

Patriot Game Pt 6...The rest of the story

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Jack went from being a submissive floater to an empowered lady that was not going to be pushed around by anyone.

Chapter 27

"Women need a reason to have sex. Men only need a Place." Billy Crystal

The girls at the club were breaking from their nightly gab secession. Everyone has really come to love these intimate times of sharing. At first, everyone would discuss only girly things like hair, makeup, and fashions. Daisy became a font on information on these topics. If she didn't know an answer, Daisy consulted with her tutors and returned the next day with the response. Daisy tried to avoid being 'in charge', but her education and natural leadership skills couldn't be hidden. Everyone looked to her as their leader.

All the girls started to imitate Daisy, from her mannerisms to her style of dress. As the girl's admiration for Daisy grew, their makeup became less garish; their outfits went from trashy to classy. Everyone started to like each other. More importantly they started to like themselves.

Daisy made it a point to never lecture and tried to avoid philosophical issues. Despite her best efforts, today's conversation settled on sexual orientation and how each girl viewed herself on the gender spectrum. Each girl contributed; Paula shocked everyone by claiming, "At 16, she started wearing her mother's underwear around the house to seduce her stepfather. The bastard resisted for all of a day before he had me bent over the hood of his car in the garage."

Then to spice things up Candy added, "My sex life is really kind of private; sex is nobody's business except the three, four or five people involved."

Georgette contributed, "He started here as George a straight man forced to wear woman's clothes, but if he was pushed to identify himself now he would say he was just a pussy loving cock sucker." Everyone laughed at that. Peer pressure finally forced a response from Daisy.

After he pondered the issue for some time Daisy opened up, "Friends I don't know how to answer you. I am unable to locate myself on the gender spectrum. Some days I am sure I am nothing more than a man in a dress. Other times when I think about the clothes, I know I am a transvestite. Then there are days I wish I was really a woman and am sure I am a transgender male. Then days like today I know I am truly a woman, my spirit is feminine I just have screwed-up plumbing."

Sophie stood and made a pronouncement, "That's a great speech Daisy. As you know, not all of us want to be a woman; we just like visiting from time to time. Personally, when I get off work, I normally go back to boy mode. I don't ever want to give that up. Being a passable bisexual transvestite I figure I am a member of a privileged class. I have the best of all worlds. I mean, why limit yourself. I have an inexhaustible combination of partners."

Standing with his chest pushed out displaying his tits Sophie continued, "Sorry, I didn't mean to get all preachy on you, but if we are going to be good friends, I wanted to let you all know who I am. "I am no tyranny, I am just a lovable transvestite with tits."

This brought the entire crowd to cheers and tears; everyone had a group hug and went back to work. The group adjourned up when Sophie dragged Daisy to the side for an individual hug and kiss on the cheek. As they are about to separate, Sophie grabbed Daisy by the shoulders

and pulled her face in close and kissed her full on the lips, a very chaste kiss but one that spoke volumes about friendships and acceptance.

Grinning Sophie said, "I warned you I swing a lot of ways. Later maybe we can get to 'know' each other a lot better, if you know what I mean?"

Daisy rejoined the other waitresses. The Friday night rush started. Paula asked for help; her section was crazy. She had two large parties, and everyone was drunk and being rowdy. Daisy broke away from her section and headed over to help. He immediately recognized one of the boisterous drunks as Mike his old boss. Jack also remembered that insightful suggestion, to draw attention away from the face with 'curves. Jack undid two buttons on his blouse. He reached into his bra and readjusted his girls into 'A cup runneth over' look, which focused everyone's attention on his massive décolletage.

While he served drinks, Jack noticed Mike was wearing a wedding ring. With his interest peaked, Daisy stood close enough to snoop on the group's conversation. Jack overheard the other guys giving Mike a hard time about his wife. "We are surprised the old ball and chain let you join us Mike, how the hell did the old perpetual playboy, end up married?"

Mike testily responded, "Get off my case guys. I had been fucking this gal from work for a long time. She was married to one of my employees, so I figured I was safe. Then the bitch threw her husband out. Turns to me for consolation, and eventually got a divorce. Then the bitch stopped taking the pill. Her husband had been trying for years to give her a baby. Well, mister stud here only took about two tries to put a bun in her oven. Anyway after she tells me she is pregos, I was kind of forced to do the right thing. I married that redheaded hot-tempered bitch."

Everyone laughed, "Yeah, the way we heard it, you either married her or she was going to cut your balls off, put you in a dress and toss your ass out."

After another round of laughter at Mike's expense, Mike tried to restore his macho credibility by responding, "We may be married but that hasn't slowed me down any. I go out drinking and fucking every weekend. I am here now isn't I?"

With that pronouncement, he grabbed Daisy and pulled him toward him. Jack struggled to pull away but Mike said, "Come here bitch let's have a look at'ya." Jack was prettified at being recognized did a quick turn and ended with his back towards Mike. Mike took that as an invitation and pulled Jack onto his lap. Jack struggled and tried to stand but was no match for the ex-football player. Mike grabbed Jack and forced a kiss on him, and tried to pry his mouth open with his tongue. The shocked caused the intimidated barmaid to meekly sit on his lap, not wanting to draw additional attention for fear of recognition. Breaking the kiss, Mike made a shocking proposal, "Say bitch, I could use another notch in my belt, how about you, and I go to a backroom, and I fuck your sweet pussy."

This brought another boisterous round of laughter.

An intoxicated Mike stood. Daisy knew a fight was imminent. His buddies then cruelly pointed out to him the type of bar they were in. They raucously announced that if he explored his date's panties, he would find an "outie" and not an "innie"!

In an attempt to regain his pride and reputation, Mike grabbed Jack by the shoulders spun him, so they were face to face. He reached up and roughly groped one of Jack's breasts. In the process ripped his dress and exposed a breast. Jack shrieked.

"Relax bitch, it was just a wardrobe malfunction. I'm making sure they are real."

Then he rephrased his initial proposition, "All right you sissy cock teased. how about you, and I go to a back room, and you can suck my dick?"

An indigent Daisy stood covering her exposed mammary with one hand and replied, "No way! I only give blow jobs to real men. You needle-dicked homophobe certainly don't qualify by that standard!"

At that the bar erupted in choirs of cheers. Mike blushed at the putdown, and tempers flared all around. As ludicrous as it seemed Jack stood his ground, one breast flapping in the breeze, and his fists clenched. Jack was fully prepared to get his ass kicked. At least, he hoped it only got kicked. But no matter what happens Jack had decided Daisy was going down fighting.

Mike faced Daisy and laughed arrogantly saying, "Just how in the hell is a 100-pound Tinkerbell like you going to take on a 250-pound Paul Bunyan, like me?"

It was now two burley bouncers arrived as well as a half-dozen of the other girls.

Looking at the forces arrayed against them, Mike and his friends decided discretion was the better part of valor and beat a hasty retreat. As a parting gesture Mike turned, took out his cell phone and snapped several pictures of Daisy and made a threat, "Bitch, I will remember you and will be back, count on it!"

Daisy's only response was a theatrical wink thrown at Mike, which only served to infuriate him further. Daisy conducted a tactical withdrawal to the lady's room, Sophia, Donna, and Candy found Daisy sitting on a stool crying his eyes out. Jack's friends kept trying to console him, but to no avail. Finally, Daisy stood and announced, "That's it. I quit."

The shocked, waitresses, pleaded with Daisy to stay at the club.

Daisy responded, "You don't understand; I quit this whole façade. I am tired of living a lie. I am going to end it all!"

Word of Daisy's threatened suicide spread like a wildfire throughout the club. Every waitress in the club plus a few woman patrons all crowded into the bathroom. The tension was palpable. Everyone was trying to talk at once; the tower of babble couldn't have been this bad. The crush of flesh had Jack backed into a stall, which he was now shared with four hysterical women.

Finally, Jack realized what the commotion was all about; he stood precariously perched on the toilet seat, as one exposed knocker flapped in the breeze he announced. "LADIES, SHUT THE FUCK UP! I have something to say. When I said, I am tired of living a lie I am going to end it all. What I meant was that I was going to become a real woman and schedule SRS, not kill myself." The group groaned and then broke into spontaneous applause. At that precise instant, Daisy's high heels slipped, and she ended up standing shin deep in the toilet bowl. Jack took off one shoe and poured the water out onto the floor. The applause turned to laughter. After a round of hugs, and little air kisses Jack

was left alone to repair his dress with a safety pin and redo his make up.

Seeing Mike and his wedding ring brought a crushing sense of defeat to Jack. With the unsolicited and unconditional support of all his friends, Jack now felt a sense of elation. Jack never had friends like these. Sitting on the toilet seat in the woman's bathroom, Jack mused, 'Life has definitely taken a strange turn. The term SRS simply slipped out. It was meant only as a means of appeasing the crowd, not in seriousness. However, perhaps that is really his destiny. What was said out of desperation maybe will become his true path?'

The only thing Jack knew is that he/she has never been happier than he is right now. Jack realized that getting a vagina is not about sex; it is more about feeling like a complete woman, rather than an interloper.

It was a long and emotionally charged day. All the girls changed and left for the night. Daisy was the last to leave. As he closed and locked the front door, he heard a muffled scream. Turning he caught just a glimpse of Bubbles being dragged into an alley. Without a thought for his safety, Jack took off running towards the ally – running in stilettos on an uneven sidewalk was an adventure. A panting Daisy entered the ally just as two men were accosting Bubbles. One held her up against the wall the other was in the process of ripping her blouse off.

Daisy, yelled "STOP, leave her alone!"

Two bemused men turn toward Daisy and stared in disbelief. They grabbed Daisy and forced her to stand next to Bubbles. Then the two thugs argued over who was to get which girl. Bubbles cried hysterically. Daisy boldly took a small step forward and made the two men a proposition. "Listen you worthless dirt bags, let's make a deal. You can see my friend is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Let her go and I will stay and not only let you do whatever you want to me, but I will do so as a willing participant. I promise no problems. I will really ring your bell, just let my friend go unharmed."

After a brief whispered discussion between the two muggers, they agreed.

"Lady with jugs like yours we would be idiots to turn down an offer

like that."

Once released a hysterical and sobbing Bubble ran out of the alley. The two thugs have Daisy trapped between them. With Daisy on her knees, the first man takes a knife and cuts open Daisy's blouse, then roughly yanks down her bra, displaying her tits. Suddenly, a primeval scream can be heard from the street. "RAPE, RAPE, SOMEBODY, PLEASE HELP!"

The thug puts his knife to Daisy's throat. "You said you wouldn't cause any trouble."

"Hey, my dimwitted friend, I made no promises on behalf of my friend."

At that instant a police car blocked the alley. In a moment of confusion and fright, Daisy was rescued by Miami's finest.

Two hours later Linda escorted Daisy home to their apartment.

Linda in an attempt to lighten things up asked, "Aside from the club fight, threatened suicide and attempted rape, how was your day?"

Jack tried to fight it but couldn't but help to smile. "Linda to be honest this day was a total waste of makeup!"

Jack had bathed and climbed into bed and slid between the inviting sheets and hugged his favorite teddy bear that caused his gigantic tits to roll up under his chin. Linda cuddled up to Daisy and handed her a large glass of Vodka. "Daisy, that was quite a magnanimous gesture, and a very heroic act. Why would you sacrifice yourself for a person you barely know, and don't even like?"

"Linda I have no idea. I didn't think. I just reacted. It seemed like the thing to do at the time."

"Daisy I understand that thug had his swance out and was about to demand a blowjob. Would you have done that?"

"Oh, heavens no, he may have killed me, but if he had put that disgusting thing in my mouth, I would have bitten it off."

Daisy began to get the shakes as the ramifications of her actions hit home. Our poor superhero crime fighter spent the night in the fetal

position sucking on her thumb.

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Chapter 28

"Love is whatever you can betray. Betrayal can only happen if you love"
John LeCarre

The next night Daisy came bubbling home from her shift at the bar with important news.

Linda shushed Daisy as she was on the phone with Phil. He was making his weekly status report.

"Linda that girl of yours has turned my business on its head. I have been in meetings all afternoon. Almost every one of my girls has demanded I meet with them. Linda, get this they are 'demanding' I start screening my customers. They won't take any more ridicule; they all want to be treated with respect. Linda, I ran a very profitable 'freak show' here. Everyone was contented until that 'Daisy' showed up. These girls all lived for the degradation. They took to it-like fish to water. Now I have a staff of self-proclaimed 'feminists' that demand they be treated like ladies."

"Hold on Phil you use that word like it is a bad thing. Remember who you are talking to!"

"Sorry Linda, I am just so shook up. Even my brother, Georgette, got all up in my grill. He said he wasn't going to let me pick out his outfits anymore. As of our next pay period, I was to provide all the girls with a clothing allowance. They all want me to pay for a change of wardrobes. I even had to remove him as my receptionist. He was spending all his time fiddling with his hair or doing his nails. Customers were not being serviced the way they should be.

