you decrepit old man!”

“I may be a dirty old man, but I am not decrepit!” Ted objected again.

“OK, I’ll buy the dirty old man bit, though!” she laughed, holding his arm tight.

“Humph!” from an unimpressed Ted.

In moments, they were seated in a booth at Flight Ops, Ted with his Navy coffee, Marlana with a pot of brewed tea that she much preferred.

“So, Tedly, where are you taking me for dinner tonight?” Marlana asked quietly.

“Hunh, is that tonight?” he asked, spitting into his coffee in surprise.

She pouted prettily. “Look, if you don’t want to take me, I can always call that cute li’l Lieutenant,

J. G., over at Fleet. What's his name again? Oh, yes, Jamie Cartwright . . ." she mused.

"Speaking of Fleet, Monroe got me out of a big hassle with them," Ted smiled in remembrance, changing the subject deliberately.

"Oh, how? Tell me, Tedly."

As Ted told the story, Marlana listened until the very end. "So, you are going to treat your friend, Captain Charles "Charlie" Charleston at Fleet like Chief Dawson would have treated you?"

"Won't hurt Charlie none to fret a day or so," Ted dismissed the whole thing airily. "He's done the same to me more times than I care to remember!"

"But it's probably of concern to Fleet!" she protested. "Besides, two wrongs do not make a right!"

"Look, Ensign Luscious, Fleet's only concern is covering Fleet's ass!" he insisted.

"It's still not right," she insisted.

"Do him good!" Ted repeated.

"Now," Marlana changed the subject, "where are you taking me dining and dancing?"

"Can't go dancing, my leg's acting up with all this rain," he complained.

"Ooh! What if the flight surgeon heard you admit that? You would be grounded for life and out on Civvie Street in a heart beat!"

"He ain't gonna find out!"

"Then what time are you picking me up, Tedly?" she smirked.

Ted sighed.

He never could figure this tiny woman out!

And she was just as determined that he never would!

II

Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock, aged forty three, an Annapolis graduate with twenty two years of active service behind him, was dodging a bullet, the bullet being the Port Flight Surgeon who kept him desk bound instead of in the cockpit of his beloved Tomcat where he felt he really belonged! For the best interests of the Navy, of course!

From the tender age of three when Ted had first observed birds in flight, his driving ambition had been to fly. To that end, he had devoted his time and earnings to learning the basics of flight, earning his basic pilot’s license at the age of twelve, his multi-engine license at age fifteen, and was well on his way to being jet certified when he was nominated to the Naval Academy at the ripe old age of seventeen and two months. Upon graduation, his first choice had been the U S Air Force and their four engine jets, but when he discovered the Air Force took a rather jaundiced view of pilots not Air Force Academy trained, he went for Naval Aviation instead and soon proved his worth by mastering the Tomcat fighter in record time. On the fast track, Ted had risen through the ranks to Lieutenant Commander before he had twelve years of service and was predicted to become a Rear Admiral at twenty, an unheard of thing!

But, even though Ted had his head firmly in the clouds, he had been reminded by his mother to,

“Never forget your roots in the Appalachian Mountains of West By God Virginia, son! You will never get the Appalachians out of your soul!” And so it was that Ted realized that when it came time to retire, he would return to his beloved Mountains with few regrets!

He had often flown over those same mountains and marveled at how green and peaceful they looked at thirty thousand feet. He would gaze at them longingly and dream of the day he could return. Except to do that successfully, he would have to continue to fly.

Now it was for a very good reason that Ted couldn't fly any more, he had been grounded some six years previously and only by sheer determination had he avoided involuntary retirement from the Navy for the inconsequential fact of a partially twisted knee cap suffered when a student driver had crashed their Tomcat into the flight deck during a night landing practice exercise on ***The Big Stick*** that had almost killed the both of them!

That had effectively removed Ted from consideration for ever becoming an Admiral!

Ted was told later that he came out of the Tomcat in flames, turned around and reached inside the burning craft to pull his Lieutenant J. G. R.E.O. (Radio Electronics Officer) to safety. He barely got to the deck when the plane exploded, ruining some sixty six million nine hundred thousand dollars of United States Navy property!

For his heroic actions, then Commander Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock was awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism and utter disregard for life and limb above and beyond. . .

It seemed his Tomcat R.E.O. was the only son of a senior United States Senator who was also Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee!

Later, he had been promoted to Captain and sent to Japan to fly an office desk while he continued to recuperate from his injuries.

“Sure beats involuntary retirement!” he observed later. “’Cept it ain’t flying!”

When he had regained consciousness, he found the grinning face of his partner hovering just out of his reach. “When I get my hands on you, you little son-of-a-bitch,” Ted had threatened, “I’m going to kill you! Then I’m going to wring your fucking, scrawny, little turkey neck! I don’t know what I’ll do to you after that! Probably murdelize you! Or worse!”

“Too late, Boss man! My father, His Royal Lordship Senator Jerry P. Graham, Esq., has already set me up for the fucking firing squad! God, are the Big Brass pissed off! I have to repay them for all that fucking damage! Hell, even if’n they promote me to ten star Admiral, it’ll take me at least two or three or more million years to pay it off!” he laughed.

“Yeah, I’d hate to have to do all that paperwork!” Ted winced.

“Yeah, that’s what the Air Boss said! And he has to do it!” the other man laughed.

“Well, into every life some rain must fall!” Ted quipped. “Where the Hell are we anyhow?”

“Beats the living dog shit outta me, Boss Man, but wherever it is, the nurses are to die for! Wait’ll you see the luscious blonde Lieutenant J. G. who gives us our baths!” He grinned evilly.

Ted blushed. “You’re shitting me, right?”

“Nope! Gets right down to business she does!” he laughed. “You’re gonna love it!”

“My God in Heaven!” Ted moaned, humiliated beyond all reason. “I can’t believe it!”

“Have you ever known me to snow you, Boss Man?” Jerry asked, a pained expression coming over his face.

“Only about a million times!” Ted retorted.

“Now, Boss, let’s let bygones be bygones,” Jerry groaned.

“How long we been here?” Ted asked again.

“Let’s see,” the other man mused, “Not counting the week we spent in sick bay on **The Big Stick** and the two days transport time on the AirVac and the six or seven weeks we been here, I’d guess about two months, give or take a month or two or three. Proolly more’n that. But, what do I know? I’m just a lowly Lieutenant J. G. and like mushrooms, they keep me in the dark and feed me horse shit!”

“Holy shit!” Ted blurted.

“Oops, din din time!” and the other man dove for his bed as a pretty brunette nurse wheeled the food cart up next to Ted’s bed.

“Well, Captain,” she greeted brightly, “T’is good to see you’re awake! Are you hungry now?”

“Nurse,” Ted groaned as hunger pangs struck his stomach, right now I could eat the east end of a horse headed west!”

She laughed merrily. “I should hope our food is better than that! Here, let me help you sit up, or would you rather I feed you?” she offered, her cheeks dimpling prettily.

Ted blushed. "I think I can manage to feed myself!"

"Aw, Boss Man," his cohort teased, "let her feed you. She needs the practice for her girl scout merit badge! 'Sides, I wanna watch!"

"Now, Lieutenant Graham, you stop that or I'll put you on report!" the nurse chided.

"Go right ahead, beautiful!" he laughed. "You know us'n's been in an aircraft accident and are outta our ever loving so-called minds! You've gotta be crazy to put up with that crap!"

"You are impossible!" she smiled at him indulgently.

"Nope, I'm easy!" he retorted with a wide grin.

Once she had moved away, Ted asked, "So tell me kiddo, what really happened out there? My memory's all kinda bent outta shape, yuh know?" he confessed warily.

"Oh, nuttin' much. You just hauled my sorry ass outta the cockpit just before the fucking plane took it in its mind to blow a gasket! Hell, blew us right across the deck and up against the railing! Took the firemen an hour or more to shove the wreckage over the side so the other guys could land! There were some pissed off drivers up there!" he giggled. "Hell, they gave you an M. O. H. for it!"

Ted looked at the papers Jerry handed him and read about his M. O. H. and the promotion, then looked up at his companion.

"You never told me you were a Senator's son!" Ted accused.

"Didn't think it mattered," was the off-hand response. "I was there on my own, not because my old

man happens to be Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee!”

“Holy crap!” Ted whispered.

“That’s what the old man does every day, he takes a holy crap! If you don’t believe me, just ask him! Modest, he ain’t!”

“Neither’s his son!” Ted retorted with a wry smile.

“Oh, well, the apple never falls too far from the tree,” Jerry laughed.

“What apple?” Ted asked, losing track of his companion’s rambling tale.

“Exactly!”

In moments, Ted was fast asleep.

III

Several months passed in which Ted’s office ran like well oiled machinery, achieving an efficiency rating it had never shown under Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson. And the more able, Able Seaman Marlin Monroe, worked his tail to the bone to keep things ship shape, the more and more that Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock came to depend on him, and the more and more that Ted became aware of Able Seaman Marlin Monroe as a person in his own right!

Several times, Ted caught himself cursing the Navy Regs that prohibited fraternization between enlisted rates and commissioned officers. As time progressed, Ted came to rely upon Marlin exactly like he would a trusted wife or helpmate, and the secret knowledge of this made him blush helplessly.

One day, he had engaged Monroe in conversation in which Monroe had confessed, "I had to stretch to the fullest to hit the mark for minimum height for enlistment, and I ate about ten pounds of bananas to hit minimum weight. God, was I sick later? But, it didn't matter, I was in! And I still like munching on bananas!" He grinned and Ted blushed at the sudden erotic thought of Monroe peeling a banana and then munching on it!

Monroe had gone to Great Lakes Naval Training Center for basic and then to the D.C. area where he was taught to be a disbursing and resupply clerk. After that, he had been assigned to Ted's office and that was where he remained to date. Other than this, Ted learned very little about Able Seaman Marlin Monroe's personal life off-duty!

Ted continued to court Ensign Marlina Maxwell, but no matter how much charm he used, no matter the subtlety of his romantic overtures, Marlina would go only so far with him and no further.

He was beginning to lose faith in his ability to charm women and it frustrated him no end.

Monroe continued to perform brilliantly until one day, Ted called him into his office, looking up with expectation until his face turned dark with anger. "How dare you appear in my office out of uniform?" he raged at the hapless Seaman.

"Bit, Sir, I am in uniform! It's the same one I have worn for weeks!" Monroe sputtered.

"Then explain this, Mister!" Ted stormed, tossing a sheet of paper across his desk.

Monroe looked at the paper, reading quickly. "Why, these are promotion orders, Sir!" he gasped,

“And I’ve been promoted to Petty Officer Third Class!” he whispered in awe.

“Like I said,” Ted smiled and tossed new rate stripes on his desk. “When you are dressed in your proper uniform, report back to me immediately!” he ordered sternly.

“Yes, Sir!” Monroe drew himself up smartly, saluted, and withdrew.

About fifteen minutes later, Ted heard a timid knock on his hatch. “Come!” he bellowed.

Monroe entered and stood at attention before Ted’s desk. “Petty Officer Third Class Marlin Monroe reporting to the Captain as ordered, Sir!”

Ted looked up. “Much better, Petty Officer. Dismissed, Petty officer.”

Monroe hesitated.

Ted looked up. “Yes, is there something else on your mind, Petty Officer?”

“Yes, Sir,” Monroe answered. “Thank you for the promotion, Sir! I never expected it!”

“Petty Officer Third Class Marlin Monroe,” Ted sat back in his chair, “If I didn’t think you deserved that promotion, you would still be a Seaman Recruit, got it?”

“Yes, Sir!” Monroe saluted briskly, turned on his heel and left the office, closing the hatch behind his back. “Whoopie!” he exulted when he was alone. Ted heard his loud whoop faintly through the closed hatch and smiled to himself with deep satisfaction.

When he had proposed this promotion to now Lieutenant J. G. Marlina Maxwell, she had been en-

thusiastic and all for it. It had sailed through the selection committee.

Still, she kept Ted at arm's length and permitted him to go only so far until he came up against a solid brick-like wall!

One day, Ted got a notice that his Petty Officer Third Class was being transferred to another post in accordance with Navy Policy dictating such changes as needed. When Ted called Personnel to protest this reassignment, he was met with the nasal tones of the newly assigned Ensign Pauline "Call me Polly" Lewis, recent Annapolis graduate and vastly proud of her newly acquired power and "importance."

"Let me speak with the director of Personnel, Lt J.G. Marlena Maxwell," he asked crisply.

"Lt. Maxwell has been reassigned to the Admiral's personal staff," came the pert reply.

After some dancing back and forth, the person on the other end of the line identified herself as Ensign Lewis, newly appointed Director of Personnel.

"I am the Director of Personnel, Ensign Pauline Lewis," was the nasal response.

When Ted protested the change, citing his efficiency record since Monroe had come aboard and he requested the transfer be rescinded, leaving things at status quo.

"What is the Petty Officer's name?" Ensign Lewis asked nasally, setting Ted's teeth on edge.

"Monroe, Marlin Monroe."

"Hold one second please," and he was put on hold.

Ted sat for five minutes considering the option of hanging up and calling back when the nasal voice came on the line. “I don’t know who you are, Mister,” she snarled, “but whoever you are, I would advise you to stop harassing a Naval Ensign on official business!”

“Hey, hold on there, Ensign!” Ted protested. “I’m Captain Theodore Wheelock in the Repo Resupply Department. What is your problem?”

“Captain, if you really are a Captain, there is no such sailor assigned to this port with the name Marilyn Monroe! Now I suggest you quit bothering me and get back to whatever mischief it was you were hatching!”

“Hold on, Ensign! The name is Marlin. That’s M-A-R-L-I-N and the last name is Monroe. He’s a Petty Officer Third Class who works for me as my chief clerk. To reassign him now is not in the best interests of the Navy nor of the efficiency of this Port!”

He could feel the ice coming through the phone. “We do have a sailor by that name and rate, but he is being reassigned to Hawaii immediately. I shall obtain a replacement for him in due time. Good day, Sir!” and the phone went dead.

“Well, fuck you, Ensign Lewis!” He stormed through the hatch. “Hold down the fort, Monroe. I’ll be back!” he growled, snarling “Arnie” style as he clamped his cover atop his head.

Monroe grinned. “Yes, Sir!” Monroe had gotten used to his Captain’s rough style.

Ted stormed into the Admiral’s office, coming up short at the sight of Marlina Maxwell seated in the secretary’s chair, except this woman wore the twin

gold stripes of a full Lieutenant on her sleeve. The woman looked up. “May I help you, Captain?”

Immediately, Ted recognized his mistake and he tried to cover. “Er, you look just like Lieutenant, J. G. Marlena Maxwell.”

The woman smiled brightly. “I get that a lot!” she admitted. “I’m Lt Maxine Martin.”

“Is the Admiral free?” Ted asked, chastened.

“Not really, but he is reasonable,” she quipped with a bright smile.

‘Oh, Lord,’ Ted thought, ‘another out-of-work comedienne!’

“Might I see him?” Ted asked, quietly. “It’s rather urgent.”

The woman turned, pressed a button, “Admiral Havens? There’s a Captain Wheelock here to see you. He says it’s urgent.”

From her intercom came the squawk of what sounded like a distressed penguin. “Go right on in, Captain,” she invited waving her hand at the hatch nonchalantly.

Admiral Thomas Havens rose from his chair and held out his hand. “Hey, Ted, you broken down old war horse! How the Hell you been?”

“Better since I survived that fool Graham’s messing up my fucking knee!” he bemoaned the fact.

“How is the Senator’s son?” The Admiral asked, grinning.

“Promoted to Lieutenant Commander, last I heard. They’re still trying to make him pay for that busted Tomcat!” Ted laughed.

“Good luck with that!” the Admiral laughed. “Just how long would it take to pay sixty six million plus for one of those babies?”

“The way Jerry figures it, about twelve million years or so,” Ted laughed.

“God, even if they promoted him to twelve star Admiral, he could never pay it off in his life time!” the Admiral observed with a laconic chuckle.

“Sure wish I could drive one again!” Ted mused longingly.

