

Patriot Games Part 5

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It seems when our alphabet government organizations get involved the screw-up's go up exponentially rather than arithmetically. Our villain is not satisfied with the current version of Daisy and creates the new an improved Daisy version III.0.

Things are never as bad or as good as they initially seem. Daisy starts on her road back.

Chapter 22

A very nervous Daisy, dressed in a white off the shoulder dress with calf length lace-up suede boots, which are so soft and dreamy.

Linda handed Daisy a cell phone and reminded her to make Vladimir happy, but whatever else you do find that computer. She said with a stern undertone, "Daisy, you need to have the wherewithal to remain calm and not get hysterical in a crisis. Call, if it gets too dicey, I will show up with the 7th Calvary. But it better not reach that point. We have too many months involved in this operation to blow it, just because he wants a blow job. Get me? Be a good girl, now hear. Now off with you to the Lion's den."

Vladimir met Daisy at the head of the gangplank; he wore only bathing trunks. Vladimir smiled like a maniac. Jack recoiled at the furry beast in front of him, without thinking he let out "Yuck, icky." Jack thought, 'How repulsive, even his feet were covered in hair so long you could condition and braid it.' Jack recovered quickly and responded "Excuse me Mr. Sasquatch, I here to visit Vladimir." Vladimir chuckled at the small joke and said, "After security has checked you out, we can begin our little party."

A couple of very serious looking men escorted Daisy into a side room where he was asked to strip down to his underwear. His clothing and handbag were thoroughly examined. One man passed a metal detector over and around his private parts. The guard found the cell phone hidden in his bra and confiscated it. Because he had tried to smuggle the cell phone onboard, they demanded a complete strip search. Jack had to peel

off his breast forms. These were given a thorough examination and eventually sent through an x-ray machine and returned. Boy was the guard surprised when Daisy pulled down his pink ruffled panties revealing little Willie and his two friends. The guard bent over to examine the two hormone patches attached to Daisy's thigh, hiding behind Jack's ball sack. The guard was flustered when little Willie started to respond to the guards probing hands. As Willie stood tall, the guard lost his interest in the intimate body parts, and he failed to examine what was hidden up Jack's rectum.

Vladimir greeted his guest with "hello Daisy welcome to your maiden voyage aboard my boat."

Vladimir then provided his guest with a grand tour of the boat. Arriving at his stateroom, Vladimir proudly escorted Daisy into his stateroom, the 'holy of holies.' The room was dominated by the huge double bed, but Jack's attention was drawn to the PC setup on a small desk in the corner of the room. Daisy asked to use the head to freshen up after her encounter with security. Once provided with privacy, Jack painfully retrieved a small device from a tampon in his rectum. Activating the memory chip, he palmed the device like he was taught. Exiting the head, Jack casually strolled over to the P.C. and paid dumb, and lifted it admiring all the many pretty buttons, attaching the monitoring device to the undercarriage. Vladimir yelled, at Daisy to get away. Slowly lowering the device, he went and sat on the edge of the bed and bounced up and down on it like a small child.

Vladimir grabbed his hand, and the two backed out of the stateroom and into what was to be Daisy's room.

Vladimir said, "Have a look around while I go get us something to drink." Upon returning, he offered Daisy her usual glass of Vodka and insisted he throw the whole shot down. Jack did but immediately regretted it as the room began to sway, and his vision faded to black. A smiling Vladimir caught his guest and gently placed him on the bed. Vladimir ordered his captain to weigh, anchor, put me ashore and head for Mexico.

Chapter 23

The room was momentarily quiet except for the drumming of a strong tattoo of rain on the roof of the abandoned warehouse, in the dock area. Jess Falk sat unconscious, lost in a wonderful dream. He was wrestling with his 10-year-old son in their front yard. Then the pain started again. Being tied securely to the metal chair, there was nothing Jess

could do but scream uselessly into his gag. Ivan Vasilie delighted in the man's suffering as he extinguished his lighted cigarette into the captive's left nipple.

The muscle-bound henchman asked, "Comrade, do you want me to take the gag out so he can talk?"

"No Boris," Ivan began, "He has already given us everything he's got. I am convinced he acted out of bureaucratic conscientiousness. It was a lucky break our counter surveillance team got a picture of him entering the building across from my boat. That new facial recognition software works great. It only took a few hours to identify him as an ICE agent."

"We must get the word out that there seems to be a great deal more cooperation between U.S. government agencies."

The hapless captive moaned annoyingly.

"Boris, he really pissed me off. He shouldn't have agreed to assist HLS in monitoring the comings and goings on my yacht. It was foolish of them to believe we wouldn't acquire the personnel files of all government agencies. These Americans are so naive about the ways of the world."

Ivan stared down at the bloody stumps of what used to be Falk's fingers and said, "I tell you Boris, these Americans are not men. I pull out two or three fingernails, and they bawl like a baby. A Russian would never beg for his life like this guy."

Ivan seemed to enjoy the process so much that he often scared Boris. Boris took a step back from the growing blood pool and thought, 'The level of violence used against this poor guy was totally unnecessary. He was singing like a canary almost from the start. We knew everything about him, but his hat size within 15 minutes.'

"Boris, call our attorney, see if we can take some kind of legal action to stop this incessant spying. Negotiations for this operation are at a critical stage, and we can't afford to interfere right now that we are about to activate all of our sleeper agents for those bastard Arabs."

Boris nodded in agreement. It wasn't wise to disagree with the Ivan.

"Boss, do I understand right; they want to bring down the Golden Gate Bridge?"

"Da, Arab men are under too much scrutiny by the police. So using nondescript Americans for this project seems ideal. We have had our people scouting the targets for weeks. The difficult part will be to coordinate the west coast attack with a simultaneous assault on the Brooklyn Bridge. Unfortunately, it means we will lose our people as they will unwittingly 'volunteer' to become martyrs."

"You want me to finish the job and dispose of the body out to sea?"

"Yes, kill the bastard and put him out of his misery. However, dump the body where it will be found. I want to send a very clear message. The next government agent who crosses me will really suffer before he dies."

Ivan thought for a minute and then added, "When you are finished cleaning up this mess, I want you to triple check on the background of the new waitress at the Club, Daisy."

"Boss is there something wrong with her...em him?"

"No just the opposite, he is almost too perfect, if he checks out I have special plans for that young man."

Boris strode over to the unlucky captive avoiding the puddles of blood. With a pair of massive hands, he grabbed what was left of Jess Falk in a choke hold. The whites of Jess's eyes were completely red due to hemorrhaging; his nose bled due to the pressure. He gasped, and his eyes got wide... wide with fear and small ragged gasps were escaping his throat. Boris could sense him drifting away to a peaceful place. Then the hapless victim, committed the ultimate indignity, he pissed and shitted himself. As Ivan watched with a grin, that even Boris could only describe as evil, Boris finally applied sufficient force to break the hyoid bone of his neck.

Boris thought back to what Vasilie was capable of doing. Boris never wanted to get on Ivan the Impaler's wrong side. Boris knew he was not above culling the herd when the whim hit him. Ivan once had Alexei, Boris's best friend, killed when he had screwdrivers driven through both ears because Vasilie thought Alexei had eavesdropped on a private conversation.

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It was lunch time at the HLS Miami office. Steve and Fred were on their way to a corner coffee shop for a quick snack when the phone rang. Fred picked it up and listened for 15 seconds. He hung up without saying a word and relayed, "Steve, the director wants to see us both immediately."

The two agents knocked on the door and anxiously awaited their summons. Finally, they heard through the closed door, "Phillips and Garibaldi get

in here."

The twosome marched in and found Bill lost in thought as he read some report. The two started to sit in the office chairs. Bill stopped them with, "Don't bother; you won't be here that long."
Steve and Fred looked at each other dumbfounded.

Holding up the folder Bill continued, "These are police and autopsy reports. The local cops have found a mutilated body discarded in the dumpster behind the Pink Pussycat Club. The poor guy was raped and tortured before being strangled. The Chief Medical Examiner's office found the victim had all his fingernails pulled out and suffered extensive cigarette burns to his torso. There were multiple blunt and sharp force injuries to the head, and neck. His injuries also included major rectal tearing and internal hemorrhaging from an instrument driven up through his scrotum into his abdomen.

This torture thing has Vladimir's name all over it. The locals want to pick up Vasilie for questioning. I told them to back off. Preliminary results from what are left of the victim's fingers ID this guy as one of our own."

A shell-shocked Steve enquired, "Another of our HLS agents?"

"Not exactly, not this time. The guy was Jess Falk, on loan to us from Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE). He was asked to keep Ivan's boat under surveillance.

We'll take over the investigation. I want you two to go down to that bar and nose around."

Steve felt a chill go through him like he was standing on the fantail of the Titanic about to be dumped into the icy Atlantic and reflected, 'Here goes another harebrain plan. Who is going to die this time?'

Steve felt compelled to protest, "But boss; we might be recognized. We need to be hyper vigilant about Vladimir. Our Über-nerds, say they are convinced Vladimir has access to the latest commercial version of facial recognition. It is not 100% effective but compares favorably what we; the FBI, or ICE has available."

"Steve you idiot, I have a plan so that won't happen. You two are going undercover in disguise. Get down to wardrobe right now. They are waiting for you two."

Steve immediately smelled a rat, but the eager beaver Fred headed for the door. Steve stood his ground and asked, "Mr. Hampton; what kind of disguise did you envision?"

"Since this is a transvestite bar, you two are going on a girl's night out. No arguments from you two. There is only one question. What is your bra size?"

Fred froze in mid stride and squeaked out, "Oh, come on boss, two drag queens asking questions will still raise a red flag."

"That's right; that's why you won't ask anything. I want you two to just hangout. Keep your ears and eyes open and your mouths shut. If Ivan shows up, stay away from him. Steve you know the drill. Now you ladies have fun."

Five hours later, Steve and Fred 'AKA, Stephanie and Frederica' awkwardly hauled themselves from the cab in front of the Pink Pussycat Club.

Steve purred, in a very realistic facsimile of a woman's voice, "Frederica, pay the man, I left my wallet in my other purse."

Fred threw twenty dollars at the driver and slung his purse over his shoulder and said, "I want my change and a receipt."

In response, the cabbie muttered "fucking faggots," put the car in gear and drove off.

A very self-conscious Fred brushed the long blond hair out of his face and minced toward the sidewalk taking extremely small steps. He tried to pull his knee-length denim skirt down to cover more of his exposed legs thus not paying attention. He tripped over the curb, and did a great imitation of Bambi on ice, arms and legs flailing everywhere. As Steve watched in amusement, Fred landed hard on his chest. More embarrassed than hurt, Fred laid face down on the sidewalk and thought, 'At least these personal airbags came in handy.'

Steve helped Fred to his feet, picked up his purse and held his arm to steady his partner.

Steve patted Fred's bottom patronizingly and said, "It takes time to get comfortable walking in stilettos, but you'll learn. Now giddy up girl, let's get going."

Fred gave Steve a withering stare as Steve led off and walked to the entrance. The club façade was utterly understated, being simply a neon sign with the name 'Pink Pussycat Club' on it. The front window had a professionally produced sign advertising, '17 flat screen plasma televisions. We show all sports year around: baseball, football, NASCAR, to extreme fighting.' A hand-written message was scribbled under the printed advertisement, 'Over 30 TV's available nightly.'

"Damn it Steve, why do you get the pony tail, and I have to fight with this long blond Farrah Fawcett hair all night?"

"Shut up you idiot, remember to call me Stephanie. You got that wig because you are the natural blond. Steve, in his gray ruffled chiffon maxi dress and black tights wore sensible slip-on ankle boots. He gaily led the way to the club entrance. He walked with a degree of panache that surprised Fred. Steve decided to accessorize by wearing a ton of cheap jewelry, including showgirl rhinestone earrings with a full 6-inch drop. As Steve purposely strolled on the sidewalk, he unabashedly announced to Fred, "I love the way these earrings brush my neck when I walk. It makes me feel so in character."

Fred was as nervous as a virgin on her honeymoon. He knew he was about to get fucked "Why did I have to be the one in five-inch heels?"

"Those were selected for you because I elected to wear three-inch pumps. This way, we are the same height, and no one will stick out."

To relieve the tension Fred mocked his friend, "Stephanie, you strut like a stripper."

Steve looked over his shoulder and glared at his associate and continued to the front door. He really worked the sway of his hips, and said in a salutary voice. "Thanks Ms. Frederica, you can be so suave and debonair when you try." Steve turned and held one final inspection of his colleague. Steve adjusted Fred's long pearl necklace so it hung between his breast forms.

Standing outside the doorway, Steve leaned into Fred and warned, "Just be careful; this bar attracts mostly the scum of the earth. They are likely to take greet glee in disparaging all of us Sissies."

Fred took affront at the pejorative term of Sissy, and then he glanced down between his large D cup breast forms to his pink fingernails. He sighed in resignation and continued on to his journey into never-never land.

"If we see Ivan," Steve began, "Don't make eye contact with him. We will leave immediately. Understood?"

