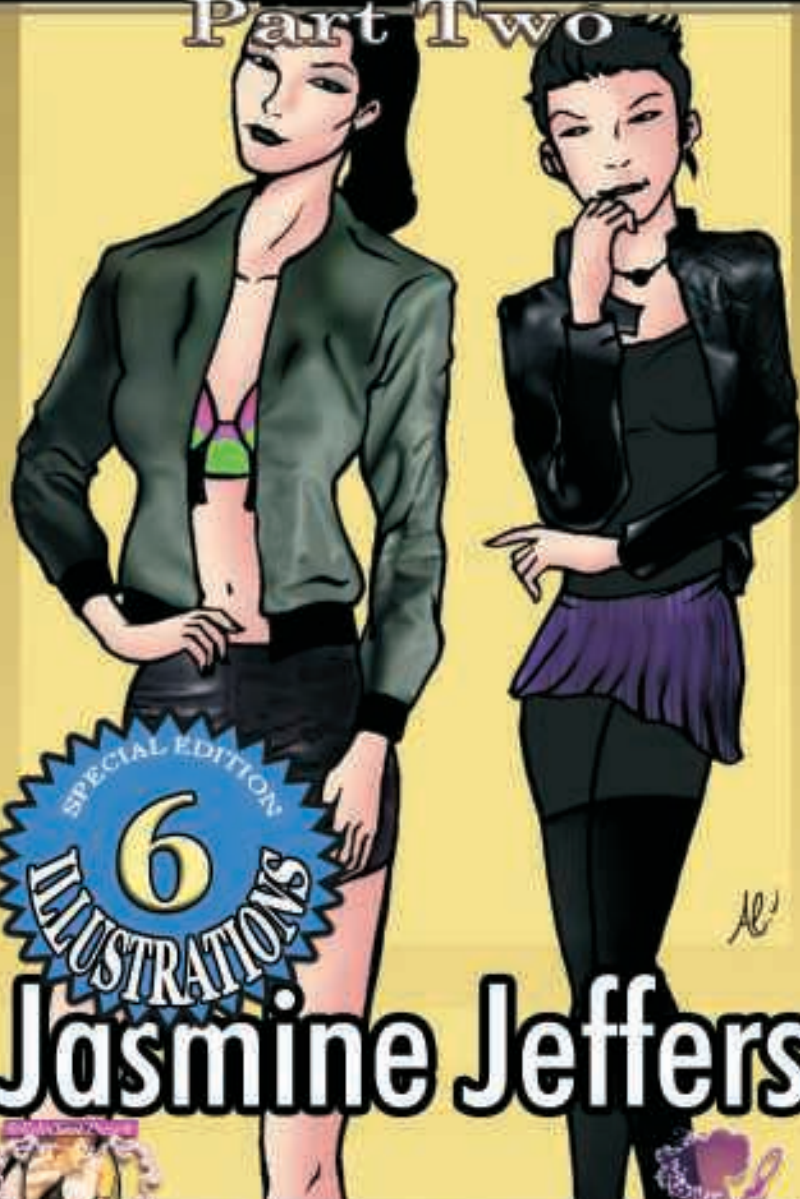


Undertow

Part Two



SPECIAL EDITION
6
ILLUSTRATIONS

Jasmine Jeffers



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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UNDERTOW

Part 2

by Jasmine Jeffers

CHAPTER ELEVEN: WAIST DEEP AND THE WATER IS RISING

“Here we are in ‘The Biggest Little City in the World’, CeCe!” exclaimed Greta as the train pulled to a stop in the heart of Reno, Nevada.

Brandon had observed the California landscape from a coach seat on the daylong journey. Brandon felt a flush of excitement at the abrupt change from the dark Nevada desert landscape to the neon lights of casinos, restaurants, and hotels. The train actually stopped traffic on a major thoroughfare. Its arrival was a daily event that caused tourists and locals alike to stop and gander at the latest candidates for wallet cleaning.

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A brief respite from the locomotion occurred the day before as the pair shopped and partied in San Francisco. After checking in at a South of Market motel, they visited a leather shop where CeCe was fitted in a black leather miniskirt and bomber jacket. A bus delivered them to Haight Street where Greta bought a bustier for CeCe at Piedmont Boutique. A rainbow of pink, purple, and green sequins topped with a row of black tassels dangled from beneath the brassiere.

Greta did not purchase breast prostheses until late in the afternoon. She seemed to delight in creating an androgynous look by keeping his make-up light, hair combed with a simple side part; legs were clad in black opaque tights and oxford styled Dr. Martens.

On Grant Street, Greta and CeCe entered the exclusive Fogal of Switzerland hosiery store. Several body stockings and thigh high styles were purchased, some suitable for the gym, others for the nightclub or boudoir.

Greta personally found three styles she adored. After dropping off their booty and freshening up at the room, Greta again cultivated the feminine side of CeCe's persona.

He was back in the new bustier with weighted, silicone, C cup inserts hidden inside. A shiny purple wrap around skirt with stand up pleats was fastened around his waist. The sexiest stockings he had ever worn, opaline Tête-à-tête thigh highs with black seams and heels caressed his legs which were perched upon black sling back heels. The leather jacket provided warmth on the windy, foggy evening and gave him a tough/pretty look.



They made their way to North Beach where they enjoyed a veal and pasta dinner at Little Joe's and then walked to Finocchio's for a show.

Brandon looked around nervously and found several men quickly averting their gaze from his table. It did not take him long to realize that some of the skimpily dressed, long legged waitresses were really men. Indeed, once the show began he realized the performers were all female impersonators. He relaxed as the show progressed, marveling at the costumes and illusions.

Afterwards, Greta asked to speak to the manager. A short, rotund, Italian man with a thick handlebar mustache wearing an expensive suit approached the table.

“I just want to tell you how much we enjoyed the show, sir, and wonder if you would grant my companion a special wish,” smiled Greta as she nodded toward CeCe.

“Thank you, and I shall definitely consider it,” replied the gentleman who winked at CeCe.

“CeCe is a cross dresser and very talented dancer on her way to Reno to search for a job in a casino show. She is a little shy, but wants to know how your performers go about hiding their equipment if you know what I mean. Do you think one of the performers might be able to take a few minutes and reveal some tricks of the trade?”

The blood drained from Brandon's face accenting the pink blush on his cheeks and his pink rose lips. He tried to form a smile but the corners of his mouth twitched with nervousness. He took a quick sip from his drink and looked down at the table.

“I am delighted to escort your coquettish companion backstage and to introduce her to some of the girls. She may even draw some jealous stares,” agreed the manager who bowed and extended a hand.

When CeCe accepted it, he bowed again and planted a kiss on the back of it as he pulled him to his feet.

“Madam, may I serve you a glass of wine on the house while CeCe is away?”

“Yes, thank you, you are very gracious.”

CeCe felt a fat hand at the small of his back pressing against the top of his rump. As he glided across the busy club, he heard Greta's lilting voice sing out: “Shake that little caboose, CeCe!”

Brandon learned several important techniques that night and left the club wearing a special gaff that would do it's job under the briefest of costumes.

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They piled their luggage and packages into a cab for the four block trip to Circus Circus where Greta had reserved a suite for three nights. Both travelers were tired and took separate showers.

CeCe was handed the emerald nightgown and nothing else. He gratefully climbed into a queen size bed in a room separate from Greta's.

On Sunday, they toured all the casinos and played many of the games at the second floor arcade of Circus Circus.

They spent a half hour at the Dazzling Tiara. Greta wanted to get an idea of the general layout. She asked CeCe to observe the employees — especially the waitresses and showgirls to see what they were wearing and where they went.

CeCe picked one girl who ferried free drinks to people playing the slot machines. She, like the others, wore a braided fall pinned to her head under a cute rhinestone tiara. A short, white, one piece serving dress trimmed in silver lurex rode high on her hips. A stiff over skirt was sewn on over the ruffled panty bottom. Silver tights with matching 4 inch heels completed the uniform. The low cut bodice had some kind of underwiring because the waitress' breasts pressed together and upward.

Brandon felt glad he was to be a dancer, because he had no desire for the constant exposure that this job required.

Greta considered Sunday their day off, and treated Brandon as an equal, to his considerable relief. He had dressed himself that morning and he didn't have to be told to slip into his nightgown that evening.

With Monday's dawn, he again waded into the edges of a swift current.

He put on the new gaff under his white panties. Then he donned a plain white bra and filled the cups with the new C-cup falsies. Greta handed him a short sleeved black t-shirt with the word Hollywood scrawled across the front in hot pink script. He shuddered at the oversized cleavage, and almost complained about the white Spandex biker shorts with lace trim. He slid his bare feet into the familiar red mules.

Brandon surmised something was up when Greta handed him a bottle of polish remover and had him clean the red enamel from his finger and toe nails. She finished dressing in blouse, slacks, and blazer. She handed him a small purse and announced that they were ready to leave.

“Wait! I haven't put on my make-up and earrings, and I must do something with my hair,” wailed Brandon in panic.

“Aw, does little CeCe feel naked without her make-up? Well, most women don't bother to put on make-up when they go to the beauty salon, so I don't know why you should. But if you insist, I want you to cake it on! That's right — heavy on the eye liner, mascara, foundation, blush, and lip gloss. Darken those eyebrows. Don't bother with the hair. C'mon, let's go.”

Fifteen minutes later Brandon sat waiting on a chair at Glamour Girl. Across the room, he could see but not hear an animated conversation between Greta and the proprietor. They were pointing at pictures in a fashion magazine.

All of a sudden the shop owner stopped dead at one of Greta's remarks and stared at Brandon for a long moment. Then she smiled and continued the conversation.

Finally, Greta strode across the room and addressed Brandon.

CeCe, I'm meeting with a Realtor today to search for a place to set up operations. Doris will be able to take you in one hour. I want you to cooperate fully. I'll meet you back at the room at 6:00. Here's the latest issue of Mirabella, have fun and enjoy your makeover!"

Greta left as two middle-aged matrons walked in and seated themselves across from CeCe. Five minutes later, Doris came over and handed him a pink nylon smock.

“Here, Sissy, I want you to go back to the bathroom, slip out of your shirt and shorts and put this on. There is some cold creme back there. Take off that hideous make-up. You are getting a facial, manicure, pedicure, and a new color job on your hair — Among other things. Run along.”

“My name is CeCe,” he said to Doris' back, as she had turned to greet the two women.

At 4:30, a very tired, embarrassed and transformed CeCe left the salon. He looked like a showgirl on her way to work. The white-blond, straight, silky hair curled forward along the base of his jaw. His ears glistened in the late afternoon sunlight. Each of his ears had been pierced six times, three rhinestone posts in each lobe and three more along the upper rim. Even his newly manicured nails sported a small rhinestone in the center of the ivory enamel. He stopped at a fast food restaurant and ate a taco and soft drink while trying to ignore the lustful stares of the men at surrounding tables.

He arrived at the room at 5:30 and examined himself in the mirror. Immediately, he felt pressure beneath the gaff, shocked to see that his own image aroused him. He turned away and examined the new make-up in CeCe's colors that Doris insisted he wear from now on.

“Great news,” said Greta as she stepped inside the door, “you will be happy to know I found the perfect office with adjoining apartment over in Sparks. It's really close to Bally's, too, so we will have a place to work out. Wow! You look fantastic. Anyway, it won't

be ready until next Saturday so we will have to move to a cheaper motel tomorrow. We might as well live it up until tomorrow. Get undressed and draw a nice bubble bath. I'll order some room service food later and we'll have a pamper party.”

CeCe was naked and about to step into the hot bath when a nude Greta pranced in.

“Don't you dare step in there, Sissy Darling,” admonished Greta, emphasizing the name, Sissy, “that is my bath and you shall bathe me, and shave me.”

“Please don't call me Sissy,” he whined, attempting to hide his growing penis. Her pendulous breasts and fur covered mound aroused him instantly.

She ignored his words and slipped under the aromatic suds.

“Well, face it, that is exactly what you are, now lather me with this beauty bar and keep your pretty lips together and smiling while you work.”

Brandon kept his mouth shut and his mind on his duty. His body pursued other drives. After he patted her dry and rubbed her body with glistening moisturizers, his cock stood at attention.

Greta appeared to condone it until he was ordered into the bath.

“But this water is lukewarm and filled with your hair,” his smart mouth betraying him .

“We are in the desert now and we must conserve water. Get on your hands and knees and open your mouth wide.”

Brandon's eyes were wide with fear as Greta picked up the bar of soap and lathered every inch of his body below his neck. Suddenly he felt the sudsy bar being jammed between his lips and teeth. Seconds later a slippery hand grasped his rigid penis and began to pump. Even worse, Greta's strong right hand began slapping his ass cheeks.

“Naughty, Sissy, my pretty trainee is so lacking in self control,” Greta intoned in a soft voice that grew with sharpness and intensity, “that his lips flap incessantly, and his disgusting wee-wee wags like a stupid puppy. Well, I have just the medicine for such behavior, you bad boy.”

The glycerin in the soap increased the sting of her swats, yet he felt the swift orgasm more that sent him shooting harmlessly into the bath water . A dozen more blows softened him and changed his focus.

“Turn over and sit on your hands, sissy. Look at me and listen closely.”

Tears streamed down his cheeks and thin rivulets of foam drived from the corners of his mouth.

Her forefingers and thumbs rolled and pulled on his defenseless nipples.

“I'm going to take that soap out of your mouth in a minute. I want you to begin to focus upon your little titties because they are going to be much more important than that shriveled worm between your legs. I'm going into the bedroom to change into something comfortable. We are going to have a special evening together. While I'm in there, I want you to sing out how much of a sissy you are, how sorry you are, and what special sissy names you want to be called. Begin.”

She ripped the soap from his teeth.

He sputtered and began his litany. He couldn't believe that words like Little Missy Sissy Tits and Precious Pantyboy emerged during that fifteen minute period. He was almost glad the bar went back between his teeth as she made him stand. She had mixed up a foul smelling preparation that she identified as bleach. He soon understood as she slathered it onto the only hair remaining beneath his head, the narrow triangle of his pubic mound. With his newly white/blonde locks, he simply had to match down below. The deed was done.

