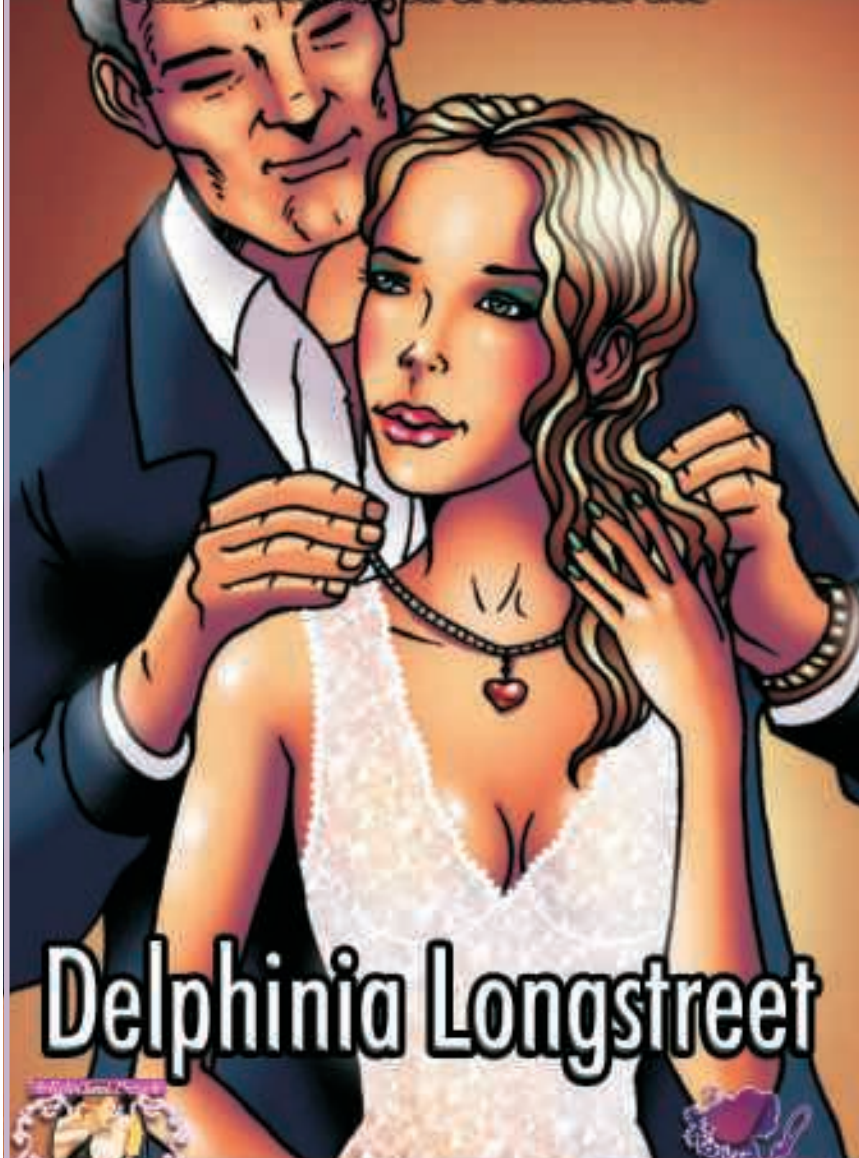


The Reluctant Bride

Plus Alexandria & Katherine



Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE RELUCTANT BRIDE

By Delphinia Longstreet

ONE

I am standing here in a state of absolute shock. It seems like only yesterday, or perhaps the day before, certainly not more than a month ago, when I was a carefree University Freshman just starting out on life's journey. Now look at me!

I'm wearing a white satin, Empire wedding dress and listening to the strains of the Wedding March coming through the closed door between me and that long aisle with all those staring people on either side, all waiting for a glimpse of the blushing bride.

Except that I am that blushing bride!

And I was born a male, for crissakes!

Dammit, I'm still a male under all this smooth satin, rubber, leather and lace!

Only to look at me, you'd never know it!

My body has been depilated to Hell and back! My skin is now creamy smooth, femininely cushioned and I get sexually excited when someone caresses it!

I have been fed female hormones by the ton with the result that I now have huge C-cup breasts with

long, easily excitable nipples. My soon-to-be husband just loves to caress and tug and kiss them while I writhe helplessly in his arms!

Yes, I did say *his* arms; until this very moment, I would never have thought, much less admitted, that I could have even one homosexual bone in my body!

Up until now, I had been a completely heterosexually-oriented male, in love with a beautiful woman and planning on proposing marriage to her. Obviously that will never happen given my present circumstances.

I was born male to a conventionally sexed mother and father, was christened Honoré (Hone-ray) de Choisen-Rôimy and grew up with that name.

My school days were rather uneventful which I will explain soon. I graduated high school at age sixteen and was barely seventeen that August when I started at the University. Classes were almost exactly like high school, except that if you wanted to skip a class, no one wrote you up or sent you to detention.

And I thrived.

So, why am I here?

It goes back four years or so. I was a brand new freshman when I first met my future husband, Professor Calvert Henri Herbert. He was my economics professor and my freshman advisor. Through him I met his daughter, Ginny, short for Virginia, and we (Ginny and I) started dating after I became a sophomore.

Ginny was a rather pushy girl. OK, she was dominating and over-bearing and a rabid feminist, seeming always on the prod for women's rights.

So, what did she see in me?

I'm short (for a man), measuring a mere five foot four inches in height and I weigh in at a light one hundred twelve pounds. At the time (my rebellious years) I was keeping my dark auburn hair long (it bounced atop my shoulders) (still does!) and it went with my emerald green eyes perfectly.

I was never any good at contact sports. I avoided them like the plague, much to my father's displeasure as he had been a football star when he was in University. I do believe that he thought I would do the same.

Nevah gonna hoppen, G.I.!

I went out for lawn tennis. I was never a champion, but I liked it.

Back to Ginny.

Because I was so obviously feminine, I appealed to her sense of propriety, a "normal" male/female relationship to circumvent those who thought of her as an outright lesbian. She was the first real girlfriend I had ever had and to put it quite bluntly, I was flattered to think she found me attractive enough to want to be in my company!

I soon became aware of Ginny's real motives in dating me, but since I was in no position (I thought) to refuse her, I went along with her subtle suggestions.

First she coaxed me into wearing girls' tight fitting jeans, you know, the ones with no pockets that zip closed either up the back or on the left side. This was not "new" to me as I had worn a girl's jeans before when I could not find any male jeans that would fit my narrow waist and flaring hips correctly.

Yes, even us feminine boys have fitting problems!

Then she got me to wearing silky blouses. I'm sure you know the kind I mean. They all buttoned the wrong way or fastened up in back. These had all kinds of sleeves, from caps, to none, to elbow-length, forearm-length, wrist-length, with elastic wrists, French cuffs, any kind you can imagine.

Whatever, I wore them with no resistance.

Why wouldn't I?

I was getting laid every night, well, actually sixty-nine style, but anything's better than nothing, right?

I rather liked kissing her hairless pussy, especially when I discovered that it could kiss me back! That she was always on top was of no concern to me.

Then one cool evening, she draped a fur stole around my shoulders. It was so soft and delightful that I wore it gladly! I liked the feelings of lust that arose in me without any effort on my part. And later, in bed, I was an even more avid lover than ever!

Which she loved, I could tell, by the way her bald pussy waxed my mustache!

After that night, the fur became an integral part of my wardrobe, so much so that when she suggested I wear a light shade of lipstick, "to emphasize your beautiful eyes," she told me, I did so without question.

It was just flattery but I drank it up like a hungry sponge! When she spritzed me with a light, girlish perfume, I giggled and let her do whatever she wished!

Over the next few weeks she brought me along easily, steadily, into femininity, and I never suspected a thing! God, I was so gullible!

Just shows to go yuh how addlepatated a guy can be with his first real love! He just loses all sense of rhyme or reason and does anything to please said girlfriend!

And so it was with me. I wanted to please her and be pleasing to her, so I followed each of her suggestions without hesitation. My only wish was to be with her, and if all it took was a few accommodations on my part, so be it.

It was my life and I could do what I wanted. Couldn't I?" Damn straight!

Soon, my few friends saw what was happening to me and they started to avoid Ginny and myself. Oh, nothing overt or obvious, but associations became fewer and fewer until they had ceased altogether!

She had wheedled me into wearing a training bra and silky panties under my girlish blouses and jeans,

much to my belated surprise. I had had too many tequila sunrises the night before and when I awoke in her bed with those panties and bra snuggled around my body, I did nothing at all.

Then she started telling me that I was anemic and should take special vitamins to offset the effects of “your tired blood,” her words.

It was months before I discovered that the “vitamins” were actually concentrated estrogen hormonal supplements usually meant for women going through menopause.

When my chest developed definite mounds with extremely sensitive nipples, I sought out Ginny’s doctor, the one who had prescribed the “vitamins” in the first place.

“Doctor,” I began. “I think there’s something odd about those vitamins. I seem to be growing breasts and my nipples get sore after rubbing against my clothing all day.”

“Why, yes, Honey (Ginny had renamed me “Honey” as she thought Honoré was too masculine, which it is.)” Dr. Rosen agreed. “You *are* growing breasts. That’s a side effect of your estrogen hormonal supplement capsules. Didn’t you know?”

I was stunned. “No, Dr. Rosen, I most certainly did *not* know! I merely followed your instructions to take two a day for the first month and then one a day after that, and that’s what I have been doing for almost two years now,” I explained.

She laughed heartily. “Then Ginny didn’t tell you?” she queried.

I shook my head negatively. “No, Ma’am.”

“Well, I wouldn’t worry about it,” she tried to calm me. “After all, you do want to have S.R.S. in another year or so, don’t you?”

“Have what?” I almost screamed.

“S.R.S.,” she explained patiently. “You know, Sexual Reassignment Surgery.”

“Why, no,” I was aghast. “I did *not* know!” I emphasized.

“Then I suggest you have a long talk with Ginny.” She stood and walked out.

But when I tried to nail Ginny down and get some sort of explanation from her, she just laughed it off, began tickling me and I quickly forgot all about what I wanted to talk to her about.

I was too much in love to object. I did not want to lose her and I felt (at the time) that nothing she requested was permanent and that once we married, it would all change and I could go back to being a man.

How gullible, dumb, stupid, unknowing, and even uncaring could one guy be?

Well, that was me, all of that and more, in spades!

And that was just the beginning!

TWO

Halloween of my junior year at University, Ginny wheedled me into going to a party dressed as a girl, a Parisienne street walker and she would go as my pimp. Just the idea was scintillating in the extreme and I fell for it, hook, line and sinker!

I was dressed in black net stockings, black slim skirt slit up to my upper thigh, an off-the-shoulder silk blouse with long sleeves and open to below my bra, thereby showing my “assets” to prospective customers.

Of course I was exposed. I was dressed as a prostitute, remember?

With careful coaching by several of Ginny’s “friends,” I became pretty much letter perfect with my call girl performance! And, yes, I was hit on by several guys who had no idea that this “lady of the evening” was actually a guy under it all!

I don’t think most of them would have cared one little bit, had they known!

That set the stage for her next foray into femininity. For me!

Since I had worn a skirt and had been so convincing, she talked me into wearing skirts and dresses around the apartment. Yes, we were living together and had been for over a year, so you see, she had brought me along slowly but steadily to this point.

But, a love-struck boy is easily brought to heel.

And so it was with me. It was almost anticlimactic when two of her girl-friends dropped in one afternoon with no warning. There I was, in a flirty minidress, nylon stockings, high heels and full makeup.

They were delighted. Before I realized it, I was one of them and some of the topics that were discussed would have brought a blush to a nun's cheeks!

Conversation soon led into them discussing how to further feminize me. The first thing they did, much to my humiliation, was to strip me naked and coat my entire body with a stinging depilatory that they "just happened" to have available! Then I was forced to stand in the shower while that stuff went to work. It soon got too warm and started to itch like crazy, but they warned me not to scratch nor move until they said I could!

Could it get any more embarrassing than that?

Yes!

After the longest, I stood there while they rinsed me off. It felt good to be free of that burning itch! Then the tub was filled with hot water, bubble bath and body oils and I was immersed as three women bathed me, then dried my dripping body carefully.

I was now more naked than I had been since the day of my birth!

And they were just getting started!

In our bedroom, they dressed me in satin tights (my sex piece bent back between my thighs). They oohed and aahed over my budding breasts, my trai-

torous nipples erecting painfully under their not-so-tender manipulations! But, it did feel good!

Finally, a bra and I felt somewhat better, until they seated me at Ginny's vanity table and started on me in earnest. My brows were plucked, my lobes were pierced, twice in each! Studs and hoops and they still weren't satisfied.

Next came different styles of makeup with comments pro and con. When I got to look in the mirror, a beautiful young woman stared out at me! I shook my head and the woman did the same. My God, I realized, 'That's me!'

I stared with unabashed disbelief at this gorgeous apparition. I turned my head from side to side, up and down, and there was no mistake. It *was* me!

But this was no Parisienne tart, this was a Lady!

From her plump, red tinted lips, to her mascara loaded lashes, to her arched eyebrows, to her high cheekbones, to the flashing earrings, to the well-filled satin blouse, to her knee-length straight skirt to her nylon-encased legs to her feet in those black patent operas with the four-inch high heels, this woman spelled out *high class* in every way!

Involuntarily, my hand shot to cover my mouth and five red-tipped nails shocked me. When had they painted them? I wondered.

"Now there's a lady if I ever saw one!" one of Ginny's friends whispered in awe. She knelt before me, took my hand in hers, and asked, "Would Madame care to attend the Fall Ball as my date?"

Before I realized what was happening, I replied, "I'd be delighted!"

At a sharp slap from Ginny, I hastily reversed myself. "Oh, I am so sorry, I am booked solid for that night! Maybe another time?"

