

Penelope Bright



Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



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PENELOPE BRIGHT

by Ms Delphina Longstreet

“Excuse me?” I glanced up from the counter at the sound of the breathless soprano and gazed into the most beautiful emerald green eyes I had ever seen! In an instant, I lost my heart to this gorgeous apparition forever! “Excuse me, Sir, but could you help me find the lingerie department?” this stunning creature from a far universe repeated herself.

I could only stare in amazement as I saw what was obviously my doppelganger (go ahead, look it up in your Funk & Wagnall’s)! I mean, I was born a male and she was obviously a female, but we looked enough alike to be identical twins or at least brother

and sister. But, since I am the only child of only children, this was an impossibility of the first order! Still, except that her auburn hair was slightly longer than mine, that my nose was slightly larger, and that my face was devoid of any make-up, it was like looking at my own reflection in a mirror!

“Yes, Miss?” I croaked after a stunned moment that seemed to last an eternity.

“I was wondering if. . . you. . . might help me. . .” and her voice trailed off as her mouth dropped open in disbelief. “If. . . you. . . if you. . . might. . . help. . . me. . .” she repeated. Then, “Is this some kind of a weird practical joke?” she snapped angrily.

I started in surprise. “Jo. . . joke?”

“Yes, joke! If it is, I must say that it is in the poorest of taste!”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talk. . .” and I stopped. “Who are you?” I gasped.

“My name is Penelope Bright. Who are you?” she demanded querulously.

“I’m Paul Schein,” I managed after a moment, wondering where I had heard her name before. “And I work here. It’s my Mother’s store,” I explained.

“Here” was *Just For Women*, the women’s clothing outlet in Central City that my forebears had started some fifty years previously. The store was presently under the sole management and ownership of my Mother, the only survivor of the founders, Max Schein and Harry Gold, the only son of the Scheins who married the only daughter of the Golds with myself as the sole issue of that marriage and through inheritance, next in line as owner/manager of *Just For Women*, I think. . . I’m not up on geneal-

ogy. . . nor inheritance procedure law. . . I just try to be a law-abiding citizen. . .

“I’m the stock clerk, floor manager, part-time sales clerk, janitor and general gofer. You might say that I am a Jill-of-all-trades, except that my name is Paul,” I explained. “Now that we have cleared that up, how may I help you, Miss Penelope Bright?”

“I’m so sorry that I snapped at you like that,” Penny apologized. “It’s just that my crew has been playing some of the most embarrassing practical jokes on me and I thought this was another of them.”

I smiled. “Miss Bright, I assure you, I am not a practical joke. In fact, I’m glad that The Fates have sent you into our store! Otherwise, I would never have had the distinct pleasure of meeting you!”

She blushed prettily and hung her head shyly.

“Now, how may I help you, Lovely Lady?” I asked, giving a half curtsy before I caught myself.

“I was looking for some new lingerie for my latest cinematic role,” she explained.

That’s when it hit me. This *Penelope Bright* was Hollywood’s latest super star, *Penny Bright*! And Fate had led her to my store! What were the chances of that happening to me, of all people? And I had noted the resemblance between us long since. I don’t know why it escaped me until that moment!

“Penny. . . er, Miss Bright! I didn’t recognize you! I am honored and I will do anything possible to help you!” This time, I was the one who blushed. “I just love your movies!” I gushed.

She smiled. “Is that your usual look, Paul?” she asked quietly. “Are you always quite so pink?”

I nodded. “Yes. . . er, I mean, no! But, your face looks just like the one that I see in my bathroom mirror every morning when I brush my teeth! Only mine is not half so beautiful as yours!”

She giggled. “It’s the make-up.”

“Whatever it is, it works!” I enthused inanely.

“The lingerie?” she prompted subtly.

“Walk this way,” I invited as I wound my way through the racks of dresses to the lingerie section in the rear next to the dressing rooms.

“If I could walk that way,” she giggled, “I wouldn’t need the talcum!”

Gadzooks! That old chestnut!

Inwardly, I groaned with embarrassment. I had swallowed the bait without thinking, hook, line and sinker! God, talk about being gullible!

I blushed even brighter than I had previously!

Well, at least she had a sense of humor, even if I were the butt of the joke.

“Shouldn’t a wardrobe person be doing this?” I asked, trying to be nonchalant. “I mean, the way I’ve been told, a wardrobe mistress has the star’s clothing all picked out for every scene long before shooting starts, or at least that’s what I understand. . .” my voice trailed off in confusion.

“Usually, yes,” she admitted. “But this time I wanted to choose what I wear next to my butt!” And before I could stop myself, I blurted, “And it’s such a beautiful butt too!”

She laughed gaily. “Yes, and you’re going to help me make it even more beautiful!” she trilled mischievously.

I could only blush helplessly.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I murmured under my breath. At least I thought I murmured under my breath. As it happened, I had spoken aloud and worse, she had heard!

“I’m sure you have exquisite taste in lingerie, Paul,” she uttered in that breathless manner of hers. “And I’m sure you are an expert at judging which would be best suited for my figure’s needs!” she teased.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I muttered, blushing even more. Little did she know just how right she was!

She stopped dead in her tracks and looked at me with the strangest expression on her face, and I blushed harder than ever under her thoughtful stare. “You know,” she began. “With a little bit of make-up and some judicial padding here and there, you could be my exact body double!” Her forehead wrinkled in thought. “In fact, you *are* my body double!” She stopped momentarily, then giggled. “Well, almost!” she amended. “I have bigger knockers and a slightly smaller waist, but you’re the same height and your butt is gorgeous and your skin is translucently clear and unblemished and your eyes would look exactly like mine if I were to take my contacts out! Mine are the same shade of hazel as yours!”

I could only stand there and blush.

“I’m going to have my director call you, Paul, if you don’t mind.”

“Why?” I asked, puzzled. What could this beautiful Goddess want from me?

“I think you would make an ideal person to impersonate me from time to time,” she answered.

“Impersonate you?” I squeaked in disbelief.

She nodded. “Yes. You see, being on call as much as I am because of the notoriety of my first two pictures, I become overly tired and cranky, and I really need someone who could stand in for me, if you catch my drift. Someone to sort of share the burden of my notoriety!” she added shyly.

I sort of remembered that she had appeared totally nude in an epic picture and that she had been fastened upside down to a Saint Andrew’s Cross during one entire scene. I remembered the censors having a fit when the picture was only rated “R” because frontal nudity was never shown although it had been hinted at constantly. I made a mental note to watch that movie! Again!

As it turned out, I didn’t need any movie to see her in the nude!

But, that’s getting slightly ahead of the story!

“Stand in? In public? As you? Be *you*?” I gasped, a thrill rushing its way down my spine at the mere suggestion of appearing in public as a famous person, to be under a microscope, as it were!

She nodded. “Yes, be me.” She took my hand in hers. “My, you have such nice, soft, feminine hands and gorgeous long fingers,” she praised. “Just like mine! I’ll bet you bite your nails too!” Her brows went up questioningly.

It was true. I did have soft, feminine hands, and I do bite my nails, but I don’t think about that very often. I am much too busy learning how to be a fashion maven than to think about anything else. I looked down at her hand holding mine and my heart began beating a rapid tattoo in my chest. It was so loud in my ears that she had to have heard it!

She laughed gaily. “Not to worry, darling!” she soothed. “I bite mine all the time and you should hear my manicurist! He throws a raging fit when he has to repair them!”

“I don’t think. . .” I started to equivocate.

“Please say you’ll let Hank Gleason speak with you?” she coaxed.

“Hank Gleason?” I squeaked.

“My set director. We’re shooting some scenes in your local park and we’ll be here for several days before we move on to the next location,” she explained.

“Sure!” I agreed with more bravado than I felt. “Have him give me a call.”

She squeezed my hand. “Great! Now, show me some of the things you have on hand.”

For the next hour, I showed Penny everything she asked for, and even some things she did not ask for, and she acted just like a kid in a candy store, not knowing which piece to eat. . . er, *try* on first!

I soon discovered that the girl loved silk, and to my consternation, stripped right down to her skin without bothering to close the door on the dressing room! (I told you I didn’t need a movie to see her in the nude!) When I went to close the door to preserve her modesty, she stopped me with, “Oh, please, don’t bother! I’m used to being naked in front of strange men while I try on different outfits,” she assured me. “Anyway, I’m a dyed-in-the-wool exhibitionist and love to show myself off!” she grinned familiarly.

“But, Miss Bright,” I objected. “I’m not! The ladies who are my usual customers are always quite modest about dressing and undressing in front of me,

although to be honest, once they have changed a few times, they are quite uninhibited about letting me adjust the clothing to their figures!" I admitted.



She giggled. “Well, pretend that the door is broken and that I am one of your local girls and I am greatly embarrassed to have you see my naked body when you come in to adjust the items I wish to try on. OK?” she teased.

So, blushing all the time, we pretended.

The first thing I noticed about her was that she was completely hairless from her eye lids right down to the ends of her delectable toes. Even her sex was bald as a billiard ball - well, more like a bald-headed man, but you know what I mean, don't you?

I began to lose myself in the magic of the moment as I hooked bras behind her back or between her breasts, then reaching inside the cups to adjust her flesh to the fabric! Or, vice versa! At first, my fingers were slow, inept, hesitant and fumbling when touching her skin so intimately, but soon enough, I was handling her body just as though I had done it all my life! I was in seventh Heaven!

By the time I was holding silky panties out for her to step into, I had gotten all over my initial embarrassment and reluctance, and was in a state of total euphoria as I tugged panty hems and waists into position, even smoothing out wrinkles on her curved bottom and gently rounded tummy.

As soon as she had tried on one thing, she wanted to be undressed so she could try on another. My fingers flew as they tried to keep pace with her demands. Finally, she sat, totally naked, on the bench of the dressing room with me kneeling between her knees. “Oh, that was fun!” she giggled, ruffling my hair playfully. “You're such an efficient dresser! Why, if I didn't know better, I would swear you've played personal maid to a woman before!”

I hung my head in shame. “Yes, Ma’am,” I whispered in shame.

“Yes, Ma’am,’ as in, ‘yes, I have assisted a woman as her personal maid,’ or, ‘yes, Ma’am,’ just agreeing with me out of politeness?” she teased.

I closed my eyes and pressed my hot cheek against the inner surface of her soft, smooth thigh. Unconsciously, her thighs parted and, equally unconsciously, I slid my head forward, my pursed lips seeking and finding her soft, cushiony nether lips, and I kissed her passionately.

“Oh, Paula!” she whispered hoarsely as her hands grabbed my head and held me tightly in place, her hips jutting forward, opening herself completely to my oral attentions! Without thought, my tongue flicked between those plump lips and caressed the stiff little nubbin it found, sucking and licking and chewing and arousing her until she stiffened and her legs swung over my shoulders to dig her stiletto heels painfully into my back as she orgasmed and fainted.

When she recovered herself a moment later, I was still kneeling between her spread thighs and I was still licking and caressing that cute little nubbin with my tongue as her fingers caressed my hair and face lovingly. “Oh, Paula, that was so sweet!” She closed her eyes and sighed. “You know, my darling, once is never going to be enough!” She smiled at me wistfully.

I didn’t move away, keeping my lips glued to her, my tongue lapping feverishly. . .

“Oh, yes, Paula, please, do go on. . .” she whispered. “Never stop!”

And that’s how it all started. . .

* * *

II

Now that the “teaser” is out of the way, let’s go back to the beginning.

As I said, my Grandfathers started selling women’s fashion some fifty or so years ago after they had immigrated to the States after World War II. They had met in a concentration camp in Germany and had remained close friends from thence. Grandfather Gold met his future wife, Roechel Murchen, in Synagogue shortly after his arrival in the US and in time, my Mother, Sarah Gold was born. Grandfather Schein met his future wife at the same Synagogue. She was the older sister of Roechel. Her name was Sarah (Mother was named for her.). Eventually, they had a son whom they named Karl. From the time they were children, it was taken for granted that Sarah and Karl would marry, and that’s the way it was. That my parents were all for it just made the match all that much sweeter.

Then, some twenty-six years ago, I was born to Sarah and Karl, and I was named Paul. I grew up in a sheltered home, attended school at Yeshiva (the Hebrew schul {school}), and then moved to The Big City to study fashion design and merchandising at the Women’s Fashion Institute.

OK! OK!

You’re getting way ahead of the story!

From the time I was a very small boy, I had been fascinated by women’s clothing, as had my Father and both Grandfathers before that! They were transvestites when the word had not even been invented!

They had discovered one another in the concentration camp and continued their love after immigrating to the US. They were fortunate in finding wives who not only understood their husbands' fascination with female clothing, but who also had encouraged this love. After all, how else could these women dress in the height of fashion otherwise?

From the first, my Grandfathers were a success. Their wives were the heiresses to the Murchen Foundry Works, a steel manufacturing enterprise started by Mother's great-great-great-Grandfather right before the War of 1812. My Grandmothers, being practical women, realized that my Grandfathers would never be happy making steel, so they sold out to another steel baron shortly after the end of WWII and invested in their husbands' dreams after migrating to the U.S. of A. In time, they had brokered their way into a string of high fashion shops, only to sell them all off when too many stores to manage effectively, became just too many stores to manage effectively! The women, being hard-nosed businesswomen, invested the money in other things while still keeping one fashion outlet for their husbands to play with.

At the time this story began in the previous chapter, our family was well-off, although to look at us, you would have thought we were on the verge of bankruptcy! Nothing could have been further from the truth! Our sales were well above average, our credit rating was AAA, and we owned the building where our store was located, among other real estate holdings. We were successful, but conservative in our lifestyles. We lived the American Dream, though in a lower middle class state. My ancestors'

German past had much to do with us maintaining a low profile.

So, as I said, I am a transvestite. I have always been a transvestite, from birth even!

I am also a very small man, standing barely five foot two inches tall while weighing a hundred and nine pounds. I have weighed a hundred and nine pounds for ages. I don't seem to gain or lose an ounce no matter what I eat! Lucky me!

Also as noted, I have clear, translucent skin and except for very light shoulder length auburn hair, I am completely hairless from my eyelashes to my toes. My body is quite feminine in that I have small hands with long, flexible fingers and smallish feet, barely size five. My dress size is a two. My bra size (with my prostheses attached) is a thirty-two "B," and I have very sensitive nipples, due, I imagine, to the large doses of female hormones I have been taking since forever! I wear a size four panty. My waist is twenty-two inches without a corset or girdle and nineteen inches when tightly constricted.

To further heighten the illusion of femininity, I have a plasticized sex prosthesis that, when glued firmly in place between my legs and brought to body heat, is undetectable by anything other than a close, personal examination. The only person who ever got close enough was my Mother, before, or since, and now Penny. In fact, my Mother was the one who found it for me!

Usually, I dress as a woman while working at our store, but on the day in question, I had had some rather unpleasant chores requiring my masculine attentions, and I did not want to get my feminine livery all messed up in the resulting mess!

To be honest, I had put off doing these chores for days, and the chickens had come home to roost. I could put it off no longer.

Especially when Mother told me to get at it!

NOW!

Mother's spoken word being Law at *Just For Women*, I had taken care of everything.

Meeting Penny had made it all worthwhile!

But that's getting ahead too.

As had my forebears, I concealed my aberration (difference) from the world at large, and even the three women who worked for Mother had no idea that her "daughter" was, in reality, her son in dresses, nor that the "nephew" who came around occasionally to do odd jobs, was, in reality, the same "daughter."

And if you can make any sense out of that, you're a better (wo)man than I are, Gunga Din!