“Just stay out of the way of the flight surgeon and you’ll be OK.”

They spent a few more minutes reminiscing about their days in the air before the Admiral turned serious, “Now, what can I do for you this fine morning, Captain?”

“Sir, as you are well aware, Ensign Marlina Maxwell was promoted to Lieutenant, J. G. just last month and she was replaced by recent Annapolis grad, Ensign Pauline Lewis.”

“Ah yes, ‘call me Polly’ Lewis. I knew her old man back when we were plebes at Navy U. He was a horse’s ass then and his daughter is an exact duplicate!” the Admiral laughed. “Once a horse’s ass, always a horse’s ass!” he snorted derisively.

“She wants to disrupt the efficiency of this port, Sir!”

The Admiral sat up straight. “I be damned! What’s she got stuck up her scrawny little ass this time?” Well he remembered their last tussle.

“Sir, she wants to take the best damned yeoman we have ever had in resupply and requisition and reassign him to Hawaii! As you may recall, Hawaii

HQ has Petty Officer Third Classes coming outta their asses and sending our Monroe there will serve no useful purpose, to them nor to us, especially us.”

“Yes, I have noticed a dramatic improvement in the efficiency of your department since Dawson retired. Tell me more,” the Admiral invited.

“Well, Sir, I tried to talk to Ensign Lewis, but her mind is like a sackful of shit, all filled up and no place to flush it. She refused point blank to rescind Monroe’s transfer orders. Now, Admiral, I hate to bother you with such a mundane complaint, but I would take it as a great personal favor if you could intercede on Monroe’s behalf.”

“And thereby save your ass into the bargain, eh?” the Admiral laughed. “Say no more, Ted, I will look into this personally. She’ll listen to me or else!” he smiled evilly.

Ted stood. “Thank you, Admiral. I owe you big time!”

The Admiral grinned sardonically, “Again!”

Ted saluted and left the office in a much happier frame of mind than when he had entered.

“Have a good day, Captain,” Lt Martin smiled as he came out.

Once more he was struck by how much she looked like Marlana. . .

He nodded, then whistling “Anchors Aweigh,” he left and strolled back to his office.

‘Ah,’ he thought contentedly, ‘Life is so sweet!’

IV

Ted had all but forgotten his run in with Ensign Lewis, shepherding Monroe through another promotion, this time to Petty Officer Second Class, with the same predictable result, a chewing out for being out of uniform, a pause, and another heartfelt thanks from Monroe to a blushing Ted Wheelock.

Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock couldn’t understand why he had this overpowering urge to take Monroe into his arms and kiss those full, bee-stung lips passionately!

‘I’m not like that!’ he raged inwardly. ‘But he does have the cutest, tightest little ass that wriggles just like jello when he walks!’ He sighed in frustration, his mind continuing his musings, ‘and the way his ass fills out those tighty whitey Navy pants. Damn! I can almost see those pretty pink panty lines!’

One Friday afternoon when Monroe stumbled from a chair he had been using to hang a picture in Ted’s inner office and fell headlong into the surprised Captain’s outstretched arms. A startled look came over Monroe’s face as he gazed into Ted’s love-sick eyes and his plump, kissable lips opened in invitation, his sweet breath soft against Ted’s cheek, his blue eyes closing in anticipation. Before he thought, Ted moved his face toward those lips until his were pressed firmly against their gentle liquidity.

A jolt of electricity stabbed Ted’s body and he was surprised at the intensity of the feeling. Never had he had this reaction from a woman! Monroe’s lips flowed under Ted’s assault as his arms slipped up and around Ted’s neck, holding on for dear life! The kiss seemed to last an eternity, but actually was

less than a second or two before Ted moved back and stared at Monroe in shock.

“Did. . . did I. . . just ki. . . kiss you, Petty Officer?” he asked, his mind in a daze.

“Certainly not, Sir,” Monroe was breathing raggedly. “You most assuredly did not!”

“I didn’t think so, Petty officer,” he mumbled, his brain reeling while he continued to hold the pliant boy in his encompassing arms.

“No, Sir!” Monroe insisted quietly. “That would be fraternization!”

“Of course,” Ted agreed without thinking.

“Er, Sir?” Monroe interrupted Ted’s thoughts.

“Hunh?”

“You can let go of me now, Sir, I have regained my balance.”

“Oh, sure,” Ted mumbled, releasing the boy and sitting down heavily.

“Will that be all, Sir?” Monroe asked, his breathing evening out.

“Yeah, you’re dismissed,” he waved airily.

“Yes, Sir!” and Monroe came to attention, clicked his heels, turned and hastened from the office, a smile of secret delight on his lips.

With the hatch closed behind him, Monroe pressed his fingers to his lips and relived the kiss. He sighed in remembrance, he would never forget it!

That evening Monroe related to Marlina the whole incident, leaving nothing out.

“Oh, Lena,” he cried, “I wanted him to hold me forever!”



She smiled at him lovingly and gently whispered, “Well, I know what’s bothering you, little one,” she teased as she held him close in her arms with his face pressed between her soft, warm breasts.

“Well, I wish someone would tell me!” Monroe blurted, on the verge of angry tears.

“You’re in love with your Captain Wheelock!” Marlana announced.

Monroe said nothing in his defense because what she said was true! He *was* in love with his Captain and it was tearing his heart apart.

“But, don’t worry, little one,” she whispered, “one day, after you’ve had the surgery to repair His honest mistake, you will be a real woman and then you can pursue your Captain Wheelock to your heart’s content and no one can deny you!”

“God, would that that day would come soon,” Monroe cried in frustration. “Oh, Lena, you are so right! I am in love with Ted Wheelock and I think that he loves me too. It’s just this thing between us that stops him from doing what we both want so desperately!” he cried.

“Someday, little Linnie,” Marlana soothed, “you just have to be patient! It will all work out, one way or another, it will all work out!”

She held him close against her breasts, her soft hands smoothing the hair from his eyes and soon he fell asleep, to dream of what might be. . . some day!

He slept peacefully the rest of the night.

Meanwhile, in his consternation and confusion, Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock did what he usually did. When confronted by any insurmountable, impossible, undeniable problem, he got drunk. And he stayed drunk all through Saturday and Sunday, and was only partially aware of his surroundings on Monday morning.

On his way to his office from the B.O.Q., he stopped abruptly, unable and unwilling to face the confrontation with Monroe that awaited him. He shook his head angrily and turned off, heading directly for Flight Ops and a hot cuppa Java, Navy style!

He had no more than sat down when Ensign Pauline Lewis slid into the seat across the table, a pained look on her face.

He looked up from his second cuppa Java. “What’s the matter, Ensign, why the long face? Did someone step on your pet black widow spider this morning and put it out your misery?”

“Have you been to your office this morning, Captain?” she countered nastily, her nasal tones setting Ted’s nerves on edge again.

“Not yet,” Ted admitted. “Why?”

“You’ll find things have changed dramatically when you do get there!” she sneered, sliding out of her side of the booth and all but running through the huge glass doors.

“Wonder what’s got her panties caught in her crack now?” Ted wondered, leisurely drinking his coffee before walking slowly, reluctantly to his office. “Let’s get it over with!” he thought miserably.

As he opened the hatch, he noticed that Monroe’s chair was empty. His Petty Officer Second Class was nowhere in sight. “Damn that fucking Lewis!” Ted raged. “What’s that cunt been up to now?”

On Monroe’s desk was a small card with a telephone number on it. Ted recognized it almost immediately as being one of N. I. S.’s (Naval Investigative Services) cards. “Now what do those bastards want

with Monroe?” he spoke aloud. “Bad enough when they wanted to court martial that fucking Graham and me for crunching our Tomcat!” he remembered.

He dialed the number and waited. Presently, “Hello, this is Lieutenant Marvin R. Brownlee at Port N. I. S. How may I help you?”

“This is Captain Theodore M. Wheelock of the repo-depo speaking. When I got to work this morning, I found your card on my Petty Officer’s desk instead of him working away. Why?”

“Ah, yes. . . hold one?”

“Don’t put me on hold!” Ted barked, but the line went dead anyway.

Presently, the same smarmy voice answered, “Ah, yes, fraternization, a Naval enlisted man with a Naval female commissioned officer. They’re in the port brig awaiting disposition of their case.”

“You’re outta yer fucking tree,” Ted raged. “Fraternization, my ass! With who?”

“Let me see, oh yes, Lieutenant J. G. Marlena Maxwell. They were observed consorting in the Ginza Saturday evening.”

“Now that’s a crock of shit!” Ted exploded. “This past weekend, Petty Officer Second Class Marlin Monroe was at a Naval conference in Yokohama and there are twenty Admirals and Admirals’ Aides who can verify that fact. You got the wrong Petty Officer, Lieutenant Brown nose!”

“That’s Brownlee, Wheelock!” the man corrected angrily.

“Like I said, Lt. Brown nose!” Ted snapped. “And I’m Captain Wheelock to you, Lieutenant!”

And Ted hung the phone up before he really lost his temper.

Raging inwardly, he drove his APV (All Purpose Vehicle) to the brig, parked and stormed inside. “I demand to see Petty Officer Second Class Marlin Monroe and Lt J.G. Marlana Maxwell right now!” he told the startled Marine Captain behind the desk.

“I can’t do that, Sir!” the Captain apologized. “Lieutenant Brownlee was quite specific that these prisoners be held incognito and allowed no visitors, especially no Navy Captains!”

“Captain Jessup,” Ted roared seeing the man’s name tag, “If I don’t see my Petty Officer and the Lieutenant in the next two minutes, you’ll be a guest of honor in your own establishment if I have to put you there myself!”

“Yes, Sir, I’ll obey, but only because you out-rank me and gave me a direct order.”

“Good man!” Ted calmed down immediately.

Captain Jessup called a Sergeant and told him to take Ted to see Monroe. Shaking his head, the Sergeant obeyed. “Lt. Brownlee won’t like this one little bit!” he lamented.

“Yeah, well tough shit for Lt Brown nose!” Ted snarled.

The Sergeant merely smiled. ‘Brown nose,’ he thought. ‘That’s great!’

Soon, Ted was sitting in a chair across from a slightly battered Monroe. “All right, tell me, Petty Officer,” Ted demanded, “what’s this scuttlebutt about you fraternizing with Lt J.G. Luscious, er, I mean, Lt J.G. Marlana Maxwell?”

“Yes, Sir, we were having dinner together,” Monroe admitted shyly, not willing to meet Ted’s eyes directly, “but it’s not what you think, Sir.”

Ted sighed. “It never is.”

“The conference broke up early Sunday morning and I caught a ride back to the port with Admiral Gray and his Aide de Camp, Captain Shepherd. I went to see Lt Maxwell and we went out to dinner in the Ginza Sunday evening. Someone must have seen us there.”

“So, you *were* fraternizing?” Ted asked.

Monroe nodded. “Yes, Sir, but it’s not what you think,” Monroe insisted, denying the accusation.

“Don’t tell me that you two are married?” Ted stormed angrily.

“Oh, no, Sir, nothing like that,” Monroe protested heatedly.

“Then what, for God’s sake?” Ted thundered. “Tell me all ready!” he demanded.

“We’re blood relation, brother and sister,” Monroe finally got out.

“Bro. . . ther. . . and. . . Sis. . . ter. . .,” Ted choked in shocked disbelief.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Well I be sheep dipped!” Ted exclaimed, his face lighting up with a great smile of relief. “Did you tell Brown nose this?”

“He didn’t want to hear our explanation,” Monroe explained.

“Son-of-a-bitching Navy cops! Alla ‘em got their fucking heads firmly embedded up their collective asses!” Ted fumed angrily.

“Yes, Sir,” Monroe agreed, smiling shyly.

Ted turned to the guard at the gate. “Sergeant! Get Lt J. G. Marlana Maxwell down here just as soon as your stems will move!” he ordered.

“Can’t do that, Sir!” the man protested. “Lt Brownlee gave specific orders that these prisoners were to be kept isolated and apart until he. . .”

“Sergeant,” Ted’s voice sounded like death warmed over, “see these silver oak leaves? Well, if you don’t produce Lt Maxwell in the next two minutes, you’ll be a marine recruit and a permanent resident in one of your own fucking cells!” he threatened ominously.

The Sergeant blanched. “Yes, Sir,” he replied, turning away, “but Lt Brownlee won’t like it!” he muttered as he hurried off on his errand.

“Lt Brown nose can go straight to Hell!” shouted an angry Ted after his retreating back.

Five minutes later, a slightly disheveled Lt J. G. Marlana Maxwell was being held in Ted’s arms, trembling and weeping uncontrollably. “Oh, Tedly,” she cried. “I was never so scared in my whole life!”

“Is it true that you are Monroe’s sister?” he demanded quietly.

“Why, yes, we’re fraternal twins and we’ve never made any secret about it,” she admitted. “Why?”

“Because N. I. S. is accusing you and Monroe of fraternization, a capital crime in their book!”

“Oh, but Admiral Havens said we were not breaking any regs by meeting after duty hours,” she protested in surprise. “He said that blood siblings are not bound by the same regs as other non-related persons would be in the same situation.”

“**The** Admiral? You mean **our** Admiral Tom Havens, the port commander?”

“Yes, Tedly, the one and the same.”

“Well, I be damned. Wait’ll Ol’ Brown nose gets wind of them apples!

He turned to the Sergeant. “Open these gates and let these people go. They’re brother and sister. They were not fraternizing!”

“Yes, Sir!” the beaming Sergeant hastened to obey.

When Ted explained the circumstances to the astounded Captain Jessup, still seated at the front desk, about the unfortunate SNAFU, he was only too happy to release the “prisoners” into Ted’s custody and to expunge all port records, thereby setting the innocent “criminals” free.

Later that afternoon, an outraged Lt Brownlee made an appearance in Ted’s office, glaring at Monroe as the smiling Petty Officer announced his arrival.

“I don’t know how you did it, Wheelock,” Brownlee stormed, “but you know just as well as I do that they were fraternizing and I’m going to boot this to higher headquarters for a complete investigation!”

“Now, look, Brown nose,” Ted began.

“That’s Brown **lee**, Wheelock! And don’t you forget it!” he raged angrily.

“And it’s still **Captain** Wheelock, Lt Brown nose, and don’t you forget that either!”

“I’m sorry, Captain,” Brownlee calmed down. “I’m still passing this up the chain of command for further investigation. Their explanation is too pat!” he snapped.

“Pass and be damned, Brown nose,” Ted smiled.

“Brown **lee**, damn you Wheelock, Brown **lee**” the man insisted hotly.

“Watch your tongue, Mister!” Ted warned. “You are not among friends here!”

“That’s for damned sure!” he raged.

“Now, who turned my Petty Officer and his sister in for this so-called **crime**?” Ted asked quietly.

“Our informants must remain unidentified to ensure that others will come forward in future.”

“And she must remain unidentified, is that it?” Ted demanded.

“Yes, if she were identified, it would ruin our special relationship,” he admitted without thinking.

“So, it **was** Ensign Pauline Lewis who blew the whistle? Figures. She’d do anything to smear others’ good names to assure an advantage or an advancement for herself!”

“I did not say it was Ensign Lewis!” Brownlee protested.

“Get out of my office, Brown nose, and if you try anything else while I am posted here, your ass is grass and I’m the lawn mower!” Ted bellowed.

Mumbling, "You haven't heard the last of this, Wheelock," Brownlee turned and rushed from the office, tripping over a chair Monroe had been using to hang a picture. Swearing mightily, he extricated himself from the chair and rushed from the office, slamming the hatch mightily behind him.

"Well," Monroe mused, "I never!"

Ted sighed, well he knew that once N. I. S. sunk their teeth into something, real or imagined, they never forgot. No, the so-called *expunged* records would remain in N. I. S. vaults forever, no matter how many times they would swear to the contrary!

To their minds, once something was written down, it was Holy Writ and to be guarded from the unwashed millions who weren't N. I. S.

V

Things seemed to settle down after the confrontation with N. I. S. and Ted was beginning to think about retirement in the Appalachian Mountains of West By God Virginia to the small town of Morgan's Falls where he had grown up so many years before.

