

MOORE TALES

By Sharon Moore



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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POLICE WOMAN

By SHARON MOORE

I sat on a stool and downed another Grape Crusher. It tasted like high octane Hawaiian Punch. I felt tingly inside and out. The drink warmed my belly while the pantyhose I was wearing felt strangely warm around my legs. It was frightening to be sitting on a bar stool wearing a dress and make-up.

People I recognized walked past like I was a stranger.

It was the perfect setup.

When no one was looking I palmed a ten dollar bill laying on the bar. Quietly I got up and moved away.

A short-haired woman named Lisa in a denim work shirt stood with her back to me drinking a beer and trying to pick up a cute little blonde. Beside them on the bar sat an open pocketbook with a big fat purse in clear view.

David turned a shot glass upside down in front of me.

“The dyke with Monica over by the pool table just bought you a drink.”

“Thanks. Give me another shot,” I said.

“That's a girl, Monica?”

“Rusty?” David dipped a glass in the sink, his face clouding like the soap in the water. “Yeah, sort of.”

“She looks like one of the body builders on ESPN.”

“Stay away from her. She's dangerous.”

I looked up to see Rusty turn her back ignoring me.

“What a come on,” I muttered.

I downed the shot and snatched the purse all in one quick motion.

Stretching nonchalantly I slid off the stool and headed toward the door. It had been a profitable evening. With the cash I'd picked up I could take a taxi across town to the Moonlight and catch one more drink before last call.

Rusty stood by the exit. When I approached she flipped open a badge.

My heart thumped like a bass drum.

“Let me see inside your pocketbook,” Rusty demanded.

I swallowed nervously, fumbling with my bag.

"I've been watching you in the mirror. You're smooth. How many did you lift? Four? Five?"

"Six," I whispered handing her my stash. I looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"You realize you are in deep trouble?"

"Yes," I said weakly.

"Step outside," Rusty ordered.

"Where are we going?" There was a lump in my throat the size of an ice cube.

She ignored the question.

"What's your name?" she asked once we were in the parking lot. She began jotting notes on a pad.

"Sonny," I answered. "Sonny Horner." My heart fluttered like a wounded butterfly.

"You are a man, aren't you?"

"Yea," I whimpered, blushing.

The police woman eyed me up and down while lighting a cigarette. "Very nice legs. If you used the right shade of foundation you'd be a real knockout. Where did you get that dress?"

"JC Penny, " I answered, somewhat taken back by the sudden line of questioning.

"It's out of style. So are the flat shoes. You should be wearing a white dress, it's your color, and three inch heels. You're short and slender. They would look fabulous on you."

"Thank you, " I said taken back, not knowing what to say.

"Now, up against the car. Assume the position: hands against the fender, legs spread."

Kneeling behind me Rusty ran her hands up my calves -as if I might be concealing a weapon beneath my nylons.

I gulped as her hands continued up my garters and under my dress, squeezing my ass cheeks and feeling the front of my panties.

"Nothing dangerous here." Rusty chuckled and removed her hands from my skirt. Standing behind me she patted my back, slid her fingers up my belly and massaged my breasts.

"Cheap falsies," she noted and slapped my bottom soundly. "All right , you're clean. Turn around."

Blushing hotly I breathed deeply, filled with indignation. "You're not allowed to frisk someone like that! That's a violation of my rights... I... "

Rusty grinned with amusement. "You want to call a cop? Go ahead. No? Get in the car."

"Where are you taking me?"

Rusty opened the back door and grabbed my wrist. "Downtown. Now get in."

"Wait! Please don't arrest me!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Look at the way I'm dressed. If you put me in a cell with other men I won't stand a chance! "

Rusty laughed. "Who knows, maybe you'll enjoy finding out what it's like to be a real woman."

Tears formed in my eyes, REAL tears. I dropped down to my knees and grasped Rusty's ankles.

"Please" I almost screamed. "I'm begging you. Don't do this to me! I'll do anything! ANYTHING!"

I lay in a heap at Rusty's feet bawling.

"Look at you," Rusty leered. "You're disgusting. You'd literally do anything I'd say. You're a sissy. Tell me you're a sissy. Say it."

"I'm a sissy," I cried.

"Get up!" Grabbing my arms she smashed me up against the car and cuffed my wrists behind my back. Opening the back door to an unmarked squad car she threw me across the back seat, face first.

I landed on my breasts with a bounce.

Rusty flipped up my skirt and tugged down my pink panties.

"What are you doing!?!?" I yelled at her in a panic.

The woman slapped my bare bottom sharply. "Lift your hips!" she commanded.

I did as told and she slipped my underwear down my legs and over my heels.

Rusty stood outside the car staring at me with a strange, hungry look in her eyes.

I lay helplessly with my wrists cuffed behind me, my skirt crumpled above my waist leaving my round, white derriere exposed.

Rusty picked up a billy club and poked the juncture between my thighs. "I envy the boys in the tank. They're going to have a good time tonight."

"You can't do this to me!" I shouted.

Rusty laughed to herself and slung the nightstick into her belt. She slammed the door shut and walked around to the drivers side of the car and got behind the wheel.

Now I was really scared.

"I'm begging you," I blubbered.

Leaning over the back of the seat she yanked on my hair and lifted my head so that we were eye to eye.

"Chew on this for a while." With her free hand Rusty stuffed my panties between my lips.

My eyes bulged as the silky material filled my mouth.

“You did say anything,” Rusty grinned.

Whistling merrily Rusty started the engine with a roar. My body jostled about on the seat as she drove across a pot-hole. Street lamps flickered by like strobe lights. Office buildings became a blur as moisture glazed my eyes.

Rusty turned on the radio and hummed to the Beach Boys. On the bench seat behind her I lay with my naked crotch flush against the sticky vinyl seat.

I blushed in the darkness. Incredible as it seemed, forces beyond my control were causing my manhood to awaken. Chewing on the wad in my mouth I tried to place my mind elsewhere. It was no use. The terror banging against my heart like a gong, coupled with my nude pelvis rubbing against the vinyl, had me painfully aroused.

When Rusty parked the car I expected to see City Hall loom overhead. Instead we were in a dark ally.

Rusty got out and opened my door. We were behind a strip of row houses. Somewhere a dog barked, a husband and a wife argued. Above us a shooting star flashed across the heavens.

“Home sweet home,” Rusty said dragging me to my feet. My skirt *dropped* across my bare lush, but landed on my erection like a towel draped across a waiter's arm. Rusty couldn't help but notice. She grunted with surprise.

“I see you enjoyed the ride,” she mused trying to smooth down my skirt. There was still an obvious tent in the front. “I'm going to have add charges for indecent exposure.”

Stupidly I tried to reply but could only mumble into my gag.

“Come inside.”

Grabbing me roughly by the arm she hustled me through a basement door. The shades were drawn. I stumbled against furniture and almost tripped over a rug. The woman shoved me up a flight of steps. In the darkness with my arms behind me I swayed like I was lost in a fun house.

When Rusty turned on the dining room light I saw unpacked boxes and a jumble of newspapers and mail on the table. A bench press sat in the middle of the living room with weights scattered across the floor.

“Keep going upstairs,” she ordered marching behind me.

Rusty guided me to her room. The bed was made, but the rest of the room looked like a college dormitory after finals week.

She lived like a tomboy. Sneakers and boots were piled up in a corner. A crumbled police uniform lay on the floor. The carpet needed vacuuming. A holster was slung over a bed post.

After giving me a shove Rusty purposely tripped me so I went sprawling face forward on the bed. Behind me she produced a key and uncuffed me.

I spit out the panties.

“Take off the dress,” Rusty ordered.

Sitting up I rubbed my wrists. I wanted to run like a rabbit for the door, but Rusty was undoubtedly faster.

The police woman stripped off her leather jacket. She was built like a bouncer in a strip joint. The first thing I noticed were her arms. She had a well defined set of biceps and a tattoo of a dove on her shoulder. She pulled off the shirt and peeled down her jeans over a set of thighs built like blocks of granite.

Nervously I crossed my birdlike legs.

Rusty kicked her pants across the room for dramatic effect. She stripped down to a pair of blue boxer shorts, the kind my Dad used to wear.

“Strip,” Rusty demanded. “Take off everything.”

She padded half naked into the bathroom. She lit a cigarette and stared at herself in the mirror.

Hastily I removed my flats and dress. I folded my bra neatly and placed it over a chair with my earrings, necklace and bracelets. Naked and shivering I dove under the sheets.

I was a slender 120 pounds. My ribs showed and my arms and legs were delicate as daisy stems.

I lay in bed watching her forearms bulge as she brushed her teeth, washed her face, and combed her hair. I broke out in a sweat. My heart shook like a pair of dice. Was she going to let me free in exchange for a night in the sack? Did she want me to make love to her? Didn't she realize I was gay?

Rusty approached the bed whisking back the covers. My hands instinctively moved to cover my chest and crotch.

“I didn't tell you to get under the blanket,” she frowned. “Get up and come into the bathroom. I want you to douche.”

“Douche?”

“Yes, and shower and shave.”

I'd thought I'd been humiliated already in the car, but that was nothing compared to what lay ahead.

In the bathroom Rusty shoved me into the tub and turned on the shower. When I was done she toweled me dry like I was a little kid.

“Stand on the mat,” she instructed.

Using an electric razor Rusty sheared the fair hair from my legs, chest, arms, underarms and crotch. She held my manhood between her thumb and fingers, moving it from side to side as she removed my pubic patch. When she was finished she sat on the toilet.

“On your knees,” she said.

Feeling feminine and foolish I did as ordered. Rusty shook white powder into her palm and spread it across my skin till I was as soft as a marshmallow.

“This will keep you from getting a rash, ” she explained. “Now lay over my lap.”

Awkwardly I draped my body across her thighs. With my head down and my bottom pointed toward the ceiling the blood rushing to my face was not strictly due to gravity.

Rusty spread my ass cheeks and dabbed a glob of Vaseline around my puckered hole like she was decorating a cake.

“It's cold,” I complained.

My back arched as she inserted a hard plastic nozzle as far as it would go. She squeezed a red bulb. When it was empty she withdrew the tip and ordered me to hold the water for a few minutes.

“If you let one drop fall on my floor I will spank you,” she said playfully slapping my buns.

I clenched my bowels tightly. As the minutes clicked by, once again my body became aroused, this time against Rusty's thigh.

“What do you think you're doing?” Rusty glared. She shoved me off her lap to the tile floor.

I yelped, but still managed to hold my water. Between my legs my erection stood like an escaped con caught under a search light.

“You're a pervert,” Rusty said looking away. She stood and lifted the lid of the toilet. “Sit down and finish your business. ”

I sat and expelled the solution, blushing at the sound and smell.

Rusty handed me the bulb. “You do it. Just use warm water until you're clean. I've got to get dressed.”

Embarrassed, I repeated the process until the water flowed clearly.

Rusty reentered the bathroom wearing black pants, black t-shirt and cowboy boots.

“Now to get you dressed.”

Much to my surprise there was a white dress, matching heels and fresh lingerie spread out neatly across the bed.

“Put it on, ” Rusty ordered.

Confused and yet eager, I pulled a nylon up a smooth leg. Rusty watched as I wiggled my toes, delighting to the cool rapture of wearing hose.

The police woman muttered something about “fags” and twirling me around fitted my garter belt about my waist.

“You do the snaps,” she said. After I quickly popped the catches Rusty handed me a tan g-string. “Use this to gaff, and then put these on.” She pointed out a pair of white mesh panties.

Turning aside modestly I tucked myself and pulled the thong up tightly between my ass cheeks. The panties were as see through as plastic wrap. With the flesh colored G-string underneath, my pelvis looked as smooth as a bald man's pate.

The matching bra was made of the same sheer white mesh. Muriel handed me two silicone mastectomy breast forms.

I looked at her quizzically.

“Last night when I was chasing a queen on South Street she dropped them.”

“They feel better than falsies,” I remarked as they warmed to my body.

Stepping into a pair of three inch white heels I admired my legs.

Rusty had better taste than I did.

“Can you walk in those pumps?” she asked.

“Of course,” I said taking a few steps, exaggerating the sway of my hips.

“Good, I like that. Now the dress.”

She held up a white long-sleeve nylon dress that looked about ten sizes too small. Wiggling it up my legs and over my hips it fit as tight as a body stocking.

“You've got a great ass for a guy,” Rusty said admiringly.

I pulled on a pair of dainty white lace gloves.

“That's everything?”

“Not quite. Now for your make-up,” she answered back.

Returning to the bathroom Rusty sat me on the sink and proceeded to paint my face. To start she rubbed foundation across my chin and cheeks with a pad and then held it in place with a light powder.

Working carefully she used a black liner and mascara on my eyes, and then ran the brush across my brows highlighting them. Mixing black and white eye shadow about my eyes she created an effect Elizabeth Taylor would have loved.

“I worked in a beauty parlor before I went to the Police Academy,” Rusty admitted.

She let me do the lipstick. I puckered my lips and admired my reflection. She was right, with the proper make-up I made a more than passable woman.

“I'm prettier than you are,” I said haughtily. “Certainly more feminine.”

Rusty snorted. “They say ugly guys make beautiful girls.”

As I watched in the mirror Rusty teased my long tresses and held them in place with liberal amounts of hair spray. The more Rusty worked the more bedazzled I became by my own reflection.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

Ignoring me Rusty took a jewelry box from a shelf and opened it like she was showing off the family jewels.

“I don't have pierced ears,” she said, “so I only have clip ons. A girlfriend left these here one night,” she said holding up a gaudy pair of oversized hoops. “Take what you want.”

I picked up the silver hoops. “Your friend is either a hooker, or Italian.”

“How would you know? You obviously don't know much about women.” She wrinkled her nose at me, the first girlish idiosyncrasy she'd displayed all night.

I put on the dangly earrings and selected a handful of silver bracelets for my right wrist. Rusty's rings were too big for my fingers, even with gloves.

Standing behind me Rusty draped a dainty opal necklace about my neck and fastened the catch.

She admired my reflection like an artist beaming at her work. "You're a doll."

"Thank you," I said demurely.

"Pick up your purse and let's go."

"Where?"

"Never mind. Remember, you agreed to do anything I said to avoid a bust, right?" As she spoke she buckled her holster over her shoulder and pulled on her black leather jacket.

"You're starting to scare me..."

"Just don't start bawling again. God, I hate that. Just do what I tell you and you won't get hurt."

"What!?! "

"All you've got to do is walk up and down the street," Rusty said grabbing my hand and leading me downstairs, "and shake your little booty."

* * * * *

Strutting around Rittenhouse Square in three inch heels and a tight dress made me feel like a freshman street walker cruising her first lamp post. It was 2:00 in the morning and all the drunks were being thrown out of the bars. Somewhere on 12th Street Rusty sat in an unmarked car.

A burly bearded man ambled by. "Want to get lucky?"

I kept on walking. If I avoided eye contact the bums left me alone. Three black punks with a boom box rattling the window panes sauntered by, one of them whistling.

"Nice legs baby doll," he catcalled.

After walking around the square a dozen times I headed for Rusty's Chevy. This was getting ridiculous.

The car was empty. I tried all four doors, but they were locked.

I gulped. My adrenaline surged like the night Joey Alabone spiked the punch bowl with acid.

Looking around I saw Rusty's leather jacket laying on the sidewalk at the corner of a brick apartment building. My knees shaking like maracas I walked slowly to the coat and picked it UP.

"Psst! Psst!"

In the black ally loomed a figure.

“Come here.”

Glad to have found Rusty I sighed and crept into the shadows. As soon as I did someone jumped me from behind. A hand covered my face with a wet rag. Before my eyes rolled upward into my head the last thing I saw as I hit the ground was the bound and gagged Rusty staring at me like she'd just seen my ghost.

* * * * *

When I came to I found myself on a soiled, mildewed mattress in a dimly lit basement. Lying perfectly still I opened my eyes. Between tangled bangs I saw Rusty hanging naked and spread-eagled, her wrists shackled to an overhead steel girder. Her ankles were six inches off the ground, legs spread wide and tied to grates in the floor.

Despite the desperation of our situation I could not help but feast my eyes on Rusty's body. She was as white as milk. Her arms and thighs were muscular from lifting weights. Her stomach looked as hard as a sea shell and her breasts pointed outward like two steel funnels. Her hair was cut short in a military style and her neck bulged like an angry football player. The hair on Rusty's crotch was just as red as the hair on her head. Considering the masculinity of Rusty's body, her bush was sparse, almost childlike. With her legs spread wide the tender lips were clearly visible.

I lay paralyzed like a cocooned moth helpless on a web, afraid my very breathing might alert the spider.

The man had his back to me. A spine tingling shiver traversed my body. In his hand was a wooden two-by-four.

“You shouldn't have done that,” he said wiping spittle from his face and glaring at Rusty. He moved around behind her nude form.

Rusty cursed the man foully, but there was no mistaking the apprehension in her eyes.

“You're going to wish you didn't do that,” he said again.

Our captor was a nerdy looking little wimp. He reminded me of the father in the movie, Honey I Shrunk the Kids.

The man placed a wooden box behind Rusty. Standing on it he put the board beneath one armpit and reached around to feel Rusty's nipples.

“If I want to play with your tits, I'm going to play with your tits. There's nothing you can do about it.”

“Someone will catch you,” Rusty spat. “You'll pay!” She jerked her neck, trying to smack the little nemish on the nose with a head butt.

The man adjusted his glasses and stayed far enough away to avoid her frantic lunges. His fingers pinched her breasts.

“You still don't get it, do you?” he said.

“Get lost!” Rusty screamed. Her eyes searched the bare ceiling for a miracle.

“I'm going to fuck you and you're going to like it.”

“Oh really?!” she swore hysterically. “Come on, give it to me! I can't wait!” Rusty thrashed around frantically.

The man was so intent on her neither realized I was conscious. Quietly I moved my hands and feet. I was untied.