Anyway, I was a favorite of many of our female customers, especially in the "intimate garment" department, my usual bailiwick, where my extensive knowledge of fabrics and designers and designs and erotic preferences of the girls and women in question gave me an edge not enjoyed by any other sales person. I must admit, had I not loved women's clothing, I would not have been one tenth so helpful and knowledgeable about these women's needs!

They appreciated the fact that I would steer them to those items most flattering to their figures without alienating them by disregarding their stated likings.

Had they known that there was a man hiding under the flirty skirts of their sales clerk, they would

all have been shocked and outraged! But, like my Father and Grandfathers before me, no one had ever penetrated our disguises and because we knew instinctively what was best for our female customers, our true sexes were never questioned!

That the women of my family were controllers of the finances, never bothered the males! Even I, who would soon inherit, at least to my Mother's prediction - she was always contracting the latest disease and hovering at death's door. The truth was, even though she was a dyed-in-the-wool hypochondriac, she was as healthy as a horse! No, make that a team of Brewery Clydesdales!

But, Mothers are always afforded much leeway in their predilections without reservation!

My Grandmothers were never miserly and they indulged their husbands outrageously. Both of my Grandfathers had a fascination with Christian Dior's New Look of 1949, and until the day they died, each wore a Dior based costume exclusively!

My own Father was more of a 50s woman, preferring polished cotton frocks or poodle skirts and blouses with cap sleeves, coupled with high heel opera pumps, seamed stockings, garter belts or panty girdles, flounced petticoats, bullet bras, French knickers and full make-up at all times.

Mother must have liked it because she treated Daddy like a stereotypical 50s wife, ruling his every movement with an iron hand in her velvet glove! To my knowledge, he never protested once! Or, if he did, he never did it publicly! She used to say that he was the perfect housewife!

Back to me.

From the day of my birth in the mid 80s, I was dressed and treated as a female, wearing the frilliest feminine dresses imaginable with the proper accouterments thereof. That meant silk underwear, slips and corsets or girdles and bullet bras (properly padded, of course) when I got old enough to wear a bra and seamed nylons and opera pumps and so on and so forth. If it was feminine and/or female, I had it and wore it! And loved it all!

This went on until my sixth birthday when I was abruptly put into trousers and sent off to Yeshiva every day. The only redeeming aspect of going to schul every day, as far as I could see, was that I was allowed to be a girl when not in schul.

I hated schul.

I hated the rabbi teachers.

I hated my classmates.

Especially the girls!

Why?

That should be obvious.

I hated them because they could wear dresses and silk undies and nylons and heels and jewelry and make-up, and I couldn't, even though I was a better looking girl than many (most!) of them!

Mother told me to be patient. I would soon enough be old enough that I could do as I wished. So I studied hard and in the year I was sixteen, I graduated high school (Yeshiva), and ever since, except for those rare occasions when it was essential that I dress in male clothing, I have worn a skirt or dress and heels exclusively! I had no real friends while in high school. Because of the animosity shown those who were "different" in some way from

the common herd, it was impressed on me to remain invisible, to keep my feminine self-hidden.

Penny just happened to catch me on an *off* day, so to speak. . . Thank God!

Books, feminine fashion and my parents' store became my friends, my only true friends. I found it difficult to trust anyone outside the family with my secret, and as a result, became a sort of recluse, a lone wolf, an outcast, if you will. Except for being alone, I didn't mind. At least, I don't think I did!

Still, I was extremely lonely and lonesome.

College (The Fashion Institute) was my first real outside experience. There, no one cared what one did in private. The classes were designed to acquaint a student with fashion merchandising and manufacture, coupled with the actual design of clothing in all of its varied forms.

I have to admit, I was an outstanding student. I took to the world of fashion like I had been born to it, which, in a broad manner of speaking, I had!

And what I learned there, I brought back to Central City and applied to our sales situation. In no time, I was out-selling my parents and earning a reputation as the *woman* to go to for the best and latest in feminine Fashion!

How ironic.

Me, a mere male, the *woman* to go to!

My parents, quick to catch on that I was a hit with the younger crowd, set up a brand new clothing department catering strictly to the young and the young-at-heart! Everything offered in my department was right up-to-date, fashion-wise. And just as expensive! New trends in Paris or Rome or Berlin or

Milan or NYC or LA or Rio were instantly available to our customers in Central City.

At a well padded price, of course.

And traffic increased to the point where my parents had to hire two full time teen girls to help out and three part-time ladies for Fridays and Saturdays! Because my parents and I were traditional Jews, from 5:00 p.m. on Friday until 5:00 p.m. on Saturday, it was our Sabbath and we didn't take a direct hand in anything pertaining to business during that time. Fortunately, one of Mother's dear friends, a Gentile (non-Jew) lady, took care of Saturday sales and accounting and she did so until she died!

I can't say that I was surprised by this increase in traffic, because as my favorite professor (a statuesque woman) at college had always said, "Give the customers what they want and they will knock your doors down to buy it!"

And it was true.

As soon as we would lay in the latest styles, our customers were there to clear us out and demand more!

Then, one bright spring afternoon, Penny Bright walked into *Just For Women*, and my life was changed forever!

I bless that day!

* * *

III

“Hello? May I speak to Ms Paula Klein, please? This is Hank Gleason of Fairmont Pictures calling in reference to Penny Bright,” announced the mellifluous voice on my telephone.

“This is Paula,” I replied. Today, I was dressed as Paula. “How may I help you?”

“Penny told me about the remarkable resemblance between the two of you, and I took it upon myself to contact you and offer you a job as her double,” the voice continued.

“My dear Mr. Gleason,” I trilled happily. “Didn’t Miss Bright tell you? I am the owner’s daughter and I am quite happy with my present life. I do not need nor want another job!”

“Penny said you would feel that way,” he admitted. “But I must tell you, she is determined to get her own way on this. She wants you to be her double, and frankly, the higher-ups and I agree with her. She is working entirely too hard and since she is not in the greatest of health. . . well, frankly, Miss Klein, you would be a Godsend!” Obviously Penny had neglected to tell him that I was a boy!

“I’m really very sorry, Mr. Gleason,” I begged off. “But it is quite impossible.”

“Penny asks if you’d have dinner with her tonight?” he continued.

I felt a shiver go down my spine. “Tonight?” I squeaked.

“I’ll send the limo to pick you up at seven.”

I heard a loud click.

The s.o.b. had hung up on me!

Nobody hangs up on Paula Klein!

Nobody!

I had my revenge.

When the limo showed up promptly at seven, I was waiting. I was wearing my oldest distressed jeans and a man-cut lumberjack blouse (it buttoned backwards), penny loafers and sloppy ankle sox. Underneath I wore only a pair of French-cut flare panties and a silky camisole. Atop my hair, I wore a white beret and over my arm I carried a ratty old denim jacket.

The chauffeur opened the rear door and I got the shock of my life. There was Penny, dressed in a pure white silk gown - well, part of a gown. The skirt was all there and slit to the top of her thigh on both sides. From the waist rose twin bands of white silk material to cover her braless breasts and go around her neck to fasten behind her head. Her back was completely bare and unblemished. Her fully erect nipples traced maddening circles under the thin material covering them.

Her hair was done in a charming pageboy fashion and her make-up had been applied by an expert with not one spot out of place!

“Er, Miss Bright,” I stuttered. “I am so sorry! I’ll go back and change,” I offered.

Her hand reached out and grasped mine familiarly. “Oh, no, Miss Klein, I like you just as you are!” she objected. “It’s so seldom that my date is not out to impress me with how great he or she is!”

“Had I known. . .”

“Had you known, I would not have seen the real you,” she smiled brilliantly. To her chauffeur, “Please take us back to the hotel, Marcel.”

“As you wish, Miss Bright,” he replied, bowing and clicking his heels as he closed the door behind my rear end, propelling me across the back seat to land unceremoniously atop her softness!

“My, you don’t like to wait, do you?” she teased, and a moment later, I felt her arms around me and I was being kissed like there was no tomorrow!

Would you be surprised if I told you I kissed her back?

No?

Well, you would be right.

I did kiss her back and I felt myself drowning in her essence.

What’s more, when I slid my hand under her dress and cupped a turgid nipple, she just moaned with delight and let me do as I wished! I was drowning in Miss Penelope Bright!

Before I knew it, the limo had stopped and Marcel was holding the back door open. I got out and handed Penny out to stand beside me on the sidewalk, her nipple on full display!

“You may take the rest of the night off, Marcel,” Penny told the waiting man. “I will have no more use for the limo tonight.”

The man clicked his heels and bowed again. “As you wish, Miss Bright,” he murmured, saying nothing about the obvious disarray of his employer.

“I wish!” Penny’s smile would have lit up the world!

She turned that smile on me. “And now, my sweet little Lesbian lover, I have you all to myself for as long as I want you. Right?”

I could only nod. Like I said, I was drowning in her essence. I knew it and I accepted it, and I just didn’t care. In fact, I welcomed it! I wanted it! More, I *needed* it!

“I’ve been investigating you, my darling,” she began.

Instantly, I felt a chill stab my heart. “Investigate? Me? But, why?”

“I told you, my darling,” she explained with a giggle. “I want you to be my double.”

“But I have a life right here in Central City!” I protested. “I told your Mr. Gleason that I am the sole heir to the women’s fashion store and am completely happy with my status quo.”

“Except there are no men working there,” she commented softly, so softly that it flew right over my head momentarily.

“Yes, there are!” I insisted. “I work there,”

“Yes, you do, *Miss Klein*,” she replied.

“Well, I do!” I insisted anew.

Then, it hit me that she had addressed me as, *Miss Klein*! And that was the second time!

By now, she had guided me across the lobby and into the elevator and I was alone with her! She looked at me quizzically. “I notice that you do not deny being *Miss Klein*,” she smiled knowingly.

I wished the floor would open under my feet and allow me to sink out of sight. But, the floor was solid

under me and all I could do was hang my head in shame. "I . . . I . . ." I stammered.

"So you like to wear women's clothes? So what? I know several actresses in Hollywood who are male in their panties! And no one who knows about them cares one single bit!"

"I . . . I . . ."

The elevator stopped and we got out. Dumbly, I allowed her to take my hand and lead me to my doom. At her door, she turned to me and grasped my hands in hers. "Do not be afraid of me, my sweet Miss Klein," she murmured. "The last thing in the world I would ever do is hurt you deliberately!"

I would find out that this was not totally true, but in her own way, it was! She meant "mentally," in a manner of speaking. Physically, well. . .

All right! All right! I'll tell you!

Jeezums!

Penny liked to play certain sex games, and that's all I am going to say for now.

If you don't like it, send me your name and address and twenty-five dollars to cover shipping and handling and I will give you back the ten bucks you paid for this book!

Now, is that fair, or is that fair?

She opened the door, drew me inside, closed the door, and attacked me! It was much too late to think of my less-than-male undies, which she tore from me in her rush to get at me. In seconds, I had been stripped to the skin and she was slithering out of her gown until she was as naked as I was. She flew at me, her arms going around my neck as our lips met in a passionate kiss! Our hands were all over

one another as we sought to discover one another's most intimate secrets. In a matter of moments, she had twisted atop me and her bald pussy lips were kissing mine! I mean, they were actually kissing me! I know it sounds absurd, but the girl had taught herself to kiss with her nether lips while her other lips were kissing my faux pussy, chewing and biting and driving me wild with desire!

In just a matter of a few minutes, we had both orgasmed and lay tiredly in one another's arms.

"Oh, Paula," Penny whispered. "I never would have guessed that you were a woman too!"

"Are you so very disappointed?" I asked softly, nibbling at her ear.

"Are you kidding? I like you even more as a woman!" she whispered passionately. "But I still know that you are a boy under that sweet pussy of yours!" she giggled.

"How do you know that?" I was flabbergasted. No one else had ever guessed.

"Your Mom told me," she confessed.

"My Mother told you?" I gasped. "You have got to be kidding!"

She shook her head. "Nope, Sarah and I had a long talk this afternoon and she agrees with me that you need a different exposure to the world before you settle in to running the business when she is no longer able to do so."

I sighed. "Yes, Mother is always dying of some disease or another! She is an avid, dyed-in-the-wool hypochondriac and I have learned to live with it, as did my Father! If you read about some exotic disease, Mother always thinks she has it and no

amount of denial by her doctors can change her mind. And so it is until the next disease comes along!”

“She’s a very sweet woman,” Penny exclaimed. “We hit it off from the get-go!”

I nuzzled her neck. “If you say so,” I teased.

“Well, I do!” Penny exclaimed. “In fact, when I told her I was going to marry you and you were going to be wearing a white satin wedding gown and a chastity belt, she gave me her blessing!”

“Marry?” I gasped. “Now hold on a minute. . .”

“Me. Marry. You. In a white satin wedding gown. With four-inch white satin covered opera pumps and a full veil and a long train and a diamond tiara and all the rest! You’re going to wear a tight white leather and lace corset, a white bullet bra, well, filled with your flesh, with matching white silken panties, white hosiery, white lace gloves, a satin garter and a steel chastity strap to keep you chaste! And if you dare to disagree with me, I shall spank your bare bottom until you do agree!” she threatened.

“You wouldn’t dare!” I gasped in outrage.

“Oh, wouldn’t I?” she replied and before I knew what she was going to do. . .

SMACK! SMACK!

Her hand landed solidly on my bare bottom cheeks, leaving their red, painful imprint behind.

“Hey! Ouch! Ouch! That hurt, darn it!” I protested.

“Go on, keep right on denying it and I’ll give you some more! I’ve got lots bottled up just waiting to land on that big fat ass of yours!”

“Penny Bright!” I protested. “I do not have a big fat ass!” I blurted out.

“Fat ass! Fat ass! Paula’s got a big fat ass!” she taunted.

“Not! Not! Don’t!” I replied, just before she took me in her arms and silenced my weak protests with that delectable mouth of hers!

When we came up for air several minutes later, I gasped, “Oh, Penny! I do not have a fat ass!”

She smiled and kissed me again.

When we surfaced, I continued, “Well, I don’t!”

And I was kissed again.

You know, I was beginning to like this!

Somehow, when I protested, I was kissed!

So, I kept up a string of, “Don’ts,” and got kissed every time.

For some reason, I forgot to protest after a dozen or so of her sweet kisses!

But I still do not have a fat ass!

Anyway, we never did get to dinner. . . well, not exactly, but I did get to eat. . .

And so did she.

I’ll leave it up to you to figure out what we ate. . .

It was late the next morning before we awoke to the bright sunlight streaming through the wide-open windows and the stupid phone ringing off the hook!

“Oh, drat!” Penny muttered as she picked it up. “Yeah! Wha’d’ya’wan?” she growled in a very un-Penny like voice.

“Ouch, aw’ reddy? Damn! A girl can’t get any sleep with you guys around!” And she hung up. “OK, sweet lips,” she told me, “one more round of your special kisses and I have got to get my ass to work! That was the director and he’s pissed ‘cause I’m running a little late.”

I looked at my watch. “But it’s only a few minutes after six!” I exclaimed.

“Bob wanted to shoot the scene in the dawn’s early light,” she explained. “Says the mist makes for a more esoteric scene.”

“Oh.” I had no idea what she was talking about.

“Anyway, he wants to shoot another scene instead and try for the one we just missed tomorrow morning,” and here she dropped her voice, “if you can get your lazy ass out of bed in time!” Then, she started laughing. I laughed right along with her and didn’t know why I found it so hilarious.

She began to dress in a bra, panties, jeans, a crop-top, ankle sox and sneaks, and with a final kiss, she was out the door and gone. I looked around for my own clothes, but curiosity got the better of me and I began to look through her belongings.