Then, there was Donna, I only took him in as a favor to his wife. She is a very attractive woman and can be quite vigorous in presenting her oral arguments, if you know what I mean. We had a nice arrangement; he lived in a small room over the bar. He was my cleaning lady every

morning and then my main event in this side show. All his outfits were outrageously flamboyant. He was my most shameless Drag queen. Donna would parade around here in his clown makeup, and dresses that were three sizes too small and those ridiculous water balloons tits. His wife made him bathe in the cheapest perfume you ever smelled. He lost me almost business as he brought in. But fortunately, he had a real loyal contingent that lived just to torment him. The best part was I didn't have to pay him. His wife told me to make him live off his tips. He had a vile attitude, rather than just taking his punishment like a man. After all it was his dalliance that caused him to be here. He sulked around here and made everyone's life miserable. His contract will be up next week. Well almost overnight he has changed. He went from being my court jester to now he is my most-requested waitresses. Recently, his make up is always subtle and tasteful. He threw out the water balloons and bought an expensive set of breast forms and a good corset. He is still a tad cubby but has a classic hourglass figure. His outfits are now very proper and conservative. He has developed the sweetest most endearing attitude you ever saw. Donna has transformed himself into a vivacious, girl next-door, submissive 50's housewife type. Then today he had the nerve to barge into my cramped office, closed the door and demanded a private meeting. I was working on some paperwork, and it took several minutes before I could talk to him. That perfume he was wearing was captivating, and extremely distracting. He still wears perfume in heavy doses but at least now it is classy. In fact, it is almost hypnotic. I finally had to look up at Donna. My lord, he has changed. His hair was styled without a strand out of place, and his make up was perfect. His foundation and blush gave him a radiant glow. His movements now are sensuous. He was wearing tassel earrings that nearly touched his shoulders. Anyway, he is talking to me and all I can do is fixate on those plump luscious lips. Damn it Linda, I wanted to drag him to the couch and make mad passionate love to him.

He then insisted on a new work contract. He has moved back in with the wife and now expects a normal salary. However, instead of a paycheck, it is all to go into a medical savings account. It seems they are planning on some improvements to his figure. Linda I am going crazy. I agreed to everything he said just to get him out of my office. If he had stayed 5 minutes longer, I would have thrown her/him down on the couch and done things to him that could get me arrested.

Linda this is serious. I have developed a major crush on one of my girls. If this keeps up my girls will be running this place. It's all her fault. Get that Daisy out of here!"

Hanging up an amused Linda turned to Daisy, "Now. What was it? You wanted to say?"

Linda, "Vladimir has invited me for a 'private' dinner aboard his yacht. I think this is the opportunity we have been waiting for."

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That's great, let's celebrate, skip dinner and go right to drinks, I could really use a double right now. The two sat and stared into each other's eyes with a sensuous longing. They chatted amicably and had a sociable hour drinking and smoking. After all this time Daisy had never developed a fondness for the 'fags' as Linda called them. After another trip down memory lane the girls move to Linda's favorite part of the evening, the treadmill.

That night while walking Linda marveled how Daisy moved with catlike grace and didn't jump when she was prodded. A quizzical Linda asked Daisy about it. Is it the alcohol tonight or what?

Daisy responded "I don't jump anymore because it doesn't hurt."

A tipsy Linda responded, "What do you mean it doesn't hurt?"

Daisy replied, "Because I took the batteries out of your baton ten days ago."

A startled Linda said, "But you still do whatever I ask, why?"

Daisy stepped off the treadmill and pondered the question. "Linda when this all started I did what I was told because I was afraid of being humiliated. Then as time went on I did it from fear of pain, physical and emotional. Both you and Rose made sure I experienced a great deal of each.

I hated both Rose and you for a while. Then I realized; Rose merely opened the door and nudged me outside, but I am the one who walked the path. I must take the responsibility for my own actions. As time went on my motivation was more a fear of letting you down. Then it hit me; I wasn't afraid anymore. I withstood your evil tortures and still survived. I am now driven solely by a fear of failure. This mission is more important than my physical safety. I finally stopped feeling sorry

for myself. I realized I wasn't being used as much as I was letting my natural submissiveness control my life. There was a part of me that enjoyed giving up all responsibilities and letting someone else simply tell me what to do. It was then that I stopped viewing you as my keeper. My feelings for you evolved to first a mentor, then you became a friend, and now I view you as a potential mate.

Linda if it is my destiny to die, so be it. But my country, the world needs to purge itself of terrorism. I am going to do my small part! Let my epitaph read 'She died doing her duty'."

Linda with her eyes starting to get misty replied, "Damn it Daisy, I knew I was being too easy on you. Not afraid of me anymore that sounds like a challenge. I should give you a good hiding for touching my special training aid."

Daisy laughed, which infuriated Linda.

Daisy went on to say, "I know you can still hurt me, but I refuse to cower in fear. I don't believe you will kill me. I have withstood you diabolical tortures before, and I know I can in the future."

A proud Linda stood face to face with Daisy and broke into a huge grin, "My little girl seems to have grown up. Daisy you are amazing. Today all of your instructors came to me in mass. They all are in agreement that there is nothing to be gained by further lessons. You have mastered each. I have never had one trainer say that to me, but to have them all come to me at once is unbelievable!"

"Daisy you are wadding in some pretty deep water; we need to be very careful. We have just gotten word Vladimir is double checking on your background. He has interviewed numerous patrons from the bar. Mike and your wife showing up at the club within days of each other is not just a coincidence. That and the fact we have confirmed word that a number of the secretaries at your old work have been questioned about you. Steve has also told me there have been checks on the references you presented Phil. He even had a couple of his goons checking on me and my background."

"Daisy, Vladimir is doing more than checking out a girl working at his hangout. There is something more going on. We have no idea if he has found any holes in your cover story. I am pulling you out of this operation."

"Oh, Linda you are starting to sound like an old lady. Vladimir isn't as evil as you make him out to be. He actually is a sweet, peace-loving guy."

Smirking Linda responded, "Yeah, peace loving, he leaves little pieces of his victims all over for the police to pick up. Daisy, a few weeks ago the police found a guy who reneged on a bet with Vladimir. He was tortured to death. Someone took pliers and crushed his nuts. Then cut them and his prick off, stuffed them in his mouth then stapled his lips together. The poor bastard, eventually bled to death, but it wasn't pretty. I have given this a great deal of thought and believe we should pull you out. It just isn't worth the risk. Don't go getting overconfident, that will get you killed in this business."

"Linda that is really sweet of you. However, I believe this is my decision to make. If I back out now, all this will have been for naught."

"No Daisy, you are wrong! Something monumental has come out of this operation. I have found the person I love – Daisy Bell. Now I want no shenanigans out of you. The decision is made. I will call Steve in the morning."

"Linda, I am not afraid of you anymore. Don't make me hurt you, you touch that phone, and I will turn you over my knee!"

"Yeah, like that will happen in a million years."

"Linda before your mouth writes any checks your ass can't cash, remember I am the one exercising every day for over six months. I haven't seen you even break a sweat in weeks. Are you sure you want to take on this tigress?"

Now Linda honey, let's get to bed, my tits are just aching for a good tongue lashing."

Daisy surprises Linda as she snuck up behind Linda and grabbed her ass.

"Sheesh, Daisy you scared me!"

Turned to face Daisy, Linda reached around and returned the favor and massaged both her ass cheeks. Linda laughingly commented, "Well Daisy

sweet cheeks, with a fetching bottom like yours; I think we can permanently retire your padded panty."

"Passion is the quickest to develop and the quickest to fade. Intimacy develops more slowly, and commitment more gradually still." Robert Sternberg

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Chapter 29

"Sex is one of the three best things in the world, and I have no idea what the other two are?" Helen Brown

Linda helped Daisy pick out his dress and lingerie for the evening. The two 'woman' settled on a maroon, sequin strapless dress that was almost skintight and shimmered in the moonlight; they went for glam and glitz. For accessories, they decided on the necklace and earrings Vladimir had given Daisy and of course Daisy's ever-present ring and watch. Surprisingly, Linda insisted there was no need for a corset or waist cincher. Linda said, "Daisy with your diet, exercises and corset training you are down to a fighting weight of 110 pounds and a 20-inch wait, without any assistance. Your waist is positively waifish. Your body fat has become more feminized, collecting at the hips, thighs and rear. In short, you have a body that would put Aphrodite to shame. For your big night, we will go with just a garter belt and panties." Daisy was so excited at the news, she clapped her hands in glee.

"Remember Daisy, the world is made up of two types, the hunters and the hunted. Girl, you are my prize prodigy, I know you will do me proud. Remember, if you wrestle with pigs you are going to get dirty. Get out there and bring me back his head on a pike! Good hunting, lover."

"But Linda how can I be sure I can get into his bedroom?"

"Babe, just look at you, sex with a body like that is a fait accompli. If that man doesn't want to fuck you he is in serious need of medical help. Daisy with your looks, getting into his bedroom will be the easy part; I would be a lot more concerned about getting out."

A very nervous Jack stood at the foot of the gangplank; it felt like a lifetime since he had last stood on this very spot. Traveling light

Jack had intentionally left all his cosmetics at home, knowing there would be a change of clothes and all the makeup he would need in his old stateroom. Walking up the walkway produced a real adrenalin rush. Stepping onboard Daisy was met by the standard security detail and meticulously searched.



The guard pulled a small bottle of perfume from his purse. Daisy opened it and let the guard whiff, the guard queried about the eye drop bottle. Daisy simply blinked his heavily made-up eyes and responded, "Contacts." That placated the man, and then he pulled out two tampons still in the wrapper and handled them like they were an infectious disease. Daisy just smiled at the man and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "That time of the month." Pulling the side of his panties, he proudly displayed the tell-tale white string hanging out the leg and starts to pull hispanties down and asked, "Want to see?" Totally flustered the security man said, "No that's not necessary" and waved Daisy through.

Vladimir met Daisy with a hug and kiss on each cheek. His took Daisy to a candlelit table on the forward deck; Vladimir pulled her chair out and seated Daisy. Vladimir had dinner severed on deck with the lights of Miami as a backdrop. There was a violinist which stayed in the background shadows playing melodies by Tchaikovsky. The dinner was delicious, and very romantic. After clearing away the empty dishes, their waiter brought a single, long-stemmed rose on a silver tray and set it in front of Daisy. Staring out at the collage of twinkling harbor lights, Jack thought this was the most romantic setting he had ever been in.

Vladimir politely requested, "Daisy, give me your ring for a moment, please."

Jack hesitated but decided to trust Vladimir. So he was completely shocked when Vladimir causally threw the ring over the side into the bay. Daisy jumped to his feet and glowered at Vladimir. Before words could be exchanged Vladimir got down one knee and opened a ring box, producing an exact duplicate of Daisy's old ring. Vladimir took the ring and used it to make a series of scratches in the glass vase on the table. From his position on one knee, Vladimir explained, "I had your costume jewelry ring duplicated and replaced with real gold 3 carat flawless diamond." Then he slid the ring back on Daisy's finger. Staring down at it, Jack just cooed as a warm feeling enveloped his heart. Jack collapsed back into his seat overwhelmed by the moment.

Holding Daisy's hand, Vladimir kissed it and from his knee, Vladimir made his proposal, "Honey, you don't have to make any commitment now, just think about it. I love you and want us to be together. If you will

have me, I will cover you in diamonds and furs."

Jack found Vladimir's proposal to be very personal and totally sincere. Jack closed his eyes and nodded. Jack tried to push the tears away, but he wasn't successful, a single tear trickling down his face. Jack collected his emotions, pulled Vladimir's chin up and bent over and lightly kissed Vladimir on the lips. Sitting upright, Jack gave Vladimir an inviting smile.

Jack thought, 'This was surreal, my second marriage proposal this week – hell I am doing better than Elisabeth Taylor, of course I have better tits than her.'

An emotional Jack stood, grabbed his purse as he rose and asked Vladimir if he would give her 10 minutes, then she would like to meet him in his stateroom. Before leaving Daisy told the crewman, "We are not to be disturbed for any reason." A thrilled Vladimir nodded his consent and the waiter disappeared into the labyrinth of the ship.

Jack headed first to his stateroom and uncovered what he remembered being in the wardrobe.

As Vladimir entered his stateroom, he found Daisy standing along the edge of the bed wearing a benevolent smile and a rose in his hair. Jack ran his tongue over his lips, making them glisten. Daisy threw her hip like a fashion model. As seductively as possible he cooed at Vladimir with "Hi there, stud muffin."

With a lecherous grin, Vladimir responded, "Are you ready Daisy? Tonight is your *début*. Science fashioned that body, but tonight I make you a woman, my woman."

"Just remember I'm a virgin so you must promise me you will be gentle. Please."

"Daisy of course you are a virgin; you wouldn't be here otherwise. I have had you checked three times. All my 'girls are virgins the first time." Vladimir casually walked over to the bed and reached down and tweaked one of Daisy's big, prominent nipples. My God it was like Jack had been struck with lightning. Jack jumped away from the bed and ran past Vladimir. Jack was wearing a pair of seven-inch stilettos, his jewelry, frilly little virgin white panties that was straining to

contain his plump posterior.

Jack looked precious as he teetered his dainty way along, skipping along with tiny little hops and arms flailing, his ass wiggling, big boobies bouncing uncontrollably, whimpering with the effort. He romped past Vladimir, deliberately over-emphasizing a sinuous hip undulation and created a tit bounce that threatened to permanently throw Jack's back out. Jack looked so darling, running with his tiny little steps and arms flailing.



As Jack squeezed past Vladimir, the Russian reached out pinched Daisy on his exposed buttocks. Jack shrieked, then running as best he could. Jack glanced over his shoulder and taunted "Catch me if you can" taking little steps, giggling at the bouncing of his boobs, and keeping his arm's way out to try to maintain his balance, hair softly flowing over her shoulders Jack flounced his way around the cabin.

In the confined space of the stateroom, the chase only lasted a few seconds. When Vladimir did finally catch-up to the flirting Daisy, he trapped her up against the bulkhead and then Vladimir gave Daisy a very passionate kiss. Vladimir had very soft lips and a talented tongue. A tongue that was so limber Jack swore Vladimir could use it to tie a knot in a cherry stem. As the kiss lingered Jack found his body responding to the kiss. He felt a warm glow spread through him, and a tingling sensation centered in his nipples. Jack broke the kiss with a smile locked on his face. Jack couldn't help but compare that kiss to 'The Kiss' he had shared with Rose those so many months before. Vladimir was good but a distant second place to Rose in the Kissing Olympics. Vladimir was making an effort to be a gentleman; something Jack knew didn't come easy.