Morgan's Falls was but a speck on the map, consisting of fifteen or twenty families in their mid-Victorian homes, a Standard gasoline station/garage, combined with the grocery, with the post office and drug store tucked away in a back corner. It was a Piggly Wiggly that had been there since forever. A Southern Baptist Church sent its spire skyward and of a Sunday, the bells would ring out merrily calling its parishioners to worship. The town was so small and far back from the rest of civilization that the

main street had not been paved until after Ted left for the Academy!

Sometimes, when he was feeling particularly nostalgic, Ted would think about the little red one room school house he had attended for his first six years of public school before transferring to near-by Grant Central for the balance of his high school experience, graduating at age seventeen and promptly going into the Naval Academy as a plebe, graduating with highest honors four years later as an Ensign headed for Pensacola to advance his flying ambitions.

Then, he would shake his head abruptly and bring himself back to the present.

He was still dating Lt J. G. Marlena Maxwell sporadically, getting nowhere with the woman no matter how hard he tried. In his frustration, he found himself turning more and more to Chief Petty Officer Marlin Monroe for an outlet to his imagined frustrations.

Ted never regretted his pushing Petty Officer First Class Marlin Monroe up the rates to his now rate of Chief Petty Officer. Once more he had incurred the wrath of Ensign Lewis who fought with all her limited power to circumvent Ted's wishes, but when Admiral Havens had endorsed the promotion, Ensign Lewis had been forced to pull in her horns abruptly, reluctantly, to be sure, but she had eased off.

Still, she never forgot a slight, even an unintentional one. Ensign Pauline "Call Me Polly" Lewis carried a grudge forever, honing her hatred with bitter salve.

What Ted liked most about Monroe was the way Monroe would listen intently, his interest focused entirely on Captain Ted Wheelock as he bemoaned his fate in life. That Monroe seldom offered any clear cut advice on how to combat his doldrums, made no difference to Ted who felt that Monroe was just being polite!

Many times in his daydreams behind the privacy of his closed office hatch, he mentally ascribed female and feminine attributes to the unknowing Monroe, imagining the Petty Officer naked, or dressed only in sheer, silk undies, prancing around his office, his delicious little butt swinging merrily, exciting him to extreme thoughts!

Ted often imagined he could see the outline of girls' panties beneath the man's tight white uniform pants with prominent breasts thrusting his bodice alarmingly outward and upward!

Ted was secretly upset by his daydreams, but no matter how he tried, he could not rid his mind of these beautiful creations! Truth be told, Ted did not want to forget any of them!

In fact, he welcomed them!

If Monroe were aware of Ted's scrutiny, he made no outward sign of it, although Ted thought the man swung his hips just a bit much when exiting his office, bumping the hatch closed with a swung hip flourish. And what was that sly smirk on Monroe's pursed lips? Was he or wasn't he? It was a question that drove Captain Ted Wheelock almost crazy with frustration and desire.

It was enough to perplex an Einstein, let alone a semi-literate like Captain Theodore "Ted" M. (for Morgan) Wheelock, as Ted thought of himself! All it

did to Ted was frustrate him more and more and wonder if he were losing what little mind he had left!

And so, things muddled along until just days before Monroe's hitch was up and Ted was belatedly scrambling to find a replacement who had half the knowledge and moxie that Monroe had, with no luck and no prospects! It was enough to make a grown man cry. Couldn't the damned Navy recruit decent clerks? He looked at some of the candidates Ensign Lewis suggested and shuddered at the mess they would make if turned loose on his well-oiled and efficient office machine!

Seeing the hand-writing on the wall, Ted had put in his medical retirement papers, endorsed by the Port Flight Surgeon and had met his replacement, Captain John Jackson. When Jackson had bemoaned the fact that Chief Petty Officer Monroe was not reenlisting, Ted just smiled. "Your problem, not mine, Captain! Just be glad you won't have to put up with Ensign Pauline Lewis, may God have mercy on your soul!" he laughed.

"Gimmie a hint?" Captain Jackson begged, but Ted had suddenly gone mute!

One morning, Ted arrived at his office to find another of those irritating cards from Lt Horse's Ass Brown nose. Upon calling the number on the card, he was informed by a jubilant Lt Brownlee that this time, he had Chief Petty Officer Marlin Monroe dead to rights!

Ted snapped, "Like Hell, Brown nose," he started.

"Brownlee, damn you, Wheelock, Brown **lee!**" the man snapped angrily.

"And it's still **Captain** Wheelock, Lieutenant Brown nose!"

“Whatever,” the man snapped determined to have the last word, “I’ve got your boy Monroe dead to rights on a sexual perversion charge and you won’t be able to sweep this one under your Admiral’s carpet. It won’t go away this time!” the man smirked evilly.

“Brown nose,” Ted was getting more and more angry the more the man smirked. “You just don’t give up, do you? That charge is ridiculous and you damned well know it!”

“Come to my office and I’ll show you pictures,” Brownlee retorted as he hung up his phone.

Fuming, Ted walked over to N. I. S. headquarters and barged straight into Brownlee’s office unannounced. “OK, Brown nose, put up or shut up!” Ted thundered.

With a smirk on his face that Ted was tempted to wipe off with his boot, Lt Brownlee slid several eight by ten pictures across his desk. “There!” he crowed. “Proof positive! I’ve got the little prevert this time, right by his fucking little balls!”

Ted took the pictures and gazed at them thoughtfully. Each one showed two attractive, blonde female Navy Lieutenants, one a J. G. and the other a full Lieutenant, in several apparently suspiciously compromising situations. Ted rolled them up and shoved them into his pocket. “Where’s Monroe?”

“In the brig, where he belongs!” Brownlee smirked. “I’m afraid you can’t weasel your sweet little prevert out of this one! I’ll see him broken to Seaman recruit and dishonorably discharged before another week goes by!”

Ted started for the hatch. “Well, guess you got me by the short hairs, this time, Brown nose” he admitted with a sly grin. “Maybe.”

“Damned straight, Wheelock!” the man snarled. “And it’s Brown *lee*!”

“And it’s still **Captain** Wheelock!” Ted replied, smiling evilly. He closed the hatch, walked to his office, drove his APV to the brig where he found the same Marine Captain Jessup at the front desk.

“Hello, Captain Wheelock,” the man greeted, rising to his feet. “Monroe is in reception. I’ll have Sergeant Brewer take you to him.”

“Thank you, Captain.”

Some minutes later, Ted and Monroe were seated across from one another at the same table as before. “OK, Monroe,” Ted began as he slid the pictures across in front of the smaller man. “Are these you?” He paused while Monroe looked at them. “Well, I’m waiting.”

Finally, Monroe looked up. “No, Sir, neither one is me.”

“Well that’s pretty strange since you and Maxwell look enough alike to be twin sisters!” Ted snapped.

“But, it isn’t me,” Monroe insisted.

“Then who in the Hell is it?”

“It’s Lt J. G. Marlina Maxwell and her sister, Lt Maxine Martin,” he replied shyly.

“Maxine Martin? The Admiral’s secretary? She’s Marlina’s sister?”

Monroe nodded. “Yes, Sir. I thought you knew. They’re identical twins.”

“I thought you and Maxwell were twins?” Ted stammered.

“We are,” the hapless boy responded shyly. “Fraternal twins.”

“And Maxine is Marlana’s twin sister?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“My God in Heaven!” Ted exploded, “how in Hell many of these look-alikes are stationed at this freakin’ port?” he demanded, puzzled by Monroe’s clipped responses.

“Only three of us, Sir.”

“And Maxine is Marlana’s identical twin, you say, right?”

Monroe nodded, “Yes, Sir.”

“And you and Marlana are fraternal twins, right?”

Again Monroe nodded. “Yes, Sir. That’s also true.”

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph! I suppose you have a logical explanation for that?” Ted roared.

Monroe nodded. “Yes, Sir,” he agreed.

“Beats me how you can be twins with the one who is also twins with the other and. . . and. . .” he sputtered to a stop. “You’re. . . you gotta be. . . well, shoot me for a trespasser!” he grinned.

“We’re triplets,” Monroe admitted shyly.

“Triplets? Identical triplets?”

“Well, two of us are but one of us isn’t,” Monroe admitted sadly. Then added softly, “Yet.”

“You, right?” Ted demanded, missing Monroe’s addition completely.

Monroe nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"And you're absolutely sure this is Maxine and Marlena and not you with one of them, dressed as a Navy Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Sir. I was in sick bay all weekend with a stomach virus and the Flight Surgeon can swear to that. It's not me in those photos, Sir."

"Well, I be damned. Old Brown nose went and stepped on his freakin' crank again! Oh, this is just too rich for fucking words!" he exulted.

"Yes, Sir," Monroe smiled.

"Why do you all have different last names?" Ted asked. "I mean, if you're triplets and all. . ."

"Well, when our parents were killed on some sort of secret mission to Africa, the relatives didn't know what to do with us because none of them could take all three. So, they split us up. Marlena went with mother's brother. He was a Maxwell. Maxine went to mother's sister and her husband. His name was Martin. I went to our father's twin brother. Since he was all ready a Monroe, I remained a Monroe when they adopted me."

Ted shook his head in amazement. "I be damned!" he repeated.

Ted stepped to the barred door and called, "Sergeant Brewer! Like I told your Captain Jessup out front, that fucking Brown nose has really waded into deep shit this time!"

"Sir?" the Sergeant asked, coming to the door. "How so?"

"They're fucking triplets!" Ted laughed. "Triplets! Holy shit, what're the chances?"

“You mean there are three of them, Sir?” The Sergeant was stunned.

Ted nodded. “Yep, three of them! Fucking triplets! Three of ‘em and all the same!”

“Holy crap!” the Sergeant smiled. “Cap’s gonna love this!”

“Just open the gate and let us out. I’ll take full responsibility. I want to shove it up Brown nose’s ass big time!”

“Yes, Sir!” In less time than it takes to tell it, Ted and Monroe were in the front office where the harried Captain was trying to apologize and explain that he was just the middle man.

“Never fear, Jessup,” Ted grinned. “Your railroad is safe from me!”

He was referring to the twin silver bars on the man’s shoulders that told the world that he was a Captain in the United States Marine Corps. “But I can’t say the same for Brown nose!”

“Thank you, Sir!” It was obvious the man was greatly relieved.

“When Brown nose comes by, tell him I said to fuck off!” Ted smiled wickedly.

“Yes, Sir,” the smiling Captain agreed. “May I quote you, Sir?”

“I order you to use my exact words, Captain,” Ted grinned maliciously.

“Yes, Sir!” The Captain saluted smartly and Ted returned his salute absently. Turning to Monroe, Ted spoke, “C’m’on you, let’s find those two errant sisters of yours! I imagine they’re peeing their panties with worry about you!”

“Yes, Sir, prolly,” Monroe agreed quietly.

They found two worried sisters in the Admiral’s outer office and their joy at their brother’s safety was obvious even to someone usually as dense as Ted Wheelock could be.

“Oh, Marlin,” she cried, only it sounded to Ted like she called him “Marilyn” instead, “We were so worried about you! We tried calling Lt Brownlee at N. I. S., but he didn’t answer and we were so worried about what he would do to you!” Marlena cried, holding Marlin close.

“Sorry, sis,” Marlin apologized, “but he wouldn’t let me call.”

“He’s a real bastard that way!” Ted commented. “Oh, some men are born to greatness and others are born bastards!” he misquoted. “Brown nose works at being a bastard!”

About then the hatch opened and the Admiral stuck his head into the room. “What in blazes is going on around here? All that crying and caterwauling is not good for my digestion!”

Hurriedly, Ted brought the Admiral up to speed, relating in some detail how Lt Brown nose had screwed up this time. “He stepped on his crank big time this time, Admiral!” Ted laughed maliciously.

“I warned him about bringing unsubstantiated charges against my people! I’ll have him counting penguins in the Aleutians for this!” the Admiral thundered.

Ted laughed softly.

“What’s so G. D. funny?” the Admiral thundered.

“Well, Sir, for one thing, there are no penguins in the northern hemisphere that are not in a zoo or an animal preserve,” Ted explained with a wide grin.

“Hell, I know that!” the Admiral roared. “But it’ll keep him busy, won’t it? Maybe I’ll change it and have him counting stones on the fucking beach!” He turned to the girls. “Par’n my French, ladies.”

He gazed at the pictures. “Hell, even me with these tired old eyes can see that these are two women, one a Lieutenant and the other a Lt J. G. and not a man in a dress!” he commented.

“Yes, Sir,” Ted replied. “But Brown nose can’t see anything but perversion in anything anyone does, especially when he’s confused by facts!”

“Eh? Brown nose you say?” the Admiral grinned. “Fits the little piss ant to a tee!”

“Yes, Sir, that’s what I thought,” Ted agreed.

“Now don’t go trying to butter me up, Captain,” the Admiral warned. “I’m not some starry eyed Female Navy Lieutenant you can snow and con into bed!”

“No, Sir,” Ted agreed, “**that** you are not!”

“OK,” the Admiral turned to his secretary, “Are you all done crying and gnashing your teeth yet, Lt Martin?” he asked softly.

She smiled at him, her teeth flashing brilliantly in the sun drenched room. “Yes, Sir!”

“Good! Tell Lt Brown nose that I want him in my office yesterday!” he ordered, turning on his heel and returning to his inner office.

“You heard the man,” Ted grinned.

From the inner office, “And the rest of you have things to do, or if not, I could always find you something. . .”

Three startled Navy personnel jumped up and hurried about their business.

VI

Needless to say, Lieutenant Brown nose, née Brownlee, was not happy with the way things had turned against him, especially when he stood at attention in front of Admiral Havens for almost an hour, enduring the worse chewing out he had ever experienced. Not even the foul mouthed D.I.’s at boot camp had been as thoroughly versed in sheer vulgarity as the Admiral!

He left the office a shaken man, but even more determined to “bring down” Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock and his pet, Chief Petty Officer Marlin Monroe.

The two had become a cause célèbre in his estimation and he vowed to have both dishonorably discharged from the Navy, or die trying!

Back in his office, he enlisted the ready aid of his toady and assistant, Ensign James Cassidy who was known to one and all as Hopalong or Hoppy, a nickname he detested thoroughly.

He remembered well how he had acquired that odious epithet! During the last league game of football during his Junior year of High School a rushing lineman from the other side (hated rivals Smithson Academy), had nailed him so hard that he had broken Cassidy’s left leg. When he had returned to his

classes in a plaster cast, another student who had been watching old-time cowboy movies, dubbed him “Hopalong” after his favorite old time cowboy, “Hopalong Cassidy,” or “Hoppy” for short. He had never been able to get far enough away where no one knew the name. It had followed him doggedly, even to Japan, in the form of a fellow OCS candidate who found himself stationed at the same Port in Japan. Needless to say, Hopalong avoided this man like the plague!

Still, Ensign Cassidy considered Lt Brownlee to be a superb investigator and firmly believed when his Lt said, “Where there’s smoke, there’s fire! And there’s a heavy cloud of black smoke hanging over that fucking Monroe! I just know he’s up to no good and I’m going to prove it!”

To which Hoppy agreed fervently. After all, his Lieutenant couldn’t be wrong, could he?

No! Perish the thought!

And so, Hoppy joined in with his Lieutenant in shadowing the triplets, following his Lieutenant blindly which, ultimately, proved their permanent undoing.

It all came about when the two star-crossed conspirators decided to watch the girls’ apartment every night. Because all three worked during the day, they reasoned that any shenanigans would occur after hours. To further their observation, they enlisted the enthusiastic support of Ensign Lewis! Polly hated the sisters because of their beauty, their blondeness, their blue eyes and their ability to charm the male of the species, something she had great difficulty in doing!

This night in particular, Ted joined the three siblings at the girls' apartment and had several stiff drinks which loosened his tongue considerably. When they ran out of liquor and refreshments, Marlena and Maxine volunteered to go for more, leaving a slightly tipsy Ted alone with an equally tipsy Marlin.

After an awkward silence, Ted asked, "You know, the other night Marlena said something that set me thinking," he confessed.

"Oh, what was that?" Marlin asked innocently.