Fred nodded in agreement.

"If someone gives you a really hard time, don't get mad, and none of your macho Marine bullshit. Pout, stick your lip out, stare at the floor, and cry if you are able."

In self-deprecating style and with an acid tongue, Fred sarcastically answered, "Yes mother, I promise no cat fights tonight. I will be a good girl."

Upon entering the club the agents were hit with a crescendo of the timeless classic rendition of Helen Reddy's tune, 'I Am Woman Hear Me Roar'. As trained observers, both did a quick situational assessment. It was a typical sports bar, every wall covered in plasma televisions. The only clue to the idiosyncrasy of the club was the pictorial display of famous drag queens that hung behind the main bar. The room was filled with a boisterous crowd, divided into small clusters, some talking and others watching a baseball game between Miami and Chicago. The room was clean, in a public bathroom kind of way. It contained a dozen large booths, two pool tables, a dart board and fifteen four person tables. Two of which had chess boards set up, waiting for contestants.

They closed the front door and were greeted by an employee. A 'woman' with dramatic makeup and prom hair, she wore a vinyl dominatrix outfit. She introduced herself as Georgette and spoke with a sickeningly sweet southern drawl, albeit in a husky voice. However, she moved without a trace of self-consciousness despite the fact she was dressed in such outlandish attire.

After they explained this was their first at the club. A 'girl' named Libby, with the figure of a fashion model handed each customer a bar menu and a flyer advertising \$2 beers all night. She then proceeded to usher them to their seats. With an effeminate swagger, she led the nervous newbie's to the main bar area.

Steve reached down and held Fred's hand to assist him in the 200-foot stroll across the room. Midway through their promenade Steve put his arm around Fred's waist, pulled him in close and spoke above Shania Twain's recording, of 'I Feel like a Woman.' "Fred you need to relax. Camp it up, exaggerate everything and keep your chest out. Flaunt your sexuality. Now, most important of all, you've got to smile and act

friendly!"

Upon reaching the bar area, the three women were immediately surrounded by a group of drunk patrons. The leader spoke up first, "Ladies; you look familiar, haven't we met before?"

Steve took control and responded, "Yes; I think you are right, we both work as receptionists at the local VD clinic. That must be where we have seen you and your friends."

Most of the guys took the hint and slinked away; the leader persisted. Ignoring Steve, he cut Fred out of the crowd with the skill of a sheep dog, "Hey cutie, how 'bout you, and I get out of here and go someplace private?"

Fred was appalled at the guy's audacity and lame pickup line. Fred took a step forward and invaded the man's private space. Looked him up and down and responded in a confident manner, "Sorry mate, I make it a rule not to date outside my species."

Some guys just won't take a hint, "Don't be like that, baby. What do I have to give you, to get a kiss?"

"Chloroform is the only that comes to mind. Now buzz off."

Steve watched in amused silence and thought he may have underestimated his partner. He grabbed 'her' hand, and the two struggled to perch atop the closest bar stools. Steve ordered for both agents, "Two cosmopolitans please, and don't skimp on the vodka."

The bartender was a girl who called herself Donna. In a parody of a drag queen, he/she had stuffed his bra with two over inflated water balloons. He wore a hip hugging red mini-dress and a diaphanous lace blouse, fishnet stockings and 4-inch stilettos. He walked and stood with his legs wide open and knee's bent. However, worst of all he followed the creed 'more is better,' eschewing the fundamental rule in applying makeup. He was somewhere between pathetic and whimsical.

Like most bartenders, Donna was a great conversationalist. He freely gossiped about everything, including himself. He willingly told the new girls his story. In his past life, he was a tenured college English professor. He was forced by his wife to quit that job, and is now serving out a six-month sentence as a waitress, bartender, and cleaning lady for the club. Thrown out of his home he now, lives in a small room

over the bar.

While Steve was momentarily distracted, Fred fended off another Romeo. "Come on Sweetheart, help me out. My penis just died and I would love to bury it in your ass."

Fred retorted with, "Sorry I'm not your type; I am not inflatable."

Steve laughed at that one. Now convinced that Fred was capable of taking care of himself, he turned his full attention to Donna, assured he was someone who was worth cultivating as a source. For the remainder of the night, Steve went out of his way to cozy up to Donna. Steve found out that Donnas' wife demanded that he live and work at the club as punishment for cheating on her with a student. Steve marveled at the openness of this man. Caught up in Donnas' story, Steve almost missed the Auburn haired beauty that sat next to him. Her body was incredibly curvaceous; she wore a gold lamé sheath dress with a beaded keyhole collar that hugged her body like a wet coat of paint. She crossed her long legs, showing off her sassy glitter platform pumps.

Her breasts were huge and out of proportion to her trim body. To Steve this was a first clue that it wasn't all natural. She took a deep breath, her chest expanding enticingly and held out a hand and said, "Hi, call me Tricia; that's short for Beatrice."

"An aroused Steve daintily shook hands with this striking individual and introduced himself as Steffi."

Staring into her face, Steve found her dark almond-shaped eyes exotically attractive. He was getting lost in those lovely pools of brown chocolate. His heart was racing; Steve had to force himself to look away. Despite her beauty, Steve discerned a subtle but noticeable sharpness to her facial features, and just the hint of a widow's peak showing at her hairline. She was attractive, but he thought that perhaps she wasn't quite what she seemed. Being a trained professional, Steve came to the realization he was dealing with a transsexual.

Using his peripheral vision, Steve detected a guy staring at them from across the room. He was a big guy wearing a short sleeved purple dress shirt, white Dockers and sporting lots of gold on his hands and neck. He had a weightlifter's frame and Popeye arms. He took a slow sip of his drink and smiled at Steve over the rim of his glass.

Steve speculated that he'd stumbled upon a tranny escort. This mountain

of a man was probably her pimp. Steve returned his attention to this beautiful creature and thought, 'It's a pity she's a hooker...I wonder what she charges. Damn now I'm really pissed I forgot my wallet.' Steve glanced back at the pimp and knew that this was a place he really didn't want to go. So he pointed to a pool game just breaking up and said, "Sorry Tricia, but it's my game next."

Steve got up to leave. "See you around," Steve said and lifted his glass in salute.

"Going so soon?" she asked as she fluttered her sexy long false lashes at Steve.

"Afraid so Tricia," Steve replied and gulped down the last of his drink in one swallow. "Maybe another time."

"Don't wait too long Steffi. I have an expiration date. I turn back into a pumpkin at midnight."

As Steve walked to the pool table, he wondered about her. She was the first transsexual he'd ever met, that he knew of. He'd certainly never expected to find one so pretty and convincing and thought it was a pity she was a pro. The more he thought about her, the more he was fascinated by her. Fingering his wedding ring, he mentally slapped himself for losing focus.

Sure there must be lots of transsexuals who work as waitresses, hairdressers, receptionists, and many other occupations, whom we may meet unknowingly every day, without questioning whether they might have once been male in their past. Tricia didn't quite completely pass as a woman, but perhaps she wasn't supposed to. Steve intentionally scratched the first opportunity he got and coyly threw his game of pool to a rank amateur. Steffi congratulated the winner with a kiss on the cheek, and sashayed his way back to Fred, just in time to hear another moron embarrass himself by saying, "Hey cupcake, you want to know how you make a fairy moan? You tinker with his bell."

At that point, the PA system blared Lady Gaga's hit tune, 'Born this way'.

The entire club responded as one, everyone stood and sang.

"Don't be a drag, just be a queen. Whether you're broke or evergreen.

You're black, white, beige, chola descent.

You're Lebanese, you're orient.

Whether life's disabilities left you outcast, bullied or teased.

Rejoice and love yourself today 'Cause baby, you were born this way.

No matter gay, straight or bi Lesbian, transgendered life I'm on the right track, baby I was born to survive.

No matter black, white or beige or orient made I'm on the right track, baby I was born to be brave.

I'm beautiful in my way 'Cause God makes no mistakes I'm on the right track, baby I was born this way."

Steve caught up in the moment found himself standing, swaying and clapping to the music. As the tune ended Steve pushed the guy standing next to him aside and again wiggled his ass up to the bar stool, crossed his legs and observed. Both girls sat, smiled and drank way too much. Over the course of the night, they managed to consume a bottle of Chablis, half-dozen glasses of Champagne, and four mixed drinks while they became acquainted with most of the other patrons and staff. Steve noted for his report that the staff was a most eclectic mix. Some of the 'girls appeared to be whores. While the majority of employees were transvestites living out their dreams, dressing to 'pass,' there was a minority that seemed to be full-fledged transsexuals.

The patrons like most neighborhood sports bars, were mostly guys and what appeared to be a few authentic females sprinkled in between the obvious transvestites. In Steve's opinion, most of the men were masquerading as macho homophobic straight family men when in reality, they were probably misogynistic closeted gays.

About two hours into their visit, Fred made a major concession and admitted he had to use the powder room, inviting Stephanie along for support. After he did his business, Fred stood and wiped. He didn't want his boy bits to show so he tucked his junk. He pulled up his vintage Lycra panties to hold everything in place and ensure he had a good feminine front. Meanwhile, Steffi was at the mirror and ran a brush through his hair one last time. Then he selected a tiny bottle from his purse. He strategically applied a dab behind each ear, and then offered the bottle to Fred, who adamantly declined. Steve then helped Fred touch up his lipstick. Then arm-in-arm, the duo headed back to their seats.

Stephanie and Frederica spent an eventful evening drinking, socializing and observing the club. Steve was amused at how Fred seemed to be a natural flirt and unconsciously spent the night flipping his hair and playing with his large hoop earrings. The men were drawn to Fred like flies to shit, and every one of them kept adding to the pile of manure in an attempt to impress the flirtatious Fred with their witty repartee and pathetic pickup lines.

At closing time, Steve and Fred headed for the door. Steve put his hand in the middle of Fred's back and guided him to the exit. At the door, the agents ran into a logjam of customers. Everyone was crushed together. Some jerk took the opportunity to grab Fred by his ass and said, "Baby; you got yourself a beautifully, bodacious, bubble butt there. But your booty would look a lot better bouncing on the end of my prick."

Fred spun around and was surprised that his instinct was to slap this asshole, rather than punch him. Luckily, Steve was right there and held Fred's wrist in an iron grip. He whispered, "Frederica, take a deep breathe and let it go. We don't want to start anything." To shield his girlfriend Steve stepped between the two. Then as he turned to leave, Steffi 'accidentally' stepped on the instep of the asshole with the spike of his high heel.

As the guy yelped and hopped around on one foot. Steffi sweetly said, "Sorry baby, my bad."

Buoyed by the confidence alcohol can bring, Steve was feeling a little frisky and decided to have a little fun at his partner's expense. His hand casually rested south of the middle of Fred's back, Steffi maneuvered Frederica through the crowd to their waiting cab. Once ensconced in the seclusion of the backseat, an inebriated Steve became quite the cuddle kitten and snuggled up to an uncomfortable Fred the whole way home.

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The next morning Fred arrived dressed in his usual dark suit, starched white shirt and expensive tie. He was rubbing his left ear and limped in; his toes still suffered from an evening in 5-inch stilettos. "God damn it, Steve. That was bullshit last night. Why did I have to get my ears pierced?"

Steve sat at his desk, his fingers steepled under his chin and smirked at his partner. "Fred, stop the whining, you sound like a petulant child. We were trying to sell our cover. The holes will close up again in a few days. No self-respecting TV wears clip-on earrings.

By the way, for someone who claims to be a transvestite neophyte, you did amazingly well. You were simply a-w-e-s-o-m-e."

An indignant Fred gave Steve a stare that would drill through concrete.

"Thanks for the compliment, but yesterday was the longest day of my life. We spent over three hours getting dressed and an additional four hours parading around like two tricked-out whores and never got a single clue.

It took me hours to get all the makeup off last night and forever to get that waist cincher off. My God with all of its straps, panels, hooks, zippers and ties, it must be a leftover from the Spanish Inquisition. Why did you double knot it in back?"

Steve ignored Fred's yammering.

"All that effort, and we didn't hear a single thing about the murder or a dead body. How is that going to help?"

"Fred, no information, is still information. Think about it, a body is found feet away from where you work and not one waitress, or patron said a single word. Just fill in your report and let the Intel guys do their thing."

Fred still suffered from the indignity of his first undercover assignment. With an ashen pall on his face, he glared at Steve, looked around to make sure no one could overhear him and said, "All right, but when you walked me to my door, what the hell was that goodnight kiss for?"

"Sorry, sweetie, you were just so cute and after 6 or 7 drinks I couldn't help myself."

"Damn you, my neighbor saw two women necking at my doorstep and called my girlfriend. Lucy has left me 10 messages already."

"Hey, don't blame me; you are the one who reached up and grabbed me by my head in a moment of passion."

"Fuck you Steve, I already told you. You caught me off guard. In those stilts I stumbled, and just instinctively seized your head to keep from falling."

"Let me warn you. You try that again and the next Sunday; you will be singing soprano in the church choir. What am I going to tell Lucy? I can't tell her why we were in drag. Even if I can come up with some reasonable explanation for the dress, there is no explanation for the kiss."