Trying to regain control of the situation, Jack excused himself to the secure confines of the head.

Exiting the bathroom with a fresh coat of lipstick Jack held his breast up with his hands if making an offering "Vladimir, they're still sore, and I'm extremely ticklish." Daisy whined, trying to sound as demure as possible. Jack twisted to give Vladimir a full profile view of the massive chest. Jack bit his bottom lip, as if he was considering something very carefully. "If you're a good boy and promise to be gentle I will let you take these puppies for a test drive. But only if I can be assured you can't take charge, so I must restrain you. Once you are tied up I can do all kinds of naughty thing to your manly body." After reluctantly agreeing, Daisy had Vladimir handcuffed spread eagled to the bed.

Jack strutted around the bed like a \$2 whore. His ass cheeks rolled wildly as he frolicked about the room. "Do you like?" Daisy asked, and without waiting for a reply, he put one hand on his hip and the other one behind his head. He shook his shoulders at Vladimir, setting his

gigantic tits into oscillation bouncing off each other like a cheap executive toy. Starring Vladimir in the eyes; Jack grabbed one of his breasts up and pulled it up so that he can bring one nipple up to his mouth. Daisy licked it, which sent electric sensations rippling through his feminized body. Jack marveled at how large and sensitive his nipples had become. His nipple erections became a genuine source of pleasure for Jack.

Vladimir smiled, "Well babe you certainly got your high beams on tonight. Can I have a taste?"

"All in good time, right now I mean to have desert. I see Russian Cream pie is on the menu. You will get your sweet Tart for desert later."

Jack positioned his hands up and arms extended as if he was presenting himself as a prize. Shaking his tits, fluffing his hair, swinging his feminized ass, Jack prowled toward Vladimir, who just laid there mesmerized. Maybe it was the pheromones, but Jack was also really feeling sexually adventuresome at the moment.

Jack climbed into the bed as sinuously as he could, and then squatted on his heels between Vladimir's out stretched legs. He sat up straight and thrust his chest out accentuating his impressive melons. Then Jack began jiggling them around as he had seen a strippers do.

Vladimir, forever the asshole, said, "Stop playing around and let me see the Neil and Bob show. Your type of women usually can't resist my cock once they discover it. Would you like to check it out, my dear?" Daisy giggled. It seemed giggling had become his response to anxiety.

With Vladimir tied spread eagle on the bed had Jack felt a serious dampness between his legs as his tiny prick leaked pre-com like a sieve. Looking down beneath his new boobs staring up in lust was Vladimir. Vladimir directed his attention to Jack's itty bitty clitty of a prick that was trapped between their bodies and says, "My, my look at that puny cock, I guess it's true. Nothing grows in the shade, right bitch." Jack looked down at the helpless Vladimir and used his talon like finger nails, he reached into the forest of chest hair. He gave Vladimir two really painful titty twisters and threatened, "Don't call me bitch or I will rip these man tits right off".

A contrite Vladimir responded, "I am so sorry my lady, please forgive me." Daisy bent over and said lovingly, "That's better, my Russian bear. Let me kiss your boo boos, and make them all better."

Giving up on playing demure, Jack decided it's time. Jack kissed Vladimir on the lips, long and slow. Then he moved his mouth down, down, down towards the ultimate prize. As Jack passed the naval, he noticed Vladimir's cock twitch in anticipation. Jack continued his southern journey until his lips were just a breath away from Vladimir's crotch. Vladimir's tubular demon rod flew into a launch position, leaving no doubt about the operator's desires. The rod stood there in all its glory; Jack stared down at the purple helmet and was in awe. Then the sex hole seemed to open a tiny bit and began leaking its precious pre-cum. Jack watched as it oozed out and spread slightly out from the tip.

Jack trembled at the realization of what he was about to do. Would this act change him forever? Will he go from playacting at being a transvestite to nothing but a true cock sucker? He opened his mouth, stuck his tongue out and just touched the head of Vladimir's prick, licking the salty liquid off. Jack was shocked to find he relished the rich flavor, and his taste buds could not wait for the grand finale. Then surprising everyone concerned, Jack forced the tip of his tongue into the small slit of Vladimir's manhood. In and out, in and out of his urethra what a fun game.

This produced a gasp from Vladimir. Encouraged by his success, Jack slowly took the head between his lips; paused for a moment, he used his tongue to explore every inch of the soft mushroom head. Vladimir became impatient with the slow pace; he raised his hips off the bed and tried to force it further into Jack's mouth. With every thrust, Jack could dance playfully back keeping it just barley inside his mouth.



Eventually wearying of the game Jack started to greedily gobble on Vladimir's battering ram and was delighted with both the pleasing texture and taste. Vladimir rapidly responded to the novice cock sucker!! Jack swirled with his tongue all around to make sure Vladimir was completely wet, and then he drew his penis slowly back almost out of his mouth, holding just the head between his lips. Sucking on the polluted spigot like teenager trying to produce a hickey on his girlfriend. Quickly tiring of that game Jack then extended his tongue as far as it would go and holding it there along the length of this prickstick. Jack slowly slid Vladimir's cock back into his mouth, stopping only when the tip of his tongue came into contact with Vladimir's testes. Jack proceeded to bob up and down each time with a lick of his sack. All those hours with Linda's dildo were paying off. Teasing the sack with his tongue Jack started to swallow. Vladimir's balls rested high inside the drawn pouch of a tightened scrotum. The throat muscles were the catalyst for the eruption of the mini Mount Vesuvius. Time seemed to stand still as Vladimir moaned, then erupted into Jack's mouth columns of salty sperm. It spewed into every corner of his mouth and down Jack's throat. The volume nearly caused Jack to gag, but he managed to desperately swallow the vast majority of Vladimir's red-hot man sauce. A small amount of cum dribbled out the side of his mouth, down his chin and onto his breasts where it mingled with the trundles of his hair. Jack sat there resting on his haunches. The tops of Jack's breasts were heaving from exertion.

All Jack could say was, "Wow". Then he bent over and licked Vladimir's shrinking phallus clean. Scooped up the residue semen pooled on his chest and sucked it into his mouth. Then brought the saturated hair into his mouth and sucked on it to retrieve everything he could of Vladimir's seed.

For a moment, Jack was proud of his first womanly accomplishment. He felt he was in a dream; his emotions were all warm and comfortable. As his euphoria died, Jack was concerned that if it was too good, Vladimir might question his claim that he was a first time virgin.

Da, da, da (Yes, yes, yes), "Jack you are a world-class cock sucker." Find my wallet, you have earned a bonus. The classless Vladimir emphasized the masculine name, trying to elicit some response from his partner. Vladimir lay limp for a while as Jack sat back on my heels, still between Vladimir's thighs, holding Vladimir's penis gently in one hand like a flaccid joystick. In response to Vladimir's tasteless comments Jack gave a painful tug on his prick and a slight squeeze to

his balls. Not much just enough to let Vladimir know Jack had control.

"My, I seemed to have uncovered a new talent. Vladimir you know if I was still Jack and a whore, I would take you up on your offer. I might even take offense to that comment, again lightly squeezing his balls, but luckily for both of us Jack is long gone. He was unquestionably a slut but never a whore. Just think Vladimir that was Daisy's first time. Imagine how good 'Daisy' will be with some practice!"

Extricating himself, Jack said, "Don't go away Vladimir, I have to freshen up, I will be right back."

Jack grabbed his purse and headed for the bathroom. He stripped to just his heels, garter belt and stockings, he used a lot of lube and prepped his man pussy and liberally coated each nipple with the knockout drug. Jack passed the time waiting for the drug to dry by recoating his lips with a generous amount of cherry red lipstick.

Climbing back onto the bed, Jack propped Vladimir's head up so he could nurse on the drug laced tits. Jack ever so slowly lowered himself until Vladimir's manly obelisk was positioned over Jack's boy pussy. Surprisingly, Jack felt an itch like poison ivy in his rear gateway. In an effort to relieve that internal longing Jack slowly, cautiously with ever increasing pressure lowered himself toward that hot cock. Just as it made contact Jack would stop and wiggle his ass around, coating the head with the lubricant leaking from his backdoor. Nature adores a vacuum, and Jack felt a strong need to fill the void in his ass. Resting his weight on the phallus, Jack's sphincter proved to be a resolute sentinel that would not give up Daisy's virginity without a fight. Determination paid off as an entry to her sissy portal was eventually achieved through sheer persistence. Vladimir's dick immediately slipped into Jack's pleasure palace. The initial sensation of the meat sliding past the sphincter, was not enjoyable at all, rather Jack almost lost his breath from the pain as he was no longer a virgin in mind or body.

Jack pushed down his butt until it hit the bed, and Jack's ass hole was puckered inward. Jack had engulfed the entire thing excluding Vladimir's ball sack. He would have sucked that into his rectum too if it was possible. As the ache eased slightly, Jack went into autopilot, his hair flailed left and right, all about in a wild flurry as he rode Vladimir's pole like a champion bronco rider in a rodeo. Jack suddenly felt like the energizer bunny of nymphomaniacs, and established a

rhythmic cadence that succeeded in burying Vladimir's man tool to the very depths of his bowels. As Jack bounced on Vladimir's love shaft waves of pleasure penetrated every fiber of his being. With each downward stoke, Jack squealed with delight as his prostate felt the marvelous touch.

Jack quickly learned that as the prick passed his prostrate, he could derive a substantial amount of additional pleasure by clenching his sissy twat muscles. Meanwhile, Vladimir acted as a human bra and kept Jack's tits from flying about by enthusiastically suckling on Jack's nipples, so much so that for a while, Jack was concerned Vladimir was going to suck them right off his chest. The feeling radiating from his chest put Jack into a trance-like state of euphoria and elicited a contented moan. Jack never wanted the moment to end. After five minutes of frenzied activity, squirming, withering, bucking, thrashing, riding the manly pogo stick Jack became physically exhausted, and moaned like a whore. Jack's gluts eventually fatigued from intently squeezing them so tightly. Jack felt an overwhelming sense of joy. It couldn't get any better than this. Then it did. Just as Jack began to quiver from exhaustion, he felt the dick impaling him swell in size. Then it squirted a warm stream within him. Jack's tiny squeals of delight turned into a full-blown scream of ecstasy. It seemed that Vladimir was having some kind of convulsion. Jack could see the intensity of Vladimir's heartbeat even through the forest of chest hair. Vladimir's face went blank; his eyes rolled back into his head, and then his face scrunched as his orgasm hit.

Tired but emotionally contented Jack was in a 'happy place' thinking ever so briefly, 'maybe this being a chick ain't so bad'.

A schizophrenic Jack felt a great sense of shame at what he had just done and more so because he enjoyed it, while at the same time Daisy felt a sense of accomplishment. Jack remained in his squatting position as Vladimir's manhood slowly deflated, and slipped out of its gateway. Vladimir, with his libido spent dozed off into his drug-induced nap leaving a pool of drool on Jack's breast and a sodden spot on the bed. 'Let him sleep in the wet spot', laughed Jack.

With a comatose Vladimir, Jack felt free to continue with the plan. Moving to Vladimir's PC, Jack couldn't help but walk with a dainty sway to his ass. As he reached underneath the computer Jack retrieved the bug. Attaching the device to the thumb drive from his discarded tampon allowed Jack to log on and download the entire hard drive.

Mission accomplished in a matter of minutes, Jack swallowed the bug as he had been instructed. Jack opened the new tampon; wrapping the electronics in its protective coating Jack inserted the loaded thumb drive into its hiding place. As Jack was seating the tampon firmly in place, a paranoid Vladimir opened his eyes and asked, "Whatcha doing lover?"

Jack proudly showed the tampon dispenser and announced "Oh sugar bear; I don't want to lose any of your love juices; I want them to stay inside of my boy pussy where they belong."

At Vladimir's insistence, Jack released Vladimir from his bonds. Vladimir stood and swept Jack off his feet and onto his back on the bed, retrieved the tie downs and announced, "Tit for tat now it is my turn."

Minutes later Jack was helplessly spread-eagled on bed.

Vladimir kissed the helpless prey on his mouth and worked his way down Jack's body, eventually ending up at the source of the river of pleasure. Vladimir had Jack's tiny cock and gonads in his mouth simultaneously. Jack mewed appreciably and thought, 'My, he is talented with his mouth; Vladimir uses one hand to toy with Jack's buttocks while the other played sweet music with Jack's tits. Jack discovered that by lifting his butt and clutching his ass muscles, he can cause the tampon to rub across the prostate. The calmative effects sent Jack into a nirvana of pleasure, unlike anything he had ever experienced. Jack's tiny love muscle hasn't gotten firm in a long time but thanks to Vladimir's oral manipulation Jack's genitals stirred ever so slightly. A tribute to the talents of Vladimir, his schwanz began to swell and hardenslightly. Jack found it was not his old firm staff, but the sensitivity was still there. The combined pleasures radiating from his chest, ass, and groin had Jack squealing in delight.