"She called you Marilyn, an obvious slip of the tongue."

Marlin smiled enigmatically. "Oh, it was, was it?"

"Well, of course," Ted blustered. "What else could it be?"

"The truth?" Marlin asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Truth? You're Marlin, a male. It says so on your birth certificate!"

"Does it?" Marlin teased. "Have you ever seen my birth certificate?" he smirked.

"Sure, it has to!" Ted insisted. "How else could you enlist?"

Marlin got up and moved to Marlena's desk. "Here's a copy of my birth certificate." He handed the gilt edged Certificate to Ted who looked at it absently.

"What does it say?" Marlin asked softly.

"It says that you were the third birth to your mother Marilee and your father is Maxwell Monroe."

"Check the sex box," Marlin invited softly.

“It has ‘M’ checked.”

“No, that has been erased, see?” His finger pointed to the other box. “You see, Tedly, most people see the erasure in the M box and ignore the lightly checked F box.”

“Dammit, Marlin, you’re a male and I know it!”

“Outwardly, Tedly, but inside I’m just as feminine and female as either of my elderly sisters!”

Neither realized that for the first time in their entire relationship, they had addressed one another by their proper names. It would not be the last, as we shall see.

Ted was looking at some of the pictures on Marlena’s mantle when Monroe came up to stand beside him. “Nice looking group, aren’t they?” Monroe asked softly.

“Yeah, one of these,” and he pointed to a photo of three laughing blonde teenage girls wearing revealing bikini swimsuits frolicking in the water, “Has to be a girl cousin, right?”

Marlin shook his head, smiling. “Nope, that’s not a girl nor a cousin.”

“Don’t tell me you have another sister? Don’t tell me you’re quads!” Ted begged.

Marlin shook his head again. “Nope, there’s just the three of us.”

“Then who’s the other girl?” Ted demanded.

“Me,” Monroe replied quietly.

“You? Bull! I know a girl when I see one!” Ted snorted in disbelief.

“Yes, Tedly, you do, but that is still me,” Marlin insisted.

“Un-fucking-believable!” Ted whispered in awe.

“Would you like to meet the real Marlin Monroe, a.k.a. Marilyn Monroe?” Marlin asked softly.

“Hell, yes!” Ted exclaimed.

“Very well,” Marlin explained. “Like I said, inside I am just as female and feminine as either of my elderly sisters and I can prove it.”

“I find that difficult to believe!” Ted exploded in contemptuous disbelief.

“OK, you wait right here while I change. It’ll take me a good while to make myself over, so why don’t you fix yourself a fresh drink and make yourself comfortable?” Marlin invited.

Marlin smiled, squeezed Ted’s lax fingers and disappeared into the bedroom.

Ted tried to relax. . .

But even straight shots of Jack Daniel’s Tennessee Whiskey couldn’t calm him down.

He was still jumpier than a bunny rabbit with an unscratchable itch!

VII

At last the bedroom door opened and a soft, melodious voice broke into Ted’s thoughts. “Ready or not, Tedly, here I come!”

And this absolutely stunning apparition stepped forth.

Ted’s mouth dropped open in complete surprise as he stumbled to his feet. “Oh, Miss Monroe,” he

whispered, "I thought you were dead!" he mumbled in his confusion.



Before him stood an almost exact reincarnation of the late Hollywood movie star, Miss Marilyn Monroe! She twirled, her white, pleated skirt flowing seductively around her nylon encased legs until she stopped, posing prettily atop her four inch high heeled sandals for his admiration.

“Marlin?” he gasped.

“In the flesh, Tedly,” the beskirted boy whispered seductively. “Only I’m Marilyn now.”

“My good God!” Ted whispered in wonder, “If I hadn’t seen it, I would never have believed it!”

“Marilyn” was dressed in an exact copy of the dress the late movie star had worn in the grate scene in the movie “Seven Year Itch” where her skirt had been blown upwards by the windy draught of a train passing in the subway below. Again, “she” twirled. “Well, Tedly, what do you think?” “she” teased.

“I am impressed!” Ted replied. “No, I am astounded! I never would have guessed!” he admitted.

“I hid it well, didn’t I?” “she” teased.

Stumbling uncertainly, Ted stepped towards “Marilyn” and took the smiling boy in a dress into his arms. “Oh, God, how I have dreamed of this!” he whispered as he kissed the bee stung lips passionately.

He was not surprised when “Marilyn” returned his kiss with every bit as much passion!

Finally, “she” laid “her” head against Ted’s chest and looked up. “Well, Tedly, are you satisfied?”

Ted nodded. “It’s unbelievable!” he admitted, looking “her” over greedily.

“That’s the nicest thing you have ever said to me, Tedly,” she whispered. “So, do I look good enough to accompany you to out for dinner and cocktails and some dancing?” she teased.

“And how!” he agreed.

“Then you approve?” she dimpled prettily.

“Is Brown nose an asshole? Damned straight I do!”

“Oh, Tedly, you say the nicest things to a girl!” she gushed.

“I’m in love!” Ted admitted.

“Me too, Tedly,” Marilyn admitted. “I have been in love with you from that first day when the Dictaphone dropped onto your sore great toe! God, how I wanted to pull your shoe and sock off and kiss it until I had made it all well again!”

Ted grinned. “As I recall, it was just me being a bullheaded nincompoo and a total asshole!”

“Then when I fell into your arms in your office and you kissed me. . .”

“Hey, wait a minute!” he protested. “You said I didn’t kiss you!”

“I lied,” a smiling Monroe grinned.

“I be a sum-na-bitch!” Ted yelled.

“Marilyn” laughed melodiously. “If you say so, Lover Boy!” she teased.

“And when I saw that bouncy ass of yours in your tighty whiteys, I wanted to throw you to the deck and ravish you as no man ever ravished anyone before!” he exclaimed.

“And if you had, I could never have stopped you!” “Marilyn” admitted.

“So, it was you they saw in the Ginza wearing a dress?” Ted asked slowly.

“Well, yeah, a coupla times, but they couldn’t prove it. The times they saw me, I was alone, but when they saw two, they assumed. . .”

“Which made an ass out of you and me, only it was Brown nose who did the assuming!” Ted laughed.

“The one and only!” “Marilyn” laughed.

“Grab your fur coat,” Ted ordered, “we’re going out on the town!”

“You are so masterful and impetuous!” “Marilyn” teased.

Unfortunately for Lt Brown nose and Ensign “Hoppy” Cassidy, they were too late to catch our lovers’ disappearance. What they saw was Maxine and Marlena returning with their arms laden and once more, Lt Brown nose misread the situation, and as usual jumped to the same erroneous decision as he snapped many rolls of Navy film to prove his supposition.

Unfortunately for the two conspirators, a neighbor noticed them lurking about and called the local Japanese Police who picked them up as peeping toms and hauled them off to a Japanese prison cell and forgot about them.

Since the unfortunate Naval Investigators had left their identification papers behind, they had no way of proving anything to the stoic Japanese who had heard it all before.

It was late in the early morning before Ted and Marilyn returned to the apartment to be met by two furious blonde Lieutenants.

“We’ve been worried sick out of our minds!”
Marlena raged.

“Especially when we heard on the local news that two perverts had been picked up near-by in our neighborhood and taken into police custody!”
Maxine raged, just as angry as her sister.

“Nuttin happened, girls!” Ted tried to explain drunkenly. “We’s innercent as new bornded babies!”

“Nope! Not a danged thing happened!” Marilyn added. “My Tedly wash a perfect gennleman, dammit! I wanted tuh wring his neck!”

“Yep, I wash wit her an’ she wash wit me alla the time!” Ted explained. “We wuz togedder!”

“Yeah, like he sez, we wuz togedder. I wuz wit him and he wash wit me! At the same time too!”
Marilyn echoed.

“Yeah, sim. . . ul. . . tain. . . e. . . ous. . . ly!” Ted finally managed. “Togedder!”

“And at the same time too!” Marilyn repeated.

Marlena turned to Marilyn. “Are you still secure, sis?” she asked. “Did he do anything to you?”

“Naw, coul’n’t get my pants off!” Marilyn wailed.

“I din’ have my tin snips wit me!” Ted alibied.
“Dammit, she’s as tight assed as you are, Marlena! But don’ thin’ I din’ try, ‘cause I did!”

“Yeah,” Marilyn laughed. “He’s like a twelve armed octopus in the back of a Japanese cab!”

“Couldn’t get her pants off, so we comed back here to getter dun!” Ted leered.

“Over my dead body!” Maxine exploded.

“That can be arranged,” Ted leered drunkenly.

“Shut up, you. . . you. . . *man!*” Marlena snapped peevishly, making the word sound like a horrible, contagious disease.

“So, whom wuz peekin’ at us’n’s?” Ted asked, trying to change the subject.

“I don’t know and I don’t care, just as long as it wasn’t you two miscreants!” Maxine raged anew.

“I wanna go to bed,” Marilyn cried, swaying drunkenly.

“Yeah,” Ted agreed taking her arm, “Le’s find one!”

“Just one danged minute there, Romeo!” Marlena interjected. “You two aren’t sleeping together, at least not until you put a ring on her third finger left hand!” Marlena announced airily.

“OK, fine a Preacher and let’s git ‘er dun!” Ted enthused.

“Not tonight! It’s too late!” Maxine shook her head.

“Sphoil sphort!” Ted mumbled as Marlena opened the sofa bed and pushed him down onto it. “You can sleep here, lover boy! Alone!”

“Aw, don’ wanna,” Ted protested, “Wanna schleep with Mar’lyn!” then passed out cold.

“Lemmie help,” Marilyn proposed, kneeling on the sofa bed beside the out cold Ted.

Marlena grabbed her arm. “Not by a long shot, sister! Until you have that ring on your finger, your steel chastity belt stays in place!”

“Sphoil sphort,” Marilyn echoed. “Yer no fun a tall, a tall!” she simpered.

“You’ll sleep with me and like it!” Marlana declared.

“Aw, you’re no fun!” Marilyn repeated.

“Tough bananas, sister!” Marlana retorted, “Now, march your tight little ass into that bedroom and get undressed and get it into that bed!”

“Sphoil sphort,” Marilyn repeated, but she did as she was told.

Meanwhile, Maxine had undressed the unresponsive Ted and was redressing him in a pair of over-large purple silk pajamas she had purchased on a whim. She covered the snoring man with a thin blanket and went into her own bedroom, soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

Neither Ted nor Marilyn knew.

They just snored peacefully. . .

Apart from one another.

VIII

The sun was streaming brightly through the open window, its brightness falling across the naked face and shoulders of a hung over Ted Wheelock. He winced with pain and swore never to get drunk again, something he had vowed several times in the past.

Shielding his eyes with a shaky hand, he sat up and promptly fell over when a wave of dizziness washed over him. Finally, he managed to get his legs over the edge of his makeshift bed and gingerly

sit up-right. He opened his eyes slowly and realized that he was in the girls' apartment. Dimly he wondered just what he had done in his drunken state. Knowing he was in the girls' apartment, he figured he wouldn't have to wait too long for an explanation!

"Well good afternoon, sleeping beauty!" Marlena greeted airily. "I trust our accommodations were satisfactory?" she teased.

"Where am I?" Ted asked, knowing the answer already.

"Come on, Big Boy, surely your head's not that dense!"

Ted shook his head, trying to clear his memory. "No, I mean, what happened?"

"You and my sister went out and got drunk together!" she retorted.

"God, my mouth feels like the entire Russian Army step-marched through it after traveling through the swamps of Outer Mongolia!" he moaned.

"I shouldn't wonder!" she laughed. "And you deserve every bit of it! Imagine, taking my baby sister out and getting her so drunk she wanted to sleep with you!" she scolded. "For shame, Captain! For shame!" she teased. "That's fraternization, but I forget, you're an expert on the subject!"

"Ouch, I deserved that!" Ted admitted, holding his throbbing head.

"Can't say as I blame you though, she is a very beautiful woman, isn't she?"

"I thought she was Marilyn Monroe, you know, the movie star!" Ted replied.

“I told you she was beautiful! And when she puts her mind to it, a person is hard pressed to tell the difference, except that our Marilyn is alive.”

“And how,” Ted agreed. “She’s a superb dancer too.”

“Yes, years of ballet training can have that effect on a girl,” Marlana laughed.

“Someone mention my name?” a hung over Marilyn asked, stumbling into the room and promptly plunking herself down on Ted’s silk covered lap, her lips seeking his almost automatically.

Ted did not resist her welcome advances.

“Enough of that crap, you two!” Marlana ordered. “Until you’re married, no hanky and no panky and no sleeping together!” she concluded. “Understand? And no touchy feelies neither!”

“I’m hungry!” Marilyn announced. “How about you, Tedly?”

“Yeah,” he leered. “Take your panties off, slide down the banister and warm my lunch up!”

“None of that!” Marlana scolded. “Honestly, you two have your minds in the same gutter!”

“Yeah,’ Marilyn whispered throatily, kissing Ted eagerly, “ain’t it wunnerful?”

Marlana grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the grasping Ted. “Off with you! Go get dressed. Those are not what a lady wears to greet her gentleman caller!” She gazed at Ted thoughtfully, “You are a gentleman, aren’t you Ted?” she asked sarcastically.

“Those” were a sheer baby doll and panty set in shocking pink that showed Marilyn’s skin in a man-

ner that excited Ted's libido, not that it needed any excitement!

"Damn straight!" Ted exclaimed.

"Jeeze, you're such a prude, sis!" Marilyn complained. But she hurried from the room.

Later, the four of them sat around the little table finishing up their lunch when the news came on and Ted stared, mesmerized, as the newscaster breathlessly announced the arrest of a pair of peeping toms who had been terrorizing their neighborhood for weeks. He laughed right out loud when he saw the faces of his enemies, Lt Brown nose and Ensign Hopalong appeared on the TV screen.

"Well, I be damned!" Ted exclaimed. "Those two! Well, I hope the Admiral does send them off to the Aleutians to count penguins!"

"But there are no penguins in the Aleutian Islands!" Marilyn observed.

She didn't understand why the other three laughed uproariously.

The "joke" was completely lost on her.

IX

Over the next few weeks, Ted and Marilyn conducted their romance unencumbered by nosy Nellies and except for the sneering looks from Ensign Lewis, life was good.

One night, Ted and "Marilyn" dared to go out to dinner and were eating sushi when Ensign Lewis just "happened" to wander by their table.

“Well, Captain,” she greeted in her nasal twang, “How nice to see you again!” She looked narrowly at Marlin.

“Surely I have a right to date after hours, Ensign?” Ted asked archly.

“Oh, most certainly,” she cooed. “And who is this little lovely?”

“This is Lt Maxine Martin, Admiral Havens’ private secretary,” Ted alibied hastily.

Marilyn arched her brows at Ted and smiled coldly at Ensign Lewis. “Yes, the Ensign has been a frequent visitor to the Admiral’s office of late,” she replied coolly.

“Polly” blushed. “Well, I must be off!” And she hurried away as fast as her heels would move.

“Charming girl,” Marilyn cooed, “friend of yours?”

“Not on your life!”

“Think she was fooled?” she asked.

He shook his head. “Hard to tell, but I think the Admiral’s name shook her!”

“Too bad,” Marilyn cooed. “I imagine she could be a sweetie.”

“Yeah,” Ted growled, “like a black widow spider!”

Marilyn laughed in delight. “And here I thought you had no sense of humor!” she teased.

Ted was falling more and more in love with the Chief Petty Officer he knew during the day as Marlin Monroe, but who, in the privacy of the girls’ apartment, was really Marilyn Monroe, a vivacious, witty, charming girl who knew what she wanted out of life, and it was obvious that what she “wanted” was Cap-

tain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock as her life companion.

Ted learned that Marilyn had saved as much of her Navy pay as was possible because she wanted to have her S.R.S. once she was discharged and go on to college to gain a Doctorate in her chosen field under the G.I. Bill.

As he learned more and more of her past life, he sympathized with her and many times, he emphasized with her, recalling his hardscrabble days in the Appalachian Mountains.