The man jumped down from the box and took up a position five feet behind Rusty's unprotected white bottom. Her buns looked square and white as marble, glistening with sweat. The nemish hefted the board in his hand like a baseball bat.

“You'll learn to like it,” he shouted and swung his arm. He misjudged the distance and the wood fell ineffectively against her hip.

“You're really turning me on,” Rusty said wildly. “You're a real stud.”

The kidnaper clenched his jaw and fingered the wood.

“We'll see.”

The board whistled through the air and landed on Rusty's butt with a loud crack. The girl stiffened.

“I love it!” she grimaced.

CRACK!

“Give me more lover boy! ”

After ten solid blows Rusty was squirming uncontrollably. After twenty she was screaming at the top of her lungs as if hoping someone might hear her. No one did.

The nerd stuffed a dirty rag between her teeth.

Their little soiree gave me a chance to study the basement. It looked like a tool and die shop. There were three work benches, a few presses, and a lathe.

I found what I was looking for draped over a red tool box: Rusty's clothes. Lying on the top of the pile was her holster.

Rusty's tormentor massaged her ass cheeks. They were as purple as ripe plums. Rusty gritted her teeth and struggled to move away, jutting her hips forward obscenely.

The beating continued. I lost count of how many times the two-by-four landed. Finally the poor girl seemed to pass out. She hung limply, legs trembling.

He climbed back up on the box.

The girl whimpered as if in the midst of a bad dream, oblivious to the nightmare behind her.

“That's it,” the man soothed gently stroking Rusty's flanks. With his free hand he lowered his zipper. A surprisingly thick penis popped free like a jack-in-the-box.

“Here I come Mommy,” he whispered.

With his hands on her hips the man speared the helpless police woman between her outstretched legs.

She winced and gasped, slowly regaining consciousness. Behind her the villain humped her hole like a crazed satyr. Rusty spit out her gag and shrieked as she realized she was being raped. Her eyes bulged and she howled like a wolf to the moon.

“I knew you'd love it. Now let's see how you like it up the ass. ”

When her assailant withdrew Rusty slammed her hips backward hitting him in the crotch with her sore backside. The sudden force of the blow caught the man off guard. He yelled, at the same time slipping from the box and crashing to the floor.

He banged his head on the cement and lay motionless.

Rusty twisted her head around and cried out in triumph.

“Nice move,” I said getting up from the cot.

Rusty snapped around to face me. For the first time since I'd met the woman she looked ecstatic to see me.

“Quick!” she hissed. “Get me loose.”

“Not so fast,” I said skipping over to the tool box, my heels clip clopping.

“No, no!” Rusty pleaded.

I reached for the gun.

“What are you doing? He's out cold. Just get me down before he wakes up! ”

“We'll do it my way, thank you,” I nodded toward the girl. “Your plan didn't exactly win any awards.”

Rusty fumed and cursed.

I found a length of rope similar to what he had used to bind Rusty and tied the man's hands behind his back and his ankles to a drill press.

“Great! Now get me down!” Rusty ordered.

Relaxing for the first time now that Romeo was put to bed, I stood up and walked around to face Rusty.

“Not yet,” I said.

The girl's eyes widened. She was breathing like she'd just finished the decathlon. Her arms bulged, the muscles straining.

I put my hands on my hips and eyeballed her nude form.

Sweat dripped from her chin.

“Think carefully,” Rusty cautioned. “I am a police officer. You will be held accountable for anything you say or do.”

“Oh really?” I said twirling the gun. “What if I was to shoot you right now, shoot Rick Moranis, untie him and then go call the cops like the concerned citizen I am? No one would ever know the truth. No one.”

Her nipples stood out like pennies.

“Why would you want to do a thing like that?”

“Think back,” I said. “Consider how you treated me earlier this evening. Look at the way I'm dressed.”

“You look beautiful! You make a great looking girl.

“Yes, I do, don't I? And it will make the perfect disguise when I leave the building. No one will ever know my true identity .”

I cocked the gun.

“Wait!” Rusty screamed. “Let's talk this over!”

“There's nothing to discuss. Remember tonight in the parking lot outside the Gofar? Remember how you shoved me up against the car and frisked me? It's pay back time darling, with interest.”

Still pointing the gun at her I ran my free hand up her inner thighs. They were as slimy and jittery as a flopping fish. The police woman's eyes widened as I touched her gaping lips.

“You're all wet,” I said. “Do you enjoy bondage? Are you into S&M? I'll bet you are. If I let you down you'll claim lover boy raped you, but a month from now you'll be day dreaming about his big dick when you masturbate. Won't you?!”

I tugged on her pubic hair making her gasp. The helpless woman could say or do nothing.

“Who's laughing now?” I said.

“All right,” Rusty rasped. “I apologize. I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I learned something .”

The guy on the floor moaned loudly as he began to regain consciousness.

“Now let me down! Please!”

“No,” I said. “I'm going to let him finish raping you, and then I'm going to shoot you both. Then I'll call the police. How's that for an even better plan? That way our friend gets one last piece of ass before I wave him nighty night.”

“You're just as crazy as he is,” Rusty croaked. The stress from having been in bondage so long, the beating and my plan were finally taking their toll. Rusty sniffled back the tears, for the first time seeming like a woman.

“No one will ever know, ” I said quietly.

Rusty broke down, tears streaming down her face. “I'm sorry!” she blabbered. “What more do you want to hear? I'll do anything. ANYTHING! Just please let me down.”

I stepped closer and reaching up, wiped a tear from Rusty's chin. Beneath my dress I was strangely aroused. I had absolute power over her. My fingers itched to pinch her sweet nipples.

An insane urge told me to lower my panties and masturbate across her white thighs.

“Tell me you love me,” I whispered.

Rusty's eyes flickered. "I love you," she groaned.

Taking a razor from the work bench I slashed the ropes binding her to the floor.

The girl's eyes shut as I worked. She sobbed thankfully, her great chest shuddering with emotional relief. I climbed up onto the box and freed her hands.

When Rusty was finally loose she rubbed her wrists and snatched the gun from my hand.

"You're welcome," I said. "Look, I was only paying you back for what you did to me earlier. It was just a joke."

Rusty staggered over to her clothes and began dressing.

"I'm not going to forget," she sputtered angrily. "Oh no!"

Rusty stood in her boxer shorts. She grabbed me by the collar and pulled my nose close to hers. "Stop! That hurts!" I whined as she dug her fingers into my throat.

"You want to play games," she said wildly. "I'm going to let shit head fuck you! How do you like that!?"

I twisted free and staggered back.

"Get a grip," I said. "Look, you're a police woman. Do your duty."

"Shut up!!" She ripped a sleeve as she pulled on her shirt she was so angry.

"What will the newspapers say when I tell them shit head strung you up, beat your ass and raped you until I came to the rescue?"

Rusty pulled on her leather jacket, considering this.

"You didn't save me," she frowned. "I knocked the ass hole off the box."

"Yes, but I'm the one who tied him up and cut you down. Technically I did save you."

"All right, so we'll talk about it later," she grumbled.

"Don't say a word to the reporters. Let me handle everything. Besides, you don't want people to know you were out in drag, do you?"



“No, of course not.” I shivered as I imagined my brothers reading about me in the morning Inquirer.

“All right. So we agree on something .”

“We're even?” I asked.

Rusty thoughtfully finished tying her shoes.

“For now... ”

We stood over shit head. He looked up smiling. “Hello ladies. Would you like to beat me now?”

* * * * *

Outside the sun was shining and birds were chirping.

It was ten o'clock. Rusty dropped me off at her place and then took her prisoner downtown.

Without even bothering to undress I collapsed on the police woman's bed and immediately fell asleep.

Rusty woke me when she climbed onto the mattress behind me.

“What time is it?” I asked. It was dark again.

“Time to take these off,” Rusty whispered lifting my skirt and tugging at my panties.

“W -What.. ? ”

I felt Rusty slide the lacy briefs down my calves and toss them aside. Strong arms encircled me, pulling me to her chest.

I looked over my shoulder at her. She was naked. Something strange touched my bare bottom.

“You are in bed with the biggest hero in town,” Rusty smiled. “I've been down at City Hall all day. I was on the 6:00 news. Don't worry, I taped it for you.”

“What did you tell them?”

“I left your name out of it.”

“Good,” I sighed.

Rusty nibbled the back of my neck.

“Lay on your side,” she instructed.

“You're getting awfully friendly,” I remarked.

“I realized you were right about a few things,” Rusty whispered. “I want to make it up to you. I want to take you out to dinner tonight, you know, live it up a little. I bought you a pretty new dress.”

“You really like me this way?”

“Yes,” she said softly. “I admit it. You turn me on.”

“Then we should get up...”

“Not yet,” she urged throatily. Rusty fingered my nether hole. “I owe you something first.”

I shivered. “Why did you give me an enema earlier?”

“To clean you out.”

“Why?” I asked.

Rusty cleared her throat. “Well, I forgot to mention the guy I was staking out concentrated on men, mostly transsexuals. If he did catch you and raped you, I wanted you to be clean. You never know what could be the difference between life and death with a psycho.”

A gooey finger dabbed Vaseline across my sensitive opening.

“You're so considerate,” I said. “But he grabbed you instead of me?”

“Yes,” Rusty chuckled. “The bastard snuck up behind me in the car. He thought I was a man and you were a real woman. I told you, you're just too pretty .”

I reached behind me to feel Rusty's naked hips. Between her legs jutted a phallus as hard and thick as her billy club. I swallowed a growing knot in my throat.

“I've never done this with a woman,” I said gasping as she rolled me onto my belly. “Please...”

“It's double ended,” Rusty breathed heavily in my ear. “Don't you worry, you're going to love it.”

With a thrust of her hips Rusty slid inside me, filling me, sending ripples of pain and pleasure arcing up through my body like an electric current. Her hands fumbled with my crotch. I sighed as her fingers closed around me.

Rusty was right about one thing: I did love it.

BLUE SKY

By Sharon Moore

Muriel's beating caused me to miss three days of work. When I walked into the office on Thursday the receptionist Vickie hid in her make-up mirror.

"You don't have to tell me. I'm fired, right?"

Vickie shrugged innocently.

I headed into Fishbine's office.

The pudgy manager leaned back in his swivel chair.

"So you decided to come to work today. How nice. Where the hell have you been Robin?"

"I haven't been feeling well..."

"You're sick a lot. But your problems are up here," he said pointing a finger at his balding head. "What is it with you?"

What did I say? Did I tell him the truth? Did I tell him my sex starved forty year old girlfriend got off on tormenting my body for hours on end? Did I show him the marks?

"It's hard to explain."

"Really? Do you want to know what the people in the company think?"

"No."

"Look at you," Fishbine said standing up and circling me. "Your hair is down to the middle of your back. The earrings are bigger than the ones the hookers wear on South Street. And the shoes. my daughter wears the same style. The scary part is that you look better in them than she does."

"What are you trying to say?"

Fishbine threw up his hands and plopped back down in his chair, face flustered.

"You're distracting! Half the people in customer service don't know if you're a boy or a girl. Everybody from the partners down to the cafeteria women gossip about you. It's affecting business!"

Leaning forward across his desk I narrowed my eyes. "Henry?"

"What!" He swiveled around in his seat nervously.

Putting my hands in my pockets and twirling them around, I arched my eyebrows. "What do you think?"

Fishbine's mouth moved but no words came out and his eyes grew a little vacant.

“You're a man, of course. It says so right here,” he said pointing at a sheaf of papers.

“But you're not sure.”

His face darkened.

“Get out of here Robin. We'll mail you your last paycheck.”

“Aye-aye Sir,” I said snapping to attention.

Without a backward glance I turned and left, giving Fishbine's door a satisfying slam.

Vickie giggled as Fishbine screamed at my shadow. “What happened?”

I sat on the edge of her desk. “He told me he'd go to Morgan and get me my job back if I gave him a blow job.”

“Nooo.”

“Yeah, I'm meeting him in the parking lot after work. Don't tell anybody, ” I said slipping a cigarette from her purse and lighting up.

Vickie frowned and closed her pocketbook.

Outside on the sidewalk I considered my options.

Standing on the bus stop my heart sang. It was a bright sunny day, the muggers were all asleep, the pollution index was down, I had twenty dollars in my pocket, and felt as free as a blue jay.

Muriel was going to kill me, but why worry about that now.

Losing my job came as no big surprise. I'd seen it coming from the first day I wore make-up to work.

Muriel gave away the last of my male clothing weeks ago. I'd been wearing women's flats. My hair was longer than our secretaries' and I wore more rings and bracelets.

The first rumor in the building was that I was some sort of new hippie. The stories got a little uglier the day Muriel made me go to work sporting a neck full of bruises. Some naive people thought they were hickies.

Most of the accountants on the fourth floor hadn't the faintest idea I was a boy. One day while I was standing in line at the candy machine a handsome young stud had the gonads to ask me out for a date in a line of a dozen people.

“What did you have in mind?” I asked. The girls from bookkeeping giggled. The fellow didn't see their smiles.

“Maybe dinner or a movie or something,” he suggested.

“I'd like that,” I said squeezing his wrist. “I have to go to the bathroom. When I come back I'll give you my phone number. ”

His face fell when I pushed open the door to the men's room. The laughter in the hall resounded through the empty stalls.

Mrs. Brewer and my friend Evita applauded when I ventured back outside. Naturally everyone else was gone.

Pat Malesky told me later the poor fellow was harassed unmercifully when the bookkeepers blabbed. The cafeteria ladies thought we were seriously dating. Of course I didn't help things by showing them my rings and bracelets and telling them, "Larry bought this for me."

As I climbed onto my bus and sat down I felt as if I was ending one phase of my life and entering something new. Leaving the firm certainly wasn't the end of the world. I stared up at the tall buildings trying to see blue sky. Today was not a misfortune but an opportunity.

I began thinking about Muriel. She liked using things as an opportunity to dominate me sexually. Of course, with Muriel you could never be sure about anything.

Since I got home from work first I decided to clean the house thoroughly and cook pork chops, Muriel's favorite meal. When she sat at the table I poured her a cup of coffee and lit her cigarette.

"Why are you doing this?" she growled.

"Fishface fired me today."

Muriel seemed not to hear. No expression registered on her tan features. After finishing her Marlboro she got up.

"We're going to the doctor tomorrow," she said swallowing a mouthful of coffee.

* * * * *

When I finished shaving my legs and got out of the shower I found a new outfit spread out across our bed. There was a pair of floral jeans and a knit blouse with a raised Aztec geometric pattern stitched across the shoulders. On the floor were a pair of blue suede flats. By the bed on the night stand was a matching pair of turquoise earrings and bracelet plus a dainty silver necklace.

As I toweled my body dry I picked up a fresh pair of white panties and began getting dressed. Although I grew excited as I clipped on a cute lacy bra the sexual rush no longer came strictly from the soft cotton. The excitement came from the girlish joy of trying on something new. I finished dressing and wandered back into the bathroom to do my make-up.

Muriel clumped up the steps and hovered in the background while I did my eyes. We'd hardly spoken the past five days. I glanced at her in the mirror. Muriel's hair was buzzed short on the sides and she disdained cosmetics. She had rugged skin, another reason people mistook her for a man. She wore her weathered leather jacket, black jeans and cowboy boots.

Anger brewed in her eyes. She waited for an argument.

Yes I was apprehensive, but there was no fight left in me. I spritzed on some hair spray, slipped on my flats and followed her meekly out to the Trans Am.

As she pulled the car onto the Boulevard she said, "Aren't you curious about the doctor?"

"I hadn't thought about it," I said cautiously.

“What if we were on our way to snip off your balls?”

My eyes widened. “I- I wouldn't believe you.”

Muriel laughed. “Wake up. Haven't you figured it out yet? WHATEVER I say goes.”

I gritted my teeth while I clutched my bag upon my lap. “A person has limits Muriel. There are some things I have to decide for myself.”

Muriel's laughter disappeared and her lips twisted into a frightening expression.

“What's there to decide? You look like a woman. You walk, talk and screw like a woman. We'll just be correcting a genetic imbalance.”

The thought of undergoing reassignment surgery gave me the chills.

“I'm afraid,” I whispered.

“Well, you're lucky. You're not getting your balls lopped off — today. The electrolysis is just about finished. Now we go to work on your tittes. ”

We drove in silence out of the city into the suburbs.

Finally Muriel pulled off the road into the driveway of a tract home converted into an office. A small sign on the lamp post read: Dr. James R. Higgins, Board Certified.

“Board certified what?”

“Don't ask questions,” Muriel said.

We went inside and sat down in a waiting room. Behind beveled glass sat a middle-aged woman in a white cap and uniform.

“Hi,” Muriel said. “My name is Gabby Knight. I brought Gary Benson with me.”

My heart dropped like a bowling ball. Those weren't our names. What was she up to?

The nurse stood up and peered at me through pointy glasses. “Very nice. Sit down please. The doctor will be with you shortly.”

There weren't any patients in the waiting room. That made me jittery. After a few minutes a tall, stocky man limped into the room. He wore a white smock, dark glasses, and his hair stuck out at odd angles over his bald spot. We shook hands, his were clammy. The doctor mumbled as he introduced himself.

“Come into my office Gary,” Dr. Higgins said placing a heavy arm around my shoulder. “No, no. Not you Gabby. Just Gary for now. I have some papers I want you to fill out. Do you have the consent forms?”

“Yep, all signed and notarized,” Muriel said pulling a crumpled wad from her coat pocket.

The doctor looked at the wrinkled forms like they were covered with parrot droppings.

“Doctor Mansfield? Gary went to Doctor Mansfield? Isn't he a bit of a crack pot?” Higgins said. As he spoke, spittle sprayed across my new blouse. Looking down I noted someone had forged my signature.

I shrugged, afraid to say anything. One wrong word and I imagined myself bound and gagged in Muriel's basement for a week.