OK, I know I shouldn’t have done it, but she had not told me specifically not to snoop, and I had an insatiable curiosity about this woman who had told me that she and my own Mother had decided that I was to marry her, and that I would be the wife to boot!

Oh, I know that should have bothered me no end, but the truth of the matter was that I found the whole idea of being her wife strangely attractive!

And, in spite of a learned resistance, totally right! For me!

I had never ever entertained such thoughts about any other women. In fact, I had never dated another woman in my whole life!

Yeah, I know.

Sounds weird, doesn't it?

I mean, here I was in my late twenties and never been on a date with a woman!

Not even a study date while I was in college!

I was just not interested in sex with women - Hell, sex with anyone!

Now just because I'm a life-long transvestite does not mean that I have homosexual leanings nor feelings for males in general. I just had never had feelings for anyone except for my grandparents and my own parents, and never any sexual feelings about anyone at all, of either sex.

I just didn't care about a relationship. All I had ever wanted was to be left alone to be myself, and by being myself, I mean I just wanted to be allowed to be a woman outwardly and forget about the other me that wasn't me at all. I mean, I was me inside, but the me inside was matched more to the outside appearance, the feminine persona that I projected with my dress, mannerisms, speech and attitudes.

All I had ever wanted was to be accepted by the world around me as the woman I was.

Again, I hope you understand what I mean because I'm not sure I have explained it satisfactorily, or at least clear enough to be understood.

Back to Penny.

She was indeed an uninhibited exhibitionist and a blatant narcissist. She never passed a mirror without pausing to look at herself and she was always aware of her appearance!

Her clothes were conspicuously revealing while seeming to be entirely chaste. I mean, her clothes were conventional enough in design and style, but the material was made to show off her figure, not conceal it from appreciative eyes! Intrigued, I tried on several of her outfits, the first being the same gown she had worn the night before. It fit me perfectly! I did not have as much of a breast swell as she did, but my stiffened, prominent nipples traced identical patterns in the material as hers had done! I found, to my great surprise, that she was the exact same size as I, a size two!

And the girl had a taste for the exotic too. She had several corsets that were erotic in the extreme being made of leather and rubber and latex with different shades of colored silk overlay. I found boots and shoes with extreme heels, heels that made me walk on my tiptoes when I tried them on! I had been enrolled in ballet class when a very young boy, so walking sur les pointes was old stuff to me.

Then I opened one of her suitcases and found everything was made of rubber! Underclothes and overclothes, dresses, skirts, slips, petticoats, blouses, stockings, face masks, hoods, gloves, you name it, she had it all in rubber! In another suitcase

I found all sorts of leather straps and handcuffs and blindfolds and chains and clamps, everything a dedicated bondage artist could desire!

There was more to Miss Penelope Bright than met the naked eye!

And then I found her photo albums, and for the next hour, I browsed through her life history, watching her grow from a starry-eyed pre-teen into a fully developed, sensual woman. I was somewhat surprised to discover that she had been an exhibitionist from an early age when I saw the nude photos that filled many of the pages. Her notes indicated the pleasure she took in showing herself off to men and women, and she listed in detail some of their likes and dislikes when it came to posing her. She related how she had lost her virginity at age twelve to a slightly older male and how much she had enjoyed his attentions, and how she had teased him afterwards to gain her ends.

She had started her movie career when she was just thirteen, appearing in several teen movies that gained her a reputation as “pliable” and “adaptable,” pliable in that she was a “natural” before the camera, and adaptable because she could twist her performances to suggest more than was actually shown on the screen. She had just turned eighteen when she had made the movie that made her famous (infamous?), *The Hunted*, the movie in which she had been bound to the Saint Andrew’s Cross for much of the movie with frequent shots of her nude body writhing and squirming suggestively in certain scenes when she was being threatened with torture or other bodily harm.

Her scribbled notes told how much she had enjoyed being naked before all those men and bound

so that she could not prevent them from seeing her at her most vulnerable!

It was almost anti-climactic to find the bondage scenes in the back of one album, bondage scenes in which she was both doer and doee, though not at the same time. From her notes, I deduced that the tighter her bonds and the rougher she was used, the better she liked it.

To put it simply, I was appalled!

Now having been around the fashion world all my life, I knew such things were happening right under my nose, but I had never paid any attention to them because I wasn't interested personally in what was going on.

This was different.

This was real.

And it was happening to me!

Or, rather, it had happened to Penny!

I carefully replaced everything as near to what it had been as I could remember and hoped that she would not notice. Then I dressed and left her hotel room.

I was showing a rather stylish little black dress to one of my customer's daughters at around four o'clock when Martine told me I had a phone call. I excused myself and went to answer the phone. I knew who was on the other end before I picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hello, yourself, you delicious little snoop!" came Penny's melodious laugh. "Did you have fun trying on my costumes? Why don't you come on over and

we can play dress-up together?” she invited. “I’ve got some other things that I just know you’ll love!”

“Oh, I can’t!” I weaseled. “I have several customers and it would be rude to walk out on them!”

“Oh, pish and posh!” she snickered.

“Besides, I left right after you did and. . .”

“But not before you tried on the dress I wore last night,” she countered with a soft laugh. “Come on now, ‘fess up. I know you did!”

“Look, Penny, I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to continue seeing each oth. . . er. . .”

“What? You think I’m going to let the best little cunt-lapper in the world get away from me? Girl, have you got a think coming!” she snapped. “Now, it’s shortly after four and I need a bath. So while I soak, you get your little tail in gear and get over here. Don’t bother to change. I want to see you in your working clothes. Got it? Working? Clothes?” She giggled, and the phone went dead.

Back on the floor, I made several suggestions about the dress the girl wanted and promised that I would see to the alterations personally. That seemed to happyfy them and I took a quick powder, letting myself into Penny’s unlocked hotel room some twenty minutes later.

As she had predicted, she was in the tub and fast asleep. I checked and the water was almost stone cold. Carefully, I wrestled her out of the tub, dried her partially and helped her into bed, where she curled up and went back to sleep. I began picking things up and straightening up the room into some semblance of order, then lay down beside her and went to sleep myself.

Inquisitive lips were nuzzling my neck and biting at my ears some hours later when I realized I was being assaulted in the nicest way!

“Uhhmm,” I murmured sleepily.

“Ah, my little cunt-lapper is finally coming out of her fog!” the breathless soprano crooned to me.

I opened my eyes. “Oh, hi, Penny. I must have fallen asleep. . .”

“I’ll say!” she giggled. “You’re the hardest person I have ever had to waken!”

“Sorry.” I tried to sit up but she stayed atop me, her lips kissing at me indiscriminately.

“Yummy!” she crooned. “You taste good, like a cigarette should, and I want to know where you hide that cigar of yours!” she declared, her finger poking and pulling at my crotch.

“Hey! Watch it girl!” I protested. “You’re going to tear me apart!”

“Oh, fooley! I never get to have any fun!” she pouted.

“It is to laugh!” I snickered.

“Oh? You think that’s funny, do you?” she sneered.

I giggled. “Yeah, I sure do!”

“OK, just for that, you’ve just earned a penance!” she smiled.

“Oh, I am so scared!”

She lay back on the bed and spread her legs wide. “Come on, cunt lapper, get that pointy little tongue of yours in my snatch and get to work!” she ordered breathlessly.

What could I do?

I dove into her vee and kissed her avidly, frenching her thoroughly! Her hands grasped me behind my head and held me tightly in place as I tongued her to orgasm. As before, it was over much too soon and we were resting in one another's arms atop the wrinkled bed.

"Paula," she whispered. "You know I have fallen in love with you."

"Don't, Penny," I replied.

"Don't what? Tell you I love you?" she asked, puzzled.

"No, we can't. . ."

"Sure we can! I love you and I know you have feelings for me, otherwise you wouldn't suck my cunt like you do. I love the way you kiss my cunt lips and I know you love the way my cunt kisses you!"

"Penny, please," I started to beg.

"I am not going to stop telling you that I love you," she insisted.

"Penny, I. . ."

"Paula, your Mother and I spent time together between takes today, and she told me all about your family, about your Grandfathers and your own Father being transvestites, and I think it was just wonderful that they all found happiness with one another! I want to be happy with you!"

"But, Penny, we are so different. . ."

"Are we?"

"Yes, you're Hollywood and I'm Central City and. . ."

“Would it surprise you to know that I was born in a small village in north-western Montana in the foothills of the Rockies, a few miles south of the province of Alberta, Canada, and that I was a ranch hand and cowgirl long before I became a movie star?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “That would surprise me.”

“Well, I was. And not only that, but I used my body to escape that existence. I know you looked at my photo albums so you know that I have not led a celibate life. Yes, I have been with men, and yes, I have used men to gain my ends, and yes, I have done things of a sexual nature that the average girl only thinks about! But, I’m still me. I have feelings, likes and dislikes, just like any other girl. I like sex with men, but I like sex with girls too. I know you think I am a shameless hussy for showing my body off like I do, but it might surprise you to know that I am basically a shy, withdrawn girl. Oh, don’t get me wrong, I love showing off what Mother Nature gave me physically and I love the attention my naked body brings me, but there are times when I just want to crawl into a hole and pull it in behind me!

“For all the attention, sometimes it gets to be too much, and that’s when I envy the average girl in the street, because for all her independence and worldliness, she is basically a naive nonentity as far as the rest of the world is concerned. Unlike me who am recognized and hounded no matter where I go!” she lamented wistfully. “Everybody knows me and everybody wants something from me!”

“I don’t want anything from you, Penny,” I assured her.

“I know,” she admitted, smiling brightly. “And that’s why I love you so much! Your feelings for me are entirely innocent and natural. You like me for me, not for what you can get from me!”

I had no response to that!

She took my hand in hers and squeezed gently. “You have exquisite taste in clothing, Paula,” she whispered, her gaze taking in my ensemble from head to toe. “And whether you want to admit it or not, you are a beautiful woman and the spitting image of Miss Penelope Bright, movie star extraordinaire!”

I blushed. “I tried to emulate you today, deliberately, although I have never tried to look like anyone else except myself all my life!” I replied softly.

“See? I’m beginning to grow on you!” she teased.

“Yeah, like a hangnail!” I retorted, smiling.

“I’ll hangnail you, you little pussy!” she threatened and slapped my rounded hip briskly.

“You’ve got a thing about spanking me, don’t you?” I asked, rubbing my stinging hip ruefully.

“Wait until we really get going, my girl!” she retorted. “I’ll really make you sing and sting!”

“Unh, Penny?” I began.

“Yes, Hunny Bunny,” she replied languidly.

“I found your suitcases with all of those straps and handcuffs and chains and things and rubber and leather clothing,” I admitted. “Why do you have all that stuff?” I asked.

“Because I get off on using it,” she smiled. “But don’t worry, I’d never use it with anyone who had any objection. I do have some scruples, you know.”

“Gee, I hope it’s not catching,” I quipped off-handedly.

“Not. . . catching. . . oh, you made a funny!” she giggled. “So, how about it? Are you up for a few bondage games? I’ll even let you be the dominatrice once in a while!”

“What’s that?”

“That’s the woman who holds the whip hand. You know, the woman in charge of the scene.”

“Scene?”

“Scene, the action, where things get done to the submissive by the domme!”

“Domme?”

“Dominatrice. It’s a contraction, you know, like ain’t. . .” she smiled.

“Oh, like a vulgarism.”

“Yeah, vulgarism, as relating to what’s done by the masses, or so the Romans claimed.”

“Vas you der, Sharlie?” I quipped.

“Shades of Baron Munchausen! I didn’t think anyone remembered him anymore!” she giggled.

“We’re not all illiterate out here in the boon-docks!” I laughed. “Why you’d be surprised! Some of us have even read a book or two!” I teased.

“Seriously, Paula, you are a dead ringer for me and I really, really could use your help!” she switched channels in mid-stream. “I mean, a snip here, a tuck there, an implant here, some taken off there, and you could pass for me anywhere!”

“Penny, I. . .” I was weakening and what’s more, she knew it too!

“Do I have to get your Mother to order you?” she teased. “Sarah said that if I gave you a direct order, you would do anything I told you! But I don’t want to coerce you. I want you to impersonate me of your own free will. I want you to be me because you want to be me and not because I have beaten you into submission! Although, if worse came to worse, I could do that too! However, your heart would never be in sync with your head and what was happening and that would ruin the whole effect,” she continued.

“Penny. . . I’m not Hollywood material. . .”
Weakly, I tried to beg off.

“Hunny Bunny, no one is ever Hollywood material! It’s all make-up and illusion and attitude and costumes and the portrayal of same. In other words, it’s all faked, like W Y S I W Y G in computerese, you know, What You See Is What You Get. People see what they are led to see. If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck and waddles like a duck, chances are that it is a duck. Except in Hollywood. There, with make-up and a costume, even a duck can look like a swan! With a different perspective and angle of the camera, almost anything can be made to appear what it isn’t. I ought to know, I’ve been doing it for years!” She paused to take a breath.

“If I don’t like it, can I quit?”

“Sure,” she agreed readily. “But I’m betting that once you get into it, you won’t want to quit, ever!”

“OK, I’ll make a deal with you. I’ll go with you and meet this Gleason man of yours, and see what he has to say. And if I don’t have to change too much, I might agree to a, say, a month’s trial run,

and if I don't like it, I can walk away from everything with no strings attached. OK?"

She gathered me close and kissed me tenderly. "Hunny Bunny, you got a deal!"

Her voice was soft velvet, but I still had the feeling that I was going to be had. . .

Little did I know.

* * *

IV

"And so, you see, Miss Klein," Mr. Gleason was saying, "there's really nothing to it. You have the facial structure and the general body conformation of Penny, and it would be duck soup to effect the few changes that would make you her exact body double."

"I see," I murmured, not sure I trusted this man and his oily smarminess. I mean, he made it sound almost too good to be true, and like my Grandfather Gold said, "If it sounds too good to be true, chances are that it is!"

Mr. Gleason still did not know that I was a boy under my prosthesis!

"All we want from you is you to fill in for Penny from time to time. There are times when she has to be in two places at the same time, and since teleportation has not been invented yet, we have need of a body double to cover for her."

"Penny was saying something about a few cosmetic changes. . ."

“Yes.” He giggled (I hate men who giggle!). “We would have our plastic expert straighten your nose slightly and pin your ears back, and we would teach you how to do the make-up to become Penny.”

“It all sounds rather innocuous,” I whispered.

“Piece o’ cake!” he trilled as he giggled. I hate trilling men who giggle!

“As long as you do nothing permanent, I suppose it will be all right,” I agreed.

“Great! You know, if everything turns out the way I think it will, you’ll even be able to stand in for Penny during an actual shoot!”

I laughed. “Not me! She’d want me to do the nude scenes and that’s strictly O-U-T!”

He clapped his hands and a script girl came dashing over. “Delilah, take Miss Klein over to the make-up department and introduce her to our Mr. Wessen. There’s a doll!”

He turned away, ignoring me completely.

“How rude,” I muttered.

“Oh, pay him no mind,” Delilah giggled (from her it sounded fine!), “he’s always been like that! He has so much on his mind I’m surprised he ever gets anything done!”

Five minutes later, I was sitting in Mr. Wessen’s (like the cooking oil) make-up chair in his trailer and he was applying various items to my face.

“Oh, Thweetie,” he lisped. “You are going to be tho eathy!” His hands fluttered around my hair as he held it this way and that, trying to visualize the best style for me. “Yeth, Myth Penny ith thuch a joy

to work on, and I can see that you are just like her!”