He never tired of holding her close in his arms while they did nothing except enjoy the feeling of the love that surrounded them at every turn.

Somehow, Lt Brown nose and his bumbling cohort, Ensign Hopalong, had managed to extricate themselves from criminal charges by the Japanese authorities. The morning following their arrest, a Japanese officer who knew them, saw them and asked why they were locked up in a Japanese prison. When they explained, the Japanese laughed, “Oh, you two velly bad mens! Not nice to go around and peep into women’s bedrooms! Not nice! Velly bad! Velly funny!” he laughed, wagging his finger at them.

Thereafter, they were keeping an extremely low profile to avoid retribution from the Admiral, who once again, had chewed on Brownlee and Cassidy royally, calling in several questionable references to the “legal” parentage of each man and once more threatening them with banishment to the Aleutian Islands to take a census of local penguins!

Lt Brownlee was too much in love with Japan to consider such a fate and he surreptitiously asked

Ensign Lewis for her assistance in destroying his hated enemies, Captain Wheelock and Chief Petty Officer Monroe! He suspected there was more going on than he could see, but not being privy to the inner happenings at the girls' apartment, could only speculate and scheme.

Ensign Lewis, for her part, attempted to gain favor with Lt Maxine Martin, but her efforts proved to be in vain. Maxine did not like "Polly" and made no bones about her inner feelings. Polly, for her part, hated the pretty blonde on sight. Somehow she just knew that the Lieutenant in the Admiral's outer office was not the same Lieutenant Martin she had met at the sushi bar. But, she couldn't prove her suspicions and as she told Lt Brownlee about her encounter, he thought she was imagining things.

Once more, Polly felt the sting of rejection and she added these insults to her person to her list of those to avenge herself upon!

Using her position as Head of Personnel, she tried to unseat Maxine from her "cushy" job as the Admiral's secretary to replace that hated creature with herself. But, her scheme fell on deaf ears. As soon as Admiral Havens heard that Maxine was to be replaced, he called the Pentagon and that plan fell to naught also, thus adding another name to Polly's list.

It seems that one does not fuck with a four star Admiral's chosen secretary and get away with it!

Still, Polly never learned from her past mistakes and she watched and schemed and finally, she saw Ted and Marilyn at a four star restaurant in the Ginza and she took multiple pictures of the two of them in most intimate poses and shared her recent

findings with her cohorts in crime, Lt Marvin Brownlee and Ensign Cassidy (whom she had a secret crush on, except that he did not like her at all!).

For their parts, Brownlee and Cassidy were overjoyed to get this new “evidence” and they plotted how to best put this knowledge to work without exposing themselves to any danger of retaliation.

Both had vivid memories of the Admiral’s threats after the last disaster.

So, acting anonymously, they sent several eight by ten copies of Polly’s pictures of the pair to the Admiral (From a concerned Friend of the Navy) in hopes that their identities would remain secret.

Incensed, the Admiral did not immediately recognize their handiwork and called his Captain into his office, starting to read him the riot act when Lt Martin interrupted.

“Sir,” she began. “That’s me in those pictures. I have been dating Captain Wheelock for some months now, when I can get him away from my sister, Marlana. We were having dinner in this great sushi bar when Ensign Lewis passed by accidentally and. . .”

“I hate sushi!” Ted avowed fervently.

“But you ate it anyway, right?” she dimpled prettily,

The Admiral wasn’t wholly convinced but he did not want to alienate his secretary, so he took the path of least resistance. “Get that Brown nose and Hoppy in here, **yesterday!**” he thundered.

Half an hour later, Lt Brownlee and Ensign Cassidy were shaking in their boots as the Admiral

warned them, “for the last fucking time, leave them alone!”

“But, Sir, Ensign Lewis saw them and she knows.”

“Ensign Lewis,” the Admiral roared, “only knows what her warped little mind wants her to know! She’s had a hard-on for these people since she was assigned to this Port!”

Lt Brownlee and Ensign Cassidy stood there at rigid attention for another fifteen minutes listening to the Admiral’s irate tirade before they were summarily dismissed.

Happily, they retreated while they still had their Navy commissions intact!

Then, Ensign Pauline Lewis was standing at rigid attention while the Admiral, in his own words, “chewed her a new asshole!”

She too was more than happy to slink from his office while she was still an Ensign!

Later that same afternoon, Ted and Maxine sat in Flight Ops sipping mugs of Navy coffee while a lumbering C-130 took off with a dejected Ensign Pauline “Call me Polly” Lewis aboard, heading Stateside for reassignment.

Admiral Havens pitied anyone who got her next!

He did nothing about Brownlee and Cassidy, letting them stew in their own juices. “Thanks for taking the heat for Marilyn,” Ted told Maxine in gratitude.

“She’s my baby sister,” Maxine replied. “I couldn’t let that pair screw her over.”

“Yeah, that’s my job!” Ted grinned wolfishly.

“Not until you. . .” Maxine started.

“Yeah, yeah! I know, I know!” Ted moaned. “Not until I put a ring on her third finger left hand!”

“Damned straight, Captain!” she smiled.

“Damn, the way you girls treat me, you’d think I were the Lieutenant and you two were the damned Captain!” he grouched.

Later, back at his office, Ted cornered a smiling Marilyn and after kissing him tenderly, asked, “How much longer do you have to go in this Man’s Navy?” he demanded.

“Three weeks less two days, or for those less mathematically inclined, nineteen days,” Marilyn replied with a twinkle in her eye. “You going to miss me when I’m gone, Tedly?” she teased.

“Proly not. I put in my papers all ready. I’m getting outta the Navy.”

“You’re retiring?” Marilyn was aghast. “But, why, Tedly? I mean, you love the Navy so much!”

“Yeah, well, the Navy don’t love me! That damned flight surgeon declared me unfit for worldwide duty and recommended medical retirement. So, to Hell with the Navy! I can fly for Fed Ex or UPS just as well as for the Navy, and they could not give one hairy rat’s ass about my fucking lame leg! And, it’s still jet engines! Pays a lot more too!” he declared angrily.

“But you’ll miss the Navy,” Marilyn commiserated, touching his cheek fondly.

“Yeah, but they’ll miss me more! There’s a lot of knowledge in this brain that could be used to train younger Tomcat drivers! That knowledge didn’t come easy! I had to work my ass off to get it! But, do

they care? Not in a million fucking years!” he be-moaned dejectedly.”

“Poor Tedly,” Marilyn soothed, again kissing his cheek fondly. “But, with you Stateside and me legally a female, we can be married and never have to worry about anyone trying to separate us again!”

He grinned at her. “Yeah, there is that!” he agreed, kissing her back. “Can you stay out of trouble for nineteen days?” he cocked a jaundiced eye in her direction.

“Nope, not as long as you’re around! And don’t forget, it’s two days less than three full weeks!” she teased.

“How could I forget?” he asked, faking dire distress.

“Oh, you’re so sweet!” Monroe cooed affectionately.

“Like honey!” he enthused.

“Ooh, gimmie a taste!” she whispered, kissing him passionately.

When she surfaced, she murmured, “Oh, I think I’m going to keep you around for awhile!”

Ted had all he could do to control the base urges that suddenly surged through his system!

X

Three weeks and four days later, Ted and Marilyn landed in Honolulu and promptly made for the beach where they sunned and relaxed, Ted safely retired and Marilyn safely honorably discharged, now forever beyond the reach of the vindictive Lt Brown

nose and his cohort, Ensign Hopalong Cassidy, not to mention Ensign Pauline “Call me Polly” Lewis who wound up in an isolated post in southeast Asia.

Lt Brown nose was beside himself with livid anger to think that his prey had managed to evade his jurisdiction and scrutiny, for in spite of the many warnings from the Port Commander, he still had it in his mind to wreck his savage revenge on the pair for the humiliation and embarrassment he had suffered, not only from Admiral Thomas Havens, but from his own superiors at HQ N. I. S.!

As far as Ted and Marilyn were concerned, “Brown nose? Hoppy? Lewis? Never heard of any of them people!”

They reveled in the sunshine and surf of Waikiki Beach for two weeks, both abiding by the rules set forth by Maxine and Marlina before they left. They could do anything together except have sexual intercourse, which they didn’t like, but since it was only a matter of time before Marlin was really Marilyn and his bride, they put up with this restriction though it taxed them emotionally big time. But, so in love they were, that they didn’t realize how quickly the time was passing.

Until one day, Marilyn announced, “This is it, Big Boy! Last chance to bail out! Tomorrow we leave for The Clinic and I will leave there in three weeks a full-fledged woman and we will be married forthwith and without any more delay!”

Ted looked up in surprise. “Is it that time already?” he asked, stunned.

She nodded. “Yep, and I can hardly wait to become a woman and then become your wife!”

‘My God!’ he thought, ‘Am I up to this?’ He took one look at the radiant face of his beloved and any doubt he might have had faded away in a heartbeat, to be replaced by such a rush of feeling that he knew that come Hell or high water, in just a few more weeks he would be irrevocably tied to this happy boy-girl lying beside him, only “he” would be “she” then and they would be happier than even they could imagine! He could guarantee that!

It was with a smiling face that he carried Marilyn’s bags down to the lobby and paid their bill the next morning. The clerk called a cab for them and it took them to the Honolulu airport where they were soon on a jumbo jet on their way Stateside to The Clinic where a miracle would take place!

“I can’t wait for our honeymoon,” Marilyn whispered breathlessly.

‘Honeymoon!’ Ted thought. ‘You’re going to love the Appalachian Mountains, my love!’

XI

“Relax, you’re in good hands, my dear,” the smiling surgeon told the soon-to-be-Marilyn. “Believe me, we have never lost a patient yet!”

‘There’s always a first time!’ Ted thought perversely.

“I am a little apprehensive,” Marilyn whispered. “I’ve never had an operation like this before!” She was lying on a steel gurney and was groggy from the pills she had taken earlier.

“Rest your mind, my dear,” the Doctor patted her shoulder reassuringly. “When you wake up, you’ll

feel like a new woman!” She chuckled at her intentional pun. “Get it? Feel a new woman? Oh, ha ha ha!” she laughed merrily.

Ted winced in spite of himself.

“If you say so, Doctor,” Marilyn was still groggy and apprehensive.

“Oh, I do, I do!” she enthused.

“Isn’t that the whole idea behind all this rigamarole?” Marilyn teased looking at Ted.

“Eh?” The Doctor looked at her, distracted.

“I do, I do!” Marilyn laughed. “You know, the ring? The third finger left hand? Wedding? The nuptials? Getting hitched? The reception? The honeymoon? And all that jazz?”

“Oh, yes, I had forgotten all about that!” the Doctor smiled absently.

A nurse appeared. “OK, dear,” she chuckled, “It’s show time!”

She began to push the gurney towards the swinging doors at the end of the hall. Ted caught Marilyn’s hand. “I’ll be waiting right here, my love!” he whispered, helping to push.

She smiled wistfully. “Remember, Doc,” she could barely speak, “make it as tight as you can! I want my pussy so tight he’ll have to use a jackhammer to break me in!”

“Never fear, dear,” the Doctor laughed. “We always do!” She placed a cone thing over Marilyn’s mouth. “OK, dear, breathe deeply!”

Marilyn was out like a light before they reached the doors.

“This is as far as you go, Romeo!” the Doctor smiled. “You’re not scrubbed and sterile!”

Dejected, Ted stopped short as the doors slammed shut in his face. “Damn!” came his heart-felt mutter of outrage.

For the next twelve hours, Ted paced around the waiting room and along the hall, going to look through the small window at the end and seeing nothing but white and blue and green clad figures doing various things that he could not fathom!

He drank machine coffee until his kidneys rebelled and he had to relieve himself, hurrying to the head because he just knew that as soon as he left his post, the Doctor would come out!

But, she hadn’t.

And she didn’t.

And he continued to pace.

Restlessly. . .

Endlessly. . .

Impatiently. . .

Muttering obscenities under his breath the whole time.

Somehow, that made him feel a little better.

But not much.

XII

“Wake up, Mister Wheelock,” the Doctor shook him gently. “You’re going to be a husband!”

“Hunh? Wha. . .” Ted mumbled as he awoke with a start. “I’m gonna be a what? Who?”

“A husband! Your future bride came through like a trouper! She is now a fully functional female type person and I must warn you right now, she will be highly susceptible to becoming pregnant if you’re not careful,” she laughed in delight.

“When can I see her?” Ted demanded.

“Oh, she’s in recovery and will sleep for at least another ten to twelve hours. But, if you’d like, I can have a cot set up next to her bed so you can be there when she does wake up.”

“Thank you, Doctor, that would be just great!” Ted was so relieved. He could see his Marilyn! He could be near the woman he loved with all his heart.

‘Who’d a thunk it?’ he asked himself. ‘Imagine that? Marlin is now Marilyn for real! God, I think I have died and gone to Heaven!’ He was so happy that he danced a little jig for joy, garnering several smiles from some passing nurses.

He did not care!

He was happy!

“Go Navy!” he enthused.

Then, “To Hell with the Navy!” he exclaimed.

“Go Marilyn!” he exulted instead.

XIII

“Oh, I hurt all over!” Marilyn groaned weakly.

Immediately, Ted sprang to his feet and took her hand in his. "Hi, baby girl!" he greeted. "You've been out for a long time!"

"Really? I thought I just laid down a minute or so ago," she protested groggily.

"That was the day before yesterday afternoon, dear heart!" he replied with a wide, happy grin. "How do you feel, baby girl?"

"Like I was rode hard and put away wet!" she groaned miserably. "I just hurt all over more than any place else!"

Ted laughed softly. "I wouldn't wonder, baby!" he murmured. "According to the Doctor, they did a complete number on you!"

"Are Marlana and Maxine here?" she asked so softly he almost didn't hear her words.

"They're somewhere over the Pacific in a C-5A Galaxy transport the Admiral provided. They'll be in Denver in a coupla hours and are coming directly here when they land."

"Good! At last we're really identical triplets!" the newly created woman grinned weakly.

"Honey, you're never going to live it down!" he chuckled.

"Don't want to, lover boy!" she smiled. "I just want to get you into a bed and fuck your brains out!"

"Wouldn't take much, baby girl," he admitted. "I'm plumb wore out just sitting here!"

"Poor baby, so put upon!" she commiserated, and fell fast asleep.

The Doctor came bustling in. "Is she still awake?"

Ted shook his head. “Nope, she just woke up, took one look at me and went right back to sleep.”

“Good! She needs all the rest she can get for a day or so more. What we did was a greatly traumatic insult to her body and it will take time for it to get over the shock, if it ever will.”

“That bad, eh?” Ted asked absently.

She nodded. “Yes, but fortunately most females are able to overcome their trauma and settle right down to being functional women. I do believe that our little Marilyn will be one of those!”

“God, I hope so,” Ted murmured.

XIX

“How’s our baby sister?” Maxine and Marlana demanded as they swept into the recovery room where Marilyn was still sleeping off her drugged state.

Ted grinned like a Cheshire cat. “Oh, she’s great! Me? I’m not so great!”

“Poor baby,” Marlana soothed, but it was obvious she was being sarcastic.

“OK, Romeo,” Maxine interrupted, “Give us all the dirty details.”

“Yeah,” Marlana ordered, “Straight from that filthy, obscene male mind of yours!”

Ted glared at her but she ignored him. “Has she been awake?” Maxine asked.

“Yeah, but just for very short periods, never too long. The Doc says she needs all the sleep she can get. So I’ve been watching over her.”

“For sure she won’t get much on your honeymoon!” Marlena snapped.

Ted had the grace to blush.

For the next half hour, Ted had to tell the two sisters everything he and Marilyn had done since leaving Japan and even he was surprised at all the places they had been and the things they had done!

When he finally wound down, Maxine smiled. “You’ll be happy to hear that your good buddy Lt Marvin Brown nose is no longer in Japan. He’s in The Nam chasing commies. Your other buddy, Ensign Hopalong Cassidy, is in Central America chasing guerrillas. May they rust in pieces!”

“Couldn’t have happened to a nicer pair!” Ted chuckled.