Higgins left me in a paneled room sitting on an examination table beside a cart containing gauze, needles and bandages. Behind the door was a medical chart depicting the side view of a 48 inch breast covering with a plastic overlay of red all over this were clippings of naked men and women from magazines. One pictured a man plowing doggie style into a buxom blonde. Another showed two teenage boys with their hands around one another's genitals.

The nurse entered and handed me a hospital gown.

"Take off everything and put this on. Then I want a urine sample in this jar and a sperm sample in this one. When you are done just knock on the door. Then I'll be back to draw some blood."

"A sperm sample? Why do you need a sperm sample if I'm here about my breasts?"

The nurse sighed. "I warned Gabby on the phone Tuesday. Didn't she tell you? Just listen to the doctor and you'll be wonderful."

I slowly stripped off my clothes, folded them, and placed them over a chair. Shivering I walked across the cool tile floor. Gingerly I climbed back onto the examination table, my naked butt sticking to the paper. I stared at the two glasses easily filling the first with pee. Picking up the second jar I suddenly realized the reason for erotic pictures on the wall.

As I fumbled with my crotch, I gulped, praying no one would enter. Sweat dripped from my brow as I yanked on my foreskin.

After fifteen minutes there was a polite rap at the door.

"Finished?"

"No." I answered softly.

"Just try to concentrate."

"How can I do that with you banging down the door?"

"I'll be back," she said sweetly.

No matter how hard I tried, it wasn't working. After ten minutes the nurse returned.

"I'm coming in."

I didn't even bother hiding my nakedness. I'd been through so much I just sat there, limp manhood in hand.

The nurse entered the room pulling on a rubber glove.

"Maybe I can help," she said sticking her fingers into a jar of Vaseline.

"I doubt it."

She took my organ and smeared it with petroleum jelly.

"Sometimes a little dab will do you."

As I watched she proceeded to jiggle my jewels. At first her manipulations were slow and careful, as if she were handling a laboratory mouse. After ten minutes of useless stroking she began pulling on the head like she was trying to rip the nipple off a baby bottle.

“Hey, it doesn't work like that!”

“Sorry,” the graying woman said wiping sweat from her brow, “I was getting frustrated.”

“You're not the only one,” I said.

“Don't be upset. This is quite normal. Let me get the doctor. ”

Higgins returned, smoking, coughing, and wiping ashes from his smock.

“All right Mr. Benson. We're going to try something. First I want you to understand Margaret is my wife.”

As I sat pad in hand on the table I watched as the nurse bent over the cart and Higgins lifted her skirt. Beneath were a pair of chubby legs encased in nylons and garters. With a bit of bravado Higgins undid the ties on her crotchless panties and flung them aside.

“Nice, huh?” he noted, winking.

“A real turn on, ” I said dryly.

Opening his smock the doctor pulled out a handful of wiry gray hair and a shaft as gnarled as a knobby stick. The head was round and red as a plum. Wheezing and coughing he attacked the nurse. Higgins kept one hand in his smock pocket and rested the other on his wife's back. He looked up to see if my body was responding.

My manhood shriveled and hid.

“Oh dear, ” said the nurse studying a chart hanging over the cart. “Mr. Carlson is due here in fifteen minutes.”

“One minute dear.” Higgins said finishing with a flurry.

He looked up at me for approval.

“Sorry,” I said. “Nothing.”

“Maybe Gabby can help,” the nurse suggested.

“Who?”

“Your friend Gabby,” the nurse replied. Suddenly irritated she smoothed down her uniform.

“Oh.”

“Not to worry,” the doctor promised fixing his trousers. “I'll use internal manipulation.”

“Can't I just do this at home and bring you the jar?”

“No. The specimen must be refrigerated immediately.” He slid his hand into a latex glove. “Climb down from the table please.”

Muriel closed the door behind her. "Is there anything I can do?"

Just stay there and watch," Higgins countered squinting at me. "Young man, turn around and bend over the table."

"My, my, what is this?" Muriel observed. "Gary used to be the prince of premature ejaculation."

"He's now the king of self control," Doctor Higgins stated as he squirted a clear stream of KY jelly onto his outstretched index finger.

Shivering, I leaned against the table on my forearms. In the bright, antiseptic room surrounded by fully clad people I felt acutely aware of my nakedness.

The nurse returned with a petri dish. Awkwardly trying to appear businesslike Mrs. Higgins sat on a stool beside me.

I moved my pelvis forward, pointing my penis toward the glass container Mrs. Higgins held in her outstretched hand.

Muriel moved closer to get a better view, an amused smile floating across her lips.

"If this doesn't work we'll leave you two alone for a while," Higgins said ramming a finger up my anus.

Gasping at the sharp pain I went up on tiptoe. An ancient, gnarled finger diddled my prostate. He went about his work with the same enthusiasm Muriel used to beat my butt.

I imaged my Mistress, nude except for black boots, iridescent body gleaming sweat as she lashed my bottom. The last time she'd used spreader bars to keep my legs wide. I gulped, the cream suddenly boiling in my testicles.

My soft penis jerked awake.

Higgins nodded to the nurse. "Manipulate," he said simply. His wife picked up my member with a lubricated glove and began milking.

But no. Nothing. Mechanically he worked a second finger inside my bowels. I gritted my teeth, trying not to cry out.

Looking at Muriel didn't help. She stood hands on hips, chewing her gum, with a bored expression on her face. Her only reaction came when my knees buckled. The nurse tried to hold me up by grasping my shaft, while Higgins forced me back up on tiptoe with the sudden appearance of a third finger.

I squealed.

Muriel laughed.

Higgins was certainly no lover. After giving me a thorough, ten minute workout he conceded defeat. The doctor removed his hand and pulled off the plastic glove.

"It's the hormones," he said. "They're obviously working. You can desist Margaret."

The woman placed the petri dish on the cart.

Higgins dabbed his brow with a handkerchief.

"All you need is something bigger," Muriel suggested.

“What about a tongue depressor?”

“I don't think so,” I said slipping on my hospital gown.

“Don't pull the hem all the way down,” Muriel said digging inside her jacket. “What about this?”

She held up a wobbly, lifelike phallus.

Higgins pulled a pair of glasses from his smock and blinked. “And this works?”

“That's the way I've trained her,” Muriel explained as she strapped the plastic replica securely around her waist.

“Just leave her with me for five minutes,” Muriel ordered. “I'll get your sample for you.”

“Excellent. Come along Margaret.”

The two left the room.

“Spread 'em baby,” Muriel said slapping my knees apart. Still sitting on the examining table I leaned back and lifted my knees to my chest. With practiced precision Muriel slid the dildo inside me.

I sighed as I watched the entire length disappear. Muriel grinned at my immediate arousal.

She stared deep into my eyes. It had been so long since we'd really made love I noticed a few changes. Naturally Muriel wore no make-up, and her hair was cropped short, but under the bright fluorescent lights I couldn't help but notice a faint trace of hair upon her upper lip.

“Jeezes Muriel when did you start taking steroids?”

Muriel's handsome eyes lit with a burst of fire. Without a second thought she slapped my face. The crack of her palm against soft flesh resounded through the empty room.

“The same time you did,” Muriel said.

“What?”

“I've been putting hormones in your food for the past mix months. ”

I gulped, but before I could respond she grasped my crotch. My hardness became painful within her tightening grasp.

“You were going to complain?” she said.

“No! Of course not!” I squealed my voice rising an octave.

“I want it now,” she said. “Right now.”

Immediately, without a stroke my body reacted. Gelatinous drops splattered across the glass dish she held in her free hand.

Both of us gazed in wonder at the explosive discharge. Muriel grinned as she capped the petri jar.

“For once you get a kiss for doing a good job,” Muriel said pecking me on the lips.

My heart was pounding and suddenly there were tears in my eyes. "Thank you Muriel."

* * * * *

When I awoke it was with the odd, dreamy sensation that someone had placed two plastic bags on my chest filled with a jelly-like goo.

Each time I moved the sacks hardened and adhered to my skin. Every imperceptible breath turned them into heavy balls and drove them deeper into my body until my flesh stretched tautly. My nipples were two points of pain, reminiscent of Muriel's steel toothed clamps.

As the anesthetic wore off I was aware of how soft the sheets and mattress felt against my gown. It had been a long time since I'd slept on such a feathery pillow.

I looked down. I couldn't see my feet. Two mounds on my chest obstructed the view.

My pulse quickened. Tentatively I peeked beneath the bandages to see a lovely set of cleavage. Peeling the surgical tape from my skin I gazed at my very own 38C's!

No wonder my nipples hurt. Beneath each was an inch of zipper-like stitches.

Nurse Higgins breezed into the room tucking her blouse into her skirt. Thankfully she wasn't carrying any bottles or vials to be filled.

"You have a great job," I stammered groggily.

"Even sex gets monotonous after a while," she replied waving a gloved hand at me.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Certainly my dear. "

"Why do they feel so hard?!"

"At first they feel like measuring cups," she said dinging a metal bowl, "but don't worry. We use animal fat. They'll drop like ripe tomatoes in about four weeks. "

"Fabulous," I grinned still feeling somewhat dopey and loving every minute of it. "How long do the drugs last?"

"Another hour. We gave your friend Gabby a prescription to help the pain."

"Gabby?" I asked then blushed as I remembered the doctor didn't know Muriel's real name.

"She must have gone to the pharmacy because she left and hasn't returned."

"How much longer do I have to lie here?" I asked.

"Just another thirty minutes then you can get up. Rest for a while."

Around noon Doctor Higgins came in.

"How's our future model?" he asked cheerfully.

"It feels like someone glued two grapefruit halves to my ribs," I complained as I sat up for the first time.

“That will change, ” Higgins replied. “Buy yourself a good support bra when you get home.”

“When can I take off the bandages?”

“Wait until tomorrow. I want you to come in Wednesday to remove the stitches and for a hormone shot.”

“Hormones? What for?”

“To keep your body soft. You don't want to be carrying around two bocci balls the rest of your life, do you?”

“Of course not,” I shuddered. “I'll be back.”

“You'll have to come monthly for shots. I've already scheduled you with Gabby to do your hips in July .”

“My hips?”

“Yes, we put a little filler in here,” he said rubbing my flanks like he was patting a horse. “You'll like the results.”

“Fine. Where are my clothes?”

“Well, that's what I came to speak to you about,” Higgins said somewhat confused. “Your friend Gabby took your clothes and left this bag .”

I waited for Higgins to leave before examining the contents. The first thing I picked up was a sheer red bra. Not exactly what the doctor ordered, but I knew where Muriel was coming from. Next I found matching panties, short cutoff jeans slit up the sides, four inch red pumps and a halter top.

Wasn't this special? Muriel left me stranded trying to find a bus dressed like a hooker.

I pulled on my clothes and in a creepy little bathroom the like I thought only existed in Exxon gas stations, I fussed with my hair and make-up.

Nurse Higgins poked her head into the room. “Your ride is here.”

“Great.” The bitch was back, probably to torment me.

I gave my image one last glance in the mirror. Having just gone through minor surgery I looked a bit pale, and my hair needed washing, but nobody was going to notice with my new cleavage massaging their retinas.

I tossed my lipstick into a purse and headed for the waiting room. Unlike my first visit the seats were packed. As I made my next appointment with the nurse I felt a dozen androgynous creatures rating my tits and ass.

In my short shorts, although I knew my legs looked fabulous in heels, I was already anxious to get my hips done. My bottom bubbled out nicely, but my pelvic structure was too bony to pass for a woman's. A few needles of silicone and I would have body beautiful.

The room seethed with high pitched voices and perfect noses.

Behind me a queen jabbered a mile a minute. "Doctor Donald did my cheekbones. They used one of my ribs," she said rubbing below a pair of 44DD's.

There was one straight man in the room, a Chicano. He wore a cabbies coat and rumpled hat. You could read his mind by the confused expression on his face. He stared at my crotch looking for a clue.

I was still pretty woozy. As I strutted through the waiting room I gave a cry of surprise when Anthony jumped up in front of me.

"Muriel asked me to take you home," he said. Anthony's eyes grew wide as he stared at me.

"What's the matter, you need glasses?" I said in my best Mae West voice. "Make yourself useful. Carry this." I handed Anthony the bag I was carrying.

The Chicano laughed. The nitwit really thought I was a girl.

So did Anthony.

"No, it's just that I never saw you dressed like this before," Anthony sputtered as we passed through the door. The bimbo brushed the bag against my breasts.

"Owww!" I winced, shielding my chest. "Careful."

I scrunched up my face in pain turning on the role of injured female.

"Sorry," he apologized. He threw my clothes into the back of his pickup truck.

We climbed into the cab. "Did Muriel tell you why I was at the doctors?"

"She said something about minor surgery. Did you have your wisdom teeth out?" he asked.

"Higgins is no dentist dearie." I frowned. The idiot continued to stare at my halter top like he'd never seen ties before. Anthony might look like Richard Gere, but he had the mental prowess of Porky Pig.

Anthony started the engine and headed toward the south side. "What did he do?"

"These," I said fondling my breasts.

Anthony gulped.

"Did anyone ever tell you you look like Susan Dey? But with bigger..." He patted his deltoids.

"All the time," I lied.

"You'd look more like her if you had bigger hips," he said.

"Pay more attention to the road," I said. "You just ran a red light."

During the ride home I got a chance to study the handsome young boy behind the wheel. He wore a torn T-shirt that revealed his muscular chest.

Anthony didn't have the body of someone like Arnold, but he was perfectly sculpted. His shoulders were broad, his belly flat and waist narrow.

"Are you Italian?" I asked.

Anthony ran a hand through his dark hair. The part fell down the middle, his mane touching his shoulders.

“Yeah. Cardone.”

“Did Muriel dress you?”

The boy blushed as he turned the wheel.

“How did you know? ”

He wore acid washed jeans and black cowboy boots, a combination that stroked my libido. The last time I'd seen Anthony he was naked except for a blindfold.

“Muriel told you to wear them because she knew it would get me hot,” I said. “She wants to see if I rape you.”

“Is that why you're wearing the...”

“The halter and hot pants? Uh -huh.”

Anthony grew flustered. “Are you?”

“You have nothing to fear from me Anthony,” I grinned. “How old are you?”

“Twenty-two. I just finished college last week.”

“And you probably fucked every sorority girl at school, right?”

“I quit counting after Ruth Leary,” Anthony replied. Sweat beaded up on his forehead. “I think she was number fifteen.”

“I could tell. You're an egotistical bastard. That's why Muriel hates you.”

“She hates me?” he asked, stunned.

“Uh -huh.”

“Now let me ask you a question.”

“Sure. ”

“You live with Muriel. What do you do in bed with her?”

“I don't usually sleep with her,” I said staring out the window. “She makes me spend most nights in the basement.”

Muriel converted the basement into her dungeon. The rack on the wall contained rows of whips, chains, paddles...

Anthony took a deep breath. “That's not what I meant.”

“We're girlfriends,” I said evasively. “You can imagine what girls do...”

“But Muriel is different.”

“You're not as stupid as you act.”

Anthony ignored my insult. “What is it like to be gay?”

“I'm not sure we should talk about Muriel,” I noted primly. “She wouldn't like it. If she knew your backside would burn.”

Anthony slapped the steering wheel in frustration.

“Come on Robin. Don't hand me that. Something happened to me Tuesday night and I need to talk to somebody.”

He didn't need to tell me. I was there.

“What, do I look like a guidance counselor?”

“You're the only person I can talk to about this,” he said. He maneuvered the truck beside the curb outside Miriam's row house.

Anthony swallowed his building emotions.

He turned off the engine, but continued staring into space. He looked like a puppy with a broken paw.

“What?” I asked.

Anthony's cheeks grew deep red. “W-well it's difficult to say.. .”

“What are you afraid of: that you're gay?”

Anthony looked away. I'd voiced his fear.

“Did the bitch tell you about Tuesday?”

Like I said, I'd been there. Once Muriel had Anthony bound, blindfolded and naked she brought me into the room. While Anthony satisfied me orally Muriel drove her strap on deep inside me. I spasmed in seconds.

“No,” I lied, “but I know how Muriel thinks. She knew you were flirting with me. She wanted revenge. I don't know what she did to you, but I know her style. Tell me about it if it makes you feel better.”

“I can't,” he said hoarsely. “It's too embarrassing.”

“Look, I've been living with Muriel for three years. Whatever you did, I've done worse. Much worse,” I said.

“Like what?”

This was getting boring. I frowned at him and opened my door. “Come inside Anthony. Find out for yourself.”



He hesitated. "What if she has a guy in there? What if..?"

"No one is here but us Anthony. Do I look like a guy?"

He stared at my tits.

"All right. Just for a few minutes," he said shuddering.

As we walked to the door I noticed the neighbors staring at me. Mrs. Baylor knew I was a boy. She shook her head as she dug around a rose bush.

Shivers tingled down my arms and bare legs. Suddenly it hit me. It had happened. I'd crossed the threshold. The electrolysis was minor compared to what I'd done this time. I would be spending the rest of my life as a woman...

"What did Muriel make you do?" I teased Anthony over my shoulder. "Did she make you give a fag a blow job?"

Anthony looked like he was going to die.

"Not so loud," he cautioned.

"You enjoyed it, didn't you?"

As I opened the front door Anthony glanced around nervously.

"I ..I guess I did and that's what scares me."

Taking a hold of Anthony's hand I pulled him inside.

The living room was dark but for a lone lamp. Muriel sat in her favorite chair wearing one of her Elvira costumes. Her legs were crossed. She tapped a black leather paddle lightly against her bare thigh. Standing ominously beside her on the coffee table was her strap on.

I looked at Anthony.

He was petrified.

Muriel ordered me to close the door.

"Go get the blindfold," she began. "I want to look at your breasts, but I don't want Anthony to see."

When I returned Anthony was already naked. He knelt in the middle of the room his clothes neatly folded and piled upon a chair. His wrists were bound behind his back.

Muriel strutted about him tapping a paddle against her palm.

Anthony fidgeted, nervous as a whore in church.

"Come, come," Muriel said, "let's begin."

