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DOT COM

by Kenneth Leigh

I

My twin sister was born at ten minutes to midnight on March 31, 196- and I was born twenty one minutes later on April 1, 196-.

My twin, elder by the mere technicality of birth order was baptized Christine Angela Santori (forever after known as *Crissy One* or just plain *One*), and my baptismal name was Christian Angelo Santori (nick-named *Crissy Two* or just plain *Two* for obvious reasons)

Because she was the “elder twin,” One became the acknowledged ring-leader, so to speak. Oh, that’s not to say that I had any lack when it came to ideas, some

good and some not so good, because I was and am, and One was always willing to listen.

Our grandparents were first generation Italian, their parents emigrating from the north of Italy during the last decade of the nineteenth century while they were just kids. Subsequently, they had grown into adulthood and had moved from New York City into the eastern suburbs as soon as they realized they would be much better off where it was much less congested.

Oh, that's not to say they were afraid of New York City, far from it. Our grand parents had loved being with their own "kind" in the city, but our great grand-fathers, Santori and Cucci, were farmers and a farmer would have had a tough time raising vegetables on the Lower East Side of The City, especially when the fields were covered with concrete and paving stones!

So, they moved further out on *The Island* where each bought a farm (coincidentally right next door to one another) and settled down to raising vegetables and children.

In due time, our mother was born into the Cucci family and our father was born into the Santori family. It was only natural that our parents went to parochial school together, dated as teens and were married shortly after they turned eighteen. But, long before we were born, there was Angelo (named for our Father's oldest brother), Bernardo (named after my Mother's older brother), Carlotta (named after Great Grand-mother Cucci), Daniello (named after a friend of our Father's), Eduardo (named after another of Father's brothers), Fiorello (named after the Mayor of New York City, Fiorello LaGuardia), Gina (named after Gina Lollobrigida, Mother's favorite actress), Heberto (again named for a distant relative), Ignacio (ditto Heberto),

Joseph (named after St. Joseph and Carlotta's dead son), Kiara (no reason), Loretta (after Loretta Lynn, the country singer), Maria Antoinette (for the Queen), Paolo (after St. Paul), Carmine (after Carmine Bassillio, the boxer), and finally, Christiana Angela and myself, Christiano Angelo. Why Christine and Christiano is anyone's guess. Maybe because we were baptized as *Christians*? That's as good a reason as any! The Angelo and Angela were picked because we were such angels!

Now, before you start to point out my "mistakes," let me try to explain a bit. Our parents had originally started out naming us all alphabetically after famous persons or relatives, but they couldn't think of a good "N" or "O" name, so skipped right to 'P' and then sort of just sort of lost interest in the alphabet.

Before you get all excited about the similarity of names between me and my oldest brother, let me point out that my middle name was in honor of my Uncle Angelo who was my father's older brother, while my oldest brother, Angelo, had been named after my grandfather Cucci. Angela was named Angela more as an after-thought because our mother thought it would be *cute* to have the twins' names sound alike, which only added to the confusion later in life. Besides, Mother added, "They are both such darling angels!"

And, being descendants of north Italian stock, all of us were blonde, blue-eyed and sort of slender, if you get what I mean. Even both sets of our grandparents and all four of our great grandparents were blonde and blue-eyed, and none of their physical sizes had changed from what they had been young adults in their early twenties! As far as our grandparents and great grandparents could remember, there had only been one dark haired, dark eyed, family member and he

was a bastard (Great Grandmother's epithet!) born of a Sicilian man and one of her sisters who had fallen in love with him, then married him and moved to Sicily. She had become the family outcast and none dared speak of her where Great Grandmother could hear!

By the time Cris and I came along, our parents were in their late forties and had built a huge house on a farm very close to their parents' farms that they had bought many years before our birth. Room was not a problem. When needed, they had just built on to the original house. Then, as the older ones married and moved into their own homes, existing rooms became available for the next in line, until by the time we came along, there was a private bedroom for each child.

Hard cash was the big problem. The country was embroiled in the Viet Nam War, our older brothers were in the army, the navy and the marines, and labor was in short supply. Those too young to serve in the military worked for our father and he paid them the going wage. The labor that was available locally was either too high-priced or consisted of some itinerant Mexicans who were in the country illegally. I will say this about our Mexican workers, they were hard, reliable people and they earned every dollar they were paid! And because we treated them with respect and dignity, the same families returned to us year after year.

Anyway, as I said, cash money was in short supply and our fore-bears being of peasant stock, nothing was ever wasted.

And I do mean *nothing!*

Clothes were handed down from child to child and family to family, and if it fit you even half-way decently, it was yours! And so it was that most of the

hand-me-downs that dribbled down to my sister and me were originally meant for girls. Ten of our older siblings were married and had children of their own — all girls! Except for one boy - me! The rest of our parents' brothers and sisters were also married and all had children, all girls! There had been one boy named Joseph (mentioned earlier), born to our older sister, Lottie (Carlotta), but he had died of birth related complications shortly after he was born. To this very day, the family memorializes and commemorates him on his birthday, July 4th! Lottie says that all the fireworks and other celebrations are the least the world can do to remember her boy!

I think Lottie is a bit soft in the head.

To continue. . .

Being an obedient child, I wore what was given to me and thought nothing of it. After all, all my cousins were in the same boat, except for the oldest ones who usually got the new things when they out-grew what they had been wearing! To be fair, mother gave me the jeans that the older girls had out-grown, but they were all girls' jeans, meaning they had reversed flies, or zipped on the side, or zipped in the rear, or had no pockets, or had some combination of the foregoing. And, as Mother said, "If they fit, they're yours!" And believe you me, there was no argument when Mother spoke!

