

# What Kind of Fool Am I?

Book Two



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# What Kind Of Fool Am I

by **Bébé Talons**

## PROLOGUE

My name is Jason (after my Father) Ford (my Mom's maiden name) Burch, but everyone calls me *Lucky*. I am twenty-nine years old and I am studying to become a free-lance journalist at the University's Night College where I am working on my master's degree. I used to work full-time as an aircraft mechanic for *Air-Flights* at the Port Coventry Airport to support myself and my wife and my University expenses while I attend classes part-time.

My best friend in the whole world is Darling Little Dana (Dee Dee) Hutton Donahue. His name before he got married to Ailena Donahue (why he took her sur-name, I have yet to figure out!) was Hutton, but he never liked that name, his father having died in World War II.

My wife, Dorothy, works for the airline as a stewardess as had Ailena Donahue before her debilitating illness overtook her some months previously. Darling Little Dana's wife had been ill for a long time, causing Dee Dee to work extra long hours to pay for her medical expenses, a seemingly never ending source of debt to them.

We still live on Sweet Street in the small up-state city in New York near the Canadian border where we were born. We have lived right next door to one another since we were kids and have been close friends since Darling Little Dana started to tutor me the summer before we entered the sixth grade and he helped me to pass all my subjects. It's funny, I was born on March 31st and Darling Little Dana was born on April 1st, exactly five years and one day later.

We had attended the same elementary and high schools from the sixth grade on. I had lost two full grades because I had had a long running bout with some sort of exotic attack of influenza that had left me extremely weak and near-sighted, which had enabled Darling Little Dana to catch up to me at the end of the fifth grade. He had started school a year early, then had skipped right over the second and third grades putting him even with me at the start of the sixth.

We were the class misfits, and at first we were pals because no one else would have us. But after awhile, we stayed friends because we truly liked one another

and actually preferred each other's company to anyone else. I was very protective towards Darling Little Dana. He had not grown as fast as I had and was small framed to boot. As a matter of fact, he was just a bit shorter than my wife, Dorothy, who is five-two and weighs one-oh-four in her bra and panties. Dana weighs seven pounds less than my Dotty does! He's a blonde (what else?), blue-eyed, fair skinned, almost completely hairless, slim built male, but he's quick to smile and loves a joke. He's just an all around good egg!

I, on the other hand, am almost six feet tall with wavy brown hair that I keep clipped short in a military buzz cut, with hazel eyes, two hundred solid pounds of sinew and muscle (I play semi-pro football in my spare time), and I'm still quite near-sighted because of the bouts I had had with influenza. I had worked hard and rebuilt my body to the point where I had been able to join the U S Army (actually, I was drafted right out of high school) and learn a trade. The Army taught me how to maintain and repair helicopters (they wouldn't let me fly them because I have to wear glasses)(but I learned how anyway!) and after my discharge, it was just a short step from helicopters to the airplanes I maintain now. I may be a little slow when it comes to some things, but I'm a cracker-jack airplane mechanic!

I'm not too shabby with cars either.

I'm also the world's biggest sucker when it comes to My Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue!

I had never figured Darling Little Dana for 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 Darling Little Dana worked as the reservation clerk and airport manager. My wife, Dorothy, and Darling Little Dana's wife, Ailena, were both air line stewardesses.

Maybe I should explain about Darling Little Dana.

He had been a beautiful child and his late Mother had always referred to him as her *Little Darling*. His brother and sister picked up on it and teased him unmercifully.

He's been *Darling Dana* or *Darling Little Dana* ever since. I was the first to nick-name him, *Dee Dee*, and it kinda sorta stuck. . . at least with me. . .

Anyway, Milly, his Mother-in-law, soon took over Darling Little Dana's life completely, even going so far as to reduce him to the status of a child, a *female* child, a *daughter*, and even more astounding, *her* daughter! What bothered me most at first was her insistence that Dee Dee wear girls' clothes. From sissy aprons to girlish shorty coveralls to outright female dresses combined with the appropriate nylon under clothing, she had gradually turned him away from being a male to his total acceptance of the feminine role she forced upon him! I think the crowning insult was when she put him into dialers and rubber panties and made him wear those to work too!

I had loudly objected to this treatment of my dearest friend. I mean, I wasn't concerned about his femmy under clothing because I sorta liked that aspect, being all nice and smooth and slippery under my touch. What I had not liked in the least was her insistence that he wear these diapers with the other things to his job at Doc's Beer Bar, and when I had voiced my extreme displeasure to Milly, she had threatened to take Darling Little Dana out of my life completely!

Well, I wasn't about to let that happen, so I had almost succumbed to her demands (at least openly), and we had come to an almost tentative agreement wherein I would not openly defy her attempts to lead Dee Dee into full girlhood.

My reward for not defying Milly was to be allowed to continue to *date* Dee Dee and continue to woo *her* romantically.

You see, after both of our wives were gone, I had discovered to my utter astonishment that I was in love with Dee Dee, and that I not only condoned Milly's efforts to feminize him, but was in full agreement with her that he become a female in every sense of the word.

But, that's getting way ahead of the story.

Otherwise, here's where things pretty much stand so far. . .

With the two of us at loggerheads about what was best for Dee Dee and/or Ailena.

Milly and I had had a bitter argument about what was best for Dee Dee and Ailena and in a fit of pique with me madder than a wet hen and Milly screeching like some banshee. . . I had slammed out of their home, cutting Milly off in mid-sentence and had stormed across the lawn, into my own home, where, tearing off my clothes, I got into the shower to calm myself down somewhat. When I emerged from the shower, I could hear my telephone ringing and ringing insistently.

When I answered, thinking it was Dorothy calling, I heard Milly's angry voice, "Get your fat ass back over here in one helluva hurry or you can forget about seeing my Darling Little Dana ever again! You have two minutes!"

"And if I don't?" I challenged.

"You'll never be allowed to see your precious Darling Little Dana Donahue again! Do you understand me? Am I crystal clear?"

"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.

I could not believe that she had hung up on me!

How dare she?

Oh, me!

What to do? What to do?

What could I do?

Damn woman anyway!

Always had to have her way. . .

Typical. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**Love Doesn't Care Who It Bites**

I dressed hurriedly, raced around the house and knocked on their front door. It opened almost immediately as Milly hissed, "Get in here, you spoiled little brat! I ought to blister your fat little ass good for you!"

"Just try it and you'll land on *your* fat ass!" I bristled. "I'm not Dee Dee and I would never ever stand for it!" I thought a moment, then added, "Besides, my ass is **not** fat!"

I stood there on her stoop, deliberately disobeying her.

"Come in here and sit down and listen to me, Mr. Lucky Burch," she ordered coolly.

"Give me one damned good reason why I should?" I countered belligerently.

"Because if you don't, I shall forbid your ever seeing *My* Darling Little Dana again!"

"*Your* Darling Little Dana?" I exclaimed in disbelief. "You can't do that!"

"Oh, yes, I can! And I shall, if you don't listen to reason!"

"You wouldn't dare!" I blustered weakly.

"Don't try my patience, Lucky Burch!" she hissed. "I never bluff!" We stared at one another for a moment, then she added, "Please, won't you come in? I don't want to broadcast our personal business to the whole neighborhood and we can't very well discuss anything openly or rationally when we're both acting like two tom-cats squabbling over one furry female pussy cat!" She turned and walked towards the living room.

I followed reluctantly, closing the door behind me, and sat on the sofa across from her. I waited, my

mouth dry with unstated apprehension. "Well?" I started.

Without answering, she poured coffee into two mugs and handed one to me. I took it and sipped at it gratefully, glad to have something in my hands to stop them from trembling so much. The coffee tasted good and somehow I knew that Dana had brewed it earlier, before Milly had put him to bed. I said as much to her.

"This tastes like Dee Dee's coffee," I told her. "It's damned good!"

She agreed readily. "Yes, our Darling Little Dana's skills in the kitchen are developing nicely. She is a quick learner, once she puts her mind to it!" she laughed.

"You mean once you've spanked him into submission!" I snorted angrily, ignoring her changed sex reference.

"Yes, there **is** that aspect of things. . ." she mused, smiling to herself.

"Well, I don't think it's one damned bit funny!" I snarled nastily.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Burch," she teased softly. "Where's your Irish sense of humor?"

"I don't see how spanking him and treating him like a child, a little *girl* child, is funny!"

"Oh, come now, surely you can see the humor in her situation?" she giggled. "She has to be taught what to do, and if you will remember, one of the ways that parents use to teach their small children is to punish them by spanking their bared bottoms soundly."

"But Dee Dee's a grown man!" I objected heatedly.

"Is that so?" she cooed sweetly. "I really hadn't noticed!"

We lapsed into silence and sipped at our coffee. A few moments later, she began again, "Tell me, Lucky, do you like my Darling Little Dana?"

"Yes," I nodded. "Dee Dee has been my best friend since we were kids," I admitted.

"Yes, that's true, but that's not answering my question at all, is it? There is a big difference between liking him and in being his friend, you know."

I stopped and thought for a moment. Then, "Yes, Milly, I do *like* Dee Dee, but I have to admit too that I don't much like what you're doing to him!"

"What I'm doing to *her*!" she scoffed. "What, pray tell, am I doing that's so awfully bad for *her*?"

"Oh, come off it, Milly," I sneered. "Surely you don't expect me to believe that you bathe him nightly and that you dress and undress him and that you put him on the toilet and that you change his diapers and that you feed him bottles of milk or whatever and that you even breast feed him occasionally? And he's a boy, for God's sake, not a girl!"

She nodded. "Yes, I do see to her every personal need. That child has been neglected so long that she desperately needs constant attention to guide her back into the proper paths," she responded quietly, her voice full of the rightness of her convictions.

"What in blazes does he wear diapers for anyway?" I demanded hotly. "Why, I remember his Mom potty training him when he was just a little kid! And why do you make him wear those girls' nylon panties and nylon under shirts instead of underwear like he used to wear not so very long ago, and why. . ."

“Surely you recall the diaper pail in her bedroom?” she interrupted. “It’s in constant use now. Dee Dee cannot be trusted to control her bladder over night, and she is beginning to have trouble during the daylight hours much of the time too! For some reason, she has become almost totally incontinent. Didn’t she tell you?” she demanded, sneering.

“Well, no, not really,” I admitted, blushing angrily. “But . . .”

“Our Darling Little Dana has already ruined one perfectly good mattress by wetting her bed every night, and I shan’t permit her ruining another when there happens to be such a quick and simple solution to her nocturnal elimination problem. . .”

Before I thought, I blurted, “But doesn’t Dee Dee still sleep with Ailena? What does she have to say about all this diapers and rubber pants rigamarole?”

“My Darling Little Dana has not slept with Ailena since she became so very ill,” Milly sniffed haughtily. “And Ailena agrees totally with my ingenious solution to the child’s problem. It worked with her when she was a child, and it will work with this one equally as well!” she crowed triumphantly.

“But, diapers? And rubber pants? Isn’t that a bit drastic?” I demanded.

“Drastic events and drastic measures call for drastic solutions,” she retorted heatedly.

“Yeah, well, maybe you could use a plastic cover over or under his regular sheets like his Mom did when he had accidents when he was growing up,” I explained angrily.

"In case you didn't notice, her crib mattress does have a protective rubber covering under the flannel sheets that she sleeps between," she answered hotly.

"And why not use plastic pants instead of rubber ones? Wouldn't plastic be much more economical than rubber? And quite a bit cooler?" I continued resolutely.

"Because, smarty pants, it just so happened that I had several perfectly good pairs of those rubber panties left from Ailena's childhood! They were available immediately and I didn't have to buy them. I just don't believe in wasting money on unnecessary purchases when I don't have to!" she blazed.

"Yeah, well, Dee Dee's been under a lot of stress lately," I defended my friend stoutly.

"Tell me, Lucky, when you were under fire in the late fighting, did you ever wet yourself when you were under attack?" she asked. "And do you ever wet the bed now?"

"Hell, no, not since I was a little kid," I admitted. "But then again, I'm not Dee Dee."

"Exactly!" she pressed her point as I sipped my coffee. "You are *not* our Darling Little Dana, so how can you possibly know what she thinks and what's best for her?"

"What makes you such an expert?" I demanded, stung to the quick.

"I'm not used to people answering my questions with another question!" she exclaimed angrily, her eyes flashing.

"And I'm not used to people making outrageous demands of me!" I retorted just as hotly.

“Nor am I used to having my motives questioned by any one! Especially a mere *male!*”

“Maybe it’s about time somebody put a crimp in your tail!” I declared.

“Surely, not you,” she cooed.

“Surely, *me!*” I responded just as coolly.

We glared at one another for one long, tense moment. Then, she seemed to relax into her chair and she sipped at her coffee reflectively. Following a moment or two of silence, she went on in a much softer voice, “I think we must take the time to rethink our respective positions, Mr. Lucky Burch.”

“How do you mean?” I was instantly suspicious.

“Well, it’s obvious to me that we both want the same thing for our Darling Little Dana.”

“I’m not sure I understand what you mean by that. . . exactly,” I replied slowly. “After all, I’m not the one who is making him wear diapers and girls’ overalls.”

“But you do want what is best for her, don’t you?” she asked softly.

“Of course I do!” I replied. God, how I wished she’d stop referring to him as a her! “Else Dorothy and I would never have offered to help him in his time of need in the first place!”

“Exactly.”

“What’s your point, Milly?” I asked suspiciously.

“The point, Lucky, is that Ailena is leaving tomorrow morning for Boston to see her Dr. Mudd at Mass Mercy Hospital, and it would never have been possible for her to go without your generous financial assistance,” she reminded me.

I blushed deeply. "Money means nothing to me if it can't be used for a good cause! Besides, Dorothy agrees that we had a duty as their friends to help Dee Dee and Ailena as much as we could. And since we are better set financially, we feel it is only right that we help them in any way we can!" I retorted piously.

"I do want you to know that I shall never forget how you came to my children's aid in their time of greatest need, Mr. Lucky Burch!" Milly answered quietly. "It shall never be forgotten, nor shall it go unrewarded. That's why I am being so tolerant of your outbursts now. I do realize that you are very close to our Darling Little Dana and that you are literally the only real friend that she has ever had, outside my Ailena, which is not the same thing at all!" My Darling Little Dana loves you very much."

"And I like him too."

"No, Dear boy, I said she *loves* you, and yes, before you ask, I do mean that *she* is in love with you in exactly the same way any woman loves a man," she explained. "It is very difficult to explain, but she does *love* you!"

I blushed hotly. "That's nonsense! Dee Dee's not a woman, he's a man, and so am I! How could he possibly *love* me that way?"

"Love is a funny thing, Lucky, Dear," she replied soothingly. "It is an emotion of the senses that no one may control. It works in many ways, some quite conventional and some in not so conventional ways. Like death, love does not respect one's age nor one's religion nor one's national origin nor one's political affiliation nor one's wealth nor, especially, does it recognize sex as a barrier! No one knows what causes a man to fall in love with a woman, nor a woman to fall in love

with a man, nor why a woman can love another woman, and like our Darling Little Dana, why a genetic male can fall in love with another genetic male," she explained. "Mark my words, when the time comes, and believe you me, that time *will* eventually come, our Darling Little Dana herself will tell you that she is in love with you and that she loves you with all her heart and soul!"