"I don't know. Be creative. Skip the whole drag thing. Make her jealous; tell her you had a little three-way action last night."

"Yeah, that's brilliant, since I told her we were working together last night. What will you say to your wife when Lucy calls Phyllis?"

Steve smiled because he knew exactly what Phyllis would say. Contra to the rules he showed her a dozen pictures from his cell phone.

"Calm down just finish your statement. Don't forget to file your expense report."

"All right Steve, I'll get right on it. But, rest assured, I will get you for that 'I left my wallet in my other purse trick.' You bastard, I had to pay for the whole night. How do I explain the undercover expenses to accounting, since I paid in cash, I didn't get any receipts? You spent nothing while I spent over \$70."

"Cool it, if that hot to trot lezzy hadn't paid our last bar bill. It would have been a lot more. That says a great deal about the success of your disguise. Butt ugly gals pay their own way. But you were so sexy and inviting. You had admirers fighting over you all night. If you would have taken a few of those offers from the tranny chasers, the entire night would have been free. Just list everything as 'Incidentals.' I will submit a supporting statement, with your expense report."

Steve smiled and patted his coat pocket to ensure the \$200; he had been issued from the discretionary fund was still there. Maybe someday he will tell Fred about it, but for now, it was time to shop. A return trip back to the club was warranted to work on Donna, and he needed a new outfit. If he was really lucky maybe Tricia will be there again. Steve daydreamed; I bet I could pump her...for information.

"By the way, the way Frederica, with your constant flirting, you attracted a lot more attention than I thought was appropriate. I told you to be friendly not to troll for a boyfriend. We might have overdone things with your feminization."

"Do you think? Hell Steve, I had no idea how much ass grabbing, pinching, and propositioning there would be. By the way, my ass is black and blue from being pinched and groped. I had at least 10 guys and two women; at least, I think they were women, proposition me and ask for my phone number. One guy offered to pay me \$100 for a pole dance, and he

promised to provide the pole. That was Eww, disgusting, like I would touch his filthy rod! Those pick up lines, I never realized how cheesy they are. Last night was a real eye-opener for me."

At that moment, Bill stuck his head in the door, and asked, "Well boys how was your night at the fruit stand?"

In unison both agents responded, "Not as bad as I imagined."

"Finish your written reports and come to debrief me personally."

Chapter 24

A day and a half later Vladimir had flown in from Miami and talked to the plastic surgeon, "Doc; you have your latest patient; he is all ready for you to work your magic. Are you set up and prepared to go?"

"Yes Vladimir, we just got the results of his blood test. How long has our patient been on hormones? His levels are off the chart, in fact, I found several hormone patches stuck to his thigh."

I don't know when he began; all I know is that I have had him on mega doses since he started working in my club. All my 'girls get them secretly in their food. Is there a problem?

No, not really, when I first saw the lab result, I thought we were dealing with a pregnant teenager. I am afraid his procreating days are behind him. I have decided to make things easier for you and him; since you are such a good customer, there will be no extra cost. I am going to insert several slow release hormone capsules into his body. They will flood his system with estrogen for at least six months. Just a word of caution, with the levels of estrogen in his blood stream, his man sausage will continue to function for maybe a month longer, two months at the max. So if you have plans for that your timing has to be soon."

"Great Doc, you have the list of what else I want done on Jack."

"Jack?"

"Da, Doc that was his name before. Now he is called Daisy. I had him checked out. The poor Schmuck, appears to be a long term transvestite, he made the mistake of coming out to his wife in public. She put him through hell. She gave him to a dominatrix to break him in. The wife was

so broken up by his coming out that she was dating in less than two weeks, and if my reports are correct, and they always are, she has gotten herself knocked up. That's true love for you. After Daisy and I get settled in, I may have to send someone to reward those two. Our boy here is still hung up on her. I haven't the heart to tell him the truth about his wife. Why he still wears that childish watch she gave him as a coming out present, and that cheep imitation ring I don't understand? If you have to take them off be sure to put them back on before he wakes up, or he will freak-out. Wait a minute doctor I have an idea, give me the ring; I am going to have a duplicate made. I will surprise him later when I inform my little flower that he now belongs to me, body and soul. Can you keep Daisy knocked out for two days it will take?"

"That is no problem, Vladimir. We will keep the patient under continuous observation and sedated with high doses of tranquilizers for at least 36 hours. With implants as large as the ones you want there is going to be considerable discomfort. We will keep him...err her out of it for that time, then I suggest at least 7 more days of bed rest. And remember Vladimir absolutely no strenuous activity!"

"Just the thing Doc, I have errands to run, why don't you get started. One more thing doctor don't forget the collagen injections in the nipples. I want those puppies poking through a padded bra and a sweatshirt."

"Doctor one last question; is it possible to give her dimples?"

"Vladimir, I am the finest plastic surgeon money can buy. You want dimples; you got dimples."

Several hours later Vladimir returned and found the surgical nurse. "How did she do?" He asked anxiously.

"Wonderful, the nurse replied. The doctor finished about an hour ago."

"How does she look?" Vladimir excitedly asked.

"It's a little hard to tell. His face is pretty well covered with bandages."

"Did the doctor do everything we discussed?"

"Yes, we went right down the list as you requested, with one minor exception."

An angry Vladimir growled "And just was that, I don't like surprises?"

"We think you will like this one. We replaced the patient's puny breast implants with the mega ones you requested. We did the liposuction on his waist, and the butt implants. The rhinoplasty and facelift went unusually well. You will be exceptionally pleased with the lip plumping; they now look like two soft pillows. In my opinion, it is the best work the doctor has ever done. He now has the cutest little button nose, and is more feminine looking than most woman. Instead of injecting his nipples with collagen as you demanded the doctor used his initiative and injected strong female hormones into both nipples and aureoles. This will give the desired visual effect you wanted, plus it has the added advantage on making them grow in size and sensitivity as they are absorbed. Come back in six months and we can fill'em up again.

Jack that was his real name right? He will grow to love his orgasmic tits."

Vladimir we even did what you wanted on his ankles. Personally, I had some reservations; it seemed a bit barbaric, but we did it while he was sedated. He is now and forever marked as your property. As long as you keep the site clean and bandaged the final results should be exactly what you requested. Vladimir this one is a little more frail and feminine looking than you usually provide us, but everything turned out exquisitely."

As a statement more than a question Vladimir said, "Ben didn't castrate 'her' like he did Laura, did he?"

Funny, Vladimir thought to himself. In the past, he had never stopped thinking of the girls as guys, referring to them by their given genders. Jack was different somehow.

"No there was no orchitomy this time. He still has his cojones." The doctor was tempted to remove them, but I reminded him of what you said."

"Good. I'm still a little worried about Daisy's reaction to all this."

"Why are you worried? Daisy looks wonderful. He looks as much like a girl as any guy I've ever seen."

"That could become a problem. He may be too feminine. Aside from the little that's left of his penis, he isn't a guy any more. The hormones

have changed him so much already. I am concerned, he may not be emotionally ready to give up his claim on manhood. Normally, I rescue some poor gender confused guy from the scorn and ridicule in the bars. I mold them into a feminine looking woman. Play with them until I tire of the game and then discard them to their own devices. In the past, my problem had to be to make them look and act feminine enough to be believable; things are unusual this time. She is different. Daisy has exceeded all my expectations. This one is definitely a keeper," said Vladimir.

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Tucked into his bed aboard the ship Jack is fought to become fully conscious. He was still groggy and felt like he has just gone three rounds with Mike Forman. Lying in bed without opening his eyes Jack knew something wasn't right. In fact, something was very, very wrong. As the bed moved in the waves, he felt a weight on his chest shifting strangely. Slowly, he pried his eyes open. Surprisingly, he found himself in bed in a fancy stateroom. As his head slowly cleared, he forced open his eyes. He looked down towards the foot of the bed and saw the most feminine bedspread ever. It was a field of pink silk and lace. Out of that salmon pink field jutted two very prominent hills. Hills, hell they looked like the Alps.

Glancing under the covers, Jack's eye widened in wonderment. He was initially convinced he was hallucinating. Muttering, "Oh, fuck! Awww, I can't believe he would do this to me. It must be a dream; this can't be real!" Jack garbed his chest in panic. He found he was wearing an incredible see through pink chemise. Blinking his eye hoping that what he had seen was a delusion. The weight is almost oppressive. Two heavy mounds of quivery flesh topped by rose-colored peaks were holding him down. The sight of his new body produced a reflexive girly scream. Jack immediately started an inventory of his other major body parts.

Jack slid his legs out of bed and attempted to stand. He was unsteady on his feet. The unaccustomed weight that protruded from his chest was playing havoc with his equilibrium. Jack stood steadying himself with one hand on the bed. Jack allowed his silk gown to fall into place. He reached between his legs for one last check. Finding what he was looking for, Jack gave a relieved sigh and scanned the room. As his senses cleared he recognized that he is in Daisy's stateroom aboard Vladimir's yacht. Using the bulkhead for support Jack stumbled over to the porthole and regained his sense of humor, he thought, 'Shiver Me Timbers, we're

at sea'. The gentle sway of the boat was almost hypnotic. Suddenly, the boat took a large drop; Jack stumbled, and his udders flopped up and struck his chin. Regaining his balance, Jack felt his huge tits freely sway as the ship rose and fell in the Atlantic chop. The sensation of his nipples rubbing across the gossamer night gown sent Jack into sensory overload. Nipples that appeared fully engorged by what Jack assumed was a reaction to the cool air-conditioning. The mini erections were producing considerable distortions in the sheer fabric of his nightgown. Jack found that his massive tits had a substantial heft to them that gave them quite a bit of inertia when he or the ship moved. With each step, Jack found the mass on his chest was always a half step behind. Jack was compelled to abandon using the bulkheads for support. He decided to use his hand and arms to contain his swaying breasts. This resulted in Jack wildly stumbling about the stateroom, throwing his chest protuberances about in Tilt-A-Whirl fashion.

As he passed the dresser, Jack stared into the mirror. The image caused him to grab a chair for support and gawk in wonderment. Looking back is a stunningly beautiful, if an outrageously over-endowed, platinum-blonde woman. She has an angelic face with fluttering lashes and large plump kissable lips that were so huge they were down right pornographic. Her long hair is falling in tangled disarray about her shoulders. Her body is that of a goddess, the transparent chemise did little to hide those glorious curves. Trembling fingers moved to the bruises on his face. Disturbingly, Jack's first thought is how they distracted from his Beauty.



Still in a state of shock, Jack hefted his huge new endowments, feeling their weight and mass in his hands. Hands that don't come close to encompassing the volleyball sized spheres. He knew that some men would find these boobies absolutely magnificent, but even if he wasn't burdened with lugging their immense bulk around, he would have found them ridiculously oversized. They may look like volleyballs but damn if they didn't feel like two bowling balls attacked to his chest.

Acting on autopilot, Jack forced himself away from the mirror and stumbled confused into the head. Where he bent over the toilet bowl and vomited his guts out. The thought of being trapped in this body for the rest of his life brought another wave of nausea, until there was nothing left. Eventually feeling better he stood and examined the small room. The first thing Jack saw was a makeup kit, resting next to a hair brush and curling iron. After emptying his bladder and washing his face, Jack found himself driven by an unknown impulse. Jack was along for the ride, as Daisy opened the makeup case and sought out the concealer, knowing instinctively he had to hide the discolorations around his eyes. Without understanding what was driving his actions, he combed his hair and added a touch of lipstick. Feeling a lot better Jack stared at the image in the small sink mirror and thought the face staring back was his, but it wasn't. It was the face of an angel, a combination of sexy and beautiful. It possessed his large, bright blue eyes, but now had a nose that can only be described as cute, impossibly high cheek bones, accentuated by two endearing dimples and full, soft lips that Marilyn Monroe would have killed for.



Jack just stared mesmerized by the face in the mirror, 'Not bad, before I was attractive, now I am glamorous. NO! This can't be real! Why am I

thinking these things?' Jack was lost, 'What do I do now? Can I ever return to being a man or will these bodacious udders condemn me to a life of being a T-girl?' Suddenly the ship rolled violently Jack reached up and grabbed his breast with both hands to keep them under control. The palms of his hands brushed against his nipples. The feelings this produced was glorious. In a surreal state Jack found himself alternating between the aureoles and nipples, rubbing them between his finger and thumb. Jack continued this little exercise until his circuit breaker was thrown. He had what felt like an orgasm but his prick never got hard. A bewildered Jack felt dirty and sighed, "Maybe I won't want to be a man again. This really isn't too bad!"

Getting back into his bunk, Jack slept for the next 24 hours. Awakening with the morning light streaming in through the porthole, Jack laid in bed with a myriad of alien sensations emanating from his body. Even lying on his back, Jack found those mounds of fatty tissue jiggled and swayed rhythmically with the ship in the morning swells. Sliding to the floor, Jack firmly wrapped his arms under his chest in an attempt to contain their bent on independent motion. Jack managed to reach the head without incident. He performed his morning ablutions, which now include combing his hair and applying some makeup. Just as Jack was about to hop back into bed Vladimir knocked on his door and opened it peering in, "Sorry to disturb you Daisy, but this is something that has to be done. Can we come in?"