Once he was satisfied with my make-up, he called for my guide and had her take me to the “plastic” man. There, I found out that “plastic” was a short form for “plastic surgeon,” and that the few alterations were quite extensive, ranging from my ears and nose to breast augmentation, a slight(?) liposuction for my belly and hips and the repositioning of my navel. It seems that real woman’s umbilical cords have a different location on the body than that of a genetic male, and since full body double meant full body double, I would have to be remade as Penny’s exact double.

I would even have to have some dental surgery as my teeth were slightly more prominent than Penny’s. I could not for the life of me figure out what difference her slight underbite made, but I was assured that any difference would be magnified greatly by the unrelenting eye of the camera.

So, since I had come this far, I agreed to these “slight” modifications.

Later that same afternoon, I went to meet Penny at her hotel room, and to my surprise, she

produced twin gowns of white silk, the gowns being almost exact doubles of the dress she had first worn for me. I was apprehensive when she insisted that we remain nude beneath the gowns, but when I saw the translucent material hinting at the pink flesh beneath, I was lost! Footlets and strappy sandals with five-inch heels were the only other items we wore. Oh, we carried matching purses for our spare make-up - like lipstick, powder, nail polish, tampons and mad money, but that was it.

Penny, being used to appearing in public naked or practically so, laughed when I showed some re-

luctance at leaving the hotel room while so blatantly exposed. But, after she reassured me that she would be right beside me the whole time, I reluctantly allowed myself to be coaxed into the elevator and out into the main lobby where we were met by Marcel, her driver.

He handed us into the back seat of the limo and I clutched Penny's hand nervously as we crept through the nighttime traffic. I had no idea where we were going. In retrospect, I don't think I really cared as long as I was with Penny!

Then we stopped in front of a local bistro and the bouncer opened the door and handed Penny out to the pavement. Then it was my turn to exit the limo, and for the first time in my life, I made my first public appearance and I was almost naked! I was so embarrassed.

But no one paid any attention to my almost nudity and holding Penny's hand tightly, I allowed her to lead me inside where a smiling maître-d' led us to the back booths and seated us politely.

"Your waitress will be right over, Miss Bright," he murmured, bowing and disappearing.

"You reserved this?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yep! Try getting in here without a reservation!" she giggled.

"Oh, I bet they would make a big exception for you!" I giggled.

She squeezed my hand. "You are such a sweetie!"

A smiling waitress appeared and placed menus before us. "Would you like a drink before dinner, Miss Bright?" she asked softly.

Penny gazed at her and smiled. “Yes, please, two ginger ales.”

The waitress never batted an eyelash. “Certainly, Miss Bright!” With a swirl of her abbreviated skirts, she was gone, only to return in a moment with two frosty glasses. “When you are ready to order, Miss Bright, just tinkle your glass with your knife edge.” And she was gone.

Penny leaned against my shoulder and gazed into my eyes. “I love you, Paula!” she whispered throatily and kissed me quickly.

“Penny. . .” I began.

“Now stop that protesting every time I say something!” she pouted. “You can be such a delight and you can also be a big pain in the ass at the same time!” she scolded. “I suppose you’re going to object when the band starts and I ask you to dance with me?” she pursed her lips in disapproval.

“Dance?” I was surprised.

“Dance. You know, I hold you and you hold me and we make our feet go in certain patterns while we move around the floor in time to the music,” she explained facetiously. She grinned and added, “If you don’t know how, I’ll lead and you follow what I do. OK?”

Unconsciously, I nodded.

“Well, I’m glad that’s settled!” she giggled. “For a minute there, I thought I was going to have to flip your skirt up and paddle that fat ass of yours right here on the spot!”

“Penny Bright!” I gasped. “I do not have a fat ass!”

“I’d still paddle it good and brown!” she insisted with a wide grin.

“You wouldn’t dare!” I gasped in shock. “Not here?” I gazed around in fright.

She cocked her eyebrow. “I wouldn’t bet the farm on that, my darling!”

I took a long sip of my drink and watched as Penny signaled our waitress.

In an instant, “Ma’am?”

“I think I’m ready to order,” Penny told her.

The waitress poised her pencil over her order pad. “Ma’am?”

Then Penny ordered dinner, without once consulting me about my choices! I was some put out, but the waitress never missed a beat and ignored me completely. I didn’t know whether to be insulted by this or to revel in being with someone who was so sure of herself! I decided to follow the second option.

“How did you know what I wanted?” I asked.

“Didn’t. I just went with my feelings. Why? Disappointed?”

I shook my head. “No, not really. You’re such a dominant personality that I would have been more surprised had you done otherwise,” I admitted sheepishly.

She giggled happily and stood. “May I have this dance, Miss Klein?” she asked softly as she bowed over my hand, and I then realized that the band had started playing and that others were already on the floor. I allowed myself to be led onto the floor and I noticed immediately that no one gave us a second glance.

Why?

Oh, darn, you guessed it!

Yes, the other couples were almost exclusively same sex pairings and Penny and I were just two more beautifully gowned women dancing to the low, sensuous music that filled the room with its intimacy!

And as you have already guessed, I followed her lead as she led me through the more intricate steps of the dance. I'm not much of a dancer, never having danced with anyone before except for my past ballet recitals, and even then always in a solo female role!

This was entirely new to me, and yet, with her hand on my hip pushing and pulling me in the right direction, it was so easy to just let myself go with the flow (one of Penny's favorite sayings) and found that I was enjoying myself immensely!

Later, I had to use the facilities and found the decals on the doors quite amusing. One read, "Skirts" and the other, "Others." Of course, Penny took me right into the one marked "Skirts," and no one said a thing although I saw that both sexes were well represented, each sex wearing a "dress" or "skirt" of one kind or another.

The bistro was a revelation to me. I had never suspected that such a club existed in Central City! That such clubs were well represented in other cities, I was well aware, but here? In *my* hometown? I was surprised - well, not exactly as surprised as I was amused. I mean, did the city fathers know about this place? And if they did, how did they feel about it?

Not that I cared in the slightest. I guess I was more surprised that I had never found this place be-

fore, and Penny took me there the second day I had known her!

I guess that for all my feminine femaleness, I lived in a rather secluded world. And I realized the truth of this when I thought about it. I had been so busy being alone and keeping the rest of the world at arm's length that I had never seen what was going on right under my rounded nose! I had been so self-centered and egocentric about my so-called life that in actuality, life was passing me by and not giving me a second's thought!

Penny would change all that!

And all in all, I was a willing participant!

That is, most of the time. . .

Like I said, most of the time. . .

There were exceptions. . .

Glaring exceptions!

* * *

V

I have no idea what we had for dinner. I was too entranced with my paramour to pay attention to such trivialities as food or surroundings! And the more I danced with Penny, the more enchanted with her persona I became! All she had to do was give me a look with those emerald green eyes and pout those plump lips, and I would have followed her through the gates of Hell just to be with her!

I was lost!

I was owned, body and soul, by Miss Penelope Bright!

And I would not have wanted it any other way!

Nor would she!

One intimate dance was followed by another intimate dance and that by another and another and another until I had lost all track of time! When she finally took me back to our table, our server was there waiting patiently with our meal, and it was fresh! I mean, it had not been reheated and reheated while we dawdled away the time on the dance floor. It was obvious even to my addled brain that some sort of signal had been exchanged somewhere. . . somehow.

Once Penny was finished, she pulled me up and into her arms for another round on the dance floor. “Oh, Penny,” I gasped. “Aren’t you tired?”

“Hunny Bunny,” she replied in that sexy whisper of hers, “I could never get tired of you!” And her mouth claimed mine before I could say anything more. And after a moment or two of her lips on mine, I just didn’t want to say anything else!

It was very late when we left the bistro and to my surprise, Marcel was waiting with the limo when we came out, with the door wide open and a helping hand for each of us. Once Marcel had closed the door, Penny’s hands were all over me and as my gown disappeared and I fell to my knees on the rich, carpeted floor, her thighs gaped and my face found itself being guided to its destination, her glistening pink lips waiting anxiously for my kiss!

She moaned with pleasure as I did what I did best.

And when we were back in her hotel room, it was just a continuation of what she had started in the limo, only this time we were atop her queen-sized bed with lots of room to get at one another!

I won't bore you with what went on except to say, I loved it!

And so did Penny!

The next day, Penny went with me to my home and waited while I dressed appropriately for my first alteration. I didn't know what was in store for me, but even had I known, I would have followed her anywhere, I was that far gone on her!

Mother popped in while I was there and she and Penny went right into conference, leaving me to change clothes and gather my wits a bit.

When I returned to the living room, Mother was all smiles and she did something she seldom did. She took me in her arms and she kissed me as though she had not seen me in ages! "Oh, Paula!" she exclaimed. "At long last I shall have the daughter I have always wanted!"

I assumed that Mother was referring to Penny as her daughter. . . er, 'daughter-in-law,' I amended to myself. I took a long look at Mother. There was something different about her. She was more vibrant, more alive, younger, even, than ever! Whatever it was, I hoped that it would stick around a while and give her hypochondria a well-deserved rest!

"Now you be a good girl and do what Penny tells you," Mother cautioned as we were leaving.

I smiled at her affectionately. "I shall, Mother," I promised. "I shall indeed!"

And then we were off. I had assumed that we would be going to the sound stage (scene set) for what was going to be done, but we didn't. Instead, Marcel took us to the airport where a private jet was waiting to whisk me off to Hollywood and my appointments with my "alternative" universe.

Penny kissed me and took me into the plane where she strapped me firmly into one of the most comfortable seats I have ever settled my cute little ass into!

Then, she kissed me fondly and left the plane, the door closing with a solid thunk! A soft voice in my ear brought me out of my reverie when it asked, "Would Madame like a drink?"

"Madame is quite overwhelmed!" I replied without thinking.

Then I looked up at the stewardess, a beautiful blonde with gorgeous blue eyes and a wide smile, bending over me, her loose top gaping, affording me a magnificent view of her delightful, unfettered breasts! "See anything you'd like?"

"Er. . . yes," I stammered staring into her gaping front, "I think I'd like a ginger ale with lots of ice."

"Coming right up," she smiled, and in less time than it takes to put it down on paper, I was sipping at my favorite drink and relaxing against the seat back.

"We are about to take off, Miss," she told me a few moments later. "Are you belted in?"

I nodded. "Yes, that's what Penny was doing."

"I'll just check to make sure. . ." and her hands were sliding over my straps, tugging and pulling at them while managing to feel me up quite thoroughly

and brush my face suggestively with her almost naked breasts.

“Am I tight enough?” I asked with an impish grin.

She had the courtesy to blush. “Yes, Miss, you’ll do just fine. . .

Once the plane took off and had climbed to altitude (or so the pilot announced) there was nothing to see except clouds and an occasional brownish blur thousands of feet below.

I soon fell asleep and stayed asleep until I felt the plane bump against the runway tarmac when we landed in Denver. After that, it was a long ride to The Clinic in the back of another limo and it was quite dark when we arrived. It was then that I realized that except for the clothes I was wearing, I had brought nothing with me – no changes of anything, no make-up for repairs, nothing! I hoped this was just an over-nighter, but somehow, I knew it wasn’t! I said a silent prayer that Penny knew what she was doing to me because I had not a clue!

Inside The Clinic, I was met by a smiling woman wearing a doctor’s coat with a stethoscope around her neck who seemed to be in charge.

“Ah, Miss Bright! Your sponsor called to tell me you were on the way! Did she tell you the nature of the modifications she wishes for you?”

I nodded. “Well, she said something about straightening my nose and pinning my ears back and some sort of prostheses to enhance my lack of breasts and a tuck in my tummy to relocate my navel and some liposuction to redistribute the fat cells in my mid-section and like that,” I replied, really not knowing what all that would entail.

“Er. . . yes,” she replied with a crooked smile, “that, in essence, is it.” She glanced at her clipboard. “Now, we have assigned you to room 407 and I have prescribed a sedative for you to help you sleep tonight. We will start your readjustments first thing in the morning.” She handed the clipboard to me. “Now, if you will just sign these forms in the indicated areas, I will have a nurse show you to your room. I assume that the trip had made you somewhat tired, right?”

I nodded and signed the papers. In retrospect, I should have read them first, but I trusted Penny, so didn’t give it a thought. Not too swift, right? Right!

I followed the swiveling hips of the cute little nurse into the elevator and up to my room. As rooms go, it was about average, I would guess. The bed was a double covered with satin sheets and a bright pink satin coverlet that felt so good to me after the long plane trip and the longer limo ride after my arrival. I accepted the glass of warm milk my escort handed me and laid back against the soft, cushiony pillows. I remember looking around for a remote and seeing one atop the tv set, except it was so far away that I decided it wasn’t worth the effort of getting up.

I remember burrowing into the welcoming warmth of the coverlet and closing my eyes. My last remembered thoughts were of Penny and her very special kisses. . .

And then I awoke!

But not in the same bed as I had been in!

This one was in a definitely medical recovery unit and I figured they had brought me here while I was

asleep and I felt a sort of gratitude that they hadn't woken me!

I was alone and I had an overpowering urge to pee, so I tried to sit up, only to find that I was strapped firmly in place! "Hey!" I yelled. "I gotta pee!"

"Oh, dear, then we are awake?" a soft, melodious voice answered me.

"Yeah, we are awake," I snapped peevishly, "but I still gotta pee!"

"One moment, Miss Bright," the same voice answered me, "and I'll get you a bedpan."

"Why?" I demanded. "I'm perfectly able to do my own business!"

"Well, be that as it may, until Doctor says otherwise, you will use the bedpan or wet your bed," she smiled impishly. "The choice is yours!"

"OK! OK! Just give me the damn thing before all hell breaks loose!" I snarled, or at least I tried to snarl. But, my voice was different. . . somehow. . . more sultry, breathless, more like Penny's!"

"Coming right up, Miss Bright," she giggled and she slid this ice-cold metal thing under my hips!

"Oooh!" I cringed from the cold. "Where do you keep these damn things, in a deep freeze? That damn thing is ice cold!"

"Actually, it's room temperature," she giggled. "It just seems cold. You'll get used to it in a jiffy."

And, believe it or not, I did. And I did. Use the damn thing, I mean.

"Do I get to eat before this procedure?" I asked the nurse.

“Oh, I think that can be arranged. I’ll ask Doctor!”

The way she used his title, I just knew she was in awe of his medical epithet! Big deal. He put his pants on just like I did, one leg at a time. So what was so special about him?

Actually, I wasn’t all that hungry. I was just trying to assert myself, I guess. But, the only one who was at all impressed by me, was me! And even I was a little bored with my performance.

“Well, good afternoon,” came a familiar voice. It was the same woman who had greeted me the previous night. “I’m so glad to see that you have returned to us!”

“Returned?” I croaked. “Returned from where? I haven’t gone anywhere! I went to sleep in the room you assigned to me and I awoke here just a few minutes ago. I haven’t had time to go anywhere!”

She laughed throatily. “Well, I must say, you are in excellent spirits after your ordeal!”

“Ordeal?” Suddenly, I felt a chill. “What ordeal?”

“Why, your surgery and your recovery,” she chirped brightly.

“Surgery? You mean you worked on me while I was asleep?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

“What did you do? I don’t feel any different.”

“Good! Then our efforts were entirely successful!”

I was getting tired of this cheerful banter. “Just what did you do?” I demanded.

She looked at her clipboard. “Everything that was scheduled to be done, and I must say, you came

through with flying colors! Everything went just as planned with nary a glitch to be seen!”

“And just what is *everything*?” I demanded querulously.

The woman looked at me, startled. “Why, you know, *everything*!”

“And I still want to know what everything was!” I replied, getting a little miffed with her avoidance of the obviousness of my question. Was she that simple minded?