"I . . . I . . ."

She held up her hand. "Wait, hear me out, please?"

I nodded and sat back in stunned shock. "All right. . ."

"I suspect it has something to do with one's psychological make-up and one's genes. Something happens internally and love is the result. As I have already stated, love doesn't care how it hits, nor when, nor who, as in Darling Dana's love for you. There is nothing wrong with loving another person, no matter the apparent sex of either of the two involved. That's the way Mother Nature intended for it to be. What *is* wrong, as far as I am concerned, is denying that it is possible and hurting others in the process. What happens between two people is their business and no one else's!" she declared.

"But what about Ailena?" I demanded. "Dee Dee loves Ailena. . ."

"Of course she loves Ailena!" she snorted. "They wouldn't have married otherwise!"

"There!" I chortled in triumph. "I rest my case!"

"Spoken like some obstreperous lawyer!" she snapped. "Tell me, Lucky, can you deny that you care about our Darling Little Dana?"

"Hell, no!" I exclaimed. "It's because I do care about Dee Dee that I'm here right now listening to this garbage about love!"

"Call it what you will, Dear Boy," she sniffed. "The truth is self-evident."

I shook my head. "I just don't understand. How can Dee Dee be in love with me, knowing that I am a man, just like he is!"

"It is quite impossible to completely understand how the mind of a person like our own Darling Little Dana makes a connection and acts upon it, one has to accept that it just happens!"

I could not find words to refute her statements. I knew she was telling the truth as she saw it, even though I had never thought of it in those exact terms before. I *did* love Dana, and in exactly the way that she meant! I also knew that I would never do anything about it as long as I was married to Dorothy and he was married to Ailena.

"Suppose what you say is true," I conceded, "what can I do about it? I most assuredly will not divorce Dorothy to live with him, even if he were willing to divorce Ailena. Besides, we have Society to consider."

"Yes, your image as males," she grinned. "Would it be so very difficult to do?"

I flushed. "No, I suppose not," I agreed.

"Still, you do have a valid point, my Boy," she continued. "And I'm not at all sure how to alleviate your circumstance. No, as you say, divorce is out of the question as a viable solution. So, I suggest that you let things go on as usual, letting Mother Nature take her course. As you will eventually see, the problem will resolve itself, as all must in the end."

“How did you get to be so wise?” I asked sarcastically.

“The same way a musician gets to Carnegie Hall,” she laughed. “Constant practice!”

I groaned aloud at her atrocious pun. “Yeah, but how do you know that what you’re doing to Dee Dee is what’s right for Dee Dee?”

“You forget, Lucky, I am already a parent. I have proven my competence in a thousand ways with my own daughter, Ailena. I raised her to be a proper young lady, and by all that’s Holy, I shall do the same with our Darling Little Dana!” she exclaimed heatedly. “Remember, I already know how to best raise a child!”

“What?” I exploded. “Raise him to be a *girl*!”

“If need be,” she replied in that infuriating manner of hers.

“Is that why you asked him if, ‘Mommy’s little *girl* were ready for *her* bath and then to go beddy-bye?’ I think you’re trying to change him into a *girl*!”

“What if I am?” she demanded. “Would that be so bad?”

“But he’s *not* a girl!” I persisted. “Is he?”

“I really don’t know the answer to that question, Lucky,” she admitted. “I really don’t. All I do know is that our Darling Little Dana needs a Mother and I am available. . .”

“Yeah, what was that *Mommy Milly* stuff all about?”

“I have come to consider that under her seeming male exterior, our Darling Little Dana is a little girl crying for release and understanding. Even Darling Little

Dana, herself, has come to think of herself as a young female in her relationship to me, although she still relates to Ailena as she always has. She has begun to think of herself as a small girl when I bathe her and get her ready for bed. And since I think of her as a girl anyway, I naturally consider her to be **all** female, and therefore, I regard *him* as *her* and as long as *she* accepts it, and since it was *her* idea in the first place to treat *him* as a *girl*, what possible harm can it do? *She* and Ailena both call me *Mommy Milly* and to be completely honest about it, I prefer them doing it that way! Besides, it tends to reinforce our special relationship as it reminds each of them of their relative position in relation to me as the older parent who has the ultimate authority of control."

"But Dee Dee's already a grown man!" I objected. "*He* will be twenty-two years old in a few short months!"

"No," Milly answered slowly, "*she* is *not* a man, nor is *she* full-grown, no matter *her* apparent chronological age. In many ways, Darling Little Dana is still a very young child and what I am doing is retraining that child out of *her*. Surely you've noticed the positive change in Darling Little Dana's attitude and the way *she* acts and reacts towards others?"

"All I know is that I don't much care for what you have already done and are still doing to him, making him wear girls' clothes and all!" I objected anew.

"Nonsense! Everything I have done since I have lived here has been done with only Darling Little Dana's and Ailena's comfort and well-being in mind. I do nothing that will not benefit them ultimately. Besides, both Ailena and Darling Little Dana agree with me that *she*, Dana, needs to be strictly disciplined and

controlled and guided closely to maximize *her* future development as a person in *her* own, *female* right!"

She went on in this manner for the next fifteen minutes or so and I listened intently. It was painfully obvious to me after a short while that Milly really did believe that she had Dee Dee's and Ailena's best interests at heart with everything she did for and to them. She was far from the mean spirited and malicious person I had envisioned previously.

I realized that. . . *now!*

I could see that Milly had deep convictions and principles and the guts to do what she felt had to be done. Far from being the evil-minded, bitchy witch I had thought she was, she was a good woman with basically good intentions.

However, as the bard once said, "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions!"

Still, in many respects, I was forced to agree with Milly! What she had done and was doing had had a positive influence on both Darling Little Dana and Ailena. For in spite of his seeming reluctance to do as Milly ordered, Darling Little Dana was thriving under her regime and quite happy to be her little girl in every way that I could see.

Even Ailena, for all her illnesses, was as happy and content with life as she could be! Whatever Ms Milly was doing, it seemed to be in her child's and her son-in-law's best interests.

Milly had brought about changes in their behavior, true, but she still had a long way to go. I rightly guessed that my biggest problem was that I didn't quite agree with her methodology nor terminology! I

had trouble relating to my friend in the feminine gender.

Milly had no such hang-up!

Finally, she got to the meat of her proposal. "I'd like your promise that you will support me totally in my efforts to help our Darling Little Dana improve her posture and bearing and that you will *not* undermine any of my attempts to clothe her properly in the manner I feel is best."

"But you're trying to put him into dresses and diapers and other girls' stuff and change him into a girl, a *female* girl!" I protested.

"That tired old cliché. . . again," she retorted.

"No, the very same objection!" I countered. "Why do you want to change him into a girl? He's a boy and always has been. Why are you doing this to him?"

"Lucky," she responded softly, "Your friend, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, is a transvestite who borders on being a transsexual. Haven't you noticed that she prefers wearing girls' clothing to a man's wear?" she demanded. "Isn't it obvious, even to you, that she has always been more at ease and much more natural when costumed as a girl?"

I knew she was referring to Miss Annie Oakley and the girl circus rider and the girl mahout, but I avoided acknowledging the obvious.

"Oh, but that was just a childish phase that he went through," I scoffed.

"Was it?" she responded softly. "Did you know that the reason Darling Little Dana was not accepted by the Service was because she was tested psychologically and determined to be a female, and therefore, ineligible

to serve in a masculine army? And because of her obvious male appearance, she was ineligible to serve in the women's auxiliaries."

"I don't believe that for a moment!" I declared, automatically defending my friend's honor. "Why, he even got married," I pointed out. "And not only did he get married," I added snidely, "but he got married to a girl!"

"Yes, I know," she admitted. "She did marry my daughter, but as you have no doubt noticed, my daughter, Ailena, is not the most feminine female in the world!"

"Well. . . maybe she isn't. . . but. . . but. . . she's still *female*. . ." I stammered.

"As I said, Darling Little Dana is in love with you, either consciously or unconsciously, it makes no difference, the fact will always remain that she is in love with you. And because she has been in love with you since she was a very young child, and since she couldn't have you in the flesh, so to speak, it was quite natural that she choose a mate who came as close to being you physically as possible! My Ailena is a tall, masculine type of woman who, for all her dainty, feminine attributes, acts aggressively towards other males in general and then acts protectively towards feminine persons like our Darling Little Dana in particular. Were the truth known, I believe that Ailena proposed to your Dee Dee and not the other way around," she exclaimed.

"Bull!" I exploded. "Dee Dee is just as aggressive and demanding as I am!"

"Surely you jest!" she giggled.

“Surely I tell the truth!” I declared stoutly. “Next you’ll be telling me that I’m basically a submissive sort too!”

“Well, you aren’t the most aggressive boy in the world by any means, are you, Mr. Lucky Burch?” she mused, a knowing smile on her curved lips.

“What in blazes do you mean by that remark?” I demanded angrily.

“Oh, come now, Lucky,” she admonished softly, “I’ve seen every one of those action shots taken of you and and Darling Little Dana when you were being fastened into your animal skins and our Darling Little Dana was in her pretty little feminine costumes, straddling your back, her hands on your reins or holding a baton to guide you or directing you by voice command or a whip or her spurs or whatever and riding you and handling you easily and intimately. . .” She paused to sip at her coffee, then continued, “And you never once objected because you enjoyed being her mount from what Darling Little Dana has told me about your play time. . .” she teased.

“Oh, he was just excited about winning,” I alibied weakly.

“Yes, our Darling Little Dana is competitive in everything she does,” Milly commented. “Well, almost everything. . .” she added slyly, gazing directly at me.

“Well, we needed lots and lots of practice to be good enough to win first prize!” I added in defensive of my friend.

“But of course you did!” she laughed. “And that is why for months after the parades you would get into your animal suits whenever she ordered you to, and all because *he* was enthused about winning? Next thing

you'll be telling me is that the Earth is flat and we'll all fall off if we get too near the edge and that space travel and landing on the moon is all a huge fake?" she scoffed sarcastically.

"Well, I do know that the Earth is round," I retorted, stung by her sarcasm, "but I've never been to the moon so I can't vouch for that..."

"Let's lay our cards on the table, shall we, Mr. Burch?" she responded. "You do want to continue to see our Darling Little Dana as often as you wish, right?" she demanded.

"Well, sure, but only if he wants to," I admitted.

"Darling Little Dana will do exactly as she is told! If I order her to continue seeing you, she will continue to see you. Conversely, if I tell her *not* to see you, she won't see you under any circumstances. It's just that simple," she stated quietly.

"I don't think you have that much power of over him..." I began.

"My Darling Little Dana always sees my point of view readily when I spank her cute little girl bottom hard!" she reminded me. "Surely you have examined her reddened ass often enough after I've shown her the error of her ways? The child may be difficult, but she is not stupid, by any means!"

I just stared at her.

I knew she must have questioned him closely and in great detail about our most intimate conversations, including our sessions in the passion pit, and I also realized that she would use her knowledge to her advantage, no matter the consequences to me or Dana! "Yes," I admitted. "And I've been meaning to ask you about that very thing. Don't you think you're being a bit too

harsh with him? After all, Dana has always been a good boy. He has never been in trouble in his entire life. And yet you treat him like he was some sort of juvenile delinquent! Why?" I demanded angrily. "That just doesn't make any sense to me."

"Oh, you mean about her hanging out on some street corner, don't you?" she replied coolly. "Well, I just won't have any child questioning my authority! As for making sense, our Darling Little Dana is in great need of discipline in both mind and body, and I am trying to provide such discipline in my own small way."

"By continuously spanking his bare bottom?" I demanded.

"Poor, poor, Lucky," she cooed. "Still hung up on your macho image!"

"Now, see here. . ." I blustered.

"No, *you* see here, and you had better listen to me closely," she interrupted. "Whether you like it or not, I am in Darling Little Dana's life to stay. For better or for worse, I'm now in full control of our Darling Little Dana's destiny. I have made this one concession to her to permit you to continue being her boy-friend, for her to continue to enjoy your intimacy just as she has in the past because it suits my purposes to let you kiss her and fondle her and treat her as the girl she really is. She is so much more tractable and amenable when she has an outlet for her innermost feminine feelings. Therefore, I have decided to permit you to go on as before, to be her boy-friend and to continue to treat her as a girl with your intimate kisses and caresses. But in return for this concession, I must place certain restrictions upon your continuing to see her. And should you not agree to abide by these few rules, I must regretfully terminate your association with *my* Darling Little Dana!"

“Conditions? Restrictions?” I croaked. “What conditions? What restrictions” I won’t be intimidated by you!” My voice was beginning to rise alarmingly.

“First, you must stop this bickering with me. You must stop questioning my motives for what I do and you must support and reinforce everything I say and do to and for and with her, if not in your mind at least with your words and actions,” she explained.

“That would be most difficult at best,” I replied, shaking my head.

“But not impossible,” she added. “In the coming months, you will see that I am right in what I am doing.”

“We’ll see,” I replied non-committally.

“Second, in return for your support, I shall give you almost unlimited access to our Darling Little Dana. I would insist that you continue to kiss her when you bring her home from the Beer Bar or after your dates. And I would insist that you continue to treat her like you would any other girl you were walking home. It would help if you would caress and pet her, just like you did when you were courting your present wife. Yes! That’s it! Pretend that you are courting our Darling Little Dana and treat her as a prospective wife! I want her to learn to be kissed and caressed in a most intimate fashion by a man without her being aware that she is even with a man, and to that end, your continued reaction to her as totally female and feminine will help me immeasurably!” she explained.

“You’re demanding a lot of me, Milly,” I commented weakly, “probably more than I would be willing to give. . . no, more than I *can* give!”

"But, in giving, you'll find your rewards are astronomical!" she enthused.

I had no answer to that.

It was true!

She paused a moment.

I sighed and relaxed into the soft sofa. Milly refilled my coffee mug and I thanked her absently.

"Now then," she continued. "As I have already concluded, I think we both have to rethink our respective positions, Lucky."

"And I still say I'm not the one who wants to put Darling Little Dana into diapers, rubber pants and girls' dresses!"

"Nevertheless, it's obvious to me that we both, in our own stubborn manner, want the same thing for our Darling Little Dana and my Ailena, success and happiness, and that would include their living as they wish, with the woman *or* man of their choice. Am I not right?"

"Well, when you put it that way, yes," I agreed.

"Then we must learn to work in unison and not at cross-purposes, so that we may achieve our mutual goal, our Darling Little Dana's and my Ailena's happiness. Right?" she persisted in that cool, direct manner of hers.

"As long as it's *their* choice what the goals are," I countered.

"Of course," she agreed oilily and much too readily. "That must be understood without saying! It must always be of their own choice!"

“And that means we may not unduly influence that decision,” I pressed. “Each one of them must be free to choose...”

“Still, you must recognize that each needs guidance and advice to make a good decision,” she countered. “The proper decision that will advance our desired ends!”

