

What Kind of Fool Am I?

Book One



Authored by
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What Kind Of Fool Am I

by **Bébé Talons**

In the Beginning. . .

My name is Jason (after my Father) Ford (my Mom's maiden name) Burch, but everyone calls me *Lucky*. I am twenty-seven years old and I am studying part-time at the University's Night College to learn how to be a writer and free-lance journalist. You see, I now work full-time as an aircraft mechanic for *Air-Flights* at Coventry Airport to support myself and my wife while I attend classes part-time. My English Lit. Professor has helped me a lot and has also recommended some books on how to write.

Sounds dumb, doesn't it? Hell's bells, I already knew *how* to write, what I needed to know was *what* to write about!

I have been an avid reader of all kinds of literature since I was a youngster, even when I had little inkling of what the subject matter was, and now Miss King (that's my English Lit. professor's name) tells me that I should just practice free association writing and that I should just write about something with which I am familiar, such as a personal experience or something about which I know a great deal, such as my military experiences working on helicopters or on airplanes, like I do now.

It's not easy to begin — not knowing what I should write about — with a blank sheet of paper staring me in the face, daring me to deface its pristine surface! I moped about and groped at straws for several weeks, even talked about it with my best friend, Darling Little Dana (Double Dee) Hutton Donahue. He suggested that I write about that visit to the circus last year when we both had a lot of fun with our wives. But, after you discuss the clowns and the animals and the aerialists and the side shows and the rides and the crowds, what else can you write about, especially if you're not actually a member of the circus community and don't know the real ins and outs of the performers' behind-the-scenes work?

My wife, Dorothy, wasn't much help either. She suggested writing about my childhood. *Boooorrrring!*

Some of my other friends said that if I wanted to write about something worthwhile, I had to feel an urge to put something down on paper, something that was close to my heart, something I believed in, or something that other people would like to read. . .

some unusual event. . . some strange incident. . . or something. . .

Then, one Saturday afternoon, it hit me! I would write about my best friend, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, who had been rather unhappy for some time because of his home situation that had carried over to his work because of the way he was made to dress by his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Donahue. Dana's wife, Aileen, had been sick for a long time and was preparing to go to Boston to see another medical specialist, leaving him in the care of her domineering Mother. Mrs. Donahue was a rather strict and out-spoken woman, an out-spoken woman's liberation advocate, in her mid-forties and she ruled Aileen and Dana with an iron fist in a velvet glove.

Aileen's medical expenses were staggering, as you can imagine, forcing Double Dee to work at several extra jobs to try to keep ahead of their mounting medical debts. Even this trip to Boston was being financed by myself and Dorothy because they could not afford it.

But, all that comes later.

First, a word of explanation about these *Darling Little Dana* references. When he was just a babe-in-arms, his Mother had always referred to him as *My Darling Little Baby Boy, Dana*. His brother and sister had picked up on that immediately, and for the rest of his life, he will be known as *Darling Dana*, or *Double Dee*, when it was shortened.

So, sometimes I will refer to him as Darling Dana, sometimes I shall call him just plain Dana, but I will usually call him Double Dee. So if I skip around with what I call him, just you remember that you have been warned!

Now, that that's settled, let's start at the beginning. .

* * * * *

Buster Brown & His Dog, Tige

Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue and I have been friends for the longest time. We lived right next door to one another on State Street on the outer limits of a small city in up-state New York near the Canadian border where we were born.

Even though we are exactly five years and one day apart in age, our birthdays are only one day apart (mine is March 31 and his is April 1), we both attended the same elementary and high schools from the sixth grade on. I lost three full grades because I had a long running bout with some exotic form of influenza that kept me confined to the hospital and to my bedroom at home, and also left me extremely near-sighted and weak, which enabled Double Dee to catch me in the sixth grade because he was such a smart kid and because I had missed so much school work that I either failed every grade or passed by the skin of my teeth.

During the time I was confined, Double Dee had spent considerable time with me, playing board and

card games, him reading to me (my eyes, remember?) and sort of *doing for me*, if you catch my drift.

He had started school one year early and then, half-way through first grade, had skipped right over the second to the third and then skipped the fourth grade, putting him even with me at the start of the sixth.

I was the biggest kid in the sixth grade and Double Dee was the smallest. We were the class misfits, and at first we chummed together because no one else would have us. But after awhile, we chummed because we truly liked one another and actually preferred each other's company to anybody else.

I was very protective towards Double Dee. He had not grown as fast as other kids and was small framed to boot. As a matter of fact, he was shorter than my wife, Dorothy, who is five-two and weighs one-oh-five in her bra and panties.

Double Dee weighs eight pounds less than my Dotty does! He's blonde (what else?), blue-eyed, fair skinned, almost completely hairless, but he's quick to smile and smart as a whip.

I, on the other hand, am almost six feet tall, with wavy brown hair (that I keep clipped short in a buzz cut) and hazel eyes. I am two hundred solid pounds (I play tackle for a local semi-pro football team) of sinew and muscle, and I'm still extremely near-sighted because of the residual effects of my influenza attacks. I may be a little slow when it comes to non-mechanical things, but I am an ace mechanic!

I'm also the world's biggest sucker when it comes to Darling Dana (Double Dee) Hutton Donohue!

Double Dee had never been a sissy, although to be quite honest, he is frail and delicate, in a nice sort of way, I mean. As I said, he is my best friend.

At any rate, we all worked for *Air Flights*, the local commuter airline. I am an airplane mechanic, as I said, while Double Dee worked as the reservation clerk and airport manager. My wife and Double Dee's wife, Aileen Donahue, were both stewardesses.

Darling Dana Hutton hadn't had an easy time of it. He lived right next door to us with his Mother, an older sister and a much older brother. His father was in the Army and was stationed abroad a lot, leaving his Mother alone to cope with everything. He was killed in some battle in Europe somewhere just before the war ended

I remember Double Dee working at a local grocery store as a bag boy by the time he was nine years old and running two city paper routes because his family needed the money to live on. Like I said, I have always liked the Kid, and when he was a kid, I felt greatly sorry for him. I remember him struggling to carry his bags of newspapers that summer he was ten years old (I was fifteen that same spring) and I had delivered newspapers to help him out. I didn't mind at all. I had developed into a strong, husky kid after my bout with influenza, and besides, I liked doing things to help him out.

It was so funny. He'd tell me where to leave the papers and I would run them around just like a dog that had been trained by his master to do that very thing. Sometimes, to be funny, I would bark when I ran a paper to a house, then run back and stand there with my tongue hanging out, panting like some kind of fool. Double Dee would just grin and murmur, "Good dog!"

Good dog!” And sometimes he would pat me on the head. For some weird reason, I liked it best when he patted me and told me I was a good dog!

In fact, right up to the day they died, both of our Mothers referred to us as *Buster Brown and his dog, Tige* — whoever they were.

When Halloween rolled around that year, our Mothers surprised us with two of the most appropriate costumes ever, and although I couldn’t see the humor in it at the time, I can now see that my Mother knew exactly what she was doing as her unstated prediction bore fruit in such a wonderful, yet strange, manner. . . but again, I am getting way ahead of the story.

They had made a *Buster Brown* suit for Double Dee and a shaggy dog suit for me!

Double Dee’s Mom had insisted he wear his hair in long ringlets and she also made him wear white lace gloves to protect his hands. To make sure he kept the gloves on so that he wouldn’t lose them, she had painted his nails a bright red! To complete the illusion, she put a wide-brimmed picture hat atop his curls and secured it with a wide, pale blue ribbon tied under his chin. He looked great, and even though he had objected somewhat to the pale lip-stick, the dark eye-liner and the bright blusher on his cheeks that she had used to high-light his best features (his big blue eyes and shy smile), she paid no attention to his protests as she applied the cosmetics liberally to his blushing face.

He had looked so cute in his snug, dark maroon velvet jacket and the matching short, tight pants, with the frilly white silk blouse and wide patent leather belt. (Later on that same afternoon, I discovered that his Mom had insisted that he wear his sister’s silky pink panties and pink under shirt [you know, the one with

the little pink bow at the neck], and a pair of her cast off panty-hose to keep his legs warm!) On his feet, Dana wore matching patent leather dancing shoes (Mother couldn't find boy's shoes in his size, so she substituted a pair of my sister's mary janes with one and a half inch baby heels) and lace edged ankle sox. When he was all dressed up in his costume, he looked exactly like a picture I once saw of someone called "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a boy from the States who went to live with his relatives and eventually became a Lord of the Realm in Merry Old England sometime around the turn of the century.

After that, when I wanted to tease him, I would refer to him as "My Little Lord" or "Sir Fauntleroy" or just plain "Fauntleroy" or "Your Majesty" or "Your Little Lordship" or "My Little Liege," all of which angered him for some reason and for the longest time, even today!

But the name that made him the most angry was to be called *My Little Lordship Darling Dana Hutton*, with the emphasis on the *Little*. And if you think he just took it, think again! Double Dee had his own way of getting even with me, and he always got even! In fact, he's so far ahead of me now that I'll never catch up, not if I live to be a hundred years! old

Our Mothers "oohhed" and "aahhed" over how cute he looked and how pretty he was, "just as pretty as a little girl," they cooed, which made him blush even more furiously than he already had been! I thought he was more beautiful than any girl I ever knew, including our own older sisters and our Mothers, who were all beauties in their own right!

I do believe that I fell in love with him at that very moment, although I didn't know it at the time!

Then, it was time to fasten me into my costume. Mother cautioned me that it might be a tad warm inside the costume if I wore too many clothes and she advised me to strip down to my under-pants before getting into it. Which I did, and I was glad afterwards that I had! Even though it was rather coolish in those final days of October that year, I was warm enough in the heavy costume. In fact, there were moments when I was too warm!

I slipped my hands into the front legs and found, to my great surprise, that my hands curled around little knobs inside my front “paws.” My head was slipped into the head of the costume and I was laced in snugly, the leather moulding itself to my body easily. Mother ordered me to wriggle my bottom, and when I did, I felt a something settle into place between my surprised bottom cheeks. Then I heard Double Dee’s excited voice, “Hey! Look! He’s got a real tail now!”

And, it was true! There was a springy thingie inside the tail itself and by clenching or squeezing my bottom cheeks, I could make it move quite realistically! And by trying to expel the springy thingie, I could make it bob up and down in doggie fashion, and of course, Double Dee encouraged me to “wag” my tail constantly! In fact, he insisted on it! Eventually, I could “wag” without even thinking about it!

Double Dee knelt, put his arms around my neck and nuzzled his face into my thick fur. “You’re my lucky charm!” he whispered. “And I’m going to name you *Lucky!*” he exclaimed. And from that day, I have been *Lucky* and nothing else. Even my own Mother and sisters called me Lucky! And since it was my Darling Little Dana’s idea in the first place, it was jake with me!

To continue, I looked through the costume's milky glass eyes and discovered that without my own glasses, my seeing acuity was effectively reduced to zilch and I would be entirely dependent upon someone else (Double Dee, of course!) to guide me.

Mother fastened a something with jingly things tightly around my neck and I peered at her through my cloudy dog's eyes in amazement.

"Hey!" I growled, trying to make the dog mouth useful, "What in blazes is **that** for?" I demanded.

"Oh, dear," Mother giggled. "What's this then?"

Double Dee swatted my snout playfully. "Hey, you!" he admonished sharply, then he grinned slyly, "Dogs don't talk, they bark!" He giggled again and patted my head gently, scratching my ears affectionately. "If I have to be a sissified little boy for you, the least you can do is be a good little doggie for me!"

I looked up at him, seeing his grinning face as a mere blur and I felt a new respect for him now that he was still a human and I had been reduced to being his dog! I licked at his hand to show my new respect.

"Your Master has spoken!" Mother laughed. She handed Double Dee a short doggie whip. "This will help you keep your new pet in line," she told him.

Boy!

Would it!

Mother had used that same dog whip on my bare bottom many times in the past and I well knew its sting! I would be very careful to avoid its use again!

"Rrrraafff! Rrrraafff (I'll behave!)" I had learned how to bark and whine like a puppy when I was his deliv-

ery dog some years past. It stood me in good stead
now.



“C’mon, Lucky, Boy!” Double Dee squealed and tugged on my new leash. He skipped merrily about the kitchen with me hot on his heels, barking like an idiot and scrambling to keep up with him. My Mother and Dana’s Mom laughed at our antics which only made us act up all the more.

I wasn’t too pleased when Double Dee sat at the table with our parents to have his treat of milk and cookies while Mom placed a saucer of milk on the floor for me to lap from! When I tried to protest, Double Dee snapped that dog whip across my rear end and I lost all desire to protest anything else!

Mother noticed my capitulation at once. “Dana, Darling, why don’t you and Lucky get better acquainted this afternoon?” she suggested. “You’ll have all afternoon to teach your new pet how to behave so that you’ll make a big hit tonight at the Costume Contest. Wouldn’t it be nice if you were to win first prize?”

His Mom sighed. “That two hundred dollars sure would come in handy!”

“Well, I’m sure Lucky would donate his half to a worthy cause, should they be the first prize winners!” my Mom blurted in sympathy.

I said nothing in my defense because just about that time, Double Dee hauled on my leash and squealed, “C’mon, Lucky! Let’s go out and play!” And he started for the back yard.

I had no choice but to hurry after him on my hands and knees or be choked!

For the next several hours, he taught me how to do several dog tricks. I didn’t know that he knew how to do that, but then I remembered that he had had a dog once before and had trained it all by himself..

He taught me to heel, to play dead, to come at his command, to lie down, to roll over, to fetch, to shake hands, to stand on my hind legs and all those dumb doggie tricks. At first, I was resentful, but he was so enthusiastic about it that I hated to disappoint him, so I tried my best to do my best! Every time I pleased him, he would scratch my ears and feed me a doggie biscuit. They were sort of bland to my teenaged taste, but I ate them anyway. Eagerly and enthusiastically!

I found that I had to pee from all the water and milk I had drunk earlier, and when I made my needs known to Dana, he merely spread my costume between my legs, reached in and pulled my swollen penis through the slit!

"OK, Lucky," he teased. "Just raise your leg against that tree and go like a good doggie!"

I looked at him through myopic eyes. "How did you know about that?"

He giggled. "Your Mom showed me what to do, just in case, and why are you talking to me anyway?" He whipped me crisply across my bottom and I yelped in sudden surprise. "Now, you'd better go. . . if you have to. . ." he ordered softly.

I cocked my leg against the tree and went, peeing strongly against the rough bark. When I was done, he tucked my penis back inside the stretchy material but left my hard sac fully exposed! I thought he had done it accidentally, but when I showed him, he just laughed with glee. "It's OK, Lucky, Boy, I know what I'm doing!" Even then, he was a little sadistic as a Master, taking great pleasure in making me squirm and yelp while he played rough! Lord help me, but I did like it when he "handled" me and I always got hard and throbbing!

And for the rest of that afternoon, I stuck close to him, hiding my exposure, being very fearful of discovery. But, I soon forgot all about my sac hanging out and concentrated on learning how to be Double Dee's dog. It was a lot of fun once I learned that I liked his playing with my ears! Twice more I had to pee, and each time he released me, I got harder than ever!