"Like Hell!" Ginny exclaimed angrily. "You're mine!" She glared at her friend, daring her to protest. The friend blushed and turned away.

“I thought not,” Ginny sneered.

To avoid a confrontation with Ginny, a confrontation I would surely lose, I did as she ordered. After that, I was never seen in public without wearing a dress or skirt of one sort or another, and heels. Ginny insisted I wear heels!

And you know, those in my classes accepted me in dresses without comment. Many persons freed from parental control emerge from their cocoons as quite different butterflies. It is so common on a college campus as to be unworthy of mention!

And so it was with me. Overnight I became “Honey Chosen,” my real name, Honoré de Choisen-Rôimy, falling discarded and forgotten by the wayside.

So, in spite of my upbringing, I had become a devoted transvestite, irrevocably hooked on femininity and determined to be the best girl possible. I must have been successful beyond my limited expectations because no matter where I went nor who I met or was with, my impersonation seemed to be perfect as no one “read” me.

Ever!

We lived together in harmony all through my senior year but she started to spend more and more time away, not coming home for days at a time!

I had been too successful because I noticed Ginny becoming cool towards me and I wondered why. As I still loved (adored really) her, I strove to win her affections back. To no avail. She continued to treat me as an embarrassment.

The final straw came one evening in February when we were at dinner with her father, my advisor, and something set her off. So much so that she left the house in a huff, the door slamming behind her retreating back.

I was humiliated beyond words and started crying helplessly.

Professor Herbert tried to soothe my hurt feelings and before I knew it, I was pouring out my story to him.

“Oh, Professor Herbert,” I cried, “I am so ashamed!”

“Please, Honey, call me Cal,” he whispered as he wiped my streaming eyes with his pristine white handkerchief, smearing my mascara frightfully and ruining his once clean handkerchief completely.

By now I was leaning against his strong shoulder with his one hand at my waist while the other wiped my face.

“Go on, Honey, tell Daddy all,” he coaxed quietly.

“Oh, I am so ashamed!” I repeated.

“Shhh, none of that! We know who’s to blame here and it isn’t you!” he averred fervently. “I know my daughter too well!” he added softly.

“I didn’t want to do this,” I cried through my tears. “Ginny got me started and it just seemed to blossom, if you know what I mean,” I blubbered.

“I know exactly what you mean,” he answered quietly. “I have known all about Ginny since she was a child. She has always been a dominant personality and nothing pleases her more than to get someone under her thumb. I’d seen it so many times while she was growing up. She had very few male friends and those she did have kowtowed to her every whim. Likewise her girlfriends, all did as she wished or she cut them dead.

“That she liked girls more than boys was obvious from a tender age. I have to admit, I did nothing to discourage her.

“You see, I had lost her mother shortly after her birth and raising a little girl was far beyond my ken!

“Unknowingly, I let it all happen.” He paused as I cried silently, soaking the front of his shirt accidentally. “So, you see, this is just as much my fault as it is hers.”

“Oh, no, Sir!” I objected suddenly. “I went into the whole scene with my eyes wide open! I knew exactly what she was doing to me and I let her! Truth be known, I wanted her to feminize me! I have always been a passive, submissive sort and when she took me in hand, I went willingly!

“I let her coax me into girls’ jeans, then girls’ blouses, and it just snowballed from there. Before long, she had me wearing silky panties and padded bras to match. When she decided that we should go to the Halloween party as a Parisienne tart and her pimp, I did not object. Secretly I was overjoyed! What I was not particularly fond of was the guys who hit on me, especially when Ginny insisted I dance with them!

“I was so humiliated and yet, it was sexually exciting. I was turned on like gangbusters when she finally took me back to our apartment where she turned me every way but loose! Oh, Professor, I loved that!”

“Typical reaction for a normally sexed person, boy or girl!” he commented.

“Then when some of her girlfriends showed up one afternoon and remade me into a beautiful Lady, Ginny insisted that I wear dresses or skirts full time hence.

“Which I did without a whimper! I wanted to wear skirts or dresses and be a woman for her and I was! I started wearing full makeup and pretty clothes for her approval and I thought we were headed for an eternity of bliss as a married couple.

“Until last New Year’s party when she left shortly after midnight with someone else and I had to go home alone. When I confronted her about her desertion, she accused me of leading someone else on and she got angry. Before I realized it, she had yanked my panties down, had me stretched across her lap and spanked me!

“That was the beginning of the end, tonight, I mean. I thought a quiet dinner with her father to cel-

celebrate Valentine's Day would bring her back to my arms.

"You saw what happened!" I cried and burst into fresh tears.

His arms were around me, holding me tight against his hard muscled body while I sobbed my heart out. I must have cried for a good ten or fifteen minutes before I quieted and lay quiescently in his encircling arms.

He caressed my back soothingly, crooning softly into my ear. His warm breath excited me and I could feel the beginnings of arousal and that scared the crap out of me!

Abruptly, I sat up and straightened my hair, refreshed my lipstick and generally made myself presentable.

"Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?" he asked quietly.

I stared at him in shock. "Are you hitting on me, Professor Herbert?"

He blushed and nodded. "Yes, Honey, I guess I am. Why, does it disturb you?"

"As a man, I should be, but as a woman, I am greatly flattered!" I admitted.

"Wait here just a minute, please?" he asked as he rose.

"Surely," I whispered.

He was gone for no more than a minute before reappearing holding a small box in his hand. "Oh, no, not that!" I thought with alarm.

"I got this for Ginny as a Valentine's bid for reconciliation and a burying of the hatchet, so to speak. But I guess that's out of the question now," he explained.

He paused, cleared his throat, then, "Miss Honey, will you accept this token of my undying friendship



and admiration?” And when he opened the box, I saw a beautiful heart suspended from a platinum and diamond chain, lying in the satin, twinkling at me!

“Oh, Professor, Cal!” I gasped. “Surely you don’t want to give such an expensive necklace to me!” I whispered, my eyes drinking in the sight hopelessly.

Without a word, he removed the necklace, moved behind me, whispered, “Please hold your hair out of the way!” And when I obeyed, he fastened that gorgeous bauble around my neck, the heart falling between my breasts.

“Oh, Cal!” I whispered, my fingers touching the heart reverently. “You shouldn’t!”

“A beautiful necklace for a beautiful girl!” he replied with a glad smile.

“Oh, Cal, thank you so much. It’s beautiful! Oh, I have never received anything so beautiful in my entire life!” I averred throatily.

“I’m glad I was the first!” he whispered as he sat beside me.

Then, without ever knowing how or why, I was in his arms and I was being kissed by a real man. I mean, I was kissed! His hard, demanding lips crushed mine and I liked it, returning him kiss for kiss! My heart was beating wildly in my chest when we finally came back to earth, my head lying on his shoulder.

“Honey?” he whispered.

“Yes, Cal?” I answered languidly.

“I know I’m a poor substitute after Ginny, but would you consider dating me? I mean a regular man and woman date with no strings attached,” he asked quietly.

“Oh, Cal, this is so sudden!” I replied uncertainly.

“Think about it,” he replied, the disappointment in his voice obvious.

“Just dates?” I asked. “No sex nor anything like that?” I added.

Hope leaped back into his eyes. “Yes, Honey, exactly! Nothing without your specific approval! I’ll be a perfect gentleman with you!”

A stab of devilry sprang from my lips inadvertently. “Oh, God, I surely hope not!” My eyes twinkled merrily at him.

He smiled. “You’re a terrible tease,” he accused playfully.

“You bet’chum, Red Ryder!” I snapped.

“I haven’t heard that phrase in forty years or more, since I got my first BB gun, a Daisy Air Rifle. I must have shot a million Apaches with that gun!” he reminisced, then smiled at me. “Does that mean I can kiss you from time to time?”

“Try *not* kissing me and see what it gets you!” I threatened, my lips wreathed in a broad smile that belied my words!

And that was the beginning. When I got back to the apartment, Ginny was gone. I mean, everything Ginny was gone, clothes, personal effects, makeup, books, pictures, everything! I was not surprised nor was I upset in the least. I was relieved, if you must know. I had dreaded a major confrontation with her. This saved a lot of harsh words, hurt feelings and all that went with that sort of scene.

No, I did not move in with my Professor, although he wanted me to. He even offered me a private room and bath away from his own quarters, but I turned him down, flat!

“No, siree, Buster, this is one cow who won’t give her milk away free! I’ve learned that lesson too well! You want my milk, you have to work for it!”

And he did.

He dated me assiduously.

I was taken to movies, concerts, night clubs (both gay and straight), stage shows, restaurants, museums, art galleries, you name it.

And presents?

Flowers at least once a week.

Boxes of candy.

Baubles.

The list went on and on, and I took every one of them.

For some, he got to kiss me.

For others I allowed him a quick feel of my breast.

For some I even let him caress my flared bottom!

He liked that the best.

I do have a nice ass, if I do say so myself.

Which I do.

Have a nice ass.

And I do say so myself!

THREE

Then it was graduation and my hard earned degree was bestowed upon me, but I was not looking forward to life after University.

I mean, the whole country was in a deep recession and any jobs for a graduating senior with a degree in philosophy were few and far between.

Cal to the rescue!

Miraculously (or so it had seemed to me) I received a registered letter from the University Provost's office offering me a job as assistant to the new Provost.

Who else?

Professor Calvert Henri Herbert was the new Provost, the director of Admissions and Personnel for the entire University!

My employment interview was short and sweet. With the Professor's letter of approval, I got the job. My future and financial problems had been solved!

Professor Herbert gave me one strict provision for continued employment, and I agreed without reservation.

What was the proviso?

I had to be a woman at all times.

I was never to appear at work in anything less than full feminine dress!

I was only too happy to comply with his request and to show my appreciation, in the privacy of his office, I kissed him. I mean, I really kissed him, full body press, wide open and eager painted lips, my breath hot and heavy, my arms wound tightly around his neck and his arms around me, holding me just as tight as I held him!

When we finally came up for air, he looked deep into my shining eyes. "Oh, my dear girl, I sincerely hope you aren't play-acting!"

I writhed against him. "Is that what you think?" I teased.

"One never knows about you!" he replied uncertainly.

"Well, FYI, I did mean it!" I affirmed with a shy smile.

So I was kissed again, this time like a lover does with his woman!

And, you know?

I liked it!

And wanted more!

Up to a point.

I was still virgo intacta and fully intended to stay that way!

Still it was becoming more difficult with every passing day to keep to my resolve of chastity! Persistence was his middle name!

Time passed.

I continued to live in the same apartment.

Cal continued to live in his home.

Ginny was around town, but she left us strictly alone.

Why?

Who knew?

She's a strange person indeed.

Cal's courtship continued and I began to feel some strange emotions when we were together and I welcomed his slow but persistent courtship. That we were an item was obvious from the first. He made no effort to hide his feelings for me, and since I had been living as a girl full-time for some years, no one questioned our being together!

I think most people had even forgotten that I was still male in my panties!

Not that I ever had any intention of enlightening them to the truth!

Work in the Provost's office was hectic at times, especially around each semester registration when it seemed that every student on campus wanted some sort of change in scheduling, class change, dorm changes, until I wanted to scream.

Fortunately I had three student interns to handle the run-of-the-mill problems, except there were plenty of not-so-usual problems that fell on my shoulders.

Cal was little help. He (the rat!) barricaded himself behind his closed office door and even refused to answer his intercom most of the time, saying, "I'm out of the office." We knew he was lying, but the boss can do pretty much as he pleases!

Things finally settled down and the University ran smoothly, in spite of Cal's reluctance to take a direct hand in operations. "That's why I have you and the interns!" he laughed. Oh, how I wanted to slap that silly grin right off his face!

I had my revenge.

Sorta...

The next time he asked me for a dinner date, I pleaded, "Sorry! I'm washing my hair tonight!" and he crept off like a whipped puppy. I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost!

Then I realized that not only was I punishing him, I was punishing myself! That would never do. So I relented after eliciting his promise to do better in future. When he picked me up, he was bearing gifts! Roses, chocolates and an I.D. bracelet! I felt like a whore for accepting value for nothing given, but I quickly put that idea right out of my auburn head!

Besides, he groveled so charmingly!

He was a very good boy for weeks and I loved the attention!

We attended a Halloween party as Romeo and Juliet – that was fun! For New Year's we chose Anthony and Cleopatra, a yummy gown that did me in!

Driving back to my apartment, he stopped the car in the local Lover's Lane, shut the ignition off and turned to me. "Honey, I have something to ask you."

"Oh? Well, ask away," I replied flippantly.

"Will you marry me, Honey?" As he spoke, he popped open a small jewelry box, removed something, took my left hand and slid this stunning dia-

mond engagement ring onto my third finger. “Will you marry me, Honey?” he asked again.

“Oh, Cal!” I stammered. “I can’t marry you!” I exclaimed. “I’m male!”

“We can go to Massachusetts where same-sex marriage is legal,” he continued.

“But, Cal, I’m not in love with you!” I started to explain.

“By the time we get married,” he spoke, “I will have made you fall in love with me! Just wait, you’ll see.”

Before I was aware of his intention, I was being kissed like there would be no tomorrow! With my head awhirl, I guess I agreed to his wild proposal because after that night, we were engaged to be married!

And no matter how I dragged my feet, plans for our upcoming nuptials continued at a measured pace with things happening in spite of my reservations!

Here I was, a twenty-five year old male college graduate masquerading as a girl and I was engaged to be married to the University Provost!

I was further sabotaged when our State passed same-sex marriage legislation and any trip to Massachusetts became moot.

Damn Dame Fortune anyway!

With the last barrier out of our path, wedding plans proceeded at an astonishing rate. No matter what I did or didn’t do, the date was rapidly approaching and the closer it got, the more nervous and apprehensive I became.

My closest girlfriend, Mary Lou Hinter, just laughed at me. “What’s to worry, Honey? Once he’s broken your cherry, it only gets better. Trust me!”