“Guidance and advice, yes,” I agreed, “but no interference nor any deliberate coercion on either of our parts that would nullify their choice in the matter.”

“Of course,” she agreed. “Then we have *detente*?”

“Detente?”

“Yes, we are in agreement that we both want what is best for both our Darling Little Dana and her Ailena?”

“Yes, but only if you will agree not to bring undue interference or pressure upon either of them!” I went on, doggedly.

“Of course!”

She stood and lifted her coffee mug. “To success?”

Automatically, I rose and touched my mug to hers. “To success.”

We drank the toast and placed our mugs on the coffee table..

“I’m so glad that you turned out to be so reasonable, Lucky,” she grinned. And before I knew what she was doing, she was in my arms and I was kissing her passionately. She felt good, like a woman always does, and I marveled at her femininity. “Thank you, Lucky,” she whispered as we sank down onto the sofa, side by

side. I held her in my embrace gently and she snuggled against me.

"Uhhmmm," she purred. "How I love to be held by a real man!" she teased, her breath heavy with desire.

"And I love to hold a real woman too," I answered. Her lips met mine and she held me tightly. We kissed a long time.

"I'm so glad we finally agree," she whispered after a while.

"Yeah, we do, don't we?" I mused. "It'll be OK, Milly," I whispered in return. After a bit, I added, "You know, you're an all right broad under that steely exterior!" I grinned.

"You're not so bad either. . . for a mere male!" she retorted, laughing lightly.

"And what do you mean by that remark?" I demanded, half-angrily.

"Oh, and now I've gone and punctured your masculine pride again," she cooed silkily. "You must learn not to take things so much to heart, Dear Boy! I was just responding to your statement about me not being so bad, for a broad, that's all."

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I guess I flared up without thinking. Still, I do think you're OK, now. I have just now realized that you are doing what you think is right. And as my sainted grandmother used to say, 'There's no stopping any woman in the right!'"

"A wise woman, your grandmother.

"Very wise. But then, she was a woman..."

“And so am I, Lucky Burch,” she whispered throatily, her arms slipping around my neck as she pressed those twin mounds hard against my shirt front.

I kissed her again.

Our war was over. . . Forever!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Then It's High Time You Learned. . .**

Mrs. Mildred Donahue and I, Jason “Lucky” Burch had just come to an agreement concerning the future of our Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, husband of her daughter, Ailena Mildred Donahue, and we were sitting on the sofa in her front room, sipping coffee and enjoying the peace that now reigned between us.

It felt good not to be at crossed swords with Milly and to be able to talk to her without angry words being exchanged on both our parts.

At the risk of repeating myself needlessly, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue and I had been friends since childhood when he had caught up to me in school and taken over tutoring me in those pesky subjects that I was slow to comprehend, like English grammar and Mid-European History and other less interesting things. Dee Dee, on the other hand, was smart and easily grasped the basic concepts of even the most complicated things about history, geography and the English language and all like that. He was able to connect the

various bits of information into a comprehensive whole that always eluded me but seemed simple when he explained it!

On the other hand, I understood physics and mathematics and mechanics without understanding much of the logic behind other disciplines! Angles and cuts and drillings all made complete sense to me and as a consequence, I was a cracker-jack airplane mechanic after the Army had drafted me right out of high school and trained me to keep 'em flying - helicopters in Korea - where I learned to use friction tape and safety wire and tin cans and plastic scraps and spare parts that were marginal at best to keep the choppers going day after day. Those guys who flew the planes were the real heroes!

Yeah, I got a bunch of medals that say I'm a big hero too, but it's all crap! I was just doing my job, that's all.

Anyhow, when I got back from Korea, Dee Dee had married Ailena Donahue and taken her last name. Why? Who in Hell knows?

I eventually married Dorothy James, a local beauty queen I had started to date while in high school.

I started writing this story as a project for my university extension writing course at the urging of my Professor, Miss King, an intense woman who seemed to like my style... of writing, I mean!

Holy suffering catfish!

Anyway, it seemed that the more I wrote, the more involved I got and the better I got until the original paper had grown into a full fledged novel - well, actually *two* novels, because this is, after all, Book Two!

Anyway, like I was saying, we were seated in Milly's living room (actually it was Dee Dee's living room as it was the house he had inherited from his late Mother) enjoying another mug of coffee and talking quietly.

My wife, Dorothy, was on an over-night - I'd better explain. Milly is the minor stock-holder in "Air Flights," the airline we all work for. My Dorothy and Dee Dee's wife, Ailena, before she got so sick, were both stewardesses and would be gone on an over-night from time to time as a part of their job. Dee Dee was the local ticket seller and airport manager. I worked as the senior airplane mechanic and Milly was the general manager overall. The owner and major stock-holder was Karl Leonid Diaz, but we never saw him! I wondered sometimes if he even existed in the first place.

Anyway, like I said, we were seated on the sofa in the living room when Milly reached over and took my hand in hers, getting some serious. "You know, Lucky (that's another thing, my real name is *Jason*, but when I was a teenager, Dee Dee had nick-named me *Lucky* because, as he said at the time, that I was his *lucky charm*, and I have been called *Lucky* ever since)," she continued softly, "I'd really like to see you in your horse costume someday (it's a long story that is detailed in great length in Book One of this story), and with our Darling Little Dana in her cute little girly outfits, have you perform for me! You know, I wouldn't be afraid to bet that I'm the only one in town who has never seen you two in action and I'm quite jealous!" she teased gently.

"Gee, I don't know, Milly," I demurred. "I haven't worn none in years, and besides, I have no idea where they have got off to!" I concluded triumphantly. "What good is a rider if she has no mount to ride?" I teased.

“Oh, that’s no problem, Dear Boy!” she replied brightly. “Our Darling Little Dana has saved all your old costumes, keeping them in good repair, and since you are the exact same size now as you were then, they will all fit you quite easily!” she concluded with a smile.

“Oh, I’m a lot heavier now,” I insisted.

“And so much stronger too!” she chuckled.

I blushed. “Aww, you’re only saying that because it’s true!” I teased.

“Oh, wouldn’t you like to know?” she laughed. “I’d love to take some pictures and color movies of the two of you in action before something happens to either of you or those beautiful costumes!” she continued wistfully.

“But we would need Dee Dee’s costumes too. . .”

“Oh, that’s no problem at all! Our Darling Little Dana’s costumes have been kept just as safe as your’s and are every bit as ready to be used today as when she first wore them!”

“But what about Dee Dee’s costumes fitting him? He’s much bigger now,” I persisted doggedly. “My looking believable won’t work if my rider isn’t costumed appropriately.”

“Oh, our Darling Little Dana is exactly the same height and weight as when she and you won all those prizes!” She paused a moment, then continued, “Besides, it would mean so much to our Darling Little Dana and my Ailena, and of course, to me!” she smiled brightly. Then, “So now that I have explained all that, please say that you’ll at least consider it?” she urged.

“Well, OK, I will *consider* it,” I caved in, “but only if Dee Dee asks me to do it as a personal favor, and no fair prompting or coercing him either!” I warned, half jokingly.

“Me? Prompt? Coerce? Me? Would I ever do anything like that? Perish the thought!” she laughed heartily.

“Damned right you would!” I laughed too. “In a bleeping heart beat!” I added quietly.

Milly stood and tugged at my hand. “Since Dorothy is away on an over-night and you have nothing better to do in an empty house, I want you to come up-stairs with me to see our Darling Little Dana in her little crib. At any rate, I bet she needs to be changed already and you can give me a hand.”

I clapped sarcastically.

“Not that kind of hand, you big oaf!” she giggled.

“Surely you don’t mean change a wet diaper?” I asked, aghast.

“She might be messy too. . .” Milly replied softly.

“You mean he’s. . . he’s. . .” I blanched visibly.

“Yes, I *do* mean. . .” she affirmed, giggling. “I told you that Darling Little Dana has lost much of her control of bodily functions during the daylight hours, and I regret to add, even more so during the night when she has no awareness of what she’s doing,” she explained.

“What in blazes brought that on?” I demanded. “I know that he had had accidents when he was growing up, but I thought that was a thing of the distant past!”

“Alas, not so,” she sighed. “Why, believe it or not, my Ailena was still wetting herself at night occasionally when she married our Darling Little Dana. And since the onset of her illness, she has gotten much worse. But, you’ll see all that for yourself. . . eventually.”

My heart was thumping like crazy. “You mean. . .”

She peered at me steadily. “Of course, if you have to help me with one of my children, it is only natural for you to attend to the other one too,” she went on to explain matter-of-factly. “Why, do you have some objection to changing her if she needs it?”

“Oh, no. . . but. . .” I stammered.

“Then it’s all settled!” she exclaimed brightly. “Come. . .”

“But I’ve never done anything like change a diaper before in my life!” I protested.

“Then it’s about time you learned,” she giggled. “There’s nothing to it, my Dear Boy. Why I’ll have you changing them like a pro in no time at all!”

I doubted that, but followed her anyway, my heart pounding away like I’d not experienced before that very moment!

We tiptoed into Dee Dee’s bedroom. . . er, *nursery*, and I stopped in amazement. Sure, it was Dee Dee all right, and he was asleep in his crib-like bed, but I never dreamed that Milly could have feminized him as much as he appeared to be! It was my friend Dee Dee, but it was a little girl Dee Dee, not an adult male Dee Dee!

He was lying on his belly in the crib, his hips obviously protected by the thick bulk of his diapers and rubber panties under his blanket sleepers.

His legs were spread wide, both by the bulk between his thighs and the stout leather straps fastened to the ends of the side rail rails that were fastened about his ankles and wrists, holding them securely in place. An empty bottle nipple was still clasped tightly in his mouth and I could see his cheeks moving rhythmically as he suckled at it automatically.

She pulled his thin blanket aside and I saw that he was wearing some strange sort of pink flannel garment that looked like footed jammies, but weren't. . . not exactly! Then I realized that the garment was made exactly like a small child's blanket sleeper, the footed kind that had long sleeves, elastics at the waist, ankles and wrists, back snaps and a zipper than ran from the ankle of one foot, up that leg, across the spread crotch and down the other leg to the opposite ankle.

It was the very sort of garment you would expect to find on a baby girl!

Without awakening him, she unfastened his leg straps, unzipped the garment and pulled it free of his feet and legs to expose his rubber covered and diapered bottom entirely. She ran her fingers lightly up his thigh and under the leg-band of his pink rubber bloomers. She smiled at me in triumph.

"Yes, she's wet already!" she whispered. "Here, feel. . ." she gestured.

Nervously, I slipped my hand under his leg band and felt the cloth beneath gingerly. It was a bit damp, but it could have been from sweating, or so I thought at that time. At any rate, he didn't seem to be all that wet to me. . .

Carefully, without releasing his wrists, she rolled him over onto his back, slipping a protective rubber

sheet under his bottom. Then she pulled the rubber bloomers down to his ankles before unpinning the damp, bulky mass around his wide, feminine hips. She lifted his leg slightly and pulled the diapers free, exposing his body to my gaze for the first time.

I stared in awe.

I couldn't help myself!

I literally stared!

It was the first time I had seen Dee Dee naked, or nearly so, in years, and I saw that he was still completely hairless from the waist down! I also saw that his skin was every bit as soft and smooth and girlishly exciting as my Dorothy's was!

"Here," I heard Milly whisper, and she handed me a wet baby wipe. I just looked at it stupidly, wondering what it was for...

"And what do I do with this?" I asked dumbly.

"You wash her skin thoroughly, front and rear and in between, to remove any traces of ammonia that could cause diaper rash," she explained, giggling at my lack of even the rudiments of baby care.

"Oh." Hesitantly, I daubed at his crotch.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" she whispered in frustration, "let me show you how." She took the baby wipe and began to wash him thoroughly. "Don't be afraid to bear down," she moved to demonstrate, "she won't break!" I watched with fascination as she peeled his foreskin back from his tiny penis and washed the head thoroughly.

"You must do this every single time, Lucky," she grinned, "else one never knows what sort of infection might develop!" She washed the tight little sac behind,

continuing on between his plump bottom cheeks. "Here, got the idea now?" She handed me the baby wipe. "Finish up for me, OK?"

I scrubbed him a bit harder that time, but still was as gentle with him as I could be. "Be sure to cleanse his anal opening thoroughly," Milly called from the dresser. I obeyed, digging my finger into the puckered little opening and wiping it out as much as I dared.

I must have gotten everything cleaned up thoroughly because Milly praised me for a job well done. I beamed at her show of confidence.

"That wasn't so hard now, was it?" she asked in an off-handed manner.

I had to agree that it had been a relatively easy task to perform.

Under her tutelage, I learned how to change a diaper and get him ready to go back to sleep. Why back to sleep? Because Dee Dee roused while we were attending to his needs. He blushed deeply when he realized that not only was someone else with Milly, but that someone else was also his best friend, and his best friend had seen not only his bald crotch, but he was also helping his Mommy Milly change his diapers!

She had me massage baby oil into his skin while she went down to heat another bottle of milk for him.

"Oh, Lucky!" he whispered, "I am so ashamed!" he added miserably after she had gone. "What you must think of me now!"

"I don't think anything about you," I reassured him. "You needed to be changed and I just happened to be visiting Milly at the time and offered to give her a hand," I explained. "Besides, it's the least I could do for you under the circumstances!" I teased.

Dee Dee blushed and simpered, "Oh, Lucky you're just the best friend ever!"

I bent down and kissed his milky lips affectionately. "You're OK, too!"

Just then, Milly returned and popped a nipples bottle into his mouth. He began to suckle it automatically. "There, that should help you go right back to sleep," Milly exclaimed, leaning over to kiss his nose affectionately.

We replaced his rubber bloomers, rolled him back over onto his belly and refastened his legs to the leather security straps. "Nite-nite, Babes," Milly whispered.

Dee Dee did not answer.

He was already fast asleep!

"What'd you do, put knock-out drops in his milk?" I asked accusingly.

"Oh, you'd be surprised!" she replied with a big grin.

I bent and kissed his cheek in my own turn and whispered, "nite-nite," into his ear too.

He never even heard me!

"She'll sleep like that until morning," Milly explained. "Usually she doesn't waken when being changed. Once she gets used to you handling her, she won't awaken when you change her either!"

We stood there a few minutes, watching him as he slept, peacefully unaware of what was happening around him. Finally, his bottle went dry and Milly removed it from his mouth. He immediately began to get very restless and I wondered just how much milk he'd

drink in a night, or what. What she did do surprised me about as much as anything she could have done!

She popped a pacifier into his mouth!

But, it wasn't the fact that she put a pacifier into his mouth so much as what the pacifier represented! It looked exactly like a grown man's erection, just some shorter! It was fat and about three inches long, but I knew it would fill his mouth completely! There was a hole through its length and Milly explained that a tube could be fastened between it and a bottle hung above him on the bed rail so that he could be fed intravenously, so to speak.

Milly grinned and added, "One can give her any sort of liquid in that manner!"

And I knew exactly what she meant!

I blushed at her inference. "Oh."

She patted Dana's well padded bottom and, taking my hand in hers, led me downstairs to the living room. We sat and drank coffee in silence for the longest.