“Oh, by the way,” Maxine smiled. “Admiral Havens sends his greetings and wants you to know that your replacement, Captain Jackson, is just as big a pain in his ass as you were! More so since he has yet to get a competent clerk and his efficiency rating has gone straight down the toilet!”

Ted laughed. “Good to see I rubbed off on someone!”

“And we got word that Master Chief Petty Officer Horace Asa Dawson, ret., died of heart failure at Walter Reed in D.C. a few weeks ago. He was only sixty two years old.”

“Sorry to hear that, but it couldn’t have happened to a nicer guy neither!” Ted grinned. “And now I suppose you’re going to brief me on Ensign Pauline ‘Call me Polly’ Lewis too?”

“You’ll be happy to know that she was promoted to Lieutenant J. G. several months ago and is at the

Pentagon where she is engaged to be married to her boss, Vice Admiral Henry Morrison, the Chief of Naval Assignments. It's a good thing neither of you two yard birds is still on active duty or else you'd be pushing brooms in the port brig!" Maxine laughed in delight. "Whatever you did to piss her off, she has not forgotten nor forgiven and scuttlebutt is she vows to have her revenge on the two of you yet!"

Ted laughed. "Good luck with that! The Flight Surgeon's decision to medically retire me is final and I cannot be called back to active duty unless we go to war with a foreign nation! And since Marlin is now Marilyn, she cannot be recalled because she is a she and not the male who enlisted six years ago!"

"That must frost Polly's tight assed panties big time!" Marlina laughed.

"Oh, well, life's a bitch, then you grow up, you marry one, then you die. Ain't no two ways about it, we all end up deader'n nary a door nail in the end!" Ted quipped.

"God, what a morbid mind you have, Wheelock!" Marlina moaned.

"Captain Wheelock," Ted reminded.

"No more!" Maxine reminded him. "You're re-tarded. . . er, retired! Remember? One of them there things anyway. What I mean is, you don't have any rank at all, you're just another *civilian*! And you're a feather merchant too, just a plain old R. E. M. F.!" she giggled.

"Oh, thank God for small flavors!" Ted grinned, glancing Heavenward.

"Once a smart ass, always a smart ass!" Marlina moaned.

“Well, at least I use all my wit!” Ted retorted. “Unlike some people whom shall go unnamed at this point in time, for obvious reasons!” He leered at the two girls meaningfully.

“I’ll have you know that I’m a Lieutenant Commander now!” Maxine announced proudly.

“And I’m a full lieutenant,” Marlena added with a broad smile.

“What is this Navy coming to?” Ted moaned.

Then the four of them dissolved in laughter.

Once they got all their merriment out of the way, they told him some news that just about floored him. Maxine was engaged to be married to Admiral Thomas Havens!

“How the Hell did that happen?” he asked in disbelief.

“I’m not really sure,” Maxine admitted. “At first it was coffee at Flight Ops, then a casual lunch, followed by a late supper which rapidly became dinner and dancing for two and late night sitting on the balcony looking at the moon and talking quietly, when it just sort of happened. He looked at me, I looked at him, he smiled, I smiled and the next thing I knew, he was kissing me and I was kissing him back!

“And it just took off from there. The next day he put a ring on my finger and now I’m going to be married to a four star Admiral! Isn’t it exciting?” she was bubbling with joy.

“But, that’s not all,” Marlena smiled. “I’m engaged too!”

“Well, I be sheep dipped!” Ted was amazed. “Two in a row! How in the Hell did **that** happen?”

“You have quite a way with words, Tedly,”
Marlena teased.

“You mean to say that someone found the key to your iron panties?” he asked, his mouth hanging open in amazement.

“Close your mouth, Big Boy,” she ordered, “Or it’ll fill up with flies!”

“So, who managed to melt the ice in your veins?” he demanded.

“You’re probably not going to like my answer,” she hesitated.

“Nothing you Monroe broads do could ever surprise me!” he snorted.

Marilyn giggled. “That’s the first time I’ve ever been called a broad!”

“Shut up, you!” Ted growled. “Who?” he demanded of Marlena.

“Vice Admiral Kelly,” she whispered.

“Good for old Admiral Kelly!” Ted enthused. Then a confused look came over his face. “But, isn’t Admiral Kelly a woman?”

She nodded shyly. “Yes, she surely is. She’s a feminine female all the way and more!”

“But. . . but. . .”

“Oh, Tedly,” Maxine laughed, “You sound just like a motor boat!”

“But. . .” he tried to formulate words, but failed.

“I’m a Lesbian, Tedly,” Marlena admitted softly. “No male could ever have made time with me.”

“Well, I be damned! No, double damned! I never suspected. . .” he stammered.

“Marceline caught on right off!” she smirked.

“Marceline? Who in Hell’s Marceline?” Ted demanded.

“Marceline is Vice Admiral Marceline Nancy ‘Iron Drawers’ Kelly. Her Christian name is Marceline. I call her Marcy.”

“Holy shit!” Ted whispered, his ego completely deflated. No wonder he had struck out!

So, Marlana told her story. Vice Admiral Kelly had been on an inspection tour of the Far Eastern Command when she had met Marlana at the O-Club. One drink led to another which led to dinner, then dancing at a Lesbian Bar in the Ginza and things had proceeded rapidly from there. Marcy had arranged for Marlana to join her entourage as her assistant, and their romance had blossomed thereof.

So that they could be married without violating the “don’t ask, don’t tell” Navy Policy, Vice Admiral Marceline “Iron Drawers” Kelly was retiring from active duty and Marlana was resigning her commission to be with her. They planned an early ceremony stateside in a State that allowed same sex marriages, “It’ll probably be Massachusetts,” Marlana explained.

Ted was amazed. “Marcy” was almost twenty years older than Marlana and Thomas was at least that much older than his bride-to-be, Maxine, and yet, neither triplet was the least bit concerned.

“After all,” Marilyn quipped later, “Tedly’s twenty years older than me!

“Am not!” Ted protested.

“Close enough for guvmint werk!” she laughed.

“Love don’t care who’s ass it bites!” Marlana observed.

“You just have to live with it!” Maxine added with a giggle.

“Works for me!” Marilyn giggled.

“I got no complaints,” Maxine added.

“Me too,” Marlana grinned.

“Oh, my good God!” Ted moaned. “I give up on you three!”

“That’s the first smart thing you’ve said all day!” Maxine quipped.

Retired Captain Theodore “Ted” M. (for Morgan) Wheelock just could not best these three women! They had completely flummoxed him!

The problem was, as he saw it, all three of them knew it!

XX

“Damn!” Marilyn exploded. “I don’t see why the bride has to be decorated like some darned Christmas tree!” she complained to Maxine who was arranging her hair.

“Hush, Brat!” Maxine warned, “or you’re gonna get a mouthful of hair spray!”

“I’d rather have a mouthful of Tedly!” the other girl groaned. “Besides, I don’t need that stuff!”

“Hush!” Maxine warned again as she pressed the button on top of the spray can.

“My good God,” Marlana observed, “one would think we were forcing you into this!”

“Well, you are!” Marilyn exploded. “Me’n Tedly wanted to run off and skip all this crap, but, no! You two wanted a full dress wedding!”

“I told that obnoxious so and so months ago, no hanky and no panky without that ring on your third finger left hand!” Marlana reminded tersely. “And we’re gonna see that it’s there first! No running off and leaving the both of us guessing!”

“Yeah, well, we don’t need any old wedding ring! We could be perfectly happy without one!” Marilyn declared archly.

“Over my dead body!” Maxine interjected.

“Me three!” Marlana echoed.

The three women were in the Church cloak room in Morgan’s Falls, West Virginia putting the final touches to Marilyn’s wedding dress and the new girl was none too happy!

“Darn!” Marilyn exclaimed.

“Now what?” Maxine asked in exasperation.

“I can’t find my other glove!” Marilyn complained in distraction.

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake, here it is right where you left it on your chair!”

“Oh. I didn’t see it there,” she admitted.

“Did you even look?” Maxine retorted, half in frustration.”

Marilyn looked every inch the radiant bride clad in an antique ivory satin Empire style wedding gown, floor length, high neck, long, fitted sleeves and nipped in smartly at her obviously corseted waist. Her veil was pinned to the top of her curls by a diamond tiara, a tiara that matched exactly those

in her newly pierced ear lobes. While she had been a boy in the Navy, she had not dared have them pierced, but now, she was a woman, and women could have their ears pierced if they wished!

‘More freedom with a pussy!’ Marilyn thought with smug satisfaction.

She brushed her plump thighs together, relishing the swishing sound of taut nylon rubbing sensuously against her nylon encased thighs and she shivered with a secret joy. That damned chastity thingie was gone! Now there was a reason to celebrate! No more iron curtain to contend with!

She looked up as the door opened and her adoptive father looked in. “Are you about ready, Princess?” he asked softly, beaming at his newest daughter.

“Just about, daddy,” Marilyn replied. “These two are so slow!”

“Hey, watch what you say, girl!” Maxine protested.

Mr. Monroe smiled indulgently at this girl who had been a particular favorite of his even before her surgery. And now he knew why. He had a daughter!

“The Processional is about to start,” he announced.

Suddenly, Marilyn’s knees threatened to collapse beneath her. “Oh, daddy, I can’t!” she moaned.

He took her arm. “Sure you can, baby girl, just calm down, put one foot in front of the other and I’ll hold you all the way to the altar!” he promised.

“OK, daddy, if you say so,” Marilyn still wasn’t sure she could stand, much less walk! She placed her hand on his arm and stood in the doorway.

“OK, baby girl,” he whispered, “and here we go!”

Marilyn looked out at the sea of faces watching her expectantly. Why in blazes did they have to have so many relatives? Both sides of the aisle in the tiny Church were packed with smiling faces.

Marilyn’s adoptive mother and father had driven in from Tennessee, bringing with them her aunt Grace and uncle George, her aunt Terry and uncle Malcolm, and their children, at least six kids ranging in age from five to seventeen. They had found accommodations a motel at the interchange at near-by I-79.

On Ted’s side, his mother and father sat in the front pew of the crowded Church, his maternal grandmother and grandfather seated between them. They were also accompanied by a slew of their relatives from near and far seated directly behind them.

Slowly, placing one foot in front of the other, pausing, then stepping, Marilyn hesitation walked down the aisle towards Ted who was grinning like the cat who had swallowed the proverbial canary.

She had a sudden vision of two vultures waiting for their prey to die.

Ted’s cousin Sam was standing beside him in the best man’s spot, grinning widely. Sam was lamenting, “The worse part about being the best man is that I will never get a chance to prove it!”

Ted about had apoplexy when he heard that!

“Comedians,” he groaned, “I’m surrounded by out-of-work comedians!”

“Shut up, fool!” Sam poked him in the ribs. “This here’s supposed to be a solemn occasion, not the

try-outs for The Pirates of Penzance or some other Shakespeare drammer!”

“How would you know?”

“I vas dare, Sharlie!” Sam replied.

“Like Hell you was!” Ted growled.

“You vasn’t dare, Sharlie,” Sam retorted, “so how would you know any thang about it?”

Then, the Preacher asked, “Who giveth this maiden to this man in marriage?”

“Her mother and I do!” Mr. Monroe announced proudly, handing her hand into Ted’s. “Take damned good care of my little girl, boy,” he whispered to Ted, his voice low and menacing.

“Oh, I will!” Ted grinned wolfishly.

“See that you do!” was the growled retort.

Ted and Marilyn turned to face the Preacher as he began his litany, “Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today in the sight of God and His Holy Retinue to unite this couple in the bonds of Holy Matrimony!” He went on in a like manner for some moments while Ted fumed, ‘Get on with it, already!’

Sam poked him in the ribs again. “Quiet, fool! Too late to back out now!” Ted winced painfully.

“If there be anyone here who knoweth of any reason why these two should not be united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony, let him speak now or forever hold his peace!” the Preacher announced.

He paused expectantly while people craned their necks to see if anyone objected.

No one did!

The Preacher continued, until finally, “Do you, Theodore Morgan Wheelock, take this woman, Marilyn Norma Jeanne Monroe, to be your lawfully wedded wife, to love her, to honor her and to cherish her, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

Ted started when Sam poked him in the ribs again.

“Your turn, turkey!” Sam growled under his breath.

“I do,” Ted finally managed to croak.

The Preacher turned to Marilyn, “And do you, Marilyn Norma Jeanne Monroe, take this man, Theodore Morgan Wheelock, to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love him, to honor him and to obey him, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

A beaming Marilyn replied, “I most certainly do!”

“A simple, ‘I do,’ will suffice, dear child,” the Preacher cautioned, a smile wreathing his lips.

“Yes, Sir, I do,” she repeated more sedately.

“Do you have the rings?” the Preacher asked Sam.

There was a moment’s sharp intake of breath when Sam fumbled hastily through his pockets, supposedly searching while Ted fidgeted with nervousness. Then, “Ah, I knew I had the li’l suckers in here somewhere!” Sam grinned broadly, holding up the twin circlets in question.

Soon, Ted was slipping the ring on Marilyn's finger, intoning, "With this ring, I thee wed," and then it was Marilyn repeating the same vow to Ted.

"Inasmuch as Theodore and Marilyn have pledged their troth, one to the other, by the laws of the great State of West Virginia and with guidance from Him up Above, I pronounce that they are husband and wife! What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!"



He closed his Bible with a sharp snap. "You may now kiss your bride, young man."

Ted folded Marilyn's veil back, took her into his arms, held her tight and whispered, "Hello, Mrs. Wheelock, wife mine!"

She smiled. "Hello, Mr. Wheelock, husband mine!"

And their lips met, promising everything, denying nothing.

XXI

"Oh, help me get this darned thing off!" Marilyn wailed as Maxine worked to undo the veil and tiara from her hair. "Oh, ouch!" she cried.

"Hold still, girl!" Maxine warned. "The more you wriggle, the worse it gets!"

"Don't see why I had to wear the darn thing in the first place!"

"It's de rigueur, girl!" Maxine retorted. "All brides were them!"

"Oh, ouch! Ouch!"

"Hold still!"

"I'm trying!"

"Try harder!"

Finally Maxine had it untangled and Marilyn smoothed her hair back from her forehead. "Boy, am I glad that's over! You two just wait, I'll have my revenge when you get married!" she threatened.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," Marlina spoke up in agitation, "Bitch, bitch, bitch! Don't you ever get tired

of bitching about every little thing? Honestly, I swear!”

Marilyn laughed. “Not as long as it keeps Tedly on his toes!” she quipped.

“We’re not Tedly!” Maxine and Marlena retorted in unison.

“Nope! You just don’t have what Tedly has!” Marilyn teased.

“Take away his teeth, his muscles and his great male meat, what else is there?” Maxine asked.

“Exactly!” Marilyn laughed.

“Did I hear my name mentioned in vain?” Ted asked, entering the room from the front stoop.

“Oh, we’ve just been comparing you to our other boy friends,” Maxine teased.

“Jeezumscrow!” Ted muttered.

The triplets laughed at his pretended consternation.

“You about ready for this damned reception?” he asked Marilyn.

“Just as soon as I get outta this damned contraption my dear sisters have got me locked into!” she explained petulantly.

“Wear that!” Ted exclaimed brightly. “It looks good on you!”

“You’re just thinking about what’s underneath it!” she retorted with a wide smile.

“Yeah, a guy can dream, can’t he?” Ted sighed wistfully.

“Tonight, no more dreaming, Big Boy!” she smiled brightly.

“Yeah, I can hardly wait!” he sighed, leering widely.

“Oh, you poor, poor, mistreated boy!” Maxine retorted sarcastically.

Ted grinned sheepishly.

Ted watched avidly as Marilyn stripped down to her corset and heels and slipped into her “Seven Year Itch” dress, trading her operas for white sandals with five inch heels and twirling around for his sole benefit. “You like me, Tedly?” she cooed seductively.

He nodded, his throat tight. “And how!” he exclaimed fervently, taking her into his arms and kissing her feverishly.

“Hey, hold on there, Monster!” Maxine warned. “You’ll muss her make-up!”

“Not yet! You’ll have plenty of time for that once you get to where you’re going!” Marlina teased.