First, his face went blank, then it scrunched as the orgasm hit. He thrust, bucked, and thrashed, like a marlin on a hook. But then instead of a cock releasing orgasm Jack's whole body shook. Vladimir played Jack like an impresario plays a piano concerto. Vladimir sucked on his privates and twiddled his nipples Jack started screaming uncontrollably in a girly voice, "Oh god, I'm coming... I'm coming... I'm still coming... I'm STILL COMING!" At this moment, Jack lost control of his body. He just surrendered to the sweet pleasure. The entire world now revolved around nothing but Vladimir's mouth and tongue. With two pleasure centers, his feminine chest and masculine groin contributing Jack's

climax mounted then burst like a wave on the shore. The fluttering of his anus coincided with the convulsion of his penis and the divine sensations radiating from his nipples. Jack experienced an orgasmic sensation like none he had ever known before. Oral sex from Vladimir was incredible; Jack and Daisy both were astonished to realize their world had never been rocked like that. The orgasms hit in waves, until Jack almost blanked out.

Jack welcomed this outrageous usurpation of his manliness, this feminization of his person, this unmaning of himself. He wondered for whose sake did he do this? For his countries, for Rose, for Linda, for Vladimir he knew not and at the moment and cared less. Live for the moment. Pleasures in life are too few and come too seldom. More importantly was this transformation, making Jack, if not fully a woman, something that was also less than a man. He was a member of neither the masculine nor the feminine.

In his post sex euphoria Jack's body, like his mind, began to accept his new status as a part man, part woman. Jack felt privileged at the moment, he had just experienced what he felt was the best of both worlds. Jack wondered, 'If being a sexy woman isn't better than anything he ever had as a wimpy man. Maybe I'm in love, Vladimir is so gentle. He is my knight in shining armor, come to carry me off on his stead. Could I spend the rest of my life being ministered to rather than having to always take care of a needy woman?' At that moment Jack decided he could not betray this man. He had just been fucked to a frazzle and loved every minute of it. Jack thought it was nice to be with someone who appreciated you for a change. Jack made a life changing decision. He wanted to spend his life with this man.

Tired but emotionally contented Daisy was in a 'happy place' thinking ever so briefly, 'maybe this being a chick ain't so bad'

"Sex is not the answer. Sex is the question. 'Yes' is the answer!"

Helen Brown

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Chapter 30

While Daisy glowed in post coital bliss, all warm and contented. Vladimir excused himself to make a phone call. Being alone Jack thought about what it would be like to be married to Vladimir. The image of walking down a church aisle in a beautiful white wedding gown was amazingly pleasing to Daisy. Just like that, Jack made up his mind to say 'Yes', the how and whys can wait until later. Now Jack just wanted to share his decision with Vladimir. He snuck into the salon to surprise Vladimir. Jack tiptoed on the hardwood deck so as not to disturb his future husband. Jack closed to within a yard of the big Russian bear. The first words Jack overheard brought his heart to a stop.

"What do you mean you want him? He is not for sale!

Oh, you just want to rent him? How long and how much?"

"Boris you have seen him. He is a first class sissy. He has the tightest boy pussy you will ever find. He is the best fuck I have ever had, and enthusiastic like you wouldn't believe! He's the perfect fuck toy.

No it's all right he never meant anything to me. I did spend a lot of money on his transition so make sure you return him in good condition."

A pause, Vladimir laughed, "Yes the other end is pretty good too. He sucked so hard I thought I was going to lose it. Boris, this one is special; he not only accepts abasement he welcomes it. He is as subservient as any woman. He is nothing but a submissive cock sucker, whose needs and wants are irrelevant. You do whatever you want to him; he will just love you for it and come back begging for more."

After a dramatic pause, Vladimir continued, "All right Boris double that amount, and we have a deal. I will drug him and put on a plane tomorrow. Of course, he is worth it you'll see. Wire the money to my account first thing in the morning. Of course I know what happens to people who cross you."

Vladimir hung up and headed back to his room, thinking one more fuck for the road.

What he found was a beguiling Daisy, who was seething on the inside but all lovey-dovey on the outside. It took very little, to talk Vladimir into another secession of lovemaking. Jack reminded Vladimir it is his turn on the bottom. After Jack had him firmly secured Vladimir could do

no more squirm and writhe.

Salvaging his eye drop bottle he climbed on top of Vladimir and held his nose and forced the remaining liquid into Vladimir's mouth, before he completely lost consciousness Jack retrieved his used panties, wiped his dripping ass with them and stuffed them into Vladimir's mouth, thus serving as a gag. A wide eyed confused Vladimir looked questionably at Daisy. Jack simply said, "Vladimir, I never get even, I get ahead."

Now 110 pounds of raging estrogen stood over the struggling Vladimir. As an act of pure vengeance, Jack took a realistic dildo from Vladimir's toy chest and without the aid of lubricant forcefully rammed it up his ass. Vladimir "You may not know it yet, but I am your chauffeur to hell. This is for Laura." Jack watched with amusement as this Russian mobster reacted to the intrusion to his 'boy pussy'. Leaning over to Vladimir, Jack whispered in his ear, "Let's see how you enjoy being the whore! I put fresh batteries in just for you. The package bragged they are good for up to 24 hours." Turning the vibrator on high Vladimir reacted violently.

Jack was momentarily concerned this bear of a man was going to break free of his constraints. Thankfully, the drugs eventually took effect as Vladimir fell into a slumbering heap.

Ideas of further revenge swirled in Jack's mind. Looking at his repulsive hairy chest, he developed a devious plan. Jack retrieved Vladimir's electric razor from the head and shaved his chest to produce a nude area in the silhouette of a bikini bra and straps. The contrast was quite conspicuous, the dark hair set off by flesh akin to color of the underbelly of a frog. Then he shaved off Vladimir's eyebrows. Next he went back to the desk and retrieved a set of permanent markers. He painted Vladimir's lips bright red, thin high arching eyebrows in dark brown, eyelids a pretty sky blue, heavily lined his eyes with black and shaded his cheeks in pink. With his lips a radiant red, Jack went back to the desk and claimed two more items, he ran a heavy bead of the super glue on the lips and firmly pressed them together thus entombing the panties in his mouth. He took a bottle of black permanent ink, using Vladimir's toothbrush, combed the ink into Vladimir's eye lashes, in place of mascara. Jack next removed his earrings and their fasteners. He placed the sharp posts on each earlobe and using nothing, but brute force pushed each stem through Vladimir's ears. Then Jack bent the post flat so they won't come off. Jack returned to his stateroom, where he retrieved a large 10 oz bottle of Chanel No. 5. He poured the entire container of perfume over the sleeping giant. Gagging

from the overpowering scent, Jack turned to make his exit, only now did he consider his getaway. Returning to his stateroom, Jack found a beautiful full floor length Russian Sable coat. After touching up his lipstick with a heavy waxy coat Jack abandoned his purse and clothing and wore only his shoes and the sable coat, Jack headed for the gangway. Ten steps into his getaway Jack had an inspiration; he returned to the desk, he found two alligator clips. Remembering how much pain he was in after just a few minutes, Jack wondered how Vladimir will do after 24 hours. Then with a wicked smile Jack attached both to Vladimir's nipples.

Jack returned to the main deck and found a steward. Daisy told him that under pain of death, Vladimir had left strict orders not to be disturbed until tomorrow. 'Let him stew in his own juices thought Jack. He reported to the quarter deck and announced he was leaving. Security sent him to a private room for a search. It only now occurred to Jack his plan might have a minor flaw. He reached between his legs and stuffed the white string up his butt to hide it.

The guard entered and gave his coat a cursory inspection, only checking the pockets. Jack stepped back and opened the coat revealing his voluminous naked body. Doing a twirl Jack asked, "Do need to frisk me?"

The guard just shook his head no.

Jack surprised himself when he strolled over to the big Russian on duty. He reached up pulled the guards head down and bestowed on him a wet passionate kiss, even treated him to a little tongue. The sentry melted right there. Jack could have walked off that ship carrying a nuclear bomb, and this guy would have merely offered to help. Jack gave the Russian a beguiling smile and said, "Thanks big guy," and strode off to the waiting limousine. Jack ordered the driver to take him home.

Knocking on the door Linda admitted a disheveled Daisy.

"My God you reek of sex, come in. Did you get what we need? How did you escape?"

"Yes I got it. Escape, what a joke, I got off that ship, but I will always be a mental prisoner. Those memories will haunted be in my dreams forever. Hot water my clean my body, but nothing will ever purge my mind clean of the things I have done."

"My, aren't we the drama queen this morning. Get over it Daisy, it was

only sex; it's not like you were gang raped. You weren't were you?

"Linda, let's just say that me and my ass are now persona non grata, aboard Vladimir's yacht."

"Good let's talk about something really important, like where do you get that gorgeous coat?"

"Oh, this old thing, I swapped my earrings for it, I was always a good horse trader!

Linda, my jaw is sore; my ass hurts and my feet are killing, thanks for asking, by the way."

"Don't be a jackass, the formalities about your health and ass can come later. You know I care about you, but this is too important to wait. Did you get the information?"

"Yes Linda I got what we were after. I went there with the faint hope of a romantic dalliance but what I got was an express elevator to hell. He ravaged my ass. Your device is still up there somewhere. It's so far up my colon; I think I have lost it. Will you help get it out of me? I seem to have misplaced the string."

A leering Jack licked his lips and said, "Isn't it a bit warm, for a fur coat? Dropping the coat, Jack bent over and poked his ass at Linda's face.

Linda smiled at the goddess before her. "It will be my pleasure to probe your ass."

After fishing around for several minutes Linda responded, "Yuck, gross is this goo what I think it is?"

"Well unless all those hormones have changed my shit to sperm, yes it probably is what you think. Ouch, Linda, take it easy. You don't have to use your entire hand to reach it do you?"

"Oh, stop complaining I just want to be thorough. Be glad I took my rings off first! Now relax, just a little more to the left, and I think I have it, oh sorry I meant a little to the right, or maybe just a little deeper."

"Linda, if this is your idea of fun, we are never having sex. Having 'things' stuffed up my bum wasn't as enjoyable as I had envisioned, but it was way more rewarding. The look of ecstasy on Vladimir's face touched my heart. When he was fully seated in my bum, I thought I felt something for him, infatuation, love, lust, I am not sure.

However, let me tell you what that bastard was going to do, he was going to sell me.

Actually, the way he expressed it, I was just a short term lease. He was going to rent me to one of his friends. That bastard can rot in hell."

"Daisy what did you do? Please tell you didn't do something stupid. You promised you won't let him notify everyone that we have stolen his info."

"Oh, Linda don't worry about that, Vladimir will be tied up for quite some time. Let me tell you what I did. When I heard what he had planned for me; I spent some time developing the most egregious plan I could come up with. At first, all I could think about was causing that vile man. physical pain. I wanted to watch him physically suffer. Then I realized I was thinking like a man. So I decided to take my revenge using the creativity that only a woman can bring to the task. Oh will he still suffer; I just won't be there to see it. It was delicious being the one doing instead of receiving for a change."

Jack retold the ominous things he did to Vladimir. By the time he finished Linda was laughing so hard she couldn't breathe.

A jubilant Linda withdrew the thumb drive from the hollowed out tampon. She quickly checked the data. After 30 minutes of scanning the information Linda yelled "We have hit a goldmine" and threw herself at Daisy covering his face in kisses. "Girl we have done it, there is more here than we imagined. Not only does it contain the names and addresses of his contacts, but there are pages of bank accounts and phone numbers we can go after. Daisy I can call the police and Vladimir will be in jail tonight. Jack politely asked Linda to wait until the morning before raiding the ship. A Linda didn't fully understand; she reminded Daisy it is important Vladimir not be given the chance to contact his people or escape.

Jack merely responded, "Don't worry Vladimir isn't going anywhere."

Linda still didn't fully understand, but consented to his request.
Linda called her boss first thing in the morning and informed him.
After seeing what's on the drive.

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Police raid the boat arriving at midmorning. Patrolman Tim O'Brien and Sergeant Gomez found Vladimir with his fancy makeup, and writhing in excruciating pain.

Looking at the feminized Vladimir, Tim asked, "Sergeant is there something in water? Why is every man in this city into cross dressing?"

Vladimir got a paper and pen and requested that he be allowed to get dressed.

After reading him his rights about remaining silent the bemused cops unceremoniously rejected his request and dragged his naked ass off the ship and into a waiting squad car. During booking Vladimir was charged with trying to smuggle contraband into the jail. A male EMT removed the still vibrating dildo from his colon and painfully pried open his mouth to retrieve the panties. The booking sergeant laughingly told Vladimir "He could get his items back when he was released." A docile and sweet-smelling Vladimir was a big hit, repeatedly in the holding cell!

Payback is a bitch, named Daisy!

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Chapter 31

There is no love without forgiveness and there is no forgiveness without love.

During the trial Linda took Jack to a series of doctors for examinations and counseling. Jack received the horrendous news he had been chemically castrated. The doctor further informed Jack that the breast inserts could be removed but there were so much natural breast growth Jack would always remain well endowed. Plus there was a

significant risk of losing sensitivity in the nipples with surgery. The only other option would be a mastectomy of both breasts. These options were immediately rejected; Jack had become addicted to the pleasures of his mammarys. The plastic surgeon speculated that he could make Jack look more masculine. However, at best he would be rather androgynous. He recommended that Jack give some serious thought to SRS. It took Jack several days to digest all the medical information. With Linda's love and support Jack, decided to postpone all surgeries for now. Mother Nature with Vladimir's help had given him this body, and he would live in it for the moment!! The only modification that Linda insisted upon was taking Jack in for laser hair removal. Jack would never have to shave again. He was now as smooth as a baby's behind 'everywhere', including around his genitals.

Linda yanked the blanket off Daisy and said, "Come on my Lady of the Perky Nipples; it's a dazzling morning, get out of bed. We have a big day ahead of us. The case against Vladimir should go to the jury today and we both need to be there for that. Use the bathroom and I will lay out an outfit for you."