“Well, you will notice that you have been physically restrained,” she began facetiously.

“I noticed that right off,” I replied sarcastically.

“Yes, well, we couldn’t very well have you thrashing around and damaging your sutures!”

“I can go that,” I replied just as sarcastically, “but I am awake now,” I pointed out.

“Yes, well, until you have healed completely, your sponsor felt that you should be restrained. . .”

“Oh, she did, did she?” I snapped. “Well, you can call my *sponsor* and tell her point blank that I will not be subjected to bondage, either there or here! I demand you undo me!”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that just yet, Miss Bright,” she replied gently. “After all, it is by your own request that you be restrained until you heal completely. I have the form right here!”

Well, that will teach me to read what I am signing before I sign it! I saw my signature in the proper place, and as agreed with Penny before I left, I had signed it “Penelope Bright!”

My original feelings had come true, I had been had. . . royally!

And it was all my own fault!

“Well, unsign the damned thing!” I snarled.

“Oh, I’m afraid that would be illegal, Miss Bright,” she murmured, taking my hand in hers.

I felt a slight prick in my arm, and guess what? It was dark when I awoke the next time!

Surprise! Surprise! I had been drugged - *sedated*, in doctorese!

But, I really felt a lot better this time around. The slight itching I had noticed before was all gone and I felt really fine! I looked around, saw that I was still “restrained. . .” very little had changed!

“Hello!” I yelled in Penny’s voice.

I heard the thump of a chair hitting the floor on all four legs and immediately after, a brand-new nurse came bustling into my room. “Yes, Miss Bright, how may I help you?”

“First, I gotta pee again and then I want to eat. I haven’t had a thing to eat since I got here late last night!” I complained.

The woman looked at me, dumb-founded. “Last night? My dear, you have been here for over three weeks! You have been on intravenous since shortly after your arrival!”

“Utter nonsense!” I objected. “I should know how long I’ve been away! I flew out of Central City yesterday at noon, then arrived in Denver and had a long limo ride here. . . yesterday!” I insisted.

“I assure you, Miss Bright,” she continued with a smile, “I am not fooling you. You have been here for

three weeks and two days. You first woke five days ago and after a short medical exam, you have been asleep ever since. And be careful about how you move your arms around. We wouldn't want to disturb the feeding needles in your arms!, would we?" she chirped pleasantly.

"Where's my doctor?" I demanded.

"Why, I imagine she's home in bed at this hour of the morning. Don't worry, she's an early riser and likes to make rounds by six a.m." she assured me.

"And what time is it now?"

She glanced at her wristwatch. "Shortly after four."

"Well, is there something I can do while I wait for Her Majesty's arrival? And something to eat? I'm famished!"

The woman giggled. "Her Majesty! I'll have to remember that. She will be so amused."

"Well?" I repeated in irritation.

"I'll get some movie magazines from the waiting room. There are several with rather extensive reviews of your work, and I'll see what's in the break room," she informed me, turned, and left.

Only to return in a few minutes with an armful of movie magazines and two packages of cookies!

"These are all I could find," she told me.

I smiled. "Thank you, Miss." After a moment, "I want to apologize for my outburst."

"Oh, I can understand your confusion. It happens to many of our clients after their S.R.S."

I looked at her. "S.R.S. What's that?"

“Oh, that’s Sex Readjustment Surgery. It’s done on all those persons who were born into the wrong sex and wish to change,” she explained.

I was thunderstruck! Someone had a helluva lot of explaining to do!

I had only agreed to impersonate Penny, not to *be* Penny!

For the next couple of hours I leafed through the movie magazines (the cookies disappearing in short order), amazed at the proliferation of “facts” that were contradictory and contrary, conflicting and confusing, and mostly untrue and/or downright lies! I wondered how these magazines could get away with their statements!

Yeah, I know public figures have less privacy than other citizens, but these “facts” were malicious and intended to hurt, and I thought that was illegal!

Then I wondered just how many people actually believed this garbage as Gospel Truth?

“Catching up on Hollywood, I see, Miss Bright?” my doctor greeted as she entered my room.

“Just the woman I wanted to see!” I exclaimed. I turned to the accompanying nurse. “Would you mind excusing us for a time? We have some rather drastic things to discuss.”

The nurse glanced at the doctor who nodded. “Go ahead. It’ll be all right!”

And close the door behind you!” I called as she left.

As the door clicked, I turned my attention back to the doctor.

“Now, I want to know all about this S.R.S. that was done to me completely without my knowledge or consent!” I demanded.

“OK, let’s start at the beginning. First of all, we did not do S.R.S. on you.”

“But that’s what the night nurse just told me!” I countered.

“Not true. She was misinformed. What we did do to you was exactly as your sponsor asked us to do. Nothing more and nothing less.”

“Sponsor? By that you mean the real Penelope Bright?”

She nodded. “Yes, and I must say, you look more like her now than she does herself! You were a remarkable subject and I am proud of the way you turned out!”

“Turned out?” I protested. “Why, I feel no different than I did when I got here.”

“As I told you before, that just shows you how good we are!”

I waved my hand in irritation, or as much as I could wave it! “Enough of your self-aggrandizing!” I snapped. “What was done to me?”

“OK, first, we did a breast augmentation on you.”

For the first time, I became aware of a strange fullness on my chest that was slightly different from the A-cups I was used to. “Oh.”

“Then, we repositioned your navel as requested, pinned your ears back and pierced them four times as requested, straightened your nose as requested, did a complete body depilation as requested,

and did a partial laryngo-treacheal reduction to give you your sponsor's breathless quality when speaking, again as requested," she listed chronologically.

"Is that all?" I asked sarcastically.

"No, as a matter of fact, it isn't," she admitted somewhat reluctantly. Finally, in accordance with Miss Bright's written request, we did a partial reconstruction of your groin so that you have the outward appearance of a female while retaining full male usage if so desired."

"What?" I yelped. "Just what did you do to my cock and balls?" I demanded, forgetting myself entirely. "You said you didn't do an S.R.S.!" I yelled in outrage.

"Calm down, Miss Bright!" she soothed. "We did nothing to interfere with the full use of your masculine equipment, merely modified you so that when your penis is hidden in its own little sheathe, you appear to be a genetic female in every regard! In fact, you can even accept other penises of considerable length and dimension without anyone being the wiser, much less your male paramour!"

"Like I would ever let any male stick his prick into me!" I protested vehemently.

She smiled. "Don't be so quick to deny, my dear, stranger things have happened!"

"Not to me, by damn!" I reaffirmed.

"Anyway, when you have completely healed, say in a day or so more, we will remove your leather restraints and you can see for yourself."

"Do I have to be knocked out again?" I asked sarcastically.

She shook her head. “No, the demand for that has passed. And if you promise to keep your inquisitive fingers away from your dressings, I will even release your hands.”

“That would be great!” I agreed. “And, of course I will do as you request.”

And, at the time, I meant it.

However, I am only human.

And eventually, I let my hands stray into forbidden territory!

But, no one ever discovered my subterfuge, or if they did, no one ever said a word about it!

Still, to tell the truth, even with my fingers under the bandages between my legs, I couldn’t feel one single difference between what I had had then and what I had now!

Anyway, with the remote and some cajolery, I was able to get Penny’s movies and watched every one for the umpteenth time. The nurses all thought I was being a little too narcissistic, watching just *my* movies, but then, they did not know that the person they knew as Penny Bright, was really seeing herself for the first time! I was impressed with what Penny had done and watched myself cavort on screen, open-mouthed, fascinated by myself!

When I watched *The Hunted*, Penny’s most notorious movie, the one with all the nude scenes that had made her a box-office smash and an instant pariah to the censors! At first, I was slightly appalled at her blatant nudity, but then I saw the artiste shine forth! She made you believe that she was suffering the tortures and agonies of the damned in her portrayals!

As the poet said, “It’s the actor who makes you believe that what you are seeing is the real thing who is the real artist and not the hack who is just mouthing the lines!”

Penny made you believe!

Then came the day when my bandages were removed and I was allowed to explore my new sex receptacle openly! My doctor showed me how to pop myself free and how to re-conceal it when I wished. I could see where this could be lots of fun!

It took me almost a month more before I couldn’t feel any twinges when I moved and my surgeon told me that I could resume living a *normal* life. Of course, by normal, she meant the life of a movie starlet with all the connotations thereof.

And then, I was pronounced *cured*, or at least ready to leave!

So, I made the trip in reverse. A long limo ride to Denver and another boring trip in a jet plane - I mean, after all, what scenery can you see at 35,000 feet above the ground? At that altitude, it’s pretty much all a uniform brown blur - oh, I already said that. Sorry.

Anyway, I was glad to get back to Central City and some sort of semblance of reality, as in a *reality* from my perspective!

How naïve I was!

And still am!

* * *

VI

Of course, the first one to greet me as I deplaned was Penny, and I thought she was going to rape me right there on the tarmac! Goddess! The girl's a human octopus. . . or centipede!

But, finally, I managed to get her into the limo where she attacked me again. "Oh, God, Penny! You are so beautiful!" she exclaimed over and over as she forced herself upon me.

"I'm not Penny," I reminded her. "You are!"

"Oh, pish and posh! You look enough like me to be my identical twin sister!" she exclaimed happily as she kissed me repeatedly, her hands all over my body. "God, I have missed you so much!"

I grinned. "Better watch out, girl!" I threatened jokingly. "You might get raped!"

"Yeah, like I am so scared!" she giggled.

"I can't wait to get back to the hotel," I lamented. "I am just plain beat!"

"I'll spank you silly if you dare go to sleep on me!" she threatened jokingly.

"So? I imagine you've gone it alone before!" I teased.

"Yeah, the whole time you were gone," she assured me.

"I'll bet!" I leered.

"S'God's truth!" she affirmed, holding her right hand up. "But now that my own personal cunt licker is back, I can't wait to get those talented lips

and that pointy tongue back between my legs!” she exclaimed, her hands busily caressing and squeezing me intimately.

“Can I at least have something to eat first?” I asked innocently.

“Oh, you bet your sweet ass! I’ve got something all hot and juicy for you to munch on!”

“Sounds delicious!” I agreed, kissing her fondly.

The ride to the hotel seemed to take forever.

But, eventually, we were back in the room and naked and writhing against one another while we caught up on what we had been missing. Penny must have been talking with my doctor because she popped my real sex free and while I chewed and sucked her sweet pussy, she reciprocated with mine, and *smoked* her first cigar, chewing and sucking and trying to draw smoke through it! If there’s one thing Penny has in abundance, it’s a vivid imagination!

It was a glorious home-coming, or should that be, “Home-Cumming?”

Use your own metaphor!

Try it, you might like it!

The next morning, Penny hustled me around and I shortly found myself in the back of the limo (Marcel driving) and on my way to a “shoot” or “take.” I never can keep the two separate in my mind!

I think one is taking the picture and the other is the result of taking the picture, but I’m not sure.

“Where are we going?” I asked my octopus, who was all over me.

“Today, you are going to be me for the camera,” was her only comment.

“Hey, just a minute there, sweetheart!” I protested. “I’m your double, not the actual you! I can’t act to save my soul! I can’t do what you do!”

“Oh, pish and posh! All you have to do is walk through a door and frown at the camera.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s the way today’s script is written.”

“Well, I can see that,” I admitted. “But what do I do before and what happens after?”

“Does it matter? All you have to do is be convincing. The continuity director determines which scene are to be shot and the sequence thereof. In the cutting room, the scenes are spliced together so that it appears to be one continuous shoot. We all know that everything is broken up into many small takes, but the finished product makes it all seem like one continuous shoot. Understand?”

“I think so.” Actually, I had no idea what she was blathering on about!

“Good. Now, as soon as we get there, we will go into my trailer and get you into your costume and make-up, then we’ll talk to Hank to find out how he wants it to go.”

“Costume?” I croaked.

“Costume. No matter what you wear for any scene, it’s always referred to as a costume, even though it may be something quite everyday or innocuous. Today you will be wearing a white tennis dress and white tennies with white ankle sox, and carrying a tennis racket. When the director yells, ‘Action,’ you walk up to the door, open the door,

step through, turn quickly, your hair flowing gracefully around your shoulders and frown at the camera in concentration. The director yells ‘cunt,’ and that’s it.”

“He yells what?” I couldn’t believe my own ears!

She grinned. “I didn’t think you’d catch that,” she admitted sheepishly.

“That’s all I have to do?” I could not believe how simple she made it sound!

She nodded. “Yeah, according to the script, you’ve been playing tennis with Desmond Court and are going into the club house for a snack. Someone will call out to you making you frown. But, you won’t hear anything. Special effects will dub in the voice after. It’s easier that way.”

“Faked, eh?” I quipped with a grin.

She nodded and laughed that captivating laugh of hers. “Exactly! Later on, you will be involved in more elaborate scenes, but for now, Hank wants to try you out on a simple one to see how you do.”

“Sounds reasonable,” I agreed.

However, when I saw the abbreviated nature and design of the tennis dress, I began to have second thoughts about the whole situation. I mean, the flirty skirt barely came to the bottoms of my rear cheeks and the panties underneath were nothing more than a miniscule thong, leaving my skin totally exposed as the skirt flirted about my legs when I walked!

“They are only shooting your torso and upper body,” Penny tried to soothe my misgivings. So, I succumbed to her comforting words and, believing her, I went along with it.

When Hank showed up, I asked him pointedly about the shooting angle of the camera, and he assured me that the only thing they were interested in today was me from the waist up. Everything else would be added later.

Then, they started shooting. And shooting! And shooting! And shooting! When I complained to Penny about this constant repetition, she told me that many times the simplest shots took hours to get right. Hank assured me that I was doing just fine, it was the cameraman and the continuity director who were screwing things up!

And, stupid me, I believed him. Who knew?

Like I said, I was (am!) so naïve about the motion picture business!

It was only when I saw the “rushes” (the actual action on film) three days later that I discovered the truth. Hank had lied. There I was, on the wide screen, in living color, an irritated teenage girl in an abbreviated tennis skirt whose naked bottom was the total focus of the whole scene! I mean the only thing between her and total nudity was the thin strap of her string bikini!

I was shocked! I mean, why did they lie to me? Probably because if I had known what they were really up to, I would have objected and refused to do the scene!

Still, I had to admit, I really looked good up there and Penny was full of praise!

“Now that you see how easy it is,” she gushed, “I can hardly wait to get you into more action!”

“Penny,” I demurred gently. “I’m not sure I want to do any more scenes.”

She giggled. “Oh, come on, be real! You have gorgeous legs and an ass that most girls would kill for! So it shows a little? OK, so it shows a lot! So what? Just think of all that money flowing into our bank accounts, and just go with the flow! It’s a little embarrassing to you now, but believe you me, Hunny Bunny, you’ll get all over the embarrassment quickly and will come to enjoy yourself and seek out ways to be even more sexually blatant that the script calls for!”

“Like Hell I will!” I blurted fervently.