“Let’s go now and avoid the rush!” He leered at his new wife.

She smiled indulgently. “Cool it, Big Boy! We have places to go and things to do first!” she reminded.

“Allus sumthin’!” Ted moaned, “to get in a man’s way of his enjoyment!”

“Oh, you poor, poor, mistreated male person, you!” Marlina chuckled. “You are so put upon!”

“Damn straight!” Ted leered evilly. “And one o’ these days, I’m a gonna put a stop to it!”

“Poor baby,” Marilyn commiserated, patting his cheek tenderly.

A few minutes later, they were all in the Church basement and Ted was dancing with his new wife. Or, he was trying to dance with his new wife. Sam and the other men kept cutting in on him and he was getting angrier and angrier as time passed.

“Never mind,” his new father-in-law soothed, “You’ll have her all to yourself later and the rest of them will only have their wet dreams to console them!”

“Can’t come too damned soon to suit me!” Ted grouched.

But, the cutting in wasn’t what angered him so much. More than anything else, it was the way the men (and some of the women) lined up to kiss his bride! He thought they showed too much enthusiasm for the task and he fumed not so silently on the sidelines.

But, as Sam reminded him, “What you bitchin’ about? You gonna get to kiss her any old time you want after today and we’ll never get the chance again! Loosen up, bro!”

And still Ted fumed.

A photographer darted around, snapping photos of the guests and at one point mumbled, “I’d like to get the bride alone!”

Ted grinned wryly. “So would I, brother, so would I!”

The man looked at him, startled, then darted off to shoot more pictures.

Finally, the line seemed to thin out and Ted sidled up next to Marilyn. “Hey, babe,” he muttered sotto voce, “Let’s blow this joint!”

Marilyn gazed at him, her eyes twinkling merrily. “Oh, Tedly, you’re so masterful when you’re angry!” she quipped.

“Angry? Who’s angry? I’m just plain pissed off!”

“Aw, poor Tedly, is my Big Boy getting frustrated?”

“Oh, belay that bilge, I just wanna get outa here!”

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” Her brow arched coyly. “Let’s go ashore.”

Only a few people saw them leave and they smiled indulgently.

After all, it *was* their wedding night!

XXII

“So, this was your old bedroom?” Marilyn asked, looking around with approval.

“Yeah,” Ted admitted, “pretty boring, ain’t it?”

“I think it’s very charming! Wait’ll you see mine! Now that’s boring!”

“Bet it’s a lot nicer than this,” Ted complained. “It used to get very cold when the snow fell and the temperature dropped. I’ve seen snow right up to the bedroom window and drifted half way to the ceiling! Except you couldn’t see through the window because it was all frosted over!”

“Really?” Marilyn was only half-convinced.

“Yeah and when the wind blew, the snow came right in between the cracks and piled up on the bare

floor. It made for tough sledding getting to the stairs!”

“I like all these airplane models,” she noted. “You always had a thing for airplanes, didn’t you?”



“Yep,” Ted admitted, “every since I learned birds could fly but men couldn’t without help.”

He stepped up behind her, slipped his arms around her and cupped her breasts gently. He kissed the side of her neck and she shivered slightly.

“I love your view of the mountains,” she whispered as his kisses intensified.

“Yeah,” he agreed, “but not as nice as this view!” And he bit her neck gently.

“Ooh, I’m married to a vampire!” she squealed, turning in his arms and kissing him eagerly.

“I’m going to suck your blood!” he spoke gutterally.

She twisted in his arms and he slipped his hands under the wide straps of her Marilyn dress and cupped her bare breasts tenderly, his fingers pinching her stiff nipples lovingly. Again he kissed the side of her neck, biting gently.

“Ooh,” she cooed, “I’ll give you an hour to stop that!”

But, when he persisted, she cooed, “OK, OK, tonight and tomorrow! Maybe next week! But that’s my final offer!”

“I love you, Marilyn Wheelock,” he whispered into her ear.

She shivered with joy, “Oh, you say the sweetest things, Mr. Wheelock!”

Soon, her dress puddled about her high heeled sandals and she busied herself getting him undressed. Finally, the last garment fell to her questing fingers and she stared in awe. “Tedly,” she

whispered, "I've seen many men in my time, but that is the best I ever saw! Do you really think it will fit inside me?" she asked in awe.

"You're absolutely beautiful, my Marilyn, my wife!" he whispered reverently.

She reached out and gingerly grasped the huge, rock hard pole jutting upward from his loins. "Oh, my!" she whispered, stroking gently. "I love it!"

"Now wait just a minute there!" Ted admonished. "Let's get one thing straight between us from the get-go!"

"Oh, God," Marilyn whispered breathlessly as she grasped his erection and squeezed passively, "I most assuredly hope so!"

For response, Ted bent, scooped her into his arms and laid her out gently atop his old single bed. She held her arms up in open invitation as her legs spread unconsciously.

"Come into me, my darling husband!" she whispered eagerly.

With a glad cry, Ted sprawled atop her and her hands tightened behind his neck. He probed, found, pushed and came up against an iron hard barrier!

"Oof!" he grunted in surprise.

"I told them to make it hard for you," she teased.

Ted did not reply, he merely tensed his muscles and when she sort of relaxed, drove forward with all his might. There was a soft, tearing sound and Marilyn cried out with the sudden sharp pain of his penetration. He lay atop her momentarily while she regained her breath, then began that age old back and forth motion, driving deep, pulling almost out, then driving deep again.

The initial pain seemed to fade away and while Marilyn did not feel any real pleasure in the act at first, she sensed that as time passed, it would grow more pleasant each time until she too could feel great joy in his penetrations.

XXIII

It was the fifth day of their honeymoon and they stood on the Canadian side of the Niagara River watching the great cataract churn and boil far below them.

“All that water going to waste and some farmers in Kansas and Nebraska and even Southern California are starving for water to irrigate their crops!” Marilyn mused.

“How about building a great pipe line to carry the excess there?” Ted asked rhetorically.

“Why not?” she queried. “They build pipe lines for crude oil, so why not water too?”

Ted could not refute her logic.

He changed the subject.

“What did you think of the Marilyn mannequin at Madame Tussaud’s Wax Works?” he asked.

“Oh, I’m much prettier than any old mannequin!” she sneered.

“That you are, dear heart, that you are!” he agreed, kissing her tenderly.

“And I can do something a mannequin can’t!”

“Oh?” his brow arched. “And what’s that?”

“I can fuck Ted Wheelock and it can’t!”

Ted sighed. Marilyn could be so earthy when she wanted!

“OK, we’ve seen the Falls and the Wax Museum, where to next?” she asked petulantly.

“Have you ever seen the Empire State Building? Or the Statue of Liberty? Or the Verrazano Narrows bridge? Or the Flat Iron Building? Or Times Square? Or Wall Street? Or the Little Church Around the Corner? Or Madison Square Garden? Or Central Park? Or The Dakota?” he asked.

“Just pictures,” she admitted. “Some of them. . .”

“This afternoon we’re catching the train for Grand Central Station! I got us a suite at a top-notch hotel right in the middle of mid-town Manhattan! Even got tickets for a Broadway show!” he bragged.

“Ted! You have got to stop spending money on me like that!” she scolded fondly.

“Nothing’s too good for my wife!” he sniffed in pretended outrage.

“Nothing?”

“Yep, and that’s what I like to see her in, nothing!”

“You’re nuts!” she laughed.

“That’s what all the squirrels say in the Appalachian Mountains!” he laughed.

“And so modest too!” she smiled indulgently.

“Aye, I have to agree!” he replied with a wide grin.

“Oh, my sisters warned me about you!” she groaned.

“I’m pure evil!” he leered.

“No, just full of B. S.!” she replied.

“Yeah, that too!” he agreed.

“Especially!”

XXIV

“Oh, it’s so breezy up here!” Marilyn commented as she fought to keep her circle skirt down to a reasonable level to avoid showing her rather abbreviated panties. It was a losing battle as several men realized to their delighted glances.

They were standing on the Observation Deck of the Empire State Building and she was gazing with awe at the vast panorama of Greater New York City spread out far below her.

“Oh, Tedly!” she whispered in awe, “It’s so. . . so. . . big!”

“Yeah, it sure is!” he agreed. “And like the ocean, that’s just the top of it!”

“What do you mean?” she asked in amazement.

“So I’ve been told, there’s a vast City dug out far below the surface! That’s where the trains run and all the utilities are funneled and the stores store their unsold wares, and like that.”

“Oh!”

“Wanna go look?” he asked.

She shuddered delicately. “I’ll take your word for it! I have never liked being underground!” she confessed with a delicate shudder.

“OK, but you don’t know what you’re missing!”

“I’ll live with it!”

“Chicken!” he taunted.

“Bwaak! Bwaaak!”

“Another comedienne! Everywhere I go I find out-of-work comediennes!” he groaned.

“Poor baby,” she giggled.

“Yeah, let’s go back to the hotel and you can soothe my ruffled feathers!”

“Oh, no!” she protested. “All you want is for me to soothe your sausage with my kisses!”

“Well, yeah, you could do that too,” he admitted with a far away look in his eyes.

“In your wet dreams, Sailor!” she teased.

“And they’re such nice wet dreams too!” he replied. “Hey, did I ever tell you about the time I had Jane Russell down in the haystack and was opening her blouse when. . .”

“No! And I don’t want to hear it now either!” she protested.

“Well, anyway, there we were, wrestling in the hay loft when her bra came loose in my hands and I was holding the biggest jugs I have ever. . .”

She clamped her hand over his mouth. “Shut up!”

“Well, I just thought you’d want to know,” he complained.

“You thought wrong, Sailor! Now shut up! I’m thinking.”

“I thought I could smell wood burning,” he quipped.

She slugged him on the arm and he yelped in outrage. “Hey! That’s husband abuse!”

“You want abuse? I can give you abuse, Sailor!” She balled up her tiny fist and shook it in his face. “You want some of this, Sailor?” she demanded. “Just say the word!”

Ted shut up. Discretion is the better part of valor. Besides, it wouldn't do to get her angry with him, not with what he had planned for later on! Besides, she'd start to cry and he hated to see his Marilyn cry! It would make him feel sad and angry with himself.

After a famous Broadway Show, they went to dinner and dancing at a famous nitery. Then Ted took Marilyn for a horse and buggy ride through Central Park. Marilyn snuggled up to Ted and whispered, “Just look at that moon! Why, it looks just like a scoop of vanilla ice cream floating around up there in the sky!” she whispered.

I love you,” he murmured.

“Stop trying to change the subject!” she scolded. “I'm being serious.”

“I know where there's more ice cream,” he replied just as softly. “Strawberry!”

She looked up into his eyes. “Yeah, where?”

His hand slid up her unsuspecting leg and cupped her panty covered pussy, squeezing her soft mound affectionately. “Right here!” he replied. “Honestly, Hunny Bunny, you're a walking violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act!”

“Oh, Tedly,” she cooed with delight, “You say the nicest things to a girl!”

His kisses silenced her murmurs and it was with some surprise that she realized they had left the

carriage and were in a taxi, going back to their hotel.

A quick elevator ride and Ted had stripped Marilyn to her bare skin and his tongue was licking her ice cream cone!

She fell back across the bed and let him lick her to his heart's content.

She liked it too.

'No,' she decided, 'I love it! I think I'll keep him around for the next forty or fifty years!'

Ted kept on licking. . .

XXV

Once they had grown tired of New York City, Ted rented a Mustang Sports Car and they drove down the Atlantic Coast, avoiding Washington and most major cities as they quietly, leisurely, drove all the way to Key West where they went deep sea fishing. Ted caught a marlin, quipping to his bride, "See? Everywhere I go I get tangled up with a Marlin! Must be fate or something!" he teased.

"Best thing that ever happened to you, Buster," Marilyn snapped, "And you better not forget it!"

For several days after that, he would chuckle to himself and Marilyn knew he was fascinated by his references to "Marlins."

She smiled and let him have his fun.

Back on the overseas highway going back to Miami, she had him stop at this restaurant where they ate key-lime pie for the first time in their lives. After the sumptuous lobster dinner, the pie was the

crowning jewel and they decided to stay at this Key for a few days.

Once more Ted went deep sea fishing, but this time caught nothing.

But, he was mollified when the boat captain smiled and told him, "Mister, you should have been out here yesterday! They were snapping at bare hooks, swear to God!"

Ted knew he was being fed a line of B. S., but he smiled and nodded knowingly.

Then it was on to Miami, a quick dinner, and a fast trip across Alligator Alley to St. Petersburg, and eventually to Disney World. Marilyn was fascinated with ***It's a Small, Small World***, while Ted fell in love with ***Bear Country*** and the monorail.

Getting tired of travel, they rode the inclined railway at Chattanooga, then decided to go back to Morgan's Falls and rest up from all their excursions.

On the second night back, they broke Ted's old single bed, and laughing uproariously, slept on the floor. The next day, they went out and bought a new single bed, because as Ted observed, "A double would never fit!"

"That's what I tried to tell you the first night!" Marilyn laughed. "But, no! You had to force the issue anyway! Serves you right, you big pricked bastard!" she scolded fondly.

"Hey!" Ted objected, "My parents were married when I was born!"

"Some men are born bastards and some have to work at it! You, my dear big pricked husband, have to work at it diligently!" she scolded with a fond smile.

“Oh, well, a man’ll do what a man’s gotta do!”

She giggled. “Like I said, you, Sir, are impossible!”

“No,” he objected, “just hard!”

“Braggart!”

“When yuh gots it, yuh flaunts it!” he retorted proudly.

“Impossible!” she repeated.

Undaunted, he stepped up behind her, nuzzled her neck, biting softly and she felt a rush of love and desire consume her body. She turned and kissed him quickly.

He looked at her in amazement.

“Well?” she taunted. “Are you gonna do something about it or are you just gonna stand there whistling Dixie?” she teased with a wicked glint in her eye.

Suddenly, she was flat on her back and he was settling between her involuntarily spread thighs. “Well, you gonna take ‘em off, er do I rip ‘em off?” he demanded.

A moment later, he had not waited for her to reply, he just ripped her panties from her, probed, found, and entered her with a solid push, filling her completely as she, “Whooshed,” with the rush of air from her suddenly collapsed lungs.

“My cave man!” she whispered as she gave herself up to the ecstasy that consumed her.

XXVI

During one of their excursions about the Mountain area, they bought a mountain top and decided to build a log cabin atop the windswept escarpment that had a spectacular view of a river winding its way through the valley far below.

They hired an architect and a builder and before they knew it, they had moved into a two storey, four bedroom, rustic log cabin that looked like it had seen better days, but was actually as modern as any estate near a big city. And, the land taxes were only a quarter of what they would be near a big city!

Marilyn settled down to become a loving house wife, keeping her new home spick and span while Ted reveled in mowing his six acre lawn with the riding lawn mower that kept not only the lawn in trim, but gave him a workout at the same time.

They made frequent trips into Wheeling to attend the Country and Western music festivals that were held almost daily, or so it seemed to Ted.

Also in Wheeling, Marilyn haunted the clothing specialty shops and her wardrobe grew by leaps and bounds until she bemoaned the fact that her closets were much too small!

Ted laughed and reminded her that if she wouldn't buy so many dresses, sweaters, skirts and gowns, she would have plenty of room. "After all," he teased, "Look at mine! More room than you can shake a stick at!"

"Yeah," she retorted, half in anger, "All you have to do is throw on a pair of raggedy old jeans and a tee-shirt and you can go anywhere!"

“Being a man do have its privileges!” he teased, just as she threw a magazine at him.

“Oh, temper, temper, my love!” he cautioned, dodging the second she threw.

“You wait, Mr. Ted Wheelock!” Marilyn burst into tears.

Immediately, Ted was beside her, taking her into his arms, comforting her. “I’m sorry, was it something I said? If so, I take it all back!” he cried.

She giggled through her tears. “You’ll sing a different tune tomorrow!” she retorted.

“Why? You gonna go out and buy up the whole town?” he teased.

“I might have to seeing as how there’s going to be three of us,” she replied quietly.