Jack grumbled, "Linda, I hate the fact you are such a morning person."

As Jack returned to their bedroom, he glided with effortless ease. Jack walked in a flowing rhythm with a slight sway and swing to his hips. Linda stood at her observation post, and watched as Jack sat at his vanity and methodically swept an Ivory comb through his hair. The tresses so luscious and long now, when Jack sat up straight his hair draped down his back and reached past his shoulder blades. Jack stood and dropped his robe where it fell in a fluffy heap. Daisy pirouetted on his toes and posed for Linda.

"My Lord - Daisy you make one bodacious woman, there is not an ounce of fat on your body. Where have you been all my life?"

Spreading his arms, Jack said, "Linda, you know that this flower has been in hibernation, I was a mere seedling when you took me under your tutelage, and it took your stern and uncompromising cultivation to get it to bloom into the radiant flower you see before you now."

"Shit, I do good work! Daisy you are my girl and tonight if things go as planned, I am going to deflower that pretty little ass of yours!"

Blushing fiercely, Jack looked over his shoulder at his posterior and comments, "It's not so little anymore."

Linda laughed and said, "Girl, I admit you got some serious junk in that trunk. I just can't leave it alone. Linda reached over and grabbed the bottle of Daisy's pheromone laced perfume and poured a copious amount on Jack's plump rear end. It flowed down his crack and peddled on the floor."

Then Linda handed her roommate, today's outfit. Jack examined the dress Linda has selected.

"Linda, that sun dress is awfully low-cut in front; it puts my 'girls on display for the whole world to see."

Smiling Linda replied, "I know sweetheart; it's the exhibitionist in me; I just love to show off your gorgeous figure, those huge firm tits make my mouth water. Please wear that outfit for me, pretty please!"

"OK, Linda, I will wear it but just for you."

"It better be just for me, remember I am armed!"

Putting on his bra, Jack started to complain. "Linda this is the last time I let you do my laundry. You shrunk my bra. Look I am spilling out of this damn thing."

Linda chortled out loud. "Silly, the fact, your bra can't contain your copious assets has nothing to do with the laundry. I am afraid you are still growing. Those estrogen implants from the doctor in Mexico are flooding your system.

"Jack stuffed his jugs into the hopeless overmatched cups and continued to bellyache, Linda, this bra is so uncomfortable."

"Stop whining Daisy, there is a sexy lingerie shop in the strip mall across from the courthouse. Here take this \$100 and go buy yourself something special after the trial. I want to celebrate with you tonight. We can both get dressed up and get out and have some fun. What do you say?"

"All right Linda, but why must I wear these heels. Stilettos are hard enough but skyscraper needle heels were never made for walking."

"You will wear them because I say so, and besides they are the only ones you have that go with your outfit. Watching you from behind in

those are pure poetry, besides, you handle 5-inch stilettos better than a Los Vegas Show Girl. I adore the way you half mince and half prance in those shoes. It is so ladylike. Stop complaining, the needle heels are only a little more difficult than standard stilettos. You have been wearing heels like that for months. We have to get going."

At that Linda handed Daisy a present. It was a brand new long strap shoulder purse. It was bright yellow with a large white Daisy for a clasp. Slinging it over his shoulder, the purse rested comfortably on Jack's hip. The two headed for the courtroom in a jovial mood. Twenty minutes later the women had just taken their seats in the courtroom. The entire courtroom sat in astonished silence. Minutes before the case was to be handed over to the jury; the defense came to a plea agreement. Vladimir pleaded guilty and consented to fully cooperate with the government in rounding up all his deep cover people. It seemed jail has had a profound effect on Vladimir.

"Linda does this mean I won't have to testify and can come out of hiding.

Yeah, I believe so, Daisy.

Just then the courtroom doors flung open and a horde of reporters' burst into the room. The judge had placed a news blackout order for the trial. However, now it was over; the judge's ruling was no longer, in effect. TV and newspaper photographers were everywhere. Linda was frantically attempting to conceal her face, but the two attractive women, one who has been identified as being a man, receive more than their fair share of attention. Linda dragged Daisy out of the courtroom and into the lady's room.

"Daisy we need to talk; these reporters have changed everything. I am a lesbian and proud of it. Most of my employers know it. It actually works to my advantage, when a woman turns her husband, boyfriend, boss, or son over to my control, she feels at ease knowing my sexual preferences. If we openly lived together as lovers, there is a chance someone could put two and two together and realize you are one of my prior students. That would destroy my reputation and my business.

Daisy you have just been outed by every major newspaper in the country.

I can explain my presence with you today. But that charade won't hold up for long. Daisy I love you, but I don't think it is fair for you to ask me to give up my career."

Jack naively responded "Linda; we can skip the formal marriage/commitment ceremony and still live together as a couple. I will support us by working at the bar. The girls are talking profit sharing, and I can make enough for us to exist. I will make you happy."

"No honey, I don't want to just exist. I have become accustomed to a very lavish lifestyle. People pay very good money for my services; I am not prepared to sacrifice all that, just so we can live together. We can never be together openly. I have to think about my career. It won't look right, me living with an ex-client. I will get you your own apartment. Then I can stop by a few nights each week. We can have a great life, but we have to keep in on the Q.T."

Jack cringed at the news and responded, "Holy crap, Linda it sounds like what you want is a mistress. I will not be anyone's concubine!"

"I guess you can look at like that, but I love you and that's the only way we can be together.

Daisy, you go do your shopping; I have to get back to the office to finish up some paperwork. We will meet up at our apartment at 5 PM. We can talk more about this then. Once we finish talking, we both are going to get shitfaced. I will bring the booze home."

Linda softly mumbled beneath her breath, "and then my little flower, I am going to fuck your brains out!"

Jack kissed Linda on the cheek and said, "Did you say something?"

"Daisy I just said pick something with flowers on it. Now get going."

Jack feeling utterly unloved, and had a lot of thinking to do, so he headed to the place where he is most at home, the Pink Pussycat club.

Jack slowly strolled towards the club, his feet hurting and unsteady in the needle heels on the uneven pavement. He had not felt that good in months, then in one brief instant the realization of his true status in life came crashing down on him. His aspirations, his dreams about the

future, his self-respect was thrown into the dumpster. The euphoria he had at the end of the trial evaporated like the morning dew on a summer's morn. Jack was tired of being used by people and then thrown away. I've played the victim one too many times. Well, things are going to be different this time. I'll give Linda a night of her dreams. That lesbian will be unable to resist my feminine charms. That's one promise I make. I will have Linda begging for me, and then I will be the one that says adios and walk away. That will be my revenge.

Entering the familiar confines of the club Daisy gathered all the girls. After hugs and kisses are exchanged, they all sit down for a meeting, an explanation and a confession. Jack started the recitation off by apologizing to everyone and claiming, "I am a pathetic person and not worthy of your friendship." He related how he had come to the club as an interloper, as a spy, an undercover agent. Jack recounted his entire story, from HLS recruitment, Rose's feminine lessons, Rose's hateful outing in the bar, Linda's harsh training, his kidnapping and surgery in Mexico, Vladimir and his marriage proposal, Linda's proposal, and retraction. Jack reluctantly talked about falling in love with Vladimir, only to be betrayed. How Vladimir offered to sell him to his business partner. He discussed his escape, and Vladimir's arrest and trial.

By the time Jack finished, the girls had gone through two boxes of tissues. Jack relayed how he was terrified his first day at the job, "I felt like an impostor; I wasn't like the rest of you. I was better; I wasn't a freak. I was out of place; I was miserable. I was parallel parking in a diagonal universe. Friends we all came here for different reasons, for some it was a fetish, some a lifestyle and smiling at Donna some of us as punishment for past transgressions. Most of us felt a shame at what we were. However, today I believe we have all forged an alliance of proud, dignified, and strong individuals. I heard every stereotype out there about the TG community. I brought my prejudices and preconceived ideas with me into this bar. But what I found was anything but the prototypical gay cross dressers. You girls showed me true strength does not come from physical capacity. Rather it comes from an indomitable spirit.

There is a line written over the Oracle of Delphi, that best translates into 'Know thyself.' By the time the maxim made its way to the likes of Socrates and Plato; it came to mean 'Learning how to be who you are.' I had to overcome the personal demons that were foisted on me by an evil and vial wife. The canker of my bitterness and hate was slowly replaced with hope, love, and happiness thanks to the friendship and support of

you lovely people. I owe you all my life.

I found at this club nothing but cordiality and companionship. I was welcomed by you girls almost immediately. Your acceptance made my life worth living, before coming here my life was nothing more than survival. However, thanks to you all, I am now living and not just existing. Staring directly at Candy, I haven't stopped smiling for weeks thanks to y'all's."

With deep anguish, Jack continued, "Our lifestyle makes a lot of men more than a little uncomfortable. I witnessed and was subjected to reprehensible conduct by most of the customers, but I could persevere because of your girls. I watched you ridiculed, debased and humiliated daily. You were knocked down day after day yet everyone just kept getting up. It renewed my faith in the human race. Donna once said I was her idol, well girls you were all my inspiration. I quickly learned to respect you all, and eventually came to cherish your friendship. I actually felt I flourished here and evolved into a better person. I not only changed my view of girls like you, but more importantly I changed how I viewed myself. Over the weeks, I have been here, myself-image has morphed so often I don't know who I am most of the time. Hell I changed myself-image more often than I changed my panties. For a while, I was a man in disguise, but over time that disguise was absorbed into my personality. Depending on the day and my emotional mindset I was either a drag queen, or sissy, or a fairy, or a fagot. Those were the times I wanted to die. Then thanks to your love and understanding, I moved up fluctuating between being a transvestite, a woman wannabe, a trans-woman, a transsexual, hell at times I felt like a royal Queen. As Homer pointed out, it's not the destination; it's the journey that makes life. I am still not positive I have reached my final goal. I do know that I may be a male, but I am no longer a man, nor do I ever want to be one again. I can't say this lifestyle is for everyone. What I do know is that I would have missed out on more happiness than I could have imagined had I listened to the skeptic in my soul.

I can in all honesty say I love every one of you 'woman'. I hate putting labels on people but without hesitation, I know I can label all of you as 'Ladies.' You are the only family I have left. I feel like we are all sisters and just as close as any blood relative could ever be. I know I love my job, and I freely proclaim my love for you ladies to the highest mountain. I may not be able to define it, but I take great pride in what I am and what I have become. Now let's plan for the future!"

Jack went over his plans for the club. Georgette piped in that his brother 'would' agree to profit sharing, or else he would get his peepee wacked again. "Ladies if my brother insists that this continue to be a freak show, I promise you he will become our star attraction. Donna do you still have your old outfits, keep them handy we may need them."

The girls all had a good laugh picturing Phil or should we say the new Philomena prancing around in a tight miniskirt, 5 inch heels, heavy garish makeup and gigantic water balloon tits.

Then they got down to business. They discussed a number of ideas to make the club more profitable and classy. It was unanimous that no one, except maybe Phil, would ever again be forced to work in the club. The goal of every girl would be to create an illusion of femininity that is a compliment to all women. Anything that demeans woman will not be tolerated. Customers will respect each other and all the help. Anything else is unacceptable.

Jack, with his computer expertise volunteered to set up a web site and an electronic reservation system for the club.

Sue was an admitted TV, suggested they have an armature night. The club could keep a set of costumes, wigs, shoes, etc. and one night a week men could experience a night of being a classy cocktail waitress. Each volunteer would be paired with a regular waitress. She would help with the dressing and makeup. (A mini transformation service) The ground rules would be clearly spelled out. It would not be acceptable to ridicule anyone. There would be no caricatures, no drag queens; everyone would attempt to create illusions, the most realistic as possible. The club would simply provide the TV community an excuse to dress up and have fun without being judged. If we do this right, the volunteers might even feel comfortable in bring in their female companions.

Paula, another TV suggested 'Bunny' night, ears, tails the whole thing. There wasn't a great deal of interest shown by the girls so the idea was tabled for now.

Candy wanted a 'Southern Bell' night, with hopped skirts, fans and parasols. Everyone thought that had a lot of potential.

Sophie suggested a western night. All the regulars could get all

gussied up and become Kitty's saloon girls. The only argument was over who would be forced to be Matt Dillon.

Donna proposed a 50's night. She located a source for bullet bras, and poodle skirts.

Bubbles wanted a Marilyn Monroe night. Libby wanted a 'Prom night'. The ideas flowed like water. Eventually, everyone had to return to work.

A giddy Jack headed off to the strip mall. A plan formed in his head. He will be waiting for Linda, in a room covered in flowers; wine chilled, and draped across the divan, swathed in silks. Convinced his plan was going to work. Jack found himself skipping along, humming the Helen Reddy tune, 'I Am Woman Hear Me Roar', and thinking glorious thoughts about making mad passionate love. It had been months since he had been muff diving, but cunnilingus was like riding a bike, you never forget how. The only disconcerting thing was the face of his partner was always bleary; he would focus on Linda, but the face kept morphing into a woman with long red hair, freckles and green eyes.

On the way to the strip mall Jack passed a flower shop then a beauty salon. 'What the hell' thought Jack, I may not have an appointment, but maybe they can squeeze me in. If I can't win Linda with logic, I will seduce her with my beauty. If that fails I will use my lips and tongue to convince her she can't live without me. I need to look my very best.