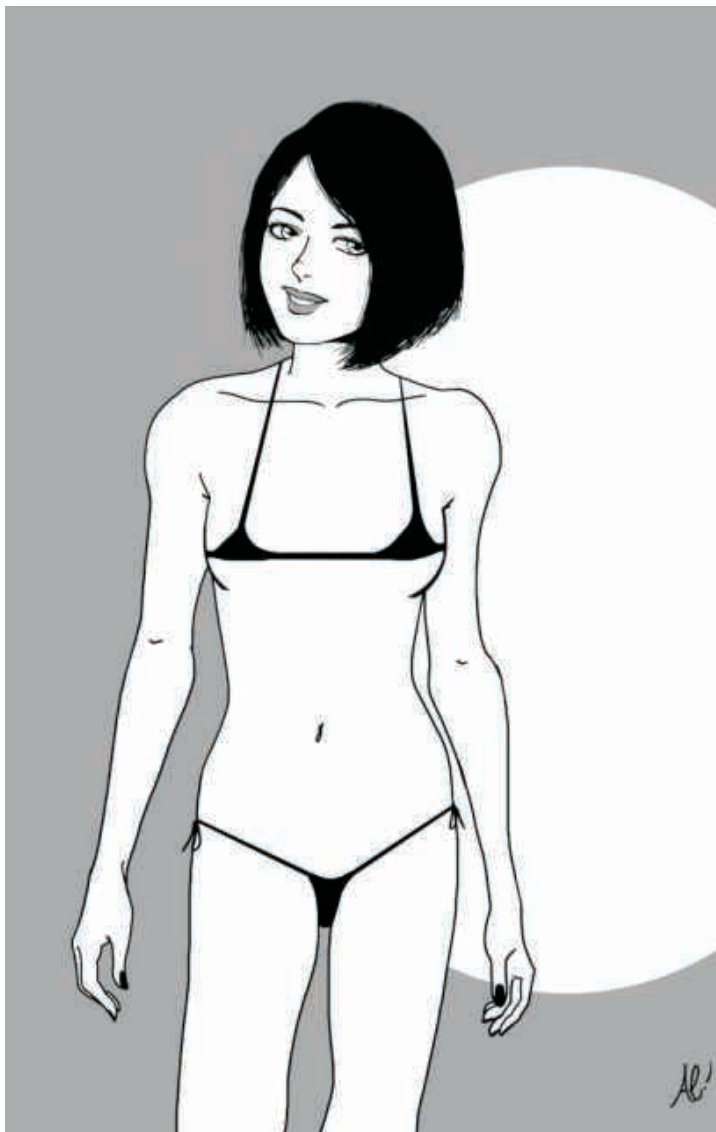
But, deep down inside, I knew she was right! I knew I could grow to like being an exhibitionist and I knew that I would go out of my way to show off my *ass-ets*! How well she knew me!

And, true to Penny’s prediction, two days later, I appeared before the camera wearing the most abbreviated swimsuit bottom I have ever seen - I mean, it was a string around my waist, a tiny patch that barely covered my pouting sex lips and another string between my cheeks to join the waist string in back! The top was equally abbreviated, being two quarter sized patches for my nipples and strings to hold it all together! And it was flesh colored to boot! Penny called it a money suit, two dimes and a dollar bill!

When I saw the rushes the next afternoon, from a distance it looked like I was completely naked! When I said as much to Penny, she laughed. “Soon, Hunny Bunny, you won’t even have that much covering that luscious bod of yours! I said nothing in rebuttal because I knew she was probably right!

Once I let myself go with the flow (Penny’s words), I started to enjoy my exposure and would

flaunt myself conspicuously, writhing and twisting and moving as sensuously as I knew how, and none of this went unnoticed by Penny! With her subtle hints and obvious pleasure at my development, I became Miss Penny Bright to the point where we could not be told apart, even by those in the know!



Then, this picture was over and we relaxed in Central City at the ancestral home and became “just two sales clerks at *Just For Women*,” and we rather enjoyed ourselves. It was such a relief to know that we were completely invisible again, everyday working women with not a care in the world!

Penny wore a blonde wig and I wore dark framed glasses and no one guessed our secret. Even Mother was amazed at the vast difference that a blonde wig and glasses could make. We both worked in the same department, women’s lingerie, where we had first met.

I’d never had such fun, and it was work, yet!

Penny was always giggling and repeating, “If I could walk that way, I wouldn’t need the talcum!” whenever I would murmur to a customer, “Walk this way,” and even I had to admit that it was pretty funny, especially when one saw the way some of our customers walked!

Mother was delighted with Penny and the two of them had their heads together more than once and when I asked what the big deal was, they told me to mind my own business because it was just *girl talk* and was no concern of mine! Damn, how they lied!

I believed them. That shows you how naïve I was (am!)!

But, like all good things, our sabbatical soon came to an abrupt end when Penny got a call from her producer telling her that he had just bought the screen rights to a popular novel and was sending her a first draft script. “It’s right up your alley!” he enthused. “You’re gonna love it! Trust me!”

“OK,” Penny replied. “I promise that I will look at it, but I can make no commitment beyond that.”

“OK, Babe, I can live with that. Just read it, OK?” and he hung up.

I giggled and Penny asked, “What’s so funny, girl?” she demanded.

“Oh, Penny, do you know how they say ‘f*** you’ in Sillyweird?”

“Silly. . . oh, you mean Hollywood,” she caught on quick. “No, Penny Dear girl, how?”

“They always say, ‘Trust me!’” and I dissolved in giggles.

“I’ll *trust* you when I get my hands on you!” she threatened, making a grab for me.

I dodged her easily. “Oh, Penny!” I teased. “You’re so slow you couldn’t even catch cold!”

Then she caught me and we tumbled to the floor. Her hands started to. . .

But, enough of that.

On with the story!

The script arrived that afternoon by special courier and that evening, we sat down to look it over and make some sort of decision. I wanted to keep on playing house with Penny, but I could sense that she was getting bored away from “the action” of filmmaking.

The name of the script was, *Afternoon Delight*, a love story that was quite racy with suggestive, even double entendre dialogue with the accompanying scenes erotic and explicit, almost to the point of obscenity! But, Penny was captivated because, as her producer had promised, it was right up her alley with all the spicy nude and partially nude scenes. The heroine ran around in just about every scene in

the most abbreviated costumes I could imagine! But, to Penny, when compared to some of the ones she had worn in her career, these were quite tame and ordinary. That just goes to prove the relaxed acceptance of the average moviegoer.

It wasn't that I objected so much to the near and downright nudity of the picture, what I objected to were the intimate love scenes between the heroine and her *rough-cut* paramour! I mean, in some of those scenes, the two almost naked bodies writhed seductively atop the satin sheets, and the dialogue, if you could call it *dialogue*, was mostly "oohs" and "aaahs" more associated with sexual intercourse than anything else!

"Oh, come on, Penny!" Penny kidded me. "It'll be fun! Just think, we get to get the guys all hot and bothered. Then, while we play tag in our dressing room, they'll be jerking off in frustration!"

"I don't want some filthy male touching me!" I exclaimed with a shudder. "Why, just the thought of some hairy-assed male putting his hands on my body turns my stomach!" I gasped.

"Oh, Hunny Bunny," Penny soothed, holding me close and soothing my fears, "believe me, I will let nothing like that happen to you!"

"Oh, I believe you," I agreed, "but some men will just not take no for an answer!"

"Hunny Bunny, listen to me!" she urged. "Most of these guys are narcissists and are more in love with their own physique than they are in making time with a girl." she explained. "Besides, don't you see? With all the crew around, they won't dare get out of line! One complaint from you, and they would be out on their ass!"

“Well. . .” I was starting to be convinced. “I think I might, but only if I do not have to be held by any male, and I sure as Hell do not want any males kissing me!”

I shuddered with revulsion.

“Spoken like a true girl-lover!” she teased.

“But a girl-lover for only one girl, *you!*” I insisted.

Penny reverted to her octopus state and a moment later, I did not remember anything!

Nor, I suspect, did she!

True love. . .

Ain’t it wonderful?

* * *

VII

It was the third day of shooting and I was getting my first camera exposure. Penny had promised that she would do all the scenes and I could just lie around and be beautiful, something I not only did very well, but something that I enjoyed doing!

Then, Penny caught a summer cold! I had warned her to take a shawl or something to cover her shoulders when we were at the club the night before, but, no!

Not Miss Penny Bright!

Not Miss Know-It-All Bright!

She just could not pass up an opportunity to show off her luscious tan, and when it turned cool, she got a slight chill that was just enough to turn into a cold.

And here I was, doing a scene with the male love interest and I was shaking in my heels! I mean, Ray Douglas was six feet three to my five two (five six in heels), two hundred fifteen pounds of brawn and muscle, covered with a mat of black hair from head to foot. That Ray was queer as a three-dollar bill was of no consolation to me - my God, what if he should find out the truth about the *girl* he was holding? He'd be all over me like white on rice!

So, his *passion* for me was all faked, but that didn't make it any the less distasteful to me! I had entered into this on the condition that what was happening would never happen, and yet, here I was all but naked, about to be *made love to* by a man, even if it was only make-believe!

Outwardly, I was calm, cool and collected, Penny to a tee. After all, she had done this countless times in the past! No one could ever guess that the Penny they saw was not the Penny they knew, but a gorgeous clone who was shaking atop her high heels!

"All right," Hank was yelling above the din. 'Let's have some quiet! Now, Penny (he thought I was the real Penny!), you are just emerging from the surf and wringing the water from your hair. Your head is tilted to one side and you don't notice Bob (the character played by Ray) walking along the beach until he greets you. You stop and turn. You say, 'Oh, hi, Bob,' and step away. Then we cut. Got it?"

"Sure, Hank, just like all the other bikini scenes, show my bare ass to the camera and jiggle my tits suggestively. Right?"

"By Jove, I think she's got it!" he enthused sarcastically. "OK, places everyone!"

I stood, dropped my cover and sashayed into the surf where I knelt and let the waves wash over me. My bikini was a duplicate of the one I had last worn, nude colored and all, with the same triangle over my pussy, the same small circles over my nipples, and the appropriate strings holding it all together.

“And, action!” I heard him yell.

I stood and started walking out of the water, wringing my wet hair out languidly as I moved sinusously towards the red light on the front of the camera. When the red light went off, I would stop acting immediately! That was just the way it was done!

I swung my hips, turning slightly as I walked to show as much skin as possible. When I heard the spoken, “Hi,” I glanced up in irritation. I wasn’t acting either! I mouthed my lines and heard, “Cut!”

Without a glance at Roy, I continued up the beach, shrugged into my robe and dropped into my chair. “Well, Hank? How was that?”

“Not bad, Babe,” he admitted. “But I’d like one more shoot while the lighting is just right. OK?”

“Sure, Hank,” I agreed sulkily, rose, dropped my robe and strode back into the water.

Once more we shot the scene and I went back to my chair.

“Damn!” Hank muttered. “We still couldn’t isolate your voice from the sound of the surf, so it will just have to be dubbed in later. OK, everyone! That’s a wrap! Same time tomorrow!”

He was so dumb!

I had never spoken!

As Penny had told me, “The camera can not distinguish between your voice and the noise of the waves, so just mouth the words and they can be dubbed later.”

My attention elsewhere, I walked back to the trailer and changed into my traveling clothes. Five minutes after that, I was in the back of the limo and on my way back to my love.

She was in much better spirits when I returned than she had been when I had left earlier! The cold seemed to have disappeared all together!

“So, how was the shoot?” she asked brightly after kissing me happily.

“Oh, same-o, same-o, wear the money bikini, show my ass, jiggle my tits, say, ‘Hi’ to that horse’s ass, Roy, go back in the water and do it again and come home.”

“That took all day?” she asked, smiling.

“Hank was waiting for just the right light to shoot. I think he just likes to keep everyone hanging around waiting on him!”

“That’s Hank!” Penny giggled.

“He tried his damndest to get me into bed. . . er, I mean, get *you* into bed, but I pled that time of the month and he backed off!”

“That usually puts off most of the men!” Penny giggled. “But, not all of them!”

“As long as Hank is one of them, I don’t care one single inch!”

“Now you’re getting cynical!” she observed with a chuckle.

“Honestly, Penny, I don’t see how you can stand to be pawed by all those men!”

“You just turn your mind off and when you wake up, they’re gone.”

“But, what if they aren’t gone?”

“That’s a problem,” she giggled. “I suppose I’d just have to kill them and throw them into the ocean or off the balcony!” I didn’t know whether she was teasing or deadly serious!

“I hope you can do it tomorrow,” I told her. “It’s the big surf kissing scene where you lose your top during the struggle for your virtue!” I giggled. “God, would he be mortified if you actually came on to him! And his boy friend would have a hissy fit like you would not believe! Honestly, he is so jealous of anyone who even gets close to his *man!*” I giggled crazily.

“Takes all kinds, Hunny Bunny!” Penny observed. “Look at us, for instance!”

“Yeah, look at us,” I replied, smiling. “Deep down we’re just another normal heterosexual couple in a normal man to woman relationship!”

Penny about choked. “Oh, that is funny, Hunny Bunny!” she commented when she had herself under control again. “You do have a sense of humor after all!”

“I never claimed I was otherwise,” I protested, arching my eyebrow slightly.

“Oh, you’re otherwise, all right!” Penny exclaimed, laughing. “Just ask anyone who knows! Like me, for instance!”

“Oh, you’re just prejudiced!” I giggled. “Anyone who would munch-a-buncha with you would get the same reaction that I get!”

She sobered suddenly. “No, don’t ever say a thing like that, Hunny Bunny!” she warned. “I had been too many years without you, and now that I have found you, I refuse to let anyone else even close to coming between us! And I do mean, anyone!”

“I’m sorry, Penny, my love,” I reassured her. “I feel the same way.”

She kissed me soundly. “You’d better!”

“Penny, I don’t care if we’re two women making love, or just a boy and a girl exploring one another’s charms, or a man and a woman, married or not, doing whatever they like, as long as I am doing what I do with you, I could care less about anything or anyone else!” I vowed.

“I believe you, Hunny Bunny,” she whispered tenderly. She kissed me for a long time, then, “Hunny Bunny, would you do something for me?”

I gazed deep into her emerald eyes. “Darling girl, you know that I would do anything for you!”

She smiled crookedly. “Anything?”

“Well, within reason. . .”

“How about if it’s *unreasonable*?”

“It would all depend, what is it?”

“I want us to have identical heart tattoos done on our bellies,” she answered.

“Is that all?” I jeered softly. “As long as they are of an identical size and in the very same place on our bodies, I don’t see why not!”

“Good. There is one difference though. . .”

“And that is?”

“I want mine to say, ‘Paula’s Property,’ and I want yours to say, ‘Penny’s Property.’ It can be done so that Penny and Paula would look the same to outsiders, but we would know!”

“Sure, Penny, I’ll do it for you!”

She was all over me for the rest of the night. It was two tired Pennys who crawled out of the bed the next morning, and the real Penny’s performance on the beach with Roy was superb. If I hadn’t known that she was acting, I would have bet that she was trying her worst to leave him hanging!

And so it went. I played the lead several times and I don’t think even Hank knew it wasn’t the real Penny performing for the camera. As she had predicted, I was so used to performing for the camera that I never gave it a thought, just did what I was told to do whether I was half naked or fully clothed!

And finally, the whole movie was in the can and being spliced into a smooth version of what we had been doing for the past several weeks.

We were glad for the respite!

To celebrate the finish of the film, Penny decided we needed a vacation, something away from all the hustle and bustle of filmmaking.

I could not have agreed more!

So, for the first month of our sabbatical, we played sales clerks at *Just For Women*, then rented a convertible and took a long drive through the Southern States, especially Florida where we drove all the way to Key West because Penny wanted to see Ernest Hemingway’s home. While there, we did some deep-sea fishing, getting mostly sunburn and mos-

quito bites and one small fish that we let go. It was lots of fun, but it was being with my true love that made it fun.

Back on the mainland, we took in Disney World. She loved Cinderella's Castle and I loved the mono-train! No telling for some folk's preferences! Me? I liked "The Hillbilly Bears" best! Penny liked "It's a Small World After All!"

Then it was off for New Orleans and the Mardi Gras! Yes, it was that time of the year!