Then, "And Ailena?" I asked gently. "What does she think of all this?"

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I forgot all about Ailena! Come!" Once more she led me upstairs and into a dimly lit bedroom. Once more I saw a vague figure kneeling in a crib-like bed. I wondered what had happened to the queen-size bed they used to have. . .

Well, it *was* Ailena, as you have guessed, and Milly followed the same procedure with her daughter that she had used with Dee Dee. Naturally, her daughter was soaked to the skin, and she soon had her lying on her back and stripped to her waist from the feet up. Once more I was handed a baby wipe and told to clean.

Like Dee Dee, Ailena was completely hairless. I was amazed and spent several long, enjoyable moments caressing her bald pussy and pushing my fingers deep into her yielding orifices, to cleanse them, of course! She squirmed and wriggled under my insistent probings, her pretty face flushing with excitement and arousal, her breath quickening, as her pouting sex lips became blood swollen, her wide hips moving unconsciously against my probing fingers.

I bent, kissed her swollen nether lips tenderly, and when she thrust her hips up into my face, I began to lick and kiss at her, eating her out, as it were. I like chewing on a woman's pussy, but I had never dreamed it could be so much more enjoyable with all that unsightly hair removed! I made a mental note to talk Dorothy into having hers removed!

Then, Ailena tensed, her thighs grasping my head tightly against her heated flesh as she went into orgasm! But, finally, she relaxed with a long, heartfelt sigh.

And through it all, she did not waken!

Then, I massaged baby oil into her skin, replaced her diapers with dry ones, covered her with rubber panties, and rezippered her into her footed pajama legs to demonstrate my growing competence. Milly watched me, her lips crooked in amusement.

"That was exactly what I would have done for her," she smiled, pleased with me.

"My Dorothy likes it when I do that for her, so I thought that Ailena might. . . too. . ." I replied softly, blushing.

"Yes, Lucky Burch, you'll do nicely," was her only comment to that.

Soon, we returned to the living room and Milly was giving me an explanation. . . of sorts. "The children *are* children. Both are incontinent and have frequent daytime accidents. It was not planned that way, it's just the way they both are. Being such children, I have managed to accommodate their affliction."

"Yes, I can see why you keep them in diapers at night," I admitted. "But is it necessary for him to wear them during the day?"

"I think so. . . for now," she replied. "Wouldn't you say that it is better to be safe and take preventative measures before something unpleasant happens?"

Again I was forced to acknowledge the wisdom of her reasoning. "Yes, I suppose so. . ."

"But you still have reservations," she continued. "What, for Heaven's sake?"

"I'm not really sure," I admitted. "I guess it's because you insist on dressing him in girls' overalls and shorts and dresses and the like."

"I see." She thought a moment, then continued. "Well, do you not admit that she is a confirmed transvestite and that she got a great deal of pleasure out of dressing up in her girly costumes when you were kids growing up in this very neighborhood? Well, do you?"

"I'm still not sure," I persisted doggedly. "There seems to be a great deal of truth in what you say, and I cannot doubt your sincerity nor your belief that your conclusions are valid. I believe that your deductions are conclusive, insofar as they have gone, but I'm not so sure that they are the only viable answers!"

"What other answers could there possibly be?" she asked gently. "Surely you've seen. . ." "Yes, I have seen," I interrupted her, "but I have seen only what you

want me to see, and I insist that I still have to draw my own conclusions from my own observations!"

"Now see here!" she yelled in outrage.

"Please!" I held up my hand to stop her outburst. "I am not being deliberately obstinate nor obstructive, Milly, I am merely trying to see all aspects of the situation before I make up my mind and come to any definite conclusions on my own."

"I see," she murmured, calming immediately. "Then you do admit that what I have been telling you has at least some validity in your estimation?"

"Oh, yes!" I hastened to assure her. "I have never denied that! I can also see how one might draw an erroneous conclusion if one does not possess all the facts of the case! No, I am beginning to see what you are driving at, and to be quite honest, I think it may very well be the right course to follow. I just want to think about it and make my own conclusions. Is that such a bad thing to do?"

"No, not really," she agreed, smiling with relief. "Just what questions remain?"

"Well, there was the question of diapers and rubber panties for the both of them, but you have explained that entirely to my satisfaction. I would have thought that Dee Dee would have been completely trained not to need them by this stage of his life, but I guess I can see how Ailena's close proximity and her wetting problem might have caused his regression. I don't know why, but it does sound reasonable. Too, I can see how the stress of her illness and the added responsibility of caring for her, plus the added expense of medicine and doctors and hospitals and all, has been detrimental to his well-being, and coupled with the recurrence of his

childhood problem in wetting his bed, might have affected him adversely."

"Then you do understand completely?" she gasped, her face brightening considerably.

"No, not completely," I admitted slowly. "There's still the question of shaving their genitals," I continued, my voice puzzled, concerned.

"That's easily explained. Doctors have known for ages that hair is the worse possible breeding ground for all sorts of infectious disease bacteria!" she replied. "And unsightly hair is undesirable for yet another perfectly valid reason, it retains odors, even after it has been washed or shampooed. Surely you can recall how your own hair smells of shampoo long after the suds have been rinsed away?"

"Yes, I do see that." I recognized the wisdom of her statement.

"Nor has their hair been shaved off, as you put it, by any means!" she continued. "It has been permanently depilated!"

"Depilated? Permanently?" I squeaked, my eyes blinking stupidly. "You mean, like with needles and electrolysis. . . and all?"

"Depilated! Permanently!" she agreed, nodding emphatically. "Like in needles and electrolysis and never to grow back again! Not ever!"

"Oh, my!"

"And bare skin is so much easier to wash and keep clean than hair!" she explained.

"I can see that too," I agreed, nodding.



“Actually, both of them prefer it this way,” she explained further.

"I see," I murmured. I didn't *see* at all, but couldn't admit that!

"Then we are in full agreement otherwise?" she persisted.

I couldn't help myself and I nodded involuntarily. "I guess so. . ."

"Good!" she enthused. "Then you have my express permission to see our Darling Little Dana as often as you wish, and you may press your friendship in any manner you see fit, as long as it promotes her basic femininity and does not run counter to my plans for her future training and development into total girlhood, and eventually, full womanhood."

I nodded. I was in a daze and couldn't help myself!

"You shall even be permitted to put her to bed on occasion, under my supervision at first, and I shall even extend this to include Ailena when she has need of your special services." She looked at me intently. "Are we agreed?"

I nodded. "But it has to be their decision!"

"Of course," she nodded. "But we must teach them in our own course and see to it that they are trained and guided properly so that they may attain the goals we have set for them."

"That's coercion!" I protested.

"No, that's education!" she corrected. "A child does not know how to proceed until the parent provides the example or guidance. Do you see that? Our Darling Little Dana and my Ailena are children, *our* children to be sure, and it will be up to us, as their parent figures, to teach and channel them into the correct behavior patterns. We can, as I have stated on several previous oc-

casions, best assure that by working in unison. Do you see what I am trying to tell you?" she asked gently.

I nodded reluctantly. "Yes, Milly, I do believe that I do see. I'm not completely sure that I agree fully with you, but I do follow your line of reasoning, and I can also see how you feel it is basically sound and apropos."

"Then we do have *detente*?" she persisted. There was *that* word again!

"Well. . ." I thought a moment, then stuck my hand out. "Shake on it?"

"Not with hands," she grinned, "this way!" And before I knew what she was getting at, she was in my arms, kissing me passionately. She clung to me like a leech while her wide open mouth vacuumed me dry!

I liked the way she shook hands better than the old way!

I looked at my wristwatch and saw that it was after three in the a of m! "Oh! Oh! I'd better get home! Dorothy said she was going to call about midnight and when I'm not there to pick up, she'll be worried to death!"

Milly let me out after kissing me sweetly one last time. "Just remember what we have agreed upon, Lucky, it's going to be so much fun!"

I nodded.

How could I possibly forget?



## Double Disaster

A few days later, on a warmish, late winter Sunday evening as we walked in the Park near our homes, I was shocked to see that not only were Dee Dee's legs softly smooth and hairless, but that they were encased in shimmery nylon hosiery too! His shapely legs were slim and gorgeous, just like a girl's, and because of the snug, ultra brief Hot Pants shorts he was wearing under his winter coat that afternoon, there was a long expanse of leg to admire!

Dee Dee also wore his new girl's snow boots (his old ones had worn out and Milly had given him a warm pair of girl's white leather fur-top storm boots as an early Christmas present.) (But, few people ever noticed what he wore anyway!) because the streets were still sloppy and snowy. Since Milly had not hesitated to change his boots, I knew it was only a matter of time before she had exchanged his neutral, unisex loafers and ankle sox for something more feminine to her liking, unless I was reading her intent all wrong. . . Somehow, I didn't think so!

Later, at my home, I noticed that Dee Dee seemed to have a lot in common with Dorothy, my wife, more than usual, I mean.

They were always talking and laughing about things that happened at the office, and I thought nothing about it. This was different though. Dorothy too was dressed in ultra brief Hot Pants shorts and a brief halter over her braless breasts and a shrug over that. She was showing him some of her embroidery work and he seemed to know her exact meaning when she pointed out little variations in her work. He ran home to get his own embroidery and they spent a good hour or more comparing one another's technique and finished pieces.

I paid no attention when they went up to Dorothy's sewing room. She wanted Dee Dee's opinion on a new dress she was making.

What a crazy thing!

What real man could ever be interested in seeing how a woman's dress was made?

I mean, who cares?

Right?

My Darling Little Dana cared, that's who!

They came out of the sewing room a little later and sat in the dining room over coffee and chattered away about Dorothy's sewing project. I wondered what all the fuss was about. After all, it was just a dress, wasn't it"

Sure, it had to be!

Dee Dee and Dorothy had their heads together and were giggling up a storm, and I had to speculate about what could make them giggle like that. Eventually, they rejoined me and the ball game. Later, we played some ping-pong and I beat Dee Dee easily, as always, and Dorothy beat me five games in a row! Then, I

watched as Dee Dee proceeded to beat Dorothy's panties off in the next five games straight!

The kid was good at beating women, I had to give him that!

So why couldn't I ever beat my own wife?

Somehow, it didn't seem right with me!

I just wished I could do something about my friend's unhappy status at home, but, unfortunately, I couldn't think of a single thing I could do that would not acerbate the situation more than it already was.

Dee Dee seemed to enjoy himself wearing those snug, brief Hot Pants, but I wondered anew how he could tolerate the spectacle of showing off his new curves, what with his narrowed waist, his flaring hips and his nylon encased legs!

It might well have been that while painful though it must have been at first, that he had just gotten used to his tight, restrictive corset, so much so that the skin-tight Hot Pants now felt good on his femininely shaped torso.

However, this time I knew better than to say anything in public about my latest discovery, but I did feel very sorry for my friend's continuing dilemma.

At any rate, the winter passed more or less uneventfully as Dee Dee and I renewed our boyhood friendship, strengthening our ties in ways we had never done before! He became used to me walking him home after work every night, so much so that at my quiet insistence, he would wait at the Beer Bar until I showed up before he would dare to leave on his own!

When I would walk him up on his front porch, he would come into my waiting arms with no hesitation,

turning his soft lips up for our first kiss of the evening. I began to caress him and pet with him as Milly had suggested, just as though he were a girl I were courting, and he always responded just as Milly had predicted!

Relations with Milly had improved to the point where I was welcomed into their home readily. I was even invited to kiss Dee Dee's wife, "Hello," and, "Good-bye," as well as kissing Milly and Dee Dee as often as their lips were up-turned and ready!

Milly encouraged me to sit with Darling Little Dana on the sofa and make passes at him. At first, he was quite shy and reticent, but he soon warmed up to the idea and began to intercept my advances willingly, and even a bit eagerly too, much to my delighted surprise!

It was a Saturday evening in late winter when disaster struck and my life was absolutely turned inside out and upside down and every which way but loose!

Dorothy had been scheduled for an over-night and on their final approach at that runway, her plane had a mid-air collision with another plane, a small civilian prop job. The pilot did manage to put the plane down safely on its belly (raising Hell with the grass alongside the runway!), and Dorothy had managed to get all the passengers down the slide to safety when she noticed that neither the pilot nor co-pilot had come back to slide down to the ground.

When she went looking, she found them, both half-conscious and still strapped into their seats. She got the pilot out and made sure he was down the chute, then went back for the co-pilot. She slid him down to the ground and when she went to slide down herself, she tripped and fell the twenty-six feet to the

concrete, falling on the side of her face, snapping her neck and killing her instantly.

When they told me, I was stunned.

Dorothy!

My Dorothy!

Dead!

Never to hear her lilting laughter again!

Never to snuggle with her.

Never to tease her.

It was all gone.

I was devastated.

I felt like my own life had ended.

I crawled into an Irish whiskey bottle to forget. . .

And yes, as long as the liquor is in control, you *can* forget.

But, when you sober up, the hurt is still there.

And it keeps right on hurting!

Bigger than ever!

So you drink more and more and more until you pass into oblivion.

I will never know how I had managed to keep those airplanes in good repair and flying on schedule during my drunken stupor. I just did. Somehow.

One day, about a month after my Dorothy's death, Milly bearded me in my own living room! The place was a mess. Whiskey bottles littered the floor. Half-eaten TV dinners and half-filled coffee mugs and just plain garbage all over. But, I didn't care!

"May I come in?" she asked.

I waved airily. "Why not, since you're already in!" I snorted.

"Lucky, we have to talk," she began.

"Look, Milly, if all you did was to come over here to lecture me, forget it! I don't need nor want your lectures! I got enough troubles as it is."

"Yes, you certainly do!" she agreed. "I'm going to send Darling Little Dana over here to help you clean up."

"Don't bodder!" I snarled. "I don't need nuna his symp-thy neither!"

I deliberately slurred my speech and used street jargon.

I knew that would irritate her!

And since I was hurting, I wanted everyone else around me to hurt too!

"You are an insufferable bastard!" she snapped. "Do you think you're the only man who ever lost the love of his life? What about Darling Little Dana? You have neglected her for some weeks now! Why, I'll bet that you didn't even know that Ailena's in the hospital in intensive care and isn't expected to last the week, do you?"

I looked at her in amazement.

"No," I mumbled. "I didn' know."

"Well, she is and poor Darling Little Dana feels so bad about it, and instead of being comforted by her best friend in her time of need, he's way too busy feeling sorry for himself!"

“Not my fawt,” I mumbled, embarrassed at my total lack of compassion for my best friend. “I didn’ gitter sick!”

“No, you didn’t,” Milly agreed. “And to your credit, you even loaned them money to see a specialist, for all the good it did!”

“Well, we had uh try, Milly!” I flared angrily. “We had uh try!”

“Yes, we did have to try.”

I held my throbbing head in my cupped hands. “So, now whut?”

“Lucky, I know you’re hurting and I know you feel the loss of your Dorothy keenly, but she’s gone, and soon, Ailena will be gone too. We three only have each other to turn to for support,” she whispered and I heard the hurt in her voice.