Jack entered the beauty shop without an appointment and gave the receptionist his sob story and begged her for an appointment. The receptionist called the owner over and explained the situation to her. The story about trying to win 'a lover back who had threatened to leave' resonated with the twice divorced woman. "Tonight was her one chance to win 'him' back," toned Jack. Once that explanation was out, the bond of womanhood took over. The owner promised Daisy 'the works'; she even called in girls from their day off to help. Jack was immediately ushered to a chair still warm from its previous occupant who had relinquished her appointment to help this total stranger. Jack sat on his throne like a queen bee with dozens of workers swarming around him, tinting, curling, painting, and primping. Two hours passed quickly, filled with feminine chatter. Standing and looking into the mirror Jack was overwhelmed with emotion, he didn't think he had ever looked this good. His hair glistened and it was so shiny. It was styled in the most feminine fashion with large flowing curls. Daisy just stared at the breathtakingly beautiful woman he had become, and wondered what had ever become of Jack. He stood there glowing in his femininity. The

makeup was a bite more dramatic than was his normal preference. The girl who did his make up said this was what she called her Cover girl makeover. With sequined waterproof eye shadow, iridescent eye liner, and long lasting kiss proof lipstick, Daisy thought it was a bit over the top. Nevertheless, it was perfect for his planned seduction. His lips shown like two plump pillows; colored in a bold red that would make Lady Gaga do a double take. His thin high arching eyebrows were accentuated by white highlights that were blended right into the brow. His nails have been extended and colored perfectly to match is lips. Jack hugged each girl as a thank you, not a one would take even a tip for their services. A guilty Jack bought a shopping bag of cosmetics, more as an act of gratitude than of need. A chocked up Jack became misty eyed and was on the verge of tears. Seeing the potential for disaster, the entourage of beauticians threatened Daisy not to screw up all their hard work. Jack sashayed to the door in a waft of powder, perfume and parcels; he felt like he was floating rather than walking.



As the cheers of "Good Luck, go get him" rang in his ears, Jack struggled out of the store, his new purse and a shopping bag of beauty products. He immediately encountered the flower shop, Jack stopped and gaped at his reflection in the window, his breasts predominantly displayed in the open low-cut dress.

Jack loved the way they swayed when he walked. 'My goodness, I am being aroused by my own reflection', thought Jack. 'Linda selected this exhibitionist outfit now she will have to deal with consequences. There is no way that luscious lesbian can resist me.' Jack ducked into the florist and purchased two box loads of flowers. One box contained a

dozen long-stemmed roses - red for passion, and the other box contained white daisies wrapped in a sprig of baby breath. An invigorated Jack headed for the strip mall burdened with his packages. The jubilation he had at the end of the trial had been destroyed with Linda's possible abandonment. However, the camaraderie he found in the beauty salon rejuvenated Jack. He was again confident his planned seduction would succeed. As he walked he felt his large breast's struggle to escape the snug confines of his undersized bra. Jack glanced down at his cleavage and smiled at the ponderous amounts of flesh on display. Jack spoke softly to no one in general and said, "God is in his heaven, and all's right in the world."

"When you hold resentment toward another, you are bound to that person by an emotional link that is stronger than steel. Forgiveness is the only way to dissolve that link and get free."

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Chapter 32

There is no love without forgiveness and there is no forgiveness without love.

Jack walked into the lingerie shop and took his time as he browsed; he glanced at his watch and realized he has several hours before his assignation with Linda. Jack decided tonight is the night. He is going to give Linda the time of her life and change her mind. He is going to show Linda what she is giving up. Since Linda's declaration of love and proposal, Jack has dwelt on his commitment to his marital vows with Rose. >From the last time, he spied Rose it was obvious that Rose had no scruples about keeping her end of the vows. 'I am going to seduce Linda and show her what a fantastic lover and wife I would be. I will cook, clean, shop and do the laundry and meet her every night wearing nothing but a sexy negligee. Why shouldn't I have some fun? The doctors informed me I will never be able to get fully hard again. It is only going to get worse with time. Why should I wait any longer; I have one night to change Linda's mind?'

Jack headed to the rear of the store as he spotted a table littered with 'Today's Special'. He went through them and found a bra a panty

set that was identical with the ones he wore on that fateful day so many months ago. With a rush of adrenalin Jack remembered the day Rose mocked him and threw him out. As luck would have it, Jack found a bra in what he assumed is his new size - 38 FF. Jack headed to the changing room to try it on. 'If nothing else I want to be comfortable lugging these melons around', thought Jack. The changing room was occupied by two giggling teens. Jack patiently waited for his turn. He glanced at his watch and noticed the hands had not moved. His watch was broken. He peeked at a clock upon the wall and panicked. He realized he would have to run to get home in time to prepare the apartment with the perfect ambiance of chilled wine, flowers, candles, soft music and Linda's favorite dinner. He calculated in his head he had just enough time if he really hurried. Jack was determined to come back later for a proper fitting. However, first things first, tonight will be all about seduction, comfortable can wait.

As Jack had entered the changing booth Rose walked in the front door. 'The government guy told me the trial will be over today. Top of Form

Rose paced back and forth in front of the courthouse. Glancing at her watch, she realized she still had several hours before the time Steve told her she could meet Jack.

Rose had called weekly at first checking on her husband's well being. Those became daily phone calls. Even after Steve changed his number; trying to avoid her persistent inquiries. Thanks to the help of a friendly phone operator at the HLS office Rose tracked down the elusive Steve. Steve gave her his standard answer every time, "National Security dictated that he was unable to comment on an ongoing undercover operation. He did confirm; Jack was alive and in close daily contact with one of the HLS agents.

Then finally yesterday, Steve relented and told her about the trial. He said Jack's time as a femme fatale was a success. That as of today, her stipend would also end as HLS would no longer require Jack's services, and he was officially on his own; subject to possible recall of course. He gave her the time and place the trial was ending. He said, "She should free to contact her estranged husband and make any arrangements with him she could."

Rose had not slept at all last night, there were large bags under her eyes; the word 'estranged' haunted her. Did Steve know something she

didn't? She had thought Jack would have long ago forgotten and forgiven their acrimonious parting, after it was all explain to him.

Rose was so concerned she developed a case of the hives. With time to kill she spied the risqué lingerie store and decided to explore.

Rose sighed and thought. 'My Lord, it has been a long 11 months. I wonder if he has changed, I wonder if I have changed.' After looking through the store, Rose eventually found her way to the same 'Today's Special' table, browsing to the far corner. 'Eureka', thought Rose, how fortuitous these are identical with the set, I had Jack wear that horrible day. I will get a replacement set and surprise him wearing them tonight, our first night back in our marital bed. Excitedly she scoops up her size and turns to head to the checkout counter. Rose jubilantly rushed down the aisle towards the front of the store, with her head down; she intently studied her new lingerie for defects.

Jack sprinted for the same checkout counter. Like Rose, Jack had his head down trying to open the clutch on his new purse and struggled with all his packages. "Curse these long nails," mumbled Jack as he dashed down the aisle. Jack wheeled around the corner of the 'Today's Special' table and rammed heads full tilt into another customer like a battering ram. The impact was significant enough to knock both individuals to the floor. As Jack fell to the ground, one arm became entangled in the long purse strap, the other encumbered with his packages and encountered a pile of silky lingerie stacked upon the table. With no way to break his fall Jack again struck his head on the floor, pulling the pile of delicates onto his face. Rose was totally embarrassed, and stared at this woman buried beneath a pile of lingerie. Rose tried to quickly regain her feet to help this woman up and only managed to ram her head on the underside of the table. Staggered and somewhat dazed both customers stood and tried to clear their senses. They quietly mumbled a simultaneous "sorry," both bent over to pick up their bras. Timing the event as if it was rehearsed, they bump heads again. Stunned and suffering blurry vision, Rose stood up first and watched the other woman bend over to pick up her purchase. Rose unashamedly leered down the front of this young woman's sun dress and was shocked at the amount of cleavage on display. The woman's beautiful long hair fell across her face and clustered among her impressive cleavage. 'My lord thought Rose, 'the boob fairy paid more than one visit to her house. The woman stood and adjusted her breasts in an obviously undersized bra. As the woman faced Rose, her features were obscured by the flowing locks of

golden blond hair, lavishly highlighted in pink. Rose shook her head to clear her double vision and viewed the scene with a mixture of jealousy and lust. Rose thought, 'Someone like that could make me switch sides permanently. The woman stood with her face framed in a halo of disheveled blond locks with the cutest dimples this side of Goldilocks. Rose thought, 'With that body she is probably the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. That poor girl is eventually going to have major back problems lugging those gargantuan things around.'



With a lascivious smile on her face Rose, cautiously squatted and retrieved a bra from the floor. Both woman look at their purchase and realize there is a mix-up. Rose said "Young lady this must be yours; my DDs would get lost in these." And an exchange was made. Jack said "thanks" and for the first time intently stared at the woman dressed in a conservative, mid calf length classy business outfit, red hair piled high on her head in an exquisite coiffed style.

Jack scrutinized the face before him. The year had been hard on her; she had large dark circles and bags beneath her eyes, but Jack recognized this woman as Rose, his estranged wife. Her face displayed strain but was still beautiful and full of life. Jack stood frozen, dazed from playing bumper cars with his noggin. His mind was in turmoil, his palms grew damp, his heart raced, he felt faint and his legs began to wobble. Staring at Rose through blurry eyes the recognition that his ex-wife was standing just a few feet away triggered an avalanche of emotions. His breath came in short gasping spurts. A sick feeling of doom settled in his stomach. Without realizing it Jack's hands clutched into fists. His anger grew. There were so many things he wanted to say to this hateful woman. But now that he had the opportunity, Jack felt only a deep sadness. The urge to flee was the only thing that mattered now.

Rose still stunned had not arrived at the same cognitive level of recognition. Her mental image of Jack was the one from months ago. Rose ogled the woman in front of her but could not identify the person inches away as her husband. All she saw was a tall buxom woman with silky golden tresses that cascaded down her front in a mane of curly waves. 'Wow, this woman could stop traffic on the interstate,' thought Rose. The woman had an enchanting face. She had a broad forehead, thin highly arched brows, long luscious lashes heavily coated with mascara, high cheekbones, a petite nose, complimented by two darling dimples and very, very generous lips. With all the cosmetic changes, Rose failed to identify the sexy woman in front of her, although there is diffidently a familiarity about her. Catching just a glimpse of a watch on her wrist and then a ring on her finger, Rose gasped, "Oh my lord, could that be you Jack?"

The woman turned and headed for the exit, saying, "No" and attempted to escape. Rose grabbed her arm and spun her around, and gazed intently into her face, a different face, Rose took a tremendous chance and reached over and pushed this stranger's hair behind her ears, exposing her entire face. Then Rose concentrated on those dreamy eyes, looking past the long thick lashes; she saw only two blue pools, so deep you

could get lost in them. Rose has an epiphany!

"It is you!"

"Leave me alone lady," said Jack. He yanked his arm free and grabbed his purse and packages. Jack made a dash for the door; blond hair flowed in his wake. Rose chased after him. Jack in desperation threw the bra and flower boxes on the floor. Rose attempted to jump over the boxes and tripped on the discarded lingerie. She ended up falling into Jack's legs, for all intents and purposes, she tackled him. The two tumbled onto the floor and rolled around like two ferrets.

Unfortunately, for Jack, he again struck his head on the floor, making it the forth sizable lump of the day. Both individuals end up in a Gordian knot of legs, arms, high heels, purses, cosmetic bag, flowers boxes and bras straps.

With a bra draped across her face Rose inquired, "Honey, what's the matter it's me? Why are you trying to run away? Don't you love me anymore?"

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Sitting on the floor Jack stared daggers at Rose, he responded, "Rose at one time I was weak-in-the-knees in love with you. The day you agreed to be my wife, I felt like a kid in a candy store. However, that was before I realized you are a drunk, and a domineering, stone hearted bitch. You threw me out like yesterday's day's trash. You robbed me of my dignity. I hated you, hated what you did to me. I still bear the physiological scares of your sadistic bent. If I was stranded on a desert island, you would be the last person I would want to see. When we split up, something changed, permanently, in me. My heart broke that day, and it will never be the same. You threw me out, and I had to walk alone in the darkness of my despair. Hell, I kept Kleenex in business for the first few months. Rose what you did to me was the cruelest thing imaginable, and I know cruelty – I have lived it every day for months."

Jack gave Rose a reproachful look and continued, "Rose when I showed you my pain, what was your response? You ridiculed and laughed at me. How can you ask me, 'If I still love you? You are nothing but a Judas.

At least, he got 30 pieces of silver. How much blood money did you get for turning me over to the government?"

Rose looked intently into his pitiful eyes. They were saturated in tears, "I'm so sorry Jack that day is the worst memory in my life. But Jack, I will not let you sit there and harangue me. No more recriminations! What's over is over. It is essential that you understand what I did was to save your life. My actions were not done for any sadistic amusement! Jack, there was never any malice on my part. You are the sweetest, most caring and sensitive man I know. Jack you have the gentlest soul of anyone alive. What I did was to toughen you up. Be honest Jack you were a hesitant, demure man, an emotional powder-puff when this all started. Jack you once compared your training to military boot camp. The government psychologists determined that we had to break you down and then rebuild you emotionally. They determined that the fastest way to do that was to put you in as much emotional stress as possible. That is the only reason I was so domineering, and even let you believe in the possibility of my infidelity. If the old accommodating Jack took on that terrorist, he would have been eaten alive. Jack true toughness is in the soul and spirit. I had to harden your personality and force you away from your normal tendency towards timidity and submissiveness. My goal was to forge your soul into steel. We tempered it through my abuse.

"Well, Rose you succeeded in your objective; my soul is now armor-plated. It is covered in so many scars; nothing can ever reach it again."