Penny said New Orleans was more like Hollywood than Hollywood could ever be! The costumes worn ranged from quite conservative to the most outrageous concoctions you could imagine! I mean, our films were full of nudity and near-nudity, but the showing of some of those paraders made us look like Sunday-School teachers!

Then we started north again, stopping off in Chattanooga to ride the inclined railway and sight-see the battlefield. Again, it was fun.

A telegram caught up with us in Nashville. We wanted to see The Grand Old Opry and visit some of the attractions there. But. . .

Penny called her studio and was informed that another script was being sent to her. Again, she would make no promises, but the damn thing caught us that evening at our hotel, compliments of another special delivery company.

So, we read another script. Halfway through it, Penny tossed it to one side. "Not for me!" she announced. "Too contrived!"

After reading some of it myself, I had to agree.

She called her producer and told him, "No."

He tried to talk her into it, but being an established star, Penny could pick and choose, and this one she chose not to pick! She told him to keep looking and hung up. Then, she disconnected the phone from the wall and when I cocked an eyebrow at her, she explained, "Because if I don't, the damn thing will ring all night and disturb us."

Brains as well as talent!

Was there no end to the surprises in store from Penny?

While we were in Nashville, we not only saw The Grand Old Opry, but we got the tattoos that Penny wanted too. Our little red hearts are right above our pubic bones, and except for the names, are identical in every way! I wasn't too thrilled with that needle poking me constantly, but when we saw the end result, we were quite pleased.

Before going back to Central City, we drove up to Cape Cod and in a quaint chapel right next to the beach, we were married. Yes, I wore the white satin wedding gown with every bridal accouterment you can imagine, and Penny wore the white satin tuxedo. Mother flew in and "gave me away," to my new husband. The vows were a little odd, I thought. I had to promise to love, honor and obey, while all she did was promise to love, honor and cherish.

For some reason or another, that still doesn't sound quite "right" to me. . .

Maybe it's just my paranoia kicking in. . .

Remember, just because you're paranoid, does not mean that "they" are not out to get you!

Mother flew back to Central City after the ceremony while we motored leisurely across the whole

country, taking in the sights and getting used to “married” life. Yes, I was now Mrs. Penrod Bright - yes, that was the “male” name Penny chose and I could not have been happier.

* * *

VIII

As always, all good things must end. Back in Central City, we found three scripts waiting to be acted upon. We rejected two out of hand as not suitable, leaving one that had possibilities. After a long conference with Hank, we decided to go along with it and made preparations to drive to New Mexico where most of the shooting would take place.

Accordingly, we signed the contract, said, “Good-bye,” to Central City again and set our compass south and west for New Mexico. Marcel was a good, careful, cautious driver. He never took a chance, but assessed each “emergency” as it occurred, good, bad or indifferent.

So when the limo unexpectedly left the highway somewhere in north Texas and headed straight off into the brush, we were totally unprepared for what happened next. The limo hit a dry-wash with the left rear wheel, causing the limo to tip dangerously, and eventually, it rolled over! I awoke with Penny squirming atop me, crying and whimpering in pain. She had broken her left arm and left leg when she tumbled against the door with me right on top of her and I didn’t help matters as I struggled to get free myself!

I remembered Marcel yelling, “Brace yourselves, Ladies! We’re going over!”

Then, a short pause, and Penny crying out in pain.

And then strong arms were extricating us from the wreckage and Marcel was on his cell phone calling for help. It seemed to take the ambulance forever to get there and all the time I held Penny in my arms, keeping her from moving around and causing more damage to her bruised body.

The EMTs took over and we were taken to the nearest hospital and admitted “for observation.” At three hundred dollars a day each, we soon ran up a bill almost equal to the National Debt!

But, at our insistence, we were cleared for release four days later, and with Marcel driving a brand new limo, we continued our journey. You know, it gets darned hot in that part of the US of A, and we were more than glad to have an air conditioner in this new limo, something the other had lacked. We also had a radio with a DVD player and a television screen that we had never had in our old limo, and of course, we watched old Penny Bright movies!

It was loads of fun to criticize the performances on screen and we giggled and tittered at the obvious mistakes and panned everything from locations to costumes (or lack, thereof) to scripts to the actors’ performances, and even to the Star’s parts. Penny took an obvious delight in picking her own performances apart and discussing ways she could have been better.

Our arrival in Albuquerque was almost anti-climactic. We were met by Hank who spent all his time lamenting the loss of his star, and who was he going to get to replace her!

Penny told him to shut his cake hole, and for once, he did. “Now, what do you mean by that, get a replacement? Why in Hell do you think we went to all the trouble of changing Paula into my body double? She has done me so well that even now, if you didn’t know I was the real Penny, you would never know, would you?”

He looked from one of to the other. “No, probably not,” he admitted.

“Good. then we have proven our point, haven’t we Penny?” she spoke directly to me.

“Right, Paula,” I quipped.

“Then, Penny was not the one hurt in the accident?” he sounded relieved.

Penny and I shook our heads simultaneously. “Nope!”

Hank looked at us skeptically. “I don’t know whether to believe you or not, but in any case, I do not have any choice. OK, we start tomorrow morning. I’ll send the limo for you at six o’clock. Got it?”

I grinned. “I’ll be ready, Hankie,” and I leaned in and kissed his cheek lightly just like I had seen Penny do a thousand times. That seemed to reassure Hank that I was the real Penny because he knew my oft-started reversion for the male sex and intimacies with same.

“See that you are, girl!” he snapped and left us alone.

“Baby, the fat’s in the fire now! In two days you’ll be doing a heavy love scene with Jim Bombard, and he’s a notorious womanizer. He’ll have your panties off in an instant if you don’t stop him! Just make sure you don’t do anything with him unless his wife

is right there watching every move. She is a jealous bitch and since the majority of the money they have is hers, he dare not push the envelope too much!”

I giggled. “I’ll remember. No wife, no shoot! No wifey, no kissy! No hanky, no panky!”

“You got it, Babe! Now, get over here and scratch this itch for me! God, will I ever be glad to get rid of this damnable cast!”

A second or so later, I was deep between her spread thighs and kissing my favorite pair of lips. . .

“Oooh, Baby. . .” she murmured in delight.

And, sticking strictly to Penny’s orders, I managed to keep the wolf at bay, making sure his wife could see and hear everything between Jimmy Boy and myself! Like Penny had warned me, Melissa was a real bitch. She was so jealous of her Jimmy, it was sickening! I mean, he was pretty much all muscle, especially between his ears! A box of rocks had more acting skills than he did! He got the role because he was directly related to one of the big-money producers and Hank worried that if he canned Jimmy Boy, the backer would back out, taking his money with him.

This “actor,” and I use the term in its loosest meaning, couldn’t act his way out of a wet paper bag! He didn’t know his left foot from his right elbow, and vice versa! Gad, he was hopeless! A scene that should have been done in no more than two takes, took dozens, with the idiot making the same mistake in the dialogue time after time.

I mean, how hard is it to say, “Hello, Beautiful,” and leer at the camera? All day long, this idiot kept saying, “Hey, there, gorgeous!” or “Well, hello, pretty lady,” or “Whassup, beautiful?” To compound his

stupidity, he couldn't even walk straight or stand upright! Finally, Hank stopped, had the idiot's back shot and told the continuity lady to just patch the right words in and let it go at that. She was more than happy to oblige!

For most of the film shoots, Hank used Jimmy Boy's stand in, Perry Martin, who did a more than adequate job. He knew the lines and the moves and he was gay, which meant that he kept his hands to himself when we were in a clinch!

No, I don't think Jimmy Boy ever caught on to why he had so many days off! He was too damn stupid to see anything more than his muscle bound biceps! As far as I was concerned, Melissa deserved every damn minute with him!

Which left the rest of the movie pretty much a straightforward "skin flick." No, I was never totally naked in any one scene, but the suggestibility was always there. Mostly my costume consisted of either a miniscule bikini or a sheer bra and panty set. . . thong panty, of course, and always nude colored! But, I was so used to showing my bare ass to the camera that I never even gave it a second thought, just as Penny had predicted so many months before!

And Perry was such a pussy that I could manipulate him to my best advantage because he was very uncomfortable holding any woman in his arms. Even our bed scenes where the camera recorded our *passionate* lovemaking were a trial to him. But, with a few soft-spoken words and some rather indelicate caresses, he rose to the occasion. . . so to speak!

Perry was such a femme that kissing him was not like kissing another man. It was just like kissing a soft-mouthed girl! My aversion to being in a man's

arms and being kissed by same went right out the window and I enjoyed being with him.

But, I often had the strange feeling that Perry would rather have been wearing my costumes than the ones wardrobe gave him!

I have often wondered since if Perry's reaction to me might have been different had he known the truth about me.

Probably not, but then, I'll never know. Right after the shooting ended, Perry went back to his rough, cowboy lover in Wyoming, and I assume he is still there.

Once the rushes had been sent to continuity, our work was done and Penny and I went directly back to Central City and *Just For Women*. Mother was glad to see us and put us right to work in our favorite department, lingerie! For some reason, both Penny and I took a great delight in garbing all of our customers in the most flattering, sheerest garments available, and very few of those women objected to our selections. After all, we were the experts!

Just ask us. We'd tell you!

We settled into a daily routine that, to us, was pure Heaven! No directors yelling at us, no wardrobe mistress (both sexes are called "mistress") pulling at us, no lines to memorize, no moves to practice, just, a "go with the flow" life!

Then, the bombshell!

For some time, Penny had been feeling poorly when she first awoke in the morning, so Mother took her to see Dr. Rosen, the doctor she had known and "used" for years. When they came back, both

were all smiles and bubbly and giggly and just plain silly acting.

OK! OK! So you're getting ahead of me. . . again!

Yes, Penny was pregnant!

She was knocked up higher than a kite!

We were going to be Mothers!

Yes, Mothers!

I'm a woman now, and I have the scars to prove it!

And, wouldn't you know, Hank called to say that he was sending us two more scripts. Boy, was he ever pissed off when he found out Penny was pregnant!

"But, Baby!" he protested. "Can't you get rid of it? I mean, this picture is right up your alley!"

"No, Hank," Penny replied coldly. "I will not terminate this baby for anyone. Not even you!"

Hank knew then that he had stepped over the line and he back-pedaled quickly. "OK! OK! But, how about Paula? She's done great in the past at substitution, so why couldn't she just be you for once?"

Penny almost choked at this and laughed right out loud.

What did he think we had been doing all along?

But, then, when we thought about it, he hadn't known what was happening right under his own nose! He didn't know his star actress as well as he thought he did!

"What's so damned funny?" he snarled.

“Oh, Hank, you just wouldn’t understand!” Penny choked out. “But it’s a great idea! Just don’t let any of your male oafs try to get funny with my girl!”

“So who’s the Father?” Hank demanded.

“None of your f****n’ business!” Penny snarled.

“All right! All right! It was just a question!” he complained petulantly.

“And it’s still none of your f****n’ business. I don’t tell you whom to sleep with and it’s none of your business who I sleep with! Got it?” she snapped.

“All right! All right! You made your point! Jeezums!” he muttered. “Just read the damn scripts I sent yuh, will yuh?” And he hung up.

“That rotten bastard!” Penny snapped peevishly. “I have a good mind to throw the damn things right into the garbage when they do come! The nerve of the man, wanting me to have an abortion just so I can act in one of his stupid movies!”

“Works for me, dear Heart!” I agreed softly.

But, when the damn things arrived by special messenger that same evening, Penny was intrigued enough to look both over.

“These aren’t bad!” she admitted. “These have more to them than just showing our naked ass to the camera! I am surprised!”

That caught my attention and after reading them, I had to agree with her. These were meaty roles and well worth our time!

The first one was a French Revolution type and was based loosely (and I do mean “loosely!”) on *The*

Man in the Iron Mask with the title role being that of the younger twin princess being kept in an iron mask and housed in a dungeon where she was chained and constantly “humiliated” by her captors.

The other was an American western called, *Apache Bride*, wherein the starlet was captured by Apache renegades and taken to their stronghold where she was *coerced* into becoming the bride of the Apache Chieftain.

There was lots of nudity in both scripts, but the heroine spent a lot of time fully dressed too! Penny looked at me and sighed. “Hunny Bunny, he’s done it again! I like both of them! So, which one do you want to do?”

“I like both too,” I admitted sheepishly. “I can just visualize myself in some of the more erotic scenes and I kind of like what I can visualize!”

Penny took me into her arms and kissed me lingeringly. Then, “I have created a monster! Just imagine it, if you will, three years ago, you would have thrown a hissy fit if I had even dared suggest you might play a role like either one of these!” she teased.

“Well, it’s all your fault, girl!” I exclaimed. “I was perfectly happy in Central City!”

“Yes,” she grinned knowingly, “and miserable and bored right out of your skull!”

“Not! Not!” I objected.

“Was! Was!” she shot right back.

“Not! Not!” I repeated.

Penny switched in mid-stream. “So, which role do you want to do first?” she asked quietly.

“The Apache one,” I replied without thinking.
“Then the French one.”

“That would have been my choice too,” she commented.

“Well, you wanted an identical double,” I mused gently.

“Yeah, and she even thinks like me!” Penny enthused. “Methinks yon maiden needs to be locked into a chastity girdle for her own safety!”

“Just try locking me into anything and I’ll fight you tooth and nail!” I countered.

“You’ll just do what I want you to do,” she smiled. “You always do!”

And, of course, she was right!

“Penny, you’re just too much at times!” I lamented, falling into her arms and turning my lips up.

She did not disappoint me!

The next day we called Hank and agreed to do both pictures with the Apache abduction first and the French picture after. He was delighted and told us he would send contracts immediately for our twin signatures and we could start shooting in as few as six months. It was a major production, after all! His studio had become one of the movers and shakers of the moving picture industry!

Shooting started as predicted, in the middle of the winter in the high desert of Northern Arizona, on the south rim - well, not exactly on the rim, it’s just sort of a name for the area by the Grand Canyon by the Amerindians. Now even in the winter, the desert gets hot during the day, but it often falls below the freezing point at night. I felt that most, if not all, of

Hank's night scenes could have been shot in a warm sound studio in Hollywood, but he claimed he needed "realism," which is just a euphemism for "watching the naked girl shiver!" And I did a lot of that!

After I had been abducted from a wagon train, I was stripped of my clothing, thrown over a horse's back and taken off to the main Apache camp where I was tied with my arms over my head to a stake in the middle of the compound and harassed and taunted by the squaws and children. Even when the damn camera stopped rolling, I was left tied to the stake and totally ignored by those same extras that had been misusing me just minutes before!

When I complained to Penny, she grinned and replied, "An actress's life is not an easy one, my pet! Better get used to it because worse is coming!"

When I demanded to know what else was in the offing, she just grinned.