I groaned and asked, “Mary Lou, do you know how they say ‘fuck you’ in Southern California?” I waited expectantly.

“Why, no, can’t say as I do,” she admitted. “How?”

“They say ‘trust me’,” I snapped in irritation.

“Oh, Honey!” she laughed nervously. “You’re just awful!”

“No, I’m not. I’m a total cunt!”

She giggled. “Not totally, Honey, but you do work at it!” she teased.

And we continued doing what she obviously loved, getting her girlfriend ready to be wed. Too bad the intended bride wasn’t as enthusiastic!

And as it happens, time passed and my wedding day dawned, clear, warm and expectant! For a day in June, he couldn’t have picked a better day to be wed.

I stood there in my apartment bedroom while Mary Lou fussed and adjusted and readjusted until I was ready to scream! She laced my corset in to its tightest and when my dress was lowered over my head and fastened up the back, it fit...barely!

Mary Lou, privy to my deepest secrets, took my panties away from me and let me go commando! Of course I erected immediately from all the lace, satin, leather and all the rest associated with wedding finery!

I wore white nylon thigh-high stockings that held themselves up and my feet were thrust into white satin operas with five-inch high heels that perched me on tippy toes and made walking difficult, but not impossible!

A white net veil held on by a flashy tiara and white lace half-gloves holding my baby’s breath nosegay, and I was ready for the slaughter.

Which brings me full circle to where I started this narrative. Pacing nervously in the rectory while the strains of the Wedding March floated through the closed door, only served to make me even more nervous than I had been. If that were possible!

For the ten thousandth time in the last five minutes, I asked myself, ‘What in Hell are you doing here? You’re supposed to be a man, for crissakes!’

Then the feminine side of me asserted itself. ‘Quiet you!’ it ordered. ‘I want to hear this.’ *This* being the Wedding March wafting through the closed door!

Then Professor Martin came in. “Are you ready, Honey?” he asked pleasantly.

I wanted to shout, ‘Hell no!’ but my feminine side answered sweetly, “Why yes, Professor, I’ve never been readier!”

Moments later, the damned door opened and my alter ego hesitation walked down that damned aisle while all the people on both sides gawked and stared at the freak in the white satin. I heard, “Oh, isn’t she beautiful?” “Yes, she makes a wonderful bride!” “He’s a lucky man getting such a beautiful woman as his mate!” “Yes, he’s been a widower long enough!”

Damn! I wanted to shout at them, “He’s not getting a woman now!” But, my alter ego clamped my lips closed!

Then we stopped in front of the altar and the preacher intoned, “Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?”

Professor Martin replied, “I do, her surrogate father.”

With that, I stepped up next to my groom, my husband-to-be and smiled timidly at him through my net veil. “I love you!” he mouthed and I blushed helplessly.

“Dearly beloved,” I heard from somewhere, and her clear voice continued for an eternity before, “If anyone has reason to object to this marriage, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.”

There was the usual creaking of the pews as people craned their necks to see who would dare disturb the sanctity of this ceremony.

I hoped someone would object, but no one did.

Damn!

Where are your enemies now that you needed them?

The damned cowards!

Through my daze, I heard, “Do you, Calvert Henri Herbert, take this woman, Miss Honey Désérée Chosen to be your legally wedded wife, to love her, to honor her, to cherish her, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

I heard, “I do.”

Then more garble, something about, “Do you, Miss Honey Eugénie Chosen, take this man, Calvert Henri Herbert to your legally wedded husband, to love him, to honor him, to obey him, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

Now I knew I was supposed to say something, but my mind was a complete blank. So, I answered “Sure, why not?”

I heard my bridesmaid, Mary Lou Hinter, intone, “I do!”

Dimly, I heard Cal say something and felt something slipping onto my third finger left hand, then Mary Lou repeated the words for me and I was sliding something onto his third finger left hand and the preacher continued her litany. “Insomuch as Calvin and Honey have exchanged their solemn vows, etc., etc.”

‘What the Hell?’ I wondered. ‘What just happened?’

Through my fog, I heard, “By the authority vested in me by our Great State and Our Goddess Above, I do pronounce that Calvert and Honey are husband and wife! What She hath joined together, let no man nor woman put asunder!”

She snapped her hymnal closed sharply. “You may now kiss your bride.”

My veil was lifted and he kissed me. I mean I was kissed by my husband!

And you know, I *had* fallen in love with him somewhere down the line and I wanted him to kiss me just as much as I was kissing him in return!

He looked into my eyes and saw the love shining out at him and he smiled. "I love you, Mrs. Honey Herbert!" he whispered.

"I love you, Mr. Cal Herbert!" I replied, blushing with pleasure. "You're mine now, and don't you ever forget it!" I threatened him with a happy smile on my parted lips.

He grinned. "Yes, I chased after you until you caught me!"

"Believe it, Buster!" I giggled.

Then we were racing down the aisle towards our future!

FOUR

We've been married for two years now and we are still acting like newlyweds!

Hunh?

Wha'd'ya mean, what happened?

A honeymoon, followed by my moving in with Cal, getting adjusted one to the other, making love and all that. That's what happened.

Hunh?

Wha'd'ya mean, what happened? I just told you. Cheesh!

Oh, you mean details, like...intimate details.

Well, those are private...

But, since you insist...

Mary Lou met us in the vestibule, my wedding finery was stripped from me while my rat of a new husband watched avidly as my total nakedness was revealed, my tiny erection waving in the breeze! No panties, remember?

Was Cal shocked?

Hell, no!

He was delighted.

His demanding hand gripped me, caressed me while I got even harder, if that were possible! "I love you," he whispered and kissed me.

And at that moment, I felt more woman than ever!

"You're not disappointed?" I asked hesitantly.

He shook his head. "No, sweet Honey, I'm just happy that you're not as large as I am!" he teased playfully.

I felt a moment of pure fear as I pictured his obvious virile masculinity *taking* me and making me like it! But that's getting ahead of things.

Soon I was in a traveling dress and taken to our reception where I was danced and plied with drink until I was even dizzier than I was before the ceremony!

Finally we broke away and ran to catch our train for Niagara Falls, the site Cal and Mary Lou had chosen for us to go to.

It was very late when we arrived at the Falls and by the time we were registered and in our room, we were so tired that we both fell asleep atop the heart-shaped bed with its satin sheets, cuddled spoon fashion together. I felt loved and awoke refreshed to my husband running the shower. He was absolutely naked when he emerged and I saw his endowment for the first time.

A monster!

I mean, it had to be at least ten inches long and three inches thick at the base, and it just hung there, relaxed and quiet.

‘My good God!’ I thought, ‘How huge will it get when it’s excited?’

I had a distinct feeling that I would soon find out!

Trembling almost out of control, I pushed by him into the bathroom, closing the door firmly behind me.

“Hey!” I heard him exclaim, but I closed the door in his face!

I gazed at my reflection in the mirror and “she” looked out at me, her lips pursed with thought as we went over recent events, not liking our mutual conclusion, that I, the bride, would soon be his wife, an ex-virgin and I was not so sure I wanted to be that!

At least, not yet.

Jeezums, give a girl a chance to get used to it, will ya?

This wife scenario is a bit much, don’cha think?

I mean, I’m a boy and boys don’t marry men as a general rule of thumb. Then why in the pluperfect Hell had I gone through with it?

Wait a minute!

It wasn’t me who swore to love, honor and obey! That was my rat of a best friend forever, Mrs. Marylou Hinter, who’d spoken. OK, then, she said *she* would be his wife, so why was I standing here in a traveling suit and not her?

For one thing, I don’t think her husband, the aforementioned Professor Martin, would have approved, much less permitted it! He is such a possessive sort, more than obsessive, especially where Marylou is concerned!

So, what to do?

The answer was obvious. Take a long, hot, relaxing bubble bath and use plenty of bath oils and emollients! Yes, that's what I would do.

Minutes later, the tub was filled, aromatic bubbles wafted merrily through the air, bursting to spray their scent about. I was sliding my now naked body gingerly under the surface of the almost too hot water while luxuriating outrageously in its heat.

I stretched out, wriggling my toes voluptuously, feeling the warmth seep into my body, relaxing, soothing, and oh, so Heavenly!

"Having fun?" came the amused voice, startling me so much that I slid beneath the surface, only to emerge moments later, sputtering and gasping for breath.

"Oh!" I snapped. "You surprised me!"

He grinned. "That was the whole idea! You gonna spend all night in here?"

"I was just getting ready to get out," I lied easily, standing up.

"Let me help you," he croaked hoarsely as he wiped a soft towel across my wetly glistening flesh, carefully drying me.

"That feels so good!" I purred. "Keep it up and I'll be forced to hire your maids services permanently!" I teased.

"At Madame's service," he replied.

Soon I had been dried to within an inch of my life and he was leading my surprisingly pliant body back to the bed where he lay me out before turning the light down. And all the time that monster thing of his was waving blatantly about in mid-air!

My mouth was suddenly dry.

He was so different from his daughter!

Oh, but in so many ways they were the same.

But where she had twin pussy lips that eagerly begged to be kissed and loved, his enormous organ was different, just as eager and anxious to be kissed and loved, but somewhat different, if you catch my drift!

There was nothing else I could do, so I snuggled close to his hard body. I ran my fingers over his well-muscled body, twisting the wild morass of curly black hairs between my thumb and forefinger, eliciting moans of pleasure from him as he kissed at my lips, his hands all over my quickly heating body as he brought me to sexual arousal, my lips biting demandingly.

“Oh, baby,” he whispered.

“Shut up and kiss me!” I ordered through clenched teeth.

He moved to obey!

Then, before I realized what was happening to me, I was flat on my back, my knees up and spread wide while he was settling between them, his hardness seeking between my thighs, searching, finding, teasing, pushing strongly and entering my virginity slightly.

I tensed. “Oh, be careful, you big pricked bastard!” I whispered. “I’m still a virgin and you’re much too large to fit me!” I whimpered.

For answer, he pushed again and something popped as his crown breached my defenses. I screamed my pain into his mouth as he drove home, entering me and filling me completely! My torn ass squeezed and pushed against his invasion, but in spite of my best efforts, he entered me easily! It seemed that the more I resisted, the easier it became for him to gain entrance!

I gasped with relief when he moved back, withdrawing himself from me. But my relief was short-lived as he pushed into me again, withdrawing and reentering!

I soon lost all track of how many times he penetrated me. All I knew was that the more he took me, the easier it became and the more I was beginning to feel pleasure!

When he came to rest deep inside me, my prostate let go and when he climaxed, so did I!

And it felt wonderful!

It was still sore and I was bleeding like a stuck hog, but I no longer feared his penetration! From then on, I welcomed his invasions eagerly.

True to Ginny's prediction, I became a whore in Cal's and my bedroom while acting the part of Grand Lady elsewhere, to both of our satisfactions.

In short, I absolutely loved being Cal's devoted wife. To love him and be loved in return is a heady aphrodisiac! I mean, just a veiled glance from him is all it takes to make me start to tingle and I immediately become fully aroused. If possible, I drag him into a secluded corner, rip his clothes off and spread my legs wide for his entrance!

Then I hump my ass while he pumps in and out and I swear, I'm in Heaven! How had I ever feared this? Oh, what I had been missing for so many years!

After we've both enjoyed a delightful cum, I help him get redressed, replace my own disarray, and we rejoin whatever, hand-in-hand, hips bumping, glad smiles all over our faces! I catch others looking at us strangely at times and they must wonder what happened out of their sight.

Oh, well, a little mystery is good for the soul.

The only mystery with Cal and I is why did we wait so long? I mean, the day that Ginny stormed out of the house was when I should have succumbed to Cal's advances and let him have his way with me.

But the way girls are wired does not usually permit promiscuity or seduction by the male. Notice I said, "usually." There are always exceptions. I am not one of them!

Girls in general want to be courted, led on, sweet talked, aroused, if you will. It's the "chase" that excites the girl libido that eventually leads to surrender.

Ah, but the joy of that surrender!

FIVE

Now, as I was saying before I was so pleasantly interrupted, Cal and I have been married for just over two years, and the love I felt for the man when we married is nothing when compared to how I feel about him today!

As the French say, "Plus que hier, moins que demain!"

In English, "More than yesterday, less than tomorrow!"

Oh it's not all fine wine, intimate dinners and roses. We have our arguments, but we always settle up before we climb into the martial bed!

Don't ever go to bed angry at your partner. Anger only festers one's bad feelings and results in a growing resentment, and often one has no idea what precipitated such feelings of loneliness and abandonment!

As the old song goes, "Stand by your man!" Because, "After all, he's just a man!"

What about the age difference? you ask.

I answer, "What age difference?"

Cal is older than I by some years, but at heart he's the youngest man I know! He has such an adventurous nature, always experimenting, ever trying something new, something, anything, different from the run-of-the-mill and he's off and running!

With me right beside him!

He has sabbatical next year and we are planning an around the world tour while he compiles data for his next book. In Academia, it's, "publish or perish."

Cal has written four books on economics over the years. None of them was ever a best seller in the traditional sense, but all were well received in Academia and he has a well-earned reputation amongst Economists world-wide!

I am so proud of my husband that my heart bursts with joy whenever I gaze at him with those shining, adoring eyes he loves to see!

But you don't care about any of that, do you?

You want the sexy parts, the juicy dirt, the eroticism, and all that.

Well, I hate to disappoint you. The truth is our love life is rather vanilla by many folks' standards. Oh, we have experimented with different positions, different scenarios for variety, even some B & D stuff, which, I have to admit, can be totally satisfying when you do it with someone you love and trust completely.

Absolute trust is essential. After all, it's your skin or life that's on the line. You must trust that your partner knows when to stop, when "No," means, "More, more," and when it means, "No more!"

The problem with that (we have discovered) is that often one does not really mean, "No more," when one actually means, "Don't stop!"

I've been there, done that.