The underwear was all girls' too. But, never having known anything but satin and nylon panties and under shirts with a little bow in the front, I wore what I was given and lived with it. After all, what good would it have done to complain? No good at all!

Besides, what did I know? I was just a dumb kid.

Money was not a big problem to any of us when we were smaller children because we seldom had need of anything that couldn't be supplied by our parents, but by the time we got to be ten or so, we discovered a whole world out there that had lots of goodies to whet a child's appetite and create a need for spendable cash.

We were never paid for doing our chores around the house, and by the time we were born, work in the fields had become mostly mechanized. Since our parents and grandparents would not trust us smaller kids to handle their expensive farming machinery, we had lots of time on our hands. Some of our cousins became quite light-fingered when "shopping," and several not only got caught, but were banned from those stores *and* were severely punished besides.

Being the youngest of our tribe, Cris and I took a page from our older, wiser cousins' notebooks and kept our hands to ourselves. We were called *stupid* (among other things not as suitable for print), but then again, we never had to be worried about our parents finding out about our misdeeds because we never did anything to be afraid for!

Shortly before we turned ten, our Parochial School burned to the ground. The fire inspector traced the cause to the outdated electrical wiring (original to the school, built in 1908!) that had been gnawed by mice (or rats and other rodents) living in the old framework.

So, that spring all us Catholic kids were enrolled in the local elementary school, making the classrooms so over-crowded that we were split into two sessions, mornings for some of us and afternoons for the others. We (Cris and I) were placed in the same morning session classes, leaving us at loose ends in the afternoons. And since we had always been the other's best friend,

this was to our liking. Ever since we were babies, Cris and I had slept together and as we grew up, we saw no reason to change our habits. To be fair, Mom put us in separate bedrooms when we were eight, but we got around that easily. Our bedrooms were right next door to each other and our closets adjoined. We cut a hole between the closets and did what we always did, sleep together. No, there was never anything sexual between us. We just wanted the warmth and companionship of close physical contact.

Anyway, the townies' school board and the Catholic governors decided to merge their school districts, and immediately let contracts to clean up the old site and start building a new school later that same spring for both Catholics and townies, which we thought was a good idea as we had made several new friends among the townies we would never had known had we continued to be *segregated* by something as trivial as our religions!

Speaking of religion, when we were nine years old, One and I were confirmed in the Catholic Church. I didn't care about religion all that much, but Momma said, "Go!" And we all went, including Poppa. One and I had nice voices and sang in the church choir every Sunday. I didn't mind that because the robes were ankle length and covered us adequately. Then, we started to attend catechism classes and went through with the ceremony, before God and our relatives and all the rest of the parishioners. I mean, how often do you get to see a boy being confirmed in a dress exactly like his sister's? Not very often, I can tell you.

Previously, we had inherited two identical white lace over white satin confirmation dresses from two of our twin cousins, and God forbid that those beautiful

dresses go to waste! So there I was, wearing the same dress as One with the same white nylon stockings and white little girl shoes with baby one and a half inch heels, white nylon underwear (with my bra slightly padded to match One!), two stiff petticoats, white lace gloves and a sort of boater hat (white, natch!) with a net veil (also white) covering my face and shoulders. Momma added some light make-up to my face and squirted me with her favorite perfume and we were off to the races!

I was less than enthused about the whole situation, wearing girls' clothes was nothing new, it was just the idea that this time I would be wearing a dress with all the accouterments! In public yet! Always before it had been girls' trousers or shorts or such and on those several occasions I had worn a dress, it was in private with only our immediate family present to see me.

But, I did as I was told. I mean, I was only nine years old, hardly in a position to protest! You see, I did not want to have a prolonged and pain-filled session over Momma's knee, then have to appear in public anyway and with red, swollen eyes to boot! That would have been more embarrassing than just wearing the dress! Besides, every member of our extended family had seen me wearing girls' clothes ever since I had been a baby and not one of them ever thought any the less of me nor the situation! After all, almost every one of them had been the victims (recipients) of hand-me-down thrift syndrome when they too had been children!

The priest was some taken aback when he announced *Master Christian Angelo Santori*, and this beautiful little girl stood and daintily minced forward! But, since the Santori and Cucci families were a major

part of the congregation and always contributed generously to the Church when it was in need, he swallowed his objections somewhat and confirmed me.



He thought that he had had his revenge when he confirmed me as *Miss Christian Angela Santori*, much to One's hilarious delight. Almost the entire congregation roared with laughter, greatly enjoying the joke.

Except for our Momma whose face showed her darkened displeasure.

But, dear Momma was never one to hold a grudge.

She just got even, even if it took her years to accomplish her ends.

Our Momma had the patience of a saint and since she knew that she would eventually

have her way, she just went on with her life until the opportunity should present itself. Then, and only then, would she act, swiftly and decisively! And so it was that this priest who had embarrassed her in front of her whole congregation, unknowingly though it was, found himself being transferred to another parish in a much more primitive area, before too many more weeks had passed.

I mean, he soon developed saddle sores in reaching many of his new parishioners!

I often wonder if he even knew why he was transferred so abruptly to the farthest, most primitive rural regions of our United States. I mean, he had only been our parish priest for less than a year when he got the bum's rush. Many priests look forward to being a parish priest in one area for the rest of their lives, unless they get promoted to Monsignor or even higher, and they are more than content to serve God in this way. Father Germaine, however, made a big mistake when he inadvertently insulted Momma and pissed her off royally!