I liked his soft hand holding my stiffness! The second time, he didn't put me back in because it was getting dark and no one could see anyway. I think he just didn't want to be bothered! But, to be on the safe side, just before we went back inside the house for supper, he tucked me back inside and patted my still exposed sac gently. I growled low in my throat.

"And I love you too, Lucky, Boy," he teased, "but I think these should stay out, don't you? No one's going to notice what a dog has between its legs! Just keep your legs tightly together and no one will see. "OK?" He ruffled my hair and patted my snout.

I wriggled my tail in understanding. "Rrrraarfff! Rrrraarfff!" I barked.

"Good dog!" he praised.

Inside the kitchen, he fed me a can of dog food in a dish on the floor, squatting beside me and scratching my ears while I ate. He chuckled as I eagerly gobbled the whole thing down. His hands trailed down my back and between my legs. I knew what he was going to do, but I didn't try to stop him. I couldn't have stopped him even if I had wanted to! His soft hand slipped between my spread legs and cupped my hard sac in his caressing palm, his soft fingers curling around them tightly. He squeezed a bit roughly and I squirmed with sudden discomfort, yelping softly in an involuntary reaction.

“You are going to be a very good doggie tonight, aren’t you, Lucky, Boy?” he asked breathlessly. “Because I surely do want to win that grand prize! It means so much to my family that we win that money!” He squeezed again, a lot harder this time. “You are going to try to win, aren’t you, Lucky?” he demanded.

I yelped and turned to lick at his hand. “Rrrraarrfff! Rrrraarrfff!” I yelped in agreement.

As you might have guessed already, Double Dee and I won for Best Costume in the mixed age group and Best Costume overall, winning the two hundred dollar prize handily.

After the contest, Double Dee stooped, reached inside my costume slit and pulled my stiffened penis into plain view (except that no one noticed! I mean, who looks at a dog’s exposed sex parts anyway?), then he walked me all the way home, keeping a tight grip on my leash, me at my learned “heel” position (me close behind), and without bothering to conceal my exposure, he took me into their house to show our parents what we had won.

As my Mom had promised, my share was donated to Double Dee’s family on the spot.

I would have given it to them anyway, but it griped me no end at the time to think that I had had no say at all in the decision to give *my* half of the money away!

Our parents were overjoyed and rewarded us with cookies and milk. Mine was served in my doggie dish on the floor while Double Dee knelt beside me, scratching my ears and patting my head gently. As Double Dee had known they would, our Moms paid no attention whatsoever to my exposure even though it was quite evident, if they had but looked!

The adults left us alone after a bit, and he began to groom my coat with a stiff dog's brush, brushing it roughly across my tight little exposed sac and stiffened penis many times! But, instead of hurting, it felt good and I kept my legs spread to make it easier for him to attend to me. Like I said, I guess I'm a bit of a masochist, and Double Dee had become my sadistic Master, so we got along fine!

I mean, he was a boy and I was just a dog, *his* dog, so it was all right.

Right?

Right!

But, instead of releasing me, he grasped my hard littler sac in his fingers and squeezed roughly. "And we will continue to play our little game again, any time I want to, won't we, Lucky, Boy? I mean, you want to pass at school and I want to continue to play doggie, so we both get what we want, right?" Again, he squeezed roughly.

I squealed. "Rrrrrfff! Rrrrrfff! (OK! OK!)"

At the time, his logic was irrefutable!

Double Dee always did have a way of making me see things his way!

Mother suggested that I remain in costume and stay with Double Dee for the rest of the weekend so that we could become "fast friends," as she put it. And that's what happened. I even slept on the floor next to Double Dee's bed, with my "parts" fully exposed, and several times during the night, I awoke to discover his hand curled around me while he squeezed and stroked, and not gently, either! Without realizing what I was doing, I arched my hips towards him to make it easier for him to play with me!

So, after that, every Saturday and Sunday, after we had studied for a while, I became Double Dee's dog, Lucky, costume and all. Double Dee too! After the fifth or sixth weekend, we dispensed with my costume altogether when we were in his bedroom (except for the dog's head). I did not wear clothing of any kind, but I still slept on the floor next to his bed!

Double Dee would not allow clothing! "After all," he explained, "who ever heard of a dog wearing clothes?" And I sort of liked it that way. I mean, there's something about being naked with another person and that person being fully clothed that's excites me and though it could have been quite embarrassing had we been caught, neither of us would have changed one single thing about our times together and our strange relationship with one another. Once, his Mom walked in on us, but (fortunately?) I was hidden behind the closet door and she got what she wanted and left immediately. So if she saw me and suspected what we were up to, she never said, but she never walked in on us again either! She always knocked first!

I mean, what could they, our Moms, have done?

Spank us?

Like that would have stopped us or even slowed us down!

I really think our Moms would not have said word one about what we were doing had we been caught. I mean, they had to know!

How could they have *not* known?

There were no locks on our bedroom doors and we seldom shut them anyway. My sister knew, but she was too wrapped up in being an older teenaged girl and was too infatuated with boys to care about us.

Double Dee's older sister was just like my own sister. His brother had joined the Army and was gone. We were pretty much free to do as we wished, when we wished, how we wished and with whom we wished.

I was sort of disappointed when Double Dee finally seemed to grow tired of playing doggie and we started doing other, more "normal" things after our studying, like play cards or monopoly or the like.

I would rather have been his dog!

One thing that changed very little was me in clothing when with My Darling Little Dana. I rather liked being naked with him and I know he liked looking at me. Sometimes he would play with me and I liked those times best of all.

Double Dee was a latent sadist, and if he was deliberately cruel to me, I never objected, even when he would whip me for disobedience! It was just that when I was being his doggie, he thought of me as his pet dog, and as his pet dog, I had a certain behavior pattern to follow. If I didn't, he whipped me. . . and since I was usually stark naked, he whipped me on my bare bottom, which was not to my liking at all, especially when his whip would *slip* and catch me full on my hard little sac or throbbing penis! Still, I don't believe that I ever consciously tried to avoid his slashing doggie whip, and after awhile, the whipping excited me even more than I already was!

And so the year progressed. I got through all my tests with Double Dee's tutoring me, and that made it all worthwhile, in my estimation.

Besides, like I said, I didn't mind being his pet dog at all, no matter what!

Along about Labor Day of the next year, Double Dee got it into his head that he wanted a pony, and no amount of explaining the logistics of keeping a horse could get him to change his mind. As a substitute, he again took up where we had left off with me as a dog, only now he would get right on my back and ride me! I didn't really mind and I hauled him all over the place! My hands and knees took a beating, chafed and chapped and scratched from the ground and rugs, but I carried him anyway. . . willingly!

Like I had a choice?

Dunbesilly!

* * * * *

And The Winner Is...

That was the year that Annie Oakley was such a big hit on television and we (myself, Double Dee and Double Dee's older sister)(my own sister was married and had her own home) would watch breathlessly as Annie got into one scrape after another, yet always managed to escape by the skin of her teeth!

Double Dee fell in love for the first time!

He thought that the blonde girl who played Annie just had to be the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world! And he wanted to be just like her!

About mid-September, our Moms had a brilliant idea (at Double Dee's urging and suggestion, of course.) For Halloween that year, they would make an Annie Oakley costume for him, if he would wear it just like Miss Annie Oakley did. Double Dee asked them what they meant, and his Mom explained that his Annie Oakley costume would have a frilly white blouse, a fringed buckskin vest, a cowgirl hat, cowgirl boots, spurs, girls' undies (pink nylon, of course!), a fringed buckskin skirt and twin six shooters around his waist. This meant that he would have to wear make-up and jewelry, and really be *Miss* Annie Oakley!

Double Dee got strangely quiet and I was beginning to think that he was going to refuse because I could remember how the kids had teased him about being Buster Brown with his dog, Tige, the year before! I squeezed his hand reassuringly and he looked at me with a weird look in his eyes. I nodded, knowing exactly what he was going through his mind without a single spoken word passing between us.

"OK, Auntie, I'll be Miss Annie Oakley," he agreed softly.

His Mom brightened immediately. "You'll love your costume, Dear," she enthused. "I'll make it from real buckskin and you can have all the best accessories!"

"I'll do it," he continued, "but only if Lucky gets to be my horse!"

“Gee, I don’t know. . .” my Mom demurred. “A horse costume might be imposs. . .”

“If he can’t be my horse, I don’t want to be Miss Annie Oakley!” he insisted stubbornly.

“I know how we can make Lucky a horse costume so that no one will recognize him,” Double Dee’s Mother chimed in. “I saw how it was done when my husband and I went to an *Oktoberfest* in Hamburg, when we were in Germany some years ago before the war.”

“Well, OK,” Mom agreed, “if it can be done, let’s do it!”

Again, no one thought to ask my opinion.

I’d have agreed anyway, but no one asked me!

It was taken for granted that I’d be Double Dee’s horse, and I sort of resented it for the longest time after that! I mean, who wouldn’t?

Oh, well, maybe I was a bit too sensitive. . .

Anyway, Mom and Mrs. Hutton started right in making our costumes. And I was measured minutely, and in the strangest positions! And since the costume would be made to fit my body closely while giving me a horse’s shape (weird, but you get the idea!), I was told to undress and I was then measured on my bare skin! Slowly, the costume took shape and I could see that it would be something beautiful, if a horse can be called “beautiful!” Obviously, Mrs. Hutton must have thought so, as she had loved horses since she had been a small child. She’d grown up on a farm that bred horses, and she was intimately acquainted with these animals and their equipment. Mrs. Hutton made sure that I had all the necessary accouterments and taught Double Dee how to use it all!

They made the horse costume from a thin, but very strong and pliable, light golden brown horse hide leather, so I was an authentic Palomino in almost every way, except for the most important part, the *inner horse*, which, since it was my body, was not so nearly as authentic!

Oh, well, Dana couldn't have everything, could he?

Yeah, right!

Tell *him* that!

They padded the belly and withers somewhat to make me look broader in the rear than I actually was, and once I was laced into the thing and bent over in horse position, no one could tell where I left off and Palomino began! My arms were thrust into twin tubes in front that had been stiffened to keep my elbows straight, yet swiveled at the wrists to give me front leg mobility. The bottoms of the front legs were wooden supports ending in hooves that I could easily control by moving my hands, wrists and shoulders. My legs were laced into twin tubes representing the two rear legs on a real horse, and the design was such that my thighs were spread wide apart, giving me a sort of swishy stride. My feet were sort of pointed and thrust into the ends so that I looked to be standing on hooves and not feet. I quickly learned how to manipulate all four hooves and could walk, trot and gallop quite realistically after a fashion, and after a great deal of practice. . .

I thought this would be the end of it, but, no!

Mother and Mrs. Hutton were all for realism, or as much realism as they could manage! A long tail was fastened to the croup of the costume and arched so that it swished across my rump when I moved my legs. It

too had a springy thingie in it that gave it a life when I clenched or squeezed or pushed against it!

I could feel my tail's maddening touch as it caressed my thin leather covered bottom cheeks! Under my belly and between my legs were the two snug folds of elastic through which Double Dee could pull my penis when I had to relieve myself. Like he had when I had worn the doggie costume, he left my tight sac fully exposed at all times, and on four or five quite memorable occasions, he had left my penis out to dangle in the coolish air of mid-autumn!

I wasn't too keen about this aspect of being a horse, but since I had no say in the matter anyway, I let him do as he pleased and just put up with it! I mean, like with dogs, who looks at a horse's sex parts anyway?

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you about the head of my horse costume! That was the most realistic part of all! Granted, I had a rather short snout for a horse, but the way they made the mouth, when it was glued to my own lips, its lips moved and acted just like a real horse's! They had even fixed it so that I had huge horse teeth in front of my own, and I found that I could even crop grass or eat hay or oats, if I tried. . . and, of course, Double Dee insisted that I try!

That boy was as avid for realism as our Moms were!

And once I was laced into my horse costume, I was at his tender mercies!

The way our Moms had constructed the costume, there was no way I could get loose without outside assistance once I had been laced inside! And wouldn't you know it? Double Dee recognized my predicament instinctively! I would get all shivery goose bumps

knowing that I was totally under his firm control, and I tried very hard to be and do just what he wanted me to be and do at all times!

Because the eyes of the costume were those very same milky lenses that I had had before, I couldn't wear my own glasses, which meant that once more I couldn't see a thing clearly! I was once more totally dependant upon another's judgment and guidance to keep me from disaster!

Was I ridden?

Of course I was ridden!

Mom and Mrs. Hutton had found a large abandoned child's hobby horse and between them, had re-worked the saddle, martingale, croup strap, cinches and bridle so that it fit me properly while being completely usable by my rider.

With the bridle strapped snugly around my head and a sort of long steel thingie called a *bit* that pressed deep into my own mouth, pressing my tongue down and touching the top of my throat when someone pulled back on the reins. I soon learned the wisdom of doing what my rider wanted, when he or she wanted, how he or she wanted, all without knowing why he or she wanted it! In a short while, just the touch of a hand on those reins and I would react instinctively, knowing the futility of disobedience!

Then too, the doggie whip now became a horse's crop and I felt its fiery caress across my thinly covered bottom frequently!

The saddle was placed on my back and strapped tightly around my belly with twin cinches, the martingale fastened about my chest and between my front legs, and the croup strap around my rear end and un-

der my swishy tail, I looked almost as realistic as a real Palomino horse! Granted my neck wasn't quite as long as a real horse and I was sort of scrawny in places, but if you took a long look at me and used your imagination, you might think that I was some sort of a Shetland pony or an under-fed Palomino pony, or something. . .

Double Dee was delighted by my appearance and he promptly named me *Lucky* (even though the real Annie's TV horse was named *Target*), just as he had when I had been his pet dog. I had learned my lessons well when I was a dog, and when he expected responses to his words, I would whinny or neigh in response. That delighted him lots, and I knew that I had struck the right note with him. Besides, it was sort of fun to be guided by those reins, especially when I couldn't see where I was going in any case, except in the most general of ways. And, I liked being owned and ridden by such an appreciative little Mistress!

Yes, *Mistress!*

Double Dee was now *Miss* Annie Oakley, remember?

They had worked on his costume too, and when fully dressed, he looked almost exactly like his heroine! There was a snugly fitted white, frilly, silk blouse that had long balloon sleeves, a Peter Pan collar and pearly snaps up the back to keep it closed. He had two flirty little petticoats under the fringed hems of his white split leather, below-the-knee cowgirl skirt that made it seem as full of him as it was full of petticoats! Over the blouse he wore a fringed white kid leather vest, and around his waist he wore a snug, white leather belt that had silver conchos on it and twin holstered forty-five caliber pistols. The belt closed with twin silver buckles because it (the belt) was so wide! Atop his braided

blonde hair he wore an official Annie Oakley white cowgirl hat that was held in place with a white leather string that was tied under his chin. White, fringed, leather gauntlets completed his costume.



Almost.

Under the costume, his Mom made him wear a pair of snug girl's pink nylon panties and a tight garter belt cinch to hold his nylons snugly in place. On his small feet, he wore a pair of white leather cowgirl boots with silver spurs with dainty, but sharp, little rowels that jingled merrily with every step he took. Under the blouse, he was wearing something that gave him a sort of bulge where a girl has bulges and few boys do. I knew he was wearing a girls' bra because I could see the outline of the thing through the thin material of the blouse, but I knew enough to keep my big mouth shut.

Besides, I was laced into the horse costume and had no right to speak *human* anyway!