Take our scenario whereby Cal was the strict schoolmaster and I was the brat of a kid who threw spit balls in class. Called to account, I bent over the desk with my skirts around my waist, my panties around my knees, my butt wriggling seductively while he lectured me on proper decorum for a young lady.

To which I replied, "I ain't no lady, Teach!" and I stuck my tongue out at him.

“That tears it!” he snapped and then I felt that leather strap caress my naked bottom cheeks with liquid fire!

Oh, yeah, it felt so good! I felt my baby erection rubbing against the desk and I began rubbing it on the wood unconsciously.

Cal saw what I was doing and he caressed my cheeks with another stroke of that damned strap.

Blow after fiery blow stroked the flames of desire and when I turned unexpectedly just as his arm was descending. “Oh, Cal, no more! Please, no more!”

I caught that unintended assault right across my straining erection and I gasped aloud as I erupted spontaneously!

Cal immediately dropped the strap, took me into his arms, kissed my trembling lips, while crooning, “Oh, baby girl, I am so sorry!”

I let him hold me, reveling in his shame, while the joyous ecstasy flowed over me, taking refuge in the red haze covering me from head to toe.

Had I not trusted Cal implicitly, I could have been hurt a lot worse than I had!

Back to married life with Cal.

I am accepted as Cal’s obviously “genetic” wife by all, even the cats found on any college campus, those who are always out to do harm to anyone who catches their fancy of the moment.

I almost called them “bitches,” but that would be insulting to those of us who are *real* bitches! Yes, I too have claws and a few of those cats have learned that lesson to their great sorrow. They leave me strictly alone now!

Anyway, that’s about it.

Life is good.

Cal loves me.

I love Cal.

Life is not only good, it's complete.

Ginny?

Haven't heard from her since she stormed off.

But I bear her no animosity.

After all, had she not started me on the road to femininity, I should never have met my Cal, never known the joy of a man's complete and total love, never known the joy of surrender and fulfillment that can come of lying with lions!

I really must go now. I have to start dinner for my husband and I still have to decide what to wear to flummox him. Again!

He never knows what sort of woman will greet him when he walks through our front door. I've been everything from Daddy's Little Girl to a wanton whore to a dancehall floozy to a Parisienne Can Can Girl to a Gay 90's Matron, to maids of different eras from the Gay 90's to present day, yes, even various French Maids from demure to the most flagrant exposure you can imagine. Yes, there have been nights when I greeted him wearing nothing but a minuscule lace apron tied about my waist, and my heels!

Yes, always high heels. The higher the better! Cal loves them. I get a distinct thrill when tripping about on my tippy toes, so why not?

Let's see, he likes a good pork roast and that's easy as pie to do. While I bake, I'll have more than enough time to dress, or undress, for dinner!

But, first a long, luxurious bubble bath. How inconvenient that my maid's at work elsewhere! His hands are so relaxing. . .

THE END

For now. . .

ALEXANDRIA & KATHERINE

By Delphinia Longstreet

ONE

Sheriff Katherine “Kit” Louisa Carson, Esq. sat behind her paper-cluttered desk and sighed with frustration. ‘Oh,’ she thought, ‘what in Hell’s the matter with me? I’m more nervous than a long-tailed pussy cat in a room full of rocking chairs!’ She spun around and gazed out the window at the line of police cars parked against the curb.

And of course they were parked there! It was shift change and all her uniformed men and women were anxious to get home to their families. After all, it was 3:30 P.M. on Friday and most of the weekenders had reported for duty, so why was she surprised?

She sighed. Long Island wasn’t what she had pictured in her mind when she had transferred from the City. Being the boss of forty-three uniforms and twelve civilians was not a simple job! She was fortunate that none of her uniforms were married to another uniform.

Well she recalled the problems that had caused back in Manhattan! When one cop is married to another cop, there is always that worry of bodily harm coming to your mate with the resulting loss of total concentration on the job at hand. And that could be disastrous, as she well knew. It had happened to her!

At the age of forty-two and some months, with almost twenty years of police work under her belt, Sheriff Katherine "Kit" Louisa Carson, Esq. was quite satisfied with life.

Almost.

There was still that nagging something in her brain that demanded something.

But...what?

An unwanted memory flittered across her mind. Earthquake!

She shuddered as that horror washed over her.

Again!

Kit had been a Valley Girl, the only daughter of a Silicon Valley couple who had given their girl everything she ever wanted. At age four, that changed. During one night in early October, the earth had started to shake. It was a four point six earthquake!

Her parents were asleep in their bedroom and the roof fell in on them, killing them instantly. The rest of the house shook itself apart, falling over the terrified child, thereby covering her in a tombl-like cavern!

It took rescuers two days to find her and then only with the help of a specifically trained rescue dog who could sniff out victims of an earthquake!

Since then Kit had been frequently plagued with nightmares in which she was buried alive and it was only when death (in the dream) was imminent that she would come awake, screaming and trembling uncontrollably. Medication seemed to help, but the nightmares would never just go away!

Kit had been transplanted to a huge antebellum mansion in South Carolina, the home of her mother's parents where she had gone to public school and thence on to Georgia State, then law school in Savannah, Georgia.

Upon graduating and admission to the bar at age twenty-six, she had accepted an appointment to the New York City Police Academy, breezing through and getting assigned to Homicide. A year later she had become a Detective first grade, gold shield and all. The nightmares started up again years later after she had investigated an especially bloody and macabre crime scene in the line of duty.

Several visits to the police psychologist had failed to help, so when she saw the bid notice for a county under-sheriff's position on Long Island, she jumped at it.

And was surprised when she got it! After all, she only had just over twelve years' experience as a gold shield homicide detective!

Others had had much more seniority than she.

It carried a promotion to County Under-Sheriff, which she took gracefully. Then she had discovered why those seniors had not bid the job. The department had a reputation of being the drop-off point for those unwanted officers from other precincts that weren't bad enough to be fired outright but couldn't remain where they were!

The first few months had been a nightmare in itself what with insubordination, "blue flu," sleeping on duty, double dipping and various other infractions.

Until a particularly horrific robbery-murder of the then-Sheriff and his Society wife occurred in the ritzy part of their county and they had all been forced to put aside personalities in order to solve the crime and bring those responsible to justice.

With praise falling upon these misfits, they saw that they had worth after all and many problems, if not most, melted like snow before a warm front.

Oh, there were still some problems, but compared to what had occurred before, they were as nothing!

She had been a last minute choice as candidate for Sheriff that year, but had won the position of full Sheriff in the gubernatorial election by a margin of over 13,000 votes out of the 56,000 cast. She was especially proud of that achievement.

So what was bugging her? She had learned to love her job and her innate self-pride had reasserted itself, her bright smile encouraging others to smile too and morale was at an all-time high for the department.

So what was really wrong with her?

Sighing again, she swung her feet to the floor, scraped the paperwork into the middle drawer, slammed it closed, turned the key and deposited it in her pants pocket.

“See ya Monday!” she told the desk, heaving her five foot eleven inch, hundred fifty-two pounds of full-blown femininity to her feet and striding for the door.

Which burst open just as she reached it, jamming her long, outstretched fingers painfully between it and the hard-paneled wall.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph!” she cursed, shaking her hand to ease the pain. “Sum-na-fuckin’-bitch!” she snarled angrily at the petite blonde standing there. “Why’n Hell don’cha watch where yer agoing?” she demanded.

The blonde, she noted, was, ‘Scarcely more than a kid,’ as she was so short, not over five feet tall she estimated. ‘Without heels,’ she amended.

Then, for some reason, her heart gave a sudden leap into her throat and for the first time in her life, Sheriff Katherine “Kit” Louisa Carson, Esq. was tongue-tied!

“Oh, I am so sorry, Sheriff Carson,” a throaty soprano greeted her, sending shock waves down her spine. “I didn’t see you coming through the closed

door. I should have knocked first, but the sergeant at the desk told me to go right on in,” she explained.

Kit caught her breath. “I’ll live. Who are yuh and what’s on yer so-called mind?” she demanded sarcastically.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” The girl held her childish hand out. “I’m Miss Alexandria Barrett and I was hired by the district attorney’s office about six months ago.”

“As?” Kit prompted.

“I’m an assistant district attorney charged with prosecuting crimes and I’ve been permanently assigned to your office.”

“Fer what, fer God’s sake?” Kit snapped.

“The D.A. said you needed a baby sitter,” the blonde blurted before she thought. “Er...I mean...someone to watch...er, I...I...” her voice trailed off uncertainly.

Kit smiled. “Yes, what’s on Old Horse’s Ass’s so-called mind now?”

“Er, I’m not...” the girl stammered.

“Not, what? Look that s.o.b. sent you here for a specific reason. Tell me!” she ordered preemptively.

Blushing furiously, the girl continued, “He said you needed a baby sitter and he sent me here to change your diapers and wipe your ass for you,” she admitted shyly.

“Well, you see me. Do I look like I need my ass wiped?” Kit demanded.

The girl shook her head. “No, Ma’am.”

Kit cocked her head and grinned. “Maybe you’d like to try?” she teased.

Alexandria blushed helplessly and hung her head low. “No, Ma’am.”

Taking pity on the girl, Kit asked, “Well, now that you’ve seen and heard me at my worse, how’s about dinner? I know this dandy Italian place on the edge of town that serves the best spaghetti and meatballs in the whole danged county!” she enthused.

“Oh, but I couldn’t,” the girl started to object.

“Why? Conflict of interest or something?” Kit teased.

The girl nodded. “Yes, I was given specific instructions not to, quote, ‘get too cozy with that cunt,’ unquote,” she whispered, face flushing with embarrassment.

Kit laughed. “I love you too, Old Horse’s Ass, you s.o.b.!” she chuckled.

“Who?” the girl asked.

“Old Horse’s Ass, it’s a take-off on his given name, Horace. He hates it when I call him that, especially when he knows he can’t do a thing to me without losing all he’s worked for since law school. He wants to be mayor of The City, you see, and from there he thinks he can get to be governor of the State, or possibly a U.S. senator, or POTUS, or even a Supreme Court justice.

“Lord help us if he ever gets into any one of those positions of power!” Kit shuddered delicately.

“I’m not dressed for dinner,” the girl objected.

Kit looked her up and down appraisingly, taking in her diminutive height, her severe power suit, the sleek nylons and the tiny feet thrust into open-toed pumps with five-inch high heels. “You’re fine, no, you’re more than fine! You’re cherry!”

The girl blushed with sudden pleasure. “Well, if you think it will be alright...”

“Let’s go. My car’s right out here.”

Kit looked down at this little blonde and all sorts of scenarios flashed through her mind. For some reason, Kit was reminded of Terry Carson, her late hus-

band, well not so late as he had died from gunshot wounds some fifteen years previously.

Terry had been a diminutive male who looked more like a high school student than a seasoned Police Detective. He had been under cover investigating a drug ring at one of The City's public schools when his cover had been blown accidentally by a rookie uniform who didn't know any better.

The druggies shot Terry right in front of the precinct building. He had died in Kit's arms and she had sworn vengeance.

And never again would she marry another cop for any reason!

It took her four months of hard work sorting through the dregs of humanity and arresting those responsible for Terry's death. That one of those she arrested got a lighter sentence because he turned State's evidence, blowing in several higher-ups in the drug trade, had rankled her for months. Until the stoolie was stabbed at Sing Sing Correctional Facility, dead long before the guards could interfere.

Kit still got a warm feeling when she thought of his death!

And, she still had a prejudice against anyone in the drug trade, user or seller!

She felt a momentary sense of great loss and she threw it off in irritation. Terry was dead and gone and that was final!

Except he was still alive in her memory!

And always would be!

She shook her head and turned her attention to the tiny blonde who tripped gaily along beside her, chattering excitedly. Kit smiled at her signs of nervousness.

She took the tiny elbow and steered her past the outer desk, the sergeant there gawping in disbelief at seeing her Boss being solicitous of anyone, much less this little A.D.A. she was shepherding now.

Kit nodded at the woman behind the desk. "Good night, Sergeant." And before the woman could reply, they were out the back door.

Leading the way, they walked to where a sleek Porsche sports car was parked. Opening the passenger's side door, Kit stood back as Alexandria slid into the seat with a flash of shapely nyloned legs. Kit saw with amusement that her legs were too short to reach the floor, 'like a little girl!' she thought, happy for some reason.

Fifteen minutes later, she pulled to a stop in front of Tonio's Italian Food, parking in a plainly marked no-parking zone near the front entrance.

"Aren't you afraid you'll get a ticket?" Alexandria asked worriedly.

Kit laughed. "In this county? Dunbesilly, little girl! I *am* the Sheriff, remember?"

"Oh, I had forgotten," Alexandria admitted as she slid from the car seat, her skirt rising high on her thighs as her down pointed toes sought the ground.

Kit stared with outright admiration, whistling her appreciation and she was delighted when Alexandria blushed rosily.

"You're awful!" Alexandria whispered through her embarrassment.

Smiling, Kit took her elbow and escorted the girl into the restaurant where they were met by Tonio himself. "Ah, Sheriff Kit! Welcome, welcome! Come in, come in! Your usual table? I'll have Giuseppe clear it immediately!" He snapped his fingers imperiously and a dark-haired man darted over.

"Si, Signore?" he inquired.

"The Sheriff's regular table, now!"

"But, Signore, the mayor and his wife are already there," the man explained.

"That's OK, Tonio," Kit laughed. "I should have called first."

His face red, Tonio bowed. "Walk this way, per favore," and he wriggled his fat behind between the closely packed tables.

Kit giggled. "If I could walk that way, I wouldn't need the damned talcum!" she whispered to Alexandria, sotto voce.

"Stop that!" the embarrassed girl whispered angrily.

"Well, I wouldn't!" Kit was determined to have the last word.

Some minutes later, the waiter had taken their orders for spaghetti and meatballs with garlic bread and espresso coffee, and Kit turned to Alexandria. "Would you care to dance, you sweet thang?" she teased.