So, take a note dear reader, never piss off a little old lady, it could be devastating to your career, especially if she wields the power our Momma did!

One result of our Confirmation proved to be less than pleasant, in my estimation. When the choir director saw how pretty One and I were in our white dresses, she arranged for us to sing a duet psalm every week, much to Momma's delight. One didn't care all that much. After all, she *was* already a girl! And she loved singing. Me? I had to admit that I liked harmonizing with One, but I was less than enthusiastic about the whole idea because the director wanted us to sing while wearing some white dresses! But, when our Momma said, "Do it, or else!", I did it and I tried my best to be as convincing a girl as I could be. I guess I had succeeded quite well because, eventually, very few people could even remember that Two was really a genetic boy in his panties! Or, if they did, they never voiced their opinions aloud where our Momma could hear!

Getting on with the story, One and I, being adventuresome, as well as nosy, kids, started to hang out at our new school construction site to see what was going on. We over heard some of the workers griping about the lack of a diner or snack bar in the area, and we got the bright idea of providing coffee and donuts and sandwiches to the men when they went on break.

And that was when we came up with the idea of *Coffee, Mate?*

Like I said, we were ten years old and just on the verge of puberty, which meant that we were "rounding out" and getting "curves" in all the right places, especially One! And since she was of Italian extraction, she was beginning to look more and more like our sisters

Lottie and Kiara and Toni with every passing day. No, not her face, but her ripening body!

Picture two kids wearing last years' cut off, too snug short shorts and tight tee-shirts with various sayings printed on them, pulling their little red wagons filled with coffee urns and piles of sandwiches and plastic bags of fresh donuts at just the right time for the men's lunch and afternoon breaks. One had encouraged me to let my hair grow out to confuse our teachers at school, and as a result, with me wearing the same outfits she did, we looked exactly like two nubile girls hawking our products!

Needless to say, that first time we sold out in mere minutes and were forced to beat a hasty retreat, but not before we had promised to return later with more coffee and donuts and sandwiches! At the afternoon break, we kept our earlier promise and showed up with twice as much coffee and three times as many donuts and sandwiches, and were sold out in less than fifteen minutes! Even when we went back home to replenish our supply and hustled our little tails back to our stand, we were still sold out in less time than it takes to tell the tale!

We had been so successful that we then redoubled our stock the next noon, and we still couldn't keep up with their demands for more! Naturally, we redoubled again, but again, it wasn't enough! We always seemed to run out, it just took a little longer, that's all.

Still, over a thousand men working on one building can drink an awful lot of coffee and eat a bunch of donuts and sandwiches, especially when they could buy the food from two cute little girls who laughed at all their corny jokes. One and I knew instinctively just how far we could go and still be safe!

This went on for a week, our coffee, donuts and sandwiches selling out every time!

That's when Uncle Angelo entered the picture. *Someone* had complained about those *local kids selling without a permit!* And that was illegal in *someone's* mind. One and I knew it was just jealousy because *someone* hadn't thought of it first! Since our Uncle Angelo was a member of the town board, he was able to get us a permit to sell our food, and offered us the use of an old carnival trailer he owned that could be permanently parked at the construction site and locked up every night. He got us all the right equipment to make coffee in wholesale lots, as well as the materials so that we could make the sandwiches fresh for the men right on the spot. No more messing up Momma's kitchen with the makings mess! Donuts we had to take from the plastic packages with little squares of waxed paper, but that was no big deal and our customers didn't mind. The only other thing we had to do was wear hair nets inside the carnival trailer and plastic gloves for sanitation. Piece a' cake!

And business boomed! Especially when we started letting the men run tabs that they had to honor on payday. And that added to our sales considerably. We were only "stuck" once and that was a man who had fallen from a crane boom and taken to the hospital. And even then, we weren't really stuck because another one of the man's coworkers paid for him, and when he came back to work the following year, he came right over and paid his debt again. Then we had a heckuva time in convincing the man who had paid us originally into taking his money back. He refused point blank, so we more or less forced him to take free soda pop and ice cream instead, which he finally agreed to do, though he was extremely reluctant about it.

When we were finally forced to close down that first year in late October when it got too cold for us to wear our short shorts, we had grossed over twelve thousand dollars, and our net was almost eighty-seven hundred dollars which we split three ways, One, myself, and Uncle Angelo for the use of his carnival trailer and helping us get the things we needed to carry on.

Since it was too cold for us little kids to work out in the elements, we sold *Coffee, Mate?* to the Sanford sisters, two older teenaged girls who thought they could make a go of it during the winter, which was all right with us because we were getting tired of the food business. Part of the deal was that we would not go back into the coffee and sandwich business while the school was being built.

However, by late spring when it was warm again, we were itching for action and we were once more at the construction site, only this time we were hawking ice cream-on-a-stick and ice cream bars, and ice cold soda pop. We would have made more of a killing with ice cold beer except for two things - we were too young to get a beer permit and the men were forbidden to drink alcohol while on the job. So maybe it was just as well.

Business was brisk as most of the men remembered us from the year before. The workers had quickly become less than enamored with the Sanford girls who were a little less than honest with their worker customers. They used day old bread and stale buns and they bought the cheapest sandwich fillings and hot dogs they could buy and they stinted on that too. Their selection had been limited to half-cooked hot dogs, baloney and P.B.& J.'s with just a dab of mustard or ketchup, and that was it. Also, their coffee was of an in-

ferior brand and it was usually burned or full of grounds or cold or some combination of all three.