Greta handed him her used, damp towel.

He dried himself. Powder, perfume and moisturizers followed, the latter especially soothing on his reddened bottom. He emerged to find Greta standing beside the bed, looking fresh and sexy in a body stocking with an opaque black top and pale pink legs, seamed in black. She pointed to the items laid on the bed and told him to dress.

The sheer white opaline thigh highs and see-through white baby doll top with puffed shoulders slid on quickly. The darkened heel and seams of his stocking lit a spark in his crotch and he prayed he would not get hard again. He looked quizzically at the white satin ribbon, the only item that remained on the bed.

“Miss Klein, may I have the panty that goes with this top? All I see is this ribbon — is it to go in my hair?”

“In a way, it does,” smiled Greta, sitting on the edge of the bed. “You see, when we are alone from now on, you shall wear this lovely dolly ribbon. The fact that you so readily ask for women's panties af-

firms your sissy-hood but this will be a much more vivid reminder.”

Brandon blushed deeply as Greta deftly wrapped the ribbon around his scrotum and knotted it tightly at the base of his cock on top before crisscrossing the shaft several times. She finished off her handiwork by tying it in a precious bow just above the head. He was speechless.

Greta stood suddenly and planted her lips on his. Her tongue slipped between his teeth as her fingers tweaked his nipples through the thin fabric.

“Go freshen your make-up, Sissy Darling,” she purred, “room service will be here any minute with dinner.”

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Brandon became a rubbery rose petal that evening, caressed and manipulated at will. He knew that the room service man saw his bare bottom and stocking tops as he bent over the bed to fetch a tip from Greta's purse. He planted an “impulsive” kiss on the man's cheek as he pressed the \$5 into his palm.

Greta smiled as her previous order was so willingly carried out.

“Sissy, dear, come kneel on the love seat beside me,” invited Greta after dinner, “and look at the two books I found for us to enjoy. One is 'Showgirls through the Centuries,' and the other is the newest copy of F.M.I., Female Mimics International. It's billed as the 'magazine for men who want to dress as women'. It is so appropriate for a showgirl sissy slut like you.”

The constant visual stimulation, the exotic costumes, and the erotically charged atmosphere brought the helpless sissy to tumescence twice more that evening. Greta quickly remedied the situation both times by coolly emptying his sore tool into a pair of his panties. His bottom received a spanking for his lack of control each time as well.

“You won't even need a gaff for that shriveled sissy button,” she laughed as she ordered him into her bed that evening.

Exhausted, sleep engulfed him like a long foaming breaker rushing toward a sandy shore.

CHAPTER TWELVE: THE DANCING DETECTIVE

“Great news!” exclaimed Brandon as he rushed through the door of the nondescript storefront that Greta chose as an office/workshop.

Greta leaned over a fax machine, carefully studying the incoming transmission.

“Oh yeah? What's that?”

“I aced the audition at the Dazzling Tiara. The choreographer said I was as good as hired. The Personnel Director, Edith Rappaport still has to review my resume and videotape. but Miss Garcia said that that is just a formality.”

“All right, we are in, good work CeCe. I'm starting to get some important information from Sydney and Cassandra. You know the rules — go back to the apartment and make yourself presentable. I'll meet you there in 20 minutes and we'll share information.”

Brandon sighed and his shoulders slumped. His heels clicked against the tile floor as he unlocked the door to the adjoining apartment. Why did she insist on continuing her strange regimen? Hadn't he been on his best behavior for the past week?

He quickly undressed, removed make-up, shaved his face, reapplied make-up, and slipped into the lingerie. Today it consisted of taupe colored stockings, a lacy garter belt, and black patent pumps with 1 inch heels. That was it, except for the hated Sissy ribbon that Greta insisted on tying around his male member.

In the living room, he sank to his knees and sat back on his heels in front of her favorite easy chair. He arranged the satin ribbon neatly across his stocking tops. He hoped she would return before his legs went to sleep.

She came in about five minutes later with a stack of fax paper. She set the papers on an end table and then sat down to tie the ribbon as he shuddered and tried to place his mind on other things.

“Cassandra has been working with Sydney to give us a floor plan of the executive offices and their location in relation to the theater and the dormitory. Drexel has concentrated most of his security equipment around the casino so the offices should be relatively easy to penetrate. Cassandra has been asked to describe the door locks and the placement of any security guards. We will also need to know the location of file cabinets and their make and lock type. Let's take a look at this stuff and begin to formulate a plan.”

As she reached for the sheet on top the telephone rang.

“That's my line,” said CeCe who began to get to his feet.

Greta motioned to stay in place and told him not to answer until she gave him a signal.

She put a headset over her ears, turned on a reel to reel tape deck and sat down in her chair.

With a nod, CeCe picked up the receiver.

“Hello, CeCe Darling speaking,” answered Brandon in his slightly nasal brassy showgirl voice.

“Good afternoon, this is Edith Rappaport at the Dazzling Tiara. I am happy to inform you that we are prepared to offer you a position as dancer in our next Revue. Miss Garcia is so impressed with your abilities that she wants to make you the principal dancer or lead in several numbers.”

“Oh, that is so exciting, I just moved to town, don't know anybody and now I've got a job, this is so great...”

“Of course, you must understand,” Edith Rappaport cut in, “that we require you to live in our dormitory. We cater to a middle class, all American crowd so our dancers must reflect morals and behavior that conform to the best standards in our community. You will be able to save money and we will have a chance to steer you away from the wrong elements in Reno. After all, you have experience as, shall we say, an exotic dancer, so we need to feel assured that you will not influence our inexperienced girls in unacceptable ways.”

“That's fine, Miss Rappaport, don't worry — I have never been arrested. I just love to dance and to entertain,” asserted CeCe.

“There is one more thing,” continued the personnel director, “in reviewing your audition tape, I noticed something that I feel must be corrected before I can hire you.”

Brandon felt sweat beginning to bead on his forehead. He was sure he had the gaff positioned properly under the white jump stocking and black dance skirt he wore for the tryout.

She could not have guessed his true sex!

“You wear falsies, don't you? I find this odd for somebody in your profession. While we don't show nude dancing or even totally bare-breasted dancing, our girls do wear low-cut tops, semi-sheer body stockings, and occasionally at our late shows, pasties over their nipples. If you wear an A-cup brassiere without prostheses, I'm afraid we can't use you.

“However, if you would be willing to have breast implants, I can recommend a wonderful local surgeon. It is an in-office procedure these days and if you have it done within the next couple days, you should be healed up in time for rehearsal in two weeks.”

“B-b-breast implants? Golly, I, Hmmn,” sputtered Brandon suddenly flustered. Such a possibility had never occurred to him.

“I guess I would like to think about it. I've always managed to maintain an illusion without them by directing attention to my footwork. I need to feel that they are safe and everything, you've heard some of those terrible stories, I'm sure, so...”

“Yes, of course, you may think about it, but I am adamant that our dancers meet these criteria. Here's the doctor's name and number if you wish to speak with him. He is Lars Saugstad and his number is 555-4855. I will talk to other applicants and you can call me tomorrow afternoon with your decision. Good-by Miss Darling.”

Brandon slowly put the receiver in its cradle, his face pale in shock and fear. He looked up at Greta, who smiled broadly watching him carefully. A thousand thoughts converged on his consciousness. He remembered his first interview with Sydney, handsome and buffed, he was, in his tailored three piece

suit. An image of himself in the pink woman's suit at his first meeting with Greta replaced it.

Now, he had just concluded an interview with another assertive business woman, this time on his knees, completely sissified. She told him his job hinged on acquiring larger breasts. Could this be discrimination of some sort?

Wait. This is reality, his thoughts told him. Your career. Financial independence. Freedom. Choices.

His hands fluttered self consciously, from behind his back to his stocking covered knees. The manicured nails, rhinestones sparking, caught his eyes briefly.

Financial independence? He probably owed the company thousands for Brandi's and now CeCe's wardrobes. After deductions, he had maybe \$75 to spend until his next paycheck. Freedom? Where could he go now without cash or a stitch of male clothing, not that he even resembled a male?

His only living relative, his mother, was perhaps 10,000 miles away on a cruise. She might understand, but he had too much pride to go home begging in his present condition, even if she could be located.

Breast surgery? Could he afford it? Was it reversible? The anxiety caused his stomach to churn and the corners of his mouth turned down. Brandon was on the verge of tears.

Greta Klein read his distress and stood up suddenly. In a quick movement, she crossed her arms and pulled her top off over her head, shaking her black, tousled mane. Reaching behind her back, she unhooked her brassiere, allowing her luscious breasts to swing free.



Brandon stared up in awe of this bold, beautiful woman, taking in the cowboy boots, jeans, nude flat torso and magnificent breasts. She stared back calmly and full of control. She resumed her seat and patted her lap.

“Come up here and sit in my lap for a little while, honey. Breasts can be really wonderful, let me show you.”

Brandon stood and planted his bare bottom upon Greta's denim covered lap and draped his legs over the left arm of the easy chair.

Greta gently looped her right arm around his shoulders and pulled his legs together with her left hand which remained on his thigh. The side of her breasts rubbed against his bare chest. Her gentle embrace was too much for him — he began to sob as he buried his face into her shoulder.

“It's okay, my pretty sissy, let those tears flow. You must face your doubts. This is your choice but you must realize if you decide not to have the surgery, the consequences may be severe. Not only would we find it necessary to pull you off the case, but it may lead to your dismissal. We would probably turn your debt over to a collection agency. Beyond yourself, you must consider the safety of Drexel Lambert, the disappearance and perhaps deaths of an unknown number of young women, and the possible capture of a ring of bank robbers.”

Brandon's tears left a wet patch above Greta's left breast as he stopped and looked at her.

She was right. He must commit himself to see this through.

“Of course, if you say yes, we are behind you 100%. We will check your health insurance policy to see if the surgery will be covered and if not, we will extend to you the necessary funds. Such a procedure is reversible later if that is what you choose. Frankly, CeCe, you are irreplaceable and I firmly believe you have the toughness it takes to succeed in this business. I want you to surrender to your softness, now. Close your eyes and imagine what it would be like to have some tits like mine.”

She leaned forward and pressed her breasts against his chest. He eagerly complied with her request to fondle and caress them and to visualize them a part of his own body. The fingers of her left hand traced the soft skin above his stocking tops, between his thighs. She spoke to him in a quiet, hypnotic voice.

He echoed her words as he sank into a sea of sensations.

“Big breasts are so sensual and sexy. My nipples are so stiff and sensitive. My legs love to slide together in my slippery stockings. My whole body is alive and tingling with an eroticism that only I, a woman, can feel. My lips, oh, that fingernail tickles them so. The finger is parting them. Mmmm, I love to lick and suck as it penetrates in and out...”

Brandon surrendered totally to her voice and followed it around his body. He had never felt so aroused, or so attracted to this strong and powerful woman. The finger thrusting between his lips set it off. It happened before he could turn or cover himself. The first jet shot over her breasts and landed on his cheek. The first orgasm in almost a week and certainly the most powerful in his life sprayed over the breasts that he had almost accepted as his own.

The true owner did not share in the joy or pleasure of the unexpected outburst.

“CECE, how dare you! You were doing so well affirming yourself as a hot, sensuous female, the perfect personality for your new life as a casino girl. That nasty, undisciplined male energy broke through and made you shoot your sissy stick. Well, you are going to have to taste and clean up every single drop.”

Brandon hesitated. From Psychology 201, he recognized the classic approach-avoidance conflict. His whole life felt that way. He wanted to caress, lick, and suck this woman from head to toe, and her delectable breasts were the place to start. He wanted this despite his subservient status and compromising attire. To swallow his own sperm was anathema, an affront to every masculine concept he held. His resistance melted as he watched the swaying orbs. His face rose to nuzzle them, his tongue flicking tentatively at a small glob. The instantaneous slap on his cheek stunned him and blurred his vision momentarily.

“Did I say you could touch my skin with your mouth and tongue? What makes you think I want your lipstick smeared all over the place? I think you have just earned yourself a spanking.”

Greta pulled a pair of surgeon's rubber gloves onto her hands. She deftly coated her index finger and shoved it into the mouth of the helpless sissy.

He began sucking in earnest. He almost felt like a baby as the finger returned repeatedly, cradled as he was. Her taunts suggested a different state of being.

“If you insist on such immediate gratification, perhaps you shall be treated as a slut. Imagine that this is some guy's rod plunging in and out of those pretty

painted lips. Only the real thing would be much larger, almost suffocating you. Would you like me to arrange something like that? No? Well, I better see some control from now on or I will have to lock it in a cage. Then all we will see is some tiny sissy tears as your only pleasure.”

She finished her feeding by using his cheeks and forehead as a place to wipe and dry her finger. Without a word, she unceremoniously flipped him over and gave him an open handed spanking of twenty-five swats.

He then scrambled to his feet to comply with her orders to run to his room and to dress in his gaff and prettiest ruffled panties. He made it a point to curtsy before leaving. He felt a strong urge to put on a pair of slacks, shirt, and jacket and to run for his life. Instead he went to his room and removed the white panties with yellow daisies and pink ruffles from the chest of drawers.

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The implant surgery proved relatively painless yet like all operations, it drained the patient of energy.

Brandon spent two days in bed at the apartment with Greta waiting on him for a change.

She did provide him with floor plans and security procedures followed by the casino. Greta was an expert at picking locks and began to show him the tools and techniques.

He considered each lock a challenge and discovered that his fingers were very flexible and sensitive. He mastered door locks and file cabinet locks in a matter of hours.

The new implant techniques caused no scarring or loss of sensation. The weight of the new breasts was hard to adjust to at first, but he was thankful that he talked the doctor into a C-cup size and not the 'D' or 'DD' that he associated with older strippers who equated massive size with sexiness. He successfully convinced the doctor that 'CeCe' is a dancer first and foremost. Therefore, huge breasts would be a liability if not downright painful.

He lost the argument over hormones, however. Dr. Saugstad convinced him that the drugs would help to enlarge the nipples. In addition, they would help to add bulk to the hips and would inhibit hair growth.

Greta delighted in the idea and took charge of his dosage.