The string quartet had started playing Italian music and the musical beat was throbbing through Kit's veins.

Alexandria smiled and extended her hand. "Sheriff?" she invited.

Grasping the small, perfectly manicured fingers in hers, Kit led the willing girl onto the dance floor, a postage stamp-sized area that had been cleared for those who wished to dance to the romantically throbbing strings of the violins and cellos.

Alexandria settled contentedly into Kit's arms and followed her lead silently.

Kit wasn't so calm and collected as Alexandria seemed to be. The compliant head she held so closely to her breasts wafted its light scent to fill her nostrils with an old, familiar desire!

Terry had had the same effect on her!

Her eyes filled with sad tears and she stifled a sob that tried to rise unwilling from her throat.

Alexandria stiffened in Kit's arms. "Is something wrong?"



Kit shook her head. “No, just a momentary memory, that’s all.” She pressed the blonde head against her breasts once more and her thoughts drifted back...

“Dammit, Kit,” the small detective sitting on her desk exclaimed, “You just come right out with it, don’t you?”

The sight of this small man dressed in a girl’s snug jeans, nylon panty-hose, dark pumps with three-inch high heels, a white linen blouse with the shape of a well-filled bra beneath, hair caught in a perky pony-tail behind his head, gold hoop earrings, red, red lipstick, mouth busily chewing gum and a wide leather belt around the slim waist. It was no wonder she felt such love for him!

She grinned slyly. “When I want something, little man, I don’t believe in beating around the bush, and like the song says, ‘Little man, I want you!’”

He grinned down at her. “Maybe this little man doesn’t want to be wanted,” he teased as he batted his eyes playfully.

“And give up a chance to play with these big jugs of mine?” she replied boldly, thrusting her 42-D Cups at him.

He gulped noisily. “Oh, God!” he whispered. Kit knew how much he loved large breasts and she loved to tease him with them.

“So?” she queried. “Are we on for tonight or what?” she demanded.

Momentarily distracted by her huge mummeries, Terry croaked, “What?”

“Shall I take that as a yes?” she teased.

“Oh God!” he repeated.

And that had been the start of their courtship. Well, not exactly *theirs*, as she did most of the courting and he passively accepted her lead. She had been slightly miffed when she discovered his rather diminutive sex, but as he more than made up for that lack

with his muff-diving talents, she was more than satisfied with the arrangement.

They had been married for just seven months when he had been killed in the line of duty, and she swore never to ever get involved with another cop again!

And she had discouraged the practice wherever she could.

Her thoughts were interrupted abruptly by a tiny voice asking, "Sheriff? Should we sit down? I think our meal is ready."

"Hunh?" Kit came back to the present with a start. "Oh, yeah, I'm starved!"

"I think our meal is ready," Alexandria repeated.

And dinner was just as good as she had promised. Alexandria leaned back in her chair, sipped at her espresso and sighed, "Oh, I am so stuffed!"

Kit grinned at her. "Not even room for spumoni?"

Alexandria sat up straight. "Always room for spumoni! Bring it on!"

But, after a small dish of ice cream, Alexandria admitted defeat. "Oh, no more, please! Another bite and I'll burst!"

Kit laughed. "Pussy!" she chuckled.

"Go ahead, laugh, you big bully! Your stomach is three times the size of mine!" Alexandria groused. "It's just not fair!"

"Tough litty bitty titty, girlie!" Kit teased.

"God'll get you for that!" Alexandria threatened. Then she added, "Seriously, I have not dined so well in ages! Thank you for bringing me here. You can bet I'll be coming back as often as my budget will allow!"

Kit grinned. "I'll bring you any time you want! You're such a cheap date!"

“Oh? So now I’m your *date*?” Alexandria arched her brows questioningly.

“Works for me!” Kit leaned across the table, “And now that I have plied you with good food and alcohol, comes time for payback!”

“I should have known you had an ulterior motive,” Alexandria smiled. “OK, what’s it gonna cost me?”

“First, what do they call you, besides Alexandria, I mean?”

“Oh, Alex by the ones I work with, but my closest friends all call me Lexi. I sort of like Lexi best.”

“Lexi,” Kit rolled it around on her tongue. “Yes, I like it, so from now on, you’re Lexi to me too. Can you accept that?” she asked.

“Sure, but turnabout’s fair play. What do people call you besides Sheriff?”

“Well, my given name is Katherine Louisa, Italian, you know, but my *real* friends, of which I can count on the thumbs of one hand, all call me Kit.”

“Kit? But isn’t that a boy’s name?” Lexi cocked her head inquiringly.

Kit nodded. “I ‘spose, but in case you haven’t noticed, I’m hardly a Katherine type, given my height and all.”

“I wish I were taller,” Lexi sighed.

“You’re just right for me,” Kit whispered as she hugged Lexi affectionately.

“So, I should call you Kit?”

“Unless you got a better idea,” Kit joked.

“OK, Tiger!” Lexi teased. Then added, “No, not Tiger. You’re a feline for sure, but not a tiger. How about puma or wildcat or cougar? Naw, nunna those, they don’t fit you. Well, maybe cougar, but I doubt that. But, some sort of a cat...an alley cat. No, a

Pussy...cat!" she deliberately kept the two words widely separated.

Kit giggled. "So I'm a pussy...cat?" she repeated.

Lexi nodded her head against Kit's breasts and Kit felt a stab of hot moisture between her tensed thighs.

"Yes, you're my Pussy...Cat!" Lexi affirmed quietly. "My *Pussy* for short," she amended, surprised at her own audacity.

"I like it," Kit whispered throatily.

"Pussy...*my* Pussy!" Lexi sighed happily.

"I am honored, Miss Kitty!" Lexi teased.

"Miss Kitty? Why not Miss Pussy?" Kit teased playfully.

"Why not? That's equally acceptable to me," Lexi whispered.

"Then Miss Pussy it is!" Kit whispered, voice choked with emotion.

"Miss Pussy," Lexi whispered reverently. "My Miss Pussy!"

"I've never been anybody's pussy before," Kit giggled. "I think I like it!" She thought a moment, then, "Well, I was Terry's pussy, but that's not the same thing, is it?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Just as long as I'm the one who calls you Miss Pussy!" Lexi stated firmly.

"Done deal!" Kit agreed and before Lexi knew it, she was in Kit's arms, her lips parted, upturned, waiting and being kissed by Kit's hungry, demanding mouth!

Later, Lexi looked adoringly into Kit's shining eyes. "Wow! You're some kisser, Sheriff! Who'd uh think it?"

"You're not so bad yourself, little girl!"

“I never had my own Pussy before!” Lexi enthused unexpectedly.

Kit giggled. “What do you call that thing between your own thighs?” she joked.

“You’d be surprised what I hide between my thighs!” Lexi answered soberly.

“I doubt that! I’ve seen girls’ pussies before.”

“Now you’re talking like a flaming whore bragging about how many men he’s been with and that’s hardly germane in your case. You’re not a butch, are you?”

“Most people think I’m all butch, so why disappoint them? More fun to let ‘em all think what they want to!” Kit laughed.

“You said on one thumb?” Lexi asked, puzzled. “What’s that mean?”

“You’re it, kiddo. Since Terry died, I have kept my distance from others.”

Lexi frowned. “Then, why me?”

Kit blushed. “You remind me of Terry a lot.”

“Oh? Terry was your girlfriend?”

“No, Terry was all male and we were married. He was my husband.”

“Oh, I didn’t know.”

“Few do because I never talk about it.”

“Again, why me?”

“I don’t know. Ever since you slammed that freakin’ door on my hand, I’ve been asking myself that same question!” Kit mused thoughtfully.

“I am really sorry for that, Pussy,” Lexi apologized for the hundredth time.

“And for the hundredth and oneth time, it wasn’t your fault! I should have been looking where I was going!”

“Still, I think I should bear some of the responsibility,” Lexi mused.

“Oh, all right! Go ahead and be a martyr! It *was* all your fault!”

“But you just said. . .”

“I’m teasing you, girl! Jeezums!” Kit rolled her eyes.

“Oh.”

“Look, let’s forget that, OK? I want to know all about you and don’t you even dare leave anything out. If you do and I find out, I’ll skin your panties down and blister that fat ass of yours to a fond-fare-thee-well!” Kit threatened.

“Sheriff Pussy Carson! You take that right back! I do not have a fat ass and you danged well know it!” Lexi exclaimed angrily.

Kit grinned. ‘Ah ha!’ she thought, ‘nary a word about getting that ass whipped!’

“You gotta admit that it’s nice and round and I bet it’s soft to the touch too!” she said aloud.

“Sheriff Pussy,” Lexi gasped, “are you hitting on me, ‘cause if you are...”

“What if I am?” Kit demanded. “I just want to be friends with you because you are so much like Terry and I miss him terribly.” She allowed a stray crocodile tear to trickle from her eye, wiping it away with seeming anger.

“Just so we’re clear on where we stand with one another, OK?”

Kit nodded. “OK.”

There followed a long, awkward silence while they sipped their espressos.

Tonio chose that moment to come around. “Well, ladies, how was everything?”

They assured the man that the meal had been delicious and when he presented the bill, Kit handed him her credit card, saying, “Add five bucks for Giuseppe, he more than earned it tonight!”

“Certainly, Sheriff,” he agreed with a wide smile. “Good evening, Ladies.” He bowed quickly and a surprised Lexi almost curtsied in response.

Kit noticed and she grinned knowingly. ‘This girl has been well trained!’

“I think we’d better get home,” Lexi warned.

Then they were outside and Kit, loathe to allow Lexi to escape into the night, asked, “I know a nice little intimate club over in River’s Edge where we could have a quiet drink, dance some more, and you can tell me all about yourself. OK?”

“Well, it is Friday and I’m off until Monday, so I guess it will be all right,” Lexi acceded reluctantly.

Kit opened the car door and watched avidly as Lexi showed more thigh than she should have getting in, twisted around and buckled in, her feet still not reaching all the way to the floorboards! Kit checked her seat belt, taking plenty of time to assure herself that Lexi was secured safely.

Lexi just looked at her quizzically. “Pussy...” she murmured, her brows arched warningly.

“Just making sure you’re buckled in securely, little girl!” she grinned at the blushing girl. “Wouldn’t want anything happening to harm my favorite Alexandria!”

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TWO

It was a thirty minute drive to River's Edge before Kit pulled into a parking spot in front of a building with a flashing neon sign that proclaimed, *All's Pink!* Lexi immediately recognized it as a gay bar and she thought about demanding that Kit take her straight home, but then she thought, 'Oh, what's the harm?'

It *was* a gay bar and she gazed around with veiled eyes, noticing same-sex couples dancing and sitting intimately at most tables.

The bouncer came rushing up. "Sheriff Carson!" she exclaimed. "Is this a raid?" she demanded worriedly.

"Calm yourself, Maisie, I'm here incognito. Besides, if you're on the up-and-up, you have no fears from my department."

"Oh, I never meant anything like that!" the woman hastened to assure her. She turned to an obvious boy in a maid's dress. "You! Show these people to the special table reserved for our very special guests!"

The boy curtseyed politely. "Yes, Miss Maisie, at once!" He turned to Kit and Lexi, saying, "Walk this way, please," and off he went, his hips swaying seductively.

"If I could walk that way," Kit began.

"Yeah, you wouldn't need the talcum!" Lexi finished. "I've heard it before!"

Kit giggled. "Bears repeating, my girl," she snorted.

"You are incorrigible!" Lexi snapped.

"Yeah, but I'm a barrel of fun!" Kit exclaimed brightly.

"Yeah, of monkeys!" Lexi snapped.

“I’m better’n any monkey you ever knew!” Kit retorted.

Once more, Kit was determined to have the last word.

“Here we are,” the “waitress” interrupted. “Will you have drinks?”

“Yeah, I’ll have a whiskey sour and give the lady what she wishes.”

“Ma’am?” he turned to Lexi.

“I’ll have a tall glass of lemonade with a twist of orange peel,” she ordered.

He bowed. “I shall return.” And he disappeared.

“OK, Doug,” Kit got in before he left.

“Who?” Lexi asked, puzzled.

“General Douglas MacArthur when he left the Philippines during the last World War. As he left he told the Filipinos, ‘I shall return,’ and he did.”

“Oh.” Lexi stopped there because she didn’t want a history lesson.

The boy reappeared with a small tray and served their drinks. “If you require anything else, just snap your fingers and I’ll be right over.”

Kit tasted her drink. “Ah, good Kentucky whiskey!” She took a long swallow, turned to Lexi. “Shall we dance, beautiful lady?” she asked.

“I’d be delighted!” Lexi exclaimed.

“That’s what the lightning bug said when it backed into the electric fan,” Kit quipped, unable to help herself.

“One more lousy pun and you can take me straight home!” Lexi threatened.

Kit stood, held out her hand. “Shall we dance instead?”

Lexi melted into Kit's encircling arms and relaxed, lying her head against the proud swell of Kit's breasts, enjoying the feeling of peace and contentment and safety that she felt in this woman's arms.

Lexi sighed happily and followed Kit's lead, her heels barely touching the floor as she lost herself in the music and the wonder of this intimate fulfillment.

Kit cuddled the blonde head against her chest and wondered how she was ever going to contain her growing emotional feelings for this tiny woman!

Several drinks and dances later, Lexi excused herself to go to the lady's and once inside, she found herself being attacked by a butch demanding a kiss! Lexi was petrified and tried to escape, to no avail. Then, salvation!

A big hand descended on the butch's shoulder and an authoritative voice asked, "Whas'sup, bitch?" It was Kit and she was angry.

"Hunh?" came the surprised answer. "Get outta mah fuckin' face, cunt," the other woman snapped angrily. "Ah saw'er first! So, take a hike, Mike!"

Kit smiled. "You don't understand. That's my bitch, so get'cher hands offer!"