Once Anthony was blindfolded Muriel nodded to me and I removed my halter top.

"Very nice," she said fondling me. "It's a shame you can't see Anthony. Her breasts are as lovely as your cock is ugly."

Lashing out with her boot Muriel kicked the blind boy between his outstretched thighs. He fell forward with a horrified groan, his masculinity broken like a raw egg.

Muriel nodded again and I removed my short shorts and panties. Her fingers touched my nether hole, resulting in delicious arousal.

Poor Anthony, once again I would be a pawn in one of Muriel's evenings of humiliation and degradation. The beautiful boy with his forehead to the floor and his bottom raised had no idea tonight he would lose his virginity and I would use my manhood for the last time.

ANYTHING GOES

Sharon Moore

My name is Mary Reed. If you're familiar with Philadelphia Big Five basketball maybe you've heard the name. Someone in the Penn paper once said "Reed might look like just another short haired bull dyke, but she's a mean three point shooter, good enough to make the man's team."

They actually printed that. What did the Daily Collegian know about my sex life? Perhaps I should be happy someone at least credited me with the ability to be intimate.

It's my height. I'm 6'1" tall. That intimidates a lot of people. When I wear slacks and boots even my Italian grandmother tells me I walk like a man, only bowlegged.

I hung a tuxedo bag in my closet. Across the room stood a frail young male of only 5'2". He stared at his feet as if afraid when he crossed the threshold into my bedroom he was stepping through the gates of hell.

Jessie's parents are from Thailand. He is blessed with their long limp black hair and he wears it down to the middle of his back. His long lashes are as delicate as the brush strokes on a Ming Dynasty vase. While most people in Philly flock to the New Jersey beaches to work on their tan, Jessie was born with coca butter in his blood. The first time I saw Jessie I mistook him for a 16 year old Polynesian girl named Kara that works in the coffee shop. Just when I thought I knew it all I meet a 21 year old boy who is so androgynous, immediately I was wondering what he would look like in our new fall line of skirts and blouses.

As an assistant designer at Fashion Elegance on Market Street I rate my own office and my own secretary. When Estelle got pregnant and left I put a classified in the *Inquirer*. Of the six applicants Jessie was the only male to apply. At first I was about to trash his resume just because of his gender, but an instinct for fair play prevailed. I discovered the boy had a 3.9 grade point average at the Katherine Gibbs Academy. His typing speed was twice that of any of the women to apply, and he could speak six languages.

When I went to Central High School it had just been opened up to females after a 100 year history as an all male public school with the highest credentials in the city. I went to Central because I knew it would get me into the University of Pennsylvania. I wondered what kind of boy went to an all girls secretarial school?

Strange new emotions gripped my insides as I conducted the initial interview. The boy's androgyny was most arousing. At first in a suit and tie, hair pulled back into a ponytail, with his legs crossed femininely at the knee, I couldn't be 100% sure. His

voice and hands were the only things that gave him away. His driver's license confirmed the truth. Odd, it was from Seattle and expired.

"I'm afraid to drive," the boy blushed.

Jessie was soft spoken, polite, and undeniably the smartest of all the applicants. The gay boys in the design room were going to hate him. After completing all the interviews I called Jessie back into my office and offered him the job.

The youth wrung his hands in the doorway. His color ebbed. He looked pale as a cancer patient.

"Get in here! Put the dress away!"

I snapped at him practicing my managerial tone. It gave me a twisted thrill to see a boy just three years my junior jump at my command.

Jessie scurried to the closet like a penitent Catholic late for confession. He stuffed a puffy white garment bag in among the hangers.

"I've never done anything like this," the boy said breathlessly.

I noted both his ears were pierced. How convenient.

"Trust me. You're going to enjoy yourself tonight."

"Thanks for inviting me to the party," Jessie shrugged. The boy spoke as if perpetually embarrassed. "I can't believe you spent so much money on my costume."

"We're going to a bash at my friend DeeDee's." She was calling it the *Dress Reversal Ball*. "I want you to look hot."

DeeDee's real name is Debbie Dardaris. I've had a crush on her since Central. Double D has quite a reputation. Even though we ran in different cliques you couldn't help but hear her name over the loudspeaker all the time. Usually for stretching the dress code to the limit by going braless or wearing her skirts too short. She was quite popular even though she hung out with the freaky music kids. She sang the lead in the school play *Camelot* and blew everyone's mind on the final night by twirling about the stage without any panties.

Now DeeDee sings in a rock band named Shackles. They do the Jersey shore in the summer and the Philly clubs on Delaware Avenue in the winter. Recently I ran into her downtown at Hepburn's. We were a little embarrassed to see each other in a gay women's' bar. I was in a conservative business suit jacket and knee length skirt and she was wearing a leather motorcycle jacket, shiny spandex pants; her hair shagged, teased, and dyed black like Joan Jett.

"Who is DeeDee?" Jessie asked timidly.

"An old friend," I replied. "I've known her since grade school. DeeDee was the first woman ever elected class president at Central. At graduation just to work the faculty's nerves - they were all men - she wore a white see through gown without a bra. When she walked up to the podium to address the class, the way she stood in the spotlight, you could see her breasts quite clearly. I thought our principal Doctor McDonald was going to burst a blood vessel."

"Wow!" The boy's Adam's apple bobbed like a slinky.

“Everyone has a habit of falling in love with DeeDee. Don't waste your time. Right now she's living with some real ass hole. One of those head bangers on the rock 'n roll road to rehab. They call him Rash. I have a feeling the only reason she sleeps with him is because he looks like Kurt Cobain. All right. Enough yakking. I told DeeDee we'd be there by nine. Get in the shower.”

The youth clasped his hands in front of his chin as if in prayer. “Are you sure this is okay?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I feel strange going to a party dressed like a woman.”

“Why? People must mistake you for a girl all the time.”

“But I don't wear women's clothes!”

“Don't you watch Oprah? A lot men have a fetish for women's lingerie.”

The boy searched my eyes for scorn.

“Not me. I don't want you to get the wrong idea. I'm very sensitive about being a secretary. I'm still a man.”

Wrong idea? Too late. I chuckled. “You mean you're not gay?”

“Of course not! I like girls! I used to have a girl friend!”

“Did you ever make love to her?”

The boy's cheeks reddened. “Well. . . sort of. Well, not really. We kissed a little,” he finished lamely.

“So you're 21 and still a virgin? My, my. That's rather odd for a man in the 90's. Wouldn't you say? Have you ever slept with a man?”

“NO! Of course not!”

“That's funny. You didn't put up much of a fight when I suggested we reverse roles as bride and groom. I've seen a lot of drag queens downtown, and I've yet to meet one that was entirely straight.”

“I don't know what you're talking about. When I agreed to your suggestion, I only did it because you just hired me. I didn't want to object. When we went to the Gallery I was dying! I still can't believe you made me walk in those high heels in front of all of those women!”

“You can't buy shoes without trying them on. You're lucky you got away with not trying on the dress. Take off your clothes and get in the shower. I put a pink towel and a wash rag on the toilet for you. Use my bathroom. I want to be able to come in and check on you. Where are you going?”

Jessie hugged his arms to his chest, chin down, nervous as a freshman before their first game.

“You said. . .”

“Take off your clothes right here. Fold your things and place them over my chair so they don't wrinkle.”

The boy stared at me openmouthed. Shocking him gave me a rush like a shot of B12.

“Just because I tell you to get undressed doesn't mean anything sexual,” I said blandly. “In the clothing industry you get used to seeing naked models. Don't flatter yourself. You're not my type.”

“Oh. . .sorry. Still, we only just met last week.”

“Things move quickly in the big city. Don't be so uptight. Relax. It's Halloween.”

Jessie fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. He was as innocent as Snow White.

I removed my jacket and unbuttoned my blouse feeling like the big bad wolf. From eight years of swimming my breasts are well shaped and firm.

Jessie tried to keep his eyes lowered, but I caught him glancing up at my nipples through the sheer lace of my bra like I was on the cover of *Penthouse*. His cheeks boiled as he struggled to negotiate a single loop.

* * * * *

In my minds eye I remembered the last time I'd undressed with a man. Red. Red Whitmore. The last male in a short series of straight relationships more disastrous than the movie *Earthquake*.

Red, the owner's son at Fashion Elegance. Red, the ex-minor league baseball player, constantly overcompensating because of the fact that his father was a flaming faggot. Red with the flashy Mercedes convertible. Red, the only bachelor I knew earning six digits and doing very little work. I got tired of hearing his name on the lips of all the girls in the snack room.

As part of a citywide AIDS charity event I volunteered to bicycle from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. My sponsors donated a nickel or dime a mile. As I sped down the Black Horse Pike who did I find myself pedaling beside, but Red. We actually made it the whole 75 miles and had a lot of laughs in the process. Surprisingly I found the man witty, good natured, and for the first time in my life I was hot and sweaty and wondering how much was due to the ride and how much I owed to Red's muscular thighs and buns in his spandex Speedo's.

I took the bus home and found a dozen roses with a card reading simply “Red”. Tucked inside were two tickets to see *Les Miserables* at the Forrest Theater.

Much to Red's surprise, I took Estelle. Okay, the girl couldn't spell *dictionary*, but her blonde hair, slinky walk, and upper lip reminded me of Michelle Pfeiffer. Ever since I'd fallen in love with Penn's basketball coach Cindy Nelson, the original Swede, I had a weakness for blonde straight women stronger than a nicotine fit.

Monday morning I found Red parked on the corner of my desk like he owned it, which I guess he sort of did.

“They just resurfaced the Society Hill tennis court. Play tennis with me Saturday. Loser takes the winner to dinner.”

The man was as persistent as a tickle in the throat.

I tried laughing in his face.

“I don't want to go to dinner with you Red. I don't want to get hassled by the women at work.”

“If you win, you name it. Anything.”

“A raise?”

“Anything.”

“You're a pig.”

“I'll even do more than that. If you beat me, you can fire me, take my job, and I'll move out of town. Come on. Go for it. I hear you're quite an athlete.”

I put a finger in Red's face.

“If I win you stay out of my personal life.”

“Agreed.”

“And if you win?”

“If I win, I take you to dinner at the Top of The Square.”

It was tempting. Very tempting. At worst I'd get a free meal. I'd played on the varsity tennis team in high school. After four years of basketball at Penn I was in peak condition. Red was 6'2" and not intimidated by me. What I wouldn't give to whip his ass. Word would get around.

“Think how much fun you'll have telling your girlfriends you whipped the boss' son.”

“Okay. It's a deal.”

I didn't find out till later Red spent several summers as a tennis instructor in Aspen. He claimed he did it to relax after long winters of skiing and hopping snow bunnies.

The game was as intense as the summer sun. Red was good. He beat me 7-6, 3-5, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3. Afterwards he said I was as competitive as Pete Rose, as if that were a compliment.

As graciously as possible I went to dinner with Red at The Top of The Square. From the moment he asked if he might suggest my outfit for the evening I sensed trouble.

We sat without talking overlooking Philadelphia's skyline, Red in a double breasted Italian suit and looking like a slicked-back mobster, I in a simple, short black nylon dress that clung to my body like scotch tape.

Red celebrated his victory by ordering a bottle of champagne.

I placed my hand over my glass when the waiter attempted to pour.

“I don't drink.”

“You're not serious?”

I pretended to ignore Red, the menu, the candles, the skyline. . .

Red slurped down a glass of Don Perignon.

“You're not serious?” he repeated.

“My mother was a barmaid. I know what alcohol can do to you.” Keep drinking. I grew up in bars, and I don't drink, do drugs, or smoke cigarettes. I've also avoided jail, rehab's and cancer.

“Where did your mother work?” Red looked at me slyly over his glass.

“The Troc.”

“That's a gay place. . .”

“It used to be a straight nightclub.” When Roxy worked there it was a burlesque house.

Without my consent Red filled my glass.

“All right,” I sighed. “Just one.”

The next thing I knew I was throwing up in the parking lot. Red helped me into his convertible. I woke up with my shoes and dress off on a hard mattress in Red's Society Hill apartment very aware of the fact that I wasn't wearing a bra and someone was stroking my right nipple. Of it's own accord my breast surged upward like a magic beanstalk.

“Whah ah mah clothes?” My mouth felt dry.

“Drink this.”

“What. . ?”

“Coffee.”

After a sip. “What's in it?”

“Just a little something to make you feel better.”

Red held the cup to my lips like I was a sick child. My head flushed, spun like a toilet, jerked like a washing machine.

I fell back on a pillow. Fingers tugged at the thin panty on my hips.

“No. Don't.” I spoke softly, without strength. Half of me wanted to move, to struggle, break free and run home. . . half to see the warm erect penis pulsating against my bare leg.

“You're such a tease.”

“Stop it. Don't.”

“Quit the game,” Red whispered. “You know you want it as much as I do. I don't believe all this bull shit about you being the *three point bull dyke from Penn.*”

My underwear were at my knees. My head lolled to one side. My tongue felt thick as a cucumber.

When my panties reached my ankles I panicked. Instinct took over. Concentrating, using every ounce of energy, I kicked Red in the face. My toenail cut his cheek.

He wiped away a smear of blood.

“You bitch!!”

The man threw me roughly onto my stomach. An open palm came down sharply on my bottom. He landed on my back like a felled tree knocking the wind from me. A hard, moist Craftsman socket wrench jammed against my rear. Red swabbed my ear with his tongue.

“Get off!”

“Chill out Mary.” The bastard stuffed a dirty black sock in my mouth!

“OK bull dyke. You want it like a man. Take it like a man.”

Even considering my checkered past, including my mother's manager Nick who made me do unspeakable things, no man had ever fucked me in the ass.

Not a scream escaped my lips.

The only sound came from creaking springs, ripping flesh, and the air whistling between my teeth. For the first time since my grandmother took me from Roxy tears formed in my eyes and fell soundlessly.

“You love it. . .”

Red's hand fumbled between my thighs. Fingers thick as cigars mashed against my sensitive bumble bee of flesh. Electrical sensations throbbed outward, numbing my mind, terrifying me with the realization that against my will I was about to experience an earth shattering orgasm.

We sweated, screamed and convulsed in unison.

Red sighed and relaxed upon my back, crushing me with his weight. Alarms like firebells clanged between my ears.

“Match, and game,” Red mumbled as he collapsed onto the pillow beside me. Five minutes later he was snoring.

Slowly I regained my senses and extricated my arms and legs. Pulling on my dress, I left without one heel, in a daze, my mind cluttered with dust balls. I walked around Red's building twice before I realized what I was doing. I climbed into a yellow cab.

How could I have been so stupid? I didn't stop worrying until I'd seen my doctor and taken an AIDS test. It was worse than a pregnancy test. Much worse. I had to wait a week.

My doctor said I was okay, this time.

In my anger I struck back the only way I knew how. I told Ellen Forester that Red was hung like a #2 pencil. It got around.

Red responded by hanging around Estelle's desk at Fashion Elegance. The next thing I knew he'd bought her a new Mr. Coffee machine. My antennae went up. I tried to warn her, but she looked at me like Red had told her I was a lesbian.

The next thing I knew Red was taking Estelle out to Pat's Steaks for lunch. With a glazed look in her eyes that made me want to puke she told me they were going to a Phillies game.

Estelle redeemed Red's reputation as a stud. She was shameless. He hung a pair of her black mesh panties over an antler in his office, while Estelle showed off a new diamond tennis bracelet.

It didn't last three months. Suddenly there was a hot looking eighteen year old pattern-cutter sharing Red's bucket seats. Later when Estelle wore her first maternity blouse I didn't have the heart to say *told you so*, even though I know it was she who told everyone I was gay.

Estelle left without giving notice. She just didn't show up for work one day. I found her living with her mother on South Street in an apartment over a store called Condom Nation. The only thing thin about her was her hair. In her print dress with she looked like a pregnant coal miners daughter collecting welfare.

They say she lost the baby.

* * * * *

Jessie pulled off his T-shirt.

"Ms. Reed..? Are you okay?"

The boy's voice squeaked like a clarinet. He stood in a pair of young man's Fruit-of-the-Loom jockey shorts awaiting further instruction. His fingers fidgeted in front of his crotch as if he had something to hide.

"Take off your panties and get in the shower."

His cheeks ripe as a Jersey tomato Jessie stuttered: "C-Can't I take them off in the bathroom?"

"What's the matter? Bashful?" *Was his little thing hard?* Behind the white cotton pouch his masculinity looked about as menacing as three jellybeans.

Topless but for my lace bra I unzipped my skirt, letting it hit the floor. My briefs were as sheer as a pair of pantyhose. The boys eyes focused on the dark mat covering my crotch.

"See something you like? Good. You're going to be wearing lingerie even more feminine than mine."

Jessie blushed every shade of red in my Estee Lauder kit.

"Go ahead. Take your panties off. You don't have anything I haven't seen."

Was it hard, or wasn't it?

Stuttering an incomprehensible reply the youth turned his back to me and peeled down his underwear. His tan bottom was without blemish. Virginal. My curiosity un-

sated I watched him scurry to the bathroom. Unlike a girl's bottom the cheeks were narrow, without jiggle or bikini line. Cute as the butt on the Coppertone kid.

Careful. I was beginning to imagine Jessie dressed like one of the Korean hookers that walk the streets in Chinatown. My mind wandered. Imagine a whole new line of male clothes that leave the legs bare. Start with loose flowing shorts. The feminine look. For the sensitive male. If it sold men would start shaving their legs to please women.

The thought was intriguing.

I removed my bra and stepped out of my panties and picked them up depositing them in the hamper. Through the half open door I listened as Jessie adjusted the spigots in the tub. Water hissed. The air turned tepid, reminding me of the steamy Caribbean love scenes in the movie *Body Heat*. I was no where near as soft and sinuous as Kathleen Turner and Jessie was certainly no William Hurt.

Opening a drawer I wound a long Ace bandage around my chest, flattening my bosom. Wrapping my upper body made a man's muscular deltoids out of my breasts. Overtop I pulled on a sleeveless white dago-t, feeling more and more like Marlon Brando's Stanley Kowalski.