Still exasperated at Vladimir for making these unsolicited changes Jack answered "Come on in it's not like I have much of a choice. What is it now?"

"Don't be like that Doll Face! The doctor just has to do a checkup to make sure you are all right. Will you just let him look at you?"

"Vladimir hurried over to Daisy and said reassuringly, "I promise he won't do anything to hurt you."

"What kind of checkup." Jack asked, looking from Vladimir to the doctor. The doctor peering around Vladimir answered, "It's nothing Daisy, really. I need to give you a simple breast exam and your ass implants and give a quick look to your face, We need to make sure everything is shipshape joked the doctor."

Jack's memories of this man are fuzzy, but he did recognize him as the evil man who had played Dr. Frankenstein with his body. Jack looked to

Vladimir with fear in his eyes.

Jack's response was "Sure Igor, let the doctor in."

What would the doctor do? The idea of a breast exam was so foreign and beyond the scope of any of his previous experiences, it scared Jack.

"I'll stay right here with you." Vladimir said with a confused smile, unsure about the significance of Igor's comment.

"Please take off your nightgown Daisy and stand over here by the bed." The Doctor asked as pleasantly as he could.

Vladimir helped pull the chemise over Daisy's head. Not once did Jack take his eyes from the doctor. To have a strange man see him with his breasts exposed was something Jack was not emotionally prepared for. That was foolish, Jack knew. This was the man who gave him these damn beach balls. Vladimir stood by his side as Daisy sat down, a bed sheet pulled tightly around him while the doctor sat on the edge of the bed; first, he gently poked his face and nose with his fingers. "I can hardly see the incisions Daisy." He said, satisfied that he'd done his job well. "You are healing beautifully."

Then Daisy flinched as this monster yanked the sheet out of his hands, reached up and placed his hands on Daisy's breasts. Daisy sat there, held his breath, nervous as the doctor gently moved his breasts from side to side and up and down. Then, when Daisy thought, the doctor was finished, he squeezed them like he was checking ripe fruit.

"Vladimir you know his narrow chest makes his breast appear larger than they are. Now Daisy, please turn around so I can check your buttocks. The doctor took his time massaging Jack's enhanced darriair in a manner similar to the chest inspection. He was a bite more thorough than Jack thought necessary. The doctor sat back and with an enigmatic smile said, "I'm sorry Daisy. I to check that no seepage had taken place. "Just one more thing Daisy, then I will be done. Turn back around and face me please." The doctor reached up and pinched each nipple, watching for a reaction from his patient, saying, "I just wanted to make sure they retained their sensitivity, are you having any problems?"

Jack responded "My nipples really itch."

"That's normal. Here this cream has estrogen in it. It will relieve the itching. I'll call around and give you some more if you like."

The two men watched with amusement as Jack put the chemise back on allowing it to float down around his body.

"This is utterly unbelievable." Jack howled, "Just get out, both of you perverts, get out and leave me alone!"

Jack looked to Vladimir.

"All done Daisy, I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable." The doctor's apology seemed genuine. He stood and walked halfway to the door and turned. "You've become a beautiful young woman Daisy. I wish you all the happiness in your new life; I have given you a hidden present that will reveal itself in time. I discovered the hormone patches you were wearing when you were brought to me. I implanted slow release estrogen capsules in your tissue. So for the next six months you will have no need for external estrogen, your body will produce it on its own!" The doctor turned and left, and whispered to Vladimir "In fact, fact she will have more estrogen in her than a maternity ward full of expectant mothers."

Jack quickly covered himself with the sheet. He was relieved that the doctor was gone. Being touched like that by the old man made him feel violated and dirty.

"That wasn't so bad Daisy, was it?" Vladimir had seen how uncomfortable Daisy had looked when Ben touched him, and now he tried to play it down. "Most women get a breast exam every year, and it's not nearly as gentle as the doctor was with you."

"If I was a woman, I guess that would be reassuring." Jack asked, "Do doctors really push and squeeze you like that?"

Vladimir left, and Jack locked the door behind him. Jack then entered the head for a shower. The rest of the trip back home was uneventful. The new and improved Daisy, secluded himself in his cabin and refused to come out even to eat.

Once in port in Miami, Vladimir decided to give his new girlfriend some space and arranged a limo ride back to her apartment. Departing from the ship, Vladimir cornered Daisy, saying, "I know you are feeling strange right now, I will give you a few days to adjust, but after that you better snap out of it. I have spent too much time and money on you, so don't fuck it up or you will know what real pain is all about. Have I made myself clear?"

A sobbing Jack entered the limo and sat in a zombie-like trance. Shortly Jack found himself at his apartment building. Exiting the limo, Jack was met with a chorus of catcalls and whistles, running a gauntlet of young men 'hanging out' on the sidewalk. Jack made his way to his apartment door. Crying hysterically Jack knocked on his apartment door, and prayed Linda was home.

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Chapter 25

Jack knocked on the door to his apartment because he has no keys. Linda eventually opened it just a crack. She looked out but it took a moment for her to recognize Daisy. Her eyes went wide and her mouth opened and closed a couple of times but the only thing to come out was a squeaky, "Wow." Opening the door fully, Jack's heart nearly burst at seeing 'his' Linda again. Gaining her voice Linda continued, "Daisy we have been worried about you. Come in and tell me what happened. Jack attempted to sidestep Linda to enter the apartment, and banged his left tit on the door frame. He grabbed his breast in pain; Jack slouched over trying to minimize the size of his boobs. The novelty of being a stacked woman was fading fast.

"With a set of knockers like those I guess we can retire your supply of Wonder Bras. Linda graded a pad of paper and a pen to take notes. Tell me everything, don't leave anything out."

"That Vladimir is a miserable vermin, and that ship of his is a petri dish, he gives cockroaches a bad name! I want to squish him like the bug he is."

Jack stood up straight and flung his arms out wide displaying his massive mammaries. "Look what he did to me. I want him dead. Dead do you hear me? Please do something Linda. I am nothing but a circus sideshow; I'm 120 lbs of walking, giggling tits! Getting here from the car was unbelievable; everyone stared at my boobs, and made rude suggestive comments."

Linda saw that Daisy was having an emotional tsunami. She knew she must do something quickly to save his mental wellbeing. "Don't worry about those people, they are just jealous. Now let's get you bathed and into bed, I will bring you a good stiff drink, then we can have a nice long talk."

Sitting on the side of the bed Linda could only gawk at Daisy's titanic tits, and then with a sheepish grin, Linda finally had to ask "Oh, hmm,...Daisy, I have to ask, did Vladimir take the family jewels?"

A weeping Jack responded "Um, no he left them, for what good they will do me, the doctor told me he implanted massive amounts of time released female hormones inside me. This means my boy parts are going to become irrelevant in time. What am I going to do, I am such a freak, with these monstrosities I can never be a normal woman. Linda mused that 'Daisy's petulant little pout made her look even sexier than she normally did.' Trying to liven the moment Linda said, "Daisy it looks like you hit the jackpot in the boob lottery."

"Actually Linda, think I won the booby prize," joked back Jack.

"Daisy, you may not want to hear this, and forgive my audacity, your figure may be of staggering proportions but I think you are stunning, I don't care what they say, size does matter. Hell if tits were brains you would be the smartest person on the planet. You have a set of breasts that a man or woman could get lost in. In fact it would take three days to find your way out of those mountains of flesh. I could spend a lifetime mapping the topography of your chest."

Jack tilted his head and batted his eyelashes at Linda and seductively whispered, "Linda you are so full of shit, it makes your eyes turn brown; but you really know how to make me feel better."

With the tension now broken, Linda noticed Daisy's nipples and aureoles were well developed and extremely predominate. Jack turned his head and laid it on Linda's warm and inviting shoulder. The two 'women', spent the remainder of the night enveloped in each other's arms. With all the sympathy she could muster, Linda comforted Daisy kissed her forehead. She said, "Honey I will help you anyway I can."

After spending most of next morning trying to calm Daisy, Linda finally told her roommate, "Listen honey, I have to go into the office for a while, Steve is demanding a report on your absence. We were all very worried about you. I am looking forward to breaking the news about you new hyper-inflated mammaries."

Linda gave Jack an enthusiastic hug and said, "Will you be all right if I leave for a few hours? Daisy you have to trust me on this one, you are going to be fine. You have my word on that!"

Finally alone, Daisy spent a long time standing naked in front of the mirror studying his new body. His diet, exercise and hormones had sapped the bulk of his manly muscles, leaving behind nothing but soft curves.

The front of his breasts appeared so full and ripe that they actually concealed a portion of his thin arms when he held them at his sides. Jack felt a sense of shame at the fact his own image produced a semi-sexual arousal within him. Strangely it was more emotional than physical. Walking was now a major distraction. The mound of flesh grazed his arms when he moved them forward. Reflecting on his new image one word kept jumping into his head and only one word, 'Bimbo'. Jack wondered how he'd have the nerve to show himself like this in public. The long solitude dampened his spirits even more. Feeling disillusioned, Jack contemplated suicide. Jack thought, 'Living like this is, a freak, is not worth living. Anything is better than going through life like it was a perpetual Halloween. I'm tired of being emotionally alone. I don't trust anyone. I am just worthless; all my dreams have been transformed into nightmares.'



The emotional and physical turmoil of the past few months are more than he can handle. He tried to devise a plan for his final demise. 'How would I do it, I hate the sight of blood, I don't like pain, the only way is to hang myself. I wonder, are pantyhose are strong enough to do the job?'

The reverberations of his emotional abuse by Linda, followed by the physical abuse inflicted by Vladimir hit him like a train wreck. Jack recognized that he doesn't want to die, but the anguish was more than he can cope with. His options are very limited. Jack realized he needed help. He wanted someone to talk to. Linda is out, she is a total psycho, Vladimir is an uncaring bastard, the girls at the club are a possibility, but in his heart Jack knew he needed Rose, the only person in the world who ever loved him.

Standing in front of his bathroom mirror Jack was awed and disturbed by his reflection. Then it hit him. "Damn!" He breathed, "I am going to quit this spook operation. I am going back to Rose and plead with her to take me back. If I can win her love back, I think I might get through this!"

Jack needed to get dressed. He quickly found that walking around with his breast unsupported was not an option. Going through his massive wardrobe Jack could find nothing that fit his new dimensions. Finding his largest bra, Jack attempted unsuccessfully to stuff his humongous jugs into the hopelessly overmatched bra cups. Jack couldn't even get it closed. As a last resort he tried one of Linda's bras. He found one that he could at least get closed, but the mass of flesh popped out whenever he moved, standing perfectly still both pink nipples were visible amongst the mountains of cleavage spilling from his tight top. Then he remembered a bustier that Linda owned, unfortunately it was on the top shelf. Jack bit his lip in concentration and wrapped one arm around his vast, jiggling bosoms before he took a pathetic little bunny-hop in the air, his other arm straining upwards for balance. He managed to grasp the bustier but landed on his ass, boobs oscillated uncontrollably for ages. Jack actually thought it was funny the way the huge creamy spheres danced so happily in contrast to his dark mood. Eventually he put on the old bustier with half cups. It provided some support, as his breasts rested on two soft pink shelves. Unfortunately his nipples were not cover, they stood out hard and firm like two stone monuments. As Jack looked down at them, he sadly wished his penis could get that hard.

Finding the only top that had a chance of fitting was one of Linda's

knit sweaters. Stretching a size eight over his size 12 chest was a struggle. One in which on Jack found he was in point of fact busting out of. Jack was concerned that his nipples would actually force their way out of the knit weave.

Donning a matching skirt, and then retrieving a purse, lipstick, and the keys for his car still parked in the lot below. Jack was finally ready to go. After several hours of driving, Jack arrived at his old home. He pulled his Pontiac to the curb up and parked across the street, setting the handbrake Jack began to panic. He realized he didn't even know if Rose lived there anymore. As it started to get dark Jack decided he would wait for awhile and see what developed. While waiting, Jack touched up his lipstick a dozen times. It seems old habits are hard to break.

It was now after 6 PM about the time Rose normally got home from work. Jack pulled out his lipstick one last time as the bottom rim of the sun kissed the top of the palm trees. Watching a gull taking advantage of the late afternoon thermals, it slowly circled above what use to be Jack's home. As the sun dipped below the palm trees, the gull made a swan dive and disappeared behind the shrubbery. Jack took the disappearing bird and its lonely call as a precursor of his hopes of reconciliation with Rose. Jack's melancholy shrouded him just as evening twilight enveloped the car. Jack thought, 'After the way she treated me, what argument can I use to convince her to take me back. How am I going to explain my physical appearance? I will tell her everything, honesty is the best policy. If that doesn't work I will tell her, if she doesn't take me back I am going to kill myself. Will she even care?' The longer Jack sat, the greater his doubts and insecurities grew. He had always held onto the belief that no one is ever truly alone – that is until now.