On the morning of the third day, a bundled-up CeCe arrived at a dentist's office. She gave him a shot that numbed his upper lip, chin and cheeks.

Greta then dropped him at a nearby mall where he spent the next four hours on an electrologist's couch having his facial hair removed. She returned at one o'clock to take him to lunch at the food carousel.

Brandon wanted to go home but Greta led him into a Frederick's of Hollywood store for a brassiere fitting. They left the store with six new ones including a sport bra, a demi bra, a shelf bra that lifted and separated his new tits, and even a peekaboo model with cutouts for his nipples.

He actually left the boutique wearing a lacy, black strapless model under a light jacket. His cheeks reddened with chagrin as he was led back to the electrologist for another three hours of work on his chest and back.

Day four brought increasing energy levels and new lessons. CeCe learned how to operate a special mini camera hidden in the palm of his hand which was capable of low light, high resolution exposures.

Greta introduced an array of electronic bugs that could transmit sound up to 15 miles with special built in transistorized amplifiers. She went over methods of collecting the fingerprints of Rappaport and her assistants, Annie, Rina, Joyce, and Ronnie.

CeCe needed to know her work schedule before a specific time could be established for her different information gathering forays. Greta anticipated that the situation could be resolved in several weeks. CeCe prayed for a quicker resolution and secretly planned to be very aggressive. A sense of confidence and anticipation started to replace his doubts and anxiety.

Greta mistook his quiet resolve for a mild depression. Dr. Saugstad warned it may be part of the healing process. His pale skin and loss of muscle tone due to inactivity particularly disturbed her.

An Indian summer heat wave pushed the thermometer into the nineties during the day. Greta prescribed several days in the great outdoors as the perfect cure.

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“Unload the fishing and camping gear and move it down to the boat launch area. We’re going to rent that beautiful speed boat right there,” announced Greta. She turned and walked toward the small trailer in the little tourist hamlet of Sutcliffe on Pyramid Lake.

A group of men from the Paiute tribe stopped work at the hatchery next to the trailer to ogle the stunning female tourists. The small, olive skinned, bossy one wearing the jeans and black bikini top certainly caught their eye, but the blonde in tight white satin shorts and silk blouse tied at the midriff held their gaze.

Brandon avoided their gaze by staring across the wide expanse of blue water to study the monolith rising from the southeastern edge. It did resemble a pyramid without the top. Watermarks high on the cliffs dramatically illustrated the rapidly decreasing water levels in the lake. A sports fishing haven, the lake was home to large cutthroat trout and a prehistoric species, the 'cui ui'. The local people took great pride in nurturing and maintaining the magnificent fish.

Greta loved to fish; her father taught it as an art form. She also loved fast boats and loaded the water skis on board with anticipation.

Brandon was no stranger to water skis. Brandi had never done it; now with his recent acquisition, CeCe was about to get the first ride of 'her' life. Despite the warm air, he stood frozen on the dock.

“All aboard,” called Greta as the powerful inboard motors rumbled to life, “on second thought, take off the blouse and shorts, and cover yourself with sun lotion. I'll keep an eye on that skin and we'll go for the maximum SPF at the first sign of burn.”

Showgirl-to-be CeCe tossed her scant outer clothing to Greta and caught the bottle of lotion in return. A flurry of fringe rippled across the slide and tie top of the bikini. More fringe discreetly covered the thong bottom, the hot pink shade in sharp contrast to the white flesh.

Brandon could feel the men's eyes drilling his back as he rubbed the lotion thoroughly into his skin. His dark glasses, hot pink visor, and white beaded moccasins did little to hide his mortification.

To the men, this was the most gorgeous woman they had seen in recent memory, a welcome diversion to their mundane tasks.

Greta welcomed the opportunity to assert her control, ordering CeCe to do her warm-up routine, a regimen of toe touching, stretching and jumping jacks, getting a rise and round of applause from the native Americans.

He was ever so glad to climb aboard and roar off across the smooth deep waters.

Brandon learned many things that day. He appreciated his life vest because it provided protection during his wipeouts that his bikini top did not. He fished it out of the drink several times. CeCe took the controls at one point, laughing demonically as Greta struggled to hold on through wide turns at break-neck speeds.

Slowly they worked their way north towards the remote tip of the lake some 20 miles from Sutcliffe. They caught four legal sized trout that were quickly put on ice. It was late afternoon when they slowly motored to a remote sand beach piled with boulders. Off shore, eerie tufa formations, columns of evaporated salt, gave the place an otherworldly appearance.

Again, it was CeCe's job to ferry all the gear to the beach. Greta knew about the place.

“This beach is accessible by a gravel road that starts to the West at the end of the paved highway. I doubt if anybody will show up in this heat, and dur-

ing the week. There is supposed to be an Indian burial ground in those rocks over there, but I'm not about to search for it. The greatest thing about this spot is over here.”

She took CeCe over to a small pool of water that lay in a depression about twenty-five yards from the lake.

“It's a natural hot springs! We can dig it out a little more and take a soak tonight and in the morning. Isn't this wonderful?”

CeCe looked at the white beach, red rocks, deep blue sky and lake water. A western grebe surfaced about 10 yards offshore, its iridescent green neck flashing in the late afternoon sun. The bird seemed to ignore them, intent on catching dinner for her nearby nestlings.

“They should call this Paradise Lake,” said CeCe with quiet reverence.

“Yes, indeed. C'mon, let's set up camp.”

CeCe registered surprise at the spacious four person tent with screened door front. Ensolite pads covered the floor. Greta covered these with two red satin comforters, and stacked some black satin sheets off to the side beside some nylon backpacking pillows.

CeCe mentioned the absence of sleeping bags.

“It's too warm for bags; besides, I have something special planned for this evening. Go find some more rocks for this fire ring. We'll cook the fish over charcoal and use the wood for a campfire after the sun goes down. When the fire is ready to go, gut and scale the fish. We will have sliced carrots, roast corn on the

cob, and marshmallows for dessert. Help yourself to the cold beer.”

CeCe scurried across the beach looking for rocks. He was hungry. The sooner he got things done, the quicker they would eat. He had put on the gauzy long sleeved shirt as soon as they finished skiing, but the fringe on his pink bikini bottoms still slapped against his butt. He noticed a pronounced tan line across his belly and high on his hips. He knew that his chest would show one along the borders of the bikini top.

The scrumptious dinner left the two campers feeling replete and drowsy. The sun was setting behind some dark purple hills when Greta asked CeCe to stand up. She walked over and casually undressed him, removing the blouse, bikini top, and bottom. He stood naked except for the flesh covered gaff that kept his manhood hidden between his legs.

“Time to moisten that sun parched skin with your favorite gardenia body ice, my sweet desert princess,” crooned Greta, a little too sweetly for his comfort.

He moaned with pleasure as she briskly coated every inch of exposed skin, from his hairline to the tops of his feet. Her strong hands rolling across his new breasts caused swelling and pressure in his groin. The air temperature still hovered near seventy-five degrees so the slippery silky skin felt rapturous. He wanted to skip and dance across the beach, naked and free!

Greta had other plans.

“I’ll wash the dishes, honey, while you go into the tent and put on the outfit I’ve laid out for you. Brush the sand off your feet before you go in there.”

His eyes fell on the pile of clothing and jewelry. The bulk of the outfit appeared to be costume jewelry — a heavy, elaborate necklace with golden strands encrusted with synthetic gems; several gold waist chains; heavy brass wrist and ankle bracelets, rimmed with small tingling bells and d-rings; pendant earrings with bells and crescent moons; a half dozen rings and several items he realized were finger cymbals.

The bracelets, necklace, rings, and earrings were in place when nature called. He found some toilet paper in a pack and stole out of the tent while Greta cleaned pots at the water's edge. The bells betrayed his passage to a private toilet behind some rocks because he heard her call out asking if, “that was Sissy she heard tinkling.”

Back in the tent, he picked up the clothing. He pulled a billowy pair of harem pants in gold chiffon up his legs tying a drawstring at his slim waist. The four waist chains weighed him down even more and increasing the clattering, ringing sounds that signaled his every movement.

Brandon stared for several minutes at the strip of lace. With ties, tiny bells and two open ended rings attached to the top of the strip he realized that it was a veil. It fastened to each nostril with the rings and tied behind his ears. A bell dangled from the base of his nose when it was in place. A red satin fez sat atop his head with two long silk tassels cascading down to his shoulders.

Greta entered the tent staring down at CeCe seated on the red satin comforter and told him to line his eyes with kohl and his lips with lipstick. He quickly complied watching her surreptitiously as she casually undressed. She scampered around him nude, hanging several lights from the tent supports,

suffusing the interior with a soft rich glow. She made a bed for herself from the pillows and black satin sheets. She inserted a tape into a portable deck, turning it on.

Middle eastern music flowed through the tent. Melodic flutes rose sinuously over the hypnotic rhythms of drums. She drizzled the gardenia body lotion across her breasts, belly, arms, and legs. Greta gave CeCe a hard look of impatience and clapped her hands sharply.

“Dance for me, Sissy Slave girl, roll that belly. You are my entertainment and if you do not please me, I will stake you to the ground outside. If the lions don't eat you tonight, the fire ants will find you tomorrow. Convince me that you are nothing more than a dancer, living only to please your master, mistress, and audience. You are a silly, mindless harem boy, a virtual eunuch, not a detective, so prove your devotion to me.”

Brandi CeCelia Dainty-Darling danced for the next 40 minutes, feet stamping, fingers clicking, belly undulating to the exotic music. He truly forgot himself, reveling in the feminine charmer he had become. On his knees next to her reclining, slippery form he swayed, offering his bare breasts to her. She oiled them, pulling the nipples and slapping them gently, driving him to a mad ecstasy. He had to pull away, standing and spinning like a dervish with the bells ringing in a cacophonous chorus to his frenzied motion.

The tape clicked off and he collapsed to the floor of the tent in a pool of perspiration, breathing heavily. He was vaguely aware that she hovered over him, fiddling with part of his costume. A few minutes later, he felt a cold compress on his forehead.

Greta helped him to sit up, then held a water bottle for him. He took long draughts of the cold liquid and then realized that she had padlocked eighteen inch lengths of chain to his wrists and ankles. Sexual tension enveloped them like a smoky fire. She went back to her bed and lay down.

“You are not finished yet, slave girl,” she growled in a hoarse whisper, stroking the bushy patch on her mons veneris, “You will crawl to me on your belly and worship me with your tongue. Come!”

Greta's orgasmic cries mingled with the howls of coyotes deep into the desert night. Finally, CeCe was ordered to sleep at her feet, kissing them until she fell asleep.

He managed to find a sheet and pillow before drifting into a dreamless sleep.

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The roar of a boat's engines raised him to a sitting position in confusion. Light streamed into the tent. He struggled to get to his feet and open a flap, only to see Greta's boat roaring off across Pyramid Lake. With alarm, he saw that he was still topless and shackled. He had to pee in the worst way and jingled his way across the beach. With some difficulty he took a leak and returned to camp. Angry, helpless, and hungry, he managed to fix coffee and a bowl of granola, yogurt and berries.

His anxiety at being discovered in this state gradually gave way to reason. He found a thin piece of wire and was out of the small padlocks in a matter of minutes. Fortunately, his bikini, shirts and shorts were in the tent. He relaxed then, donning the bikini and plenty of sun lotion. He bathed in the nearby hot spring, gently dozing under the cool morning sun.

The remainder of the trip delivered the same blend of sublime pleasure and docile submission.

He returned to Reno relaxed and ready to work.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: FLOOD TIDE

CeCe sat glumly on the bed trying to absorb all the details of the complicated schedule.

The orientation meeting with Edith Rappaport in her office had gone smoothly. She seemed to size up CeCe as a beautiful talented dancer who might make a good employee if CeCe 'could tow the line for six months'.

He sat quietly, listening to her pitch while carefully studying the layout of the office when her back was turned. He was fairly certain he had collected her fingerprints on the disposable coffee cup that he managed to smuggle into his purse after she had served it.

Drexel Lambert's desk remained in the reception area but it's tidiness suggested it hadn't been used recently. Nobody mentioned him or the reason for his absence and CeCe did not want to appear curious.

The work schedule was heavier than he anticipated and the duties, besides performing looked awful. He looked at photos of the uniforms and listened to the presentation.

Because there were only four show nights per week with two shows per night, and rehearsals took no more than four hours per week, this left a lot of time open. To give the dancers a full paycheck based on a thirty- five hour week, it required assignments to different part time shifts in the casino or hotel. Bed checks occurred at 11:00 P.M. nightly except for the dancers who had 2 a.m. curfews on show nights.

The private shower stalls relieved him but the private dorm and dressing room was nothing more than a curtain separating his area from the women on either side. A comfortable bed, chest of drawers, vanity/make-up table, and closet defined his space. As far as he could tell, his time off included only Sunday, Monday, Tuesday mornings and Wednesday afternoons.

At first, he thought Edith Rappaport's initial description of his first side duty was a joke; his ears could not be hearing correctly.

Yet, at 12 :00, Tuesday, he began his employment at the hotel reception bay in Ballet Parking. In black toe shoes, white lace tights, black tutu, white leotard and black satin cutaway jacket, he took the keys from guests, parking or retrieving their cars. A black bow tie choker circled his throat; white pancake make-up covered his face. Heavily accented eyes and cherry red lips provided a dramatic contrast. His hair was tied atop his head with a fall coiled into a tight bun. So much for mornings off — it had taken over an hour to prepare. The dancing skills required were rudimentary and largely for show.

He stood atop a round elevated platform during quiet times, spinning slowly or executing simple moves. In the outdoor lot, he performed with mandated flamboyance, running and leaping on his return to the bay. The exercise and tips proved abundant, as were the lecherous stares of male guests and rude passer-bys.

CeCe went off duty at 4:00 A.M. giving him two hours to shower, rest, eat and change for his duty as a Candiette. He shared this job with eleven other relative newcomers. The coveted bar maid jobs, with the more modest costumes and larger tips, went to the veteran dancers and casino employees. The

Candiettes, based on the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, drew crowds to the casino, many of whom remained to gamble.