From beneath a pile of sweaters in my bottom drawer I lifted a black harness and life like phallus. It was crazy, but I had decided to go all the way with this *Dress Rever-sal*. In fact, I'd been secretly looking forward to it. But was this too far? Why not? I was curious to see what it felt like to spend an evening walking around with a penis.

I fit the belt snugly. Over my pubic hair stood a purple silicone phallus like the veined trunk of a trumpeting elephant. Hands on my hips I laughed as I looked into my dresser mirror. I felt the equal to any man. Even more powerful. Tireless. Unyielding.

Stepping into a pair of boxer shorts I chuckled as my new appendage poked through the hole. Were men constantly popping free? Their penis, their pride and joy, their root, their ego, their Achilles' Heel.

Jessie's little bulge looked so petite. *Why did I find his inadequacy so attractive?*

I stepped into a pair of pants with a military stripe up the side. My new addition formed a pup tent. Carefully I straightened it along the line of my zipper. How long would it take Jessie to notice? How would he react when he did?!

I tightened the jagged teeth on a pair of suspenders and stretched them over my shoulders.

Quiet as an Indian I snuck to the bathroom. Steam from the shower glazed the mirror on the medicine cabinet.

Peeking inside the shower curtain I saw the boy with his eyes closed, dreamily massaging Silkience into his long black hair, humming to his own inner music.

Water sluiced over a bony chest and relaxed, distended belly. A clear rivulet streamed through wiry black pubic hair, pouring from the wrinkled, uncircumcised tip of his pacifier like he was urinating.

I couldn't help but laugh.

Jessie squinted through soapy lather, wincing as shampoo trickled in his eye.

“Ms. Reed! OW!”

“There's a razor on the soap dish. Shave your legs.”

The boy turned sideways modestly, presenting me with his round brown derriere.

“Do I have to!? Someone might notice!”

I turned off the spigots and drew back the curtain. The boy blinked nervously, covering himself with one hand as he used his fingers to wiper blade his eyes.

“Do your arms and chest too. You're lucky you don't have any hair on your face. Later at the party you'll thank me.”

Jessie blinked as drops fell from his bangs, confused and distressed by my masculine chest and suspenders. Was it my imagination or did he notice the new addition?

“Sit on the edge of the tub. Don't slip. There's shaving cream by the shampoo.”

Meekly Jessie hid his sex with a wash cloth on his lap and sat with his knees pressed tightly together. Rubbery flesh squeaked on the porcelain.

“Go ahead! Get started.”

The boy shook the can and pointed his toes daintily, spritzing a line of foam up to his knee.

“Do between your legs too.”

I wiped the mirror and began brushing my short hair. Taking a cotton ball and bottle of spirit gum I dabbed my upper lip. Using a braid of hair I'd bought at the costume shop I cut short snippets and glued them in place creating a mustache.

“What do you think?” I asked.

Jessie concentrated on the blade gliding around his knee.

“Is this too much?” I asked. “I want a sort of Errol Flynn look.”

“It looks too thick. More like Groucho Marx.”

Carefully I trimmed my cookie duster down to size.

“It's almost eight o'clock. Get back in the shower and rinse off. Hurry. I've got to set your hair.”

I switched on a set of Lady Remington curlers. By the look on Jessie's face you would have thought I'd cocked a gun.

The boy stood on the mat in the tub self consciously, still covering himself with the wash cloth, and closed the plastic curtain.

“I'm going to put on my tie and cummerbund. Come back into the bedroom when you're done.”

“Yes Ma'am!”

While Jessie rinsed his legs and finished shaving the rest of his body I got into a ruffled tuxedo shirt and cuff links. The gold stripe in my pants had a matching stripe in my bow tie and on the pockets of my vest.

“You do look like Errol Flynn.” Jessie stood in the doorway with his long hair over one shoulder with a damp pink towel around his waist. Though his bare chest was flat his nipples seemed pointy as a pubescent girl's. He looked like a starved extra on the set of James Michener's *Hawaii*. If he had a lei of flowers he could go to the party as a native girl.

For a moment I regretted inviting Jessie. He was so quiet. He might be a bore. I should have called Estelle. . .

Just four short months ago Estelle and I spent a day on the beach together. I wanted to see her in a bathing suit and was not disappointed. As I sunned on my towel, aware my two piece thong made her uncomfortable, behind my sunglasses I watched the lithe blonde frolic in the waves with a group of engineering students from Drexel. Her hips were voluptuous, her posture rigid as Jackie O's, stately. The image of her running to me, breasts swaying in her white one piece was more arousing than Deborah Kerr running from the surf in *From Here to Eternity*. The chill water made her nipples rise against her suit like baby erections. Her face reddened as she hid her bosom with her towel.

When we walked up to the bathhouse, knowing Estelle was changing in the stall next to me, naked and dripping, I was so frustrated I locked the wooden door and rubbed myself to an unsatisfying orgasm.

* * * * *

Marching Jessie back into the bathroom I made him sit on the toilet while I combed his long wet tresses and wrapped them in pink curlers. The hot plastic touched his scalp. He bleated like a lamb. Rows formed.

When I was finished Jessie stood and cringed as he peeked in the mirror.

“I look like a geek!”

True, he did look deathly frail.

“Then don't look. I'm not done yet. Come on. Time to get you dressed.”

Jessie drew his towel tighter as I opened the boxes on the bed. Brushing aside tissue paper I selected a white lace garter belt. The thin floral design was stitched with a line of pink hearts.

I shook out a pair of fresh white hose. “Get rid of the towel.”

When the boy hesitated I snatched the damp folds, and hung it over a door knob. Whimpering, he splayed ten fingers like a fan across his crotch.

Paying no attention to his bashfulness I stood behind the trembling youth. Pressing the zipper of my trousers lightly against his moist fanny, fighting the temptation to lean closer, I looped the delicate confection of frills around his waist, fastening the catch at the small of his back. Four ruffled stays dangled against smooth thighs.

“Some men get excited wearing women's things.” Imperceptibly I moved forward, letting him feel my masculinity. Jessie froze and gasped. His back arched and his bottom jutted toward me, but I moved away before he could be sure.

“C-Can I put on my underwear?!”

It gave me a thrill to hear a male beg to put on a pair of woman's panties.

“Not yet.”

I sat on the edge of my bed and beckoned him to stand between my open knees. Time to get a closer look.

“Put your stockings on first, otherwise you have to unhook everything when you want to go potty.” I held open a withered booty for him to step into.

Like a fledgling ballerina Jessie pointed his foot. I stretched white nylon over a brown calf, working the material up his thigh, eliciting an unsolicited sigh from the boy.

After helping him with both legs I bid him straighten the seams over his toes.

“Fasten your garters.”

Jessie tried to negotiate the clasps with one hand. Turning his back to me I admired the dimples in his ass cheeks framed by the garter belt and stockings. He fumbled with the hooks.

If I were a man, I'd probably have an erection. Why hide it? Where was his ego?

“Now you can put on your panties.”

Jessie dove for the open box containing his petite undies. Slipping them up his legs the youth was horrified to find the thinly embroidered mesh pattern left him completely on display.

I got a good look. His wrinkled little organ was about the size of an AA battery. I could count the number of men I've been with on one hand and Jessie was by far the smallest.

Usually when I see a nude statue like Michelangelo's David I get a nauseous feeling in the pit of my stomach. The same way I feel when I sniff a plate of asparagus. After my experience with Red I expected the sensations to be more dramatic.

Instead as I looked at Jessie's uncircumcised pig-in a-blanket I did not feel the slightest revulsion. Quite the opposite. Pressed against its floral confines Jessie's little stalk looked about as threatening as my pinky. I found his immature little wrinkled nub of flesh a relief.

If he likes women, why isn't he excited??

Or is he?! No, it couldn't possibly be that small.

Aware I was studying him intimately the boy's face colored.

“I feel silly. . .”

The boy couldn't have looked any more embarrassed than if I'd caught him fondling himself with pictures of naked men in a copy of *Playgirl*.

Emboldened by Jessie's misery, curious to see if he could get an erection, I opened the front of his briefs and reached inside.

“If you want to pass for a woman you've got to learn how to tuck.” Squeezing his spongy flesh, feeling a weak pulse beat in response, I bent him back between his thighs. Lifting the sides of his briefs up over his hips gaffed him tightly.

I ran a palm across Jessie's bald crotch.

“Much better.”

Something insane warped my thinking. Taking the boy's hand I pressed his palm full against my crotch so he could feel my phallus.

Jessie jerked his hand back, eyes wide.

“Ms. Reed! What the. . ?”

I chuckled. “Just something to consummate the honeymoon.”

“Mary you're not serious?!” The boy's psyche did a cartwheel.

Mine soared like an F15 doing a barrel roll. It was that instantaneous. There would be no hiding my intentions. No questioning who wore the pants.

“Don't have a stroke. Can't you take a joke? It's just a prop. Put your shoes on and come to the bathroom. You could use practice walking in heels. I'm going to finish your hair and do your make-up. We'll leave your dress till last. You don't want to smudge it with powder.”

With surprising grace Jessie stepped into a pair of 3" pumps. His back arched and his bottom tilted at an attractive angle.

“Let's go paint,” I said leading him back to the bathroom.

Ankles wobbling, terrified of the new sway in his hips, cringing under his curlers, the boy trembled as if I led him to the electric chair instead of a seat on the commode.

* * * * *

Stacking the last pink curler I jerked a brush through Jessie's long black locks. When I hit a snag he squirmed. I let the bristles dig into his scalp, admonishing him to sit still. Curls gave his cheeks more fullness. His nose seemed smaller.

“Close your eyes.”

Hair spray fell like pixie dust.

“Now to accent your eyes and lips,” I said opening a Clinique make-up kit. I selected a sponge and dabbed it in a tin of foundation. “You're awfully quiet. Are you sure you've never done this before?”

The boy lowered his long lashes trying to shutter a private room. I spread foundation over the half dozen faint whiskers on his chin.

“Once.”

“Oh really?”

Jessie's eyelids drooped.

“When I was in third grade I got into some trouble at school. Nothing serious. My teacher sent a note home saying I was picking on this girl Sandy Baker. Actually I was just trying to get her attention. I was living with my Aunt Liliha in Seattle. The next day she said she was going to punish me by showing me how it felt to be a girl. She took me to school wearing my cousin's Sunday bonnet and dress, the kind with a puffy skirt, white gloves, and shiny patent leather shoes with a little 2" heel. Everyone, I mean everyone from my classmates, to my teacher, to the janitor, laughed at me. I felt so humiliated I cried. That's why I've been so nervous about tonight.”

“Shut up. Pucker.”

Using a Maybelline fashion stick I outlined the boy's mouth *with watermelon*.

“Do you think I'm a homosexual?”

“I said shut up.”

Carefully I filled in his lips using cherry tart.

“You do wear an awful lot of rings for a man.”

Jessie wrung his hands on his lap. “I admit, I do like jewelry. Does that make me gay?”

“Close your eyes.” Leaning close I used a sponge tipped applicator to shade chalky shadow around his eyes. His nostrils flared. He sucked in my breath on his face like a nervous pony adjusting to my scent.

“You keep bringing it up. Are you?”

Jessie's mouth opened but no words came out. Fuses sparked and blew in his mind.

“Have you ever been with a man? Truthfully?”

The boy swallowed, unable to meet my eyes. “No, of course not. . . I fooled around a little bit with another boy when I was young, but it was very innocent. I suppose everyone does, don't they?”

Carefully I dipped a brush into a vial of mascara.

“What did you do?”

“He lived next door. His named was Pat Murphy. He was a few years older than me and everybody liked him. One day behind his garage he asked me to touch him. . .”

"I'm sure it was all very innocent. As long as you practice safe sex there's nothing wrong with it. Follow your own beat. Do your own dance. Right now I am an artist restoring the Sistine Chapel. Each stroke on your lashes adds color, personality."

Dimples dented the corners of Jessie's mouth. It was a cute smile. Very cute.

Trying hard not to grin I patted his cheeks with a powder puff. "Are we having fun yet?" I asked.

"Oh yes!"

For a split second we shared a warmth, a bond like two singers doing a duet. Not quite as satisfying as a hug, but up there on the list.

"Stand up and look in the mirror."

Uncrossing his legs, tugging a wrinkle from his nylons, taking a deep breath, Jessie stood on weak ankles. In the medicine cabinet reflected a raven haired Eurasian beauty with long sweeping lashes and succulent lips. His dark skin was the perfect tan, and it lended accent to the lace in his fine white lingerie.

Jessie turned side to side, examining himself from every angle. "You're a fairy god-mother! I feel like you've hit me with a magic wand. This isn't me! I look. . . *pretty!*"

"Here. Try these on." I fit a pair of earrings through the boy's pierced lobes. A set of four 1/2" pearls hung from each ear dangling against his slender neck. "Don't you look lovely. I wish I had your color. White is good on you. Most women look like hippo's in white. Come back to my room. I'm not finished with you yet."

As the boy clip clopped behind me there was a new confidence in his step. Jessie drew his shoulders back, enjoying the feel of the curls caressing his shoulders. Rather than fight the feeling, he explored the new roll in his hips. He shook his head, playing with his hair, cooing as cultured pearls tapped his neck.

The ugly duckling flapped its wings. A delicate snow white swan floated across my room.

* * * * *

"Sharon Stone wore something like this at a fashion show in Paris. This style." I unzipped a garment bag and lifted out an A-line bridal micro mini. "It's a Lagerfeld."

Jessie accepted the dress and held it up, squinting as if I'd handed him a Rubik's cube.

"Step into it. That way you don't muss your hair. It had better fit. Next time you will try things on in the changing booth."

"Next time? Shouldn't I be wearing a bra?"

I gave Jessie my hand to steady him as he climbed into white chiffon smooth as lemon meringue.

“No. The waif look is *in* right now. You want to look a little androgynous.” A trait I found attractive.

Goosebumps rippled over Jessie's slender arms as I pulled the spaghetti straps up over his shoulders.

“It's too short!”

The hem line barely covered his loins leaving his lace top stockings and garter belts completely on display. Above the hem line were vertical lattice cutouts. His lace panties showed through the slits.

Glancing over his shoulder into the full length mirror on the bathroom door Jessie twisted side to side. His eyes grew wide. The swirl of lace on the seat of his briefs only partially obfuscated the cleft of his derriere.

“You can see right through!”

“No one will see anything if you keep yourself tucked.”

I fit a white Arlin pillbox hat on the top of Jessie's head, unbundling a long flowing veil down to his knees. Feeling like Ralph Lauren I arranged gossamer webbing carefully as baby's breath about his face and shoulders.

The sheer curtain failed to hide a cranberry glow.

“I feel different! Like someone else.”

I squirted Opium perfume about him.

“You look like singer on *Wayne's World*, Tia Carerra.”

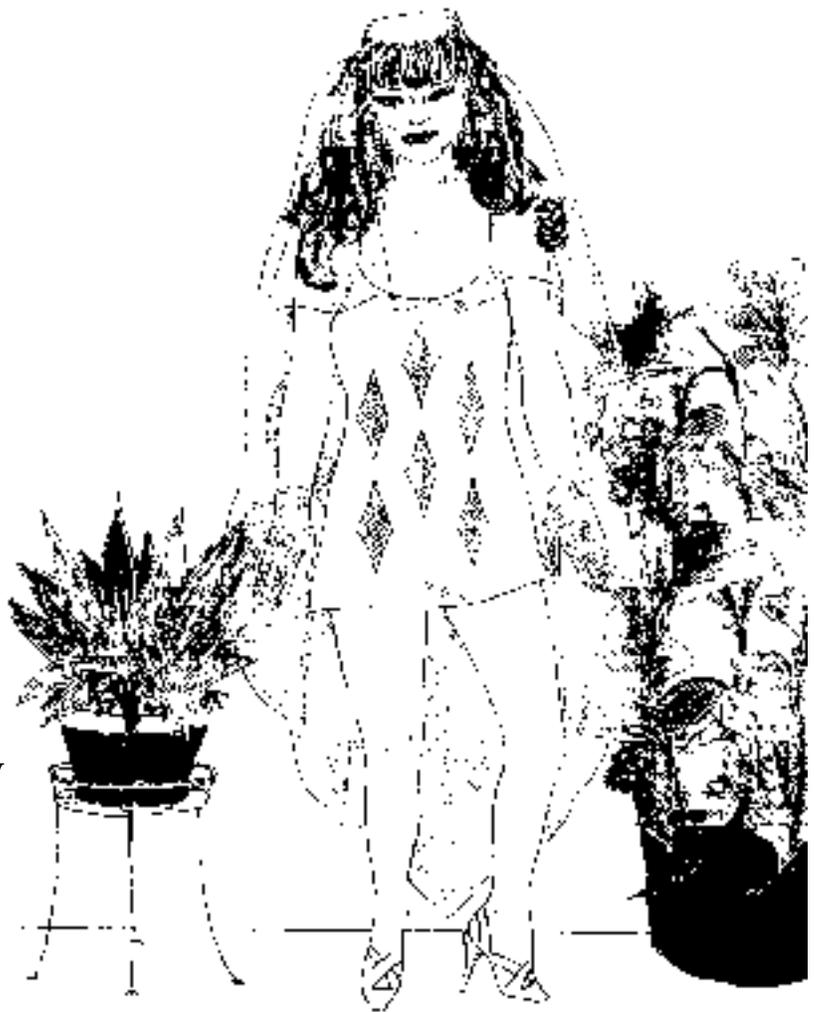
Jessie posed in front of the mirror, wispy as a ballerina by Degas.

“A pair of white gloves go with the outfit. Or would you rather paint your nails?”

The boy looked at the veins lining the back of his hands.

“Gloves please,” he whispered.

I pulled on my tuxedo jacket. The padded shoulders made me feel like a football player.