Mrs. Hutton insisted that her Darling Little Dana wear full make-up, lipstick, eye-shadow, nail polish, and artificial freckles to make him look more authentic (Miss Annie's freckles were quite obviously pronounced!), and she screwed some dangling earrings tightly to his ear lobes. Boy, did he squeak about that! She even squirted him with a dainty perfume that kept me interested and focused on him like nothing else could have!

We have many, many pictures of Dana sitting in the saddle on my back or riding me or doing tricks or posing with his six shooter poised, and he looks completely authentic as Miss Annie Oakley, ready for action!

I like to think that I look pretty convincing as Miss Annie's horse, *Lucky*, too!

The costumes were completed about a month before Halloween, and our parents had us practice our roles constantly. Double Dee learned to do trick riding

on my back and I learned to *gallop* and *trot* and act just like a circus horse. He restricted his *trick riding* to the privacy of our secluded barn and back yard because when he would leap and jump and stand on his head in the saddle, his skirt would fall down around his body, exposing his silky pink panties and gartered stockings to anyone watching! My Mom wanted to do *something* so that he could show off his tricks, but that would have meant letting him wear culottes, which Mrs. Hutton would never have allowed! So, his tricks were seldom shown in public although our Moms took many pictures of him doing his tricks, panties and stockings on display and all!

Of course, Double Dee still had the dog whip (now horse crop) and he never hesitated to slash it across my broad bottom to urge me to even greater effort and speed, nor was he reluctant to dig those sharp little spur rowels into my sides to make me do his bidding. The leather was just strong enough that it did not puncture nor break when his spurs raked my sides, but I felt every dig of those rowels every time one touched me!

With my thighs spread wide apart, exposing me to whatever, his crop would slash me a bit low and catch me full across my tight, throbbing sac, accidentally, as I galloped across the fields with him in my saddle.

Well, I thought it was accidental.

At first. . .

Then I realized that the crop was snap caressing my tight little sac with every slash across my wide spread bottom cheeks! With just my tail between me and open air, his whip constantly kissed me with its fiery caress!

Still, I didn't object.

How could I, costumed as I was?

And then the sharp little spur rowels added their attentions to my exposed sac! To feel those sharp little pricks in the tenderest part of one's body sure gets your attention in a hurry! With the combination of the crop and simultaneously applied spurs, I was as responsive to his direction as I could ever be! You bet I paid attention! The consequences of inattention or disobedience were to be avoided at all costs!

Then Double Dee got the most daring he ever had when he let my throbbing penis stay out with my tight little sac whenever I was in costume, and I felt his crop and spurs on both parts constantly! Like I have said before, who looks at a horse's sex parts? Besides, I am a bit of a masochist when it comes to my little rider's wishes, and he's quite sadistic with me when he can be!

And since he could be, he was!

And so was I!

A little masochistic, I mean.

OK, OK! So I was a lot masochistic when I was with Double Dee!

He liked me that way just as much as I liked being that way for him!

After that, except for the night of the Parade, I was never allowed modesty. Of course our Moms saw. How could they miss? But, their Darling Little Dana could do no wrong in their eyes, so if he wanted Lucky's penis and sac exposed, they were exposed! After all, real horses let it all hang out, so why couldn't Double Dee's horse, Lucky?

For the whole month of October, when I wasn't in school, I was Double Dee's horse, laced into my cos-

tume and stabled in the barn where I was fed hay and oats instead of people food. Double Dee continued to groom my hide with the same stiff-bristled brush he had used when I was his dog, and he still brushed it across my exposed sac and penis constantly, keeping me fully excited and needful of his intimate attentions!

With constant practice, we became so good that we won first prize again in the Most Realistic Costume category, and we went on to win the Best Costume Overall Prize for the second year in a row!

And once more, Double Dee left me fully exposed as he rode me home. Then, he refused to let me quit being his horse, making me promise to let him ride me whenever he wished in exchange for tutoring me in my school subjects. I had to agree, but only on the condition that he wear the Miss Annie costume in its entirety whenever he wanted to ride his horse! Reluctantly, he agreed to my demands, but added that not only would he continue to let my penis and sac hang loose and fully exposed, but that he would use his spurs and crop and the bridle's spade bit to keep me under strict control at all times.

So, I agreed.

What else could I do?

I mean, I did want to pass my subjects and graduate high school eventually!

Besides, no one was getting hurt by it. . .

Well, I was. . .

A little. . .

But as long as it was My Darling Little Dana Hutton doing the hurting, I let him. I mean, I was so crazy about him that I would have let him do anything at all

to me and with me, no matter what it was, nor how embarrassing it was to me personally! After all, I was just a horse, wasn't I? And horses obey their *Masters* or, as in my case, **Mistresses!**

And so, I was laced into the darned horse costume at every opportunity, and Double Dee made sure the opportunity would present itself whenever he wished! I think he had some sort of magic spell or something because I practically lived in that costume when I wasn't in school or in his bedroom studying!

I became more horse than I ever had dog!

And Darling Little Dana became more girl than he had ever been a boy!

So, like I said, I was laced into that darned horse hide until someone (Double Dee, natch!) let me out. And since Double Dee was my owner/Mistress, my out times were rare, if at all! I knew that our Mothers would let their Darling Little Dana do anything and everything he wished with and to and for me! And, *Annie* did!

Boy, being a girl sure had its compensations for Darling Little Dana!

But, unlike when I was his dog, he never tired of dressing up in his Miss Annie costume, saddling and bridling me, and riding me until I was exhausted! Then he would curry me and stable me in the barn where he continued to feed me hay and oats. I continued to enjoy the feeling of that stiff brush caressing my exposed sex parts!

I spent most nights tethered in my stall with only coolness to keep me company. When I complained that it wasn't fair for me to have to sleep standing up without any covering while Double Dee was in a nice,

warm bed, a rough woolen horse blanket was put over me and tied so it wouldn't slip off when I moved during the night.

Then I was whipped soundly for using *human* speech to communicate! Do I have to tell you that that wicked little crop found its way between my spread legs every second slash?

I didn't think so.

I whinnied and neighed constantly. For weeks, whinnies and neighs were the only sounds coming from my throat! I never gave it a thought. In fact, there were times when I forgot how to speak *human!*

I mean, when I was laced into my horse hide, I was a horse.

And horses are not human.

Horses neigh and whinny.

Therefore, I neighed and whinnied!

End of discussion.

Besides, I was whipped often enough to drive that lesson home!

My Mom knew full well what was going on between her Little Darling and me, but she never once objected to anything her Darling Little Dana did with or to or for me. In fact, as I look back at it, she had more than a few suggestions of her own regarding my horsiness, since I wasn't reluctant about being his horse in the first place.

There even came an afternoon when I was ridden by my own Mother, and she knew how to use that crop and her spurs to best advantage just as much or more than Miss Annie! If that weren't enough, Mrs. Hutton

had ridden me that same afternoon, and she was even more efficient and knowledgeable and demanding about horse control than my own Mother!

Lest you think that carrying them was a hardship on me, let me hasten to disavow you of that notion! Both women were small, like Double Dee, each weighing just a few pounds more than he did. They borrowed Annie's spurs and crop for their rides, and each used both to good advantage. I now had three expert riders! And, yes, I *was* fully exposed at all times!

A couple of days later, I was harnessed and hitched to a small four wheel buggy (a sort of twin seat surrey with the fringe on top) that Mrs. Hutton had gotten from her parents' farm. With my spread bottom almost in their laps, they would guide me along the paths with liberal doses of a four foot bull whip cracking about my ears to direct me and slashing across my heaving bottom to urge me to run faster, the snapping end seldom failing to catch me full on my exposed sex parts! And because the costume was so thin, it left many angry looking welts on my own skin underneath, welts that Double Dee caressed soothing lotion into when he would stable me for the night.

The next afternoon, when I was harnessed to the surrey, Double Dee handed our Mothers up into the rear seats and he, as Annie Oakley, became their driver/coachman (coachwoman?), and took them for a ride out through the pastures and woods and along the stream until I was stopped in a secluded glen, unhitched (but not unharnessed!) and allowed to crop grass while they enjoyed a picnic lunch (I had to be satisfied with grass!), napped for a time, then took a short swim. While our Mothers were swimming, Double Dee carried me and kept me busy so that I wouldn't notice

our Mothers' complete lack of bathing suits! Not that it mattered, because they were totally uninhibited about their nakedness and made no attempt to conceal their bodies from our gaze. Even after they had towed one another dry and lay beside one another on the blanket, they made no attempt to conceal themselves from us.

Not that I would have cared anyway, just as long as Double Dee paid attention to me!

I, too, made several suggestions that kept my attentions focused on my rider's demands. For instance, I suggested that a small bit of metal be added to the end of the bit in my mouth and that a tight rein be kept on me at all times. With the addition of the piece of metal, the bit now extended into my throat when the reins were pulled back and my three riders loved the way I would snort when they reined me in sharply!

Another suggestion I made after reading about the conquistadors was to have them add some sharpened little bits of metal to the spade bit where it pressed against my tongue deep in my mouth and the addition of roughened metal where the bit would rub against the corners of my human lips, again keeping my attention focused on the business at hand!

Masochistic?

Yes, of course it was.

Whatever you want to call it, I loved every thing they did to me, and I never once refused to drop everything I was doing and get into my costume for them! During holidays and vacations, I was kept in costume twenty-four hours a day and stabled in the barn behind our house every night with just the scratchy woolen blanket to keep me company.

Of course, being a horse, I was either ridden or driven every day, rain or shine, hot or cold, summer or winter and because I was now carrying mature women on my back, my strength and endurance increased to the point where I could be driven at a hard gallop for some time before I would begin to falter! My rider always slowed me down when I got too tired to allow me to sort of rest while moving, showing the consideration for me that they would have shown a real horse.

The next year, Mom and Mrs. Hutton came up with the idea of me being a show elephant with Double Dee as my girl Mahout! By now it was firmly established that I was an animal to be ridden and Double Dee was my girl rider, and neither one of us ever gave it a second thought, if we ever thought about it at all, because neither one of us ever objected to what our Moms decided!

Like I said, my Mother knew exactly what she was doing and she had the total support of Mrs. Hutton in all their endeavors! Not to mention Double Dee's enthusiastic acceptance of anything that would put him in full control of his animal of the moment. . . *me!*

Me? As usual, it was an accepted expectation that I would do as I was told, no matter what it was, and since I never objected, they accepted their expectations as fact!

They made the body of the elephant out of a heavy gray canvas-like material that was about as thick as a real elephant's hide and just as weighty! To pad me out, they filled the inside of the costume with foam rubber to give me "body," and fastened heavy iron weights to my thighs and arms and belly to make me move slowly, ponderously. There was a springy thingy in my trunk that was inserted into my mouth so that I

could raise and lower *my* trunk realistically. As usual, my tail had the same springy insert and it wagged realistically with every step.

The construction of the head resulted in my being blind and fully dependent on my girl rider! Besides, the *ivory* tusks made any movement at all precarious, and the more than two hundred pounds of weighted costume made my movements slow and awkward at best. I don't think Double Dee liked this costume as well as he had the first two because my penis and sac could not be exposed so he could give them his "tender attentions!"

I rather liked that part of it.

Sort of. . .

I missed the intimacy of our previous exchanges. . .

And, I felt sorry for Double Dee for his loss. . .

The loss of his favorite play toys, I mean. . .

Oh, Hell, why do I have to keep explaining myself?

Use your imagination!

Anyway, Darling Little Dana's costume was very brief, like a circus rider's, and he got lots and lots of appreciative stares and wolf whistles. His Mom had sewn sparkly sequins onto a snug pink nylon leotard and made him wear it over sleek, silken pink nylon sheer-to-the-waist panty-hose and a girl's training bra (lightly padded) to further disguise his maleness. He wore pink ballerina slippers on his feet, pink sequined gloves on his hands and a high rhinestone tiara atop his coifed curls. His pink sequined face mask further obscured his features and until the end of the contest's parade and he was unmasked, few people guessed who he was!

And since my elephant costume could not be removed, they had to take it on faith that there was a real boy under the canvas!

Once more our parents insisted we practice our routine before hand, and by the time the Halloween parade rolled around, we were letter perfect in our assigned roles! Double Dee had learned how to use a Mahout's goad to guide me and I had learned how to move like an elephant. This year, my older sister's daughter, Carole, was three years old, and she insisted that she be allowed to ride on the elephant too! To humor her, my Mom made her a matching costume, and *Jumbo* had a second rider for the parade!

And that darn Double Dee! Just before we left to walk down to where the parade would start, he slipped his hand right into the slit under my tail and fastened a doubled up rubber band around my tight little sac! I was quite surprised, but as usual, there was absolutely nothing I could do to prevent it!

Before the end of that parade, I did anything and everything Double Dee asked of me, it hurt me so! But, the hurt soon turned to pleasure. . . as Dana had known it would!

We held our breath as the prizes were announced, second runner-up, runner-up, and then the M.C. called out, "And the winner by popular acclaim is Joady and Juddy, the Collins twins, for their portrayal of Bonny Parker and Clyde Barrow!"

Double Dee was completely devastated!

He knew we were better than those second-rate johnny-come-latelys, but what could he do? I guess he had just gotten so used to us being the big winners that he couldn't handle us losing!

Double Dee helped little Carole to mount and we turned to leave. I was as surprised as Double Dee to hear the M.C. call out, "This year we have decided to make a special award to two boys who have consistently delighted us with their innovative and highly imaginative costumes year after year. I refer, of course, to Darling Little Dana Hutton and his faithful companion, Jumbo the Elephant! Would you boys please step forward and accept the heartfelt thanks of a grateful community for excellence and consistency of performance?"

The applause was thunderous in our ears as Double Dee accepted the huge loving cup, his eyes shining suspiciously wet, and Little Carole kept thumping her heels against me, as excited as any little girl could ever be! She got so excited that she wet herself and it dribbled all down my front legs!

So, although we did not win any of the money prizes that year, we did win one worth much more to us, because had we not won in each of the two previous years, we would not have won the Community Appreciation Award. But, had we not won those first two years, we would have won the third year anyway.

Boy, some times you can't win for losing!

Or is it you can't lose for winning?

Whatever, that's as close as I can get to explaining it.

My horse costume was wearing thin, so for Christmas that year, Mom and Mrs. Hutton made me a brand new one! Since they now knew exactly how to make it as good as it was possible to get, this one was more comfortable and indicative of a real horse's movements. And I was completely naked under it!

To give me more control over my tail, Mrs. Hutton mounted the springy thingie on a sort of thick prong that slid right up into my bottom hole when the costume was laced onto me! Now, by squeezing my inner muscles and clenching my bottom cheeks, I could make my tail do almost anything! Sure it took practice, but that was the one thing Double Dee was good at, making me practice until I was letter perfect and did it right the first time, every time!

His seeking crop saw to that!

The costume was now constructed so that my hind legs were spread even further when I was on all fours and the little slit between them was fixed so that not only my hardened penis and little sac were fully exposed at all times, but were held snugly in a tight band of rubber around their bases, keeping them hard to the touch at all times!

Double Dee's pony crop and sharp little spurs or buggy whip now sought them out without fail whenever he rode me or I was pulling the surrey!