He stood at attention in front of his partition's closed curtain for the second inspection of the day.

The place resembled an army barracks, with Rina as the drill sergeant. She was there for every costume change, every bed check. At the end of stage shows, she marched the girls back to the dorm. Today she inspected her newest Candiette, Sissy. His nickname appeared in white script on the red, satin, pillbox cap with tall white-feather plume and black patent leather chin strap.

His breathing came in short quick gasps as he struggled to adjust to the tightly laced waist cincher beneath a shiny red satin one piece top. The strapless suit had a built in shelf bra that lifted and pressed his breasts together yet held them securely. The front crotch, cut for maximum coverage and trimmed with a white ruffle, did little to placate his offended modesty over the rear exposure.

His creamy, lightly tanned buttocks and lithe, smooth legs were on display for all to see beneath seamed, nude, fishnet tights. The hormones had already widened his hips and added a thin layer of fat that quivered as he walked. Self conscious and worried, he wondered if he would be able to revert to his male contours one day.

On command he did a pirouette in his sturdy red dancer's shoes, the white satin ribbons with a cluster of colorful plastic gumdrops bouncing as he stepped. Fingerless white, Spandex gloves covered his elbows, ending in a red lace ruffle beneath his arms.

Rina smiled showing crooked teeth, then touched her tongue with her fingertip which she planted on CeCe's thigh. Her loud 'ssssss' demonstrated her approval with CeCe's appearance. The last to be inspected, he fell into step behind three other girls and walked to a staging area just outside the main casino floor.

The four dancers intertwined their arms at the shoulders and began a step and kick routine as a fanfare of trumpets sounded over the casino loudspeakers. On cue, they danced into the casino to the rhythm of a show tune. Three Candiettes were stationed on the main floor and one was sequestered in a private room with the 'high stakes' poker players. As the dancers approached the on-duty Candiette, she fell into step, attempting to balance the box of candies, snacks, and cigarettes before snapping open the shoulder strap release.

One dancer broke free from the group and danced in step as the first girl attempted to pass the box to her replacement. The off-duty girl then joined the others to continue to the next station. The timing took practice as Sissy learned the hard way. He spilled half the contents of his box after his three partners had performed flawlessly. The crowd laughed as he squatted to pick up his mess and the four dancers made their way down the aisle to the final change. The off duty Candiettes danced through an exit door as the new shift began selling their wares, breasts heaving, skin shiny with perspiration.

The transition was flawless the second night and CeCe almost began to relax, becoming accustomed to the constant ogling by male eyes. There was an occasional sly pinch on the butt as he walked through the crowd and sometimes a brush across his breasts seemed a little too accidental. It was the third night in the poker room where his troubles began.

He thought he noticed signs of distress from Lisa as he bounced in place beside her. The petite red head had breasts much larger than his. Her eyes appeared red, mascara ran beneath her lashes, and her lips trembled as she fought to hold a smile. The pass went smoothly and he settled down to observe the men at the poker table. Cigar smoke created a haze above the table, where a fish eye surveillance camera hovered to observe the players and their hand movements.

It was soon apparent that one man was winning and winning big. He was obviously good at reading his opponent's faces and mannerisms yet maintained a constant stream of chatter. As he raked in his chips, his eyes caught Sissy's and he motioned her to the table.

“Hey, Candy girl, what's that cap say? Sissy is it? Well, Sissy, you take real good care of me tonight and I'll take care of you. Anybody ever tell you, Doll, that you've got a face, legs, and ass that just don't quit? Gimme one of them cigars; unwrap it, stick it in my mouth, and light it. That's a good girl,” he said, tossing a five dollar bill on her tray.

Embarrassed, CeCe turned and pranced to another customer who purchased a bag of honey roasted nuts. After circling the table, he was again summoned by the loud cigar smoker.

“Sissy, lean over and show me your goodies,” he said. By the angle of his gaze, CeCe could see that he wasn't referring to the comestibles. His breasts welled up against the top of his uniform.

“You don't have the volume the previous girl carried, but you might have some nice Nips in there, if you look.”

“Excuse me, sir?” asked CeCe confused at his double entendre, fervently hoping that he referred to Coffee Nips, a popular candy.

“When is the last time you earned one of these?” asked the gambler, holding up a bill with Benjamin Franklin's face on it.

“Sir?” CeCe looked at the bill then looked around the room — first at the overhead camera, then at the uniformed security guard who stood in front of the closed door. He did not like the drift of the conversation.

“It's yours, honey, all you have to do is find some nips for me, you know, tit candy. Don't worry about the camera, it's trained on the table. And say hello to my man, Joe, at the front door.”

The guard pulled a wad of cash from his breast pocket, smiled, crossed his arms, and looked away.

He was being asked to expose his breasts. He knew his face was beet red; and worse, he felt movement underneath the candy box. A finger hooked under the lace of his suit near the vee of his crotch. The one hundred dollar bill slid across his pubic mound and lodged flat against his belly below his navel.

Sissy felt totally trapped and intimidated. How did this crude, ugly beast dare assume that a casino woman would ever consider behaving so lewdly? Did he presume all women to be whores, to perform without question if her price was met? Nature designed her breasts to first attract a man by mimicking her buttocks, and later to feed her offspring. They were not toys or candy for neolithic slobs.

“Listen to me,” he thought to himself, *“I sound like a prissy pantied schoolgirl chastising a neighborhood*

boy for pulling my pigtails. I am an undercover detective playing a role. I am CeCe Darling, brassy sassy showgirl and dancer. Give these boys a show!"

"Whoops," said the gambler, dropping a candy bar to the floor, "could you bend over and pick that up for me, honey? Sure hope you don't have an accident down there."

CeCe took the cue and bent far forward, pressing at the base of the shelf brassiere with one of her hands, her back shielding the maneuver. He felt two pops, as one breast after another flopped forward and free. He took a deep breath and braced himself for several weeks of crowds staring at his body. This was like jumping into a cold shower, however. He stood up.

"Well, hello there Sissy's tits! I thought you were a girl who wants to get ahead. Looks like your candy box is loose and riding a bit low. Let me cinch up the strap for ya," said the lout, clearly interested in extending his control. He loosened the adjustable strap and tightened it by several notches, causing it to rise to the point that CeCe's breasts rested snugly atop his wares.

The men would have to move them to select their treats.

"You are such a sport that we don't want you to lift a finger except to light our cigars. Just keep those pretty little palms pressed behind your back. You tell us what it costs and we'll make change. If any of these guys cheat you, they'll answer to me. And, if they want to give you a tip, they'll put it in a place where Uncle Sam or Big Boss will never find it."

The card game resumed. Occasionally, a man would cash in his chips and slip out of the room in

defeat. CeCe patrolled the table without a break. The men had no interest in eating so much junk food or smoking as much as the tray held. Yet they mulled over their selections for minutes while mauling his vulnerable breasts. The tips were numerous and lined almost every inch of his red satin uniform. Fortunately, nobody attempted to plant anything at the base of his crotch that swelled ever so slightly with continuous stimulation of his nipples.

This casino, like most, did not display clocks on the wall, trapping their patrons in an artificial, timeless environment. The sudden fanfare of trumpets over the loudspeaker shook CeCe out of her private hell, signaling the approach of reinforcements and relief. He reached up, beginning to hide and to adjust his breasts. The bra cups filled with bills and he desperately stuffed them deeper.

“Not so fast, Miss Sissy Tits. Old Joe there will tell us when your replacement comes. In the meantime, return your tray to its normal position. Now, get in step with the rhythm. Kick those gams high and let those titties bounce. Mmmm, that's it baby, shake 'em!”

Brassy, sassy CeCe felt miffed with and humiliated by these brainless bozos. She wanted to lift her legs and kick their teeth in, as he could easily do after Greta's self defense training. He now understood why women wore supportive jog bras when they exercised. The added weight flapping against his once manly chest was not sexy — it just plain hurt.

Eyes glued to the guard, CeCe paused at his nod to hide his abused tits. He resumed his kick step and made a flawless tray change. The support crew needed to replenish the virtually empty box. He refused to acknowledge their hoots and cheers as he danced from the room.

“Oh well,” he rationalized on the way back to the dorm, *“at least I have a nest egg started if this thing doesn't work out.”*

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Something was amiss in the dorm. As he and his partners pranced into the room with giggles and weary sighs, they fell into absolute silence at the spectacle of Lisa standing in front of the curtain of her cubicle.

The other girls scurried for their rooms at the sight and disappeared. The fear was palpable.

He looked in disbelief at Lisa who stood facing the curtain in her baby doll pjs. Her panties bunched around her ankles; her butt glowed bright red. Her shoulders heaved in such a way that he knew she was weeping. The click of boots sounded on the linoleum floor.

CeCe slowly turned.

“Well, well, well, Sissy Candiette is back from her first night with the big boys,” sneered Rina as she reached CeCe pushing him toward his room which was next to Lisa's, “tell me, was it good for you?”

“What do you mean?” asked CeCe, his voice quivering to a nervous, high squeak.

“Don't play innocent with me, you little tart. Lisa told me about that baboon the minute she got back here. Do those idiots really believe that our video cameras are trained on the table alone? We turned them on the instant we heard what was going on. She is being punished for failing to report him immediately, and you fell into the same trap. Now turn around.”

He felt the back zipper being pulled down to the small of his back and Rina's fat hands gripping his suit. She gave it a hard yank. The air filled with an explosion of bills that drifted to the floor.

“Get down there and pick it up,” snarled Rina.

As CeCe dropped to his knees, Rina yanked the costume from his ankles, sending him sprawling to his belly, clad only in fishnet tights, shoes, cap, and gloves. He scrambled about, gathering and straightening the various denominations.

“You planned to keep that didn't you, Sissy? Count it, then get on your knees and hand it to me.”

CeCe felt like sobbing as he handed \$275 to the gloating woman.

She stuffed the cash into a pocket of her jeans as a second person approached. Annie Sturmer held a video cassette in one hand and a short riding crop in the other. He shivered in terror.

This whole business had quickly spun out of control. Annie spoke, “Thanks to you, CeCe, we've been able to nail the slime bag who's been pulling these tricks off and on for the past several months. Our security people are down there right now escorting him and his cronies out of the Dazzling Tiara permanently. Joe, the room guard, will be dismissed on the spot. Fortunately, I was on duty up in the Eagle's Nest as we call it, solely to assess your performance. Then Rina called to alert me about the gambler. I can do some damage control and prevent you from being fired because I've got the tape.”

The tears streaming down his face abated slightly and the corners of his mouth twitched in an attempt to smile.

“You are not off the hook yet, young lady,” continued Annie sternly, “as far as you know, these tips have been returned to the perpetrators to avoid charges of solicitation. You did appear to act voluntarily in a wanton manner and for that you must be punished. We can charge you with twenty-five demerits that will put you within twenty-five of being fired. I believe you will not want Edith Rappaport to learn about that, especially in your first week. Therefore, we offer you a choice of demerits, or a cropping that we feel is most beneficial in correcting aberrant behavior.”

A fresh burst of sobs erupted from Lisa.

“Pull up your panties and go to bed, girl. This doesn't concern you any more,” snapped Rina, who stared down at CeCe who was again breathing in short gasps.

He did not want to incur the wrath of Edith Rappaport — these two frightened the daylights out of him. With a shuddering sigh and slow motion movement, he turned around, placed his hands and elbows on the floor and pushed his ass into the air. The whistling arc of the crop sounded twice as CeCe felt a ripping pain.

“We hope you have learned your lesson, Sissy Darling, and we expect you to be a model of good behavior from now on. You may crawl to your room, undress, put on your baby dolls, use the bathroom and then off to bed with you.”

If nothing else, Brandon had created a convincing persona at a cost that continued to climb.

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For the next week CeCe adhered closely to the routine and observed the front office whenever he had a chance. He took his one afternoon off to meet Greta at the Bally's health spa in Sparks.

They suspected that he might be followed so they met in a neutral location. From nearby exercise machines, CeCe detailed her experiences and discreetly left the evidence containing fingerprints in a locker for Greta before he left.

CeCe's first show proved so successful that the casino decided to extend its run as long as the crowds kept coming.

It was a wild west show entitled Cowgirl Roundup. She played the part of an elusive wild mare, the object of a roundup by a group of female cowgirls. CeCe held one of the lead roles, dressed in a gold lurex body stocking with a brushy horsetail sewn on above his rump. His costume included a specially sewn pair of gloves that looked like hooves. He slipped his closed fists into them and had the wardrobe mistress zip them to just below the elbow. His hands were rendered useless until somebody unzipped them.

He performed several beautiful, jazz influenced, solo routines that expressed the freedom of running loose on the open range. Periodically, he was pursued by the chorus girls who wore tiny white leather bras, fringed pink chaps, white boots and hats, tiny g-strings and nothing else. At one point, they capture him. Forced into a head harness, and 'bareback' above the waist except for some pasties with dangling leather strips, he is forced to canter in a circle at the end of a tether.

At the end, the 'golden mare' kicks down a portion of the corral and escapes.

Following several curtain-calls to wild applause, CeCe glumly faced her hated dorm supervisors. Rina escorted the cowgirls back to the 'bunk house,' while Annie took considerable pleasure in reattaching the head harness and leading the mare to her 'stable'.

When he voiced his “neighs” to the rough treatment the first night, Sturmer closed the curtains, thrust a metal bit into his mouth and hitched him standing to the foot rail of the bed until one half hour prior to the late show.

On subsequent nights, he lay quietly on the bed, minus the bit but bare-breasted, in the hooved gloves with his head tethered to the bed rail.

The other girls began to avoid him, considering CeCe to be potential trouble.

He was ever more determined to nail these mad women.

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When called to Edith Rappaport's office late the second week on the job, he convinced himself that he faced immediate dismissal. Instead, impressed by the phenomenal increase in patronage to the casino and nightclub shows, she offered him a health insurance policy. Fifteen minutes into the discussion, a loud knock sounded. Rappaport mumbled an annoyed comment about the loss of her receptionist before issuing the order to enter.

Rina and Annie shoved a young woman into the room.