And, unlike us, they had refused point blank to carry any of the workers on the cuff until their payday, something that we had found increased our business dramatically. They were also short-changing the guys every chance they got, which the men resented greatly, and they started paying with exact change for whatever they bought. I guess when you're less than honest yourself, you naturally think that everyone else is as crooked as you are, and you trust no one.

One and I, on the other hand, had been taught to be honest with people and that most people are basically honest if you give them a chance and treat them with respect.

If, however, someone burns you once, you are either twice shy or you avoid them entirely.

The upshot of all the foregoing was that the Sanford sisters were slowly going broke, while we, with our ice cream and soda, were doing a land-office business. They tried to curb our sales by claiming that they had bought all selling rights at the site from us and that we were encroaching on their right to sell. So our Uncle Frank explained to them that since we had only promised to stay out of the coffee and sandwich and hot dog business, and that ice cream and soda pop were not technically food items, but were more of snack items which were not covered under the agreement we had made with them and therefore we had the right to be on the site!

So, there we were, One and I, yelling at the tops of our voices, "Get'cha ice cold soda pop and ice cream bars and ice-cream-on-a-stick here! Come 'n get it!" With our sweet young soprano coaxing, we soon had

them flocking to get relief from the heat. We were just two nubile *girls* in their snug short shorts and tight cut-off T-shirts and our saddle shoes, dragging wagons filled with soda pop and ice cream bars and ice cream-on-a-stick, and since that was one of the hottest summers on record, we hustled back and forth from our supplier de Georgio's Market (he was our sister Daniello's husband and he sold us ice cream and soda pop at greatly reduced rates because we took so much of it) several times a day to replenish our wares. We were his best ice cream customers and we bought so much that he had to increase his orders to over four times his usual amount because of our ever increasing demands, thus earning him an even greater discount from the manufacturer, which he passed partially on to us!

That did not make us any friends in the Sanford clan and the girls soon folded their tent and went away. Where? Who cared? Certainly not One and me!

But before they disappeared, we bought back the coffee and sandwich business from the Sanfords for a hundred dollars and expanded our sales dramatically! As we had before, we allowed the men to run tabs with the understanding that they would honor them on payday and it worked quite well. I think we only got stuck twice, both times by men who had been fired for pilferage, a pseudonym for stealing from the company!

We no longer had to make sandwiches or cook hot dogs and hamburgers because we had hired our sisters Toni and Loretta to be cooks. One and I just either kept on the run replenishing supplies or helped make sandwiches and pour soda pop into those little cups, and waited for the customers to come around. And they always came around! What man could ignore four nubile

girls in their too snug short shorts wiggling and jiggling their round little butts while their revealing halters with their bouncing contents distracted them?

Certainly not the construction men we knew!

Most of the time, the guys were crowded around the front of the trailer and this kept the guys in the rear from buying, so we set up a couple of picnic tables so the ones who had their purchases could sit down, a subtle reminder to get out of the way!

Our profits at the end of the second season of selling far exceeded our first by three times again and involved much less work on our part, which was greatly appreciated no end by One and myself! Even after sharing the profits five ways with our sister's and Uncle Angelo, One and I made out like bandits!

Our goal of earning spending money had far exceeded our wildest dreams, but if you think we were allowed to go on a spending spree, you can just forget about that! Our parents (no doubt egged on by our brother-in-law, Maurice, our sister Carlotta's husband)(he was the loan officer at *The Island Bank*), insisted that we put our money into a savings account that was to be called *The Twin's Higher Education Fund!*

We were encouraged (forced!) to add to it, but were forbidden to take from it!

To be completely honest, our parents did let us keep a whole hundred dollars apiece.

Whoopie!

Be still my heart!

One and I were overjoyed!

And yet, the lessons of thrift that our parents had imposed upon us as children had been so deeply ingrained in our personae, and the out-grown, hand-me-down possessions of others in our extended family so prolific at keeping us pretty well supplied with toys and books and almost everything else, meant that we had money that we didn't know how to spend, nor what to spend it on! After all, we had worked hard to get that money and that one fact alone put a whole different light on the situation than when we used to beg change from our parents to buy what we wanted!

Very little else had changed though. Oh, the school was finally built and *Coffee, Mate?* closed down permanently. I can't say that One and I were too disappointed; serving soda pop and ice cream and coffee and sandwiches had gotten old fast.

We were going to school every day now, but we still had too much time on our hands after school and we needed something else of a constructive nature to keep us busy and out of the mischief that many of our cousins got into just because they had nothing to occupy their active little minds. We asked around and saw the need of a great many parents for day and or night child care.

That was when One and I got the bright idea for *Wee Watch*, a baby-sitting service! We were soon booked solid straight through the coming holidays and right up until Valentine's Day! And still we got calls for sitters. We enlisted the services of some of our more reliable cousins, securing the jobs and charging them a dime an hour for getting them the jobs. Now a dime isn't all that much, but you multiply that by four or five hours per girl per night, and with six girls on our call list of some eighty families, we made out OK.

Then some of our sitters had too much money to spend and it went to their heads. Once we had eliminated the greedy ones, some others of them started to complain that their weekends were all taken up by sitting jobs, leaving them very little personal time. So they dropped out so they could date and improve their social life. . .

“Let someone else work and let them spend their money on us,” one of them told me. I thought that was a pretty short-sighted view of the world, but I let it go. Better to let her go her way than to keep her on unwillingly and get complaints from our customers!

Momma Santori never raised no fools!