"I'm going out to the garage to get the car. I'll pull alongside the kitchen door." No sense giving the neighbors an eyeful. "Come outside when I beep the horn."

Jessie slid a hand into a lace glove tentatively as if afraid he might rip the seams. "Are you sure this is going to be okay? Do I really look all right?"

"Perfect."

"Good enough to pass as a woman?"

"It's Halloween. Some people are going to clock you. So what? No one cares. If Sharon Stone can wear that dress on a runway in Paris in front of hundreds of photographers, you can wear it front of a few fags in Philly. Oh, don't forget your pocketbook. It's on my bed in the Macy's box."

The boy opened the white clutch examining the cosmetics inside, his mind racing like a pentium chip.

"I need all this?"

"Yep. You get to keep it too. Listen for the horn!"

I bounded down the steps. Best to leave Jessie in solitude for a few minutes. I doubted it would make a man out of him.

* * * * *

The storm door slammed behind me. I was sweating in the suit. My collar seemed too tight. A strange weight shifted between my legs. Looking down I noticed a line under the material aimed at my hip like the barrel of a six shooter. With both hands deep in my pockets I fixed myself. I felt like a stallion trotting out to stud.

My hand gripping my new addition, I pressed it against my pubic bone. The base put a pleasant pressure against my rosebud. Although I'd never used a strap on, something told me it would be more pleasurable than I might have imagined. Did I have the guts to use it? Where were these feelings coming from? I wanted to run back upstairs and throw my new secretary over my bed and do him doggie style. Get it over with. Relieve some tension.

I looked up. A shadow passed by the bathroom window. Jessie primped and fussed in front of the mirror plucking at his new curls like an excited kid picking at cotton candy.

What about the idea of designing a new line around the sensitive male at Fashion Elegance? What if I put him in a skirt at work? Would anyone notice? Would we both get fired? What if this new style started slowly? In stages. Loose blouses. Flowing trousers. A long skirt, almost a robe.

Considering the possibilities gave me a rush. Here was a challenge! The adrenaline surged through me like I was gearing up for a Penn-Temple series.

Opening the garage door I laughed out loud.

I pictured Jessie bending over the coffee machine in the snack room in a short skirt. Red Whitmore would have his snout sniffing between the boy's thighs. Red makes a pass. Jessie faints, then acquiesces. They go to a Michael Jackson concert at the Spectrum. In the convertible with the top down they kiss for the first time at a stop light on South Street. Dinner at the Top of The Square, dancing at Elan. Red has the boys panties around his ankles with Letterman playing in the background.

How would the big he-man react? Disgust? Desire?

The head pattern maker at Fashion Elegance, Ellen Forester operated like a super-market tabloid. One whisper and the rumor mill would print pictures of Red and Jessie in a Jacuzzi with Tom Arnold and Roseanne Barr.

What if Red hurt the boy?

Anything was possible.

Was the guilt worth the fleeting joy of vengeance?

Jessie would disappear as quietly as Estelle.

Was that justice?

I looked up at the shadow in the window. Jessie was a quiet, sensitive boy. From what I could tell he possessed above average intelligence. Unlike most of the men I knew he was neither aggressive nor competitive. He made no demands, no complaints. Probably did his own laundry, and with a little coaching would do mine as well.

Conflicting doubts nagged at the back of my mind. The more I emasculated Jessie, the more attractive he became. Here was a male that was going to know what it felt like to be a woman. Here was someone I could understand and who would understand me.

I climbed behind the wheel of the Volvo and started the engine.

What might it be like to sleep with someone as feminine as Jessie? With such puerile loins could he even engage in coitus? Could he satisfy me?

One way or another I was going to find out.

* * * * *

On the drive to the Main Line Jessie sat so quietly in the passenger seat with his purse on his lap I almost forgot he was there. Huddled beneath his white veil he looked like Pocahontas in an opaque teepee.

The plastic phallus felt like a can of Coke between my thighs. Sitting upright the leather harness cut into my crotch, a constant reminder of the underlying fragrance of sexuality in the air.

I turned off City Line Avenue onto a long driveway flanked by ancient silver maples. Tires crunched on dried leaves. I sniffed roasted pumpkin seeds and warm apple cider.

Behind a neatly trimmed hedge loomed a three story stone mansion, the scaled down Philadelphia version of the Chateau of Versailles. Beside me Jessie hooted like an owl, making me wonder if it might be a major *faux pas* to be escorting someone three years my junior.

“Rash works as a caretaker. He's house sitting for Judge Kelly,” I explained. “Kelly is a judicial genius in the mold of Rolf Larson. Ever hear of him? The Supreme Court Justice impeached for drug abuse? Kelly is out there beyond Deep Space 9. The idiot went off to London and left the entire estate in Rash's hands. He'll be lucky if there's still a house left when he gets back.”

Even with the car windows up I could hear the dull pulse of a rock 'n roll beat. A pair of half naked valets parked cars on a well manicured lawn.

I gave Jessie a last minute inspection. There was something about a wedding gown, even on a male, that put a halo over his head.

A smiling young African American the size of Arnold Schwarzenegger opened the door of the Volvo. He wore a fluorescent orange G-string that was stretched to the limits over the Great Pumpkin.

With a voice higher than Jessie's the valet asked: “Can I help?” Purposely flexing his biceps the body builder offered a hand to Jessie. My secretary cringed like a vampire before the cross.

“It's Enrico! He lives in my building!”

“That's okay honey,” I called. “I'll drag her out!”

With a friendly wave Enrico scampered off to a Toyota driven by Cher.

Sliding my hand beneath Jessie's veil I lay a warm palm on the boy's thigh. “Don't get upset.” Deftly I tightened the catch on his garter belt. “You're bound to run into people you know. Try to relax and have fun.”

I fluffed the veil around his shoulders.

“Do I really look okay?”

“You're perfect if you don't talk,” I replied. Everything about Jessie was passable except his voice. Not that it was too deep. Although 21 he still had an adolescent squeak. “If you have to speak, whisper. Now stay here. I'll come around and open your door. Remember, tonight you're my bride-to-be. I'll take care of you.”

I wanted to take the youth's hand and placed it over my crotch so he could feel my phallus and make a lewd comment about our honeymoon, but the poor boy already shook like Katherine Hepburn.

Climbing from the car I pulled on my tuxedo jacket and walked around to the passenger side. Gripping Jessie's hand tightly I yanked him up a flight of marble steps to 17th century Florentine doors twice our height.

Behind us waddled a para legal named Peggy McDonald dressed as Charlie Chaplin and a group of women dressed as Woody Allen sperm cells. Everyone covered their ears, wincing at the din of a wailing Fender guitar.

Before I could open the double doors out burst a topless blonde in black mesh panties that looked like Daryl Hannah's twin. It was one of DeeDee's groupie's, Teri Johanson. Breasts bounced in unison as she skipped down the steps. On her back were wings. In her hand a bow and arrow.

“Hi Mary! I'm playing Cupid!”

Teri was chased by a buxom redhead wearing one of Kelly's black District Court robes and waving a decanter of incense like a mad altar boy.

A jet stream of marijuana trailed them both. They raced across the lawn between the cars to a large fountain and proceeded to jump in and splash about like spawning dolphins.

Inside the door greeting guests stood Moe Vitucci, a 69 year old waiter at the Paddle Wheel on the Delaware. The man had a history in Philadelphia as old as the cobblestone streets. His long white bangs were teased up in a bouffant higher than Don King's. He wore a custom made costume: a tight fitting, long black velvet gown with six fuzzy spiders legs fitted to the spine that did nothing to hide his beer belly.

“Hello Mother,” I said giving Moe a hug.

“Hello daughter,” the old man lisped. “I'm leaving before the cops get here.”

“So soon?”

“DeeDee is behaving herself, but Rash. . . well, you know what they say: you can't polish shit. I'm going back where I belong: the bars! Who's your friend? I love his dress.”

“This is Jessie. Jessie, this is the Mother Vitucci, the first lady of Philadelphia.”

Jessie fumbled with his veil and extended a hand that Moe failed to see.

“Did you see Larry Leather? They carried him out just a few minutes ago. Already! Randy is upstairs trying on Mrs. Kelly's evening gowns. He spilled mustard all over a Bob Mackie! Can you believe it? That's a mortal sin! The whole party is going down the toilet! Kathy Coupons called me a cab. Here it comes.”

Like a genie Enrico appeared and offered the old dame his arm. Aided by the muscular valet Moe waved and hobbled slowly down the steps as if his feet hurt.

Entering a foyer as big as my row house I spotted Rash coming down a Louis XIV marble staircase in Madonna drag. Dark roots showed around the edge of a platinum ponytail wig. He wasn't proficient enough with make-up to hide the whiskers on his chin, or he just hadn't bothered to shave.

“Where did you steal that bra?” I chided. “A couple of Coneheads?”

Rash moved with slinky grace for a man in 8" platform heels. His vacant eyes reminded me of someone who had dropped a lot of acid in the 60's.

“Let me guess who you are. . .?”

“Don't let the mustache fool you.”

Rash recognized the sound of my voice.

“Hi Mary. I'll be right back. I have to check on something.” He turned up the stairs and fled toward the balcony.

Rash's brain cells weren't completely fried. He remembered he owed me three hundred bucks.

Yanking Jessie along in tow we walked through a drawing room as if drawn by a Pied Piper toward the blare of rock music.

The dining room table seemed as long as a football field and was lit by endless candles. Everywhere guests ate and drank in revealing costumes. You had to look two and three times to distinguish male from female.

Cat Woman had the most lovely ass in her skin tight leather outfit, until you noticed the cleft in his chin. Cher had the most gorgeous hair and lifelike tattoos, until you spotted the big hands.

A barefoot woman with orange toenails and an orange and black Fred Flinstone smock chugged a pitcher of beer while a circle of squealing topless women in green and white Eagles football helmets and shoulder pads chanted encouragement.

I tried to put an arm around Jessie's waist but the veil got in the way. “Are you okay?”

The boy stared up at the sparkling chandelier like it was a ferris wheel. My fingers sought his. He trembled with the excitement of a five year old at his first Country Fair.

“Over there! Doesn't she really look like Elvira?”

“That's no lady sweetie. That's a transsexual named Chantilly Lace. She's still got her balls. Just listen to her. Come on.”

In a ballroom bigger than a gymnasium Shackles rattled the window panes and assaulted the inner ear at peak volume. A crowd of costumed people clapped, sang, and did some dirty dancing.

In her black shagged hair, looking like one of the Runaways, DeeDee sang from a low platform in front of a wall of amplifiers. Her darkly made up eyes swirled at the vortex of the room sucking us in like a black hole. Wearing a dark blue mesh football jersey with the number 17 and “Joe Montana” on the back, red Converse sneakers, and nothing else, to a simplistic three chord, hard driving Stratocaster, DeeDee sang:

You're insecure and yeah it shows, don't you think that no one knows. There's no use trying to fool us. . .

DeeDee went into a guitar solo, wailing on the strings like Keith Richards. The girl has talent coming from her fingertips.

Jessie hopped up and down like he was at Woodstock. He stood on tip toe craning his neck to see each member of the band. Kathy Coupons on bass with her man's regular haircut dressed as Adam in a nylon body stocking and green leaf. Laura, lead guitarist and pregnant army soldier. A muscular black boy in a Tina Turner wig on drums.

The lights dimmed and the crowd thundered applause. In the dark DeeDee's perfect teeth flashed a euphoric smile.

“They're fabulous!” Jessie gushed.

Jumping down from the stage DeeDee was surrounded by well meaning friends. She accepted a beer from a drag queen doing Bette Midler with too much eye shadow. DeeDee took an appreciative swallow, then slapped the redhead's well padded ass.

Dragging Jessie through the crowd I hailed the singer.

“Mary! Amazon woman! You made it! And you look so butch!”

DeeDee hardly glanced at Jessie. The way she was looking at me I thought I could hear her eyes sizzle like bacon.

“Dee, this is Jessie. He's my new secretary.”

“Gorgeous!” Like myself, DeeDee had a predilection for pretty things. “Do you mind if I kiss the bride?”

“Go ahead.”

DeeDee parted Jessie's veil, looking at his legs like she was opening a centerfold. DeeDee whistled at his narrow waist. “He looks like one of your models, only flat chested. I love what you did with his hair.”

DeeDee pecked the boy politely on the cheek.

Jessie couldn't have been more excited if he'd been poked by the President. He bit a knuckle, wanting to say something, but remembered my caution to say little. His dimples gleamed in a bashful smile.

I shooed DeeDee away, suddenly feeling just a little bit jealous.

“Careful, you're wrinkle him,” I said grumpily fixing Jessie's veil.

“Okay, okay. Let's go get a drink,” DeeDee grinned. “I've got fifteen minutes before the next set and we've got to talk. I need your help with something Mary. I need some muscle.”

We wormed our way through the crowd. At a keg of beer DeeDee took the nozzle from a woman wearing a plastic Bill Clinton mask who went off with a man in a conservative dress, hairy legs, and a Hillary mask.

“Rash wants to play Anything Goes tonight,” DeeDee said as she poured Budweiser into a plastic cup.

“Not with this size crowd!”

“That's what I said.”

Accepting the drink I handed it to Jessie.

The youth asked softly: “What's that? A game?”

Unbeknownst to the boy his wrinkled little member had slipped free and was plainly visible through the lattice skirt and lace panties.

“Great game if you're into orgies.” DeeDee gulped her drink. She eyed my date's dainty white pouch like it was an hors d'oeuvre.

“Everyone gets one wish,” I explained. “Anything goes. The other members of the party have to grant the wish or they lose and are asked to leave. We used to play it at Penn. It's only meant for three people, four at the most.”

“Rash heard about it from Beretta. Have you met her? She used to work at an S&M club in Manhattan called Spanky's, and now she's here, getting paid to be Kelly's live-in maid and Mistress. Rash has been going around telling everyone we're playing *Anything Goes* at midnight. Hey, I like sex as much as anyone, but it has to be safe sex.”

“Exactly. I can't believe you actually sleep with the man. Aren't you afraid of catching. . . a rash.” I shuddered.

DeeDee peered over her beer. “I take precautions. Do you want graphic details? Rash might be an ass hole sometimes, but he has a great big. . . The biggest I've ever seen anyway. And I've seen a few.”

The house music switched off abruptly as someone turned off the tape. Red squares of light, blood stained Anderson window panes, rolled across a huge early American wall painting by Thomas Cole of pilgrims and Delaware Indians passing a peace pipe.

Shocked silence.

“RUN! It's the cops!”

People shared the same wide eyed stare. Feet pounded on the floor like stampeding buffalo. Frankenstein brushed by me. A flock of screaming Eagles shoved aside a terrified old man dressed as Betty Davis, knocking him into the punch bowl.

* * * * *

“There goes the gig,” DeeDee sighed and crumpled her plastic cup. “Follow me. We'll slip out the back. We can hide in the wine cellar. No one will find us there.”

Rash limped across the ballroom on one heel. The sweat of a man looking at hard time bubbled on his brow.

“Dee! Baby! You've gotta go out and stall for time! Wendy is upstairs flushing all the reefer. You always say you're the one wearing the pants in this relationship. Prove it!”

“Moi? Go outside? What are you nuts? So you slip out back with your dooper friends? It's your party Rash. Cry if you want to.”

With all the drugs in the house if we were all arrested there would be a strip search. Imagine my discomfort when they found a \$29.99 Intruder strapped around my waist.

With a feeling in the pit of my stomach that we were all going up river with tennis racquets for paddles, I interjected: “Let me handle this. If Rash goes outside dressed like that we're all going to Holmsburg on a fashion offense. I'll be right back.”

“Go for it man.” Rash's hatred of me was as palatable as the odor of Eternity cologne about him.

“Mary's got more balls than you do,” DeeDee hissed.

Like a well trained poodle Jessie followed me to the door.

“Stay right here by this plant,” I cautioned.

Standing close so no one could see what I was doing I slipped my hand through the lattice of his skirt and reached inside the boy's panties. “I can't take you outside.”

For a brief second I cradled the boy's manhood in my palm as if to draw masculine energy from an ancient totem. I was rewarded with a moan and some swelling. I took it as a good sign. Deftly I tucked the hardening little member back out of sight.

“If the cops see you dressed like this they'll call a paddy wagon and ship us all downtown just so their buddies at the station can get a good look at your tush.”

The boy blushed, horrified that someone might be watching.

“Don't move from this spot,” I said with a parting pat on his flat as a flounder crotch.

DeeDee joined us pulling on a worn motorcycle jacket, looking as calm as Wyatt Earp taking a stroll down to the OK Coral. Her bare legs were magnificent if not for those God awful red sneakers.

“Shall we?”

The smiling young woman took my hand and led me outside. The brief contact of her fingers gave me the euphoric rush of courage I needed.

Outside it was quiet except for two whispering patrolman. They wore the stock Philadelphia black belted Hitler Youth jackets and brimmed caps. One knelt feeling the grass as if he was an Indian looking for deer tracks. The landscape had been rutted into graffiti by car tires.

“Yoo hoo boys!” DeeDee called.

“Let me do the talking,” I whispered.

A flashlight beam flickered on something fluorescent orange.

I stopped a step from the bottom to give me more of a height advantage. “Excuse me. Can I help?”

“Yeah pal,” answered a cop with a Joisey accent and a Barney Miller mustache. A police radio crackled at his belt. Using the tip of his billy club he picked up Enrico's G-string. “I wonder who owns these?” Exhibit A.

In a city like Philadelphia where the police force is understaffed and shot at regularly they have a reputation for hiring men a notch below the guards on Devil's Island.

I considered my lies carefully.

“It's probably one of the chauffeur's rags. Are you gentlemen here for the masquerade party?”

Barney examined Enrico's shorts for wax and found poop stains, while his partner, a young and handsome South Philly Italian was looking at DeeDee like he wanted an autograph.

"Not exactly," replied Barney sniffing Enrico's shorts. "Your neighbor filed a noise complaint."