Another renovation was the milky lenses in the horse head. They were replaced with darkened lenses so that I was effectively blind and totally dependant on my rider for guidance and direction! The corners of my mouth were raw from the rubbing, roughened metal bit and my throat was constantly being invaded by the metal extension, not to mention the sharp digs of the metal points on my tongue when the reins were pulled on!

And, no, I never once objected, no matter how much they hurt me nor caused me to be discomfited, I went along with everything they did to me.

Yes, I admit it. Where Darling Little Dana and Mrs. Hutton and my own Mother are concerned, I am masochistic to the bone! Always was, always will be!

But only with and for Darling Little Dana and Mrs. Hutton and my own Mother!

Well, at that time. . . I mean. . .

But, that too is jumping way ahead of the story. . .

One of the things we did in high school was to join the Up-Stage Drama Club as part of our graduation requirements for socialization and inter-personal relations.

The first two years, we worked on the scenery and coached the other players who took all the good parts because of seniority.

In our junior year, we had seniority and the play chosen was called, *The Defective Clue*, in which a young lady solved the mystery with the somewhat dubious aid of the fumbling, inept local police Lieutenant. As you may have already guessed, Double Dee was chosen to play the female lead and I got to be the bumbling, gruff, ineffectual police lieutenant.

Most of my lines were confined to me scratching my head in puzzlement while I said, "Gee, I don't know. . ." or "Golly, Miss Jane, I didn't think of that!" or "I think you've got it, Miss Jane!" Double Dee was so convincing as the woman as he followed the clues and revealed the true murderer in the final scene, just before the curtain went down to thunderous applause, that he got three encores before he was allowed to retire to the dressing room!

That was all it took. He was hooked! That performance on stage, combined with our appearances at

Halloween for the parade, only served to strengthen his resolve to work for perfection in all we did.

In our senior year, the play selected was *Dick Whittington and His Cat*, in which Double Dee was Dick and I was the cat who introduced Dick to the Lord Mayor's beautiful young daughter, another of the players from our little group. Our Mothers got right to work and they made a cat suit for me and when I was crouched and scrambling after Dick, I think I looked quite realistic, at least as realistic as any of those English actors who have played the part on the English stage!

Double Dee was quite believable as a girl playing a boy's part. At this stage of his life, he had begun to develop real breasts and his Mom only had to pad his chest very little to make it look like a girl playing a boy's role. Double Dee insisted that we practice above and beyond the time we actually spent on stage playing our parts and that meant that I spent pretty much all my spare time in that cat suit being Dick's cat! I got a bit jealous when Dick took the Lord Mayor's daughter into his arms and kissed her lingeringly and when I said as much to Double Dee, his only remark was, "I'll just have to give you something to take your mind off what I'm doing so that you can concentrate on being my cat!"

And he did too! As he had done with my horse costume, he painted my little sac a deep brown to match the costume, leaving it fully exposed (though no one ever knew!). To further assure my concentration on being a cat, he wound a tight rubber band around the base of my little sac causing it to become hard and swollen, and after a while, it started to hurt, but I soon

forgot all about it and really poured myself into my role!

The year I was twenty and Double Dee was fifteen (our junior year of high school), was the last year we were entered in the parade. That time I was a circus pony and Double Dee was a girl rider who rode me bareback! He wore a bright golden corselet cinched tightly about his waist and silky sheer-to-the-waist panty-hose with a golden thong bikini trunks that showed his "girlness" off to perfection. I mean, there was no sign of a bulge anywhere and his rounded bottom was there for anyone to see! By now, Mrs. Hutton was padding his bust more than enough to make him look like a teen-aged girl, much to Double Dee's blushing humiliation and my smiling, unconcealed delight!

Again, we practiced until we were letter perfect. Double Dee became quite daring, and as I would gallop smoothly, he would do all sorts of head-stands, side straddles, running leaps, mounts and dismounts, landing lightly on my back every time. For a finale, he would leap onto my back, turn a somersault and land with a loud thump on the ground in a crotch jarring split!

That must have hurt, but Double Dee always came up smiling and bowing for the crowd!

Always during our practice sessions, Double Dee would have my penis and sac totally exposed and I knew our Moms knew because they would stand there, offering their helpful advice and able assistance when he would falter. I was never allowed to falter! Since they had designed and sewn the costume in the first place, they knew of my total exposure and approved, just because their Darling little Dana wanted to do it, I suppose. And anything their Darling Little Dana ever

wanted, Darling Little Dana got handed to him on a silver platter!

The reins were fastened in such a way that my head was constantly being pulled to the left so that I ran in a wide circle. It was scary until I got used to being unattended because I was afraid of falling. But, I didn't and soon settled into a routine. For the parade and show and tell, Double Dee pushed my penis back inside my costume, leaving my tight little sac fully exposed, but not before *she* had fastened a rubber band snugly around its base. . .

Oh, how it hurt. . .

After a bit. . .

And I could do nothing to prevent it!

Oh, well. . .

I could have complained. . .

Or objected. . .

But I never did. . .

That boy would never listen to any complaints while I was being his horse. . .

Anyway!

So, I suffered in silence. . .

And endured. . .

Besides, who would listen?

Not *my* Mom. . .

Not by a long shot. . .

Definitely not where her Darling Little Dana was concerned!

Not Mrs. Hutton either. . .

Who was equally smitten by her Darling Little Dana's charms. . .

A horse is a horse, of course, of course. . .

And we won first prize too!

Which was a great boon to Double Dee's self esteem and self confidence!

As I recall, the only ones not thrilled with our winning were Juddy and Joady, the Collins twins who were trying to resurrect their Bonnie and Clyde performance. . .

Especially when we won the overall best costume award too!

Oh, well. . .

Like I said, sometimes you can't win for losing. . .

Or was that, you can't lose for winning?

Whatever. . .

* * * * *

Intermission

Before I go much further, I must explain a little more about the close friendship between Mrs. Hutton and my Mother. Shortly before the end of World War II, my Father had been killed in the South Pacific and Mr. Hutton was off fighting the other war in Europe

where he too was killed on D-Day, leaving the two women to their own devices. Whether they ever had a lesbian relationship or not, I never knew exactly. I suspect they did because they rented the Hutton home to another family and lived together in our home for some years, sharing the same bedroom the whole time, as did Double Dee and me.

I mean, Double Dee and I shared a bedroom, yes, but it was *not* our Mothers' bedroom!

The reason for choosing our house over the Hutton's was size. Ours was a good deal larger, thereby affording each of us children a room of our own, except for Double Dee and me, we preferred to stay together and our Moms bowed to our wishes.

Of an evening, they would sit together on the sofa, close and touching, and I saw them kiss and caress each other openly and frequently. They called each other *Dear* or *Darling* or *Dear Heart* or *Dearest*, and in all their years together, I never once heard a cross word pass between them. The one thing I did notice was that my Mother always deferred to Mrs. Hutton when it came to making any major decision regarding the house and its management thereof. Mrs. Hutton never asked Mother, she just did. And my Mother never once complained or objected. It was just taken for granted.

So, were they a lesbian couple? I leave that up to your discretion.

Back to the story, I had started working part time at a local garage as a pump jockey during the summer before my senior year of high school, so I had a car almost as soon as I got my driver's license! Double Dee liked going to the movies because they were a sort of escape from his family's problems, but he seldom went because of the expense involved.

Double Dee and I still studied together every Sunday afternoon in an empty house because Mom and Mrs. Hutton would visit our grand-parents in a near-by town, taking my sister and Double Dee's older sister with them.

I really appreciated the peace and quiet!

Usually, our Sundays were spent in unequal parts of studying and Double Dee riding me after lacing me securely into my horse costume, saddling and bridling me and becoming Miss Annie Oakley for me.

Frankly, I enjoyed being his horse almost as much as he enjoyed being Miss Annie Oakley and riding me! I guess we were made to satisfy each other's pleasure and fulfillment. . . or something like that. . .

One Sunday afternoon, we were seated on the sofa in the living room, Double Dee wearing his Miss Annie costume and me seated next to him, completely nude as usual, and we were deeply engrossed in the vagaries of our math homework when our hands happened to touch and a bolt of electricity seemed to leap between our two bodies! I jerked back in surprise and Double Dee looked at me, a shocked look in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Lucky," he murmured in apology.

I took his hand in mine and squeezed the small fingers tenderly. "Don't be, Darling Little Dana," I responded. "It was an accident. . ."

"Oh!" he replied in a hoarse whisper, his eyes large and rounded as he gazed at me in a way that I found strangely exciting.

His lips quivered, but I sensed that he was not afraid!

Slowly, my eyes fixed on his, I leaned forward those last few, fatal inches and kissed him gently, my lips barely brushing his. Again, an electric spark leapt between us and we parted quickly.

“Oh! Oh! Lucky!” he gasped.

I slipped my arms around his shoulders and drew him close. It was like holding a girl and he came willingly, his head coming to rest against my hard shoulder.

“Oh, Lucky,” he whispered throatily, “do you know what you’re. . .”

“Yes, My little Double Dee,” I whispered. “I do. . .” and I kissed him sweetly. He stiffened slightly, then relaxed and slid his arms around my neck, his lips flowing liquidly under mine as I kissed him with all the passion in my nineteen-year-old heart. Many minutes later, he rested his head against my shoulder as I held him tenderly, my hand caressing his soft hair and soothing him gently.

“I . . . I’ve . . . never . . . ever . . . done anything like this with another boy, Lucky,” he assured me.

“Nor have I,” I admitted slowly.

“I . . . I . . .” he stammered.

“Don’t you dare say you’re sorry I kissed you, Double Dee Hutton!” I warned him.

“Oh?” His eyebrows raised questioningly.

“If you do . . . I’ll . . . I’ll . . . I’ll spank you!” I threatened.

“You are nothing but a big bully, Lucky Burch!” he teased lightly. “I don’t know why, but I liked being

kissed by you!" he whispered softly, his flaming face hidden against my shoulder.

"And I know I want to kiss you again," I admitted. "As often as you'll let me!"

"No, Lucky, don't be a fool! We must consider your reputation," he warned. "Even if you don't care, I do! I won't have others talking about my best friend!"

"But. . ."

"But me no buts," he giggled. "It's OK if you do kiss me from time to time, but for the most part we had better be discreet. After all, there's Dorothy to consider and I have my Miss Marlene. . ."

I had been dating a local girl named Dorothy and Double Dee had begun dating her younger sister, Marlene from time to time.

"But I'll still have you every afternoon and evening," I reminded him.

"Yes, and we'll still have our Sunday rides," he mused thoughtfully.

But, except for some kissing and some few times spent petting hot and heavy on the sofa, very little else ever came of it.

There!

To tell the honest truth, I was just a bit ashamed that I had the same feelings when Miss Annie was in my arms as I did when I held Dorothy!

So, if that makes me a homosexual, I guess I am.

But aren't we all a bit of a mixture of both sexes?

At least that's what I was taught in Psyche class. . .

One Saturday evening when Dorothy was unavailable for a date, I asked Double Dee to go with me to the local *passion pit* (a drive-in movie for those of you too young to remember them!) in her stead. He tried to beg off, but knowing his monetary circumstances, I told him that I would treat if he would help me with some of my history homework. Reluctantly, he agreed, but only after I had more or less browbeat him into it.

Anyway, we did go to the drive-in and some of my not too bright, so-called *friends* started in kidding me about my *queer* date, and I had to pop a few noses to shut them up.

Double Dee was greatly embarrassed for me and wanted to go straight home.

Well, I talked him into seeing the rest of the movie, but when I offered to take him to *Malt Haven*, the local roller-girl drive-in, for a hamburger, fries and a malted, he refused point blank. He said that he didn't want the guys to think I was a *queer* or anything like that. I had never thought of our special relationship like that, and I took a long, close look at my friend.

Double Dee blushed under my scrutiny and again asked me to take him straight home. Well, I did as he asked and took him straight home, but I wouldn't let him out of my car until he had promised to go to the movies with me the following Saturday evening too!

Well, Double Dee finally agreed, but I could tell his heart wasn't really up to another *date* with me.

The next Saturday, we were a little rushed after our studying, and after a quick bite to eat, we left for the drive-in, but it wasn't until I was buying our tickets that Double Dee realized he was still wearing his Miss Annie Oakley costume!

Immediately, he wanted to go home. Finally, I convinced him that no one was going to see him if he stayed in the car. I suspected that none of the local loud-mouths would bother us, not after the drubbing I had given some of them the week before!

Sometime during the first movie (it was a double feature), I put my arm around Double Dee's shoulders (I forgot for a moment that he wasn't Dorothy!) and he snuggled against me, his hand resting lightly atop my jean-covered thigh. We watched the movie, I guess, but after, neither of us could remember what it was about! Because shortly after I put my arm around him, we were kissing and petting heavily in the darkness! And I guess Double Dee got carried away with being Miss Annie Oakley because he put his hand right down the front of my pants and began squeezing and stroking my hardness possessively!

Stop him?

Are you kidding?

Never!

Not in a million years!

It felt much too good to want it to stop!

Especially when he opened my pants and freed his toy to the night air!

Eventually, his *handling* of me resulted in the inevitable, and I ejaculated right into his handkerchief! It was the first time someone else ever made me have a climax! I mean, I used to jerk off, sure, doesn't every teenaged boy?

On our next *date*, after he had freed my penis and was stroking it, I felt him lean down and then his lips were kissing the head and mouthing me gently.

“Oh, Darling! Dana!” I whispered hoarsely.
“You’re. . . you’re. . .”

“I know,” he replied softly. “Now shut up and let me do what I want to do,” he ordered.

And he took me into his mouth, sliding my hardness in and out while he sucked, gently at first, then with more authority until his teeth were biting me and hurting me, which only made me harder and more willing to have him suck on me! And it wasn’t long before I was squirting down his milking throat and enjoying his sweet attentions to the fullest.

After, he snuggled into my arms and gently stroked me while we watched the rest of the movie, kissing and petting absently in our new found intimacy.

Well, that set the stage for our *dates* until I started dating my now wife, Dorothy with a vengeance. Double Dee and I would park in the last row where all the necking couples were parked, and as soon as the movie started, we were kissing and petting until Double Dee would free me and suck me to orgasm. Afterward, we would snuggle, except that he kept me *free* so that he could play with me until I took him home. Most times.

Once in a while, I would take him up to the local *Lover’s Lane* and park for an hour or so before taking him home. He wasn’t too keen about going there because of all the other people who would suspect what we were doing. . .

Anyway, I began dating Dotty more or less regularly several months after that (not every weekend because she baby-sat a lot for neighbors), and she felt as sorry for Double Dee and his family situation as I did. Dorothy talked her younger sister, Marlene, into doubling with us and talk died out almost completely.

There are always a few jerks who don't get the message and never will, so we just ignored them.

Stupid people never learn, so why try to change them?

They wouldn't.

And we didn't!

Because we couldn't!

* * * * *

Introducing Ms Milly

I allowed Double Dee to ride me right up until the day after we graduated high school. I know I could never have made it through my final exams without his able assistance!

So, why did Double Dee stop riding me?

Well, I was drafted into the Army that last week in June and sent off to a place in Asia called *Korea* where I labored in the cold and mud as some of the Koreans waged their own war against our side, their supposed allies. One thing Korea taught me was how to fix helicopters with nothing more than bubble gum, safety wire, pieces of tin cans, plastic bottles, parts that were marginal at best, and prayer.