"Darling, we are at war and as a soldier's wife, I did what was necessary to help ensure your safe return. Your reaction had to be genuine, your humiliation real. Everyone in that bar had to report the same thing. That is the only way your cover could be protected. I hated what I was doing and hated myself for doing it. I still hate myself for the things I did. Jack I was not then, nor am I now a drunk. With what I was required to do to you, alcohol became my emotional crutch; it was the only way I could get through every day. Jack please don't hate me. I don't think I could survive that."

"Rose, I never volunteered to fight this damn war."

"I know Jack that was the problem since you refused to volunteer; I found it necessary to draft you!"

"Rose, just who the fuck gave you the authority to draft me?"

"Jack don't you get prissy with me! Now lower your voice and calm down and I will explain it to you."

"Jack as a child my parents taught my brother and I to love our country we were raised within a culture of sacrifice and service to the nation. They gave us a deep sense of patriotism. It was seared into the marrow of our bones. Before my mother died, she made me promise to look after my brother, he was the only family I had left. My brother joined the Army and was sent to the first Gulf War. I felt I had an obligation to look after him. I went to the recruiting office and tried to join. Well, due to an unfortunate incident, I was involved in before we met, they turned me down. I felt my brother was unprotected because of my shortcomings. It haunted me. As you know, he was wounded and returned, and I felt relieved and guilty at the same time. Then when he was killed by those damn terrorists, I had to do something. I felt I was letting my family down. Then this opportunity came up where you could help. I felt I had to push you into doing it. You became my surrogate. In retrospect, I will admit I may have let my idealism override my common sense and fan my patriotic zeal."

"That's BS and only a convenient excuse. Rose if you are looking for absolution, I don't think I can give it. What you did to me, hurt too much. The woman, who professed to love me, betrayed me. Rose how could you risk my life and our marriage to placate your conscience?"

"Jack, let me tell you what I believe. Love can overcome anything. Every mistake can be made right. Nothing is unforgivable. Wives have been sending their husbands off to war since man first walked upright. I am no better or worse than any of them. Our marriage did not end with you deploying it was simply on sabbatical."

Rose noticed her husband looked very sad. His deep-blue eyes now lacked the old sparkle.

"Jack it was never my objective to cause you pain, but by the time you left that club it was obvious that is exactly what had happened. I was an emotional wreck and so wanted to go after you and hug you and kiss away your tears, but that would have ruined the entire plan."

"Yeah, you're right Rose it is much better to protect the precious plan, don't worry about how old Jack is going to feel."

"Jack, why are you being like this? It was all explained to you!"

"Rose what in hell are you talking about?"

"Jack, you must believe me; those nice government people promised me they would tell you it was all an act. They actually scripted what I had to say, we rehearsed it for days. I will confess there were some adlibs that I threw in. I am particularly sorry for the little Willie cracks. But Steve told me if I could get you to cry real tears, it would be a bonus. Lover, you must understand it hurt me as much as you to say all those nasty things."

"I doubt that very much. Please don't lie to me. Too much of what you did was just plain vindictive. As far as I am concerned the only motivation for that level of malice is hate, pure unadulterated hate or as you so succinctly put it, 'Once you lose respect for someone, the only thing left is contempt'."

"Jack I will admit that my motives were not purely patriotic, there was a side of me that got off on the power. Turning you into my ideal mate brought me pleasure. However, I am seriously trying to control that side of my personality. Please believe me, I have regretted so many of the things I said and did to you. Sweetheart listen to me; I was your advocate in all the planning with the government. They had a host of physiologist and psychiatrist monitoring your behavior 24-7 and advising me. They filmed and recorded everything you said and did. They had cameras and microphones in our home, in your office even in our cars. They scrutinized not only what you said, but how you said it. They evaluated your nonverbal communications, such as your body language, your every gesture, every facial expression; they heard every word you said. You were put under the preverbal microscope. Jack your behavior and personality profile was monitored and evaluated every step of the way by the best and brightest minds in the government. Jack I pleaded with them to allow intimacy between us. However, the experts wore me down and persuaded me to do it their way. I was forced to be harsh, and critical.

But I would have thought you would have dealt with all these issues a long time ago, when it was all explained to you."

"That night was the most terrible thing I've experienced. Well, one of them anyway. I have accumulated a lot of bad memories in the past few months. Rose, not a soul told me anything. For 11 months, I

felt betrayed by the woman I loved!

I mourned our marriage. Rose what we had, you killed, that night in the bar. I have come to accept that fact."

"Jack did you say loved, as in the past tense?"

"Yes Rose you heard me correctly."

"Then Jack, explain why you are still wearing the ring and watch I gave you?"

After a brief pause, Jack took a deep breath and articulated, "I have kept them on, because I gave my word that I would always wear them, and I keep my promises, unlike some people. Besides diamonds truly are a girl's best friend, they won't betray you like people."

"Oh Jack don't you dare to talk like that. Yes, I became more assertive as your training progressed, but it served me well. I am now a vice-president, and next in line to be CEO instead of just an executive secretary!"

"Well excuse me madam President but who the fuck is Jack? Grabbing his breasts in his hands and thrusting them up, I am now Daisy, and it appears, I always will be."

Staring in amazement at the protruding mountains of flesh, Rose said, "Yeah, about those – they are quite spectacular, by the way. What the hell happened, your face is different too, and your nose and those dimples are sooo adorable. When I last saw you, you had a willowy Twiggy silhouette, and now you more closely resemble Dolly Parton on steroids?"

"Rose, that's a long story. It involves plastic surgery, genetics, hormones, herbal supplements and implants. Please, I don't want to get into that right now!"

"Well... Jack or Daisy, whatever..... This name thing is going to take me a while to get used to. How about I just call you 'lover'? I don't care what name you use, I love you." Pocking Daisy in the protruding chest Rose mockingly said, "It appears that in addition to us being husband and wife, we are now truly bosom buddies." The tension was broken, and both snicker at the small joke. After a few minutes, Rose attempted to untangle their legs, trying to avoid the rose thorns, she noticed a

splash of color on Daisy's ankle. "What is that?"

Jack tried to hide his ankle. Rose grabbed his leg and drew it up for a close look. "Is that what I think it is?"

"I don't know what do you think it is?"

"It's a tattoo of a Daisy."

"Yes it is! Vladimir had his initials branded on the outside of both ankles as a sign of his ownership." While he was on trial, I went to the tattoo parlor and had them cover over his initials with colored flower tattoos.

"Well I love the tat, and those shoes are to die for. Where did you get them?"

"Oh, those were a perk from my last job."

Rose noticed that Daisy was acting extremely nervous and her blush deepened.

"Lover, what aren't you telling me?"

Jack attempted to conceal his other ankle. Rose grabbed that leg and looked closely at it. "Oh sweet Jeezus, it's a tattoo of a Rose. Why?"

Without a thought, Jack responded, "As long as I was at the tattoo parlor, I decided to get something to remember the woman I love, I mean loved."

Picking up a rose, she wagged it in Jack's face she said, "Nice try, I heard what you said. You still do love me – say it. Damn you, Jack or Daisy whatever. You better say it, don't make me hurt you. Say it again and this time, I want you to look me in the eyes."

There is a pregnant pause as Jack glared at Rose around the rose stuck in his face. Jack eventually declared, "All right Rose, There was a time you made me believe in magic. Then I hated you for the longest time. I came to realize that hate is counterproductive. I have grown and am not the gullible, subservient man you mocked those many months ago. After a great deal of introspection, I have come to realize I

still love you, Rose, thorns and all. However, that doesn't change anything. I still have to go; Linda is expecting me at home."

"Lover you are blushing like a virgin bride on her honeymoon, what else aren't you telling me!"

Jack instinctively covered his bellybutton with a free hand.

Rose laughed nervously and said, "Why you are the little devil, let me see."

"Go to hell Rose, what do you want me to do strip in the middle of the store?"

"No lover, but using that kind of language has earned you an all expenses paid full body cavity search when I get you alone!"

"Rose I still have to go; Linda is expecting me at home."

"Lover after you declared your love for me, if you think I am going to let you leave and go to this Linda woman you must have a brain aneurism. Jack my love, let me ask you, do you love this Linda?" Jack, in all the time we have been together you have never lied to me. Are you telling me you were lying 15 seconds ago? If you lie to me now I will bitch slap you into next Tuesday.

After a long thoughtful moment, Jack replied, "Rose, Linda is a beautiful sexy woman who says she loves me. She is a strong resourceful woman, but also an egomaniac, with a strong bend towards megalomania. She scares the hell out of me. However, Linda makes me feel safe and secure, and it's nice to be with someone who appreciates you for who you are. Surprisingly enough living with her, I am happy and contented for one of the few times during my life. In all honesty, I don't think I love her. Our time together has been more tumultuous than satisfying. She has dedicated her life into molding me into her private temptress."

"My dear husband she has certainly succeeded. You make a magnificent looking woman. You are truly beautiful, no strike that, you are breathtakingly stunning. Do you intend to trade your pole for a hole? Is that the direction you are heading? I will support whatever decision you go with."

"Rose that is a rather delicate question. What gives you the right to ask me something like that?"

"Jack I am still your wife, legally, emotionally and spiritually. That is what gives me the right. Quite frankly, I don't give a damn about your plumbing, its Jackie the person that matters. I just want to know if I am going to spend the rest of my life with a man or a woman.

"Rose, my journey through the gender spectrum has been a bumpy ride. If I might be so bold, I have blossomed into a glamorous looking woman. I have even acquired a fondness for sappy romance novels, but I still love watching football. I piss standing up and am forever forgetting to put the toilet seat down.

However, I would never think of leaving the house without makeup and a good bra. I am uncomfortable with sales persons calling me ma'am. However, I would die of embarrassment if anyone called me sir. I have no idea how I am classified, for now; I am content to retain my male genital. I currently have no intentions of turning my disk into a slip and slide."

"Whoop-de-do, hot damn, spike the football and start the happy dance! Lover that is fantastic, my dreams come true. Keeping your genitals means we are still legally married, you are my spouse and my lesbian lover! Thus, I have a partner, a husband, and helpmate; that will love, honor, cherish and obey me. I get to share my home and life with a beautiful, strong, independent, empowered, and sultry siren of a woman. Dear, this means we can do everything together, shop, share shoes, makeup, dine, go to the spa, have our nails done, flirt, and even share intimate details. The one thing we will never do is double date. I could never handle the competition.

The only way we aren't leaving together is if you retract your declaration of love for me. Now it's a simple question do you still love me?"

Evading the question, with a dramatic sigh Jack continued his story, "Rose it's not that simple. For once will you listen to me! I will try to explain. There is no easy answer. We have no future together. I am now a eunuch; my dangling parts are only for show. The doctors tell me my thing will never work again. I have been chemically castrated; my system has been saturated for too long in female hormones. I am packing nothing but a starter pistol. We can't be together as man and woman, no matter how much I want to. Memories of our earth-shattering passions have kept me sane these past months. The ecstasy of those events carried me through the tough times. However, they are only memories."

Jack felt insignificant, ashamed, and dirty as he continued, "Rose, I am so sorry, aside from my medical issues other things have changed. I have been unfaithful to you."

"Jack was it with this Linda woman?"

"No it was worse than that. I cheated on you with a man, Vladimir!"

Rose harrumphed that comment. "Jack our entire married life I was always concerned about losing you to another woman, not a man. Did those people turn you gay on me lover?"

"Heavens no, Rose, I...how do I put this? That loathsome man took my pollen and in return, he fertilized me in the ass. I am nothing but a whore!"

"Lover just say it, you had sex with your sodomite mobster friend. Of course, this means you can't wear white at our next wedding. I guess we will also need to be vigilant and see if you miss your next period! Unwanted pregnancies can be such a nuance."

"Rose this is no joking matter. Please understand that it was soulless sex. It was merely mechanical; there was no intimacy, no emotional connection in the end, pun intended. It was just part of my assignment" added Jack.

That was a small lie, but Jack figured after what Rose had put him, through he was entitled to it.

"Just cool it Jack, the Kinsey report estimated that nearly 46% of the male population had engaged in both heterosexual and homosexual activities."

Rose inquired "Did Daisy or more importantly did Jack enjoy the experience?"

After an inordinately long pause, Rose finally got her response. "Rose, Jack hated it, but in all honesty, I will admit as Daisy, I was a little curious. It was satisfying and a little empowering knowing I had the kind of control over a powerful man like Vladimir. It was simply a biological act. I discovered that having sex, is not the same as making love."

"Jack, that's all I need to hear. Darling, your erectile dysfunction is of no consequence. You are a total Diva, and I can't wait for us to get reacquainted. I don't care about your little worm not working there are plenty of other things that we can do...To express our love and in the process to give and receive pleasure. I will teach you, trust me.

Jack thought, 'The last time I trusted her; I ended up with two basketballs for boobs.'

Just let me know if your curiosity is ever aroused again, maybe we can work something out together. There is David in accounting; he is a real hunk and a fantastic kisser. Then there is Tom in marketing, he is really into kink, but let me tell you he has the hands of a skilled surgeon. And then there was my genealogist, his name very appropriately is Thor. He is built and endowed like a god. Oh boy, my shorts are getting damp just remembering my last appointment. Unfortunately, his nurse caught us on the examination table, and he is now an ex-doctor." Leering at her husband, Rose quipped, "It would seem we are both in need of a new OB/GYN."

"Rose what are you telling me? You had sex with these men?"

"Now hold on Daisy Svetlana, you shameless little hussy, don't get all sanctimonious with me! Obviously, you still have your balls; you just told me you had a homoerotic sexual experience with some strange man. You sucked his cock and let him fuck your ass, and then you have the nerve to play the jealousy card on me! Lover, right after you left, I had a very active social life. As an attractive bachelorette, I was a highly sought-after commodity. I had all kinds of men trying to console me. However, when the baby started to show, most men lost interest.