The sun faded behind the tops of the palm trees, the horizon turned from fiery red to shades of maroon and purple. Jack started to question his decision to come, the only reason he stayed was the fact the porch light was on. Jack desperately grasped at the straw of Rose's last words, 'I will leave the lights on for you'. Did she mean those words as a ray of hope or was it just another cruel taunt? Then as the sun just began its slide into the horizon, a set of headlights illuminated Jack's car. He slumped down in the seat to remain unseen. A strangely familiar car pulled into the driveway. Jack intently tried to determine if the driver was Rose. He mustered his courage and prepared to exit the car. His plan was to intercept Rose before she got inside figuring she was less likely to make a scene in public. Just then the driver opened his door and the

dome light illuminated the driver. Not only was it not Rose, but it was Mike, his old nemesis. Jack's heart stopped as Mike got out and went to the passenger side and helped Rose out of the car. With his arm supporting her, Mike assisted an obviously pregnant Rose to the front door. Mike opened the door and both disappeared into the dark house. The porch light was turned off.

'You whoring bitch!' thought Jack as he drove the night sky turned inky black, reminiscent of a tomb. Jack drove back to Linda's, the only sanctuary he had left. The entire trip home, Jack was tormented by the image of Mike and Rose together, it was his worst nightmare.

During his commute home Jack went through a transmutation, his self-pity and despondency morphed into a driving need for revenge. Suicide would have to wait. Jack had a mission to accomplish first. Jack railed into the night, "I will find a way to get back at everyone. I have no idea how, but I would find a way. No matter what happens I am going to payback Rose for her callous vindictive behavior. Linda, you Marquis de Sade, will be next, 'Reap what Ye Sow' the time is coming for your comeuppance. Then Vladimir, I will come up with something appropriately special for you."

An apprehensive Jack returned to the apartment, unsure of the welcome that awaited him. He entered with a sense of doom to find a concerned Linda waiting impatiently. In a melodramatic fashion Jack told Linda, "I am ready to do whatever it takes to get Vladimir, he is going to pay for what he did to me."

An obviously relieved Linda greeted Jack and in a bitter tone retorted, "Good! But you still must be punished for leaving without my permission. Take that ridiculous outfit off. We will get you some cloths that fit your matronly figure tomorrow. Strip and do it now! I want you 'O natural'. Take off everything except the heels. As a braless Jack walked his new breasts seemed to have a life of their own. With every movement they swung and bounce against each other, producing a significant quivering of flesh."

Linda threw Jack a jump rope, and told him to start skipping. It took Jack all of two seconds to realize jumping rope in 5 inch heels and no bra was a painful challenge. When Jack paused to complain, Linda gave him a withering stare and retrieved her 'stick'. The message was clear and Jack resumed his exercise. As Jack got into a rhythm and skipped rope. His new unsupported pendulous bosoms began hurting flopping around like two gigantic fleshy play yard tetherballs. Jack attempted, with

very little success, to contain them with his forearms as he exercised. Linda assailed him with degrading laughter. Eventually Linda became concerned Daisy might damage her implants and terminated the night's entertainment.

As Jack was climbing in bed Linda stuck her head in and inquired, "Well Daisy what did you learn tonight?"

"I learned that I will never do anything ever again without a proper bra."

After putting Daisy to bed Linda made a phone call and made arrangements for several new outfits and bras to be delivered to the apartment.

The next day had Daisy dressed for work in a simple high cut black dress and a petal jacket in sparkling silver print with a hook and eye closure at the neckline in hopes of camouflaging his massive bosom. With his shoulders hunched Jack tried to quietly sneak into the club and just assume his normal duties. The first Daisy sighting set off a celebration of squeals and oohs and aahs from all his friends. Jack was inundated with questions concerning his welfare and where he had he been. Touched by the honest show of emotion, Jack broke down and cried. Eventually he was forced to compose himself, when Phil started yelling at everyone to get back to work. At the dinner break Daisy gathered everyone and related his story, "Daisy claimed she had found a 'sugar daddy.' Who had swooped her off her feet, and taken her for a few minor cosmetic improvements."

This produced a howl of laughter from the group. Sue pointed at Daisy's chest and commented, "If that is a minor improvement, I don't want to be around for a major renovation."

Despite the constant nagging, Daisy refused to reveal the name of her benefactor. The way Vladimir had been hovering around Daisy, it didn't take Sherlock Holms to solve the mystery.

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Chapter 26

"Eww gross! That is the ickiest thing I have ever heard. There is no way I am putting that thing in my mouth."

Linda chuckled, "Oh, you poor demented child. Have we not learned

anything about my determination? Before I am finished you will have an oral fixation so strong that sucking on a dildo will be your favorite pastime. You are going to have the talents of an experienced courtesan. No one will ever question the authenticity of you being a lifetime cock sucker. Girl this is going to be 'easy peasy', by the time we get done you are going to be a cock-sucking aficionado. That's a promise."

"Daisy, the mouth is the first erogenous zone in the body. Look at any infant milking on its mother's teat. The mouth remains an organ of pleasure, both giving and receiving. Now open up for momma and stick out your tongue like a good girl. If you do there will be a reward, if you fight me on this I am going to insert it in a different orifice. Would you prefer that? Now open your mouth or spread your legs those are your only options."

Linda displayed a psychopathic, crooked smile that was terribly endearing, but a little scary

"You need to understand that a woman is more than a castrated man, you have got to feel it inside, drop this homophobic anxiety. Daisy, as you have ascertained I prefer girls, but I can assure you, I don't have a penis envy. You need to understand that a penis is not sinister nor is it noble. It is merely a reproduction apparatus."

"Let's go over the basics, shall we? I will walk you through this. Daisy; it's not nearly as difficult as you have heard. Anyone can learn to deep throat. One thing to remember is when you get to the point where the head actually enters the throat, you may feel a little resistance and will need to give a little extra 'push' to get the penis fully in. It may help to use your tongue to pull the penis in deeper. When you reach the point where you feel the gag reflex, pause for a moment, then, without removing the penis from your mouth, extend your tongue out a little further, and then pull your tongue back in your mouth, pulling the penis along with it. After you've learned to take in the entire length, we will teach you some 'advance techniques' that will add even more pleasure to your partner. Such as letting your partner ejaculate with the entire length of his penis in your throat. If you don't like the taste of cum, this is a great approach because the head of the penis is well past the taste buds. You'll also be able to perform a 'throat massage' that will drive any man wild with passion. This is accomplished by actually making a swallowing motion while the entire length of his thing is deep in your throat. You'll also be able to lick his balls while he's in your throat."

"Once you are good at giving oral sex, you will love looking up at him,

watching him squirm around, with his face turning different colors as you give him your Blue-Ribbon award winning blow job! For many women it's a turn on just watching her man. Keep one hand on the base of your man's penis at all times to maintain control over the depth of penetration. You must tell him not to thrust. But, being a man, see how long that lasts. Just remind him where your teeth are, that works wonders on keeping men in line."

Now let's practice, put the long, hard shaft, in your soft waiting, wet mouth—you play with it around your tongue...in and out, in and out, you feel it building up inside you...you go faster and faster waiting for...the creamy white liquid of life to fill your mouth.

With a waning resistance Jack open his mouth to once again protest. Big mistake, all he got out was m...mrmph as the dildo was unceremoniously shoved into his mouth.

To aid in Daisy's acceptance, Linda had soaked the faux prick in daisy's special vodka. After just a few minutes Jack hazily remembers sucking on popsicles as a child and mentally envisioning them to be penises.

Jack nightly practiced on Linda's 'special' Vodka flavored dong. While Daisy slurped and swallowed Linda would concentrated on suckling one of his supersensitive nipples. Using her thumb and forefinger she tweaked the other until Jack's nipples were hard little nibs. Linda's ministrations had turned these soft fleshy nubs into hard granite. Then just to ensure he wouldn't forget he still had one Linda would occasionally let her hand slide down to Jack's boy clit and fondle it through his panties.

Jack almost purred in pleasure. He was lifting his pelvis off the bed while simultaneously pushing his chest further into her mouth. Linda's plan of having Daisy associate fellatio with erotic personal pleaser was coming along perfectly.

By the second week of oral training, once a dildo entered the portal of Jack's mouth there was an immediate noticeable anatomical response. Jack would spread his legs and raise his chest up in anticipation and his nipples would swell and stand to attention like two proud soldiers. By the second weekend, Jack had managed to deep throat Linda's largest dildo and did so with a great deal of pride. Sunday night Linda produced a surprise for her honor pupil. It was a very realistic looking limp prick. But once inserted in a warm wet place the computer chip sensors would cause the device to expand and stiffen. Then by gripping the

realistic ball sack and squeezing it would cause the device to expand a slight bit more, spasm and empty the fluid being kept in the reservoir of its realistic ball sack. To Jack's bafflement a revolting fluid came out, and he sat up and spit it onto the floor and yelled "Gross, that is revolting!"

Linda chuckled at his reaction and lectured "Daisy, I am not running a charm school for debutants. I seriously regret letting your wife work on you. She was trying to create a refined sophisticated lady. I have worked hard to have you unlearn all those things. When I get finished with you I don't want anyone looking at you and ever thinking they are seeing a lady. When a total stranger looks at you Daisy the only thing they are going to see is sex on a stick. Just remember I am training you in the arts of love. When you graduate you could probably get a job as a sex surrogate. At the very least you could become a high priced call girl. But for now you will use your sexual abilities and appeal for only one purpose, which is to get Vladimir and put him away."

"Linda, I may look like a woman, but I don't want anything to do with men, I am only attracted to dames, whined Jack."

"But Daisy, my dear, what you want or don't want is immaterial. If you are required to have sex with a great dame, to accomplish your mission, than you will be the best bitch in the kennel. Also you need to learn to swallow, men really like that. If you don't like the taste or texture just hold your breath and keep swallowing until it's all gone. Have I made myself clear? Do I need to go get my attitude adjusters again?"

An incensed Jack pouted, covered his tits with his hands and responded "no Ms. Linda I will do as you say"

"Are you angry, Daisy? That's good; rage can be a great motivator."

Nightly, Linda would crawl into bed with Jack, hand him a dildo and as long as Daisy practiced fellatio on the plastic tube, Linda would lovingly suckle on Daisy's, nipples. A symbiotic relationship was developing between the two. The Lesbian Linda was having her sexual needs met while Jack's need for security and companionship was found in the arms of his previous tormentor. Linda's ultimate goal was to have Daisy associate cock sucking with physical pleasure and sexual arousal. For a normal heterosexual male, this was a tuff sell. But Linda was convinced she sensed something different in Daisy. Life had become close to idyllic for both Linda and Jack, their fondness grew daily.

Most nights after Linda had fallen asleep; Daisy would pick up the dildo and use it as a pacifier sucking on it until sleep over took his troubled mind, it became his security blanket.



One lazy Sunday morning, as Jack lay in bed he watched as Linda got dressed. Linda walked over to her lover and reached out and lightly stroked a hypersensitive nipple. Then without saying a word she purposely walked to the door, where Linda turned and proudly declared, "Daisy I love you, when this is over we are going to be together, that's a promise." Not waiting for a response Linda rushed out the door.

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Chapter 27

Linda knowing Jack had a good chance of being alone with Vladimir; she spiked his perfume with an extra strong dose of the pheromones. Rationalizing, she wanted Vladimir to fall in love. Little did she know it would have an unexpected consequence?

Since their return from Mexico Vladimir became a different person. He

was being so considerate and respectful at the bar. When he wasn't holding Daisy's hand, Vladimir's arm was draped on his shoulder or around his waist.

The other patrons were acting different too. It was almost like they instinctively knew Daisy was to be respected and not ridiculed like the other girls. Daisy became more confident and contented in her role as a waitress, as this comfort level grew her mannerisms changed. Daisy stopped playing the vulgar sissy; rather he migrated back to the ladylike traits of the Rose era. Daisy conducted herself like a proper lady and expected everyone else in the bar to treat her like one. Suddenly work was no longer a four letter word; it became a joy, an escape from the harsh regiment of training at home. His metamorphose was noticed by his associates at work, and most envied Daisy. A strange thing began to happen, it seemed self-respect is contagious. All of the girls were imitating Daisy's conduct. Even poor Donna changed. He started shaving his legs, arms, hands and his face. He no longer filled his bras with overflowing water balloons. Rather he saved his tips and went out and bought a very realistic set of silicon breast forms and downsized his bra to a reasonable DD. One unfortunate side effect, Donna became such a narcissus he tended to hog the vanity mirror in the locker room. He also became the queen of flirtation, batting his heavily massacred eyelashes and coquettish smile at every client. He would spend hours primping if you let him. Then one day during the lunch hour rush, Daisy was schmoozing with some customers and Donna came to Daisy.

"Donna is that a new wig, it is lovely, I adore the way it frames you face.

"Thanks for the compliment, I think it makes me look authentic. Paula got a new one; she wasn't wearing this anymore and lent it to me.