Fortunately, with all our sisters and girl cousins and some of their more reliable girl friends (and to be honest, four or five of the girls’ brothers who could be trusted), we had more than enough bodies to keep our business going and darned if we didn’t expand. It seems there are always more babies and young children to be watched than there are sitters to watch them, and our Church congregation was as efficient at producing babies as they were with everything else they accomplished!

Yes, I was one of the *girls*. Since I dressed in girls’ clothing anyway, people had soon forgotten that I was a boy under all that camouflage, and I was treated as a girl by everyone of our customers. Soon, One and I developed our favorite families and stuck with them, even though we charged them a stiff premium for our exclusive services.

My favorite family was the Frosters, a family of two girls, a small boy and their parents. The older of the girls, Tanya, was going on eleven (a year younger than me), and like Cris, was beginning to show her feminine

physiology with a vengeance, her hormones raging through her body like a house on fire!

Like most of the parents in our immediate area, the Frosters, senior, had completely forgotten that I was a boy under my female clothing, but Tanya hadn't! I was under strict orders to see that the younger two were in bed by eight, while Tanya was allowed to stay up until ten or so. To Tanya, that meant that she could set her own bed time!

I never could understand why the Frosters hired me to watch their kids when they had a built-in baby-sitter in Tanya. But, the money was good, and besides, I was being quite amply paid for my services in more ways than one!

Anyway, Tanya waited until I had seen to the younger children's preparations for bed and had tucked them in, when she sprang her hidden agenda on me. I was to take care of her needs in any and every way she could think of and I was to keep quiet or she would expose me, among other, more dire, threats.

I was trapped.

And she knew it.

That was about the time that *Upstairs/Downstairs* was enjoying its run on television and she decided that I would make a good maid for her. She just brushed all my objections aside with a wave of her fingers, nonchalantly and cavalierly dismissing my fearful concerns out of hand. I had no choice but to obey.

At first, it was sort of fun to have to address her as "Miss Tanya," or if she were in a less than pleasant mood, "Miss Froster." But then she began to make added demands on me. I had to bring her drinks and snacks and sandwiches on a tray, when she got the

“brilliant(?)” idea that I should curtsy to her whenever I spoke to her or when she was making a demand of me.

That wasn't so bad until she demanded that I obtain a suitable costume to wear while I was serving as her maid. And wouldn't you know, she had it all picked out! So after that, when her parents would leave for the night and the littler ones were in bed, I was forced to dress in my maid's uniform and serve my new Mistress. Yes, she demanded that I call her “Mistress” or else. And I fully realized what she meant by *or else!*

Momma Santori didn't never raise no fools!

She had, however, inadvertently created a transvestite who had been trapped by a girl barely older than himself. Actually, I was a submissive transvestite as I had been taught from the cradle to respect my elders and especially my female elders and to think of girls and females as the weaker sex.

Whoever came up with that idea had not an inkling of what he was talking about! Momma Santori may have been just under five foot tall, but when she said, “Jump!” your only response was, “How high, Momma?”

Back to Tanya, one thing led to another, and soon I was helping Tanya get ready for bed, which led to me giving her a bath like I did her younger brother and sister, which led to me lying down with her until she went to sleep, which led to. . . oh, you know perfectly well where it led! I don't have to draw you a road map, do I? I didn't think so.

Tanya was a budding lesbian and as far as she was concerned, we were just two girls doing what two girls do to happyfy each other.

Complain?

Me?

Dunbesilly!

I loved her mouth between my legs just as much or maybe a bit more than she loved my mouth between hers!

Eventually, Tanya, loathe to keep a good thing (me!) to herself, introduced me to some of her girl-friends and I found myself in the enviable(?) position of having more date requests than I could possibly handle, and every one of them, being close friends of Tanya, wanted the same thing from me that I gave her!

It was a darn good thing that school work came easy for me as between school and baby-sitting, and baby-sitting and dates, I was burning the candle at all three ends until my Mother put a stop to the dating, declaring that I could only date on Friday and Saturday evenings, unless I had to baby sit. Since I was baby-sitting the Froster kids every Friday and Saturday nights, this cut down dramatically on my required services (dates) with the other girls.

I became, if you please (even if you don't please!) Tanya's personal property and that of whichever girl friend she happened to invite to sleep over for that night. I was caught right in the middle. And the three times I refused, I was *or elsed* good! She spanked me soundly until I was ready to do anything to get her to stop. It took three more trips over her lap, but I did learn to do as I was told and thereby avoid her fury. I realized that I was in no position to complain, and I didn't, even if I had wanted to, which I didn't! After a while, that is.

This went on for three years, until she turned sixteen when she moved into *The Village* with her current girl-lover and become a high-fashion model for some clothing company there.

As you might have suspected, One and I were becoming bored to tears with the baby-sitting business, and one evening we over-heard Uncle Angelo complaining to our father about the slipshod work the cleaning crews were doing in The Projects in getting the vacated units cleaned and ready for a new occupant. It wasn't so much that they ignored a lot of the hidden dirt, it was the fact that they took so long to do an apartment that galled him!

And since One and I were used to doing housework anyway, and, as I have already said, we were bored silly with baby-sitting, it sounded like an easy way to make money. And thus, *Kleenz-A-Whistle* was born. We badgered Uncle Angelo until he agreed to give us a chance. We looked the job over that he had assigned to us and we figured we could get the place ready in less than eight hours. Uncle Angelo said we were crazy because the crew he had now took three full eight hour days to do a unit even half-way presentable and there were four of them in a crew!

So, we made him a deal - if he didn't like our work, he didn't have to pay us.