CeCe rose in shocked surprise at their aggressive behavior. The woman was clad in one of the required dorm items, a short pink satin kimono and black

high heels with five inch spikes. He got a glimpse of the woman's white bra and panties when she landed on the floor. He wore the same outfit on the mornings of show days, when assigned to hand wash the women's lingerie, instead of evening Candiette duty.

“Here's Debbie,” announced Rina, “Annie found her down at the bus station cafe this morning and she wasn't buying a bus ticket. She's failed to report to work for three weeks — that's a violation of her contract if I am not mistaken.”

“Right you are,” said Edith whose steely gaze riveted the woman who had scrambled to her feet, “not to mention her third violation of company regulations. I guess you realize you are to be confined in probationary custody for the next week.”

She seemed to forget that CeCe even existed.

“Like hell I will,” snarled the woman shrilly, “I quit and you can't make me stay here.”

Rappaport coolly broke her gaze and asked CeCe to leave the office.

He went to the deserted outer office and sat down, unnerved by the episode.

Ten minutes later, Rina and Annie walked out. Rina paused and nodded evilly at CeCe with a big smile. Over her arm were a pink kimono, bra, panties, and high heels.

“Miss Rappaport wishes to resume her meeting with you, Sissy,” she warbled with a sickening sweetness full of menace.

CeCe ran a mental blueprint through her head.

The door off to the right in Drexel Lambert's former office led to a small lounge that held a bed, refrigerator, closet, and private bath with shower. Lambert spent many nights there after he worked long hours, back in the early days of trying to make the business successful.

Now, it became Debbie's virtual prison.

Rappaport continued the discussion without comment, the pointed silence a warning that CeCe had better keep her mouth shut.

CeCe left the office, deeply troubled. Clearly, it was time to act.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: UNDERCOVER COMMANDETTE

Brandon mulled over T-day every spare moment that the weekend schedule afforded. T-day simply referred to Tuesday afternoon when he planned to slip into Rappaport's office and gather evidence. He chuckled over the name because he knew that the D in D-Day stood for the word Day. He could imagine a gruff commanding officer asking his troops if they had eaten a good din-din before preparing for their Day-Day.

He noted that Edith Rappaport's schedule was every bit as regimented as her management policies. From his vantage point in the parking garage, he saw her car leaving at precisely 5:05 p.m. on the days he had Ballet Parking duty. She was always the last one to leave the executive offices.

Candiette inspection occurred precisely at 6:40 P.M., allowing him almost 60 minutes before his costume change. The ballet uniform allowed him freedom of movement. The slippers proved ideal for padding quietly down the hallways to his destination. As expected, no security guards were in sight. They did not begin patrolling until after 7:00 p.m. He carried the purse approved by his employers for carrying make-up and an extra pair of tights. This afternoon, it contained his mini camera, a small set of tools, and thin kidskin gloves. He pulled the gloves on and skipped toward the door in three long strides.

Popping the face plate off the security code panel took seconds, as did the operation described by Greta to disarm it. The door lock released with an ease that pleased him. He quietly closed the door and moved quickly toward the personnel files. To his surprise, they opened to his touch. He went straight for

the files of the missing women. They seemed to be straightforward except for a row of alphanumeric sequences across the bottom of one form.

He quickly photographed each page, including the sequences.

Next, he scanned the files of current longtime casino employees and noticed that these files did not contain the mysterious coding. Then, he looked at and photographed his own file and noticed that some but not all of the columns contained the alpha numbers. Finally, he looked for Debbie's file. There were several Debbies on staff but he did not know her last name. He tried to identify her by height/weight and other physical characteristics as well as by his hunch that she was a dancer like him.

Deborah Drake seemed to be a close match and the code sequences in the file confirmed it. He noted that only one column was empty, an ominous sign that her disappearance may be imminent.

Next, he moved into Rappaport's office and examined the small file cabinet behind her desk. It appeared to have a locking system that he had not studied.

He opted to go through her desk instead, turning up some personal mail with her home address. He memorized it as the camera shutter clicked. Carefully returning each item he touched to its original location, he retraced his steps, ensuring that no evidence of his presence remained.

Turning to leave, he heard a faint thud coming from behind the door leading to Lambert's private quarters.

Somebody was in there!

Brandon tiptoed to the door and placed his ear against it. Total silence greeted his ear, perhaps indicating he heard a street noise. He retrieved a wire from his kit and inserted it into the lock mechanism while putting pressure on the knob. It began to turn. Ever so gently, he rotated the knob until the latch released.

Silently, he opened the door a crack.

"The curtains and blinds are closed," he thought noticing the dim light. He decided to go in low. Crouching down, Brandon shoved the door open and ducked into a shoulder roll. Spinning into a basic defensive position on the balls of his feet, he sensed rather than saw the oblong missile hurtling toward his head.

His left arm shot out in a blocking motion. The object slammed against his hand, stinging the fingertips beneath the gloves yet he deflected it successfully. The sound of shattering glass ricocheted from the wall in front of him.

His eyes saw the silhouette of the assailant.

The figure attacked. Appearing to take two short steps, the body lunged at him in a desperate attempt to apply a head butt to his solar plexus.

With lightning reflexes, Brandon dropped to one knee and positioned his hands and shoulder under the chest and crotch of the nearly horizontal body. He felt two naked female breasts and a bushy patch of hair as he used the body's momentum to push her over and beyond.

With a grunt and sickening moan she landed and remained still.

Brandon jumped to his feet and ran to the light switch. A gut wrenching combination of panic and alarm swept over him.

Debbie Drake's unconscious body was sprawled face down across the bed. Her ankles were shackled and her rump obviously had taken some punishment from Annie Sturmer's crop. Her arms and hands were folded under her body.

Brandon rushed to her side, silently thanking the divinities above for providing a bed to cushion her fall. Flipping her over, her eyes blinked open and she gasped for air.

“Sssh! It's okay, Debbie, I'm going to try to get you out of here,” puffed Brandon in a husky, rasping blend of voices. He ran outside to retrieve the purse and tool kit. He knew how to remove wrist and ankle cuffs. Ripping his gloves off to improve his dexterity, Debbie was free in under a minute.

He briskly rubbed her limbs to stimulate circulation while helping her to sit up.

“You sure put up one hell of a fight. We have to find some clothes for you; let's look in the closet over there. Can you walk?”

“Y-y-yes, I believe so. Who are you? Your face looks vaguely familiar.”

“I was in here the other day when they brought you in. My name is...well, that's not important, but I'm with a private investigation firm looking into the she-nanigans going on here. Oh look, there's a ladies business suit in here, some underwear and shoes; we're in business,” panted Brandon.

“Yeah, but this stuff is made for a moose. It's huge,” said Debbie, displaying a resilience that relieved Brandon.

He looked at the labels inside the blouse and jacket. One was an 18 and the other was a size 20.

“Please hurry, I'm running out of time. I don't care if the pantyhose rolls up to your neck, put it on. Roll up the sleeves on the blouse and jacket while I look for a belt to hold up the skirt. I'll be right back.”

Brandon's mental wheels churned. He had to make every second count. He retrieved the film cassettes from the camera and purse. He pulled out all the cash he made in tips — it had been a good day. To hell with the broken vase and general mess in the room. Rina or Annie would return sometime soon to feed or perhaps to ferry their prisoner away. Let them deal with it.

Almost dressed, Debbie looked at the size 12 shoes with doubt. Brandon cut a length of drapery cord for her belt. She began to apologize for attacking him but he silenced her.

He wrote an address and phone number on a sheet of paper and handed it to her. He stuffed the bills and film into the pocket of her jacket.

“Listen carefully. There is a door down the hall to the right that is still unlocked. Carry your shoes out to the street and quickly walk around the block to the cab stand. Tell the driver to take you to this address in Sparks. My partner Greta works there. If she's not in or does not answer, call the number and tell her that Brandi sent you. Give her the film and tell her what happened. She will take care of you and find you a safe place to stay. Now go! I'll be okay.”

She planted a kiss on Brandon's cheek, looked at him with worried, tear-filled eyes and departed.

He watched her as she turned the corner on the street, relieved that she had made it out safely. He pulled his gloves onto his hands, collected his belongings, turned out the lights, and relocked the door.

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Sissy Darling performed a costume change in record time. A heavy spritz of perfume replaced the usual shower. As he removed and reapplied his make-up, a chill danced up his spine. The rhinestone covered nail tip on his left little finger was missing. Hurriedly, he dug out the hidden gloves and turned them inside out. Nothing inside! He blotted fresh finishing powder on the thin film of perspiration beading on his forehead and upper lip.

The missing tip did not escape Rina's razor sharp attention. He received demerits, a lecture, and was sent scurrying down to the beauty salon for guests on the busy atrium level for a replacement. Brandon had never grown accustomed to parading his quivering half naked feminine flesh in front of crowds, particularly including other men. He felt the looks, and heard the comments drift by from people in formal wear as he entered the shop.

The operator was a friend of Rina's. She hated the incessant, last minute needs of the Candiettes and dancers. She hung up the phone, apparently receiving advance notice and ushered the Candiette to a small work table where she quickly made the repair. She told him to stand up and place his hands on the table while it dried.

The low table and awkward position thrust his fishnet covered rump into the air. Any late evening customers or passersby received an impromptu show lasting fifteen seconds.

He squealed and yipped in surprise as the operator's hairbrush landed repeated on his exposed flesh.

“Rina told me to slap that bad Sissy's bottom but good,” she said in a satisfied huff.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: SORRY, CECE — PINK TUNA VERSUS THE GREAT WHITE SHARK

Visions of glory filled him with a soft euphoria that almost erased the harsh reality of his humiliating life as a Dazzling Tiara dancer. He had gone out of his way to appease the sadistic demands of Annie Sturmer and Rina Stokes. He knew it was only a matter of time before he became a full-time house pet or mare to the lesbian stallion, Sturmer.

If his hunches were correct, he could be a hero by the end of the week. Dexter Lambert would be found safe and sound; Edith Rappaport and her despicable cohorts would be under arrest for kidnapping and for a growing list of charges that his case-cracking evidence had provided.

The plan involved secrecy and great personal risk, but hadn't he prepared for months? He was a master of disguise. He knew self defense techniques and demonstrated proficiency with locks and electronic equipment. He had even altered his body and personality in selfless acts of dedication to his career and to the welfare of others.

The lingering tendrils of macho bravado combined with youthful impatience ignored the inner warnings to wait for his Tuesday meeting with Greta. True, he was dying to know what had happened with Debbie; perhaps he was premature in believing that the coded file information could be quickly analyzed. If his plan worked, he would be back on the job by noon, today, and nobody there would be aware of his deed.

CeCe pranced to the bathroom that morning in the pink satin kimono and opaline seamed thigh high stockings that Greta had purchased for him. He blathered mindlessly about a Monday morning department store sale that sent Rina out of the dorm with a withering cackle. Back in the room, he pulled on black stirrup pants and covered his lacy brassiere with a pink knitted shirt dress. The rubber soled, canvas tennis shoes in pink would be quiet and allow easy mobility.

With his tools hidden in a secret panel of his tote bag, he filled it with the usual wallet, keys, make-up, tissue, sunglasses, hand lotion, and a dozen other essential items. The worst part of his disguise meant that he had to mimic a regular menstrual cycle and this was CeCe's time of the month. The maxi pads were a conspicuous item at his bedside as well as in the tote bag.

The store he blabbered about existed in a mall on the other side of town. That necessitated taking a cab.

Once seated in the back, he gave the driver directions and sat back. He closed his eyes, grounding and centering himself, and began to visualize the outcome of his plan.

Within minutes, the driver pulled off the main highway into an exclusive neighborhood. He shook his head sadly at houses landscaped with obscene green lawns and pretentious fountains in a high desert dying of thirst.

He asked the driver to slow as he went by the address, a Spanish style hacienda with white stucco walls, red tile roof and surrounded by a thick adobe wall. He asked the driver to turn at the next block

and to go straight for two more before telling him to stop.

CeCe paid the driver and got out.

“How could an office manager afford a spread like this?” wondered Brandon as he critically eyeballed Edith Rappaport's home. He approached slowly in the bright morning sunshine, sunglasses shading his eyes as he pretended to search for an address. The street and adjoining houses appeared deserted.

“This could be trickier than I thought. That wall is too high to scale — I may be able to get over by climbing up on the shed, but I could be observed by a neighbor...might as well try the front gate.”

The locked, high wooden double doors across the driveway presented another obstacle. Peering through the black, wrought iron gate, he could see that the driveway and carport were empty.

If nothing else, Rappaport seemed to be dedicated to whatever business she conducted at the casino.

To his complete astonishment, the front gate was slightly ajar. He pushed it open and slipped inside.

Hidden from neighborhood eyes, he ran across the lawn to a corner of the house. He scurried from window to window hoping to get a glimpse of any occupants, but all of the windows were covered by heavy curtains. Around back, he found a concrete patio surrounding a kidney shaped pool. A sliding glass door appeared to be open while an outer screen door repelled insects yet allowed fresh air to flow in.

He pulled a pair of white gloves from his purse, donned them, and walked toward the opening.

The detective slid noiselessly into the house to find a spacious family room. He passed through it to a long hallway with doors on the opposite side. Entering one, he ascertained it was a bedroom, with very simple furnishings. Opening a closet, he found a variety of maid's uniforms, all in an extra large size.

He was getting warm.

The small room had a door and window that opened to an inner courtyard.

She was bent over to water a huge banana plant. It was difficult to see her through the thick foliage of palms and other tropical plants. An older woman, she wore a starched white dress with a high lace collar and long sleeves.

Brandon quietly opened the door and stepped into the humid, covered courtyard, closing the door behind him. He hid behind a potted plant to study the woman further.

The maid moved slowly, inhibited by the sheepskin lined ankle cuffs connected by eighteen inches of chain. She stepped carefully to avoid placing her four inch spiked heels into the crevices between the flagstones.

Brandon saw that her arm movements were restrained by chains running from wrist cuffs to a d-ring on a white leather neck collar.

She moved with remarkable ease suggesting much practice. The face was partially hidden by a leather strap holding a red ball gag between her open lips, yet Brandon knew he had seen it before.