Still, the choppers flew and that was all that the Army wanted.

When I returned home after being gone for almost three years, things had changed between Double Dee and me for good. He was married now and living in the old Hutton home. He was just eighteen-years-old when he had married Aileen Donohue, a nice girl he had admired from our latter high school days. He was now Mr. Dana Donahue. . . which puzzled me because I had always thought that it was the girl who changed her last name to her new husband's. . . not the boy changing to his new wife's. . .

Which shows you how much I know!

Well, Mildred (that's Double Dee's new Mother-in-law and Aileen's Mother) always did have some rather "different" ideas about how things should or should not be. . .

Anyway, Aileen was a big girl, standing almost six feet tall in her heels and weighing in at about one sixty pounds on a 41D-30-40 frame. She had short blonde hair and she was pretty in a boyish sort of way, which is why Double Dee had liked her in the first place! None of us had ever thought she was as physically delicate as she turned out to be though. Double Dee felt very protected when with her and when she sickened shortly after their marriage, he started to work at several extra jobs to try to make ends meet.

Every extra dollar went for Aileen's doctor bills. He was always able to get little jobs after his other work because he's so very nice, helpful, unassuming, unselfish and well-mannered. He's also quite handsome too. In fact, one Sunday afternoon in my front room, I had told him that he was much too pretty to be a handsome boy, that he was more beautiful than many of the girls I

knew! He was dressed as Miss Annie at the time, so I thought what I said was most apropos.

Double Dee had blushed rosy-red, but I could tell that he was greatly pleased. That was one of those sessions together when we got hot and heavy with our petting. . .

But nothing came of it.

Damn!

Besides, everyone in our little neighborhood seemed to know and like him and all wanted to help him as much as they could.

Anyway, soon after I was discharged from the Army, Dorothy and I were married. Double Dee had agreed to be my best man and Dorothy wore an antique ivory satin wedding gown that same month I got back home. My Mom had died while I was in Korea and had left the house on Sweet Street to me. My older sister had claimed the majority of Mom's stocks and bonds, which left the house for me, and that suited me just fine.

She must have been satisfied too, because nothing was ever said after the division (it happened before I got home!), and I haven't seen nor heard from her since.

Which suits me just fine too.

I have always loved this house and was happy that I was now its proud owner.

I immediately moved Dorothy into our old new home and we settled down to married life at a much different, slower pace that I surely appreciated after the fiasco called *Korea!*

Almost immediately, I was hired by *Air Flights* as an airplane mechanic, and I soon advanced to senior mechanic when Art Butcher retired and moved to Florida. Dorothy was already working as a stewardess for *Air Flights* and she continued to work there after our marriage.

But, back to Double Dee.

I guess his troubles really started about a year ago when he turned twenty. Because of the rough time he and Aileen were having financially, his Mother-in-law proposed to move in with them in the house he had inherited from his Mother, she having died shortly after my own Mom. As you might have surmised, he had inherited just a third of the house and he had used his inheritance to secure a heavy mortgage to buy back his brother's and sister's shares. This had just added to his financial burden. But, it was his business. . . I suppose.

With Ms Milly moving in with him and Aileen, it would help them financially and she could also assist in the household chores as Aileen became weaker and weaker and under her doctor's care almost all of the time now. So, my friend's Mother-in-law really took charge of their home.

I could sense right off that Double Dee didn't like his Mother-in-law all that much. She was a divorced woman who did not seem to care much for the male half of the population being a dyed-in-the-wool feminist and all, and she was extremely bossy and dominant. On top of all that, she is a really belligerent feminist, believing in all that b.s. of equality of the sexes.

As Dorothy was often heard to say, "Who wants to be equal with men? Why should I lower myself to their level?"

But, living in the same house with his Mother-in-law wasn't the only handicap Double Dee had. Not only was Ms Mildred Donahue a close, personal friend of Mr. Leonid Diaz, the president and major stock-holder of *Air Flights*, she was also the major minor share-holder of the same air line!

Milly doubles as personnel director and has charge of instruction and up-grading of all personnel. That meant that she had to see to it that each employee maintained a certain standard of expertise and learned about new procedures as required. She was also director of our airline's small Stewardess School, and she taught each class personally, taking a proprietary interest in each of *her* girls. She was a strict task-mistress, but those of us who did as she wished had no trouble with her at all. At the time, I thought she was a very nice woman, her feminism notwithstanding.

You know how difficult it is for someone related to management to be just one of the guys when at work. When something bad happens, the guy is always suspect that he might be an informer. It was only because Double Dee was such a nice kid and so well liked by everyone that he managed to keep his friendly relations with the rest of the guys. Later on, most of the men began to feel sorry for him. That was good because now he wasn't being kidded so much about the funny things that were happening to him at work and at home after.

Anyway, soon after I got back home, was hired and started work for the airlines, I let it be known that I would punch anyone's lights out if they were nasty or disrespectful to my best friend. I was now playing semi-pro football and I could beat anyone at work ex-

cept maybe one or two of the local farm boys who doubled as teamsters.

Double Dee and I still lived right next door to one another and we were always running uninvited into one another's homes. We walked to work together and often did our gardening and lawn work at the same time, helping one another to mow the lawns, trim the hedges, shovel snow, weed the vegetables, wash the car, and so on.

Double Dee had even had a crush on Dorothy at one time and because she liked him a lot, they had dated briefly while I was in the Army. But once he met Aileen, that was the end of any romance between them. They were still good friends though and shared much of the gossip from the *office* that I knew nothing about.

And now that I have *set the stage*, as Professor King would say, I can get on with the rest of the story. . . (sorry, I just couldn't resist!)

I feel a compulsion that my late Father used to mention — put all your problems down on paper, then burn the paper in the fire-place! It seems the right thing to do. . . now!

When I asked Dorothy what we could do to help Double Dee, she said that we couldn't and shouldn't interfere with another's life and/or household. Certainly it wasn't my place to talk to Double Dee's Mother-in-law about him. However, I've noticed that my wife is very kind to Double Dee and goes out of her way to make him feel better and to help him adjust to his new life with his wife, Aileen, and her Mother, Mildred, Ms Milly. . . Double Dee says that he wants to stay near his wife to comfort her whenever he can. Too bad Double Dee isn't the type to just run away.

That's exactly what I would have done, given the circumstances. . . a long time ago!

Anyway, the drastic changes in Dana's life started about a month after his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Mildred Donahue arrived, settled into her position at *Air Flights* and made herself right at home in Double Dee's house. He had just turned twenty-one and I remember that Aileen had tried to give a little birthday party for him. Double Dee had had to buy the beer and other refreshments with his own lunch money, that's how hard up they were, but we all had a good time anyway.

During our walks to work, Double Dee had told me that it was not easy to live with Ms Milly in the house, and it became even worse after she started teaching for *Air Flights*.

The first I learned that something was going wrong was when Double Dee told me that he couldn't stick around to play softball after work any more.

"Ms Milly wants me to come home straight after work every night," he tried to explain.

"But, you like to play and our team will miss you. You're the best base stealer in the whole pony league!" I argued.

"I know. . . and I do want to play, Lucky, but Aileen says that I have to do whatever her Mother says. . ."

I commiserated with him. Softball was really his best sport and his only way to relax with money so tight in his effort to pay off their debts. I really felt sorry for him. "Why does Milly want you to come home immediately after work?" I asked gently.

"Ms Milly says that I have to help out around the house. She says it has to be thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom."

“But what about your job at the beer bar?”

“That doesn’t start until seven o’clock, which gives me a couple of hours to clean every day,” he replied. “And please don’t come over to my house uninvited again,” he added sadly.

“Why not?” I asked, flabbergasted at this strange request. “Has she banned all your old friends from your life now?”

At first, he didn’t want to tell me, but then he explained, “Will you promise not to make fun of me if I tell you?”

“Oh, Hell, of course, My Darling Little Double Dee!” I reassured him. “Friends never make fun of each other unless it’s a joke they can both share. I would have thought that you’d have known that after all the good times we shared while growing up!”

“Well. . .” he hesitated. “My Mother-in-law says that I have to be careful with my clothes because they are expensive and I. . . I have to. . . I have to. . . wear an apron when I’m working at home doing housework, and that’s almost all of the time now!” he admitted softly.

“So what?” I blustered, assuming of course that it would be some kind of masculine covering like we sometimes wear at the shop to keep our clothes clean and relatively grease free.

“It’s terrible!” he replied wistfully. “She made it especially for me and Aileen says it would be impolite to refuse to wear it. It’s all white with stand up lace ruffles. . . and it looks just like a girl’s. . . *pinafore!*”

I tried to console him. “So what? It’s just in the house, so who cares?”

"I do!" he snapped. "I'm the one who has to wear it!"

"So? You used to wear some pretty nifty girl's costumes when we won those prizes at the Halloween Parades," I reminded him. "What's the difference? The apron can't be as girly or femmy as Miss Annie Oakley was!" I tried to kid him out of his funk.

"Oh, we were just kids then," he waved off my attempt to humor him. "And that's not all, she's making a something special for me to wear when working at the Beer Bar and she says I'll have to wear an apron there too!"

"Oh, no!" I responded angrily. "Why, that's terrible! Do you want me to come over and talk to her about it?"

His face turned white. "Oh, my, no! It wouldn't do either of us any good. She has set her mind on it and you know how she is. She said she'd leave town if I said another word about it, and Aileen and I really need her help, so I can't take the chance she'll leave us!"

I slapped him on the shoulder in comradely fashion. "Well, maybe it won't be too bad. Tell you what, I'll come by and pick you up at a quarter to seven and we can walk together to Doc's Place. Nobody better try to make fun of you. . . or they'll get it! Pow! Right in the old chops and they'll be on their way to the moon, Alice!" I joked.

Double Dee smiled bravely. "Thanks, Lucky. . . I have been thinking of finding some other job so I won't have to be home so much and have to wear that silly thing she made for me! But I have had no luck at all."

“But you hardly have any spare time for yourself as it is,” I pointed out.

He sighed in resignation, squeezed my hand and walked on home alone while I went on to softball practice where I played badly, my thoughts occupied with my best friend and his Mother-in-law problems.

As promised, that evening I went to Double Dee’s house. I was a little early and barged in as was my custom. Milly and Aileen were seated in the living room. I must say that the place looked neater and cleaner than ever before. After saying, “Hello,” to them, I announced that I had come by to pick up Double Dee and walk with him to work at the Beer Bar.

I looked at my wrist watch pointedly.

“She’s in the kitchen,” Milly scowled. I was beginning to dislike her immensely where I had once thought she was pretty nice.

I started for the kitchen, looking for Double Dee. When I did find him, I was really shocked. . . more so than I cared to let on! I surprised him when I entered the kitchen. It looked like he was about to cry when I saw him, but with an effort, he managed to control himself and busied himself putting away the clean dishes, turning away to hide his reddened face from me.

No wonder he felt so bad!

Instead of his usual blue jeans and sweatshirt he was wearing what looked like a girl’s white dress. It was tied in back with a bulky, neatly tied bow, and when he finally did turn around, I saw what a sissy girl’s thing it really was. It had a square neck festooned with panels of lace. The arm-holes were ruffled and the apron had a dirndl gathered skirt with a waistband

smooth and tight around his tiny waist. It had two ruffled pockets on the skirt and there was a lacy flounce around the bottom hem which stood out stiffly, accenting his nice legs prettily.

I didn't know what to say. "Unh, can I help you with anything, Double Dee?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, Lucky," he replied shyly. "Ms Milly dried the dishes and I was just putting them away."

"Ms Milly?" I asked, not believing my ears.

"Yes, that's what she insists I call her here at home," he explained.. There were still unspilled tears in his voice. "I guess it's all part of the Women's Lib thing. She says it's just a title of respect."

"She doesn't really expect you to wear this thing at the Beer Bar, does she?" I asked.

"Oh. . . no. . . she wants me to wear this one," he replied, holding up an identical garment, except that it was made of a silky, light blue, light-weight material.

"She says the white one would get too dirty there, unless I learn to work more neatly," he added shyly.

"Well, that one's not too bad," I lied.

"It is so! It's too sissified!" Double Dee complained. "Just look at those silly ruffles and this," he added, fingering the lacy flounced hem.

I noticed that it didn't have any lace on the bodice of the dress, and the ruffles seemed to be much smaller than on the white one. "Did you talk to Aileen about this?" I asked, thinking that surely she wouldn't let her own Mother embarrass her beloved husband like that!

“Oh, Aileen thinks it’s a good idea,” he replied dejectedly. “I spilled some hot chocolate fudge on my shirt and couldn’t quite get it all out, ergo the aprons.” He looked at his wrist watch. “We’ve got to get going or else I’ll be late for work!”

I watched him fold his new blue apron, take off the white one, hang it on a peg on the back of the kitchen door, and get into his jeans.

We entered the living room.

Double Dee kissed Aileen good night right on her soft lips, but he only bussed his Ms Milly fleetingly on her cheek. I might have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a faint smile on her face as she watched us go out the door, Double Dee carrying his new apron under his arm in a tight bundle.

When we arrived at Doc’s Beer Bar, I whispered, “Why don’t you just leave your apron off. . . she won’t be any the wiser. . .”

“I can’t! You know Ms Milly, she went to Doc this afternoon and told him to make sure I wore it all the time I was working here.”

Sure enough, when Double Dee said, “Hello,” to the bar owner, a retired gunnery sergeant in the Marine Corps, Doc Delaney’s first words were, “Don’t forget to wear the apron that Ms Milly made for you.” Double Dee was taking over for a girl who wore a white uniform and when he opened his bundle, she smiled knowingly.

“It’s about time you covered yourself with something besides that filthy old sweatshirt that you’ve been wearing! It looks just terrible. Your new pinafore looks much nicer and will be much more comfortable than your old jeans.”

He slipped out of his jeans and settled the dress over his head. The girl helped him tie a pretty bow in the back. "Don't you look much cuter now?" she teased. "Did your Mother-in-law make it for you?"

Double Dee nodded, his face purple with humiliation. "Yes," he whispered shyly.

I saw Doc raise his eyebrows when he saw Double Dee in his girlish pinafore, but he was a man of few words. "Looks good without the jeans, Kiddo!" he praised

It was true, the pinafore looked much nicer even though it was a much lighter material than it could have been. Why, it was so thin that you could see Double Dee's shape when he passed between a light and your line of sight! Only the full slip he wore underneath his dress kept him *legal* and relatively modest.

There were only a few customers at the bar, mostly regulars and only one guy made some comment to Double Dee as I heard him explain, "I have to wear this garment to prevent soiling my good clothes." That seemed to be agreeable to the guy and he dropped it.

I had a beer and stayed around for awhile to chat Double Dee up some.

"Are you sure you're OK with this pinafore stuff, Double Dee?" I asked.

He assured me that he was, so I excused myself and went back home.

When I discussed it with Dorothy, she replied, "Well, it seems sensible enough on the surface if it's just to protect his clothes." She added after a moment, "Ms Milly told us in our stewardess training class the other day that she makes most of her own clothes and

she is going to teach us how. I think she's pretty good at it too."

"You know, Dotty, I used to like her a lot, but now I'm not so sure I like her at all," I went on. "She's making Double Dee do all the housework and he can't even take the time to play softball any more, and I think it's just terrible!"