Suddenly, I was ashamed of myself.

And as I looked up, my head cleared and I was sober. Stone cold sober! Not only that, but I knew that I would stay sober from that moment onward!

I stood and held my hand out to Milly. “You’re right, Milly!” I whispered. “I don’t know what Dee Dee and I would do without you!”

“Oh, Lucky!” she cried and I saw the tears in her eyes as she rushed into my arms. “Oh, my Dearest Boy,” she exclaimed, “I love you so much!”

A minute later, after some preliminary fumbblings on both our parts, she was lying on her back amidst the litter of my living room and I was lying atop her, my throbbing erection buried deep in her welcoming sheathe, her legs wrapped around my thighs and our lips mashing together hungrily.

Many thrilling minutes later, we rested, side by side in the litter, me on my back with her head resting on my soft shoulder as she turned into my embrace.

"My Dearest," she whispered. "Oh, it has been so long!"

"Milly," I replied fervently, "you are certainly some real kind of broad!"

"Let's not get tangled up in that argument again!" she teased.

"All righty roo!" I agreed, kissing her gently.

Her hand closed about what was left of my erection and squeezed gently. "Aw, poor thing is all used up!" she teased.

"I'll show you what's all used up!" I grinned, raising and settling between her spread thighs again, finding my way home in a rush. "So help me, I'm going to rape you!"

"Oh, Lucky, so rape me and I'll help you!" she murmured in delight.

I moved to obey her urgings.

"Ooohh!" she groaned. "My poor ass is going to be so rug burned!"

I kissed her. "Shut up, woman! I'm busy!"

"Oh! Oh! Lucky! You wonderful man! You're fucking me!" she squealed with delight.

"Quiet woman," I growled, "I'll get to you in a minute or so! Just wait your turn!"

"Don't let me hold you up!" she urged, her hips moving counter to my hard thrusts.

I didn't!

Let her hold me up, I mean. . .

Damn! Like I said, she sure was some kind of broad!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **You've Had Your Last Chance, Little Girl**

Like I have already said, the winter more or less passed uneventfully after Dorothy's and Ailena's deaths, and while Darling Little Dana and Milly and I were each grieving in our own special ways, we did indeed learn that life goes on whether we like it or not.

Nothing we can do will stop the Earth from making it's yearly orbit of Old Sol, and eventually, even the greatest tragedy pales into a sort of fog that seems to be somewhat vague and unreal. . .

Besides, outside our immediate circle, the world neither knew nor cared about our personal tragedies!

And so it was with us.

After we had recovered from our mourning, Dee Dee and Milly continued to run the airline and I continued to fix airplanes. Dee Dee and I cleaned up my house and he went back to work at Doc Delaney's Beer Bar. I began walking him home after and resumed my kissings and fondlings on his front porch before taking

him inside. There was nothing to draw me home any sooner anymore.



Dee Dee soon took it for granted that I would change his diapers when Milly was otherwise occupied or had told me to take care of his needs. I would take him right up to his nursery, leading him by the hand just as though he were a recalcitrant child!

He always kissed me sweetly after a changing as his way of thanking me for being so sweet and considerate of him. . .

Oh, if only he had known!

How differently things might have worked out. . .

But, he didn't and they didn't and I did and Milly did and everything worked out well.

One afternoon, Milly called me aside for a private chat. She was ready to start the next stage of Darling Little Dana's indoctrination into femininity. She had decided that it was time he began to wear his diapers and rubber panties under his overalls and apron while at work at the Beer Bar.

She had made the necessary arrangements with Doc to keep him extra busy that evening and to keep Dee Dee away from the bathroom under any and all circumstances.

Doc couldn't see why all that was necessary, but he agreed to do as Milly had asked. Doc liked Dee Dee and me, but he loved Milly! He thought that Milly had done an outstanding job with her two kids and now that she was reduced to one, he would do anything she asked.

Some men are totally blind where some women are concerned!

Doc thought that both Dee Dee and I would have gone belly-up long since without Ms Milly's competent

help (to his way of thinking!), so anything she might ask of him, he would do, no questions asked!

One night, Doc had even confessed to me that he had asked Milly for a date, but that she had turned him down because she had had to care for Ailena while Darling Little Dana was at work at the Beer Bar! He had asked me if my Dorothy could possibly watch Ailena for a few hours so that Milly could have a few hours for herself.

I had wanted to remind Doc that Ailena was a grown woman, and as such would most assuredly be able to watch herself for the few hours Milly would be gone. But, Doc is from the old school that believes in Motherhood and apple pie and the American way of life! "As far as I am concerned", he told me, "Milly can do no wrong where her two kids are concerned!"

He said it and he meant it!

I mentioned this to Milly and she confirmed what Doc had told me.

"Yes, he did ask me out," she admitted, "and I was sorely tempted to take him up on his sweet offer. I didn't because I couldn't bear to leave poor Ailena alone, even for a few hours!"

I told her that I would ask Dorothy if she would watch Ailena so she could get out more often, and I had seen the tears glistening in her eyes.

"You would do that for me?" she asked softly.

I nodded. "Sure, you're my friend, and as you know, I look out for all my special friends! I'm sure that Dorothy wouldn't mind, and besides, it would do you a world of good to get out!"

"So I can discover if the world is flat or not?" she teased.

I blushed, remembering. "Oh, something like that," I mumbled. "Seriously, Milly, you really should get out once in a while, and you know Doc likes you a lot, and I'm sure you'd enjoy yourself going out with him."

"Well, I'll have to think about it," she conceded. "We shall see what we shall see. . ." was all she would commit to. . . then.

When I relayed this to Doc, he grinned and shook my hand warmly. "That's a helluva lot further than I ever got with her!" he exclaimed happily. "She'll come around yet, you mark my words! Just you wait and see!" He moved off, whistling merrily, not even bothering to comment on Dee Dee's latest frills.

Doc was stuck on Milly.

Hard!

Before sending Dee Dee off on that particular winter's evening, Milly had given him a strong dose of a diuretic mixed with two bowls of his favorite, chicken-noodle soup. So, I walked him to work, his hand holding the crook of my arm as we walked...

Oh, I already said that a couple of times already, ain't... er, I mean, *have* I not?

Yeah, I'm not used to it either!

Oh, well. . . on with the story!

As planned, Dee Dee forgot all about going to the bathroom, and just before quitting time, I saw his face redden, his hands slipping surreptitiously up under his covering apron. A few minutes later when he got into his parka, he asked me if I would take him home straight off.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

Dee Dee blushed all sorts of red and whispered embarrassedly, “I just wet my pants!”

“Oh, oh!” I commiserated. “Milly’s going to be awful angry with you!”

I know,” he admitted, “but it wasn’t my fault! I was so busy all night and it seemed that every time I tried to go, the bathroom was either in use or else someone would want something or other and I never did get a chance to go!”

Milly was waiting in the kitchen when we got back to his house. As soon as we had entered, she wrinkled her nose in disgust. Turning to Dee Dee, she snarled, “You *did* wet your panties! And after you promised me faithfully that you wouldn’t, that diapers weren’t necessary! Oh, Dana, Darling, whatever am I going to do with you? How could you do this to me?” she wailed, great crocodile tears rolling down her cheeks.

“But it wasn’t my fault, Ms Milly,” he protested.

“Well, whose fault was it then?” she demanded. “I was most assuredly *not* wearing your panties and I am equally sure that Lucky didn’t have an accident in them either!”

She snatched the boy’s hand and dragged him unwillingly upstairs. She took him into the nursery and started undressing him. I followed out of curiosity, and was standing in the doorway when Milly saw me.

“Would you start the bath water for our wet little girl, Lucky? Please?” she asked.

“Sure, Milly,” I agreed laconically. I did as she asked and was treated to the sight of a naked Dee Dee being dragged into the bathroom behind Milly. She



had hold of his ear and I could see that she was hurting him deliberately.

She sat on the toilet and pulled Dee Dee face down across her lap. Taking the wide backed wooden hair

brush from the counter, she started spanking him briskly.

**SPLAT! SMACK! SPLAT! SMACK!**

She spanked him until her arm was tired and he was sobbing brokenly, his wild kicks, outraged screams and thrashing about atop her lap long forgotten. Finally, when the tub was filled, she stood him upright. "Now, let's get you washed up and there will be no more of such a thing happening again, will there, little girl?"

"Oh, no, Ms Milly!" Dee Dee declared fervently.

"Henceforth, you will wear diapers and rubber panties under your outer clothing at all times!" she decreed summarily.

Dee Dee gave her a stricken look. "Oh! Oh!"

"Oh, indeed!" she snapped. "You have had your last chance, Little Girl! I'll not have you making a laughing stock of me nor your friend, Lucky Burch!"

She pointed and Dee Dee slipped under the redolent soap bubbles gracefully. He looked up at me, his face as red as his freshly spanked bottom.

"Will you please give our little girl a bath while I rinse her overall?" Milly asked. "If she gives you any sass, just let me know and I'll warm her little rear end some more!"

Dee Dee blushed and fidgeted with embarrassment as I gave him a bath, but he did not try to avoid my touch, nor did he make very much of a fuss when I had had to slap his soft thigh once. . . hard! He gave me a look of pained innocence, but after that, he let me do as I wished until he was squeaky clean and I was towel-ing him down.

About then, Milly called from the bedroom, "Bring her in here now and I'll get her ready for beddy-bye." Which I did.

She had me do everything, and soon he was properly attired (in Milly's estimation) and securely strapped in his crib with a bottle of warm milk stuck in his mouth as he sucked greedily.

I just couldn't figure him out.

He seemed to be perfectly content to have Milly do everything for him.

It was almost as though he were a small child again...

Milly turned out the light, closed the door and left us alone. I pat-caressed his well-padded, up-turned bottom knowingly, leaning in to kiss his cheek affectionately.

"I'm sorry you got spanked, Dee Dee," I whispered hypocritically.

"It was my own fault for doing what I did," he whispered around the nipple in his mouth. "I knew what would happen." His eyes closed in humiliation and he began to shake delicately, shivering uncontrollably as I slid my hand into his crotch to pinch his stiff little sex toy surreptitiously.

He squirmed but could not avoid my caresses. I pinched again, kissed his cheek and when he dozed off, went to rejoin Milly in the living room.

"That couldn't have worked out better!" she chuckled. "You see, I warned her some time ago what would happen should she wet her panties while at work. And that is exactly what I did! She'll be much easier to control from now on. The more a baby I can make her, the

more docile she becomes! The same was true of Ailena when she was a child. Ailena was still just as much a sissy in her way as our Dana is in hers!" she giggled.

We talked for a bit, kissed, and I hurried home.

To an empty house.

But even though I was still hurting, I was stone cold sober.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

\* \* \* \* \*

## I Can Handle Anything

There was one thing that happened that surprised all of us. Doc, the owner of Doc's Beer Bar, had a heart attack and in his will, he left the Beer Bar to Milly. She gave up her job with *Air Flights* and started managing the Beer Bar full time. Of course, Dee Dee stayed on as her Head Waitress. One thing Milly did that Doc had wanted to do for ages was to build an addition on the place where she opened a family restaurant, and it was a roaring success from day one!

She served nothing but wholesome, nourishing food, *Milly's Country Fare*, she called it, but whatever it was called, repeat customers came from miles around just to enjoy a quiet evening and good food.

Now Dee Dee has always had a good voice and he liked to sing as he worked. Milly heard him one day and the next thing you know, she had a small stage built and a sound system installed. She dolled him all up in a slinky, sleeveless, strapless, satin dress, nylons, heels and full make-up, and put him up on that stage with orders to, "Sing your heart out, Dana, Darling!"

He was an instant hit, so after that, he would get up on stage from time to time during his shift and take requests. Milly made the brag that if a customer asked for a song he did not know, the meal was on the house! In all the years since, she has only paid off twice that I know of!

Because most people had forgotten that Dana Hutton Donahue was a boy, Milly put him into dresses and other feminine clothing permanently, and Dee Dee never quivered!

By now, it was obvious even to me that there was something wrong about my friend. His voice had softened considerably and what little adam's apple he used to have seemed to disappear overnight after a one day excursion he and Milly made out-of-town.

Also, his chest and hips seemed to be growing while his waist had shrunk considerably. It dawned on me what was happening the night Dee Dee told me about the vitamin supplements he was taking under Milly's supervision. He was being fed massive doses of female hormones! And Milly had had a computer implant done to augment the pills so that he was getting a double dose of female hormones every day and even (so I discovered later when I complained to Milly) hourly via his implanted computer!

The poor kid never had a chance!

It wasn't long and he became known as *Dee Dee* for an entirely different reason! And I sort of enjoyed cuddling him in my arms and cupping those firm beauties possessively. In the beginning, Dee Dee had objected somewhat to my handling of his new assets, but as time went on, that too was accepted and even expected by him!

As you might expect, we were dating regularly now and making frequent trips up to the local lovers' lane for some slap and tickle — OK, a lot of slap and tickle that soon led to my staying at Dee Dee's house overnight, with me and Dee Dee in the master bedroom (Ailena's old bedroom) in bed together, and sometimes, Milly joined us for the night! That was the most fun of all and I know she enjoyed herself too.

Dee Dee was a little hesitant when Milly first joined us, but as with everything else, he soon accepted her and came to expect that she would join us often!

It was also accepted and expected that Dee Dee would be placed in his crib after playing a bit, leaving Milly and me to attack one another vigorously!

But, there was one thing about which Milly was adamant, Dee Dee always had to be fully encased around the middle to prevent *something* untoward happening! She was resolved that Dee Dee remain a virgin, whether I liked it or not!

Like everything else, I went along with Milly, partly because I didn't want to alienate her and partly because I knew she was absolutely right and partly because she was so available to me whenever!

As the restaurant prospered, Milly became easier and easier to get along with. She was still strict with her Darling Little Dana but I could see the love in her

eyes and heart while she corrected him. For his part, Darling Little Dana took everything she dished out and came up smiling every time.

And, true to Milly's prediction, one evening while I was making out with him on lovers' lane, he looked up at me from where he was kneeling between my spread legs, his mouth full of his favorite sausage, the words came, garbled, but his intent was crystal clear. "Ucky, I uv ooo!"

I was flabbergasted! I reached down and pulled him up to sit in my lap. I kissed him fervently. "Dana, my Darling," I whispered when we broke apart, "I love you too!"

There, I had said it!

I had confessed my sexual love for another boy!

"Oh, Lucky!" he gushed. "I've wanted to tell you that I love you for the longest time, but I have been afraid of what you might think of me!"

"I think it took a lot of guts to tell me just now," I replied, "but don't you ever tell me that you're sorry you said it!"

"Oh, I'm not! I'm not! I love you! I love you!"

"You'd better not, if you know what's good for you!" I threatened half-heartedly.

A sly look came over his face. "Or else, what, Lucky Burch?" he whispered throatily.

I was quite taken aback by his response and just shook my head.

"Come on, Lucky, or else, what?" he demanded again.

“Or else I’ll spank you so hard it will make Milly’s feel like love taps!” I retorted.

A stricken look passed over his face. “Oh, Lucky! You wouldn’t dare spank me! Would you? Oh, oh!” he whispered, but I detected a note of excitement in his protest.