"They're just mad because they weren't invited," DeeDee said hands on hips. "So the music is a little loud. If Pavorotti was here they'd be begging us to turn it up. Come on guys. It's Halloween!"

"Look, we're not a couple of dopes," Ricky Nelson replied. "Dispatch said they heard screaming and breaking glass."

"We blew out a couple windows." DeeDee grinned, almost proudly.

Elbowing DeeDee aside, I climbed up a step to gain attention. "Gentlemen. I assure you the musical entertainment is finished for the evening. There won't be any further disturbances."

"Look Bud, I've got more important things to do than stand here and jerk off all night." Barney Miller flipped open a pad and wet a stubby pencil with his tongue. "Are you the owner?"

DeeDee turned to me, her eyes asking *what now?*

Deepening my voice, I began: "Judge Kelly is busy entertaining guests right now. . ."

"Jesus H! This is Kelly's place?!" Barney looked ready to go back to Dunkin' Donuts.

"Yes, to be quite frank the Judge has imbibed a trifle too much Scotch, and. . ."

"Fucking Irish!" Barney exploded.

". . .some of Grace's people are here, so Mrs. Kelly asked me to come out and thank you for coming."

Barney scribbled some notes. "And what's your name Mister? For our report."

Without hesitation I replied: "Red Whitmore." I proceeded to give the officer Red's Society Hill address.

"Okay, we're outta here," Barney said. He waved his hands like Richardo Muti trying to quiet the Philadelphia Orchestra. "Just try to keep the noise down. Your neighbor is an ass hole, but he is on the school board. See ya."

"Bye, bye," Ricky said to DeeDee sadly. Fucking guinea's, he'd found just the right angle so he could view the girl's nude body beneath her mesh football jersey and was loathe to leave.

Just when it appeared we'd concluded the matter successfully Rash limped out the front door like he was carrying off a sack of silverware.

Rash turned to face us, blonde ponytail crooked, right breast cone smushed. His eyes looked like he'd just chugged a bottle of Southern Comfort.

“Hallo!” he slurred. He pointed toward Barney, then me. “Who's this, Andy of Mayberry? I guess that must make you Barney Fife!”

Laughing at his own joke, in a vain attempt to look nonchalant, Rash leaned against a marble pillar. He missed, and keeled over into a hedge of azaleas where he lay unmoving.

Flashlight beams danced on two hairy legs in torn pantyhose and one dangling silver 8" platform heel.

“Nice swan dive,” Ricky chuckled.

“Poor bush,” Barney grumbled. “Is she. . . , er he, all right?”

“It's going out with the trash,” DeeDee replied, furious.

Barney backed away stuffing Enrico's G-string in his pocket. “Don't let Madonna drink and drive.”

We waved like two fools on the dock at their own boat.

“Top cops, huh?” DeeDee whispered.

“Keystone cops,” I muttered.

Rash stirred in the bushes. Arm in arm we ignored him and went back inside to his party.

* * * * *

Much of the crowd had fled into the dark recesses of the mansion. In homage to our triumphant mission two women dressed in Philadelphia Phillies baseball uniforms accompanied by a pair of men outfitted as Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders clapped their hands and waved pom poms.

“Where's my princess bride?” I asked.

Jessie was conspicuously absent from the potted palm where I'd left him.

Above us two people grunted and groaned. DeeDee nudged me and pointed to the top step of the winding staircase where hairy legged Hillary had her skirt up around her waist and Mr. President had his trousers about his ankles and was receiving it doggie style.

“On no!” DeeDee looked at her watch. “It's midnight! Rash started the game!”

Panic hit me like a mother in Bloomingdales who's been shopping for thirty minutes and suddenly realizes she's can't remember where she left the stroller.

“Where's Jessie?!”

We jogged through the deserted ballroom into the library and stared at a crowd of half naked squealing and gyrating bodies draped over every piece of Chippendale furniture in the room.

"I don't see him," I said twisting my head sideways. "Frankenstein probably has him bent over an Ottoman."

"Let's ask my roadie Benny. Maybe he saw something."

Benny is a tall, skinny youth who made a passable RuPaul in a Las Vegas showgirl costume. He stood masturbating into an open law book while watching two lesbians perform 69 on the end of the table.

"Benny, have you seen Mary's secretary Jessie? The skinny oriental boy in the bridal gown?" DeeDee asked.

Benny's eyes rolled upward in his head. His penis was as thick as my wrist.

"Did... you... try... upstairs?"

"Thanks! Have fun!"

A bottomless Cher with a penis and a topless pirate with breasts strode past us arm in arm.

"Maybe he's just using the bathroom," I wondered. "Maybe I'm worrying for nothing."

DeeDee laughed. "After all this crowd drank and with his cute buns? NOT! Not in Philadelphia."

Speaking of backsides, I followed DeeDee through the rows of stainless steel tables in the kitchen trying to concentrate on the current dilemma rather than the sight of her shapely buns through her mesh jersey. Climbing a steep spiral staircase I stepped over a sleeping college girl in an Energizer Bunny costume.

Water splashed. We ran down a long hall toward the light of an open door. I tripped on an empty champagne bottle.

"Come look," DeeDee grinned.

Side by side we peered into a white powder room dominated by a Jacuzzi bigger than my whole bathroom. A misty mountain of bubbles and steam swirled upward to glaze the cathedral ceiling. Water dripped from macramé pots and sky lights. The moist air smelled of Camay bath oil beads and incense.

Teri Johanson broke through the water looking like Daryl Hannah in the Penthouse remake of the movie *Splash*. A topless mermaid gasping for air, her every orifice pink, warm and inviting. She wiped long blonde seaweed from fluttering lids. Shiny shoulders bobbed with her breasts, the nipples lost in bubbles.

"Dee! Kewl! Come on in!"

The girl's smile disappeared when she realized her idol was not alone.

"Where's your girlfriend?" I interjected.

"Which one?" DeeDee chuckled. "Teri gets around."

"The redhead I saw her swimming with in the fountain? The one that looks like Bonnie Raitt."

“Alice.” Teri's nipples squeaked against the side of the tub as she hid her body from my view. The sound reminded me of a fresh Nike's on a freshly waxed basketball court. “She's a dancer at the Bottom's Up. She went downstairs to get more champagne. You can come in. . . both of you. Alice won't mind. The water's warm.”

With hands on hips, DeeDee grinned down at Teri.

“Why don't you come help me out of my coat?”

Without hesitation Teri stood and climbed carefully up the slippery steps clothed in suds. My heart pounded with the balls of her feet on the quarry tile floor. Water dripped from every voluptuous pore. Her body vibrant, shivering with a sudden chill, Teri stood awkwardly in front of us as if for inspection.

Embarrassed that she was the only one nude, the blonde clasped her palms together before her chin as if in prayer, using her elbows to hide her nipples. The lips of her sex were smooth shaven but for bubbles.

DeeDee glanced at me out of the corner of her eye.

All of this was for my benefit.

“What good service.”

Teri hurried to the task like a good groupie should, docile, without hesitation. As she opened the jacket DeeDee locked Teri in a stare that sucked the marrow from my bones. Teri melted. Leather landed in the puddle. DeeDee wrapped her arms around the narrow waist, her lips closing over the swooning lips, drinking in a moist sigh.

“DeeDee I'd love to stay and play,” I said checking my watch, “but I've got to run. Jessie, remember? Have you seen him Teri?”

DeeDee broke the kiss. Teri pretended to ignore me, her lips seeking more. DeeDee pinched a fleshy ass cheek, demanding an answer.

“Ouch! Yes! They carried him to Beretta's room. And I mean *carried*. You should have seen it. Maybe you should go rescue him.” There was a tinge of green in her blue eyes.

“Be nice,” DeeDee cautioned. “Don't you want my friend to stay?”

Teri jumped onto tip toes as DeeDee slid a finger inside the wet crack of her bottom.

“Sure!”

Humming merrily, carrying a silver tray of bubbling champagne glasses overhead like a waitress, Alice appeared wearing one of Judge Kelly's black robes, the zipper open all the way down her back to the crack of her pale Irish ass.

If DeeDee felt any embarrassment about being caught fondling Teri's derriere it didn't show. Quite the opposite. DeeDee slapped the girl's jiggly flesh, playfully grinning like it was payday.

Alice put her tray down, smiled pleasantly, and stepped out of her robe as casually as if she was climbing into the shower at home alone. She was endowed as generously as Dolly Parton. Pointing a toe into the water she looked at me.

“Are you coming in?”

My throat was dry.

“DeeDee is staying. I've got to run. Have fun, fun, fun.”

DeeDee stood behind Teri, wrapping her arms around the woman's soft belly, running her palms down thighs succulent as the dark meat in a Perdue turkey. The blonde trembled as she peered through cracked lids at Alice.

There was no mistaking DeeDee's arousal at this little peep show of power. “Forget about Jessie. I'm sure he's in good hands. Stay with us.”

I leaned my body against Teri's, sandwiching the woman between us.

“Aren't you the one that said playing *Anything Goes* wasn't a good idea?” Purposely I pressed my hard phallus against Teri's crotch.

The girl's eyes widened as she gasped. “Oh my. . !”

DeeDee clapped a hand over Teri's mouth. The way she undulated forced Teri's sex to grind against my erect organ. “Find Jessie and come back.”

“No,” I said moving away. “It's getting late. Maybe some other time.”

Teri faltered on weak knees. “Mary's got a. . !”

“What?” DeeDee laughed.

I leaned forward to peck DeeDee on the cheek.

Her mesh football jersey was wet from Teri's flesh and clung to her smallish breasts and swollen nipples.

Teri was breathless. “Between her legs!”

“You always said I had balls.”

“Come back here Mary!”

“Later. You know where I live.”

* * * * *

I hurried through hallways strewn with plastic cups of spilt beer on Persian rugs. It was like witnessing the Screw magazine remake of *Pillow Talk*. A magnificent sparkling purple Riazzi gown was draped over a steel suit of armor. Naked and semi costumed party goers ran from room to room. Peeking into a bedroom I saw a bald Little Bo Peep smoking a cigar and masturbating with Judge Kelly's white ceremonial wig.

One last door.

Surprisingly it was the only one locked.

After knocking I was admitted by DeeDee's bleary eyed bass player Kathy Coupons. Inside upon a hook dangled a starched black and white maid's uniform.

“Mary! You're just in time. You're date is about to lose his cherry.”

Lit by an open hearth fire a dozen shadows danced in the smoke like figures in Dante's *Inferno*.

Dominating the room like an altar was an ornate oak cabinet, it's double doors flung open to reveal row upon row of glittering chains, slender crops, and black dildos.

Entering the room I stepped on something squishy. Condoms littered the floor like toadstools.

A circle of onlookers stared at a trio in the center. Suspended from a ceiling hook hung Suzie Wong in snowy white garter belt, stockings, wobbly 3" heels, and an erect 4" penis poking free from the top of his panties.

Jessie!

Blindfolded and gagged, with his ankles bound together and clipped to a hook on the floor, poor Jessie was completely immobilized. The boy's dress and veil lay at the feet of NYC's notorious Madam Beretta.

Her real name is Bertha Miller. I met her at a party once. She drank tequila and had a nasty temper.

"Mawee dahlwing!" Beretta spoke to Mary with a heavy New York accent that came out sounding like Elmer Fudd.

Manhattan's most famous Mistress wore a form fitting black leather jump suit and Nazi officer's cap. When not beating the shit out of men (just because they used to laugh at her when she was fat) the miracle Mistress of Slim Fast is really a divorced, Jewish, third grade teacher.

"Come join our little game. It's my turn."

On center stage the third member of this intimate little menage was a broad shouldered man, naked but for a Frankenstein mask that had been turned backwards to blindfold him. He gripped Jessie's hips, staring upward like Stevie Wonder as he thrust the purplish glans of his swollen penis between the silky soft nylons on my secretary's thighs. His bludgeon looked like a patrolman's nightstick compared to Jessie's popsicle stick.



“That's enough Beretta. Let Jessie down. I'm taking him home.”

Kathy and Chantilly Lace moved aside.

“Don't get your tits in a knot Mary. I'm only teasing him. You can have your little secretary whenever you like.”

No matter what I thought of Beretta she certainly knew the male organ better than I. She had Jessie aroused far beyond what I'd imagined possible from his little nubbin of uncircumcised flesh. Even at 4" Jessie was larger than I would have thought possible. The helmet shaped tip was exposed from the waist band, the extra flap of foreskin drawn back tautly, the flesh as pink as Teri Johanson's labia. It seemed dainty and cute and much more desirable than the veined cattle prod cleaving the boy's thighs.

Beretta patted the tip of her riding crop against the lace pouch containing the writhing boy's testicles.

With a quick flick of her wrist Beretta swatted the thick cock spreading clear sticky glue on Jessie's stockings. “That's enough Red! Step back!”

“What?!”

RED!? Red Whitmore here?! Frankenstein?!

“Looks like the show's over,” said Chantilly Lace. Together with a body builder named Mae dressed as Tarzan, and Kathy Coupons, the threesome found a comfortable spot on a bearskin rug before the fire and began fondling one another's genitalia. Fred Flinstone stood by the open cabinet examining a vibrator.

“That's Red Whitmore?”

The man staggered back, unnerved by the sound of my voice.

“Who's that?! Who?”

Thankfully I noted the man's hands were cuffed behind his back.

As Beretta cranked a handle and lowered Jessie's wrists I whispered into the leather clad Dominatrix's ear.

Beretta smiled as she listened to my proposition.

“Red!” she snapped. “Come over here!” She fit leather cuffs around the naked man's wrists and ankles. “Lift your arms!”

Jessie didn't have a clue I was in the room until I removed his blindfold.

“Mary!” The poor boy's eyes gushed tears as he hung his head. I enveloped him in my arms, wiped his cheeks, aware of the way his manhood softened against my pant leg.

While I massaged Jessie's wrists to help his circulation and he fought for composure, Beretta cranked the handle, lifting Red's arms till he dangled from the ceiling in the position Jessie had just vacated.

“How's that?” Beretta asked. Her crop sliced through the air leaving a red line across the man's buttocks.

“Lovely,” I replied.

“Mary Reed!” Red grunted as his back arched. He struggled against his bonds.

“Take off that horrible mask,” I said.

Jessie hid in the crook of my arm while Beretta lifted off the green plastic by the tabs sticking from his neck.

Red's face was bright red, brow beaded with perspiration, curly dark locks soaked.

“Welcome to the party,” Red said with false bravado. The man's organ stood straight upward, throbbing annoyingly. “Is it Mary's turn yet? Oh, I've already had my turn with. . .”

I gripped Red's hairy testicles tightly and squeezed.

“It's Estelle's turn. I'm doing it by proxy.”

Beretta handed me her riding crop.

The way Red's jaw fell was as satisfying as winning a free trip to Hawaii. I had a reaping scythe in one hand, Red's balls in the other.

“Go ahead Mary. Give him a few strokes. He's all yours. I've got whips, paddles, dildos. . .”

“I want to see you fuck him,” Marlene drawled.

Releasing Red's testicles I swatted his backside. His erection jerked, his muscular buttocks marked with a line and the color of a bruised thumb.

“Isn't there something you can do about that?” I asked sourly.

“Certainly. I have just the thing.”

As the room watched Beretta retrieved a handful of metal clothes pins from a drawer in the cabinet. Smiling wickedly she snapped jagged teeth on the man's tender flesh. After each pin I delivered another swat.

Rising up on his toes, every muscle tensed to the breaking point, Red fought to bite back a high pitched scream.

Beretta snapped shut six pins along the shaft and around the rim till the squirming man's penis looked like a porcupine. His erection dropped like the flag on a captured ship.

Everyone in the room watched with amusement, except for Jessie. His back was turned. He seemed to be humming to himself happily as he smoothed out the wrinkles on the Lagerfield.

Twisting Jessie's shoulders I forced the slender male secretary to face Red.

“Don't put your dress on yet. The way you two lovebirds were carrying on I don't think we should pull you apart. And you told me you were straight.”

There was no mistaking Jessie's blushful attraction to the owner's virile son.

Red glared at me. “That's mighty hypocritical coming from the bull dyke from Penn.”

“Can't you gag him Beretta?”

While Beretta went merrily about her business I walked Jessie around Red's suspended form and pointed him at the man's glistening derriere.

"Go ahead," I whispered.

"And do what?!"

"Make love to him. Here's your big chance."

The effeminate boy blanched. "I can't do that! Not with all these people in the room!"

"What's the matter? Don't you like Red?"

We both glanced at Red's muscular buttocks. The flesh of his cheeks was smooth and vulnerable. Furrows of light brown hair covered the man's virginal bum. Cupping the boy's lace pouch I was rewarded with an immediate swelling.

Standing behind Jessie I pushed him closer.

"I-I c-can't! He's t-too t-tall."

"Here's a stool," Beretta grinned. "Step right up."

The nervous youth glanced around the room to see who might be watching. Chantilly, Mae, and Kathy lay on a bear skin rug before the fire their faces glued to one another's genitals. Only Fred Flinstone paid any attention. Marlene sat in a high back chair, her orange and black costume bunched around her waist, idly diddling the crotch of her panties, watching both us and the duo on the rug like she was flicking TV stations back and forth.

Gently I peeled the delicate brief down over the boy's member.

Jessie used both hands to cover himself.

"What happened? Where did it go?" Beretta chuckled.

Maybe Jessie just wasn't attracted to another man's backside. Maybe it was all the attention focused on his fragile masculinity. In any event, Jessie stood helplessly on the stool while I squeezed his deflated balloon.

Red mumbled into his gag. "Habing rubble?"

"Shut up!" With the riding crop I smacked Red's bottom. The man jerked.

"Let him play with himself," Beretta suggested. "That's it. Stroke it yourself. Make it hard."

With thumb and forefinger the red faced boy attempted to coax life back into his flaccid organ. He bit his lip sheepishly.

"I-I don't know what's wrong. . ."

"That's enough," I muttered. "Get down before you fall down."