The woman turned, obviously itching for a fight. "Ah'll get..." and her voice trailed off as she gazed straight at Kit's breasts and the gold shield before raising her eyes upwards.

"Yes?" Kit drawled.

"Sorry, man," she mumbled and almost ran from the room.

"Thank you," Lexi whispered. "I was never so scared in my life!"

Kit grinned. "See? It pays to be with someone with enough clout to take care of her property!"

"I am not your property!" Lexi blurted.

“Well, fortunately for you that butch believed you were,” Kit explained. “Now, you done here?”

Lexi nodded.

“Good. I’m sorry, I was wrong to bring you here.”

“No, I wanted to come, Pussy, it’s my fault,” Lexi spoke in defense of herself.

“OK, but let’s blow this joint anyway,” Kit insisted.

“OK,” Lexi agreed quickly. She was still shaking with fright and she clung to the larger woman with a tenacious grip as they left hurriedly.

Kit saw Lexi trembling and once in the car with the heater blowing its warm air across them, she held the smaller woman in her arms, soothing her fears, wiping her hot tears away gently, kissing her blondeness and murmuring softly, “It’s all right, little one, you’re safe now.”

In time, Lexi stopped trembling and lay quietly in the encircling arms, her cheek resting against the warm bulge of feminine breast. Finally she sighed with contentment.

“Feel better now?” Kit asked, her lips caressing the top of Lexi’s head.

Lexi moved her head against Kit’s breasts, loathe to break the spell.

“Yes, I do. Thank you, Pussy,” she replied.

Kit made no move to let Lexi go and Lexi relaxed, sighing happily.

Finally, Lexi looked up and smiled, “This is all cozy and all, but I do think you’d better take me back to the station house so I can get my car and go on home.” She sighed. “It has been nice though, I have to admit.”

“Well, we could do it again tomorrow. What’s to stop us?” Kit laughed. “Er, make that tonight as it’s early in the A of M, don’cha know?” she added.

Lexi looked up. "Pussy, if I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to hit on me again!" She smiled wistfully.

Kit blushed. "Yeah, I guess I am," she admitted. "But, do you care?"

Lexi shook her head. "Not really," she whispered, "I find it kind of nice after all the disappointment I've... I've..." her voice caught on a stifled sob.

"OK," Kit broke in, "let's get you back to your vehicle afore I get carried away and do something stupid!" she blustered as she started the car and drove back to the station house where she watched as the little blonde slid out.

"So, is it a date for tonight?" Kit asked hopefully.

Lexi smiled happily. "Oh, yes! I thought we had already decided that!"

Kit smiled in relief. "Where should I pick you up?"

"Right here as I have some work to finish up. Is that OK?"

Kit nodded. "Sure." 'Why's she being so secretive about where she lives?' she thought absently. 'Her business, I suppose.'

Lexi struggled with the door of a too-big-for-her auto before managing to get the door open and climb in.

Something stung Kit's eyes as the car drove off and she shook her head to clear them before driving slowly home herself.

As she parked behind the apartment house where she lived, she made a vow to herself, 'Your Pussy *will* date you again, little girl, and date you often, and you're gonna learn to love it!'

Just the thought of Lexi melting in her arms while she made passionate love to her was more than Kit could stand and as a wave of pure passion swept through her, she shuddered with the ferocity of her mental orgasm!

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THREE

Over the next few weeks, Kit courted the young A.D.A. without Lexi being aware of her intentions, or so Kit thought! Actually, Lexi liked Kit's attentions and went out of her way to tease the older woman with tantalizing glimpses of nylon encased thigh or a flash of panty-covered crotch at "inopportune" times.

For her part, Kit loved the teasing as it reminded her of the way Terry used to tease her when he was in drag and undercover.

If anyone in the department saw anything, they kept it to themselves, more in fearing the Chief's wrath than anything else.

Kit's playful caresses escalated and she was quite blatant in her intentions to get into Lexi's panties by hook or crook!

But, instead of discouraging Kit's caresses, Lexi seemed to wriggle her cute little butt right under Kit's nose as if inviting those secretive caresses!

Kit discovered that Lexi's car might have been too big for her to drive normally, but was easily managed by the hand controlled panel for a "handicapped" driver. She laughed at the idea of Lexi being "handicapped" in any manner!

Lexi explained how she had come into possession of it. As a law student, she had taken part in an estate probation class and the car had been part of the estate. At the auction to dispose of the property, Lexi had a chance to drive the car and had found it perfect for her. The late owner had been a very short man and he had invested many thousands of dollars in the big car to make it drivable by him. Lexi thought it would go for much more than she could afford, but she attended the auction as part of her legal training.

To her surprise, the auctioneer started bidding at \$5000 and found no takers. He dropped the asking price to \$4000 with the same result. No one bid at

\$3000, nor \$2000, and in frustration, he asked if anyone would bid \$1000 for the car.

Hesitantly, sure someone would quickly outbid her, she raised her hand. "One Thousand!" she called.

Without hesitation, the auctioneer banged his gavel on the table. "Sold to the brave little blonde in the second row! Folks, this was the bargain of the day!"

Disbelieving of her luck, Lexi had quickly paid for her new possession, then left with it, driving off confidently.

There had been no problem registering it or insuring it and it was obvious that she took great pride in her acquisition!

Kit just smiled at Lexi's enthusiasm when discussing her car.

There followed several get acquainted dates in which Kit took Lexi to dinner at several different restaurants, to a couple of movies, dancing, long drives, even a picnic. The more time she spent with Lexi, the deeper and deeper became the feelings she had for the diminutive blonde who gladdened her heart and gave her a reason to get out of bed every morning!

It was the fourth date before she got suspicious and tried to find out where Lexi actually lived. Kit was not especially fond of picking her up at the station house every time, but Lexi had continued to be elusive.

Finally, Kit shrugged. 'It's her business.'

For Lexi's part, she welcomed her Pussy's attentions and went out of her way to encourage them, gradually allowing Kit more and more freedom of intimacy, except for one thing. She made it quite clear that her panties were off limits to Kit while Kit's mons was always fair game!

"T'ain't fair!" Kit groused on more than one occasion when Lexi had taken her by surprise, causing

her to gasp as the sharp pangs of arousal stung her gushing gash!

Lexi merely smiled sweetly. “Something wrong, Pussy?” she drawled teasingly.

“Them damned fingers of yours!” Kit gasped.

“Oh? You mean this?” and her fingers cupped Kit between the legs, squeezing possessively.

Kit jumped. “Yeesss!” she hissed.

“Want me to stop?” Lexi asked, honey dripping from her pouting lips.

“Oh, God, no!” Kit managed with a soft squeal of pleasure.

“Well, then,” Lexi cooed as she squeezed again. “Mmmmm, nice Pussy!”

Kit said nothing.

Fortunately, Kit had arrived at their destination and she parked at some distance from the front door.

“Oh?” Lexi teased. “You expect me to walk?”

“I could carry you,” Kit offered, half hoping Lexi would consent.

“I can manage that far, I suppose,” Lexi replied.

“I’d be honored if you’d let me carry you, Your Majesty,” Kit repeated.

“Your Majesty?” Lexi giggled. “I like that, Pussy.”

“Then I should carry you?” Kit asked anew.

“Piggy back?” Lexi teased.

“If you wish,” Kit agreed.

“I should have a saddle and you should be bridled and I should have spurs on my boots or I could always hitch you to a pony cart...” Lexi mused.

Kit caught her breath at the sudden mental image of her naked, harnessed and bridled and hitched to a cart with Lexi holding her reins, her whip at the ready and she flushed with excitement and longing.

Kit got out, walked around, opened Lexi's door, "Ready?"

Lexi held her arms up and as Kit lifted her, she slid her arms around Kit's neck and held on tight.

"Ooh, you're so strong, my Pussy!" she whispered, blowing gently into Kit's ear. Kit was so surprised that she almost dropped her precious burden onto the pavement but she managed to negotiate the few feet to the front door without dropping Lexi and she set her down. "There, safe and sound," Kit announced, her voice hoarse with excitement.

Lexi sighed. "Oh, that was so great! We'll have to do that more often!"

Kit half-bowed. "Always at your pleasure, Your Majesty!"

Lexi patted Kit's unsuspecting mons affectionately. "Nice Pussy!" she praised.

Kit swallowed nervously, opened the door and allowed Lexi to precede her inside where they were met by the bouncer.

"Good evening, Ladies," Maisie greeted.

"Hi, Maisie," Lexi smiled at the huge female. "How are you tonight? You are looking exceptionally well."

The woman blushed with pleasure. "Fine as frog's hair, Miss Lexi," she quipped. "Shall I alert Miss Josephine to wait on you?"

Lexi nodded, obviously in charge of the situation. "That would be oh, so kind of you," Lexi praised with a soft smile.

Maisie bowed, took Lexi's hand in hers, raised it to her lips and kissed it in the Continental style. "My pleasure, dear Lady," Maisie whispered, embarrassed.

She led them to a table in the rear, held the chair while Lexi sat, then snapped her fingers imperiously. "Josephine?" she raised her voice slightly.

Immediately, the boy in his usual waitress' uniform, appeared. "Miss?" he too directed his attentions exclusively to Lexi.

She smiled at him. "The usual for me." She turned to Kit. "Pussy?" she asked, a mischievous grin wreathing her parted lips.

Kit colored at Lexi's use of their private pet name, but managed, "A whiskey sour with a twist of orange peel, please."

Josephine curtseyed. To Lexi, "At once, Miss." And he was gone.

"Enjoy yourselves, ladies," Maisie grinned at Kit.

Behind Lexi's back, Kit mouthed, 'You cunt!'

Maisie just smiled, nodded, mouthed, 'Ditto!' and moved off.

"Shall we dance, Pussy?" Lexi asked innocently.

Kit looked down at her companion, taking in the red satin mini-dress that fit her smallish breasts closely, down to her astonishingly narrow waist, down to the flaring hips below, down the nylon-encased legs to the tiny feet poised atop her red fuck-me pumps with their five-inch high heels, perching Lexi on the tips of her toes.

Once more, Kit caught her breath at the very thought of holding Lexi in her arms!

She knew she had fallen in love with this girl, but she didn't have the faintest idea of how Lexi felt about her. Oh, she knew Lexi "liked" her, but was that all?

She spun Lexi around, enjoying the sight of her small breasts jiggling with all her movement. Once, she recalled, she had spun Lexi so hard that it had caused them to pop right out of the top of Lexi's dress, much to her muffled embarrassment.

“Stop that right now, you big ape!” she had hissed angrily. “I know you did that deliberately!” she accused.

“It was an accident,” Kit had teased her.

“Bull!” Lexi retorted. “If all you want to do is show my rack to everyone, let’s sit down and remove temptation from your evil mind!”

Angrily, Lexi had restored her dignity.

“I’m sorry,” Kit replied, tongue in cheek.

Reluctantly, Lexi had continued dancing, but Kit had been careful not to expose her date again!

Much later they sat in Kit’s car, talking and making out, well, as much as Lexi would allow Kit. Still, kissing Lexi was better than not kissing Lexi and having Lexi’s tiny hands exploring her body felt so damned good!

Still, Kit could sense a certain reserve on Lexi’s part, a reserve that kept her at arm’s length in spite of her carefully executed scheme to win the girl over to her side.

After one particularly passionate exchange, Lexi sighed and lay her head against Kit’s heaving breasts.

“Oh, I could lie here forever!” she exclaimed softly.

“Works for me, Lexi,” Kit replied. “Why don’t we just move in together?”

“What? And wreck all the mystery?” Lexi asked, lips twitching in amusement.

“I just want you to be happy,” Kit whispered fervently.

“Good.” Lexi straightened up and adjusted her mussed clothing. “That’s enough slap and tickle for tonight. “Please, take me home, Pussy,” she ordered.

“But I don’t even know where you live,” Kit admitted.

“262 Season Heights, apartment 3-C,” Lexi informed her.

“262? Season Heights? Apartment 3-C?” Kit croaked in disbelief.

“Funny,” Lexi quipped, “I thought I just said that.”

“Why...why...that’s...that’s where...where I live!” Kit got out finally. “Only I’m in apartment 3-G, the penthouse on the top floor.”

Lexi giggled happily. “I know.”

“You know?”

“Sure, it’s an attorney’s job to know these things,” Lexi teased.

“And I’ll bet it wasn’t Old Horse’s Ass’s decision to send you to my department either, was it?” Kit demanded, a light dawning.

“It has sure taken you long enough to figure it out,” Lexi laughed with delight. “I thought you were much swifter than that!”

“Well, I be sheep dipped!” Kit snorted.

“Tarred and feathered even!” Lexi added, laughing harder than ever.

“I take it back!” Kit declared to the Heavens. “I didn’t create this golem, she was already a scheming golem long before I knew her!”

“Indeed,” Lexi laughed. “Now, enlightened one, take me home, please? And, no, you cannot come up for a nightcap before bedtime! It’s too early for such intimacy!”

“Mein Gott!” Kit moaned. “Mit principles yet! Where did I go wrong?” she asked, her eyes going Heavenward.

“You’ll live,” Lexi giggled. “Now, take me home! Ah’s tarred and ah wan’s tuh go tuh bed,” then amended, “Alone!”

“You know it’s only going to be a matter of time before I get into your pants!” Kit leered suggestively.

“The joke’s on you, Buster,” Lexi giggled. “I don’t ever wear pants! Now, I have been known to wear panties occasionally, but pants, never!”

“You *are* an out-of-work comedienne!” Kit lamented.

“So, sue me!”

“How much you got?”

“Seventy-leven cents and a subway token.”

“T’ain’t worth the trouble!”

“Take me home.”

“Nag! Nag! Naq! Crissakes, yer worser’n a wife!” Kit grouched.

But Kit started the car up, put it in gear and drove off.