"My friend may I ask a favor?"

"Sure Donna what is it?"

"Do you see that woman who is acting all hoity-toity and holding hands with that muscle bound gorilla? They just sat down in your section? Well that is, Mrs. Alicia Reed, my wife. She comes in every week to check up on me and rub my nose in it. After her grand entrance I'm required to present myself for her inspection and ridicule. She points me out to her companion they have a good laugh at me, then I try and hide out in the back until she leaves."

Giggling Daisy said, "Really, Donna Reed?"

"Yes damn you Daisy, why do you think Alicia picked that accursed fem name!

"I understand Donna. I will cover for you, go ahead and take your break."

"No Daisy, you don't understand. She has never seen the new me. My request is to trade sections with you. I want to wait on her table." Donna continued, "I intend to be the best waitress she has ever had. Don has served his penance and now it's time for Donna to shine. I am going to sashay over to their table and treat them both like they are royalty. I am going to do it with the biggest smile you have ever seen. I am going to show her how I have changed."

Donna approached Alicia's table and politely inquired how she may be of service.

In a cold authoritative tone, Alicia responded, "Go away honey, I want to see Donna!"

Just barley repressing a nervous laugh Donna responded, "Well 'honey' I am Donna."

"OMG, Is that really you Donald? You look fantastic. What has come over you? Turn around let me get a good look at you!"

For the next hour Daisy hovered in the vicinity, just in case her friend needed help. Donna played super waitress fluttering around them like a bee to pollen. It was almost comical as Donna, rushed about, wiped the table a dozen times, and filled glasses after every sip. As the couple got up to leave Donna escorted them to the door Alicia pulled Donna aside for a private word. Then as the couple got to the door Danna gave them a formal curtsey which produced a loud animated laugh from a smiling Alicia. After the couple left Daisy rushed over to her friend to see how things worked out.

Donna faced Daisy with a smile like the sun peeking out from behind a cloud.

"Donna based on that smile I am going to make a quantum leap of deductive logic and guess it went well."

"It was incredible. For the first time since this all started Alicia didn't mock or ridicule me, in fact she even complimented me, saying I was the most attractive waitress in the club.

She only got mad at me one time. She actually accused me of flirting with her escort. You are not going to believe this but as she was leaving she embraced me and asked Donna for a date! Friend I need a really big favor, will you swap days off with me, oh, please say yes! We are going to spend the day at her spa. After a day of pampering she promised to take me shopping for a new dress that would be suitable for dining at the supper club out on the point. I am as giddy as a teenager; I think this is the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

'Donald' really fucked things up with Alicia, now Donna is going to woo his wife back and start life all over!

"I would be glad to swap shifts."

"Thank you, this is all your doing. I would kiss you but I have sworn a vow of celibacy so you will have to settle for a hug."

"Donna, I think your corset is too tight, I haven't done anything."

"Oh, quite the contrary Daisy, you are my role model. You are prim and proper when required. Yet you can be forceful and rough around the edges when the clientele get raucous or obnoxious. You just ooze strength and confidence. When you want you have a seductive allure that the rest of us would kill for and you make it all look so easy. Daisy you are the inspiration for my new persona. You have showed us all that self-respect is our right. Your self-confidence is contagious, why do you think the rest of us have been changing?"

"Can I ask you another favor? I adore that perfume you are wear, it is just so yummy. I don't have any extra money. I spent everything I had on my forms. Can I borrow some of your perfume? The dollar store is all out of my old brand. I would like to permanently retire it."

"Sure girlfriend, I will take your shift and I have an extra bottle of perfume in my locker you can have it."

At the dinner break, the girls gathered for their nightly gab secession, at what had previously been referred to as the witches' coven, which often became quit catty. The girls would break into their various clicks and with fangs and claws out, viscously attack each other. Now the nightly cluster of girls was known as Daisy's round table. They would gather for a little gossip and friendship. Daisy's acceptance was not

universal by all the waitresses. Sara stormed off one night; clamming Daisy was driving her crazy. "Daisy with the hair twirling and constantly redoing your lipstick I just want to scream. You can take all this 'lady' crap and stuff it. I am a sissy and all I want to do is suck cock. Now I am leaving this nuthouse and moving in with my boyfriend."

Several other girls quit but the majority stayed and molded into a tight knit group of friends. The girls would gather around every night and just bond. The hierarchal cast system of gays, ex-whores, Sissy's, TVs and TGs had completely disappeared. It was now just a group of equals exchanging thoughts, suggestions, gossip, philosophies and even sexual techniques. The girls shifting self-image also impacted on the patron's conduct. The bar was no longer a 'freak show'. It was slowly evolving into a normal sports bar. Sure the customers still got rowdy; but now it was over some game, not a reenactment of a scene from 'Animal House.'

In fact the club was beginning to get the reputation as a mantrap as large groups of single woman would frequently descend on the club during nights of major sporting events.

Tuesday afternoon, Vladimir intercepted Daisy entering the bar. Vladimir told her they were going to spend the afternoon outside, after confirming the time off with Phil, Vladimir dragged Daisy off to his waiting chauffeur driven beamer. To Daisy's utter surprise Vladimir had them driven to the city zoo.

Daisy stood and intently watched the antics at the penguin exhibit. Vladimir came up behind Daisy and wrapped his arms around his 'girlfriends' waist and snuggled up against her, deeply inhaling her enchanting perfume. Jack had to pretend that he didn't mind being held that way. But the pretending was getting easier all the time. It was a fun day, just a man and his girlfriend wondering around the zoo holding hands.

Two nights later Daisy had off from work. Jack had just finished his drinking/memory secession with Linda. Jack always felt so relaxed after these secessions, kind of like he was floating in a cloud. But the treadmill sessions always brought him back to earth. Surprising how pain will do that to you. On the way to the treadmill, there was a firm knock on the door. It was Vladimir and he asked Daisy to dinner. Even though he had already had his meager dinner Jack in a flash jumped with glee and said "YES, I would love to!" Realizing his protocol mistake Jack looked to Linda for permission and received a Cheshire cat smile and a head nod. Jack rushed off to his room for his purse, touched up his

lipstick and liberally doused himself with perfume. Some minutes later the couple stood in line waiting for their table, Vladimir remain motionless staring at the object of his fascination. He slid up behind Daisy and gently stoked her hair, breathing in that heavenly aroma and nuzzled the nape of her neck. Jack had to say something. He just had to be careful how he said it. "Oh, stop that Vladimir, it tickles."

Jack didn't expect what Vladimir did next. Vladimir spun Daisy around; his eyes were filled with lust and desire as he slowly closed the distance between their lips. In a reflexive move Jack smiled at his date and reached up and put both hands behind Vladimir's head. Vladimir leaned in for a kiss. Jack met him with closed eyes and quivering lips and kissed him full on the mouth. Their tongues met passionately and then danced together reminiscent of two experienced lovers. Jack playfully sucked on Vladimir's tongue. Jack felt his whole body tingle like it had been hit with lightening. Every nerve in his body was alive. 'I kissed him and I liked it', was all Jack could think. Then sighing Jack broke the kiss.

Vladimir continued to gently run his hands through his hair. Jack kept his hands firmly locked behind Vladimir's head. Their eyes remained locked in a loving gaze. Their name was called for seating, Jack reluctantly released Vladimir's head but firmly grasped his hand. Jack was conflicted, he felt his emotions aroused liked seldom before. Jack felt himself losing control, it scared him. He didn't know what to do next. 'Act as if it was nothing out of the ordinary', he told himself. Stay calm, it was just a kiss between a couple out on a date.

Jack remained attentive, before, during and after they ate. The rest of the evening Vladimir was a little touchy-feely, dancing a couple of slow numbers. It was the little things he did, like sneaking up behind Jack and grabbing him around the waist, nuzzling his neck like he'd done earlier. It drove Jack crazy, but gave Daisy warm fuzzes all over. When Vladimir dropped Daisy off after dinner, he grabbed her in a hug. Jack felt his body soften and molded itself to Vladimir's massive form. Jack anticipated another toe curling kiss but was disappointed when Vladimir merely gave him a brotherly peck on the lips and said goodnight. A dejected Jack stood in his doorway; every emotion in his body called at him to run after Vladimir and throw himself at him and play suck face. But Jack had too much pride to make a spectacle of himself, so he reluctantly returned to his apartment and the unavoidable inquisition from Linda.

Several nights later at the bar, Monday night football was on, Vladimir

invited Daisy to sit with him to watch the game. Jack took his usual spot on the couch, assuming that Vladimir would sit at the far end, away from him. Vladimir stood and dropped down on the couch right next to Daisy. The big Russian sat there for the next three hours. Sometimes he had his arm around Daisy, once he put his hand on Daisy's leg and stroked it absentmindedly as they watched the game. It should have made Jack's flesh crawl, but instead Daisy's tingled. Towards the end of the game, Vladimir formally asked Daisy on another date. Jack knew he was to play hard to get, but Daisy simply squealed in delight and promptly said, "Yes, what do I wear and where are we going?"

Selection of just the right dress was difficult; it took Jack several days to settle on an elegant light lilac dress, provocatively short, backless and low cut. Jack took extra care on his nails, they were all glitzy. Jack had them painted in a gunmetal gray shade imbedded with sparkles that made his nails look like little disco balls. His hair was now long enough where it flowed gently over his bare shoulders and ended in a gentle upsweep.

As Jack got getting ready for his first formal date with Vladimir, he felt clumsy with his long acrylic nails. He selected a lacy little bra that supported well but concealed very little and then a pair of silk thong panties Jack's heart beat in anticipation. He slid them up and settled them over his smooth little cock. The best part was the way they teased his tight virgin rosebud. Jack sat and applied purple eye shadow just past the wrong side of too much. Next came an extra thick coat of black eyeliner. Jack brushed his mascara up...up and up again onto his lashes. Even after all this time Jack still had a tendency to flinch when the wand was next to his eye. But when he was finished he was delighted with the results. Fluttering his eyelashes Jack was reminded of a small bird flapping its wings. Finishing with a heavy layer of the very reddest lipstick in his arsenal then capping it all with a heavy coat of gloss. Jack looked at himself in the mirror and literally drooled over the tantalizingly breathtaking woman staring back at him.



Jack could scarcely believe it was him in the mirror. Embarrassingly his little man tool reacted sufficiently so that the tip of its head sneaked a peak out the top of the panties. Readjusting his man part Jack concealed the fleshy intruder back between his legs. Jack push a lose strand of blond hair behind his ear and moved his head slowly from side to side. The sparkling diamonds glittered in the light. Very pretty, he thought to himself and smiled. The necklace was next and it lay in the valley between his oversized breasts. The addition of bangles on his wrists was just the right touch. Jack wanted more than ever to finish dressing. But Jack realized he had another hour before the big Russian arrived. 'At least I can put on my perfume', thought Jack. Putting a little behind his ears, on his wrists and, as he smiled, then he put a generous amount between his breasts. The fragrance wafted up and had a strange effect on him. He enjoyed the wave of emotion and nostalgia that swept over him – 'that's the same brand Rose gotten him so many months before' thought Jack. Wrapping himself in his silk robe he settled down in the loveseat to wait. Within seconds Jack had dosed off for a quick catnap.

Knocking gently, Vladimir entered, looking very sporty in his suit; Jack was spellbound and surprise at the words coming out of his mouth. "Vladimir I want you. I've wanted you for a long time... Come to me now!" Vladimir crossed the room and gently laid his hand on her cheek as Jack put his hand over Vladimir's lips. "No words are necessary." He whispered as he reached up to Vladimir with warm moist lips. They were helpless as the passion swept over them. Jack pushed Vladimir's jacket off his shoulders and it dropped to the floor. Jack stood there looking at Vladimir with desire. He slowly unbuttoned his crisp white shirt. It landed with his coat and tie at their feet. Again their lips met. Vladimir's touch was like electricity lighting up every nerve in Jack's body. He longed for Vladimir's soft caresses. Without their lips parting Vladimir bent down, slid the robe off Jack's shoulders and effortlessly took Jack in his arms and carried him to the bed. After what seemed like an eternity to both of them, he lay down beside her. Neither spoke, no words were necessary.

Their lips were seemingly permanently attached as Vladimir's hands roamed over Daisy's entire body, lingering briefly between Daisy's legs. Jack shivered with anticipation as Vladimir's hand touched his sensitive man clit. Jack quivered with excitement as Vladimir lightly stroked him down there with his finger tips.

Jack was completely receptive to the stirrings inside him. Jack found his hand moving on its own, to Vladimir's ridged member grasping it through his shorts. Jack in an almost unconscious action slowly stoked the ridged member. Jack could feel Vladimir's passion as if he were connected by an electrical cord. "Ahhh" a gentle moan escaped. It seemed to encourage Vladimir. He shifted his position so he could reach Jack's breast with his warm hot lips. He covered one sensitive nipple and gently pulled on it with his lips, caressing it with his tongue. Jack's heart raced and his desire built until he thought he would scream. Jack felt something building inside him. Jack's excitement grew and grew, just as he was about to reach the level of release. Jack's head slipped off the back of the chair. With a sigh of relief, or was it regret, Jack realized he had fallen asleep and it had all been a bad dream, well 'bad' is probably not the right word.