“Don’t push it, *girl* (now why had I referred to him as a girl?), or else you’ll find your head going east and your feet going west over my lap and I’ll yank those panties down to your knee hollows and I’ll spank you to kingdom come!”

He sighed and nestled against my chest. “Oh, Lucky, I do love you so much!”

“And I love you too, Miss Dana!” I replied, bending to meet his parted lips in a kiss that promised volumes.

I held him close and kissed him for the longest. . .

Much later, I related the scene to Milly and she laughed gaily. “Didn’t I predict that one day our Darling Little Dana would tell you straight to your face that she loves you? And what did you tell me? That it would never happen! That it could never happen! What say you now, big ol’ smart ass?” she teased.

“I stand corrected, Milly,” I admitted candidly. “And what’s more, I told Dana that I love her too!”

“Oh, ho!” Milly chortled, “and now you call her *her*?”

“Milly, the boy that I grew up with is, for all intents and purposes, dead, and in his place is a girl that I have fallen in love with. . .”

“No, Lucky, you have always been in love with our Darling Dana, its’ just now that you are admitting it openly!”

I stared at her a moment, then, "I have to admit that you are absolutely right, Milly, I have known that I had deep feelings for my friend ever since we were kids, but it was only now that I realized that what I had felt then was not just friendship, but was actually love, and I mean that in the fullest sense of the word. I love Dana Donahue!"

"And now you see why I have been so adamant about her transformation and re-education and my insistence on stressing the feminine side of her, don't you, Lucky?"

I nodded. "Yes, I do see, Milly, but surely you weren't doing all of this for me?"

"At first, no. In fact, at first, I was convinced that you were all wrong for my little girl, but I came to realize that what I felt was jealousy. For while I could and did become her Mother, I could not bring myself to become her lover! And once that became clear to me, I began to groom her for an intimate relationship with a man, because it has always been patently obvious to me that Dana is at heart a female and heterosexual, and that the love she felt for My Ailene was just that, the love of a woman for a man! Ailene was always more male than she ever was female, even though she could never bring herself to admit it openly.

"And as time went on, I became more and more convinced that if I could ever break through that macho barrier in your mind, you and she would be a perfect match for one another!"

"Milly. . ." I stammered, "I don't know what to say."

"Then say nothing!"

"No, I have to tell you this," I continued doggedly. "I have been wrong about you all along. What I took to be gross interference with someone's life and gross indifference to another's feelings were actually guidance in the proper channels to what should have been from the very first! Once I realized that you weren't the mean old witch I had envisioned, I came to like you and started to help you until I now love you as if you were my own Mother!"

"Oh, Lucky!" Milly cried, tears pouring down her cheeks as she rushed into my arms, to kiss me passionately. I held her and kissed her back fervently.

Finally, we broke apart and she leaned her head against my shoulder. "Mother, eh? Does that mean that we have been and are going to continue to be, incestuous?" she teased.

"Only if you want it to be," I teased her right back.

"Think you can handle it?" she demanded, a strange light in her eye.

"Lady, I can handle anything that comes up!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, really, *anything*?" she laughed. "Well, we shall see, won't we?"

"You can take that to the bank, Lady! You can bet on it!"

Her response was lost in the fervency of our kiss. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

## Hi Ho, Silverado!

One Sunday morning after church, the three of us were enjoying a late breakfast with Dee Dee rushing around serving Milly and me while neglecting his own breakfast.

“Good heavens, child!” Milly exclaimed. “Sit down and eat!”

“Not until you and Lucky are satisfied!” he retorted softly.

“Sit down, Darling,” I coaxed. “I’m getting dizzy watching you!”

Reluctantly, he slid into his chair but I noticed that he kept a close eye on us to make sure we lacked for nothing. Finally, I leaned back in my chair and cradled my coffee cup in my hands. “I don’t know about you guys,” I breathed slowly, “but I’m stuffed!”

Milly reached over and patted my stomach. “Watch it, boy,” she cautioned, “else you’ll get fat as a pig ready for market!” she teased.

“Can’t have a half-starved man lolling about the house!” Dana laughed.

“Yeah, picture that!” Milly chimed in, giggling. “A fat pig. . .” Suddenly, her face got all serious. “Er, Lucky? Can I ask you something?”

“Sure, Milly,” I agreed. “Why not? You’ve never hesitated in the past!”

I thought she wanted to talk about my having pretty much moved from my house since Dorothy’s death, leaving it sit empty of human habitation.

I was totally unprepared for what she had in mind!

“Would it be an impossible request to ask you to get into your horse costume so that I could see for myself? After all, I am the only one in town who has never seen it!”

I started in my chair, spilling coffee on my good suit.

“Oh, heavens!” Dee Dee exclaimed, rising and dabbing at the spilled liquid. “Go right up and change so that I can treat the stain before it sets!” he ordered sharply.

I stood, took off the coat and handed it to him. “I don’t need a coat now.”

He took the coat and disappeared into the kitchen. “Boy, what a worry wart!”

“She is always concerned when it pertains to the man she loves!” Milly replied. Then, “When can I see you in your horse suit?” she pressed anew.

“When you get Darling Dana into her Annie Oakley’s costume, I’ll get into the horse suit again!” I shot back, sure that he would refuse.

“Great!” she enthused.

And that was the last I heard of it until Tuesday evening after we had closed the Beer Bar and restaurant and were seated in the living room with our late night-early morning coffee.

“Darling Dana and I are taking tomorrow off from the restaurant business and it will be the perfect time for us to see Annie Oakley reappear and ride her favorite pony, Lucky!”

“Hey, whoa up there!” I protested. “I never agreed.  
..”

"If you will recall, dear boy," Milly smiled, "you said that if Darling Dana would wear her Annie Oakley costume, you would get into the horse suit, and those were your exact words!" she chuckled.

"But. . . but. . ." I sputtered.

"Oh, you sound just like an old motor boat!" Milly kidded. What harm can it do?"

I wasn't convinced, but finally, I agreed to wear the thing one last time.

"Great! And there's no time like the present to get started!" she laughed.

Reluctantly, dragging my feet every inch of the way, I followed them out to the barn where I had spent so many nights in my stable, and in less time than it takes to tell about it, I had been laced into Mrs. Hutton and my Mom's horse suit with the bridle strapped around my head, the studded spade bit deep in my mouth, preventing all human speech and the built-in spreader that kept my rear legs wide open and accessible for whatever! The tail settled into place between my bottom cheeks and I automatically began to swish it across my rump and withers as Darling Dana reached in and freed my penis and ball sac to dangle in the cool night air. I stiffened immediately.

"How wonderful!" Milly exclaimed, touching me fleetingly. "Now, let's go to bed and we'll get you all dolled up in the morning, Darling Dana. It's getting late, so we'll have to go for a moonlight drive in the surrey some other night! Lucky will be safe enough here."

And before I knew it, I was tied in my stall and the feed bag had been strapped around my head, and it was full of oats and wheat for me to eat, just as it had

been so many years ago! I felt their caressing pats on my withers as the gate closed behind me with a sharp click.

The lights were turned off when they left and I fidgeted and stamped my hooves and swished my tail while eating my grain. I must have fallen asleep like I had so long ago when left for long periods because I could see daylight streaming through the barn's windows when I opened my eyes.

Finally, I heard them enter the barn and approach my stall. "Well, he seems none the worse for wear after being left all night," Milly observed.

"Lucky is a good horse," I heard Darling Little Dana reply, "and he knows how to behave when he's been stabled for the night."

About that time, I could no longer hold myself in and I lifted my tail and let go, my droppings piling up behind my rear hooves.

"And you are just in time to muck out the stall!" Milly exclaimed. "Pheewww!"

Darling Dana laughed softly. "I've smelled worse," was his the only comment.

Finishing with the chores, Dee Dee led me out of my stall and ordered me to remain still while the driving harness was tightened around me. Then I was backed between the twin shafts of the surrey and buckled securely in place. I felt the surrey tilt as Annie (yes, it was the same costume, only the bodice was well filled now!) handed Milly into the passenger seat, then climbed into the driver's seat. I felt her grasping my reins and the whip caught me by surprise when she slashed it across my unsuspecting croup!

Breaking into a brisk trot, I was guided out of the barn and along one of the many trails that we had traveled so often so long ago. And, with the almost opaque lenses covering my eyes, I was clueless and was forced to depend on guidance from my Little Mistress!

We sped along the forest trails, Annie's vicious little whip slapping and snapping across my heaving withers every time it landed (which was often, as you might have already guessed!), urging me to even greater effort while leaving its fiery caresses burning across my defenseless rump and those fully exposed, dangling sex parts between my wide spread rear legs!

Still, it felt good for some strange reason to be back in harness and dependent on Annie's skill with the reins. Even the whip's fiery strokes felt good! For as odd as it might sound, I had missed our drives and rides, nor was I resentful that I had been left in the barn stall last night.

After all, a horse does what its owner wishes. . .

And as I have stated many times before, when I am laced into my horse suit, I am a horse for all actual and practical purposes! I had accepted that facet of my life long ago!

So, it came as no surprise to me when we returned to the barn and and I was unhitched from the surrey, that I was then saddled to be ridden!

Annie was just as skillful and adroit at making me obey her tugs on my bit as she had ever been and I was eager to please, no matter what she did!

At the end of our ride, I was trotted into the barn. "Whoa, boy!" Annie called, pulling back on my reins and pressing the spade bit deep into my throat The cor-

ners of my mouth had been rubbed raw by the roughened bit and Milly expressed some concern about it.

“Oh, poor Lucky! His mouth is bleeding!” she exclaimed, touching my cheek.



Annie just laughed and quipped, "Oh, not to worry! I'll just rub some salve on it and it will go away after a few days when his skin gets used to it again."

She jumped down and I thought that would be the end of it.

But, to my great surprise, I heard, "OK, here're the reins, Miss Milly. Time for your turn in the saddle!"

"Gee, I don't know," Milly demurred, "I've only ridden side-saddle before."

"Oh, that's no big deal. I know right where we can get one!" she enthused. "But for now, can't you ride astraddle?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Right! Then up you go!" And, I felt her weight as she put her foot into the stirrup and swung aboard, settling her thirty or more pounds greater than Annie Oakley firmly in the saddle. I staggered under the unfamiliar weight addition only to be rewarded with a sharp tug on the reins that caused the spade bit to press into my throat with the vicious little sharp points making themselves known immediately as they prodded my mouth! *I settled down quickly.*

"Oh, wait, Miss Milly!" I heard Annie cry. "You will need my spurs!"

I waited while Dee Dee fitted her spurs to Milly's riding boots. Then I felt those same spurs digging into my exposed sex and I took off at a run, doing everything I could to avoid their bite, no matter the cost to my discomfort!

After a minute or so, I got used to Milly's added weight and settled into a graceful, ground covering canter. It felt strange to feel her posting as I ran and I

knew she had had lots of experience at sometime in the past! She didn't need a side-saddle, but I knew she would get one and that it would be used! On me!

Finally, we were back at the stables and I was once more tied into my stall with the feed-bag strapped to my head while both Milly and Annie brushed and curried and groomed me to gleaming excellence. As you might know, they paid close attention to my exposed sex parts, brushing them vigorously, causing me to erect violently! But, all good things come to an end as the stall door was closed behind my withers and they left the barn, leaving me alone again.

Little did I know at the time, but it would be almost six months before I was stripped of my horse hide and allowed to be human again.

And I was either ridden every day by both of my Mistresses or harnessed to the surrey for extended and exhausting drives around our vast property. As before, my heaving withers were within easy reach of Annie's buggy whip and I felt its fiery caress constantly.

I mentioned our vast property. In the years since our youth, several neighborhood farms had been bought and annexed to ours so that we now had over eight hundred acres of wooded, stone covered, secluded trails and while I couldn't actually *see* any of them, I knew each and every twist and turn in all of them because of the many times I had traversed each one!

Somehow, it made me feel more loved than resentful to be their horse.

Remember, I have always said that I am a total fool when it comes to my Darling Little Dana Hutton

Donahue! And now I'm a total fool for Mrs. Mildred Donahue too!

As you have already guessed, several days later Dee Dee acquired a side-saddle and I was taught how to carry a woman that way. Even Annie learned how to ride side-saddle!

I wasn't too keen about it because the way they sat, their one leg extended down a bit further making it much easier for them to jab that spur into my naked exposure!

And the whip came into even more constant use when they were side-saddled than when they were astride!

Why?

I don't know, probably just because they were sadistic females!

Damn!

Most females are infinitely more sadistic than males!

I know whereof I speak. . .

I have the scars to prove it!

\* \* \* \* \*

**Due For A Change**

When they finally tired of playing with me every day (yes, it gets very boring doing the same thing over and over and over and over, even for human Mistresses!), I was released, and for some odd reason, I was greatly disappointed that I would no longer carry-ing first one and then the other around the property.

I guess I'm more masochistic than I thought I was!

Anyway, Milly had contacted a sex readjustment surgeon somewhere in Colorado or Utah or Wyoming or somewhere out west about Dana and I was left to hold down the fort and operate the bar and restaurant while they took a quick plane ride, not telling me anything at all about what they were up to.

Females!

Who can ever understand them?

I know I can't!

Just when you think you have them all figured out, they go and do something entirely off the wall just to screw you all up again!

When they returned a month later, Dee Dee was all smiles and bubbling with an inner happiness. When I asked what had caused the change, I just got giggles from both of them.

Upon closely examining each one of them, I discovered that nothing had changed that I could see physically and that puzzled me because Milly let drop the fact that they had seen a surgeon about a possible adjustment of some sort for Dee Dee.

A few months later, a mysterious phone call late at night was the cause of merriment unbecoming to the two.

When I asked, "What's so dangd funny?" they wouldn't tell me a thing about it!

Now that tended to bother me no end.

Matter of fact, it pissed me off royally!

Jeezumscrow!

One day I came home from work only to find that Dee Dee was gone, but where he had gone to, Milly wouldn't say!

He was gone for another month.

When he returned, he was very pale and walked with a definite hurting motion, but when I asked about it, I was told, "We'll tell you on your birthday!"

Well, since my birthday was rapidly approaching (I would be the big three oh!), I figured I could wait them out.

Which I did.

Hard as it was to keep from badgering them with questions, I kept my peace, though I have to admit that I was a little short with them from time to time.

OK! OK! So I was a lot short with them.

They had it coming for being so secretive!

After my nasty attitude, I was somewhat surprised on the afternoon of my birthday when Dee Dee walked into the living room carrying a birthday cake with one huge candle on top.

When I asked why only one instead of thirty, Milly laughed, explaining, "The Fire Department wouldn't issue a permit for a fire of that magnitude!" Which got a snicker from Dee Dee and a sneer from me.

Dee Dee placed the cake on the coffee table and I noticed his attire for the first time. He was wrapped in aluminum foil from his neck to his knees with a pink ribbon tied in a huge bow around his waist holding it all in place.

“Happy birthday, Lucky, Darling!” he exclaimed, leaning down to kiss me.