Lexi snuggled up close to Kit for the ride home, letting her fingers lightly caress Kit’s thigh with an occasional caress across Kit’s bulging mons, almost causing her to lose control of her car at least twice.

“Watch it there, girlie!” Kit hissed in warning.

“Ooh, can’t Pussy take it?” Lexi teased, giving Kit another quick caress on her unsuspecting mons before squeezing possessively.

Kit moaned but made no further comment.

She breathed a sigh of relief when they arrived and the teasing fingers left to be replaced by a strange wanting...

Lexi opened the door and was about to exit before Kit could get around to help. “You’re in a hurry, dear girl,” Kit scolded fondly. “What’s yer rush?”

“I told you, I’m very tired and I just want to go to bed and sleep...alone!” she emphasized.

“Not even a good night kiss?” Kit wheedled.

Lexi put her finger under her chin, cocked her head in thought. “Promise to behave yourself?” she asked.

Kit nodded. “Cross my heart and hope to die!” she vowed.

“That much, eh?” she giggled. She reached out and took Kit’s hand. “Lead on, M^CCarson!” she announced imperially.

Kit bowed over her hand. “Your servant, Your Majesty!”

Lexi allowed Kit to escort her to the third floor and even allowed her to unlock and open her apartment door for her. But when Kit tried to enter, she stopped her short.

“No, siree, Buster! You know the rules. No tickie, no laundlie!”

“But Lexi,” Kit started to complain.

And the door closed in her face.

“Well I be a sum-na-bitch!” Kit muttered in frustration. Fuming, she returned to the elevator and went up to her penthouse.

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FOUR

The mystery of where Lexi lived having solved itself, Kit settled down to some serious courting, plying Lexi with candy, flowers, flattery, dinners, theater, dances, everything she could think of to ingratiate herself into the girl’s life, but seemingly all to no avail.

Lexi remained aloof and distant, and outwardly impervious to Kit’s scheming wiles. Inwardly, however, Lexi was anything but serene. She tried to dissuade Kit’s attentions by her indifferent attitude, but

that only made Kit try all the harder to win the girl's affections!

And in spite of her fervent resistance against such a thing happening, Lexi found herself more and more drawn to her Pussy. It seemed that the more she fought against it, she was falling more and more under the bigger woman's romantic spell, and worse, actively seeking Kit's approval and attentions!

Before many days had passed, Lexi realized that she had become addicted to Kit's presence in her life and the thought of Kit not being there gave her such a feeling of dread as to be unthinkable and to be avoided at any cost!

Their "dates," pure vanilla at first, soon became intimate occasions in which Lexi found herself less and less inclined to resist Kit's aggressive advances.

Lexi allowed Kit to have liberties with her body, up to a certain point, but no further! The one exception to Kit's exploring hands and fingers was Lexi's crotch area, and she broached no attempt to explore there!

Which was puzzling to Kit but as she was so enamored of Lexi that it hurt when she was parted from her, she honored this one forbidden caress, reluctantly, to be sure, but honor it she did on pain of losing the gains she had made!

While Lexi reserved her last frontier without reservation, the same was not true of Kit's bountiful charms! Kit eagerly gave of herself with no reservations whatsoever, and Lexi seemed to take blatant advantage of her willingness to be used!

Lexi's favorite tease was to pat-caress or squeeze Kit's bulging mons at any and all times, especially if Kit was unsuspecting and vulnerable. Lexi loved to hear Kit's involuntary gasp of surprise and the way her hips jutted forward with thighs spread wide to facilitate Lexi's caress more than welcome attentions!

No matter how many times Lexi teased her so wantonly, Kit never refused to be appreciative, no matter how much she would blush. In time, Kit unconsciously invited Lexi's impromptu caresses and actu-

ally felt mistreated if Lexi failed to take advantage of an obvious opportunity!

From an occasional date, they soon found themselves seeing each other two or three times a week which eventually led to an every night situation, which suited Kit and gave Lexi pause as she realized just how far she had fallen for Kit.

Yet, for all the access she had to Kit's body, she still tensed every time Kit would approach the crotch of her panties. At the first sign of resistance on Lexi's part, Kit would move away, usually around to caress and squeeze Lexi's round, plump bottom cheeks or up to cup a tiny breast or to caress the girl's soft cheek and then kiss her sweetly.

Once Lexi had relaxed, Kit's inquisitive fingers would wander...

It was after they had been dating for three or four months when their relationship escalated dramatically!

They had been to dinner at Tonio's, had danced at Pink, and were parked on a hilltop overlooking the city below.

Kit kissed Lexi, holding the blonde head tightly against her breasts, caressing the hair from Lexi's brow while her other hand caressed a nyloned thigh while she kissed the top of Lexi's head.

Kit never knew how it happened, but her jacket, blouse and bra came undone and Lexi's soft, hungry lips had engulfed a stiffened nipple and was nursing greedily!

"Oh, God, Lexi, yes! Oh, my darling girl, yes! Yes!" At that moment in time, Kit sensed one thing, she regretted that she could not produce milk for her starving baby!

Lexi continued to nurse steadily for many long minutes, contented in a manner she had seldom felt. Kit cooed softly to her, her finger popping the nipple in and out of the girl's sucking lips and giggling happily.

“Bite them!” she whispered hoarsely. “Chew them!”

A thrill went through her as Lexi automatically began to bite and chew the hard nubbins, exciting both of them in an unexplained fashion.

When Lexi finally stopped nursing and lay her head against Kit’s still naked breasts, Kit felt a momentary feeling of loss, but when Lexi made no move to leave her newfound sanctuary, Kit relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of deep contented pleasure that washed her trembling body with its intensity.

“Oh, Lexi,” she whispered. “I have missed Terry nursing for so long! Thank you for being so thoughtful!” she praised.

“I never did that before,” Lexi whispered, her voice heavy with embarrassment. “But it felt so good...so right. I...I never wanted it to end!” she admitted.

“Lexi, my sweet, any time you want to suck and bite and chew on my nips, just say the word and my bra comes off for you!” Kit exclaimed fervently.

Blushing rosily, Lexi replied, “I think I’d like that.”

Again kissing the top of the blonde head, Kit whispered, “Any time. They belong to you now! I may be carrying them around, but they are the exclusive property of Miss Alexandria Barrett, forever and ever!” she averred.

“I am honored, Miss Kitty!” Lexi teased.

“You’re not so bad yourself, little girl!”

“I think we’d better get home,” Lexi warned, trying to change the subject.

“And spoil what we’ve discovered?” Kit asked in mock horror.

Lexi giggled. “What have we discovered? That I love sucking a girl’s nips? You’re just lucky I didn’t draw blood when I bit and chewed them! I’m not a vampire you know, at least not yet,” Lexi whispered throatily.

“It ain’t too late to change your mind, little girl,” Kit whispered hopefully.

Lexi giggled. “You’re too eager! Later, my dear Pussy...cat! We’ve got plenty of time to get better acquainted in future.”

“I warn you, Lexi,” Kit replied seriously, “I fully intend to make love to you at some point. If that makes me a Lesbian, then so be it! I cold fall in love with you at the drop of a hat! In fact, I think that I may have already fallen!”

“It takes two to tangle,” Lexi grinned.

“I thought that was tango?” Kit questioned.

“Indeed,” Lexi laughed. “Now, enlightened one, take me home, please? And, no, you cannot come in for a cuppa before bedtime! It’s too early for such intimacy!”

“Mein Gott!” Kit moaned. “Mit principles yet! Where did I go wrong?” she asked, her eyes going Heavenward.

“You’ll live,” Lexi giggled. “Now, take me home! I’se tarred and I wants tuh go tuh bed. . . alone!” she amended.

Lexi snuggled up close to Kit for the ride home, letting her fingers lightly stroke Kit’s thigh with an occasional caress across Kit’s bulging mons, almost causing her to lose control of the car.

“Watch it there, girlie!” Kit hissed in warning.

“Ooh, can’t Pussy take it?” Lexi teased, giving Kit another quick caress on her unsuspecting mons before squeezing possessively.

Kit moaned but made no further comment.

She breathed a sigh of relief when they arrived and the teasing fingers left, only to be replaced by a strange feeling of loss. . .

Kit escorted Lexi to her door and even unlocked it for her, but when she tried to go in ahead of Lexi, that

girl stopped her. "No way, Buster! Like I told you in the car, we've done enough slap and tickle for tonight and I intend to hit the rack. I am tired, Pussy!" she wheedled.

"Spoil sport," Kit groused with a smile.

Lexi leaned up and kissed Kit quickly, her hand slipping between the woman's legs to cup, squeeze and caress her unsuspecting mons possessively.

"That'll have to keep you for tonight," Lexi teased and closed the door in Kit's surprised face.

"Well I be damned!" Kit muttered. "She really meant it!"

Grumbling to herself, she returned to the elevator, pushed the button for the penthouse and went home herself.

For Kit it was a long night.

As for Lexi, she slept like a baby!

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FIVE

Several weeks passed and Kit was no nearer to bedding Lexi than she had been at the start! But frustrating as this was, she took real pleasure in squiring the diminutive blonde to intimate rendezvous where she could press for greater intimacy, only to have Lexi skillfully divert her attentions by the simplest of measures. A quick caress or pat or squeeze to Kit's vulnerable mons brought the larger woman to her knees, so to speak.

Lexi never seemed to notice the longing in Kit's eyes nor the insinuation behind her honeyed words and this infuriated Kit leading her to greater and greater effort to win Lexi's love and trust.

Then came the night when all was revealed and Kit learned the reason behind Lexi's reluctance to sleep with her.

It happened one evening when they had been dancing at a gay club and Lexi had imbibed one too many brandy Alexanders, becoming quite tipsy, a first for her!

When Kit took her home, Lexi was more aggressive towards Kit's mons than ever, her possessive fingers sliding under Kit's trousers, into her panties, to caress and stroke the heated lips insinuatingly, one finger stroking her engorged clitoris while another inserted itself into her passage, teasing her unmercifully.

At Lexi's door, Kit unlocked it and stepped aside, thinking that once more Lexi would disappear. Instead, "Nightcap, big guy?" Lexi asked breathlessly.

Surprised, Kit followed Lexi inside, whereupon Lexi went into Kit's arms, her open lips blowing warm breath in Kit's face. "Well?" Lexi teased.

Kit bent and kissed the offered mouth hungrily. "Oh God, yes!"

Lexi, more under the influence than even she thought, had only meant to tease Kit outrageously, then send her on her way.

Except that it didn't turn out that way.

Before Lexi realized it, Kit had scooped her up in her strong arms and carried her into her bedroom where she lay her out gently. Her head reeling from the effects of too much alcohol, Lexi was unaware of Kit stripping and getting into the bed beside her.

All Lexi knew was that Kit was kissing her and caressing her and she was starting to become aroused. Soon, Kit had Lexi undressed down to her panties and bra and in a few more moments, the bra had disappeared to reveal Lexi's almost A-Cup breasts with a very excited nipple atop each luscious mound!

Crooning with pleasure, Kit began to kiss and tease-pull at Lexi's welcoming nips while her one hand was caressing the taut panty-covered tummy. Lexi's legs had fallen wide apart and Kit took advan-



tage of this by caressing what she thought would be the twin lips of a woman's sex, except that it wasn't!

Miss Alexandria Barrett, Esq., Assistant District Attorney, was *not* a Miss at all! Miss Alexandria Barrett, Esq., A.D.A. had a male sex toy hidden in her panties!

"I'll be damned!" Kit exploded. "So that's it? All these months you been living a lie? Making everyone believe you're a woman? Why, I oughta run you in for whatever it is you've been scamming!" she thundered.

Lexi, suddenly sober, realized what had happened and she was terrified. Once before she had been outed accidentally and the resulting bad experience had scarred her for life!

"I'm sorry," she whispered in a small voice. "I never meant for you to find out this way. I have wanted to tell you for so long, but couldn't get up the nerve!"

"So you let me find out this way?" Kit bellowed. "Why, I oughtta skin these panties off and blister that fat ass of yours royally!" she threatened.

"You're bigger than me," Lexi whispered.

'Was that a hint of hope?' Kit wondered.

"And I do not have a fat ass, Sheriff Carson, and you know it!" Lexi blazed angrily.

"You should have told me," Kit replied lamely.

"Why? So you could arrest me for impersonation?" she challenged.

"No, of course not!" Kit hastened to reassure her.

"Then why?"

"I told you, I was happily married to a male and now I know why I was so attracted to you. I told you, you remind me of Terry, only until now I never knew why you did!"

“Then, you aren’t angry?” Lexi asked unbelievably.

Kit shook her head. “No, I’m not angry. In fact, I’m glad!”

“You are?” Lexi shook her head. “But, why?”

“I have wondered all these months we’ve been dating why I was so attracted to you. At first I thought I had developed overt Lesbian tendencies and that scared the bejabbers out of me! You see, just because I act butch doesn’t mean that I am butch, if you catch my drift.”

Lexi nodded. “I think I get it.”

“Anyway, I was beginning to think I was losing it. Now I see that my first instincts were the right ones. I like small males. After all, Terry was barely your height too. Also, I like males who are effeminate and are feminine. Terry was never happier than when he was undercover as a teenaged girl and the girlier he was, the more I loved him. No, the more I loved *her!*”

“So, I transferred my love for Terry to you even though I did not know that that was what I was doing. Can you understand what I am trying to say here?” Kit pleaded.

Lexi nodded. “Yes, I understand perfectly. From the first time we met when I jammed your hand, I have loved you! I wanted to come out to you so many times, but never had the guts to do so. In a way, I’m sorry you had to find out the way you did. In another way, I’m happy about the way it happened.”

Kit kissed Lexi’s trembling lips tenderly. “I love you, Miss Alexandria Barrett!”

“And I love you, Sheriff Katherine Carson!” Lexi whispered throatily.

“I’m not a virgin,” Kit whispered in Lexi’s ear.