Jack began to question his resolve to bring down Vladimir. This Russian is not the evil person the government said he was. Can I go through with this wondered Jack? Would a lecherous life of feminine luxury really be that bad?

A thoroughly confused and disheartened Jack sat there. A depression settled in so severe not even chocolate could help it. Then noticing the time Jack stood and finished dressing. He wore a black strapless tutu dress with a silver top, a pair of outrageous 6 inch black heels decorated with rhinestones. A pair of nylon opera gloves topped with a black satin choker. Jack spent a moment primping in front of the mirror.

Linda smiled at her roommate standing at the mirror adjusting her hair for the tenth time and said, "My, my we have become quite the narcissist haven't we? A penny for your thoughts."

Blushing Jack turned to Linda and said, "Vladimir is taking me back to his boat for a dinner party. I am scared and a little nervous. I just wanted to make sure I looked good."

"Linda what do you think of the new diamond earrings and the delicate gold serpentine necklace? Am I gilding the lily and going overboard? Please Linda, as a professional woman, tell me what you think?"

"I am not sure I like being called a professional woman, that could be interpreted a number of ways. But putting that issue aside for now, where did the diamonds and necklace come from?"

"Oh, they are a present from Vladimir as are these rings he proudly

displayed on his slender fingers. They were delivered by courier earlier today. He can really be considerate at times."

"Daisy, are you developing a 'man crush' on Vladimir? Girlfriend, do not allow your emotions to cloud your judgment. You can't be looking at him through 'Rose colored glasses'! Honey, it is all right to fall in love with the concept of love but never with a man. That allows him to have power over you."

Jack slung his purse over his shoulder and said goodnight to Linda with a series of small butterfly kisses on the cheek.

As he got to the door Linda said, "Daisy, please be careful, remember what happened last time you got on that yacht."

Suddenly an apprehensive Daisy stopped and said, "Linda I am not sure I can do this again so soon."

"This chance might never come again. We have an opportunity at this guy; let's not blow this just because you are getting the 'hots' for Vladimir."

"That's true, I guess." Jack said. After a few moments of acquired silence, he looked over at Linda. He could see tears welling up in her eyes.

"Linda is everything okay? Tell me what's wrong?"

Linda shook her head. "No. No, it's okay. Sometime I will need to talk about it, but not now. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be such a downer. I can't imagine what you must be going through. But I have trained you well. If a problem develops, don't over think it just rely on your conditioning. Now go or you will be late. Goodnight Daisy, I will wait up for you, my perfumed princess."

Linda followed Daisy to the door and as Daisy stood in the hallway Linda said, "Remember, I love you" and then pulled the door closed. An amazed Jack climbed into the limo and slid in next to Vladimir. He sat looking at himself in the hand mirror as his hand smoothed the soft knit material at his thigh. He was beginning to feel so comfortable dressing this way; he liked the way he looked. If only he knew what Vladimir's plans for him were? Be careful, he told himself, you're getting in deep.

"A ruble for your thoughts?" Vladimir said smiling at his small joke.

Jack giggled at the similarity between Vladimir's and Linda's comments. "I was just daydreaming. It's so nice to be outside, on such a beautiful night."

"You seem so much more relaxed and happy lately, it's nice." Vladimir said softly.

"Well my Russian bear, it has taken me some time to adjust to your last surprise. Now tell me again, tonight is just a dinner party, no more unannounced trips to Mexico. Please."

Her snide reference to her to her last trip caught him off guard. Vladimir turned and studied her face as they drove.

"As I stated before, it's only going to be a business partner and his wife, plus a few of our associates and their wives and girlfriends. So there's nothing to worry about."

They were bringing wives and girlfriends? Jack decided maybe that wouldn't be so bad. At least there wouldn't be anyone there trying to hit on him, not with their wives there.

"I guess that doesn't sound so bad. Just a little dinner party, no boat ride this time, you promise!"

Upon reaching the yacht Jack again went through the rigorous security inspection. This time he had nothing to hide. Jack did note that again his rectum appeared to escape scrutiny. During the cocktail hour Jack attempted to mingle with the guests. He found the woman to be antagonistic and ill-mannered. The men stared obscenely at his chest and never even looked Daisy in the eye. Several of the women were openly rude; one even had the audacity to ask how much an hour Daisy charged.

Jack returned the question with a long stony stare.

The woman boorishly asked again, "Well how much?"

Jack responded, "Are you asking as a competitor or a customer?"

Turning his back Jack wiggled his ass at the offensive women, looking over his shoulder; Jack licked his lips and seductively said "I will be conducting auditions in the bathroom for the next few minutes if you are truly interested." Looking at the woman's companions Jack loudly

pronounced, "Group rates are available for a limited time only." Then Jack blew them all a mocking kiss.

Jack took the opportunity to wander through the ship, but was stopped by a crewman every time he tried to get below decks to Vladimir's bedroom.

During the evenings events Vladimir was very affectionate, the couple danced a few times. Jack felt very secure wrapped in his big strong arms as Vladimir snuggled into the nape of his neck and incessantly nibbled on Daisy's neck and earlobes.

On the ride home Jack held Vladimir's hand. Before exiting the car Daisy took the initiative and kissed Vladimir, this time aggressively using his tongue. The couple sat there and necked for a good 10 minutes before Vladimir said he had to get back to his guests.

A flushed Jack, with smeared lipstick entered the apartment. Linda fully debriefed Daisy on everything that happened. Jack's first comment was "I barely escaped with my virtue intact." Then he recalled every detail of his experience on the boat but neglected to discuss the car ride home or the goodnight kiss. Describing the dancing Jack explained how he felt magical swaying in Vladimir's arms, with tingles running down his spine from Vladimir's nibbling kisses.

It was now that Linda began to view Vladimir not only as a suspect but also as a rival for Daisy's emotions.

As the two cuddled in bed waiting for sleep, Jack happily sucked on his Vodka dipped dildo. Linda again grilled Daisy on her memories. Linda, introduced a new memory, 'How Jack had always dreamt of being married wearing a tight fitting leather gown.' Jack scoffed at the idea. "Leather my ass," said Jack; "If Daisy gets married it will be in satin and lace."

A satisfied Linda let that comment go and the two slept in a cocoon of soft silk and wrapped in each other's arms.

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Chapter 28
A period of 'amore'.

The next day Daisy was enjoying her day off, having switched with Donna. Daisy and Linda were sitting watching TV in almost matching lounging

outfits. Both wearing peignoir sets and mid heeled mules. The phone rang and Linda answered it, after listening for a few minutes Linda said, "I am sure she would be glad to."

Daisy that was Phil, he knows it is your night off but there is a big party at the club it seems a group of woman reserved the entire club for a bachelorette party and he needs help. Get your ass down there.

As Daisy was approaching the club he heard someone yell, "Rose, here over here!" A woman was standing at the club entrance madly waving her arms. Jack immediately noticed Rose, burdened by what appeared to be a large camera bag. She was standing in the company of four women from the office. Dogging traffic they crossed the street. Jack, with fear gnawing at him, pressed his face against the closest store front window. Holding his breath he waited until the woman had disappeared into the bowels of the club. Jack thanked the lucky stars, he wasn't working tonight. There is no way he could have paraded around in front of Rose and her friends. Jack did an immediate about face and returned home to Linda.

Jack explained his predicament to Linda and she relented and the two spent the night lost in a fog of alcohol.

That next day at work, a delivery man brought a dozen long stem Roses to the club. They were for Donna. After a round of oohs and ahhs from all the girls, Donna cornered Daisy with her news. She was as excited as a school girl. "Daisy, Alicia and I had our date yesterday; it was fantastic. Thanks for covering for me. At the spa Alicia called me pleasantly plump, which hurt my feelings. She made up for it later by saying my figure was attractively Rubenesque. But then she said she wants to work with me on losing some weight. She even surprised me with a matching set of animal print bra and thong. It was in a size too small to encourage me to lose weight. We had a ball shopping and both got new outfits. Then dinner was so dreamy and romantic. Afterwards Alicia invited me back to her place for 'coffee'. Daisy it was the best sex we have had since our honeymoon. We even discussed living together again."

"Oh, Donna you are a first class floozy, sex on the first date. Congratulations, but be careful of your reputation, you don't want to give the impression you are easy." After a celebratory hug, the waitresses got back to work. Donna spent the rest of his shift with a spring in his step and a glorious smile pasted on his face.

That night, back at the apartment during dinner Linda had another call from Phil.

Linda put it on speaker, "Listen Linda I hired that Daisy chick as a favor to you, but she is screwing with my business. All of my girls are involved in a conspiratorial plot. They are demanding to be treated with dignity and threatening, if they aren't treated like ladies they will all leave. Damn it, Linda it has taken me years to round up that bunch of freaks. I'm not ready to start over. Please talk to Daisy. She is the ring leader walking around here all high and mighty.

Linda chortled and promised she will have a hart to hart talk with the trouble maker as soon as she got home from her shift.

The girls have just finished the nightly drinking routine. Nothing more had been said about the 'L' word. Linda is extremely satisfied how the memory rehabilitation is coming along. Daisy has ceased resisting. She has come to fully accept the memories as truly being her own. Tonight they added a new one. Jack remembered his little league tryout with sadness. He was convinced it was because he didn't make the team. Linda explained the real reason was because Jack wanted to take ballet lessons and not play baseball. His parents insisted he play ball with the other boys. All Jack really wanted to do was wear pretty tights and a Tutu. Linda realized this was going to be a tough sell because the real Jack loved sports. But the overall session was such a success Linda decided to celebrate.

Come on Daisy go put on something pretty, we are going to have a girl's night out."

A tipsy Daisy bantered, "What do you recommend, Oh mistress of mischief!"

"Anything tight that shows off your sexy female booty and low cut in front will be fine.

Daisy, just so you know, I will be going 'commando' tonight. So dress appropriately."

Sometime latter an eager Linda is leaning against in the doorjamb of the bedroom impatiently tapping her toe. As Jack continued his primping an exasperated Linda said, "Come on Daisy, shake a leg I am tired of waiting for you." Jack responded by extending his left leg and shaking it then said, "I am not going to be rushed! Perfection takes time. Did Picasso finish the Sistine Chapel in a day?

Challenging Daisy with a frown, that didn't show in her laughing eyes, Linda snapped, "It was Michelangelo you blond airheaded bimbo!"

A giggling Jack replied, "Picasso painted Michelangelo, I didn't know that."

An exasperated Linda laughed and said "Hee, hee, now please hurry."

Jack finished his makeup with a liberal dose of her perfume, then inserted crystal earrings with a 6 inch drop and swiveled in his chair and faced Linda with a seductive leer. Jack stood and Linda noticed that when Daisy was flaccid her boy package hardly showed anymore. Jack, sans underwear slipped on a bombshell of a dress that had a subtle green sheen. It has a straight skirt, tantalizingly short that fell to mid thigh. The top was held up with a single strand tied around the neck. It is so low cut Jack's belly button was endangered of being exposed. As Jack, lightly licked his cherry red lips he purred, "Will you zip me up please? Linda gasped at her gorgeous girlfriend and let out a low wolf whistle. She strode over and started to work the zipper up. She stopped and playfully said, "I can't get it over your ass, have you been putting on weight?"



Jack, replied "You slutty whore, either zip me up or I will go 'Lady Godiva' on you. As Linda finished with the zipper, Jack turned and thrust his chest out proudly in a way that made his hooters look even bigger. Jack had her hair tied with a black velvet ribbon. He was glowing and then proudly heralded "I'm ready." Linda stood slack jawed and uttered, "Wow! You are voluptuous."

Jack responded with mischievous smile and uttered "As Popeye use to say, I yam what I yam and that's all I yam."

Linda chortled, "You are going to be a yam with an 18 inch waist after I tighten your corset down. I will bet that cuts down on your wise cracks. Now gorgeous let's go we have reservations."

Taking her hand the two sallied forth to dinner. Linda led Daisy to her car. As Linda tried to insert her key in the door lock, Jack stood behind her and lightly rubbed his breasts against Linda's back. A flustered Linda dropped her keys. Jack leaned over the squatting Linda and whispered in her ear, "The subterfuge ends tonight my love; I am tired of hiding my feelings."

The two women arrived at the restaurant parking lot and walked in holding hands, Linda had a firm, supporting grip on her date. Their steps became more urgent as they neared the entrance of the restaurant. Jack tottered on his heels as he walked over the uneven parking lot. When they reached the door, Linda pushed it open and watched Jack's face as he took in the surroundings. It was absolutely decadent. Every eye in the place followed the two women to their secluded table. As they reached their table, Linda pulled out a chair for Daisy. An unaccustomed Jack just stood there. Linda laughed and whispered, "You airhead, you are suppose to sit." Embarrassed, Jack smoothed his skirt under him and sat. Linda paused behind her, and then gently rubbed Daisy's shoulders. Jack looked over his shoulder and batted his eyelashes at Linda, slowly he licked his lips and seductively said, Thank you. Do you think I have too broad of shoulders?"