For one long moment, Ted stood there gazing at his wife. Then it hit him what she had said! “Are you. . . you. . .” he stuttered in amazement.

She nodded, her eyes filled with stars. “Yeah, higher’n a kite!” she enthused.

“Oh, Marilyn, what have you done?” Ted moaned.

“What have I done?” Marilyn exploded angrily. “I didn’t do this by myself, you lame brained ex Captain Wheelock! I had help! Lots and lots of help!” she pointed out heatedly.

“Holy shit!” Ted whooped. “Do the girls know?”

Marilyn shook her head. “Nope, not yet.”

“Wait’ll I tell them!” he exclaimed excitedly as he grabbed for his cel phone and dialed the first number quickly.

He spent an hour on the phone bragging to both Marlena and Maxine until he finally ran out of breath and passed the instrument over to Marilyn who then proceeded to talk for another hour!

Ted was so happy that he ran out to the garage, fired up his lawn mower and mowed the same lawn he had so carefully trimmed the day before!

He never noticed the difference!

XXVII

Ted paced the hallway while he waited impatiently for news of his wife. He glanced at his wrist watch. 'What?' he thought. 'Damned thing must be broke! I've been pacing for hours and the damned thing says I've only been here an hour!' he grouched.

"How's Marilyn?" Maxine asked as she rushed into the waiting room.

"Damned if'n I know!" Ted exclaimed. "They took her behind that door hours ago and they won't tell me one damned thing!"

"What happened?" she asked.

"Damnedest thing," he replied, "we were just sitting there watching a DVD, when she grabbed her stomach and let out a squeal like she was getting stabbed! Scared the bejeezus right outta me! I got her loaded into the pick-up and rushed her straight here. Since they took her away, nothing, not one damned peep outta them!"

"Well, when it comes, it'll be here and about all we can do is wait."

"I hate waiting!" Ted roared.

“Tough bananas, Buster!” Maxine snapped.
“Have you eaten today?”

“Hunh? Oh, yeah, I had a candy bar a while ago,” he admitted in distraction.

“C’m’on, we’re going to the cafeteria and eat something!” she ordered taking his arm in her hand.

Docilely, he allowed her to lead him away.

Maxine ordered something in the cafeteria, Ted was never sure afterwards what it had been, but whatever it was, he had barely nibbled at it before he was up and pacing again.

Maxine tried to calm him down, to no avail. He was too keyed up to be rational.

Finally, after some fourteen or more hours in the delivery room, the door swung open and a nurse beckoned to Ted. “Congratulations, Mr. Wheelock, you’re a father!”

“How’s Marilyn? How’s my wife?” he asked before thinking.

“She’s fine. Doctor has her in the recovery room.”

“Can I see her?” he asked worriedly.

The nurse laughed. “Don’t you want to know what your wife gave you?” she teased.

“Don’t care!” Ted muttered, “Just so long as Marilyn is OK!”

“Like I said she’s fine,” the nurse repeated.

“What did she have?” Maxine asked excitedly.

“You’re an aunt, Ma’am,” the nurse grinned.

“I know that! What sex is the baby?” she demanded.

“It was a baby girl, all six pounds four ounces of her!”

“Whoop-de-doo!” Maxine exulted. “A girl! She’s all right, my sister is!” she exclaimed.

“Yeah, another damned Monroe broad to order me around!” Ted groaned.

“And you love every minute of it, you big fraud!” Maxine laughed.

“Can I see her? Marilyn, I mean?” Ted asked.

About then the Doctor appeared and offered his congratulations and Ted repeated his request to see Marilyn.

“Surely,” the Doctor agreed. “Nurse, show Mr. Wheelock to the recovery room, and you’d better take her sister too,” he added with a smile.

Some minutes later, Ted and Maxine were standing by Marilyn’s bed and she was grinning groggily. “Did I do OK?” she asked weakly.

“Sister, you done great!” Maxine enthused. “Another girl!”

“I’m so glad.” Marilyn turned to Ted. “I’d like to name her after my mother, Marilee, if you don’t mind, Tedly,” Marilyn whispered softly.

“I like it!” Ted exclaimed. “We can call her Mary for short!” he enthused.

“As the nurse brought the new born in and placed her in her mother’s arms, Marilyn whispered, “Hello, my sweet little Marilee!”

A burp escaped the baby’s mouth and Maxine exclaimed excitedly, “Look! She’s smiling! I think she likes it!”

“And why not?” Ted growled. “I love it! Hi, Mary,” he whispered as he tickled the baby under her chin. “Such a good, good baby!” he praised. “Just like her mother!”

“Oh, you say the sweetest things, Tedly,” Marilyn whispered adoringly.

“Truth will out!” he bragged.

“God!” Maxine exclaimed. “You haven’t changed a bit!”

“What’d’ya mean? I’m a completely different man!” he protested.

“Could uh fooled me!” she laughed.

“Why, I hardly ever fart in public any more!” he sniffed.

“No, you wait until you’re in a crowded elevator!” Marilyn snapped. “I know! He did that to me in New York City in the Empire State Building! I could have died from the embarrassment!”

Ted grinned. “Sure thinned that herd out fast, didn’t it?” Ted laughed.

“Same old bull-shitter!” Maxine teased.

“Well, it comes from having to put up with all you Monroe broads! And now there’s another one of you! A guy just can’t win no how, no way, not on a cold day in Hell!” he grouched.

“You are beginning to bitch just as much as Marilyn!” Maxine scolded.

“Oh? That’s where I get it from, hunh?” a hurt look came over his face.

Maxine smiled, “You are so put upon!”

“Damned straight!” Ted exploded.

Maxine just shook her head and cooed at the baby.

Marilee burped loudly.

XXVIII

“Tedly?” Marilyn called. “Get the baby, will you? She’s crying.”

“Yeah, I hear her. What’s wrong with her?”

“Probably needs changing!”

Ted grimaced. He loved his daughter, but she made the messiest diapers on Earth, in his own sweet opinion! “Does I gots tuh?” he moaned.

“Won’t hurt you none, you lazy man! If you want to eat on time, you had better get with the program!” she called.

“Aw ri!” he grouched. “God, the things I have to do for you!” he snapped as he picked Marilee up and took a sniff. “Yep,” he called. “She’s ripe!”

“Takes right after her father!” Marilyn laughed.

“Hey, we gonna go to Marlena’s wedding? The Admiral wants to have it at the Navy Chapel at Annapolis and he asked me to be master of the swords.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s where six or eight officers in full dress whites form twin lines outside the chapel and when the bride and groom exit, they form two parallel lines along the walk and the Master of Swords tells them when to unsheathe, form an arch and so on. It’s really quite a nice tradition.”

“Sounds complicated.”

“Naw, I can do it in my sleep,” he boasted. “Just hope alla them Admirals and Captains take orders gooder’s they give ‘em!”

XXIX

“All right you turkeys, listen up!” Ted bawled. “You all know what to do and it ain’t to cut the Admiral’s head off with yer piece!” he admonished.

“Gawd,” one Admiral complained, “You sound just like that fucking drill sergeant we had back in OCS!” he shook his head.

“Yeah, well, what he taught you comes down to how you do today!” Ted laughed. “Screw this one up and you’ll be counting penguins in the Aleutian Islands!”

“Fer God’s sake, Ted,” complained another officer, “there ain’t no penguins up there!”

“Tell that to Admiral Havens!” Ted laughed.

“I’d rather pull guard duty with Godzilla!” the man retorted.

“Hey, why’d old Tom pick you as Captain of the Honor Guard?” a Rear Admiral asked.

“’Cause I gots ‘sperience!” Ted laughed.

“Hey, I was a Captain once and I don’t recall giving orders to no Admiral!” the man protested.

“It’s OK, I’m just a R. E. M. F. now,” Ted retorted. “That out-ranks alla youse turkeys!”

“Give a damned civilian a sword and he thinks he owns the fucking place!” the man griped.

“All right, you turkeys, get ready, here they come!”

Admiral Thomas Havens and his brand new bride, the former Lieutenant Commander Maxine Martin ran out of the chapel and headed for the twin rows of officers.

“Unsheath!” Ted bawled. “Swords!” He paused a moment. “Arch swords!”

As one man, the officers raised their swords and formed an arch over the walkway.

Laughing, the bride and groom ran under the raised swords. Just as Maxine passed him, Ted lowered his sword and gave her a smart smack right across the fullest part of her bottom!

“Ooh!” she gasped in surprise and did a little hop.

“Go Navy!” Ted bawled as he raised his sword back to the arch.

The laughing couple ran to the waiting limousine as Ted ordered, “Raise swords! Sheath swords! Secure swords!” and the men snapped their swords into their receptacles.

“OK, you turkeys,” Ted laughed, “Dismissed!” And they broke ranks.

“Damn, I thought they’d never get through!” another Admiral yelped. “Hey, Ted, can I take this damned monkey suit off now?”

“You can go pound rock salt for all of me!” Ted rejoined.

XXX

“All right, you turkeys!” Ted bawled to the seven women in dress whites who lined the walk on both sides, “Get ready! Here they come!”

As he had done for the Havens’ a month previously, Ted had the women, two Vice Admirals, two Rear Admirals, two Captains and an ex-Chief Petty Officer wearing the dress whites of a Navy Lieutenant, form their swords into an arch and just as Marlena passed on the arm of her new Husband, Vice Admiral Marceline “Iron Drawers” Kelly (ret.), Ted lowered his sword and gave her a solid smack across her broad bottom with the flat side causing her to hop in surprise.

“Ooh! Ted! You bastard! You promised!” she yelped accusingly at the smiling Ted Wheelock.

“So? I lied!” Ted grinned.

Admiral Kelly just smiled indulgently.

A moment later, Marilyn, who was standing opposite Ted, lowered her sword and gave Vice Admiral Marceline Nancy “Iron Drawers” Kelly a resounding smack right across the fullest part of her bottom too!

This time, it was Admiral Kelly who jumped in surprise and uttered, “Ooh!”

“You Bitch!” she snarled at Marilyn who smiled sweetly.

“Up yours, Admiral, Sir!” Marilyn smirked.

“Go Navy!” Ted and Marilyn yelled in unison.

“Ladies, lower swords! Sheathe swords! Fall out!” Ted ordered.

“God, my fucking girdle’s killing me!” Marilyn complained as they walked along.

“Well, blame yourself, Hunny Bunny, you wanted to be a part of this three ring circus!”

“It was worth it! Did you see the look of surprise on Old Iron Drawers’s face when I smacked her right across her big, fat ass?”

“Good thing you’re no longer on active duty, Hunny Bunny! You’d be on K. P. forever!”

Marilyn laughed. “Yeah, I know.”

“Now, you better get out of that Lieutenant’s uniform before N. I. S. shows up to haul your ass off to the brig again!” Ted teased.

“They wouldn’t dare!” Marilyn gasped, looking around worriedly in sudden terror. “Are they here?”

“Naw, they ain’t here, Hunny Bunny, “I made sure that if those bastards showed up, they were to be hauled off for disturbing the peace. My piece, that is.”

“God, always got your mind right between my legs!” Marilyn groused with a huge smile.

“I got something else for there. . .”

“Not now, dammit! What would people think?”

“Why, they’d say, ‘Look at that lucky son of a bitch fucking Marilyn Monroe!’” he teased, making a grab for her.

“Eek! Leave me along, you horny bastard!” she yelped, darting for shelter.

“Chicken!” he called after her retreating back.

“Brawaak! Brawaak!”

Smiling, Ted made his way into the reception hall and was greeted by a slightly pissed off Vice Admiral and her brand-new wife, Marlena!

“You are a rotten bastard, Tedly Wheelock!” Marlena accused. “And after you promised too!”

“I saw that huge thing swinging by and I just couldn’t resist! Besides, it ain’t official unless the bride gets a sword across her ass!”

“And how about the groom?” Vice Admiral Kelly demanded. “There’s nothing in tradition that says the groom gets her ass smacked too! I’ll have the damned mark for weeks!” she added.

Ted grinned. “Sorry, Admiral, you’ll have to take that up with my wife. I had nothing to do with that, on my honor as a gentleman and a retired officer in the United States Navy! Which, as I have been led to believe, you are too?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t marry your sister-in-law if I were still active,” she confessed. “I’m gonna miss the Navy, big time! I was up for full Admiral, you know.”

“No, I didn’t know, Marceline, er, since we’re all R. E. M. F.’s now, may I call you Marceline?”

“As long as you never call me Iron Drawers!” she warned.

“Deal!” They shook hands solemnly.

“What’re you gonna do, now that you’re out of the Navy?” Ted asked.

“I’ve been asked to teach at Navy U at Annapolis and Marlena has been accepted at George Washington University to get her Master’s and Doctorate in Naval History.”

“That’s great!” Ted exclaimed. “Good for the both of you!”

“And what’re you up to?” she asked.

“I been hired by UPS to fly a four engine from D.C. to Los Angeles twice a week. You know, fly out, stay over, fly back, stay over, fly out four days later, stay over until you’re sick of the whole thing. Then you just thank God you can still fly and go on.”

“What about your disability?”

“What disability? All they want me to do is fly their damned airplanes! They could care less about my damned knee! I tell you, it’s a whole different ball game in Civvie Street!”

“I’m finding that out!” she confessed. “But, since I have a beautiful young wife to come home to every night, it all seems worth it!”

“Yes, Marceline, I know the feeling!” Ted agreed passionately.

“What’s worth what?” Marilyn asked, joining them.

“Being alive and married to Marilyn Monroe!” Ted bragged.

“You know, young lady,” the Admiral interjected, “if you were still in the Navy, I’d have you peeling potatoes for the rest of your enlistment!”

“Why? What did I do?” Marilyn asked, her eyes dancing with mischief.

“Slapped my ass with that damned sword of yours!”

“Oh, that, well, it seemed like a good idea at the time,” Marilyn giggled. “Just have Marlina kiss if and make it all well. That’s what I make Teddy do!”

Ted had then grace to blush.

“So, where you taking my sister on your honeymoon?” Marilyn asked.

“Probably to bed, like I did with you!” Ted laughed uproariously.

“Not everyone’s as uncouth as you!” Marilyn retorted.

“I’ll have you know that I’m as couth as anyone else!” he protested.

“Uncouth! Uncouth!” Marilyn taunted.

“Not! Not!”

“Children! Children! Stop this bickering or I’ll spank the both of you!” the Admiral threatened.

Both Ted and Marilyn stared at Marceline in shock.

“By the Lord Harry,” Ted exclaimed, “I think she means it!”

“Well, I’m not sticking around long enough to find out!” Marilyn laughed as she ran towards the rec hall. She threw open the door and turned, “Coming, Tedly?”

“Not yet, he isn’t!” Marceline quipped.

Ted blushed at her innuendo and darted for the door.

XXXI

And that just about brings the Monroe sisters up to date.

Maxine became pregnant a year after marrying her Admiral, Thomas, just days before Marilyn announced that she too was pregnant with their second child.

Both girls delivered within hours of one another, with both husbands pacing the floors and driving the nurse's crazy with their constant questions about the state of their wives' deliveries.

Finally, Marilyn's doctor came out and announced the arrival of a boy. Ted was overjoyed. At last, he had help with the Monroe's! Then he sobered, his son was half Monroe too! He groaned with the frustration of it all. He could just not win!

Then another doctor came out and announced that Maxine had delivered a girl, to which Ted replied, "Figures! Another damned Monroe!"

Marilyn named her son Theodore "Ted M. (for Morgan) Wheelock, the Second, and Maxine named her daughter, Monroe Havens, the First!

But what surprised everyone was when Marlana announced that she too was pregnant with her Marcy's child. The two would neither confirm nor deny what or who had sired their daughter, but when she put in an appearance in due time, they named her Marceline Nancy Kelly, the Second.

Ted moaned, "Another damned Monroe broad!"

"Tough bananas," Maxine, Marlana and Marilyn crowed in delight.

Ted and Marilyn's first child, Marilee, was, "As stubborn as a blue-nosed mule," Ted claimed. "Just like all the rest of those damned Monroe broads!"

Oh, well, you married her, Ted!

Sometimes it's not too good to wish for something because you just might get it!

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