Without thinking, I reached out and pulled on the ribbon, my mouth falling open in surprise as it fell away, revealing him to me.

Only it was not my Darling Little Dee Dee Dana Hutton Donahue that I saw!

It was a *female* Darling Little Dee Dee Dana Hutton Donahue instead!

Immediately, it all became clear to me; the trips, the phone calls, the whisperings, all the intrigue of the past several months, all was explained by the sight before me. All at once, I was infused with a deep shame.

“Dana!” I gasped. “You. . . you’re. . . a. . . a. . . wo. . . *woman!*” I stammered.

“Yes, only it’s *Diana* now. Then, *she* struck a provocative pose, one hand on her hip, the other spread over her new, womanly sex and a huge grin wreathing *her* face. “Well, my sweet man, do you like it?” *she* whispered.

I stood and took *her* into my arms. “Like it?” I asked. “Hell, no! I love it!”

“Oh, Lucky!” *she* cooed. “You always did say the sweetest things!”

And suddenly both women were in my arms and I was kissing and caressing a female and it made no difference to me which one!

So, from now on, Dana is no longer *he* or *him*, henceforth Dana is *she* or *her*, just like all other women are! Nor is she *Dana* any more! She is now *Diana*!

Milly laughed. "Well, we were due for a change anyway, dear ones!"

"Some change!" I commented softly in wonder.

"Don't you like it, Lucky?" Diana asked, her voice breaking slightly.

"Like it!" I yelped. "I love it! Come here, you!"

"Hold on, Lucky," Milly cautioned me when we came up for air, "she is to remain a virgin until your wedding night. No weddie, no nookie!"

"Wow! When?" I chortled, anticipation high on my to-do-yesterday list!

"Whoa! Hold on there, Buster Brown!" Diana objected. "Where do you get off with that bushwa? You haven't even asked me yet!" she pouted prettily.

Immediately, I rose and went upstairs, returning a moment later, grinning crazily.

I knelt before Diana. "Diana Donahue, my dearest Dee Dee, will you marry me?" I took her little hand and slipped my Mom's engagement ring onto the appropriate finger. "Will you marry me, please?" I asked again.

"Oh, Lucky, yes, yes! A thousand times, yes! A million times, yes! Oh, you know I will!" she exclaimed, coming into my arms and kissing me fiercely.

Milly just stood there, her eyes full of happy tears.

Two months later, on a beautiful Saturday morning in mid-June, we were married by The Right Reverend Mother Emeritus Yolanda Moss-Hayes in her Uni-De-

nominal Church of God. Neither of my sisters attended although invitations had long since been sent. Diana's older brother, Michael, his wife, Hannah, and her sister, Catherine, did come however, and Diana's wedding present from them was the balance of the mortgage Diana still owed them on the house they had inherited!

The girls from the bar and restaurant were there in force as well as many others we had known since childhood. All in all, it was a grand turn-out, much better than I would have ever expected.

Diana's brother was my best man and her sister was her matron of honor and Diana was absolutely gorgeous in her white antique satin wedding dress with the snug, well filled bodice and the long train sweeping the floor behind her. Milly had laced her in with a brand new corset and she was beautiful. Breathless, but beautiful!

Milly was beaming with pride as she escorted Diana down the aisle and I thought she looked especially becoming in her white satin tuxedo and her high heeled grannie boots.

The long white lace veil Diana wore obscured her face somewhat, but from what I could see as she stepped up beside me at the altar, her lips were curved in a huge smile of satisfaction! At that moment, I had the strangest feeling that I was, somehow, being had!

"Dearly beloved, we are here gathered on this day. . ."

I looked around surreptitiously, surprised at the sea of expectant faces that smiled back at me and my heart swelled with pride.

“Who giveth this woman in marriage?” Reverend Mother demanded of the congregation.

“We, her family and I, do!” Milly spoke right up, not a bit intimidated.

Then Reverend Mother launched into a long sermon about responsibilities and traditions and such, droning on for what seemed like hours to me.

“And if any woman can show just cause why this woman and this man be not joined in the bonds of Holy Wedlock, let her speak now or forever after hold her peace!”

Reverend Mother was a great one for women’s rights and liberation!

Michael snickered. “There’s absolutely no provision for objecting on the lame brained ground of stupidity!” he whispered in my ear. Then, “Ouch!” Hannah had kicked him hard in the ankle!

Reverend Mother glared at him warningly.

Even today, years after the fact, I can still hear Reverend Mother as she spoke those fatal words, “Do you, Diana Hutton Donahue, take this man, Jason Ford Burch, to your lawful wedded husband, to live together after God’s holy ordinance in His blessed state of matrimony? Will you then promise to love him, to comfort him, to honor him and to cherish him, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, forsaking all others, keeping yourself only unto him, for so long as you both shall live, so help you God?”

The air was filled with expectant electricity as certain words penetrated my bemused brain and I thought, ‘Hey, wait just a darned minute here! Isn’t it the man who is supposed to promise to cherish?’

Did I mention that Reverend Mother had a decided bias towards women, being an avid women's liberationist and worker for women's rights?

My good God!

What was I getting into?

Finally, after a heart stopping eternity, I forgot all about everything else when I heard her soft response, "I do."

'Oh, God! It's too late now!' I thought in sudden panic!

"Your goose is cooked for sure, boy!" Michael whispered in my ear, and Hannah kicked him in the ankle again.

"Ouch!" he gasped. "Wha'd you do that for again, woman?" he complained.

"Hush!" she hissed.

"And do you, Jason Ford Burch, take this woman, Diana Hutton Donahue to your lawful wedded wife? Do you promise to love her and cherish her, to honor her and to obey her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live, so help you God?"

Again, I had the strangest thought, 'Isn't it the woman who is supposed to promise to obey her husband? Then why is it part of my marriage vow?

I looked at Diana questioningly. She merely smiled and me and nodded almost imperceptibly!

Then, "I do," I croaked with all the courage I could muster.

"Who has the rings?" Reverend Mother asked.

Fumbling in his pocket, Diana's brother produced the rings, handing them to Reverend Mother with a sly grin.

Reverend Mother handed one ring to Diana, saying, "Repeat after me, 'With this ring, I thee wed. . .'"

Dimly, I think I heard Diana's voice, "With this ring I thee wed. . ." and I felt it being slipped onto my third finger, left hand.

"She's got you now, boy!" Michael whispered snidely. Then, "Ouch! Stop it! Dammit!" His wife had kicked him in the ankle a third time!

Once more, Reverend Mother glared at him warningly.

Then it was my turn, "Repeat after me, 'With this ring, I thee wed. . .'"

I guess I responded, but I do not remember a thing, until. . .

"Inasmuch as Diana and Jason have exchanged vows and promises in the sight of God, our Lord, and those assembled here today, by the power vested in me by the State and our great church, I do pronounce that they are henceforth and forever, wife and husband! What God hath joined together, let no woman put asunder!" Reverend Mother closed her Bible with a sharp snap and smiled at Diana and me benignly. "You may kiss your husband!"

She turned her gaze on Michael. "And I will see you in my chambers, young man!" she muttered through gritted teeth. "You have some explaining to do!" He blushed rosily as Hannah laughed gaily.

"And good enough for you, fool!" Hannah giggled.

“You too,” Reverend Mother continued without missing a beat.

Hannah just smiled.

Me?

Diana did as Reverend Mother told her to do.

Kiss her husband, I mean!

I folded her veil back over her head, she came into my arms, and we kissed with all the pent-up fervency in our thumping, bursting-with-love hearts!

Then, hand in hand, we turned and walked sedately, hand in hand, down the aisle to the loud clapping of our assembled guests. Diana’s smile was a mile and a half wide. Truly, she looked just like the cat that had swallowed the proverbial canary!

Once more I had the distinct feeling of having been roundly had!

At the reception back at the house, Diana and I started off the dancing together, our first as husband and wife, or, as Reverend Mother had put it, as Wife and Husband! Then, she had danced with all the men and I had danced with Milly and all the rest of the women before we finally got a chance to rest our weary feet. It had to have been murder on Diana wearing those open-toed sandals with the five inch heels and all!

I noticed that Michael was a little more subdued than he had been earlier, while Hannah was her usual bubbly self. I guess Reverend Mother really chewed him out, or as they used to say in the Corps, “She drilled him a new a—hole!”

Finally, the cake had been cut, we had fed one another small pieces, the bouquet had been tossed, the

garter had been tossed and Diana had disappeared upstairs to change out of her wedding finery. I followed as nonchalantly as I could but was denied entrance into my own bedroom because the girls were using it! They handed me my clothes and I had to change in the hall because even all three bathrooms and all the spare bedrooms were being used!

This was the second wedding I had been directly involved in, but this one had been the most complicated of all! Thank God I wouldn't have to go through that again!

At least not in this life time!

It was late when we were finally able to get away from the festivities that were still going strong! I pointed our car south and we drove until it was almost dark before we reached our honeymoon destination. After checking in, we enjoyed a slow, quiet dinner, then danced to the hotel's orchestra and just luxuriated in one another's company.

When we finally did get to our room, Diana excused herself and disappeared into the bathroom with a small suit case.

I waited, watching television, but not seeing anything I can remember!

It had been worth the wait because when I saw Diana, I was swept with a love that surprised even me! The light from the bathroom silhouetted her lush femininity through the diaphanous baby doll nightie she wore. She posed on her high heels in the doorway. "Well, do you like me now, my darling husband?"

I was speechless. Hurrying to her, I took her in my arms and kissed her. "I gotta take a shower and I'll be right back!" I croaked hoarsely.

“Take your time, my darling husband. I’m not going anywhere without you!”

“You can bet your ass on that!” I whispered throatily.

Ten minutes later, I had shaved again, showered, dried and deodorized myself and was hurrying across the bedroom towards the bed where she was already under the sheet. I saw that the nightie had been discarded and that she was holding her arms up in open invitation for me to join her, her fully erect nipples a beacon in the dim light!

I didn’t hesitate a minute! I slipped in beside her, and in an instant, I was holding a hot blooded, screeching wildcat as she attacked me ferociously, her claws tearing into my back in her eagerness to possess me!

But, I gave as good as I got and was shortly kneeling between her wide spread thighs, probing for her hidden entrance and finding it!

I won’t bore you with a long, drawn-out description of taking her for the first time, nor in dwelling on how *tight* she was, nor in reiterating her moans of ecstasy and the complete feeling of ecstasy we felt at the end.

Suffice to say that we both enjoyed one another’s performance in ways we had never in our wildest dreams thought possible!

It was a great honeymoon!

God!

How I love married life!

Especially with Diana!



## Surprise, Surprise and Then Some!

Except that we were now allowed to have sexual intercourse by the ever watchful and omnipresent, Milly, married life with Diana was a constant source of joy for both of us.

Diana discovered that she was ever so much happier as a woman than she ever had been as a man, and I discovered a depth of love for her that I had never experienced with my late wife, Dorothy!

Milly and I discussed this at length one evening and we came to some not so startling conclusions! First of all, she observed that while Diana had been happily married to her late daughter, Ailena, the love that she felt for me was more sincere and honest in its application than it had ever been for Ailena!

I tried to contradict her on that point, but she shook her head sadly. "As painful it is for me to admit it, Lucky," she replied, "that's the gospel truth. And while she would never have done anything to hurt my Ailena, the truth was always evident to me, right from the very first!"

"Oh, bosh!" I chided. "You're as full of beans as ever!" I tried to kid her out of the funk she had dug for herself.

"No, there's no denying the truth!" she insisted. "And I could tell that you were in love with my Diana

the first time I saw you with her, and time has borne me out!"

"Well, I didn't know it!" I insisted.

She laughed. "Men are so seldom aware of anything that goes on around them unless it's spelled out in black and white for them and then hit over the head constantly!"

"Now that's a crock!" I protested. "I'm as aware as anyone!"

Milly giggled. "There, you see? I rest my case!"

I did *not* see, but I shut up anyway.

There was no use arguing with that woman once she had made her mind up!

As she commented one evening, "Don't confuse me with facts, my mind's made up!"

She was (is!) as stubborn as a Missouri mule!

And then some!

Anyway, that aside. . .

About three or four months after our wedding, Diana started getting sick every morning and I was so worried that there might have been something left over from Ailena's sickness and that it had somehow infected Diana too, and had begun to affect her health.

For some reason, Milly seemed to be unconcerned with Diana's morning sickness (it seemed to clear up as soon as she had eaten a piece of dry toast)(dry toast! I *hate* dry toast!).

I insisted that she see a doctor and be tested for anything adverse in her system that might be causing her illness.

I admit, I was worried to death.

I had lost one wife, I didn't want to lose another!

When they returned, Milly was all smiles and Diana was radiant with joy.

"So what was the verdict?" I demanded. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," Diana grinned at me.

"Wha'd'ya mean, nothing?" I bellowed. "That's b.s.!"

"Surprise! Surprise!" Milly exclaimed.

"Surprise! Surprise, what?" I snapped. "What in the pluperfect hell do you mean?"

"I'm pregnant, that's all," Diana whispered.

"You're what?" I couldn't believe my ears!

"She's with child! She's in the family way! She's expecting! She's preggers! She's anticipating?" Milly explained.

"She's what?" I bellowed again.

"Hush your noise, you big ape!" Milly cautioned. "What we're trying to tell you is that she's knocked up higher than a kite!"

"Well, why didn't you. . . you. . . you. . ." my voice trailed off in amazement.

"I'm going to have a baby," Diana admitted, a wide smile on her lips.

"A baby?" I gasped. "Like a . . . a . . . baby. . . *baby*?"

"No, not *like* a baby baby," Milly chuckled, "a real, honest-to-goodness, baby baby!"

I grabbed Diana, lifting her off her feet and twirling her around in mid-air. "A baby!" I whooped. "My God, a baby!"

"Put me down, Jason Burch!" Diana gasped. It was the first time she had called me Jason in more years than I could remember!

"Here, come on, sit down, take it easy, can I get you anything, a pillow, a cup of coffee, a robe, a book, a bowl of soup, the paper, the mail, what?" I babbled like an idiot.

"Spoken like a true expectant father!" Milly quipped. "No, Lucky, she doesn't need anything except for six more months to pass."

"I can't believe it!" I replied. "How?"

"Well," Milly explained facetiously, "first you get a girl, then you get a hard-on, stick it in her crotch, pump a few times until you do what comes naturally and nine months or so later, if you're unlucky, the girl becomes a mother!"

"That's not what I meant and you know it!"

"Well, what did you mean?"

"Just because Diana had sex reassignment surgery does not mean that she can conceive a baby! The plumbing just isn't there!"

"Au contraire!" Milly smiled. "During the surgery, she had a complete set of female reproductive organs implanted in her body and obviously, they adapted quite well!"

"But. . . but. . ." I sputtered.

"There goes that motor boat again!" Diana teased.

"Be serious, dammit!" I yelled.

"We are serious, dear husband," Diana smiled. "I am going to have a baby."

"Wow!"

There was nothing more I could add to that.

And six months later, I paced the floor in the expectant father's waiting room at St. Joe's Maternity Hospital while Diana delivered our child.