Linda with a dry throat said "Daisy you flirt shamelessly, I have no intention of answering a trick question like that." Jack tilted his head back giving Linda a view down his cleavage and responded, "I find it absolutely thrilling that you are attracted to me. You really make me feel so good about myself."

Then partly turning in her chair Jack continued, "Ms. Linda I want to tell you, these last few days have been heavenly. I feel like a butterfly that has shed its cocoon. I owe it all to you."

The couple had a very romantic dinner at the outrageously expensive French restaurant. The evening was spent, between flirtatious touches and gazing lovingly into each other's eyes. Over several carafes of a superb Cabernet Sauvignon the two women held hands across the table. Above the rim of his wineglass Jack studied Linda, admiring her profile as she said something to the waiter. Linda's features were strong and yet feminine and Jack liked the way she focused on whatever task was before her, whether it was in the bedroom, or here at the restaurant. He was ravenous for her acceptance.

Linda looked deep into her wineglass, took a sip then set the glass on the table. She reached across the table and slipped her fingers into Jack's hair and firmly grabbed Jack's golden locks. Using the hair Linda roughly pulled his lips to hers. Jack opened for her, expecting the thrust of her tongue. Instead she fed him the wine from her mouth. Jack's world spun. The wine was so much more intoxicating coming from her, as the warmth of the fluid slid over his tongue and down his gullet. Jack melted. He lost track of himself and everything around them. Linda placed her other hand behind Jack's head, crushing him harder to her, smashing their lips against each other. The last of the wine passed from Linda's mouth to his and her tongue replaced it, delved in his warm moist cavity. It explored every bit of him. Jack clenched his fists in his lap, as her tongue met his. She tasted of wine and the promise of sex, and she smelled of the clean scent of her shampoo. Linda's eyes caught his, held him. "Your turn," she murmured in a husky voice that told Jack she was just as turned on as he was. For a moment he didn't know what she meant, but when she glanced at her cabernet he reached for it with a trembling hand. His fingers barely held onto the glass as he brought it to his lips, and he felt a little of it dribble onto his chin as he took a mouthful of the wine and held it, not swallowing. When he set the glass down, Linda leaned close again. Instead of meeting his lips, as Jack expected she flicked her tongue out, lapping up the drop of wine on his chin. Linda slowly moved her lips to his and opened her mouth. Jack fed her the wine, letting it ooze from his lips onto her tongue. Linda groaned and smashed their lips together and clenched his hair so tight the pain of it startled him, yet it quickly melded into a pleasure that joined the incredible kiss.

Breaking the kiss, Daisy worked up to nerve to ask, "Linda I have very strong feelings for you. But I need to know why you do what you do. Do

you hate all men or is this just a game to you?"

Linda leaned across the table and in a conspiratorial tone told her dinner companion, "Daisy I don't hate men, at one time I feared them, but not anymore. Now I just don't respect them. I have come to the very profound conclusion that sexism is the foundation on which all tyranny is built. Every social form of hierarchy and abuse has been modeled on male-over-female domination."

"Daisy, it's been reported that as high as one in every eight men in the US have fantasized about being cross-dressed. As a professional dominatrix I merely take advantage of that fact."

Jack was all ears, enthralled by Linda's tale. Jack leaned in closer, resting his chin in the palm of his hand then smiled as a way of encouragement. Linda took his other hand and tenderly kissed it and gazed lovingly into Daisy's eyes. Then in a voice that was just a whisper continued, "I have been a lipstick lesbian since I reached puberty. While I was in school I had a couple of torrid love affairs. But upon graduation, I faced enormous pressure from my family to settle down and get married. They eventually wore me down when I met David, a very prominent local college professor. He was a few years older than me, but was the closest thing to a Greek god this side of Mt. Olympus. Everywhere we went women swooned at the sight of him.

We dated and were married after only two months. Initially it was wonderful. He had the most beautiful cock and did he know how to use it. At first he was a caring and talented lover. On our honeymoon we fucked nonstop for a week. It was glorious. Back from our honeymoon the novelty quickly wore off. We stopped going out and we barely spoke to each other. I realized I never loved him, I merely loved being wooed. When we made love I would fake an orgasm just to get it over with. I started to miss my old life style. There is nothing in this world like a tongue licking my vagina from its entrance up to the clitoris. When your partner sucks your clitoris and envelops it in their mouth it is the greatest feeling ever, way better than having a cock crammed into you. Daisy are you aware that ounce for ounce the tongue is the body's strongest muscle?

I came to realize that David was never in love with me; he was too much in love with himself. There wasn't room for anyone else. I did everything I could to get the man I fell in love with back. I tried to spice up our love life hoping that would help. I pleaded with him to go down on me. I even swallowed by pride and begged him. He said the very

thought of putting his mouth where his penis had been made him nauseous.

Our marriage went downhill from there. I became disenchanted with all men. David was just a swaggering, macho pig. He made me do the whole doting housewife gig; cook, clean, laundry, host cocktail parties. It was pure drudgery. We quarreled continually, and then he became physically and emotionally abusive. If he came home and found the house wasn't perfect he would berate and beat me. He sent me to the hospital three times. Then he started raping me. We fucked any time he wanted it, even when I said no.

Then he forced me to give him blow jobs, he said fucking was too much effort. The absolute worst part was he would constantly provide verbal advice on how I could improve my technique. Like how would he know how to give a blow job? I tried to resist and he brought out a very sharp carving knife and held it to my nipple. He told me if I so much as scratched him during sex he would cut a very thin slice off each of me nipples. Daisy, my dear, he taught me that the fear of pain is an excellent motivator. I don't want to sound sanctimonious but it was at that point I decided for woman marriage is nothing but legalized slavery."

Linda had a single tear run down her face, it paused on her chin. Jack reached across the table and with his fingertip captured the lone salty interloper and brought it to his mouth and sucked the essence of Linda's sadness into his mouth. Linda smiled at the small gesture, took a deep breath and resumed, "At that time I started having affairs with woman in the neighborhood. I was feeling terribly guilty about cheating until I came home one day from a tryst with our next-door neighbor. I sneaked in the backdoor, heard a strange moaning coming from the living room. As I glimpsed around the corner I was shocked to see David on his knees between our landlords' legs sucking his cock. He performed like a pro, bobbing up and down like a woodpecker. It was obvious this was not a onetime thing. I used my cell phone and took a whole slew of pictures and e-mailed them to myself, before my presence was discovered. Well all hell brook lose, a lot of very mean and hateful things were said by both sides.

Let me tell you, the next few weeks, under the threat of exposure I put that fagot through his paces. It was my first exposure at forced feminization. It was the most empowering thing I had ever done. Emasculating a man is the most satisfying thing. It was then that I developed my mantra "Men are as trainable as pets!"

I went out and bought David his own outfit – a black micro-mini leather skirt, a lacy black bra, size F breast forms, a see-through blouse and 5 inch stilettos. At night I would dress him like a drag queen, extra heavy on the makeup and then bring some random gay guy home. I forced David to service them, just like when he would force me. I filmed each encounter. I took every opportunity to degrade and ridicule that sissy bastard. On nights I couldn't find any candidates to bring home or just didn't feel like going out I would make David kneel at my feet and watch my home movies. I would gleefully critique his performance while I would finger myself to orgasm after orgasm. OMG what a thrill! Even my limited praise was derogatory. If he did anything right I would tell him what a good girl he was becoming. One night I blundered and brought home one of David's students. David freaked out and eventually grew a pair and threatened to leave me. I couldn't let that happen at least not on his terms. So I feigned reconciliation. I meekly apologized for my behavior and I booked a romantic getaway to Acapulco. I told David it would be our second honeymoon. The first night there, after a few extra strong drinks I slipped him a Roofie. I managed to get David dressed up like a Tijuana hooker, I put on his slutty girl makeup and a ton of cheap jewelry. I managed to drag his semiconscious ass out to a lounge chair by the pool. I placed my largest dildo in his lap. Then I took a dozen pictures with my cell phone of him sprawled on that chair. I left him there to sleep it off. I took his room key, his passport, all his money and credit cards and flew out that night.

Daisy let me tell you that plane ride home was the most pleasurable I ever had. I ran the battery dry on my phone going over those pictures. Just envisioning that jackass waking up and trying to talk his way out of his situation produced three earth shattering orgasms before we touched down. I never saw or heard from him again. For all I know he is still in Acapulco. My only regret is the fact I personally never raped his ass. If I could rewind the clock, I would have brought my strap-on and fucked him raw before leaving him there. Oh well, I guess we all have some regrets in life. It was on that flight home I knew my destiny in life. I have since taken the Marquis de Sade as my inspiration and role model.

Before Daisy could absorb this information, Linda took Daisy to a nearby Lesbian dance club, appropriately named the Lesbos Club. It was there the two women drank, flirted, laughed, and danced until the wee hours of the morning. As they boogied the night away, Linda nestled in the crook of Daisy's neck and fondled her partner's plump rump. Staggering back to their apartment both woman fell into bed together. Jack was aroused late the next morning by a wondrous sensation emanating from between his leg

legs. He felt the warm wetness of Linda's mouth enveloping his ball sack. As what was left of Jack's manhood responded, Linda switched to bobbing up and down on Daisy's petite cockett. Linda wasn't able to put the ram back into the rod, but she had Daisy's engine running at the red line RPM.

It took immense will power but Jack to asked Linda to stop, saying "Honey I love what you're doing but, we have been here before. I am just not ready for that, just yet. Please stop."

Withdrawing her head from under the covers Linda said with a twinkle in her eyes "Oh you party pooper, I hate you! Daisy getting you to let me make love to you is harder than nailing jelly to a tree. Your voice says no but your little willie is singing a completely different tune. Give me 5 minutes for the conclusion of my aria, please."

"Linda, the temptation to say yes is nigh on irresistible. As far as I am concerned you are a Caruso of cockett sucking but can't we postpone the final curtain for a while longer."

Linda crawled up to Daisy and engulfed him in a passionate hug. Linda pulled back and looked Daisy in the eyes. "Daisy you realize I love you and I believe that you love me."

Linda climbed off the bed and kneeled beside it. Holding Daisy's hands, Lind said, "Daisy you know about my feelings on marriage between a man and a woman, but between two equals I think it could work. My first marriage was a disaster. But with you, I know things will be different."

In a silkily voice Linda asked "Daisy I know it is a major faux pas to propose without a ring but Daisy Bell let me ask, you will you marry me?"

A bewildered Jack just gawked intently at Linda while twirling a strand of hair with his finger. It's a habit that had been encouraged by Linda. Jack stalled for time as he thought out his response. After a long pregnant pause, Jack stared at Linda and tried to put together an answer. Linda was holding her breath waiting. After several long moments Jack responded, "Yes Linda I think I do love you, but I can't marry you, I am still legally married."

"Daisy, my love that is a mere technicality, it can be corrected by one phone call. Just give me the word and you will be a free woman."

"Linda, thanks for asking but let me think this over. Can we talk about this after we bring Vladimir down? Linda, I am so confused, I would like nothing better than to drag you into my lair and have my way with you. I am sorry, but I can't forget that I am still married."

"Daisy, what are you sorry about?"

"I am not sure Linda, it's just that I'm sorry is my go to phrase lately."

Daisy, in a playful tone announced, "Linda if that time does come, I am telling you right now I'm not going to be the groom. As a husband I was a total failure so if I get married again this time I am going be the wife. FYI, I am definitely not going to get married in latex or leather, its silk and lace or I won't participate."

"That is fantastic. I have my eye on this vintage Christian Dior wedding gown. It is covered in Chantilly lace. With your rack we will have to have it altered, but that is no problem."

Linda let Daisy curl up in her lap. Daisy cried, and cried, and cried. Finally exhausted the two fell into a long nap. Jack awoke several hours later with a deliriously magnificent experience happening again in his groin. Linda's brunette curls were firmly ensconced between Jack's legs. His small prick was be being sucked in the most loving fashion, then there was Lind's middle finger being wiggled deep into Jack's ass, rubbing on his prostate. Then Jack shrieked, "Oh God no STOP!" A despondent Linda raised her head with tears in her eyes and pleaded with Daisy, "Honey I was just trying to make you feel better. Let me finish, please."

"Um, Linda that was wonderful, in fact it was beyond wonderful, it was glorious, but I can't right now. I am sorry I just have some issues I need to work out. Please sweetheart, be patient with me, I promise soon my darling, very soon but just right now. Linda I have gone along with your dildo sucking, but my ass is off limits. Things come out but under no circumstances do I want anything going in. There is still a small part of my masculinity that just won't allow that. I am sorry."

Linda put her head down on the soft pillows of Daisy's breast and went back to sleep.

As the dark shadows of sleep slowly crept across Jack's mind – his last thoughts were of lacy white wedding gowns with long trains and intricate veils.

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"Good Girls go to heaven, Bad Girls go everywhere."
To be Continued.

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