After helping the boy from the stool I unzipped my trousers. Marlene laughed out loud. Chantilly Lace, Mae, and Kathy Coupons paused in the midst of their meal and craned their necks, watching as I extricated six inches of silicone from my trousers.

Although not as big as Red's, it made Jessie cringe.

“Oh my God Mary!”

“My turn,” I said softly.

Hands on Red's hips I pressed my phallus against the crack of his ass. The man froze and with a muffled groan twisted his neck attempting vainly to see what I was doing.

Beretta pulled the riding crop from my hand and stood in front of Red. Thin leather whistled through the air toward his tortured penis.

THHHRRIP!

Red screamed into his gag.

I thrust between the man's thighs, cleaving them playfully just as he had done to Jessie.

“OHH!”

I whispered behind the man's ear.

“You're such a tease. You know you want it.”

THHHRRIP!

Red's muscles bulged as he tugged at his bonds.

Pressing him forward so that he lost his balance, body bowed forward lewdly, hanging from his wrists, every fiber of his being tensed - except for his manhood, I smacked the man's backside. His flesh was wet with sweat.

His hips jerked side to side to dodge Beretta's crop. The bound man growled in fear, anger, and anguish as he struggled to avoid the silicone phallus probing his backside.

My hands on Red's sweaty hips I positioned the man on the tip of my sword.

“Time to make the donuts,” Marlene chuckled.

“Plow him girl friend!” Chantilly hollered.

For every woman that had ever been raped up the ass.

For Estelle.

With one quick stab I found my tender target. Not having used any lubrication the man flew onto tip toe, leaping as far away from me as possible - only to squeal high enough to perk up every dog ear in a mile radius as he came back down and speared himself on my lance.

“Take it like a man.”

As if I were doing a belly dance I undulated my hips against him. The man's pelvis bowed forward, Beretta swung at his flapping porcupine as he tried to escape my grinding thrusts.

“Try to relax,” I whispered. *“You might enjoy it.”*

I looked over my shoulder at Jessie.

The boy wasn't even watching. His back turned to us he stepped into his dress.

Trying to attract his attention I jerked my hips forward rapidly. My pants made a muffled slap against Red's quivering ass.

Jessie got back into the veil, smoothed wrinkles, purposely fussing in the mirror, pretending not to notice what I was doing to Red.

I was determined to exhaust the man. Riding him like a rodeo cowboy on a white Brahma bull I worked up such a sweat I had to quit before I ruined the tuxedo. The base of the phallus and the constant rocking motion twanged a pleasant note on my G-string. I had to stop.

Jessie stood fully dressed by the door clutching his purse, and appeared ready to sneak from the room.

I pulled free. Perhaps it was best. I was actually beginning to get aroused, a sensation I did not want to share with Red Whitmore.

My desire for vengeance sated I zipped my pants. The only sound in the room came from Red's hoarse lungs and Mae's tongue lapping at Kathy Coupons.

Like a tag team wrestler I did a high five with Beretta. She wore a 9" black dildo strapped to the outside of her leather pants.

"My turn," she smiled. "But then again, it's always my turn."

* * * * *

We drove in silence along River Drive.

Jessie sat on the edge of his seat against the door as far away from me as possible acting like I might slap him. He stared out the window.

The lights on the frat houses along Boat House Row refracted through the glass and luminous beams swept across oriental eyes.

There was an intense, pouty look on his face that I didn't know how to deal with.

The boy was as pretty as any woman I'd ever known. His face was as finely chiseled as Cindy Nelson, his body more feminine than Debbie Dardaris. Pretty people have a way of corrupting the soul.

"I'm tired and ready for bed," I said. "I'm not driving you home. It's late and there are too many drunks on the road. You can crash at my place."

Jessie did not jump at my offer. He considered the alternatives.

"I can take the trolley home."

"Do whatever you want after you get out of that dress. I see you have a tear in it and a run in your stockings. You're going to have to learn how to sew."

"Ooh! I can't believe what just happened back there! And you're acting like we just went out to a movie or something!"

I followed the signs toward Vine Street.

“Don't give me attitude. If you'd listened to me and stayed by the door like I'd told you none of this would have happened. I don't see what you're so upset about. You seemed to be enjoying yourself. What happened while I was gone?”

Jessie sat up straight looking in his purse as if searching for the right words.

“Mass hysteria. As soon as you walked outside Rash started yelling: Anything Goes! I stayed right where you told me. Really, I did! The next thing I knew people were running around chasing each other and taking their clothes off. Stealing furniture.”

The boy studied himself in a compact mirror.

“Suddenly some topless girl in a blue G-string with muscles like Tarzan started dragging me up the staircase! She even tried to pick me up and throw me over her shoulder. Then Red came along and the next thing I know they're fighting - over me! Seriously! You can ask Bill and Hillary!”

I maneuvered the Volvo up the Broad Street ramp.

“You're a mess. Fix your lipstick. Then what happened?”

Jessie twisted the knob on a tube of cherry tart and puckered his lips. He spoke between strokes.

“That woman. Beretta. She came along. She told them to *carry the virgin to my room*. They put a blindfold over my eyes and stripped off my dress. I couldn't really tell what was happening, but I could hear about a half dozen people taking their clothes off. . . I had no idea what was going on. . . then. . .”

Turning the wheel I pulled the car onto Walnut and headed toward Queen's Village.

“Then Rash fucked you.”

The boy winced.

“No. Thank God! Beretta tied my hands behind my back, and Red's too. I don't know why she was picking on him. Do you know Red?”

“You stupid shit. Red's father Clayton Whitmore owns Fashion Elegance!”

“Oh! And who's Estelle?”

“Estelle is a beautiful blonde girl about your age. She was my secretary before you. Red got her pregnant. So? So what happened next?!”

The boy closed his purse with a sad faraway look.

“Beretta told us to get down on our knees facing each other. She told us to kiss.”

Jessie tried to hide his smile, but his dimples gleamed, warmed by the memory of Red's breath on his face.

“I could feel him against me. . . his body. . . he was so excited!”

“And?”

“And then the next thing I knew. . . there was. . . this thing! This warm flesh pushing against both of our lips. It was huge!”

“Rash.”

“Red tried to stand up, to get away, I could hear him arguing with them, but Beretta must have had a paddle or something because she was swatted him, beating him on the bottom!”

“Did you like that? Did it turn you on?”

I turned the car into the alley behind my rowhouse.

“No! Of course not! Well, not at first anyway. I felt so sorry for Red, I mean, I even tried to take it all inside my mouth just so Red wouldn't have to be so humiliated in front of everyone.”

The boy swallowed.

“Big mistake! I thought Rash was going to choke me to death! I didn't know they could get so big!”

“Did he cum in your mouth?”

The boy closed his eyes and shuddered.

“No. Beretta made him stop when he started. . . leaking.” Jessie giggled. “Beretta told him to masturbate so everybody could see, and suddenly Rash's. . . thing. . . must have gotten soft. He was not a happy camper! He must have flown out of there! I could hear everyone laughing at him.”

I parked the car in the garage.

No wonder Rash was in such lousy condition when he stumbled out the front door. DeeDee sure picked a piece of work.

“When I got there you were hanging from the ceiling,” I said. “If I had gotten there five minutes later who knows what I would have caught you doing. Kathy said Red was about to take your cherry.”

The boy hid in the shadows of his dark hair.

“That not true! It was all Beretta's fault! She said I didn't do a very good job, that I turned Rash off. She yanked me off my knees and put these leather cuffs around my wrists and ankles. The next thing I knew I was on my tip toes hanging from the ceiling. I couldn't see anything, I couldn't move. . . Then I felt a man. . . Red. . . rubbing his hairy chest against my back. . . and. . . well, that's when you got there, I guess. I didn't know you were watching! I never felt so humiliated.. I was so scared!”

“Beretta was just teasing you. I don't think she would have really hurt you. But you never know with Beretta. She might have let Red fuck you. Did you want him to?”

Jessie fumbled with the door latch as if looking for an escape route. His breath came in gasps as if he'd just sprinted a mile.

“Mary I don't want to talk about it!”

Reaching across the seat I grabbed the boy's shoulder.

“Where you going? What's this *Mary* business? I thought it was Ms. Reed? What's gotten into you Jessie? Close the door.”

As my male secretary sat trembling I took the pillbox hat and veil from him and threw it into the back seat.

“I think you wanted Red to make love to you. You were quite excited.”

The boy balled his tiny fists.

“No!”

“Your body can't lie little one. You almost looked masculine! I didn't think *you* could get that big.”

I moved my hand along his inner thigh, smoothing out his stocking, cupping my palm beneath the pouch of his panty.

Jessie licked his lips. His little thing sat like a curled cheese doodle on his lap.

“Aren't you glad you're going to be spending the night?” I said. “Tomorrow we can get up early and go shopping. I want to take you back to the Gallery.”

“Why?”

Gently through the prickly lace I caressed flesh softer than a woman's breast, delighted to discover my touch caused an immediate reaction.

Jessie was bisexual. Just like me.

“This time you're going to try a few things on. I'll come with you into the changing booth.”

Carefully I rubbed my palm against the twin peanuts in his withered sack.

The boy whimpered as the shaft drifted upward, his uncut member popping through the waistband of his sheer G-string. Jessie melted into the bucket seat.

“I'm going to bring in Kay. She's one of the sales girls at Mandy's. I want her to check your measurements. I'm going to design for you something special to keep Red's motor running. Won't that be nice?”

The boy looked at me drowsily.

“What?!”

“You were having such a good time tonight. Maybe you should wear skirts all the time. You have beautiful legs. We'll get you a perm, a manicure, a pedicure. . .”

“What are you talking about! This was just for Halloween! I'm not going to dress like a woman for work!”

“You mean I'm reading too much into all of this? Men like Red like soft, smooth. . . lovers.”

The boy stared at my open tool box and work bench trying to take his mind off the fingers squeezing his aroused flesh.

“Things got a little out of control tonight. That's not what I want. I'm a man.”

“Yes, I can see that,” I smiled. “You'll do whatever I say. Won't you?”

Putting an arm around the boy's slender shoulder I drew him into the crook of my arms, kissing him deeply.

My tongue pushed open his lips.

His hips squirmed upward from the seat, thrusting between my fingers.

“Won't you?” I gripped his wrist and put his hand between my legs.

He tried to pull away, but I held him firmly.

“Yes Ms. Reed.”

Suddenly his arm relaxed and his hand stroked up and down, mimicking my fingers on his slide trombone. Jessie fumbled with my zipper.

It didn't happen the way I thought it would when you actually love someone. I was wearing a 6" piece of silicone between my legs. Half of me wanted to plunge it down Jessie's throat, the other half wanted to rip it off and pounce on the stiff little stem I manipulated with both hands.

Like two teen-agers in heat we shed our clothes.

Jessie unclipped the harness. A gloved finger brushed moist flesh.

In the cramped bucket seats I attacked him, trying to engineer a landing over my secretary's stick shift.

Our lips joined, but no matter how we thrashed we couldn't find the angle.

With a death grip around his little rooster in my haste I strangled his ardor.

“What's wrong?”

“This isn't working.”

There was a rap on the window.

“Holy!?” I banged my head on the roof.

The driver's side car door opened.

“Maybe if you had a little more room.”

DeeDee stood grinning at us, no hint of embarrassment on her face.

Her jet black hair lay flat against her skull and neck as if she'd just taken off a motorcycle helmet. She still wore her mesh football jersey without a bra, but now she'd added a pair of skin tight leather pants.

“How long have you been standing there?” I growled rubbing my head, just a little embarrassed to be caught unawares half naked, caught with my shoes on and my pants around my ankles, caught by the woman I lusted over, caught attacking my effeminate young secretary.

Jessie scrambled beneath me, trying to pull up his panties.

“I just got here. Am I interrupting?”

“Nothing much.”

In need of fresh air I pushed open the passenger side door.

“That's because Jessie doesn't have much to work with.” DeeDee picked up the harness and phallus on my seat. She lifted her eyebrows as if shocked. With a laugh, she said: “Rash does though, doesn't he Jessie?”

“Rash is a limp weenie,” I growled.

“Sometimes.” With a strange glimmer in her eyes and an almost childish giggle DeeDee opened the zipper on her trousers.

“I'm not.”

An 8 inch phallus, lifelike in design and color, stood from her crotch. It was double ended.

Jessie blanched. “Oh my!”

“You don't understand boys like Jessie, do you Mary?”

“Dee! What do you think you're doing?”

“Come on Mary, anything goes tonight. It's my turn.”

“Don't tell me you haven't had more than your share with Teri and Alice?”

“That was just the opening act. This is the main event.”

The woman used a can of motor oil on my work bench to lubricate the plastic shaft. It glistened like a living organ in the dark.

Jessie and I clung to one another in our cramped seat.

Which of us did she have in mind?

The boy writhed beneath me.

I was still on his lap crushing him.

DeeDee nodded her head.

“Get out of the car. Both of you. Take off the rest of your clothes Mary. Get entirely naked. Jessie, leave your on your stockings and heels.”

My knees weak I climbed from the car.

Jessie gulped, moving as if under a magic spell.

“Sit on the hood of the car Mary. That's it.”

With extraordinary confidence DeeDee directed me to a position on the cold metal of the car.

Jessie stood facing me, DeeDee's ever vigilant weapon aimed at his virgin portal.

The boy yelped.

“Please not that!!”

Jessie screamed and lurched against me.

DeeDee's leather pants slapped against the boy's nude bottom.

Incredibly, as the woman's thrusts became more violent his puerile little loins elongated, the extra flesh of his uncircumcised tip tightening over a surprisingly firm erection.

With little prompting necessary DeeDee directed the boy's tumescence to the lips of my sex, pushing him inside like a finger into a ripe tangerine.

He felt surprisingly hard, like a thermometer pressed beneath my tongue, only warm, alive.

“My, my, doesn't this look like fun?”

All three of us snapped our heads around.

Behind the trunk loomed broad shouldered Frankenstein!!! Red Whitmore!

“Jesus you scared me!” DeeDee cried.

The man ripped off the green Boris Karloff face, smiling sheepishly. “Trick or treat. I tricked ya, now I want a treat.”

“What the fuck are you doing here Red?”

The man shuffled into the garage.

I lay on the hood of the Volvo, legs spread, Jessie's member deflating inside me like a punctured tire.

“Oh come now Mary. That's no way to greet an old lover.”

“You two?!” Jessie said wide eyed. “Lovers?”

“I wouldn't call it love. It was more like rape.”

“Never heard of a rapist wearing a condom. . .”

“You did?”

“Of course. I always carry one in my wallet.”

The man stood behind Dee grinning, holding up a Trojan, and although I'd hated him for the past three months, relief rent my heart.

Relief is spelled S-A-F-E S-E-X.

“Do you mind if I join you?”

“It's up to Dee. It's her turn.”

“We already had our turn in the car,” Jessie added softly.

“My turn's over. It's Red's turn.”

My throat was suddenly dry with anticipation. My mouth tasted of hunger, of thirst, of desire for steak, for meat, for the raw energy of a real man.

Red showed no emotion. His face was as blank as his mask.

“Let's trade places.”

Acting like a choreographer Red maneuvered DeeDee so that my raven haired classmate was poised between my open thighs, her glistening pointer aimed at the black swirl of curls covering my crotch.

Red positioned Jessie so that his finely chiseled legs were pressed together. He bent the boy forward so that his elbows leaned upon the Volvo, his nude bottom pointed upward provocatively, glowing in the glint of moonlight through the open window.

As Red unzipped, my lips feverishly sought Jessie's.

A slender shoulder touched mine as the boy responded passionately.

DeeDee gripped my ankles quietly lifting my feet over her shoulders.

My toes wiggled in her soft tresses.

Red smacked Jessie's ass cheeks.

“This is a treat.”

While all three of us watched the man rolled a latex sheath over an erection as masculine as the handle of a ballpeen hammer.

Dee leaned forward, bouncing her plastic knob against my sex.

Together we winced. She moved her weight to her hips, splitting me in two.

Our voices rose in shrill harmony. The twin peaks touched bottom together, transmitting goose bumps across our flesh like radio waves.

Laying his tool against Jessie, Red reached down to grip my nearest nipple. His fingertips were uncalloused, soft as a businessman's.

Jessie sucked on my lower lip, his eyes wide with fear and lust.

Dee wrapped her arms around my waist, lifting my pelvis off the hard metal.

We undulated together like two rolling waves on the beach.

My tongue forced it's way between Jessie's lips.

Red's big hands gripped the boy's narrow hips.

The sound of yielding flesh.

The boy's mouth opened wide enough to see his tonsils.

A cry of pain. A sigh of pleasure.

* * * * *

Since Halloween a lot has happened.

I decided I don't hate Red anymore.

Red put me on the board of directors at Fashion Elegance. He actually rehired Estelle as a pattern maker. So what if he's boffing my secretary?

Jessie loves it almost as much as he loves performing for DeeDee and I.

DeeDee and I have discovered a latent sister in the boy as precious as a nun. Once he got over his initial nervousness about wearing lingerie under his clothes Jessie has become quite enthusiastic about his new role.

Get this.

Over the New Year holiday Red is paying to fly Shackles, Jessie and I to Key West so the band can perform at Sloppy Joe's. Red rented a house for a week. It can accommodate ten people, has a swimming pool, and an outdoor Jacuzzi.

When Jessie asked me what to pack I told him: plenty of condoms.

Jessie already has three suitcases filled with the new unisex *maiden-male* line Red let me design: flowing blouses, sheer baggy pants for the beach, sandals with a wooden heel, bikini tops for men, jump suits to wear to dinner and party skirts for the clubs.

The hardest part during the trip will be juggling three lovers.

There hasn't been another foursome since Halloween, but ever since Jessie started playing tambourine for Shackles I realized all four of us were actively screwing all four of us.

The date of departure is coming soon.

I can't wait till we spend our first warm summer night walking on the Key West beach and someone shouts *Anything Goes!*