"Well, don't forget that his Mother-in-law works all day every day, and since Aileen isn't well, it's only right that Double Dee help her!"

"But, he's a male!" I argued. "Double Dee needs outside activity to help build himself up some more. He's the smallest guy in our group! All work and no play? Boys will be boys, right?"

"I like him just the way he is now," Dorothy replied heatedly. "When a man gets too overdeveloped, he tends to become a bully and he begins to think he's better than others and begins to boss them around!"

With a shrug of resignation, since I was getting nowhere fast with her, I went upstairs to bed and read awhile before going to sleep.

Well, I tried to read. . .

But my thoughts kept drifting back to Double Dee. . .

And how he had to do housework. . .

Just like a woman. . .

In an apron yet!

My Good God, the embarrassment of it all!

And the humiliation of wearing a dress out in public!

Holy mackerel!

Jiminy Cricket!
Holy mackerel!
Oh, I already said that. . .
Jeezumscrow!

* * * * *

Oh, But, Darling, It Fits You So Nicely!

Things stayed pretty much the same for awhile and I got rather used to seeing Double Dee in his pinafores at home. I even got used to him wearing just the dress and no jeans, another of Ms Milly's innovations! I raised my eyebrows when he started going to and from the Beer Bar in just his dress, but like I said, where My Darling Little Dana was concerned, I was always soft-headed. If he wanted to wear the damn dress, he could wear the damned thing! Besides, when he was in the dress I could hold him and kiss him.

We hung out together whenever we could. Not much was said about the strange aprons he began to wear over his dresses at home nor about the frilly pinafores he had to wear over his dresses at the Beer Bar, although a few eyebrows were raised by people who saw him wearing one for the first time.

Double Dee himself was so used to it that he seemed to be no longer aware of them.

I still tried to get him to come and play softball with the team, but he now had very little spare time. Once I even found him at home doing the ironing. He blushed a little when he saw me come in, but he continued the work. From the way he was doing it, I noticed that he had really learned that sissy job well. He produced a neatly pressed pile of clean clothing, lingerie and table and bed linens that he had done. He seemed proud of his handiwork.

Another Sunday I found him scrubbing the entrance hall on his hands and knees, and he was wearing a dress that looked suspiciously like a maid's day-time uniform! But, I kept my peace, even though I really wanted to say something! In spite of the dirty pail of water, the scrub brush and the yellow rubber gloves, he looked perfectly clean himself and impeccably groomed. His long blonde hair (like most of the guys in that era, we all wore our hair a little long. His was just a little longer, that's all.) was always neatly brushed, shiny and healthy looking. From the back, if you didn't know better, he looked exactly like any other girl!

Once, I asked him how he kept it so neat looking.

He confessed that Ms Milly made him wash it at least once a day (sometimes, she made him wash it twice!) and always insisted that he use some kind of rinse or "conditioner" to give it extra "body" and "life." He explained that he seemed to be healthier, just from washing his hair so often! Again, I kept my peace. Besides, he didn't mind the extra care it required, so why should I rain on his parade?

He always wore those yellow rubber gloves when he did the housework, and as a result, his hands were always clean. He kept his nails neatly trimmed and highly polished, but not with an enamel like my Dorothy did. He just “polished” them.

I thought his nails were just a tad long for a boy, and they usually had a sort of pinkish tinge to them, and his skin seemed to be getting extremely soft, for a man!

Once, when I made a joke about it, he replied that his Mother-in-law made him use hand-cream after doing dishes and that she was now doing his manicuring for him!

His interests seemed to have changed too. We no longer talked much about sports, and when I did, he always seemed to change the subject when I wasn't looking! I don't think it was deliberate as much as he just wanted to avoid those subjects. He just seemed to have lost interest in sport of any kind!

One day, early in the next spring, he was wearing a new outfit when I stopped by to walk him to work at the Beer Bar. It was a light blue, short-legged, cotton, step-into, overall, made exactly like a girl's, without the fly opening, I mean. It had a snugly fitted waist and the pants part zipped closed up the back. The bib front came just below his neck, to which the crossed straps in back came over his shoulders to clip into the two large brass buckles on the top part of the bib. Except for the soft material, the nipped waist, the lack of a front fly, the short, swishy legs (they almost looked like he was wearing a very short skirt when he stood still!) and the back zip, it was not all that different from other overalls.

Under it on top he wore a red and white checked shirt that was more a girl's blouse than a boy's shirt, and it had a short, stand-up collar, almost like a Peter Pan collar. The blouse had short, cap sleeves with cuffs that gave it a decidedly feminine appearance! Adding to his feminine mystic were the dark panty-hose he was wearing. Double Dee was shy and defensive the first day he wore this combination, but when he discovered that no one paid any attention to what he was wearing, he soon got used to his femmy appearance and went merrily about his business without thinking about it.

Dorothy told me later that she had seen Double Dee and Ms Milly shopping and that Double Dee had been wearing it then too. She had asked Ms Milly if she had made it or bought it, and of course, Ms Milly had hand sewn it for him!

When Dorothy had inquired why the extremely feminine cut, Ms Milly had replied, "It was the only pattern I could find that would fit him properly," Dotty explained to me at dinner. And since Double Dee was so small for a man, Ms Milly's explanation made perfect sense to her (to Dorothy, I mean). "Besides," Dorothy continued, "I like it on him! It fits so nicely, and those short, flaring legs are simply elegant. They are so *swish!* I just love them! She's going to make a pair for me as soon as I get the material for her!"

I could just imagine how humiliated Double Dee must have been to be so openly discussed, and right out in a public place like that, and I said as much to my wife.

"Well, now that you mention it, he did seem to blush more than usual," she confessed.

I'll just bet he did!

I kept my own counsel, but I told myself that I would die before I'd ever wear anything like that in public! Or even behind closed doors! But, I guess poor Double Dee was stuck with it. It seemed strange though, with the money he was making at the airlines combined with his salary and tips from Doc's Bar, that he couldn't even afford to buy a couple of ordinary sport-shirts and some honest-to-goodness men's jeans! It couldn't cost all that much, could it?

'Except maybe,' I rationalized to myself, 'if his Mother-in-law made them, it might have saved a bundle on labor costs. . .'

During the coming weeks, I sort of became used to Double Dee's new looks and the bizarre behavior he effected. Even at the Beer Bar, everyone treated him as always, except that some of the lady customers seemed friendlier than usual towards him, leaving him bigger tips and flirting with him in their girlishly feminine ways.

I asked Double Dee one day how he felt about all that special attention from these other women.

"I don't really know," he confessed. "They're all so nice to me and always make me feel like one of the gang. I get along just fine with all of them lately. I've even wondered about it myself from time to time. What do you think?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Who can ever figure women? Maybe it's something to do with how you've been dressing lately. . ."

"The way I dress is not my fault!" he exclaimed hotly. "And you know it isn't!"

I nodded and kept silent. Without saying so, I wondered whether it was all those feminine activities that

Double Dee had to do at home. But would that change a person that much? Could it? Would having to wear aprons and those swishy overalls have anything to do with it?



I doubted it!

But . . .

Who am I to say?

He was My Darling Little Dana.

And My Little Double Dee could do no wrong in my eyes!

Still, our strong friendship didn't seem to suffer much and we kept company a lot. Things were not getting any easier for Double Dee at home though. One evening I found him sitting in the living room dressed in his white dress and he was doing embroidery, and he wasn't wearing jeans under the pinafore!

When his Mother-in-law and Aileen left the room and we were watching a teevee show together, I asked him why he wasn't wearing jeans. My friend blushed and told me that Ms Milly was now making him wear shorts to save wear and tear on his overalls. "She says they're cheaper and cooler. . . and use much less material to make."

Double Dee didn't seem anxious to show them to me, so I began to wonder whether they might be girl's shorts, just like the overalls.

"Why are you doing that sewing stuff?" I asked. "Do you like doing that sort of thing now, because you never used to!" I observed.

"Of course not," he blustered. "But Ms Milly makes me do it. She says that our hands should never be idle — 'Idle hands are the devil's playground!' she says — nor does she want me out roaming the streets and getting into trouble like some others our age do." he explained.

"But we've never done anything like that at all!" I exclaimed.

Double Dee just sighed. "You and I both know that we have never hung out on the streets, and I told her so, but she's becoming stricter all the time. Aileen is feeling awful and I don't want to make any additional trouble for her. So I just try harder to please her Mother," he explained softly, his head hung low.

"What do you mean, stricter?" I pressed.

"Oh, it's difficult to explain," he began. "She has all these rules I must follow and if I don't, then I am punished." He was blushing brightly.

"Punished? For what?" I demanded incredulously. "How?" I persisted.

"I don't really know, Lucky," he admitted. "So far I haven't done anything to incur her displeasure, but I feel it's just a matter of time until I am punished. . ."

"My good God!" I exploded. "And what does Aileen say about all this?"

"Oh, she just says that that's the way it was while she was growing up and that her Mother really means well. She says that Ms Milly just likes things disciplined and in spick and span order. 'Discipline makes for efficiency,' Ms Milly says."

"Oh, surely you can't believe all *that* crapola?" I blurted, astounded.

"I just don't know what I believe anymore, Lucky," he admitted wistfully, his voice full of unshed tears. "I tell you, Aileen's sickness is getting me down more and more every day. I wish she'd get well. . . I miss her so much!"

His breath caught and before I knew what was happening, he was in my arms and crying his eyes out! I held him close while he sobbed his hurt out on my chest, my big hands patting his back in comfort.

"It's going to be all right, Double Dee," I soothed. "Aileen will be getting better any time now. You'll see! Buck up! Keep a stiff upper lip! Don't let the bastards wear you down! Remember the Alamo! Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead! Non carborundum illigitimati!" I joshed.

Double Dee giggled through his tears. "Oh, Lucky, you always were just what I needed to feel better! Remember how you would agree to be my pony when I was down in the dumps and wanted to be Miss Annie Oakley? No matter how often I demanded that you get into your horse costume, you never refused me, not even once! You were a true friend, Lucky, such an understanding friend! You were the only real friend I ever had in school! And remember how you took me to the drive-in movie that time and I wouldn't go to the malt shop with you after? I've always regretted that I wouldn't go with you. I was such a dunce then! That's why I tried to make it up to you when I played with your hard penis and made you feel better. . ." he confessed softly.

"I'm still your true friend, Double Dee," I whispered passionately. "You had good reason not to go. I understood then and I understand now! You have always been my best friend!" And I kissed his up-turned lips tenderly. His arms slipped around my neck and we kissed like we used to when we were kids! He felt just like a slim girl in my arms and I kissed him as if I meant it, and I did mean it! I wasn't a bit embarrassed about it either!

“Oh, Lucky,” he was breathing rapidly. “I . . . I . . .” His little hand was fumbling between my legs and I was reacting swiftly!

“Don’t you dare say you’re sorry, Double Dee Donahue!” I warned, moving to facilitate his groping.

“Oh, no, I’m not sorry at all! I just wish. . . I wish. . .”

Just then, Milly walked in. We started guiltily, jumping apart. Double Dee blushed and I felt a bit embarrassed too. She nodded a cool, “Hello, Lucky,” to me, then turned to Double Dee. “What is going on here?” she demanded. “Just what is it that you wish, my dear son-in-law, Darling Little Dana?” she asked menacingly.

“Oh, nothing, Ms Milly,” he tried to explain. “I was just feeling poorly about my dear Aileen’s worsening health, and Lucky just happened to catch me when I almost fell. That’s all it was, honest!” he almost sobbed.

She stared at him deliberately. “Well, I don’t know,” she mused. “What am I to believe when I see my daughter’s spouse in another man’s arms and they’re kissing? Are you being unfaithful to my Aileen?” she demanded suspiciously.

“Oh, good Heavens, no!” he hastened to explain, blushing rosily. “It’s just that Lucky has been my rock for so many years that I just naturally turned to him when I needed a small bit of comforting again. Oh, Ms Milly, I am so worried about my dear Aileen! I want her to get well so much! So very much!”

Milly’s voice was soft, tender, “Of course you do, Dear. After all she’s the only daughter I have. . . and the only wife you have. . .” Her voice seemed to crack

and I saw that she wasn't as cold or aloof as I had begun to think.

"Surely Aileen's doctors have determined the cause of her illness," I wasn't going to just stand there looking stupid!

"No, she just seems to get weaker and weaker. It's almost as though she has given up on life!" Milly answered. "We are just about at the end of our rope!" she admitted.

Dana continued. "And now Dr. Cole has told us about a specialist in Boston who might be able to help her, but it costs three thousand dollars just to see him! I'm saving all I can right now so I can afford to have her seen," he explained.

"Let me lend you the money," I offered. "You can pay me back when your finances improve, and there won't be any interest either!" I exclaimed.

"You are a true friend, Lucky Burch!" Milly exclaimed, hugging me fiercely. "But we want to do this ourselves, don't we, Dana Darling?"

"It would make it easier, and Aileen suffers so much, Ms Milly," Double Dee declared fervently. "Yes, Lucky, I will accept your generous offer! I just want you to know that it may be a very long time before I can repay you, and under more normal circumstances, I would never dream of borrowing money from a friend! But, Aileen's worsening condition necessitates drastic measures be taken!"

"Please reconsider, Dana Darling," Milly cautioned. "It will be just another debt and you know how Aileen feels about debts incurred because of her illness!"

“Oh, but Ms Milly!” he wailed. “Aileen needs help now! If I wait until I can afford it, it might be too late! I can’t afford to take the chance that I’ll lose her!”

“Of course, Darling,” she soothed. “We must ever consider Aileen first, mustn’t we?”

He gazed up into her face. “Oh, Ms Milly, I love her so much!” He was on the verge of tears again.

“Then it’s all settled. I’ll draw the money out of the bank tomorrow and that will be that. I fully understand about your repayment difficulties, so don’t give it another thought!” I declared.

Impulsively, Double Dee came right back into my arms, his lips parted and up-turned, and he kissed my mouth sweetly. “Thank you, Lucky,” he whispered. “I’ll never betray your friendship! I’ll pay you back every dime, no matter how long it takes!”

I held him tightly, reassuringly, my lips reluctant to leave his. “It’s OK, Double Dee, really!” I kissed him again, just like I had when he was my math tutor.

Milly’s voice cut in on us. “Darling, I have your new work uniform ready up-stairs in my sewing room. Take your pinnie off and come up with me so we can see how it fits you. I think I have made the final adjustments to fit your figure.”

“What new uniform is that?” I asked, puzzled.

“Oh, Ms Milly is making a new outfit for me to wear when I work at the Beer Bar, as if I don’t look silly enough as it is!” Double Dee explained. “Don’t you think I look silly, Lucky?”

“No, you look great to me, Double Dee!” I answered weakly. Damn, he did look good!

“There, you see, Dana Darling?” Milly purred sweetly. “Even your best friend, Lucky Burch, thinks you look nicer in your cute little fitted uniforms,” she added, pressing her new advantage to the fullest.

Double Dee smiled crookedly. “Ms Milly thinks I get too dirty at work and thinks a silly little white uniform might make me take extra care to stay clean!”

“Nonsense!” that lady protested. “It’s not silly at all, and it certainly worked with Aileen when she was a child! She used to get so dirty when she played! I was at my wit’s end with that child! Here, let me help you, Darling.” She started to undo Dana’s pretty pinafore, but he seemed to be squirming away, almost as if he were resisting her efforts. I guess he didn’t want me to see what he was wearing underneath. Dana squirmed.