The time for confrontation and action had arrived. He stepped from behind the plant and moved up be-

hind her. Gently touching her shoulder, he whispered two words in question.

“Drexel Lambert?”

The metal watering can hit the floor with a loud clatter.

The maid whirled in fright, her face white and she clutched her chest.

“You are Drexel Lambert, president of the Dazzling Tiara?” he repeated in the voice that Brandi Dainty had used, hoping it would be recognizable.

Of course, his hair had grown long, it was bleached and he now had feminine breasts and hips. A look of uncertain shock still registered on the face.

“You might remember me as Brandi Dainty from Willow and Klein. I have come to rescue you,” he said in a quiet soothing voice. He could see that the padlock holding the ball gag in place would have to come off before any communication could commence. He reached into his bag for the proper tool and continued a casual patter in an attempt to relax the individual.

“I know I look quite different from the maid that served dinner at Sydney's home that night, but then, so do you,” he said, chuckling softly.

The maid remained quite agitated, shaking her head and mumbling about something behind the gag.

Brandon had the thing off in 30 seconds.

The maid whispered feverishly:

“Yes, you are right, I remember you, but SHE'S HERE somewhere, the car is in the shop, you must follow me to the bathroom before she...”

“Well, well, well, if it isn't the star dancer from the Tiara paying an unexpected visit. And you seem to be very adept with padlocks. I can see we are going to have a wonderful visit,” said Edith Rappaport from the door to the maid's bedroom.

Brandon whirled, looking around wildly for an escape route, but his eyes stopped on the handgun pointed directly at them.

“Don't try anything foolish. You are trespassing in my home, CeCe, and I could easily pull this trigger, mistaking you for a burglar. Sure, the cops might not buy it, but are you willing to take the chance? I suspected you were involved when I discovered Debbie missing and found that nail tip on the floor. She had run off before hers were done that way. Checking with the beauty salon put the finger on you. She got away, *c'est la vie*. We had plans for her, but now you are here and that changes everything.

“I thought you were clever little slut, a dancer with a sideline of cat burgling. You saw an opportunity to get a fellow dancer out of a jam and took it. But the fact that you are here suggests you are working for somebody else. I shall find out. Lambkin, show our visitor to the playroom after you lock your gag back in place. I will be right behind you.”

CeCe's shoulders slumped as he fell into step behind the shackled maid.

The playroom looked like a chamber of horrors with many bondage items hanging from one wall. Also in the room was a bed, and ceiling rings with hooks and pulleys.

The maid followed her mistress' instructions and began removing CeCe's clothing. Soon he stood shivering in panties and stockings.

Wrist cuffs came next, which were fastened together and attached to a rope overhead. His arms stretched until he balanced on the tips of his toes.

He watched Edith Rappaport apprehensively.

She stripped to a black body briefcase that she wore over sheer black pantyhose. Her heels clicked menacingly as she walked back and forth in front of a wall decorated with riding crops and whips. She selected a short crop and walked up behind 'Lambkin', swishing the stick sharply across the maid's butt.

“You aren't finished yet, maid. Why is this slut still wearing panties? Slide them down her pretty legs but leave the stockings in place.”

The maid fell to her knees and quickly obeyed. Rappaport stared at the tiny, nude gaff covering CeCe's crotch. The surprise in her eyes could not be contained.

“What in the world is this?” she asked, poking at the tight elastic with the crop. She slipped the tip under each of the narrow leg bands and worked it down to mid thigh.

CeCe squirmed in fear and pain at the insistent probing.

“Spread your legs, slut,” she ordered, slapping the front of his thighs. It took only a moment of digging to pull his shriveled penis from between his legs, and several more moments for the testicles to drop out of their protective sacs. She lifted the soft cluster of jew-

els with the leather flap on the crop and clicked her tongue in imperious disgust.

“Unbelievable! You are a man. Better, you were a man. After implant surgery, hormone therapy, and months of behavioral modification in our dormitory and God knows where else, you have become what your name describes — a DARLING SISSY. Only you are not a darling when you break into my office, and then my home. Who are you and why does your devotion to your cause make you a pathetic criminal?”

“You should talk. I've seen how you treat your people. You have been blackmailing Mr. Lambert and when he could no longer pay, you forced him to become a servant in your home. Who knows what you were planning with Debbie. If I'm correct, you are involved in the disappearance of the other women from the casino and probably in other crimes as well,” accused Brandon who felt he had nothing to lose in confronting the woman.

The whistling switch, followed by a stinging twinge on his left breast made him reconsider.

“Silence! You have no proof. Lambkin, position yourself on your knees, with your hands on Sissy's butt. At my command, at each of his lies, give him a pinching he won't soon forget. And if you are easy on him, I'll string you up next to him in a flash.”

Brandon's pain threshold proved rather low. In simpering tones, he soon revealed his name, employer, and his mission (to find and free Drexel Lambert). Tears streaked his cheeks as Edith Rappaport stalked from the room, her maid close at her heels.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: BUOYS WILL BE GULLS

The sound of footsteps on the carpet roused him from his dreamless slumber. It seemed that he had not slept much at all, yet he was unaware of when Edith Rappaport and her maid, Lambkin, had arisen.

Lambkin remained in his sissy sleepwear: a black, knee-length gown of double layered chiffon, matching panties, sleep bra, garter belt and hose. His hair was cut in a men's style, the graying hair contoured above the ears. Fresh make-up covered his face and pendant earrings hung from his pierced ears. A black collar encircled his neck with a small electronic device that Brandon decided was an alarm that would sound during an attempted escape.

His attention focused on the realization that the sissy maid held Edith Rappaport in his arms, carrying her into the bathroom.

She issued orders in a relaxed tone, supremely convinced that being carried about by a sissy male was a normal state of affairs.

Brandon looked down to see his attire of a similar gown and stockings in a soft pink shade, without panties or bra. He remained handcuffed to a post of Rappaport's bed, forced to sleep on the carpet as Drexel Lambert had done.

She wanted to eliminate all possibilities of escape.

From the bathroom come the sounds of splashing and dripping water, with the Lambkin's soft responses of, "Yes Mistress," as he bathed her.

He dozed off; awaking he saw a nude Edith Rappaport stride to her dressing table followed closely by Lambkin, now walking on his knees. Brandon watched silently and slyly as the maid donned white gloves.

Lambkin proceeded to dress his mistress and then comb out her long tresses.

The two left the room with nary a glance of acknowledgment to the prisoner on the floor.

A heavy weight suddenly landed on his chest and arms.

It was the large frame of Drexel Lambert pinning him to the carpet while Edith unsnapped his cuffs. He felt a leather collar enclose his neck with a leash already attached to it. He had to scramble to his knees as Edith Rappaport began pulling him aggressively toward the bathroom.

“Sissy Lambkin, you shall draw a bubble bath and bathe Sissy Darling. You both have busy days ahead of you and I want you looking your best. Sissy Darling, remove your gown, hose and garter belt this instant, unless you want a repeat of yesterday's spanking,” ordered Edith, addressing the effeminate males as if they were naughty children.

“That's good, now stay on your knees and rinse your pretty stockings in the sink. Ask Sissy Lambkin if he will hang them over the shower rod. Do use your highest, lispiest voice, won't you?”

“Thithy Lambkin, would you pleathe hang up my pretty pink thtockingths?”

“Yeth, thithy Darling,” smiled the big sissy with an elaborate curtsy.

Mistress Edith roared with laughter at the ridiculous interchange.

“I believe I could get used to having two sissy maids prancing about. Lambkin, remove your nightgown and panties. I can't see any reason why you should wear them in the presence of another sissy. Your stockings, garterbelt and bra shall remain on as a reminder of your status. Sissy Darling, crawl into the tub and do everything that is requested of you. I shall return.”

She left the large bathroom, the loud click indicating that the two sissies were locked into their fate.

Drexel nodded at Brandon with a sympathetic resignation. Once Brandon's lower torso submerged into the bubbles, it was easy to imagine he was bathing a pretty young girl. Unencumbered by his usual cock harness, a device that prevented erections, Lambert could feel an immediate reaction in his crotch as he began soaping the soft shoulders and back.

Brandon could not entertain such fantasies. This was a distinguished businessman who bathed him, effeminized and dominated by a cruel, female criminal. When the bathroom door opened, Brandon felt his heart sink to the pit of his stomach.

She held a camcorder.

“I know how much my darling maid loves my breasts, and Sissy has such an adorable pair, too,” began Ms Rappaport, “so I would like to give my maid some forbidden pleasure. Stand up, sissies.”

They stood, streams of white bubbles rolling from Brandon's slick, silky skin.



“Soap up Sissy Darling. Lather up his nasty panty stick; it probably needs it after being tucked in that awful gaff all these months. Ooh, it's getting stiff. Now, soap his lovely tits. Oh, how they bounce.”

She had moved in close, the camera whirring as it scanned up and down their bodies.

“Okay, Lambkin, you may fondle and suck his nipples. That's it. Why are you making a face? Lick that soap off, every bit of it. Ooh, now your silly thing is getting hard. Sissy Darling, get busy and soap up Lambkin's silly thing. That is all sissies may do, you know, play with themselves, or with other sissies!”

Brandon considered his chances. Her guard was down; he saw no weapons; the bathroom door was open. Was anybody on the other side? He could probably stun her with a slap to the side of the head and finish her off if he could get out of the tub and apply a kick to her legs. She was several inches taller and outweighed him by maybe twenty pounds. He could make no mistakes. Yet, he was unsure of Lambert's loyalty. If he went to her aid, Brandon was finished.

He suffered from lack of sleep and clear thinking. His butt still showed light pink stripes from the previous day. He was highly aroused, in spite of the danger and humiliation. The nervous giggle escaping from his lips betrayed him. He dipped down to grab the bar of soap, holding Lambert's stout cock with one hand and sliding the soap across the top with the other. He gently pulled the big man into the tub, large, black stocking feet disappearing into the frothy white bubbles.

Both sissies, denied sexual gratification for weeks, focused their crotch-centered minds on one goal.

Sissy Darling's rhinestone covered nails glistened among prismatic soapsuds as he pulled and pumped.

Lambkin nuzzled and pulled on Darling's breasts with his lips while his large hands kneaded his wide fleshy buns.

With a high pitched squeal, Brandon began shooting wildly, hitting Lambkin from navel to stocking tops.

Lambkin came almost simultaneously, the flow splashing Sissy Darling's breasts and throat.

The sissies embraced, still in the heat of orgasm, with the older, but powerful Lambkin, lifting Sissy Darling off his feet.

“Put him down, sissy slut, before you both fall on your asses,” snapped Edith Rappaport, satisfied that she had captured the whole episode on tape, now impatient that the sissies had become so self involved with their pleasures, “and get out, both of you. Lambkin, I want him dried, powdered, and perfumed within five minutes. Then give yourself a bath. I believe I hear Rina out there with Sissy Darling's costume.”

Brandon's legs trembled as the shamed maid patted him dry with the fluffy bath towel.

They could not meet each other's eyes.

Brandon wiped his face and eyes with tissues, removing old make-up while Lambkin slapped his skin with a huge powder puff. A cloud of cloying cologne enveloped the sissy.

He felt soft and helpless, almost totally nude except for the black leather collar and leash that dangled between his bouncing breasts. He swished out of the bathroom with wrists held loosely above his waist, hips rolling, and inner thighs rubbing.

Rina stood next to a smiling Rappaport, the usual smirk on her face.

Mistress Edith held out CeCe's waist cincher and he stepped into it without complaint. She laced it tighter than he ever had. She had attached six long garters to it, a surprise since he had always worn fishnet tights with the red satin Candiette costume that lay upon the bed. Black, opera length, seamed stockings were rolled up his legs by both women as he sat demurely on the bed fastening the tabs as ordered.

Led to the vanity table, Edith Rappaport took great pleasure in doing his make-up and combing his hair into a tight pony tail.

To his complete horror, she opened a bottle of cherry red nail enamel and coated each of his erect nipples with it. He held a hair dryer on them while the women forced him into his gaff.

Edith held up his Candiette uniform to show him it's modifications. The bra cups had been removed and replaced with transparent mesh cups that would expose his lacquered nipples.

Once he had it on they hugged his tits like the stockings that encased his legs.

The red satin pillbox hat with shiny patent chin strap and white feather atop now featured a black tulle net that pulled down over his face to obscure his features. A transparent wrap around skirt with a

fluted hem encircled his waist, barely falling to his stocking tops.

He looked on in wonder as Rina returned to the room carrying a huge handful of inflated colorful balloons. Several strung together forming a ring that went over his breasts and under his arms, affording some modesty. Another ring went around his waist. A long sausage shaped one attached to the front near his navel extended back between his legs and tied, forcing his legs apart. The other balloons formed an overskirt, bouncing lightly against his thighs. Another huge cluster filled with helium floated against the ceiling.

Ms Rappaport handed him a sheet of paper that appeared to contain lyrics and sheet music.

“Rina, take the sissy to the playroom and see that he memorizes this and works up a little dance routine to go with it.”

Rina grabbed the leash and led the prancing Sissy Darling clicking lightly in his red patent tap shoes.

Rappaport still had another sissy to prepare for her special plans.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: DEEP WATER

Brandon pulled into the parking space indicated by Rina. The mini-van he drove was painted with a colorful sign reading: Sissy's Balloons for all Occasions.

He knew he was about to perform for somebody named Drew. The 'gift' was a token of his coworkers' appreciation whose names were also included in the lyrics he had memorized.

He did not know his destination.

The whereabouts of Drexel Lambert worried him as did Rina's transformation. She wore a dark business suit with a blond wig, looking like a nondescript business woman. She carried a small pistol that had been pointed in his direction several times. It was now motioning him out of the van.

He carefully slid out of the seat to avoid bursting the balloon brassiere and skirt he wore. Taking the strings of a large cluster of helium filled balloons, he listened as Rina barked out the address. Clicking his heels loudly on the pavement, his outfit immediately brought stares and wide smiles.

Turning the corner, he walked most of the way down the block before seeing the street address. It was the bank! His heart began to flutter wildly as speculation coursed through his brain. If he had money in his purse, if he had a purse, he might have hailed a cab and hightailed it to Greta's storefront. It was too late for that. If he backed out now, Drexel's life and possibly Cassandra's life in Seattle would be in severe danger. He took a deep breath and pranced through the glass door.