Lexi blushed. “I’ve never...”

“Not even once?” Kit was amazed.

“No, none of the girls I knew when I was a teen would have anything to do with a nerd who was small, shy, a non-jock and more interested in good grades than in dating and all,” she whispered, face red with shame.

“Foolish girls,” Kit replied gently. “I’d had snapped you up in a hot minute!”

“I love you Katherine Carson,” Lexi whispered.

“Yes, soon-to-be Mrs. Katherine Carson,” Kit responded with a leer.

“Mrs.?” Lexi’s eyes grew round with wonder.

“The wife is always a Mrs.,” Kit teased.

“Maybe I want to be the husband?” Lexi countered. “Then you would be Mrs. Barrett!” she giggled.

“Picture that!” Kit laughed. “Me? A bride? It is to laugh! Ha, ha!”

“Why not? You’d be a beautiful bride!” Lexi blurted.

“Baby girl, I could never look as beautiful in a wedding gown as the girl in my arms this very minute! Baby, you’ll have every swinging dick there hard as a rock, every one of them knowing that I’m her new owner!” she laughed.

“I told you once before, no one *owns* me!” Lexi flared.

Kit giggled. “You are so beautiful when you’re angry!” she teased.

“Well, I’m not! I belong to me, and don’t you ever forget that, Buster!”

Kit laughed. “OK, you’ve made your point. Now, we gonna fuck or what?”

Lexi looked up, startled. “What?”

“I thunked so. C’m’ere you little cunt!”

Lexi giggled. “Girl, are you ever in for a big surprise!”

Kit never expected the six-inch long pole of rock hard iron that she found hidden between Lexi’s legs.

But, she rose to the occasion. . .

So to speak.

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SIX

Kit was more nervous than she had ever been.

It was her and Lexi’s wedding day.

So what was the problem?

After all, she and Terry had gone through the same thing long ago.

But Lexi was different.

Where Terry had been the acknowledged husband, such would not be the case when Kit and Lexi set up housekeeping!

With Terry, Kit had worn the gown.

With Lexi, Lexi would wear the gown!

And Kit would not have wished it any other way!

Already she felt like the husband, had felt like the husband from the night Lexi had switched sides. Well, not really switching sides, more like affirming which side she was on and would stay on!

Kit felt overwhelmed at times with the love she felt for Lexi and the love that Lexi returned measure for measure and then some!

Kit sighed, then smiled to herself. ‘What if...’ she wondered, ‘what if they (the guests) knew that what they thought was a same-sex wedding was actually

completely heterosexual in nature? That would blow their little minds!' She giggled.

Lexi was much too convincing a woman to ever be anything but, except that Kit knew better after many sessions in bed in which she had discovered ecstasy far beyond her expectations! Lexi was a superb lover, totally unknowing and inexperienced at the beginning but who had learned rapidly how to bring joy to Kit's libido while stroking her own sexual fires to undreamed-of heights!

Today was just the affirmation of their love for one another with the exchanging of vows to bind one to the other in joyous celebration of their nuptials.

Kit waited impatiently at the altar, shifting unconsciously from foot to foot while she envisioned what was happening just beyond the closed doors into the vestibule.

There, Lexi was also nervous about going out that door and facing all those who thought this was a Lesbian wedding and going through with that charade as she pledged her troth to the woman she loved with all her heart.

The truth was that just because Lexi was a male in her white satin panties, for all practical purposes, he was she and always would be she! Because no matter how often she satisfied Kit's sexual appetite as a male, she never felt *male* while doing so. Miss Alexandria Barrett had been a Miss so long, she had forgotten how to be anything else, and truth be told, she never wanted to be anything else!

Like Kit, Lexi had been uncertain about her own sexual feelings, except Lexi had never been involved before Kit. When she had met Kit, she knew without any doubt that Kit was in her life for the long haul!

Sighing happily, she glanced down at her gown, the pure white satin glistening in the soft light. Her hands smoothed the bodice lovingly over her now almost B-Cups so firmly contained in the white satin bullet bra beneath her bodice.

As always, her nipples erected painfully when she brushed over them and an almost feral longing swept over her as she pictured Kit making love to them!

The gown was tightly-fitted on top, smoothing into her tightly corseted waist before flaring slightly over her satin panty-encased hips and down her nylon-clad legs to the white satin operas with their five-inch high heels that poised her on her tippy-toes, making walking hazardous. Thank God she would have her Father's arm to lean on while she hesitation marched down that long aisle to her doom!

Yes, Daddy and Mommy had been thrilled when they learned their only issue was going to be married and would, hopefully, give them the grandchildren they craved! Of all the guests, they were the only ones besides the bride and the groom who knew the truth of this so-called same-sex marriage!

And their lips were sealed!

Glancing at her Father nervously, he grinned reassuringly at her. "Now just relax, baby girl," he soothed. "Soon enough you'll be married to your Kit and it'll all be over!"

"Yeah," Lexi whispered. "Cept it ain't you getting married!"

Her Father laughed. "I remember when your Mother and I married, I was nervous as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, and look how we turned out. We got you!" he ended proudly.

"Aw, you're just saying that because it's true!" Lexi teased.

"You look absolutely beautiful, Lexi," he praised. "Even when you were just a little sprout, you looked better in a dress than you ever did in trousers! Now aren't you glad your Mother and I insisted that you take dance and piano and yes, even home economics in high school? I know you wound up being an attorney, but you're the best damned female attorney in the whole country and we are so proud of you!"

“And now look at you, marrying the Sheriff of the county! Quite a step up from being the daughter of a small town country mom-and-pop store owners!”

“I’ve never been ashamed of that,” Lexi hastened to reassure her Father. “You and Mom have been my heroes since I was a kid!”

He squeezed her arm gently. “You’re the best daughter we could ever have hoped for!” he averred, a stray tear trickling down his cheek.

Suddenly, the door opened before them and the sweet strains of Mendelssohn’s Wedding March filled the air.

Then, Lexi was hesitation marching down the aisle as she clung tightly to her Father’s supporting arm, one white satin-covered toe emerging from under the hem of her floor-length skirt one after the other until they stopped before the priest.

“Who giveth this woman for marriage to this woman?” he intoned piously.

“I do,” Mr. Barrett affirmed loudly, firmly, “*her* Father!” He placed Lexi’s hand in Kit’s reluctantly. “Take care of my little girl!” he intoned warningly.

“With my life!” Kit returned sotto voce.

“Dearly beloved,” the preacher began, “we are gathered here today to witness the joining of these two persons in the bonds of Holy matrimony. If there be anyone present who has reason to object to this union, let him or her speak now or forever after hold their peace!”

There came the sounds of creaking pews as people turned to look. But, the resulting silence gave its own answer.

Lexi shot a sidelong glance at Kit and noticed that her forehead was covered with beads of sweat and she wondered if her own were similarly adorned.

The preacher continued her litany, her lilting voice obviously in love with its own sonorous sound, the

words dripping from honeyed lips to fall on bored ears.

Then, “Do you, Ms Kathleen Louisa Carson, take this maiden, Miss Alexandria Court Barrett, to be your lawfully wedded wife, to honor her, to love her, to cherish her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, ‘til death do you part?” she intoned.

“I do!” Kit replied proudly.

“And do you, Miss Alexandria Court Barrett, take this woman, Ms Kathleen Louisa Carson, to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love her, to honor her, to obey her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, ‘til death do you part?” she demanded sharply.

“I do!” Lexi replied. “Oh, I most certainly do!”

The preacher grinned. “A simple, ‘I do,’ will suffice!” she teased.

Lexi blushed with embarrassment.

Soon enough they had exchanged rings with the appropriate vows and the preacher smiled. “Inasmuch as Kathleen and Alexandria have exchanged their solemn vows and rings thereof, by the power vested in me by our great State and She above, I do pronounce that they are husband and wife!” She snapped her Bible closed. “You may now kiss your bride,” she smiled at Kit.

Kit turned, folded Lexi’s veil back over her head, leaned down and kissed Lexi sweetly. “Hello, Mrs. Carson,” she whispered. “My dearest wife!”

Lexi beamed happily. “I love you, husband!”

Moments later they were in the vestibule, both shell shocked and filled with the wonder of belonging one to the other!

“Where are you kids going for your honeymoon? Lexi’s Mother asked.

Lexi grinned. “Well, we’ve both seen NYC, so we thought San Francisco would be a great alternative. It was either that or Cape Cod!”

“Too bad it’s not February and we could go to Mardi Gras in New Orleans!” Kit groused good-naturedly.

Lexi laughed. “Yeah, picture me turning you loose on all those innocent partygoers!” she glared daggers at Kit.

“Well, wherever you go, have fun, kids. Our prayers go with you wherever you are, you know that!” Lexi’s Mom added.

Lexi kissed her Mother fondly. “You’re the greatest, Mom,” she whispered.

“That’s what your Father says too!” she teased with a sly glance at Kit.

Lexi found herself blushing at this remark and had no idea why.

The music started a slow dance. Kit smiled at Lexi, “May I have this dance, Mrs. Carson?”

“This dance and every one after if you wish,” Lexi replied, batting her eyes coyly.

From Kit, Lexi danced with her Father, then her Mother who surprised her by taking the lead easily.

It was one dance after another until Lexi was out of breath and wishing her heels were anywhere but on her feet!

At last, her Mother shooed everyone out and they were alone. Mother kissed her exhausted daughter tenderly. “I love you, baby girl,” she whispered, her lips blowing warm breath into Lexi’s ear.

“Stop that, Mom,” Lexi teased, “else I’ll forget you’re my Mom!”

She looked at Lexi with a broad smile. “Who says I’d stop you?”

“Mother!” Lexi gasped. “You’re married!”

“I wasn’t always,” she grinned. “I kicked my heels up plenty when I was at University, believe you me! Well I remember...but that’s neither here nor there.

“I love you so much!” A quick kiss and Kit was holding her.

“Ready, baby girl?” she asked softly.

“For what?” Lexi smiled seductively.

“What’cha got in mind, girlie?”

“I sorta had some rest in mind. My feet are killing me!” Lexi complained.

“I kinda thought I’d take you somewhere and so help me, I’d rape you,” Kit smirked.

“So rape me and I’ll help you!” Lexi smiled evilly.

“Damn, you sure are different than when I first dated you,” Kit groused.

“Well, yeah, but we had this thing between us...” Lexi started to say.

Kit’s hand cupped Lexi right between the legs and grinned. “Yeah, we sure did, but it all came out in the end.”

“Are you trying to be funny, husband? If so, you can sleep on the couch tonight and forget about a piece uh my ass!” she threatened.

“Aw, you wouldn’t do that, would you, cupcake?” Kit asked worriedly.

“Try me! I can be a real cunt if I want to be!” Lexi snapped.

“Oh, Pussy’s got claws!” Kit grinned.

“I’m a tiger, and don’t you ever forget it!” Lexi whispered throatily.

“Let’s get out of here,” Kit replied hoarsely. “I want to fuck you so bad!”

“Oh dear, I do hope it’s not that *bad!*” Lexi replied with a mock horrified look on her face.

“You’re awful!” Kit giggled.

“Au contraire, mon amie, je suis magnifique!” Lexi retorted.

“Hunh?” Kit asked, puzzled.

“J’ai dit, ‘je suis magnifique!’” Lexi repeated.

Kit grabbed Lexi and kissed her fiercely. “Whatever you said, baby girl, I like it in spades!”

“Let’s blow this joint,” Lexi whispered in return.

“I know something else I wanna blow,” Kit retorted, a twinkle in her eye.

“You’re just spoiled, Ms Greedy Guts!”

“Yeah, you oughta know!”

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SEVEN

Lexi stretched her arms above her head being careful not to disturb the softly snoring woman beside her in the bed. Moving carefully, she hurried into the bath to relieve herself before going out onto the terrace to look out over the city spread out before her far below.

‘Ah,’ she thought as a delicious thrill swept over her, ‘I never knew Germany could be so nice! Why, they’re not cold at all! Au contraire, they’re warm-hearted and the ones we’ve met have been just wonderful!’

The early summer breeze ruffled her thin, pink nylon babydoll nightie playfully and she shivered with

remembered excitement how passionate Kit had been their first night. After a long overseas flight during which she had been frustrated at every attempt to corner her wife for a little affection, there had been the long taxi ride from the airport to the hotel and the frustration of Kit's not speaking German when they checked in just before dinner when the waiter had only spoken broken English. That frustrated Kit even more until Lexi had managed to convey their wishes and avoided an international incident!

Finally, behind closed doors, Kit had torn Lexi's clothes from her, threw her to the bed, fell on her, and *ravished* her!

Surprise! Surprise!

Lexi met Kit's rush with her own fully roused libido and it's academic as to whom ravished whom!

Needless to say, two very exhausted persons fell asleep, fully sated, locked in each other's arms, fully content to be where they were!

Sometime during the night, Lexi had roused long enough to change out of her traveling dress into her babydoll nightie and getting Kit down to her boxers before joining her husband again, asleep within seconds.

Suddenly, Lexi felt strong arms encircle her waist and demanding lips nibbling at her neck.

"Hey, beautiful," came a husky voice. "What'cha doing?"

"Hi, yourself, you gorgeous husband mine," Lexi replied, turning and offering her lips for a proper kiss.

"C'm'on back to bed!" Kit wheedled. "I wanna piece uh pussy!"

"Didn't you get enough last night?" Lexi teased with a soft smile.

"I could never get enough of you!" Kit averred quietly.

“You silver-tongued devil!” Lexi giggled as she followed Kit back inside.

It was a most satisfying experience, one Lexi would have often in the coming years. There comes a time when one must retire and leave the participants alone to live their lives as they wish, without scrutiny from outsiders led by this author.

I apologize to Alexandria and Katherine for this intimate intrusion into their private lives. To be fair, I changed the names to protect the innocent as well as the location and many preceding events to fit the story.

THE END