To make a long story short, we worked our little tails off and were done in just under the eight hours we had estimated. When we called Uncle Angelo, he scoffed at us and told us that if we couldn't hack the mustard, we shouldn't have got involved in the first place. Still, he agreed to give the place the once-over. He was about floored when he saw the sparkling unit and we were hired on the spot at a rate that was quite a

bit more than the previous crew. And the city would furnish all the cleaning supplies. Plus, we got a bonus if we had to do any patching of the walls or painting or fixing something that was broken.

So, we did a unit in a day and a half, working after school, and another unit on Saturday (Sunday was reserved for Church and family)(Momma's orders!) and within a couple of weeks, we had the backlog all cleared up, much to Uncle Angelo's pleased amazement.

And he wasn't a bit surprised that I wore dresses and "sensible" shoes the same as Cris when I worked. After all, being a member of the family, he had seen me in girls' clothes since I was a baby! His six daughters had contributed more than their fair share of hand-me-downs to the twins!

The problem was, what to do about *Wee Watch*.

Again, we turned to the Santori and Cucci cousins and found someone to take over. It surely pays to come from a large extended family like ours. We sold all rights to *Wee Watch* to our cousin, Judy DeAngelo, for one dollar to make things legal, according to Uncle Angelo. Once she got situated and had learned the ropes, we sort of sat back and assumed a kind of "Proprietary Interest" in our former business.

When we got all caught up with the Project units, we had all sorts of time on our hands, *again*. So, always itching to conquer new horizons (so to speak), we started leaving notices on the bulletin boards of the local churches, the grocery stores, the beauty parlors, the barber shops, the garages, the restaurants, even some of the better watering holes (bars, gin mills and saloons), community centers, anywhere there was a place to post our notices.

KLEENZ-A-WHISTLE

ARE YOU TOO BUSY TO DO A PROPER CLEAN-
ING

OF YOUR HOME OR BUSINESS?

IF SO, WHY NOT CALL US? WE WILL DO IT
FOR YOU AT REASONABLE RATES.

PROFESSIONAL RESULTS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

REFERENCES FURNISHED.

CALL 555-1331
FOR AN APPRAISAL

And after a few discouraging phone calls that led nowhere, the deluge started! Soon, we had more jobs than we could handle, many of the requests coming from people we knew from Church, so once again we turned to our cousins for help, and we began to clean up in more ways than one! We soon had four crews working full time around our area and it was all One and I could do to keep things straight.

We had gotten too big for our panties too fast. We were over-whelmed! Fortunately for us, the Nam fiasco was winding down and our older brothers began to re-

turn, to find a dearth of jobs waiting for them. So Cris and I talked it over between ourselves, then approached two of our brothers and offered to sell the business to them as we would be going off to university in a few months. We offered to stick around and advise them for a few weeks to get them started.

To say the least, they jumped at the chance!

I said "sell," but no, no real money changed hands, just the usual dollar bill. They were family, you see!

It was the first summer since we were ten that Cris and I could just lay around and do practically nothing. We figured we had earned a vacation after over seven years of nothing but work, and besides, we could afford it! We had more than enough money to pay for our college education and our books and study materials and room and board and anything else we might need while there, and besides, we had worked our little tails off to get this far!

We deserved that vacation!

In spades.

And we were not one bit bashful about taking it either!

So, in late August after a summer spent in rediscovering Long Island and what it had to offer, Cris and I said our goodbyes to one another, reluctantly. It would be the first time in our whole lives that we were separated for more than five minutes at a time and separated by several states besides, me going to the Boston area and Cris going to Washington, D.C.!

With some of my extra money, I bought boy's clothes that were brand new, for the first time in my life and began living as a boy. I made a few faux pas

but I don't think anyone saw me. If they did, they never said anything.

Anyway, the main reason I tried to be a boy was my new roommate. I was assigned to a dorm room with another boy my age, William Wilhelm Williams from up-state, near Augusta, Maine, I think. At first, I kind of thought Willie was a bit strange, but kept my mouth shut. It's always better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool, than to speak up and remove all doubt! As I have explained several times previously, our Momma Santori didn't never raise no fools! Besides, it was Willie's first time away from home and I thought he might just be shy and lonesome, and a typical nerd. I know I was. . .

And if I had thought he was so all-fired strange, why did my knees get all shaky and my heart go pit-a-pat and my vision get all blurred and my hands shake like crazy and my skin get all goose-bumpy and I had begin to stammer and blush redder than a fire engine when first I saw him? Yeah, he acted the same way as I quickly saw, but I put it down to just plain old-fashioned nervousness at meeting a stranger.

..

Anyway, we were both enrolled in computer science and other math related classes and during our assigned projects, we made some theoretic breakthroughs and design improvements in electronic circuitry that we patented and sold to one of the bigger electronic companies we found way up the Charles River from us for a great deal of *e pluribus uranium!*

This inspired us to try some other innovations in circuitry design, and lo and behold, they worked too, and we sold those rights to the same big electronics company up the Charles River. And that was the start

of it. As time went by, we discovered other minor breakthroughs, and some not so minor, in system programming and designed a computer game that challenged one's imagination and with the money we already had from our previous patents, we started our own company, *Whatzit4?* to manufacture them.

At that same time, we got too big for the dorms, and at the start of our sophomore year, with a little help from my brother-in-law, Maurice, at *The Island Bank* in the way of a major loan, we rented a small building in the city where we could produce our software products and have space to live too. It was six blocks from the University and with our new ten speed bikes, we could get around readily. We turned the ground floor into a sort of factory and remodeled the second into our personal living quarters. We had two large bedrooms, a kitchen/dining area, a living room, and two huge rooms we could use as our personal living space.