*Our* child!

A *baby*!

My Good God!

Four days later, Diana and little Jason Ford Burch the Second, came home and life was never the same after that!

Little Jase was a holy terror! From the time he could crawl, he was into everything that was within his reach! The problem was that I was never allowed to reprimand or correct him! God forbid that I should dare to utter a cross word to the little darling!

I'm surprised he turned out as well as he did. But then, he was a Burch! What else can I say to explain it?

As if one child was not enough, Diana got pregnant a year later and in due time, Diana Mildred Burch put in an appearance.

Only this time, it was me who forbid any reprimands or corrections to my Little Darling! In my eyes, Little Milly could do no wrong, and she still can't even though she is now a Mother herself! I warned her future husband when they were married by Reverend Mother that if I ever discovered that he had hit her in anger that I would denut him and cut off his balls and castrate him, and then I would really get serious!

They've been married four years now and she's as happy as I have ever known her to be.

Maybe he's doing right by my little girl after all!

He damn well better, if he knows what's good for him!

Shortly after Little Diana was born, Milly and Diana talked me into getting into my horse hide again. I had been drinking a few too many of Milly's loaded egg-nogs and I guess I didn't fully understand what they were getting at. No, it wasn't the alcohol, I was just too logy (lazy?) and not thinking about what I should have been thinking about and while I was still not thinking clearly, I was standing on four hooves and being tethered in my stall in the barn.

After a few minutes, I tried to defend myself, but all I got was that damn whip across my unprotected withers and a dire warning that horses whinnied or neighed and never, but never, ever, spoke human! I was warned that if I did it again, I would regret it for the longest.

After that, I whinnied or neighed, like I was supposed to. Milly had spoken and as my Mistress now, I obeyed! I had no other choice.

And I continued to whinny and neigh and stamp my hooves for the next several weeks!

Yes, they kept me bound in that horse hide for weeks, and even then they would never had let me out except that I had to make an appearance as a human to settle my divorced sister's estate after her death in childbirth (her husband having deserted her for a younger chickie babe!) since Diana couldn't legally.

When they let me go, I had to promise that I would get back into the hide when they said and I would do it without protest nor dilly dallying around.

In time, I had four riders - no, not all at the same time, unless they were riding in the surrey - and not one of them spared my feelings!

I was brushed and curried and combed by every one of them and I was never allowed to be modest nor to shy away from the little ones as they copied their Mother and Gramma Milly in everything they did to and for me!

And so the years slipped by, all unnoticed by me. Jase stopped riding me at around the age of twelve because he felt he was getting too heavy for me at almost a hundred thirty pounds and still growing.

Had I been in a position to agree, I would have.

Agreed, I mean!

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

But that didn't stop him from hitching me to the surrey and taking me for a spin around the property, which by that time, had more than doubled in size than before, which only meant that there were than many more trails that I quickly became familiar with.

He was especially adept at flicking that whip across my up-thrust rump or sending it between my wide spread rear legs to snap and crack against my dangling sex parts. They all, Diana, Milly, Jase, Little Di, and later, Karen (our second daughter) and Sarah (Jase's girl-friend and eventual wife), Joseph (Little Di's boy-friend and eventual husband), and Michelle (Karen's very special girl-friend and eventual S.O.), seemed to relish abusing me that way, but since I was

just a horse, I merely whinnied and tried to do my best at all times to please them.

And as I have noted many times, the females of the species were infinitely more sadistic in my treatment than the male could ever be!

The whip was applied to me constantly when Michelle was handling the reins. It seemed that her step-father had tried to rape her when she was thirteen years old and because of that, she hated all males. She tolerated Jase and Joseph because they were family, but I don't think that she ever really liked them. As for her step-father, he did a term in state prison (it was his third offense) and her Mom divorced him forthwith, never having known about the man's sordid past until long after they were married.

That Karen turned out to be gay was never a concern to Milly or Diana. As Milly said, "You turned out to be a horse!" And that seemed to settle the matter.

And if that weren't enough of the strange things that happened in our family, one of the waitresses at Milly's restaurant confessed that she had always wished she had been born as a pony, and quicker than you can blink an eye, she had become my stablemate!

*Goldie* (she was never referred to by any other name) was an orphan, never married, blonde hair, blue eyes, with a statuesque 48D-34-46 body, weighing a hundred ninety pounds on a six foot one inch frame. She was all muscle and had not one spare ounce of excess fat! She had had an older brother who got himself killed in one of the many wars the US manages to get itself into and she had inherited his GI insurance, after which she had toured Europe to, "Find myself," she told Milly.

Her tour had taken her to Paris where she had discovered an obscure book dealer on the West Bank who had shown her a book describing a secret society living on an obscure island in the Caribbean Sea that kid-napped beautiful and busty women and turned them into horses to be sold to the rich and jaded reprobates who seemed to inhabit the world.

While speaking to the owner, she discovered that there was a night club in Hamburg, Germany, that was featuring an act consisting of a woman wearing a wasp-waisted black corset, black stockings, black boots, black gloves, a black storm trooper's cap, long black hair and black make-up (eye liner, blusher, lipstick, etc.) and carrying a snappy whip that she would apply vigorously to the rump of her horse, another, much larger, woman in a horse-hide costume with a swishing tail and long nosed horse's head, wearing a bridle and a saddle, that was ridden by the first woman who, as the book store owner claimed, was an expert at dressage, the art of training a horse to execute precision movements to barely perceptible signals from its rider and to walk, trot, canter and gallop in a strictly horse manner at all times.

Of course, Goldie had immediately gone to Hamburg and sure enough, in a *nachtklub* (a nightclub) called *Die Stabile*, literally translated as *The Stable*, a most appropriate name indeed, considering the content of the act presented, Goldie found her dream.

Goldie had cajoled the women to let her try on the horse costume and that was all it took! She immediately asked where she could get a horse hide costume exactly like their's and would the woman *train* her too? The woman, Heidi von Horst, had agreed and for the next eight months, our Goldie was truly a horse be-

cause once the horse hide was laced on and the swishy tail deeply inserted, she was unable to get loose, which was of little concern to Goldie as she was getting what she had always dreamed of since she was just a child!

That her anus was deeply invaded by her new tail and that her sex and breasts were uncovered and frequently whipped by her Mistress, Heidi, and that the woman was not shy about applying her spurs to Goldie's belly, was of little concern to Goldie as it just served to remind her of her voluntary reduction to an animal's status and that she no longer had any right to the benefits of humanity!

A saddle was acquired and she quickly learned to take her new bridle's spade bit deep into her mouth and learned to disobey the tugs on the reins at her own peril.

As Heidi had promised they would be, her training methods were rigorous and physically demanding, but for the first time in her life, Goldie was happy and she reveled in being a horse.

Just as Goldie was considering becoming Heidi's second horse in the act permanently, the German immigration authorities interfered, denying her an immigration visa and thereby forcing her to return to the States, much to her utter disgust and chagrin.

Somehow Goldie had gravitated to our neck of the woods and, one evening when she was feeling no pain, had confessed to Milly her secret desires. To her credit, Milly refrained from showing her surprise, instead, she asked Goldie to tell her the whole story, which she did.

Milly had never dreamed that there might be anyone else in the world who would have the same secret

fetish that I did, but she asked if she could see Goldie's costume, which Goldie readily agreed to demonstrate.

Goldie expressed her deep regret at her forced departure from Germany and added that her fondest wish was to find someone who would keep her as a horse and treat her as a horse, for the rest of her life. At the time, Goldie was just twenty-nine years old! She is now forty-nine.

My God, how time flies!

Milly had invited Goldie to the barn with her horse costume, and Goldie willingly got into her costume. Milly laced her in, saddled her up, jumped aboard and digging her spurs cruelly into Goldie's unsuspecting sides, rode her out to the trails where she galloped Goldie until she was exhausted. She let Goldie walk slowly for a few minutes, then spurred her like the first time, forcing her to gallop all the way back to the barn!

Back at the barn, Milly unlaced Goldie and as she stood there, naked, before Milly, she permitted Milly to inspect her body minutely. Milly asked about the utter lack of hair on her body and Goldie confessed that she had been electronically depilated some time before at the request of her German Mistress, Heidi.

She was pleasantly surprised when Milly expressed her approval.

"Well, girl," Milly asked, "what did you think of that? Was that enough *horse* for you?"

"Oh, Mistress Milly," Goldie confessed breathlessly, "That was wonderful!"

"No regrets? No reservations?" Milly pressed. "You're not sorry?"

Goldie shook her head. "The only thing I was sorry for was that it had to end so soon!"

"Really? Are you sure?" Milly asked. "Before you reply, let me tell you something about myself. I am a sadistic bitch. Your comfort and well being will never be of the slightest concern to me. When you're laced into that horse hide, you cease being human. As far as I am then concerned, you are just an animal, to be used or abused, at my whim. You will live in a stall when not being used as a beast of burden. Human food will cease and you will be fed hay and grain; maybe a carrot or two and even a sugar cube from time to time. You will not be allowed to speak like a human. Instead, you will whinny and neigh like any other horse. And once I lace you in, I doubt that you'll be coming out for any time soon for any reason. Is that fully understood? Once you're a horse, there will be no going back. And no matter what I do to you, it will be done, whether you like it or not. I may even decide to brand you, and if I do, I shall use a white hot branding iron on your bare skin! And if I decide that your big tits get in the way too much, too often, I shall have them permanently removed. There will be other, more pleasant and even less pleasant surprises for you as your training progresses."

Milly stopped, waiting. Then, "Well, my girl?"

Goldie swallowed nervously, then nodded. "It's my dream come true, Mistress Milly!" she enthused softly. "It's all I have ever dreamed of and more! Yes! A thousand times, yes! I want to be a horse. . . *your* horse, to be used as you wish, in any way you wish and for as long as you wish!"

"Very well, you will have to disappear. . .

"What do you mean?"

"Just that, you have to disappear. You have to tell all your friends that you're leaving the area, but that you're not sure where you want to go. Have you any close relatives? Anyone you correspond with regularly? Anyone who might wonder if you don't communicate with them for a time?"

Goldie thought a moment. "No. . . not that I can think of. My only real friend at the restaurant is Diana, but then, she's friends with everybody."

"If you do become my horse, Diana will be riding you, and believe me, she is just as sadistic with her horses as I am!"

Goldie felt a shiver of expectant anticipation run down her spine. "My God!"

"Good! You will have two days to get ready. Put in a mail change. . ."

"I never get mail," Goldie interrupted.

"Not even advertising circulars?"

"No. I do not have a post office box and in the four months I have been at Mrs. Worth's boarding house, I have never received one letter."

"And you owe no one? Charge accounts? Bank accounts?"

"I have a bank account, but it's in Boston."

"And they don't send you monthly statements?"

Goldie shook her head. "No, I never sent them a change of address."

"Well, then, you will have to travel to Boston and close out the account. Get cash and I will take care of it. Don't worry, I have my own money and I would never dream of stealing yours!"

"If I can be your horse, I don't care what you do with it!" Goldie affirmed staunchly.

And so it was that a week and a day later, I found another horse in the stall next to mine when I was talked into being their horse.

Now I knew why Milly had been acting so funny of late!

Goldie had had some training in working in tandem with another horse while I had had none at all. But, we soon adapted and we became quite proficient when hitched together!

Goldie had never eaten grain because Heidi had given them people food, which was not going to be done by her new owners! She soon learned to snuffle the grain from her feed bag and to eat the hay in her manger, and to be content with that. After all, she had no other choice, being an owned horse!

Many times we would be saddled and taken for a canter around the property or raced for the benefit of our riders.

And the night even came when she was fastened in a special, breeding, stall and I was turned in with her. I was puzzled by this. Was I supposed to do something with her? I nudged Diana gently. "I expect you to give our Goldie a beautiful little colt, Lucky," she whispered, scratching my ears affectionately. "And I will stable the two of you together until she is with foal!"

So, after the lights were out and it was quiet in the barn, I sidled up to Goldie and nickered softly. She rubbed her nose across my lips and she stood quite still as I mounted her, wrapping my front hooves around her withers, probing between her legs, searching for that sweet orifice that I knew was waiting there!

She stomped her feet nervously, not knowing what to expect because, at her age, she was still virgin to man. I moved so that her tail was not interfering with my progress, and soon, I was *breeding* her! She squealed in outrage when I first entered her, but tied as she was, she could not avoid my thrusts!

It was glorious!

And I *bred* her twice more that same night!

The next night, she was allowed to roam free in the stall and she did not try to avoid my efforts when I mounted her and rode her to my complete exhaustion!

But, it seemed that no matter how often I bred her, how many times I mounted her for coitus, Goldie would not get pregnant!

It wasn't until years later that we discovered that she had been sterilized involuntarily at a very young age.

So much for that.

But, it was fun, fun, fun, while it lasted!

\* \* \* \* \*

## In Retrospect

We lost Milly two years ago. She was only sixty-four. She never got to enjoy her Social Security Benefits nor her grand-children as much as she would have liked, more's the pity.

I have been Lucky Burch, human, for almost four years now. When Milly contracted the same disease that had killed Ailena so many years before, Diana had gone into a tail spin. She just couldn't handle going through the same thing again! She went into deep depression and was forced to unlace me so that I could take care of things for her.

In the years since, I have often regretted becoming human again as now I have the full responsibility for myself and what I do. Before, all responsibility had been taken away from me and I just did what any horse would do. obey!

Goldie still lives in the barn and from all appearances, she is quite content with her lot. She is exercised regularly, either by Diana riding her or me hitching her to the surrey for an extended trot along the many trails and through the forests and across open fields and through streams, the spade bit and the whip guiding her effortlessly.

Diana inherited the beer bar and restaurant upon Milly's demise and she runs the place with an iron hand in her velvet glove. Because of the reputation that Milly fostered and earned, Diana has expanded the restaurant part to double its size and on weekends and holidays, she barely has enough room to serve the diners promptly. She's even thinking about adding another addition just for that over-flow!

Fortunately, she has had few complaints from the soreheads that always seem to want special treatment because they are such very important people.

They are legends in their own minds!

"Jerks!" Diana mutters.

I have an earthier term that I apply to them!

Well, not earthy. . .

Exactly. . .

More vulgar, if you catch my drift!

All in all, it has been a good life, and while I still miss my Dorothy, Diana does her best to keep me happy and to keep my mind focused on the present, not the past.

And I do my part to keep her from thinking about Ailena and Milly, although I must admit, it gets difficult sometimes!

Thank God for our children. . .

And our grand-kids.

Without them, life would be dull, dull, dull!

And so empty!

I undertook to tell this story over thirty years ago and am just now getting to the end at age fifty six. I finished my Master's Degree in English Literature shortly after I started this story and somehow, I never got back to go for my doctorate in same!

Maybe now that I have the time, I should try. . .

It couldn't hurt!

But, wait a minute, I'd be sixty years old when I finish!

Well, how old will I be if I don't go for it?

As Milly said so long ago, "I rest my case!"

Except for my own dear Mother and Mrs. Hutton, Milly was the wisest woman I ever knew.

God, how I miss her. . .

\* \* \* \* \*