“I can do that, Ms Milly!” he protested.

His Mother-in-law disregarded his protests. “Don’t be difficult, Darling Child,” she admonished crisply. “Lucky is your best friend, is he not? He’s seen you in your shorts before many times. Hold still now!”

With a red face, Double Dee allowed her to pull the pinafore over his head, and he blushed even more! I nearly gasped aloud because he was actually wearing a girl’s pale red almost pink shorts that had flared legs that were so wide they looked exactly like a very short girl’s skirt when he stood still! And, they not only had no pockets, they zipped up in back to fit very tightly around his slim waist. With his red and white checked, short sleeved blouse with its Peter Pan collar that I now saw closed in back like a girl’s, he looked exactly like a teenaged girl. In fact, with his lack of maturity, he looked even more like a girl than he had as Miss Annie Oakley!

The only jarring note was the light blonde hair growing on his arms and legs. Ms Milly saw the hair and commented, "Time to shave your extremities again, Darling!" she gushed. "You're getting a little rough around the edges! Remember, neatness is everything!"

Double Dee hung his head. "Yes, Ms Milly," he replied dejectedly.

"We'll be back shortly, Lucky," Milly told me

Then, blushing profusely, Double Dee allowed Milly to take his hand in hers and lead him up the stairs, all the while casting embarrassed glances over his shoulder at me.

A little later, I heard water running, a short silence, then some loud words. It sounded as though Milly were angry about something. Then I heard the definite sound of a hand slapping bare flesh and the soft, embarrassed "ouches" and "please, Ms Milly's," all in Double Dee's soft, yet pleading voice. If I didn't know better, I'd have thought she were spanking him!

Some time later, he returned, closely followed by his Mother-in-law. He sure was a pretty sight to see! He was now dressed in a white satinet girl's jump suit that was cut completely in a girl's style with a tightly fitted waist, flaring short legs and cute little puff sleeves, pertly cuffed. The garment had no pockets at all except for two little patches, one over each breast, making the bib blossom out in front just as though he were a real girl!

I noticed that his eyes were red-rimmed and I realized that he had been crying! He was wearing a splash of bright red lip-stick and his nails had been redone to match his lip-stick! He was wearing a girl's white

pumps that had short, one and a half inch spike heels and I could see that he was now wearing nude nylons instead of sox over his freshly shaved legs!

I tried to keep a straight face while he blushed beet red under my rude stare.

“Doesn’t it fit him nicely, Lucky?” Milly asked, smiling enigmatically. “I do think this little white satinet shortie overall will be much nicer for Darling Dana to wear to work at the Beer Bar, don’t you?”

“Surely you don’t mean for Double Dee to wear **that** to work at a man’s bar?” I demanded incredulously. “Why, he looks exactly like the other girls who work there!”

“That’s just silly nonsense!” she snorted. “It’s made exactly like a man’s shortie overall and all. The waist band might be a little more fitted than those at ‘Air Flights,’ but I did that to show off Darling Little Dana’s neat waist. And after all, we don’t want the garment to flutter uselessly around his body! And if you will notice, it zips up the front like a man’s garment!”

“Please don’t make me wear this thing to work, Ms Milly!” Double Dee pleaded softly.

“Now don’t be difficult, Dana Darling,” Milly retorted harshly. “I didn’t make it for you **not** to wear. I’m sure Doc Delaney will be quite pleased to see that you are now properly dressed all in white. After all, the other barmaids all wear white shortie overalls, as it’s the proper attire in a place where food is served.”

“But we only serve chips and popcorn!” Double Dee muttered under his breath.

“What was that, Dana Darling?” Milly asked sharply.

“Nothing,” he replied dejectedly, sadly, “nothing at all. . .”

“That’s what I thought!” she smiled triumphantly. “Just think of the added tips you will get while wearing your new clothes!” She paused. “Now, you’d better say ‘good night’ to your friend as it is way past your bed time!”

I stared at them in utter disbelief. “Why, it’s only eleven-fifteen!” I objected, looking at my wristwatch for emphasis.

“It’s OK, Lucky,” Dana whispered, face red with humiliation. “I really do need my sleep now that Aileen is so sick!”

“Ten minutes, Dana Darling,” Milly cooed, patting his cheek affectionately. We watched as she made her way slowly up the stairs. Then I heard the sewing room door close softly.

Double Dee looked into my eyes, still blushing furiously. “I’m so sorry you had to witness my humiliation, Lucky,” he murmured sadly.

“Did she really spank you up there?” I asked gently.

He nodded and took my hand in his. “It’s OK, Lucky,” he assured me. “I tend to get a little obstinate from time to time and the only way Ms Milly can bring me back into line is to spank my bare bottom to a fond fare-thee-well. She’s so much stronger than I am, and it would be futile to disobey her in the first place!”

“I don’t believe it!” I blustered. “Let me see!”

Blushing even more than previously, he stood, unfastened the shortie and shrugged his soft shoulders, letting them fall to the floor. I noticed immediately that

he was wearing a pink nylon girl's undershirt (the ones with the cute little bow tied between the breasts) (there were two suspicious little bulges like his chest was growing. . . or something) and pink nylon panties that clung snugly to his flaring hips. I saw that he was nicely curved between his legs too! Around his waist was fastened a garter belt cinch to which his nylons were fastened tautly.

He turned slightly and I could see the outlines of Milly's fingers on his thighs. Without thinking about it, I yanked his panties down to expose his reddened bottom with the white marks of her striking fingers plainly outlined in his soft, pink flesh. My fingertips traced the marks slowly, caressing him tenderly.

"Oh, you poor guy!" I whispered in commiseration. "I just wish there were something I could do to help you!" I declared.

"Please don't, Lucky," he whispered in warning. "If you say anything at all to her, you'll just make things worse! I've managed to live with it so far, so I guess I will survive!"

"It's just not fair to treat a swell guy like you the way she does! Why, she treats you more like a little girl than a grown man!" I was angry and I hugged him tightly, kissing the up-turned lips absently.

Blushing furiously, he pulled his panties back into place and shrugged into the silky coverall, zipping it closed again. I took him back into my arms and held him gently, kissing his hair gently. He made no objection to being in my arms. After all, she had given us ten minutes to say good bye. . . hadn't she?

"That's awful!" I patted his softly rounded bottom with an easy familiarity.

He squirmed with discomfort. "Well," he reminded me, "I am a difficult child!"

"Nonsense!" I disagreed. "You're twenty-one years old! You're a grown man!"

He grinned wryly, turning his head and kissing me sweetly. "Yes, but I *am* still a child in so many ways, my friend," he reminded me. "After all, I stayed home while you went off to war and I've always been sort of a shy and retiring sissy, and really, Ms Milly does mean well!"

"By spanking you?" I retorted.

"She only does that when I need it!" he defended her fiercely.

"And you are not a sissy!" I exclaimed.

"You just never saw it, Lucky," he confessed shyly. "You were always too sensitive to see the truth!"

I was almost ready to just give up!

I seemed to remember things differently, especially how capable he had been *handling* his mounts so intimately, and the way he had *handled* me at the drive-in and the intimacy of our petting sessions and all the rest. Still. . .

"So you stayed home? So did thousands of others! So what?" I declared heatedly. "That doesn't make you any the less a man! You're married to her daughter, Aileen, for God's sake! That should count for something!"

"Thank you, dear friend," he whispered gratefully, "but it doesn't change a thing where Ms Milly nor Aileen are concerned!"

"The thing does look quite well on you, Darling Double Dee," I praised. "Maybe after a few days she will forget and you can go back to your regular dress and shoes."

"Fat chance of that happening!" he retorted. "Ms Milly never forgets anything!" He giggled.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"That's the very first time you have ever called me *Darling* in ages!" he explained. "You' usually called me Double Dee, and you know, I rather like it!"

"You are My Darling Little Dana!" I whispered fiercely.

"Yes, Lucky," he replied fervently. "Forever and ever"

"Forever and ever, My Darling Little Dana!"

I bent and kissed his soft lips tenderly. His arms slipped up around my neck and he responded eagerly, hungrily. I held him a long time...until he stirred and pushed away.

"I'm sorry, Lucky," he apologized, "but I really do have to go up to bed. Ms Milly is waiting for me so she can put me to bed."

"She puts you to bed?" I asked incredulously.

Blushing furiously, he nodded. "Yes, she makes me get undressed, then she gives me a bath, then massages me with baby oil and skin creams, puts me into my blanket jammies, tucks me in and kisses me 'nite-nite' before she raises my crib sides. Then she turns out my light and closes my nursery door and I go right to sleep."

"Nursery?" I yelped.

He nodded with embarrassment. "Yes, that's what she calls it," he admitted.

"Now wait a minute," I exploded. "That's going too far!" I stood. "I'm going to give her a good piece of my mind!"

He grabbed my hand. "Please don't cause a scene, Lucky," he pleaded. "It's really not so bad once you get used to it. Heck, I don't even mind anymore! In fact, I rather like her intimate attentions!" He paused, then continued, "Ms Milly is really a very nice woman, once you get to know her!" He was defending her actions heatedly and I wondered about his state of mind!

I kissed him again. "OK, good bye, then, Double Dee," I whispered. "Take care!"

He kissed me back sweetly, lingeringly. "You too, Lucky Burch! See you!"

A quick kiss and he scooted up the stairs, his rounded bottom swinging sexily under those silky, tightly fitted, well filled, coveralls! I let myself out and walked across the lawn into my own empty home. Even had Dorothy been home and not on an over-night, I wouldn't have tried to tell what was happening to my best friend. She would just have made excuses for Ms Milly's behavior, just like she always did.

Hell, just like Double Dee did too!

And I was in no mood for their lame excuses!

I tossed and turned all damn night!

The next evening, I saw Double Dee at Doc's Beer Bar and he was wearing the white satinet while he worked busily. Over it, he wore the light blue pinafore which now contrasted neatly with its square neck line.

He was also wearing the pumps with the short spikes, tap-tapping his way between tables and all. I watched him while he was serving a group of customers who were not regulars. He seemed to have forgotten his objections of the previous night and he had a big smile for each customer as he served chips and popcorn and drinks to them. He seemed to have forgotten how femme he looked as he was joking and laughing merrily, just as though he had not a care in the world. His customers didn't seem to care that he looked so femmy either, if they gave it a thought at all!

It couldn't have been too bad because I saw him putting bills into the tips jar more than once instead of the coins that the regulars usually gave!

I was also surprised to see that his arms had been shaved since I had last seen him. Many of the women customers complimented him on his improved appearance and after a while, he stopped blushing. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying all their nice words and he smiled brightly at each and every one of them.

Later, I walked him home and I asked him about his denuded arms.

"Oh, you noticed that?" he asked with alarm. "Ms Milly made me shave them when I got my bath last night after you left," he explained. "She told me that in a bar like Doc's, people don't like to see hairy arms or under-arms serving food and that nobody would notice anything amiss anyway."

"She made you shave your under-arms too?" I asked incredulously.

Double Dee nodded. "She didn't think anyone would notice. . ." he alibied.

“Well, she was wrong!” I exclaimed hotly. “Those women in the bar noticed and I bet some of the men did too, if they could tear their eyes away from your legs and butt!”

Double Dee laughed merrily and took my hand in his, squeezing gently. “Oh, Lucky, you are so good for me!”

“I saw that you were shaved right off, but that’s probably because I know you so well,” I admitted, softening my hot words.

“I don’t know why Ms Milly insists that I look so neat and clean all the time,” he sighed. “She gives me a bath every time I mow the lawn or work in the flowers or when I wash her car, or whatever I do! I don’t understand why she wants me to wear the white dress all the time and now she wants me to wear this silly pinafore at all times, even when I’m in my own home! And she insists that I wear pink girls’ under clothes all the time now! It’s just horrible!”

I didn’t say a word. After all, what could I say? A man who was soundly spanked by his own Mother-in-law just because he objected to wearing girl’s clothing and then wore them anyway, was difficult, if not impossible, to give advice to! Raising our hands, I put my arm around his shoulder and he snuggled close, his hand still in mine.

I squeezed gently to show him that he was my friend no matter what he had to wear!

“No matter, you’re A-OK in my book, My Darling Little Dana!” I reassured him.

He squeezed my hand shyly. “Lucky, you’re the very best friend a kid like me could ever have had! You

have been very special to me ever since the first time I saw you!"

"Aw, you just liked me because I let you ride me and do those other things we did," I tried to make light of it.

"You were the only real friend I ever had until I met Aileen," he admitted.

We snuggled as we walked the rest of the way home, his little spikes tapping softly against the cement with every step and it seemed to me to be the only way it could be! And when we got to his house, I pulled him into my arms and kissed him passionately. He responded just like any other girl would have, slipping his arms up around my neck and pressing his girlishness tight against me, his lips soft and flowing willingly under mine!

The porch light came on just as we broke apart and the front door opened.

"Is that you, Dana Darling?" Milly asked needlessly. Who else would it be this time of night? "We have been so worried about you because you're so late."

"It's OK, Milly," I soothed her ruffled feathers. "Double Dee had to close up so I waited to walk him home. He's perfectly safe and sound!"

"Thank God there's a real man in the neighborhood!" she enthused, "but I knew she meant something entirely different than her words implied. "Don't take too long, Dana Darling," she warned. "It's long past your bedtime. You have five minutes!" The door closed and the light was switched off, leaving us alone in the darkness.

Double Dee came right back into my arms and his soft lips kissed me fiercely. "Thank you for standing up for me, Lucky," he whispered. "I really do appreciate it!"

"Will she give you a bath and put you to bed again tonight?" I asked.



He nodded. "Yes. . . why?"

"Oh, I just wondered." After a bit, I added, "Does she really give you a bath?" I persisted.

He nodded. "Yes," he whispered defensively. "And she undresses me and makes me go potty and she washes me thoroughly all over and she massages me with baby oil and skin cream and sweet smelling baby powder and she puts me into my blanket jammies and she tucks me in and she raises the sides of my youth crib so that I won't fall out during my sleep and she kisses me good night and sometimes she even lays down with me and holds me until I fall asleep and she feeds me a bottle of warm milk to help me go to sleep and if she's a little rushed, she lets me suckle her bared breasts instead of my bottle!" he blurted without thinking.

"It's OK, Dana, my Darling," I whispered reassuringly. "I didn't mean to upset you!" I apologized hurriedly.

"Oh, I'm not upset, Lucky," he retorted. "You asked me and I told you, that's all! And when I go upstairs, I'll have to tell her everything that we discussed and did!" he continued.

"You mean that she knows that I kiss you and hold your hand and all?" I asked with disbelief.

He nodded. "Yes, she knows everything," he admitted. "She even knows about how we won those prizes when we were kids. She wouldn't stop probing until I had told her every single detail. I guess that's why she feels justified in putting me into girls' clothing now since I did it so often when I was growing up. She feels that I should be completely at ease wearing girls' clothes as an adult-child!"

“You mean she knows all about our rides and those things we did together?” I asked.

Double Dee nodded again. “Yes, and she saw all those pictures our Moms took of us when we were in our various costumes. Do you remember that picture of Miss Annie making her horse stand on its hind legs?”