We started producing our games and selling them to some of the electronics stores in the Greater Boston area, and when that proved to be successful, we expanded our efforts into the NYC area, and with both areas firmly in hand, so to speak, we eventually moved on into the Philadelphia and the Washington, D.C. areas as well.

Success!

Orders and reorders began to trickle in, then more and more and finally, they just poured in and there was no way we could keep up!.

Nor could we continue with our educations and run the damn business at the same time, so we decided to take on some extra help.

At first, the downstairs factory had just the one table where we and our four helpers assembled our products. But, orders piled up faster than we could produce and since we kept adding to our product line with other software application programs, we were soon forced to set up a second and then a third table. That led to us hiring a couple more geeks from the University who needed an extra income to survive, and still the orders gained on us. So we hired two more geeks, added another table, then two more geeks and another table, then two more and another table, then two more and another table, and we soon had crammed the ground floor with tables and workers, and still we were getting behind on orders!

So, we rented the building next door, a four story, brick building with a loading dock that we had not had originally, and we converted the first and second floors into production areas. With the workers and all, and the sales, and the record keeping, and the taxes (don't ever forget the taxes! The taxman always has his hand out for anything he can get!) meant we had to hire an accountant and a general manager. So we hired one of the MBA candidates from our University, a Ms Paula Mae Kruntz to fill both positions (she seemed awfully familiar to me, and I had the strangest feeling that I had met her at one time and that caused me to have some grave reservations about her). But since she was a friend of Willie's, I kept my thoughts to myself. She cleared out space on the third floor and set up an office, well, she set up a series of offices, and it was well that she did because we soon had use for them! I mean, after all, as general manager, Ms Kruntz just had to have a secretary or two!

Anyway, we got big enough to be noticed by the electronics industry movers and shakers and thus we

received an invitation to attend the annual trade convention in Chicago to show our stuff. Willie and I figured it would be a bad idea if we were both absent at the same time, so we tossed a coin for it. I called tails!

I lost.

The second day Willie was gone (a Saturday), I was just hanging around the apartment when I got the brilliant idea of cleaning the joint — as a maid, complete with all accessories! And I was really enjoying myself as I worked away, and I soon had my bedroom and personal space and our shared areas spick and span. So I decided to clean Willie's place.

What a slob!

His bed hadn't been made in weeks. His dirty clothes were piled up all over his bedroom and the cups that had been steadily disappearing from our kitchen suddenly reappeared in his office, some with coffee in them, some with something that had once been coffee, some with other beverages or soup or whatever, and spoons, and plates, and bowls, and empty beer cans — yes, it was a helluva mess!

Being a sort of neat freak, I soon had his office area straightened out and turned my attentions to his bedroom. Soon, his dirty clothes were started washing and I turned my efforts to his bed. The mattress was all bent down on the one side, so I decided to flip it and turn it to even up the wear.

Well, my intentions were good.

And yes, I know the old saw about good intentions.

..

Anyway, under his mattress were some magazines, but magazines I had never seen the likes of in my entire life. They were all about transvestism and

transsexualism with names like *Chix with Dicks* and *Gurls with a little Extra* and *You'd Be Surprised!* and *You Never know!*

Now I'm not that dumb by any means that I don't know that what I do when dressed in my feminine finery is called transvestism and when I have thoughts of what it would be like to be a real girl, it's called Transsexualism or Transgenderism, I just never thought these sort of things would be photographed and put out in magazine form! I sat there and looked through every one of those magazines, my eyes filled with wonder as I realized that I was not the only male who had ever dressed in female clothing and liked it!

And to compound my amazement, some of the pages were stuck together and many others had suspicious stains on them. And I knew what caused those stains!

Anyway, I left the books where I had found them, and I don't think they were in the same spots that I had found them in, but I figured he wouldn't notice.

Willie was amazed when he returned and found his area had been cleaned and he hurried into his bedroom and I could hear him rummaging around. When he came out, I could see that he was blushing with relief and I knew he had discovered his magazines. He thought I had missed them when changing his sheets.

So, I said nothing to him about it, merely began hammering him with questions about the convention and he soon forgot all about them. Still, the next time I looked, he had moved the magazines to another, safer, location!

And even though I was getting a deeper insight into Willie's secret life, we still were only existing together,

except for our research and improvements in electronic circuitry!

From then on, every time Willie would be absent for any length of time, I was the house maid and had fun cleaning and all and playing at being *Little* Suzy Homemaker! I don't think Willie ever knew that I wore girls' clothing when he was away. I do believe that it wouldn't have mattered to me if he had, but I didn't think then that I would ever know for sure.

Soon after acquiring the second building, we lost our lease on the first to a greedy landlord and moved everything to the second building. To forestall losing our lease again, we negotiated with the owner of our new building and bought it outright.

Then, as I have said, the third floor became offices for Ms Kruntz and the accountant she subsequently found at the University, a Mr. Horace Pristy, a somewhat stand-offish, sissyish sort of male with slicked back hair and a fussy little moustache and a superior air. Still, he was efficient and had our accounts all straightened out in no time. He had so much time on his hands that he started to do some of the sales work for Ms Kruntz, making short work of it with his quick mind and flying fingers on the typewriter keyboard!

Ms Kruntz and Mr. Pristy made a pretty good team, and more and more Willie and I gave them the responsibility of overseeing the whole shebang.

Business was so good, we decided to hire a salesman, another MBA student from the University, a Mr. Jonathon Blake, a friend of Ms Kruntz and an even closer friend of Mr. Pristy. Ms Kruntz arranged for the second floor to be converted into more factory space and soon had the place filled with busy little ant workers, turning out our products at a prodigious rate.