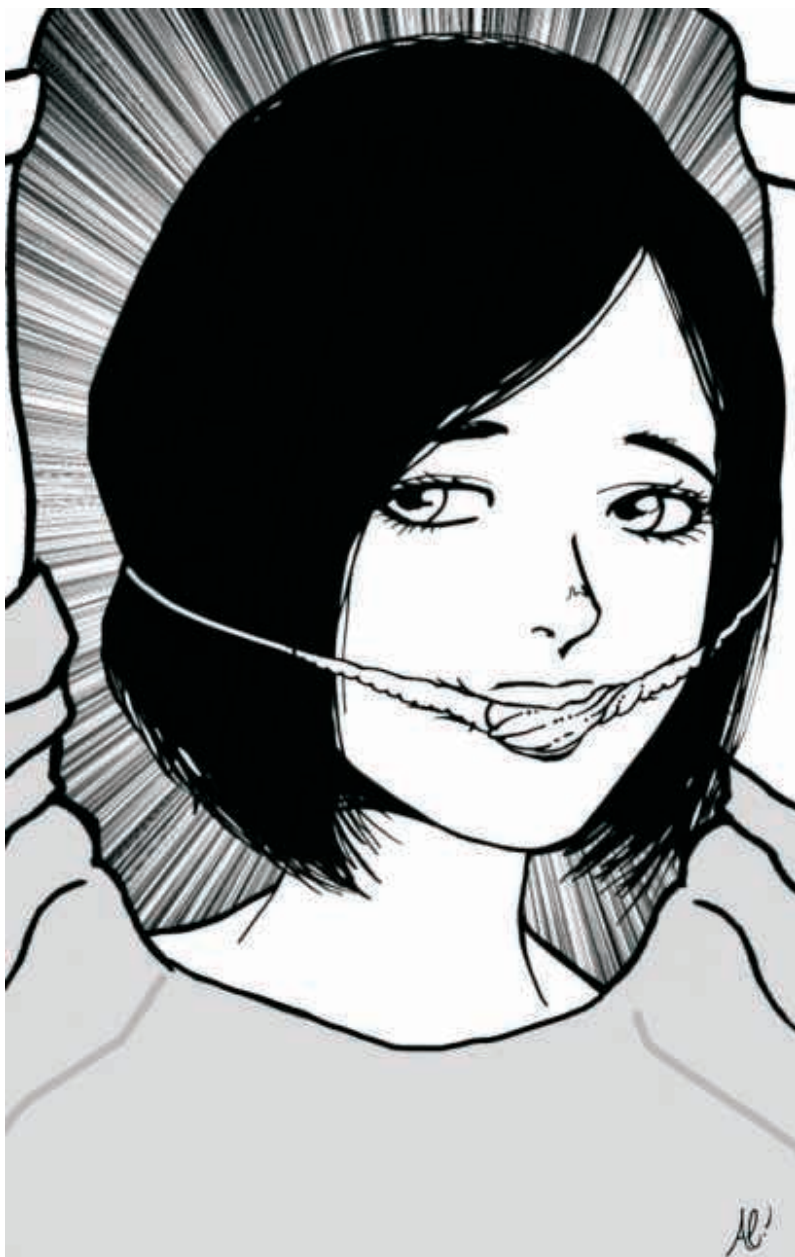
"Oh, I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise for you, Baby!" and she walked away too!

When shooting resumed some hours later, I was so pissed off that it showed, and after the damn camera was done and I was released, Penny told me that with me being so angry, it translated directly to the camera and was just the effect the director wanted.

"But why not just let me act out the scene?" I demanded.

"Hunny Bunny, some things you cannot do by acting, and real anger is one of them!"

And when I saw the rushes, I saw immediately what she was driving at. The anger I exhibited in that scene could not have been faked!



It was all too real and I could see that I still had a lot to learn about acting!

That night back at our motel, Penny wanted to tie me up like I had been in the shoot, and I agreed to her demands. So, there I was, naked, my arms tied over my head and hanging from my bound wrists from the door jamb. When her hands started caressing me and teasing me and rousing me to fever pitch, I begged her to let me go. But, Penny had an ulterior motive in her mind! When I was just about to go over the edge into oblivion, she stopped and walked away from me, leaving me twisting and turning and begging her to let me go.

She paid no attention to me at first, but soon my whines got on her nerves and before I could do anything about it, even if I could, she had stuffed a pair of her panties between my lips and secured it firmly behind my head! All I could do then was make tiny mewling noises. Penny patted my cheek. "Ah, that's ever so much better, my sweet!" And she went back to her magazine!

Much later, after my body had calmed down and I was beginning to doze off, she started all over again with her caresses and teasings, and soon enough, I was writhing and twisting with unfulfilled desire and need, except that this time, I could make no coherent sound!

And again she left me hanging. . . on fire. . .
trembling. . . wanting. . . needing. . .

And getting nothing!

Frustrating?

I had never been so frustrated in my entire life!

Twice more in the ensuing hours, Penny drove me to the brink and twice more she just walked away! The third time, I was at my peak even before she touched me and when her soft lips nibbled at mine, I went over the edge. . . plunging headlong. . . into an abyss from which there was no return!

When I did awaken much later, I was in bed, cradled in Penny's strong arms with my face pressed between her cushiony breasts, my head rising and falling with her rhythmic breathing. I was so relaxed and contented and my body felt like it was made of a cloud, it was so light!

I snuggled closer to her breasts and went back to sleep in my lover's arms, safe in the knowledge that she would protect me from any and all harm!

And, that, believe it or not, was my first experience with bondage not caused by my clothing, and I knew it would become an integral part of my life with Penny.

I welcomed it with all my heart!

After all, Penny had promised me long ago that she would never harm nor hurt me, and I had accepted that without one qualm of hesitation!

A few nights later, it was Penny hanging by her wrists from the door jamb, with a big rubber ball gag filling her mouth while I teased her to distraction, bringing her to the heights of passionate need, then walking away from her, leaving her writhing impotently and softly moaning with her desire, denying her the release she so desperately needed! As had she, I left her hanging (literally!) three more times before I gave her release. When she awoke much later, she was cuddled next to me in the bed and I was holding her sweet body tenderly.

And this set the tone for the future although such a future as I could not have imagined in my wildest dreams!

Like I said, I was (am!) so naïve!

And gullible. . .

Geezums!

* * *

IX

Even though I had read the script and knew what was coming, I had not realized the intensity of my director! Hank Gleason wanted the scenes to be as real as they seemed to the viewer, and to that end he went far beyond a normal boundary for an actress. If the script called for the heroine to be bound hand and foot (wrist and ankle), then she was bound hand and foot. . . tightly! Now I have a high threshold for pain, but some of the things I did for him made even me wince at times!

Through constant exercise to maintain our flexibility, Penny and I could twist our bodies into the most unimaginable shapes and fit them into the tightest of places! The problem with my acting was that back in the privacy of our hotel suite, Penny wanted to reenact the same scene, but her way! And I was her girl “victim” every time! Well, almost every time. As noted previously, Penny liked to be bound and gagged like the script called for. The problem was that she was pregnant and I refused to do anything that would harm the baby, even slightly! So, she took her frustrated desires out on me.

And because I was doing it for the woman I loved, I accepted and endured every nuance of her perverted heart!

And it was fun!

Painful, yes, but fun!

As time went by, Penny's belly swelled with the growing life within, and it seemed to me that the closer she got to delivery, the more beautiful and glowing she became! Mother and she were in seventh Heaven with plans for the baby while I was away on location doing Penny in movies. After all, we had to pay for that baby somehow, didn't we?

Oh, yeah, I can hear you now, "Your Mother is loaded, let her pay!"

Now I may be a sort of a leech, but I have always paid my own way, even when I was working exclusively for Mother at the store. I never ran a charge account although I could have with Mother's blessing any time. The point is, I wanted to be independent. It was all Mother's money, not mine!

At least while she was still living, that is. After, I'd use it in a flash, but until that day came, I would stand in my own high heels, alone!

Well, with Penny standing right by my side!

I was on a small south Pacific island (atoll) shooting "The Island Girl," when I got the news from home that I was a Mother!

Ok! Ok!

So I was a Father!

I don't care what anyone thinks about my sex.

I look like a woman.

I dress like a woman.

I speak like a woman.

I walk like a woman.

I'm never without high heels!

I live like a woman, twenty-four-seven,
three-sixty-five.

Therefore, I am a woman!

There are three people besides Penny, Mother and myself who know the truth about my hidden sex. One is my doctor, Miss Elizabeth McKay, M.D., her nurse, Ms Marilyn Waxe, R.N., and my personal accountant who has known me since I was a little girl. . .

OK! OK, already!

Since I was a little boy!

There, are you satisfied?

Jeezums, some people!

Anyway, I was on location on a small atoll in the South Pacific when I got the news of Penny's delivery. She had a little girl, seven pounds, three ounces, and Mother says she's the spitting image of Penny and me!

Penny named her Sarah, after my Mother.

And Mother?

She told me over the long distance radio hook-up that the only time she was ever happier was when I was born and her only regret about that was that I had not been born a girl.

So, I reminded her that if I had been born a girl, she would not have a granddaughter nor a daughter-in-law, she would have had a Lesbian daughter married to Penny!

Mother thought that was funny.

But, when I thought about it, had I been a genetic girl and Penny had walked into the store, I would have been her slave willingly!

Remember? Penny liked girls as sex partners too.

And since we were married, neither of us had had anyone else as a partner than the one we are married to. And, in today's freewheeling society, a couple that stays true to one another is a rarity!

Sarah was seven weeks old before I saw her in person.

Oh, I had seen pictures by the dozens and I had "talked" to her on the wireless, but that all paled when I held her in my arms for the first time and saw that beautiful smile.

She is the center of our world and she knows it.

When she grows up, she will be a heart-breaker.

I told Penny that we would have to watch her closely.

Penny just giggled. "Rotsa ruck, G. I.!" she giggled.

Damn! I hadn't been home two whole days when that damned Hank Gleason called to tell us that he had a new script for us to consider. I told him to forget about it and slammed the phone down.

The next afternoon, the damned script arrived by special messenger and Mother, not knowing what I had done, signed for it!

Then gave it to Penny.

Who read it.

And before I could say word one about it, a contract had arrived and we had signed it and we were committed!

I was so angry with Gleason that I refused to speak to him for over a month.

And he knew why too!

That S.O.B. (Sweet Old Bob!)

Anyway, the script wasn't all that bad. It had a wrinkle that appealed to both Penny and myself in that it involved identical twins, separated shortly after birth by divorce, one staying with the Mother on the West Coast of the U.S.A. while the other went with her Father to Paris, France.

All right already! So it was a rip-off of "The Parent Trap" in many ways, with one exception, our version had the twins in the skimpiest outfits while cavorting about on the silver screen.

The gimmick that caught the public's eye was that the film starred Miss Penny Bright and Miss Penny Bright! We used no doubles in the filming and no one ever tumbled to the fact there were always two Pennys in every scene requiring both twins at the same time.

We had one small problem. Because of her pregnancy, Penny's breasts were milk swollen and mine stayed the same! Until Doctor McKay gave me lactose shots so I could nurse Sarah too!

What an exquisite feeling to have those tiny lips sucking at my breast!

Little Sarah had four milk-swollen breasts to choose from and she never went hungry for more than a few seconds as one of us tended her needs.

Anyway, after we finished “Twins,” we went into seclusion.

Gleason sent us script after script, but we refused every single one of them out of hand.

We never even read one!

Not even the next one Mother inadvertently signed for!

* * *

X

Which wasn't to say that we did nothing!

Au contraire, mon ami!

We explored one another.

I mean, we got to know each other in ways that most married couples never do!

For instance, I learned all about Penny's addiction to bondage.

From both sides of the aisle!

And, you know? I liked it too, either way!

Oh, there were times when I thought she went just a shade too far, but since I was practically immobile in all ways, I couldn't very well object, now, could I? Especially when my mouth was stuffed full of her favorite gag of the moment!

I don't know where she got them, but Penny had several gags that were an exact replica of a fully erect male penis of considerable size, and believe you me, when you have a seven inch pseudo penis that's at least three inches thick crammed into your mouth and fastened in place, well, you try to talk! It

just can't be done! All you can do is moan and try to shake your head in a negative fashion, which, of course, Penny had rendered impossible with her initial binding. . .

But, turn-about was fair play, and Penny got as good, or even better, than she dished out, when I got to *do* while she tried to object. Except that she seldom objected! Or even tried to object!

Penny was a devout masochist and the tighter she was bound, the better she liked it! And, as time passed and I got used to her ways, I developed a sadistic side to my persona that I would never have suspected in a "normal" course of events.

One day, while I was all tied up in one of our little games, my Mother walked in on us! It was a complete surprise to us as we had thought she was still in Central City tending to business. How were we to know that she had decided to take an on-the-spur-of-the-moment vacation so she could spend quality time with her favorite (only!) granddaughter?

So, there I was, completely nude, stretched out, upside down, on our "St. Andrew's Cross" with my arms and legs fully extended and spread as wide as possible and my middle section arched upward over the curved middle section. Penny threw a plastic canvas over me, but it was too late.

Mother had seen everything!

And not only had she seen, she liked what she saw!

OK, OK!

You're miles ahead of me!

Slow down already and let me tell the story.

OK?

OK!

Anyway, Mother took her daughter-in-law into her arms and kissed her in a way she had never done previously!

Had I not known better, I would have thought it was a lover's kiss!

And, as it turned out, it was!

A lover's kiss, I mean.

I had never suspected my Mother of having Lesbian tendencies, but suddenly, so many things I had wondered about when I was growing up clicked into place and many things became crystal clear.

That she had loved my Father, I never doubted, but that she and her long-time personal secretary had been having a love fest since Dad's death, had never entered my mind. No wonder Mother had been so distraught when her lovers (my Father) (and then her secretary!) had died.

Anyway, Mother pulled the canvas aside and looked at me for what seemed like forever, but was actually only a minute or so. "Well, well, who would have guessed it? My own flesh and blood, a devout masochist! And right under my nose all these years! You naughty girl!" she scolded. "Look at all the fun we have missed by your silence! Why, I should whip you soundly for that!" she teased.

I was gagged. So, I said nothing, just lay there, face upward while up-side down, naked as the day I was born, my arms and legs stretched to the farthest corners of the Cross with a huge bolster under the small of my back which thrust my sex area high in the air!

Oh, I already said that. Well, I was!

So there!

I was so embarrassed.

And all I could do was hang there and blush!

Penny ran her hand caressingly along my stretched belly. "Yes, my girl is every bit that!" she agreed. "She's like a pair of glasses in that she just loves to make a spectacle of herself!" she tittered nervously. "Would you like a go at her?" she asked slyly.

Mother smiled brilliantly. "Would I? Just hand me that strap, dear girl and I'll show you how to really cook a girl!"

And she did too! I mean, she found spots on me that had never been touched and by the time she was done with me, I was wearing a bright red coat from my neck to my toes! And I do mean that I was wearing a bright red coat! She literally cooked me to a turn, sparing nothing. She was more thorough than Penny and I knew I was in for it in future.

But, you know what?

I didn't care!

In fact, I welcomed it.

Now I had two Mistresses to obey and I could not have been happier!

What interfered with our play was the damn movie making. Just when we thought things had calmed down, another script would arrive, and if it appealed to Penny, I was packed off to impersonate her and do the thing. There was no question anymore who did what and when and why and whatever! I was the patsy every time.

You know?

I would not have had it any other way.

I had my Penny, and my Penny had her Penny,
me!

And we, Penny and Penny, had Sarah!

Life could not have been better.

And, life goes on.

Penny and I are Mothers again!

This time it was another girl, Penelope Rose, after
her Mother, Penny.

The third, and last, was a pretty little boy who
Penny named Paula, after her other “Mother,” me, of
course! I didn’t like her choice, but Penny does what
Penny will do, and I have learned to live with it.

Mother and Penny and myself are intimately
closer than we have ever been.

We still make movies, but are slowly getting away
from it. Besides, Hank has a new “toy” (girl) to play
with and that suits us just fine.

Mother is getting on and some of her imagined
ailments are no longer imaginary. “I told you so!”
she says, nodding her head in satisfaction.

Penny and I just smile and nestle closer to “com-
fort” her.

If that isn’t love, I don’t know what is!

But then, I am so naïve. . .

Oh, I have already said that. . .

So?

Sue me!

THE END?