How could I forget? I mean, there I was, wearing a horse costume, and my sex parts were hanging out for the whole world to see! “You mean the one where I’m . . . where I’m . . . oh, damn, you know what I mean!”

Dana nodded. “That’s one of her favorites! She had it enlarged and it now hangs on my bedroom wall where I can see it anytime I look!” He turned his face to my shoulder and whispered, “And I look every chance I get! You were such a magnificent horse and you never once complained, no matter what I made you do nor what I did to you!”

I laughed. “Would it have done me any good to complain?” I chided.

He giggled and kissed me sweetly. “No, I don’t suppose so. . .” he admitted.

“Did you really like what I did to you and all the things I made you do, or were you just being kind to the geeky kid from school?” he asked shyly.

“Darling. . . Dana, my Darling, I loved every single minute of what we did together! In fact, if you were to tell me to get into costume right now, I’d probably do it and not give it a second thought!” I declared.

He kissed me again. “You are a dear,” he whispered. “But don’t make promises you can’t keep. . .” he kidded me.

“Never, my Darling!” I replied fervently. I patted his bottom familiarly.

He winced and murmured a soft, “Ouch!”

“Did she spank you tonight?” I demanded.

Shamefully, he nodded.

“Show me!” I ordered.

Reluctantly, he raised his skirt and showed me the redness covering his bottom.

“This time, she’s gone too far!” I exploded angrily, caressing the redness tenderly.

“Oh, no, Lucky! Promise me you won’t!” he begged.

“Well, OK, this time, but if she does it again, I will speak to her and I doubt she will like what I have to say!”

“You know I will have to tell Ms Milly everything you just told me, don’t you, Lucky Burch?” he reminded me.

I didn’t know what to say then, so I kissed him once more, patted his rounded bottom with easy familiarity, told him, “Good night, My Darling Little Dana,” and after he went inside the house, closing the door gently behind him, I went across the lawn and in to my own house.

Once more, I said nothing to Dorothy.

I had dug myself in deep enough already!

* * * * *

We Have to Have A Talk About Darling Little Dana

I began to walk Double Dee home every night after that and I began to look forward to those few moments on his front porch before he went inside for the night. Several times he winced visibly when I patted his bottom playfully, and under persistent questioning, he admitted that Milly had spanked him soundly for some supposed infraction of her many rules.

After a few weeks, I noticed that Double Dee was walking a bit funny, more stiffly erect than ever before. I said nothing until later when he stumbled while climbing the porch steps to his home. That was when I noticed that his heels were higher than usual! He lost his balance momentarily and I caught him in my arms, my arms slipping around his hard waist in an automatic reflex. "You're wearing a corset this time instead of the waist cinch!" I exclaimed in surprise. "What's that all about?"

Again, poor Double Dee blushed uncomfortably. "Ms Milly said I was slouching when I walked and that slouching was bad for my lungs and back," he explained. "She is making me wear it day and night, and

it makes my body look and feel and act sort of funny. .
.”

“Let me see,” I demanded imperiously.

At first he was shocked and reluctant to obey my directive, but then he capitulated. We went into his house and up to his bedroom. For a wonder, Milly wasn't there! I closed and locked the door securely behind us.

Double Dee opened his coverall and let it drop down around his waist. He opened his blouse, and I could see that, yes, she really had fitted him with a pretty modern version of an old-fashioned women's corset, no doubt patterned after one she had once worn, and had laced him in severely. His waist was now pinched in so small that his fanny was pushed way out in back. It now looked exactly like a real girl's behind! In fact, he was just as shapely back there as my own wife, Dorothy, when she would wear her tight fitted jeans!

My hands spanned around his smallish waist, my fingers almost meeting in back with my thumbs touching in front. It was a smooth satiny material over hard leather that felt constricting and rigid to my touch! My palms moved up to close over his breast cups. I squeezed gently and he blushed furiously.

I slipped my hands down and pushed his coverall down over his flaring bottom. At my insistent urgings, he turned slightly and I could see the fresh marks of Milly's fingers on his soft thighs. Without asking, I pulled the leg bands of his nylon panties up between his bottom cheeks and saw that his skin was all red and black and blue mottled with her finger marks and what looked suspiciously like whip marks just as though he

had been spanked and whipped recently. I touched the soreness gingerly, tenderly.

Double Dee winced visibly.

“She spanked you again, didn’t she?” I demanded. “And whipped you too, didn’t she?”

He was almost crying again, his eyes aswim with unspilled tears. “Yes,” he admitted. “Hard too!” he added softly.

“But. . . why?” I thought I already knew the answer.

I was right.

“Because I wouldn’t let her lace me into the corset at first,” he replied. “So she took my panties down, took me over her lap and paddled me soundly! Then, when I still refused, she took the little dog whip I used to use on you and she whipped me something fierce until I had to give in to her demands!”

“My God, that must have hurt something fierce!” I sympathized.

“Oh, it did!” he agreed, “but I will just have to learn to do as she says to avoid another session in future!”

“What did Aileen say about it? Surely she objects to her Mother whipping and spanking her own husband?” I persisted, my fingers tracing the stark welts lightly.

“She said I would just have to learn to obey her Mother or suffer the consequences! She said that she had learned when she was growing up, and now it was my turn to learn!” he replied.

“Or be spanked?”

“Yes,” he admitted, his face aflame.

“Or worse, whipped?” I persisted.

Again he nodded. "Oh, Lucky, please don't ever tell anyone what Ms Milly does to me!"

"Of course not!" I promised vehemently. "This time though, I do think your Mother-in-law has gone too far! She's absolutely crazy! Why don't you talk to Aileen and put your foot down?" I asked, puzzled at his sudden, horrified reaction.

"I did!" he exclaimed. "Or at least, I tried! But Aileen is extremely weak nowadays and I have to be very careful not to excite her nor worry her! And I can't take the chance that she be worried about such a minor thing!"

"Minor?" I gasped. "There's nothing *minor* about it!"

"Well, still, I can't take the chance," he repeated.

"So what did Aileen say about you wearing a corset and nylon underclothes?" I asked doggedly.

"Aileen just smiled with fond recollection and said to me, 'I used to wear one just like your's once!' But when I reminded her that I wasn't a girl like she was, she insisted that I obey Ms Milly at all times anyway and do everything and anything she tells me to do! 'You should be extra nice to her, Dana Darling,' she said. 'Please promise me that you'll obey her and not make any trouble for me!' Then she had a terrible coughing spell and waved for her medicine. I gave her three pills before she could get herself under control, and then she made me promise that I'd obey her Mother implicitly, no matter what it was she wanted!"

"And did you promise her?" I asked softly, already knowing that he had!

He nodded. "Yes, I promised. What else could I do? I don't want to be the cause of one of her coughing

spells. They hurt her so much!" He looked at me, his wide eyes pleading for my understanding. I patted his cheek gently. He smiled with a boyish wistfulness, and I really did understand how he felt!

"Does the corset hurt all that much?" I asked, changing the subject.

"It's. . . it's. . . awful!" he replied. "It forces me to walk so stiff and upright, which helps my posture of course, but it compresses my waist so that it's so darn small. . . like a. . . a. . . pantywaist. . . a sissy!" he blurted. "Why, my waist is a mere twenty-one inches around when I'm laced into this darn corset!" he admitted. Did I detect a note of silent pride in his voice?

"Wow!" I whispered. "My Dorothy's waist is just twenty-two inches!"

"I know," he whispered in reply, his face flaming anew.

"How did you know?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy was here one afternoon when Ms Milly was making my corset and they discussed everything about me, comparing sizes and all. It was so humiliating!"

"Funny, Dotty never said a word to me," I mused.

"That's because Ms Milly told her everything in confidence!" he added.

"That's amazing!" I replied, my fingers caressing absently.

"My waist is smaller than any of the other girls at *Air Flights* and smaller than any of the other girls at Doc's! too!" he kind of bragged and I looked at him quizzically.

“Well, that’s what Ms Milly says, and she doesn’t lie to me!” he defended her actions hotly. “She wants to whittle me down to eighteen inches eventually, and she says that I’m short enough to carry it off!” he confessed shyly.

“Can you get down that far?” I asked, interested in his waist measurement in spite of my sympathetic words.

“Ms Milly says I can,” he insisted.

“And she ought to know,” I added softly, my hands almost spanning his waist.

“My pants are so tight in back now, and . . . and . . . and . . . ah . . . there’s a cupped strap in front that she draws up between my legs and fastens in back to make my front smooth and curved like a girl, so that my shorts and panties fit like a girl’s down there,” a fact he emphasized by passing his hand over his girlish mound. I saw that all signs of any real *male* were hidden, tucked back between his soft thigh tops. “I even have a girl’s sex mound down there now!” he cried, a sob catching in his throat.

I bent and looked close, seeing that, indeed, there was no masculine bulge in Double Dee’s crotch, just a softly feminine mound that I caressed absently. He shivered and stepped back.

“That’s terrible,” I told him. “It must be very uncomfortable.”

He nodded. “And how! It cuts into my middle all the time!” His face clouded like a thundercloud and he glared fiercely as he replaced his shortie coverall.

A knock came at the door and Double Dee unlocked it immediately, opening it for Milly. “Oh, that’s where you got off to!” she retorted. “We heard you

come in and I decided to come looking for you when you didn't come right in to Aileen's bedroom as you're supposed to!" She glared at me resentfully and I glared right back at her, defying her to make a scene!

"Darling Dana was just showing me his new corset," I blurted like some schoolboy caught doing something he shouldn't have!

She glanced at him slyly. "So I see." She brightened immediately. "Don't you think it improves his posture considerably? I should have insisted on a corset long ago!"

"It does hold him more erectly when he stands and walks," I admitted reluctantly.

"Well, Dana Darling," she turned to him, "it's almost your bed-time, so why don't you say 'good night' to your little friend and then I'll bathe you and put you straight to bed?" She kissed his cheek gently. "I'll give you five minutes," and she was gone.

I looked around his bedroom for the first time seeing what I had not seen before.

This was the first time I had seen his new bedroom in its unvarnished entirety. At one time, it had been a maid's room, but now it was his. Originally, he had shared the master bedroom with Aileen, but since the onset of her illness, he had been moved here to avoid any unnecessary disturbance, or so Milly claimed.

At any rate, it didn't look much like a maid's room now. The original furniture had all been removed and replaced with some rather strange items now in residence. Especially the bed. It looked to be one of those hospital types that stood about four feet off the floor and it had a little step stool to facilitate entrance. But what made it so strange were the movable side rails

that could be lifted to form a protective barrier, or lowered at will for easier access to its occupant, if you were on the outside, I mean! I saw some strange looking straps at various positions in the corners and I could just imagine what they were used for!

His dressers, if you could call them dressers, were now three tall lingerie chests and one chest on chest, as well as a dressing table with a mirror and a wrought steel chair. The dressing table was filled with all sorts of bottles and jars and make-up items of all kinds. I recognized some of them because Dorothy had some exactly like them!

There was a tall, round top cylinder container thing standing beside one of the lingerie chests. Idly, I opened the top and my nose was assailed with the distinct odor of used diapers!

Quizzically, I looked at Dana.

He blushed and replied, "I seem to have lost all control over my bladder at night for some reason or other," he explained, "and Ms Milly has to put me into diapers to protect my expensive mattress. That's why the other bed is gone. I ruined its mattress!"

The wallpaper had been redone since its last occupant. As I remembered it when I had been here some years before, it had been covered with roses and wisteria and hyacinths. Now it was all fauns and nymphs and feminine centaurs and fairies and cherubs and all sorts of little girl figures that gamboled on a pinkish back-ground on his bedroom walls that were now all trimmed in whites and pinks and lace and it looked to be more the sort of a room for a little girl than for a grown male!

As he had told me, there was the picture of Miss Annie with her rearing horse pawing the air with his front hooves, and of course I was hanging out like a sore thumb! I almost blushed.

Again, I looked at Double Dee quizzically.

"Ms Milly likes this wallpaper design. She picked it out herself and she did every bit of redecorating all by herself. Didn't she do a great job?" he enthused.

'Yeah,' I agreed silently, looking around, 'for a little girl!' Aloud, "Yeah, it's nice. Dorothy would like it a lot!"

"Yes, that's exactly what she said when she saw it!" he agreed with a little laugh.

I looked at him strangely. "Dorothy has been up here?" I asked.

He blushed. "Oh, yes, Ms Milly asked her opinion a long time ago!"

Well, learn something every day!

"And she saw this picture?" I indicated the rearing horse.

Dana nodded. "Oh, yes, she said it looked quite natural!"

"She never said a word!" I replied, amazed.

"Ms Milly told her not to," Dana explained.

Imagine, my own wife privy to things I knew nothing about and she had said not one word to me about any of this!

"Well, I'd better get going," I told Double Dee, trying to cover my confusion. "She did say five minutes, so let me give you a big kiss and I'll split." I took him into my arms and kissed him soundly. "See you tomor-

row, Kiddo!" I patted his bottom familiarly and off I went.

I passed Milly in the hall and she smiled at me winningly. "I'm so glad you are finally approving of my efforts to improve Darling Little Dana's posture and over-all bearing. If you'll have a seat in the living room and wait for me, I'd like to have a little chat with you before you go home. That is, if you don't mind. There's a lot I'd like to discuss with you. It shouldn't take me more than five minutes or so to give my girl her bath, get her ready for bed and tuck her in for the night. There's a cold beer and some chips on the coffee table for you." She touched my arm. "I really think we need to talk, Lucky."

"Well, maybe..." I replied laconically.

"Fine! I'll be right down." She opened Double Dee's bedroom door. "Ah, here we are, Darling Dana! Is Mommy's little girl ready for her bath and then beddy-bye?"

"Yes, Mommy Milly," I heard him whisper with embarrassment.

What in the blue blazes was this *girl* crap?

All of a sudden, I couldn't wait to get out of that house and I fled across the lawn to the safety of my own home!

The phone was ringing incessantly when I got out of the shower twenty minutes later and I let it ring. It kept right on ringing and it seemed to have some sort of urgency behind it. I waited for Dorothy to answer it, and then realized that she was on another over-night and might be calling me about something.

Reluctantly, I picked it up and put the receiver to my ear. "Hello?"

“Lucky Burch, you get your fat ass right back over here this very minute! I won’t be treated like this! Do you understand me? I’ll give you two minutes to get your sweet little ass back over here!” she threatened.

“And if I won’t?” I challenged.

“Then you can forget all about walking *My* Darling Little Dana home from the Beer Bar ever again, and he will not be allowed to associate with you under any circumstances! Now do you understand me?” she demanded quietly.

“Yes, Milly,” I replied with a sinking feeling. “I understand perfectly.”

“I thought you might,” she replied with satisfaction. “You now have one minute and thirty five seconds, my Dear Boy!”

“And I do not have a fat ass!” I yelled.

But I was speaking into a dead phone. That Bitch had hung up on me!

I stared at it, dumbfounded.

At that moment, I felt deathly afraid of Mrs. Mildred Donahue!

Aloud, I muttered, “No, I’m not afraid of her, she just makes me kinda sorta nervous, that’s all.”

Hell, I’d faced enemy fire many times while in *Korea*!

‘Yeah, but never one with her kind of ammunition!’ I admitted aloud.

She *could* stop me from ever seeing My Darling Little Dana again!

If I let her. . .

* * * * *