Across the lobby, he saw a row of desks where the loan officers sat. Sure enough, a handsome 30 year old man busily hovered over a keyboard as the balloon girl approached. The name tag assured him that this Drew Maxwell was his recipient.

He launched into his dance step, the sound of taps ricocheting off the marble floor and walls.

As his lyrics rolled out, the man's red face deepened with embarrassment.

The women on either side of him grinned broadly casting glances at the other to see who was responsible.

As Brandon danced, he turned to see Drexel Lambert, Rina, Annie Sturmer and two other women casually enter the bank. Annie and Rina took up positions at writing counters, next to each of the guards. All were conservatively dressed in black linen business suits with white blouses, plain flesh colored hose and low heeled pumps. Each carried a brief case or large satchel.

Meanwhile, Sissy the Balloon Girl had withdrawn a long hatpin from her pillbox, plumed hat and commenced to pop the balloons on her skirt. All eyes were on her as the explosions drew the attention of the guards who were just as interested in investigating the thighs of the captivating performer.

Sissy observed with growing alarm that Lambert and his two companions had passed their satchels quickly through the tellers' windows.

They were robbing the bank!

Brandon neared the end of his routine, the part where he passed the hatpin to Drew to pop the two balloons over each of his breasts.

Drew warmed considerably to the spectacle as he watched the enticing moves of the skilled dancer and avidly accepted the pin. With a swift one-two motion, Sissy's nearly naked breasts jiggled free.

One of the guards had spotted that something was amiss with the tellers. He called to his partner and went for his hip holster.

Annie and Rina were ready with stun guns.

As both men crumpled to the floor, stunned but unharmed, their weapons were quickly removed from their holsters and deposited into trash bins, by the glove wearing women.

Their warnings for customers to get down on the floor were quickly heeded as Lambert and 'her' two partners collected their parcels and exited the bank.

Brandon stood frozen as the scene unfolded. He forgot his skimpy attire and the fact that Drew had grabbed him and slipped a quick tongue between his teeth. He backed up as Sturmer and her partner backed toward the door.

“Sissy, if I were you, I'd run for it,” shouted Rina as she slipped out the door.

Sissy ran across the slippery floor, just beyond the grasp of Maxwell and the recovering guards. He turned right as he went through the door and hoped desperately that the van remained where he had parked it. It had, and the side door was open with the motor running. He heard sirens approaching as he hurled himself inside, landing with a thud.

The door remained open as the van's wheels spun, ripping away from the curb. He felt two careening turns and saw the narrow sides of an alley hurtling past. Suddenly the van stopped as a metal door opened at the end of the alley. The van disappeared into a deserted warehouse and the doors quickly closed.

“Get out bitch,” the driver screamed.

Brandon crawled to his knees and half rolled through the opening onto a hard concrete floor.

The van roared down a ramp and out of sight. He stood up, rubbing bruised elbows and knees.

“Now what do I do?” he half-wailed, looking at his disheveled costume and torn stockings. He knew that they implicated him in the robbery, so he did want to go to the police until he consulted with an attorney. Half naked and penniless, what else could he do?

He stood shivering, listening to the howl of sirens as the headlights of a car approached.

The black stretch limousine pulled to a stop next to him. The chauffeur emerged, dressed in a black suit, white shirt and tie, shined black shoes and a cap. He looked young, the thin mustache slightly incongruous on his cleanly shaven face.

“Did you order a limo, miss?” asked the driver, in a gruff but vaguely familiar voice. A rear door opened for him. As he peered inside with uncertainty, the shock waves hit him from both sides.

Inside, Drexel Lambert sat on one seat, hands and ankles in shackles with a red ball gag between his

lips. He had been stripped to his lingerie, a white bra, panty girdle, and nude stockings.

From behind, a kick on Brandon's bare butt propelled him into the car. Too late, he realized that the chauffeur was Edith Rappaport in drag.

Bondage gear identical to Lambert's lay on the seat next to him.

“Get into your chains and gag, Sissy, we have to get out of here. You girls sit back and relax, we have a long trip ahead of us,” she sneered, satisfied that both sissies were securely restrained. The door closed with a thud and the sound of internal locks told Brandon that escape was impossible.

The windows had been blacked out, so only the steady motion of the vehicle suggested that they were on an open highway somewhere.

Exhausted from the ordeal, both Lambert and Dainty fell asleep.

The interior lights came on as the door opened. A flood of cool night air, scented with sagebrush, replaced the stale air surrounding the two captives. Blinking with confusion, Brandon's eyes struggled to focus on the blade of the hunting knife in Rappaport's hand. Without hesitation, she reached down to slit the side hems of his panty and gaff, pulling them free. It took a moment longer to extract panties from beneath Lambert's open bottom girdle.

She ordered them out of the car. They stood shivering on a narrow shoulder. All around was a vast expanse of desert, distant mountains beneath a canopy of brilliant stars. Yips of nearby coyotes and rustlings in the low, thick brush attested to the remote location. Without fanfare, they were ordered to squat and

pee. Mercifully, she released their hands and ball gags, and handed them small rolls of toilet paper should they need it.

While they took care of business, Rappaport opened the trunk, removing some stuff. Soon, Lambert and Dainty found themselves in padlocked, leather neck collars to which their wrist cuffs had been attached with eight inch lengths of chain.

“My poor little sissies have been cooped up all day and most of the night. It's only fair that I allow you some exercise. I'll drive on ahead about a half mile. You may walk along the road and stretch those pretty legs,” said Edith with a cruel smile. “If you see a big truck coming, you better hide in the bushes. There is no telling what a horny trucker might do if he found two bunnies all trussed up along a lonely stretch of highway.”

She slammed all the doors and jumped in.

The limo sped off, spraying them with sand and gravel.

Lambert and Dainty stared forlornly at one another in the dim light. Lambert stepped gingerly onto the cool asphalt in his stocking feet. Brandon still wore the tap shoes.

“I think she's taking us to Mexico,” said Lambert, “but how is she going to get across the border without being searched?”

“It's getting kind of cold — we could be heading north, this could be northern Nevada or eastern Oregon considering how long she's been driving,” offered Brandon, “I sure am sorry I got you into this mess.”

“It's not your fault. My life was going nowhere at the house in Reno. I bungled things up when I borrowed company funds to pay her blackmail. I could face embezzlement charges on that. And now, like Patty Hearst, I could be arrested on bank robbery charges.”

“As could I,” sighed Brandon, agreeing on the last point. “We have to keep our spirits up. I'm sure Sydney and Greta are out there somewhere trying to rescue us. Oh, why didn't I report directly to Greta instead of trying to do it all myself?”

The question drifted aloft in the desert air. Silence descended upon them once again, the heaviness of their guilt and regret rode upon their bare shoulders. They almost felt relief when the black limousine reappeared, for it offered relief and shelter from the hard road and bone numbing cold.

Inside, a bucket of cold KFC chicken and jug of water had been placed on a small serving table.

As Rappaport resumed her trek, the two sissies fed each other, their embarrassment overshadowed by their need for sustenance. Soon after, each curled up on his respective seat and found escape in light sleep punctuated by a staccato flow of dream imagery. They even slept through several hours while the car remained motionless when Rappaport pulled into a copse of cottonwoods to sleep.

Time and motion lost all meaning. When the door opened, again it was night but this time the world of concrete and city smells greeted the groggy travelers.

“Welcome home, Sissy,” chirped Edith Rappaport to Brandon with mock cheerfulness.

She tossed a long satin lined cape over him which was then wrapped under and around him. With some difficulty, the garment zipped from his ankles to his throat covering his collar. An attached hood pulled over his unruly, matted blond curls. She reached down and pulled him out of his seat onto the sidewalk.

With considerable surprise, he realized that he stood outside of his own apartment in Seattle.

“We are only here for a short time. Tomorrow afternoon, A smartly dressed business woman with two sweetly dressed secretaries will board a private jet at a nearby field. I will begin a life of luxury on an estate in Costa Rica. You and Lambkin shall begin new lives as white slaves in a lavish San Jose bordello.

“Sissy will be a lovely sex maid for the girls, preparing them and the men for pleasure. She will undoubtedly become a favorite sex toy of the lesbian Madam.

“Lambkin is too ugly for that, so he must be content with the life of a cleaning girl or kitchen assistant.

“That's if you both live, that is.”

“Now, Sissy, if I know you, you have hidden a set of keys to your apartment around here for emergency use. Now I suggest you find them, or I will shoot your ugly old lover in there. Move!”

Brandon had indeed prepared for such an emergency. The keys and garage door opener were buried in a jar beneath a rhododendron. He couldn't do the digging, cuffed as he was, so he pointed the spot out

to Rappaport, who quickly found them. Lambert was covered in a similar cape before the two sissies were marched to the front door.

The clock in the deserted lobby told them it was 3:30 a.m.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: LIFEGUARD ON DUTY

In the elevator, Brandon shook his head in grudging admiration of his captor's cleverness. Where else could they be safe from the prying eyes of the world than in his own home? He knew that time was running out for both of them. He showed her which key opened the elevator door to the women's floor.

As they walked the hallways to the door, Brandon wondered if Sydney had maintained surveillance on his empty apartment. His dejected slump betrayed his body's doubt. A glimmer of hope revived him slightly as the lights came on and the door locked behind them.

The place looked lived in: dirty dishes and a coffee mug rested on the coffee table in front of the sofa. Several pairs of women's shoes covered the carpet; magazines and newspaper littered the sofa and adjoining chairs.

Edith Rappaport tensed at the sight as well, quickly pulling a .38 caliber pistol from her large overnight bag.

Almost instantly, a groggy female voice drifted from the bedroom:

“Lisa? Syd? Who's out there?”

Several moments later, Cassandra Mott peered into the living room. Her piercing scream sent the blood rushing from Brandon's face.

Edith Rappaport rushed across the living room and prodded her into the room.

Cassie was clad in one of Brandi's sheer yellow baby dolls. Her pubic patch was clearly visible behind the wispy material of the panties.

“Well, what a nice surprise!” exclaimed Edith Rappaport. “We never were able to locate you, but now you are here and I will have another slut to deliver to our San Jose whorehouse. And think of the fun we will have tonight. Remove the capes from these sissies, bitch. You are in for a surprise.”

Cassie could not argue with this madwoman waving a gun. She removed Brandon's cape first, staring at his breasts, and gasping at his shriveled exposed cock.

Drexel's lingerie and feminized body froze her for a moment before realizing that he was alive and with her again. She wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her face to his bra covered chest.

“Isn't that sweet! Now, don't any of you move,” warned Rappaport, “while I get out of this awful gorilla suit.”

She proceeded to strip, and was soon standing in her lacy black brassiere, a leather garter belt, black panties and stockings. She stepped into some stiletto pumps. She removed the pencil thin mustache and pulled the dried spirit gum from her upper lip. She let her long red hair fall onto her shoulders and replaced the chauffeur's cap. From her overnight bag, she removed a nasty coiled leather whip. With the gun in one hand and the whip in the other, she embodied the look of a lion tamer, even though several whimpering kittens peered back.

“Break it up, you two, and get over here. Remove those panties, Cassie. You are in need of some severe discipline. That's good, now stuff them in your



mouth. I heard far too much of your voice in Reno so I want it silent from now on. You, Lambkin, may remove my panties and fill your own mouth with them. Now both of you lean over the back of the sofa. Cassie, move, dangle those legs free.”

Brandon remembered his stool and scampered over to the closet. He had an idea. The movement cost him a stinging lash across his legs.

“What do you think you're doing?” Rappaport asked.

“My sissy stool is in here, Mistress. I believe it will please you,” squeaked Brandon, trying to curtsy.

She reached in and pulled it out for him, a smug smile covering her face.

He took it across the room to the camera hidden behind the mirror. He hoped that somebody was watching but felt disgust for what he must do. He stepped up on the stool.

“Aren't I pretty Mistress? I know my stockings are torn, my hair and make-up are a mess, but I do want to please you. I will do anything you want if you will just leave my friends alone.”

“You will do anything I say, in any case, Sissy,” she sneered, “but now that you mention it, you may begin to lubricate this with your mouth, because I am going to use it on you later.”

He stared in horror at the black rubber dildo thrust into his shackled hands.

“Turn around, and watch yourself sucking on this,” she ordered.

As he took it into his mouth, she paused to massage his breasts. He could not prevent the erection that caused the head of his cock to rub against the mirror. She pushed his butt in a circular motion, causing him to masturbate himself as her attentions turned to the victims over the couch.

The sadistic woman casually pulled on Cassie's nipples while stroking her inner thighs alternately with fingers and the butt of her whip. Deeply frightened, Mott nevertheless felt an erotic tingle. Rappaport stepped back to land the first blows across the nude posterior when the front door opened with a crash.

The gun rested on the coffee table, some six feet from where Rappaport stood.

“Freeze, lady, or I'll shoot,” said a familiar husky voice. In a blur of motion, the short, stocky man dove into the room, rolled over twice and pointed his gun straight at Edith Rappaport. He was less than three feet from her, making any reaction impossible.

She dropped the whip and put her hands on her head.

The man quickly snapped handcuffs onto her wrists and pushed her to the floor.

“It's o.k. You can get up folks,” he said to Lambert and Mott.

“You can stop THAT!” The man snapped, indicating Brandon's gyrations.

Brandon sheepishly stepped down from the stool.

Cassandra ran for the bedroom from which she emerged, wearing a long quilted robe and carrying two blankets for Lambert and Dainty.

“This is Lee. You might remember him as Lisa, Brandi,” said Cassandra regaining her composure. “After you left for Reno, I moved in here and he was assigned to a room upstairs as my bodyguard. Lucky for us, he was monitoring the video feed to his apartment. He is all man at the office, now, but does appear as Lisa on the nights he comes down to keep me company.”

Lee had already dumped out Rappaport's bag and had found the keys to the locks imprisoning the men.

Brandon ran to the bathroom for a much needed shower.

Cassie wrapped the blanket around Drexel and massaged his chafed wrists and ankles.