Lover I mostly did those things to reinforce your cover. I was told that type of conduct was expected. I had several dates, went to parties, spent numerous nights out with Mike dining clients, and went out with the girls from the office and chased men, and other things. That was what a jilted wife was expected to do."

"Other things?"

"Yes lover, I am a healthy woman with a normal sexual appetite and needs. Can you blame me for giving in to my natural instincts? It's not like I have calluses on my ass or knees. However, I had a couple of petting and necking secessions. That was the part I was told to play. I was an actress doing my best; I will not apologize for the fact I am

human and had certain anatomical responses to the physical stimuli. Like there was that one time with Rebecca, you remember her from the beauty salon? She offered to introduce me to her 10-inch spinning strap-on. Nevertheless, that's a story for another time. Except for my obstetrician, my box was closed to all comers."

"I will confess I found out all the wonders of battery operated power tools and relied heavily on personal relaxation devices. I hope you are well rested; you are going to need it. Lover I haven't had real sex in 11 months! I never, let me say that again, I never allowed anyone to get into my panties. My virtue is intact, can you say the same?"

"Everything I did was an exercise to convince this Vladimir character that you, and I were over. Does that answer your questions?"

In a quivering voice and on the verge of breaking out in tears Rose wrung her hands, like a nervous schoolgirl and again inquired, "Now just to clarify the original issue, do you Jack Svetlana, AKA, Daisy Bell Svetlana, still love me, Rose Ann Svetlana? Just as important do you want to come home with me and stay there forever and ever?"

Jack paused with his right hand, he twirled a strand of hair around a finger and extended his left hand and just stared at the ring. Eventually, he looked Rose in the eyes and said, "Oh God yes I do, bu...but."

"No buts about it then, you are coming home with me. I need to introduce you to Lilly and Violet."

A bewildered Jack inquired, "Lilly is that your baby, and is Violet the babysitter? Oh Rose how could you do that? Lilly was the name we selected for our daughter."

"So what is your point, lover?"

"Rose, I guess celibacy wasn't written into your script. I saw a very pregnant you and Mike together. You told me you were going to find a real man to make a baby with. I am sorry Rose, there is only so much humiliation I can take. I don't want some other man's leftovers.

Rose scolded Jack as if he were a naughty child. Rose kept going, "Sweetheart, yes I was pregnant but Mike was not the father!"

"Well Rose unless you had Miami's first virgin birth, some guy obviously got into your pants."

"Lover, There is no need to be cruel. Lilly and Violet are both your children! You impregnated me with twins that last week, we were together. Our daughters were born on Mother's day. The first one out of the chute was 8.7 lbs. I named her Lilly Jacqueline Svetlana. Violet arrived several minutes later at 8.1 lbs, and I name her Violet Roseanne Svetlana. That government lady assured me she would notify you all about it. Jack let me make this perfectly clear; you are and always will be my only alpha male, luscious tits and all. I am keeping you with me until you enter menopause, then we can talk about renegotiating our contract.

With tears in his eyes, Jack reached up and twirled a trundle of hair and asked with a worried frown, "Rose, I saw you with Mike; he drove you home and walked with you into our home."

Thinking for a minute, Rose responded, "Oh, that! It must have been the day my car broke down, and Mike offered to drive me home. I invited him in for a drink as a thank you. Nothing ever happened between us."

"But Rose, what about those late nights, with you coming home smelling of liquor and cigar smoke, and that night you came home without any underpants and for heaven's sake. What about the lost underwear??"

"God I am so sorry I deceived to you. Mike is a total scoundrel that uses his position to bed every woman in the company. But Mike and I, that's disgusting. How could you possibly imagine us together? Lover you will pay for that filthy idea later; I promise you! You should thank Mike, not be jealous of him. After all gave me a promotion, making me vice-president and he paid for our house."

"Rose, I will never thank that SOB for anything and why would he pay for our house; you aren't making any sense?"

"Well lover, after that night in the bar when you left me. His sexual harassment was over the top. There were a ton of witnesses, once the baby was born it got to the point I finally had to make a formal

complaint. The lawyers kept it out of the courts, but I received a huge cash settlement, enough so that I paid off the house. To ensure my silence, he made me VP, I don't think Jill, his new wife, would understand if I spread gossip about his philandering ways.

Lover those late nights, were all spent with Steve. They were strategy sessions. To ensure we didn't run into anyone I knew, we always meet at his favorite cigar bar. Lover, you must understand your entire education was a collaborative process between HLS and me. We were discussing your progress and various options.

The underpants incident was something entirely innocent, as I told you, I was at a meeting with Mike and clients all day; my period arrived early, and I ruined my panties. I took them off and showered. That is also the reason I rejected your advances that night, after you had gotten all pretty for me.

As for the missing lingerie, I feel really bad about that. I wanted to talk to you that night, but you stopped me, refusing to hear what I had to say. Well, we were partying really hard and Mike took us to a strip joint. The clients kept telling me I had a better figure than the dancers. One thing led to another; I was extremely intoxicated, and I ended up on stage. It's not like I did it for the money, but I did earn enough to pay the utility bills for amonths. I guess there is a bit of exhibitionist in me. When I got up on that stage I literally and figuratively let my hair down. It's a bit hazy but I know I enjoyed myself. I have no idea whatever became of my delicates. The last I saw of them was when I flung them into the audience.

"Wait a minute, the bottoms too?"

"Yes, like I said I got carried away. That's when I did the something that I am truly ashamed of. With no clothes, I had to get creative on where the audience tucked their tips."

"OMG, you didn't let Mike touch you there did you?"

"No Jack relax, the cheap bastard tried to tip me with a five. For that I wouldn't let him stuff it up my ass. Now if he had offered a \$50, it may have been a different story.

Sorry baby, I really wanted to tell you about it. I tried, but you're the one that said you didn't want to hear about my night. My poor baby, have you been thinking I was cheating on you? Lover that's cuckoo, I

never have and never will cheat on you. Now come on, I am excited to get you home and introduce the girls to their father. You are coming home aren't you?"

Jack teasingly paused for a long moment to build tension, played with his hair and finally pushed it behind his ears and then solemnly announced, "I will come home but there are four; no make that five conditions!

First, you have to see someone about your 'anger and control' issues!

Second, you need to get your drinking under control.

Thirdly, you must get rid of that damn Ping-Pong table.

Fourth, I don't want to hurt your feelings and make you think I don't trust you. But the truth be known, I don't. I want a paternity test on the two children!

Lastly, and most importantly you have to let me borrow that gorgeous purple chiffon gown.

Those are my terms, and they are non-negotiable!"

Laughing a musical, feminine laugh, Rose retaliated by chewing on her lower lip as if lost in deep thought and finally responded, "The anger issue has already been taken care of. Well, kind of, sorry about that bitch slap remark, I am still a work in progress. I started seeing someone the week you left. He is the best shrink in town. Besides after you deserted me, I was extremely depressed. My conduct towards you during your training was monitored and mandated by the shrinks at HLS. Lover watching you go through that broke my heart. That is what drove me to excessive drinking. The only way I could do and say all those mean things was to rely on alcohol. Jack I knew you were strong enough to survive the conditioning, but it almost killed me."

"Rose, if your therapist is that good, maybe I could see him to help me with my issues."

"No way lover, he may be the best psychologist in town, but he is also a real dreamboat. There is no way I am leaving Daisy and him in the same room together un-chaperoned. We will find you some 90-year-old female shrink.

The pink pong table and all its paddles were given to Goodwill the day you left. I never liked the game anyway."

"The issue of a paternity test does hurt my feelings, but after what I put you through, I understand your position and have no objections.

"As for the dress issue, you may NOT borrow it! That dress is now yours. Hell you wear it one time and it would be stretched all out of shape. We can work out an equitable payment later."

"Rose that sounds delightful, in fact I know this intimate, ladies only dance club. Tomorrow I am taking you dancing wearing my new dress. Now that it is agreed, let's go home so I can meet my daughters!"

Rose again appeared lost in thought. Her face scrunched up, her eyes closed. Jack almost yanked a lock of hair out of his head, twisting it so hard.

After the long painful pause, Rose responded, "Lover, I have given it some serious thought. There is no way I can bring a total stranger home and introduce him to our babies as my husband and their daddy."

Jack heaved a heavy sigh and felt his heart sink, but Rose just sniggered and said, "Think about it, how would people react to a person named Daisy and sprouting bazongas like yours being called Daddy? Besides, as far as the world knows I am a single mother; it would scandalize the neighbors to have a strange man moving in with us."

Now fully engaged in this game, Jack suggested, "How about Aunty, we can tell everyone I'm your younger sister?"

Rose stuck out her tongue and said, "Younger my ass, how about my old spinster sister, we can call you Big Jugged Jackie!"

Now Jack returned the favor. In parody he stuck out his tongue and crossed his eyes.

Rose scoffed at that. Jack with a quivering voice asked, "Well if I can't be your husband, and their daddy can you hire me to be the live-in nanny? As their nanny I can be together with all my girls. The neighbors would be placated."

Rose pondered that option for a minute and made a pronouncement, "No Daisy Bell, for years you have cooed at every baby we have met. I'm anxious for you to meet our munchkins. Being a single mother with twins I am exhausted. I have never really taken to the domestic lifestyle. I was spoiled when you were my maid. I can't wait to immerse you into the nuances of dirty diapers and housekeeping. However, I couldn't possibly hire you as a nanny, I would have to thoroughly check your references, and with your recent exploits and association with known terrorists, there is no way you could possibly pass my vetting process. Therefore, you will never be their nanny."

Rose opened her purse and retrieved Jack's wedding band. Perching herself on one knee, she grasped his hand. Rose slipped the ring back on his finger with a pleading voice she continued, "Lover when I put that ring on your finger it was a commitment for life. Therefore, the only possible solution is if you agree to come live with us and be my lesbian wife. You are and always will be their parent and my spouse. I think it would be more apropos for the girls to call you 'Mother' or 'Mom'. Sorry, lover, but I have reserved 'Mommy' exclusively for myself. Is that acceptable with you, sweetheart? Our babies are going to have two Mothers, two loving committed mothers, end of discussion. If our daughters turn out to be half the woman their father is I will be a happy."

"Rose if I agree to your proposal, I still want to be an equal contributing partner. May I come back and work for you at the company?"

"No way lover! I do not believe in nepotism! Besides I will not turn the care of our children over to a stranger. Moreover, your salary as a starting secretary would be laughable. It wouldn't be enough to cover childcare costs. Lover, I need for you to make like a good wife and carry the load around the house, not worry your pretty little head about business. I will take care of that. You will do all the childcare, cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, shopping, cleaning, and run all my errands. But no wife of mine is going to work. With you being the stay at home housewife. I will be able to devote all my energies to the business. The board has privately told me that if I do a good job as VP. I am in line for CEO."

With a devilish smile Rose reached up and cupped her husband's breasts and laughingly continued, "The only thing I intend to do around the house is nurse the babies. That is unless you could possibly...?"

Slapping her hands away, Jack continued, "Oh, I am not equipped to be a nursemaid.

However, Rose I would love to be your wife and our baby's mother.

Kissing Jack full on the lips Rose rejoiced, "Young lady? You just made me the happiest woman alive!"

The kiss generated a collective gasp from the crowd of voyeurs watching the two women sitting in the middle of the busy store.

"Wait a minute lover from what you have described of your recent exploits I am not sure 'lady' is an appropriate descriptor."

Laughing at her own joke, Rose said, "I would kiss you again, but it would scandalize the entire store."

Trying to make up for the last 11 months, Rose engulfed her husband in the world's biggest hug and squeezed as hard as she could. She embraced her husband as if she was never going to let go. Rose tenderly stroked his hair and gently swayed him like she was rocking a new born in a cradle. Jack felt their breasts squish together and really enjoyed the sensation. Grinning like a maniac, Jack broke the embrace and stared adoringly at Rose.

Rose is puzzled at the peculiar look on Jack's face. "What is it sweetheart, did I hurt you?"

"No Rose, I just realized that I could get to like this bosom buddy thing!"

Rose's eyes crinkled with glee as she responded, "You wicked wench. I could sit all day holding you. But I have just had a better idea. You wait here, don't you dare move an inch. I have more shopping to do."

Rose reluctantly untangled herself from her beautiful husband, picked up a rose and pushed it behind Jack's left ear. She gathered up the underwear that started the whole incident. With a jaunty smile on her face and a spring to her step Rose headed to the sleepwear section. She selected half a dozen diaphanous nightgowns, grabbed a book, and several packages of batteries. Paying for everything she returned to Jack. Helping her husband stand she said, "Here Mrs. Svetlana these are all for you, after we put the children to bed we are going to have a

fashion show. Then lover, while I make dinner, you will read this. Do it carefully as there is going to be a test later." Jack was initially confused until he glanced at the book title. Jack brook into a giggling fit, The Art of Lesbian Sex. As the giggling turned to outright laughter, Jack held up the batteries and raises an eyebrow in the form of a question.

Wearing a coy smile, Rose quipped, "Tonight we will see what I can do about waking up Mr. 'Van Winkle'. Lover I may have to prime the pump, to get things flowing, so I am going to call upon my personal waterproof massager. The current batters are sooo...dead. I am betting we are going to need the entire lot. Let's get going, our second honeymoon starts now, and I guarantee you it is going to be a late night in the Svetlana household."

For Rose, Jack, and the girls, this is not the end of the story. It is but the beginning of the rest of their lives.

Epilog to follow. ;-)

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