Lee called Sydney and notified the police.

“You keep this gun trained on her while I run upstairs and see if I can find some clothes for Drexel. He has time for a shower and change before the cops get here.”

In his absence, Cassie could not help expressing some rage of her own, pulling Edith's panties to her knees, and furiously spanked her for three solid minutes with everything from her hand to a rolled up magazine. The woman's buttocks were still flaming when a police matron took her away an hour later.

It was midmorning before the excitement died down. Fortunately, Drexel and Brandon remained free pending an investigation. They went to bed,

Brandon in his own bedroom in a fresh nightgown, Drexel on the sofa in a tight tee shirt and boxer shorts that Lee had loaned him. Cassandra went home with Sydney. Both women promised to return the following afternoon.

CHAPTER NINETEEN: AS SAND SLIPS FROM BENEATH HIS TOES, HIGH HOPES EBB TO HEELS AND HOSE

With Monday's dawn, Brandon arose to a resumption of his pre-Reno routine.

Sydney asked him to report to work as Brandi. Far from the tolerant disdain of his initial weeks as a receptionist and secretary, he felt confident, happy, and safe.

“Everything is going to work out fine,” he said cheerily to his mirrored image, as he applied his make-up. The pink skirt of his business suit seemed to hug his hips more tightly than he recalled. The low cut lace bodice of his white body shirt accented the gentle contours of his breasts.

With the cameo choker, matching jacket, and white lace stockings, the outfit conveyed femininity and conservatism. The new pink platform sandals with heels two inches higher than his normal four inch work shoes made him teeter for a few minutes until he found his balance. The way that the thin straps squeezed his ankles and feet reinforced his vulnerable state of mind.

He knew Greta would be waiting for him at the office. Too nervous to eat, he gulped a glass of orange juice, picked up his purse, and left to walk the five blocks to the office.

He ran into Lee as he entered the lobby.

The detective, sharply dressed in a suit, grinned at Brandi, telling her how pretty she looked. Brandi

looked down in embarrassment, wondering when he might return to menswear. Lee left the building.

Greta's genuinely warm hug soothed his fears somewhat. She displayed obvious relief that he returned safe and healthy. Perhaps she even forgave his green, unauthorized actions.

Ushered into Sydney's office, his perceptions quickly changed. Extensively debriefed, grilled relentlessly, he revealed every detail of his experiences.

Incensed at the account of his reckless decision to invade Rappaport's home, Greta ordered him to remove his skirt. He stood in his ruffled sissy pants, whirling and curtsying as questions and reprimands continued from his bosses. They discussed his behavior openly, with little regard for his feelings.

“He looks and speaks like a real woman, he could pass anywhere, but he still holds dangerously macho attitudes,” observed Miss Willow.

“I agree, despite those luscious breasts, and ruby red lips, he still has a lot to learn about feminine values,” said Miss Klein.

“Although he displays remarkable intuition at times, acting with courage and quiet confidence in his actions, Brandi has yet to develop a requisite measure of maturity. Certainly, we would need to see a much higher level of sagacity and common sense in a prospective partner,” mused Miss Willow.

“Maturity, sagacity?” Greta snorted with derision. “What we have here are the impulsive, undisciplined actions of a child. What I have to offer is quite different. Brandi, think back now, way back...what did your mother do when you mistreated your little girl friends at her dress shop?”

Brandi blushed a deep pink. It had only happened twice that he could remember.

His mother did two things.

“Well, she would stand me up in front of the girls, and their mothers and brothers when they were there. She would lecture me about how I misbehaved. I would curtsy and offer a contrite apology.”

“Is that all she would do?” pressed Greta.

“Once or twice she put me over her lap and pulled down my panties and spanked me in front of them,” murmured Brandi in a very tiny voice, “but they never saw my penie.”

“Well, Brandi, perhaps you should turn around and ask Miss Willow if such a punishment might still be appropriate today for your naughty actions,” suggested Greta with a thin smile.

Brandi gulped, pirouetted and curtsied:

“Miss Willow, do you think that you should call my mother and have her come and spank me for my naughty behavior?”

Sydney roared with laughter.

“No, I would not consider subjecting her to your juvenile whims; I have a feeling that if you ask Miss Klein nicely, she will provide you with a corrective panties-down spanking.”

Brandi asked, hoping the torture would soon end.

Smiling broadly, Greta patted the lap of her black leather skirt. With his undies around his knees, his beribboned cock slid between her nylon covered



thighs as he positioned himself. The smacks rained down, followed by real tears, and racking sobs. He dimly felt her grab his upper arm and usher him to the nearest corner.

“You show wonderful promise, Brandi, dear. Never give up hope. We will monitor your progress closely and provide correction as necessary. I want you to consider how you might improve your behavior in the future while Syd and I grab some lunch,” cooed Miss Klein, kissing him lightly on his tear stained cheek.

The copious flow of tears appeared to create a frothy puddle where his panties hugged the ankles above his pink platform heels.

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Wonderful news filtered into the office over the next several weeks.

Apprehended in Brownsville, Texas, Annie Sturmer faced extradition to Carson City, Nevada, the site of the trial.

Rina Stokes, captured at the customs area in Miami, Florida, already occupied a Nevada cell.

Other indictments appeared imminent, against a Nevada State legislator, customs officers, and bank security officials. The latter had orchestrated the breakdown of alarm systems before several robberies. Close to \$100,000 was recovered, and several money laundering businesses were discovered.

The codes that Brandon had photographed were deciphered successfully. Local authorities in Costa Rica acted on an Interpol request to investigate, resulting in freedom for a dozen American women and

a dozen more local women from a life of forced prostitution. Some had already returned to the States.

Cassandra Mott assumed the administrative helm at The Dazzling Tiara.

Drexel Lambert pleaded guilty to misuse of company funds, a lesser charge than embezzlement. He awaited sentencing by a local judge, but was certain to avoid jail time. He announced his semi-retirement, promising to stay long enough to see that Cassandra or another trusted employee could effectively run the casino and hotel. He quietly moved in with Cassandra.

These developments worked in Brandon's favor. His self esteem improved, as well as respect from his coworkers.

The glowing press reports brought increased visibility of and business to Willow and Klein.

Because new clients wanted to meet the detectives who worked on the case, Brandi found herself in a new office of her own. A newly hired receptionist performed most of the serving duties.

His new responsibilities seemed to be little more than remaining immaculately coifed and groomed always. Sometimes Brandi acted as a company spokesperson in front of cameras and microphones.

Sydney took him shopping for several feminine, flowing dresses to wear at the office, and two cocktail dresses to wear to after work events. He had a standing appointment weekly to have his hair and nails done. Virtually forgotten (except to him) was the day he had entered the office as Brandon Dainty.

The memo on his desk Monday morning (one month following his return) announced a dinner party at Sydney Willow's home the following Saturday. A celebration of the Reno successes, the gala affair promised a reunion of many of his associates.

He looked forward to the excitement since life in Seattle had returned to its humdrum pace. As part of his atonement, weekends spent in maid service alternating between Sydney's and Greta's left little free time. On week nights, except for the regular self defense and aerobics classes on his floor, he stayed home, trying to save money. This placed him under the continuous scrutiny of company cameras and several female security officers who delighted in keeping him clad in diaphanous peignoirs, frilly panties, garter belt, nylons and little else.

On Friday, dismissed at noon, he reported to Francine, the owner of the beauty parlor. Something special was in the works.

When Sydney picked him up at four, 'CeCelia' Dainty scampered quickly to the sports car. From the platinum hair pulled into a tight bun, to the nails sparkling with rhinestones, to the Spandex jump suit, his recent past now became his present.

They went to dinner and discussed the week as two girlfriends might.

Saturday morning duties in a white satin uniform proved more strenuous than usual with the party preparations. He welcomed the order to shower and change at 2:00 p.m. Wrapped in a towel, powdered and fragrant, he returned to his small bedroom adjoining Sydney's bathroom. Would she put him in yellow chiffon, or black velvet for the party?

On the small bunk between the sewing machine and ironing board lay a body suit, tights, tutu, and slippers. He would spend the afternoon reprising his “ballet parking” role, parking the guests' cars!

Raised eyebrows and appreciative whistles were among the reactions of media people and professional associates who knew only the prim and proper Brandi.

He felt happy and relieved when Drexel Lambert's Lexus pulled into the driveway. His jaw dropped into the cleavage between his breasts as the driver's side window lowered. Drexel Lambert's face was covered skillfully with make-up, his silvery hair permed into curls and secured with bobby pins to a delicate lace maid's cap.

Cassandra hugged Brandi warmly as they exited the vehicle, but said nothing about her escort whose dark satin cape covered all but nylon covered ankles and black patent heels. They disappeared into the house.

The crowd continued to arrive, far more cars than he could hope to park, so he did his best to smile, leap and skip, as instructed.

Finally, Sydney collared him and said it was time to get dressed for dinner.

He caught a glimpse of Lambert clad in a black French Maid costume, standing respectfully and conspicuously next to Cassandra. His head stood above the crowd pressing in on them, but Brandi could not stop to investigate.

Personally dressed by Greta, he emerged in the soft, pale yellow strapless cocktail dress, long legs resplendent in opaline hose, toes squeezed by strappy,

lemon sandals. His breasts quivered delectably, cradled in a lacy shelf bra. Two extra crinoline petticoats added bounce to his skirts. A natural blush formed on his cheeks as Greta removed his gaff and panties and tied a bright yellow sissy ribbon around his now tiny privates. Escorted to the dining room, two dozen special guests surrounding a table awaited “her” arrival. His legs almost collapsed as he recognized his table companions.

Lambert had changed into a tuxedo. The black silk brocade jacket with pink lapels covered a white ruffled blouse and pink cummerbund. The matching brocade slacks with pink satin piping were obviously for a female, lacking a front fly. It was only later that he noticed the black satin flats covering feet clad in pink stockings.

A deep blush glowed on Brandi's cheeks, as his brilliant blue eyes focused on the stylish older woman to his right.

“Hello Mother,” he said in sweet but overly formal tones.

“Just look at you, Brand...I,” she gushed, sweeping him into her arms, “I’m so proud of the way my big, er, girl has matured!”

Her discerning eyes focused briefly on his lovely breasts, her head nodding briefly with approval.

“We flew her out for the dinner, to help celebrate your success,” smiled Sydney, who then seated them, before taking her seat at the head of the table.

Amid repeated toasts and course after course of gourmet fare, Sydney arose to announce that the guests were welcome to stay for the show.



Of course, the show turned out to be Sissy Darling, first demonstrating the Candiette tray-pass with several of her former work mates from Reno. Next, he changed into the sheer body stocking with horsetail, hoof mittens, and head harness for his corral scene from the stage show.

Greta Klein borrowed a cowgirl costume to put the captured mare through her paces.

Later, after the guests had departed, an exhausted Brandi, and a thoroughly humiliated Lambert sat on the floor in matching shorty nightgowns. They watched, in tears, as Greta, Sydney, Cassandra, and Debbie reviewed the confiscated tapes from Rappaport's bathroom and Sissy's ordeal in the poker room.

Brandi's mother joined the group as the Candiette video aired.

The women discussed their future.

“Brandon, we checked with our group insurance agent and discovered that removal of your breast implants is not covered until you are with the company for at least one year. That's elective surgery, so you have another six months to go before we can pay for it. Sorry dear,” explained Sydney sympathetically.

“Well, what am I supposed to do, then?” Brandon wailed, his patience wearing thin, “I'm really tired of being a pretty office airhead, and your private maid, not to mention a dress-up doll for those women in the control room. Why have you dressed up Drexel this way? He likes to crossdress, but he isn't that passable, so he must be terribly embarrassed.”

Drexel dropped his head in obvious shame.

“As for Drexel,” answered Cassandra, “he is serving his sentence. When the judge discovered his reason for misusing the funds, he was ordered to wear female clothing while working for the company at minimum wage until all funds are repaid. He has been remanded to my custody and I rather like having a big sissy around. We were in love before all of this happened and it has really cemented our relationship.”

“As for you,” began Greta, “several options are open for consideration. One of our wealthy clients has a daughter who attends an exclusive finishing school for young ladies. She has been complaining about the harsh discipline procedures used by the school to train the women to be successful in business and domestic life. We may send you in as a student to investigate.”

“What about a new career in dancing?” asked Cassandra. “The people in Reno have been clamoring for your return. Our choreographer has worked up several routines tailor made for you. You can live in our house instead of the dorm. You wouldn't have to be a maid, I already have one and she will serve you well.”

“Brandon can now fill out a frock as never before,” laughed his mother, obviously enjoying herself, “and I would like to hire him briefly to model some fashions for my upcoming catalog. His legs have always looked so sweet in my pantyhose or stockings.”

“Don't forget that I still consider you a fine prospect for partnership in our firm,” reminded Sydney. “I am leaning toward an all woman business, however, so that may involve some additional surgery. I shall reevaluate the situation in six months.”

Greta yawned and stretched.

“We all need our beauty sleep. Perhaps Brandi and Miss Lambkin can give us each a kiss and scamper off to bed.”

Brandon started to rise to plant a kiss on his employer's cheek. Four nylon-clad feet pushed down on his head and shoulders preventing him from standing. He gasped as the sole of one foot pressed against his face from forehead to chin. A whimper escaped his lips as the toes of another lightly circled his bosom, lifting and tickling his nipples. His face turned a brilliant shade of pink as wiggling toes dropped inside the front of his panties and met the toes digging between his asscheeks and beneath his crotch from behind. An upward pressure lifted him to a kneeling attention. Lambert received similar treatment.

“A sissy's kisses always begin beneath the toes,” instructed Greta.

“Yes, doesn't a mother deserve a soothing foot massage from her only offspring?”

“Isn't it wonderful having such talented help?”

“They certainly know their place.”

In a brilliant moment of insight and clarity, Brandon Dainty's life of acting and dancing coalesced into a sparkling gem of deduction. He giggled and rained a flurry of kisses on his mommy's feet as he offered this observation in a singsong voice:

“From Tea-Time to Toe-Time with Brandi.”

The women's laughter glittered like stars above the sheltered haven of his bliss.

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