Then we had a problem with our shipper (he thought he wasn't getting enough money), so we bought two vans, hired two drivers to do our own deliveries and, much to our amazement, even with the added cost of the vans and the drivers, we were delivering our product for almost half what the original shipper had charged us!

And our delivery time increased dramatically. What had taken three or four days before, became next day delivery within the first three hundred miles, with two or three days, maximum, for anywhere else east of the Mississippi!

Like I said, those offices Ms Kruntz created were soon filled with order takers, sales persons, accountants, secretaries and such, all working feverishly to make our business a roaring success, which they did, in spades.

In the meantime, Willie and I had moved into the fourth floor after having it remodeled to suit our needs, patterning it after our original digs, only this time, we had our own private apartments where we concentrated on research and development and attended classes. By now, we were both doctoral candidates at the University and rolling in dough up to our ears. We had long since paid off our debt to Maurice, and our savings accounts (at least mine) was growing by leaps and bounds. I don't know what Willie was doing with his money, but my share of the profits went into my savings account, thereby continuing to work steadily for me!

About that time, I discovered some TV and TS clubs in the *Combat Zone* and began to drop in on a few of them occasionally, usually dressed as a fashionable lady from up-town. Then, one night, I saw Willie talk-

ing to one of the transvested patrons and I beat a hasty retreat before he saw me.

I said nothing to him about seeing him, and I don't know if he saw me because he never mentioned where he had been. That was the only time I ever saw him even though I became a frequent visitor to most these clubs. It was some months later before I knew why.

No, I don't know why we were so secretive with one another. We just seemed to be drifting apart except for an occasional meeting on research projects, and our socialization away from work dropped to less than nothing.

I mean, except for around the office, I never saw Willie at all.

I don't know why, but I had started wearing boy-cut female clothes overtly again. My trousers were the ones that zipped up the back or on the side, and invariably, had no pockets. My shirts once more closed on the wrong side or in back and my suits became women's power suits (minus the skirts!). I don't believe anyone noticed because no one ever said.

How naive I was at the time!

Naturally, my underwear had always been nylon or satin because I rather enjoyed the feel of a full slip sliding across my satin covered bottom and nylon stockings caressing my shaved legs. There are those things that become so ingrained to one's usage, that one continues out of sheer habit.

Or at least it seemed to me!

Shortly after Willie and I completed our Doctoral Candidacies and were awarded our degrees, I decided to go to D.C. and see my sister, Crissy One. As soon as I was ensconced in my compartment on the train, I was

out of my regular street clothes and into a smart traveling dress, nylons, heels, a proper hat, make-up and gloves to hide my unmanicured nails. One's eyes about popped out of her head when she saw me as a total woman! Sure, we had both grown up wearing our female cousins cast-offs, but she had not seen me in a skirt and heels since we had sung in the Church Choir.

Naturally, she quizzed me about the change and I told her that I felt most comfortable when in skirts and heels and full war paint than at any other time.

To my great delight, One was more than acceptable of me as a woman. She told me that she had often wished when we were growing up that I had been her sister instead of her brother, and she had always felt that both of us had missed out on something beautiful and meaningful because of a twist of fate that had made us brother and sister instead of twin sisters!

And, you know, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that she was right! And from that moment on, we were no longer brother and sister, we were twin sisters! When we looked at each other in the mirror, we looked almost exactly alike. My hair was a bit shorter than hers and her chin was a shade rounder and where I had but one piercing in each ear lobe, One had three! We remedied that oversight that first day! And from then on, we dressed alike, we spoke alike, we acted alike, we did everything together, in fact, we were mirror images of one another! Heck, we even slept together like we had as kids!

I had a great time in D.C. One knew of some off-beat clubs in The District and in the outlying areas where TV's and TS's gathered and it was great fun to pretend to be a girl among all those patrons, with not one of them guessing my true sex!

I also discovered another side to my sister. She was bi-sexual, with a definite leaning towards women! Her roomie, Liz Bordon, was a cute little blonde secretary for some senator on The Hill and One had met her while they were attending classes at GW University. That had been some four years earlier and now they were still together while One was in her final year at law school and Liz supported them, or so she thought. One still had plenty of money left over from our entrepreneurial days.

So you see, I wasn't the only one in my family who was *different* from the rest. . .

Yes, I slept with One again, but Liz did too! And that was the extent of it! We were just three girls sharing the same bed. I didn't care. It had been so long since One and I had enjoyed our shared intimacy that I would have shared her with anyone!

Back in Boston, Willie and I made another major breakthrough in electronic gaming circuitry that greatly increased the performance and efficiency of our gaming computers, and we were invited to show our wares at the Greater Boston Electronics Convention that year.

WOW!

Then, Ms Kruntz had a brilliant idea. Why not have a leggy model in a computer costume circulate on the convention floor and distribute pamphlets describing what our little programs could do? Subsequently, Miss Doriss Layne was hired through a local model agency and she agreed to wear the costume and hand out our folders.

Things went swimmingly the first day. Doriss handed out over a hundred folders and her costume

was the hit of the show. Everyone wanted to have his or her picture taken with the computer lady! And Doriss was only too glad to oblige because she figured the more exposure she got, the better it would be for her modeling and eventual movie career.

Then, disaster struck. Doriss was slammed into by a drunken convention goer the second afternoon, fell against a glass door, shattered the door, cut her body and legs quite severely, and broke her left leg into the bargain. . . in two places yet!

And her computer costume was ruined!

So, Doriss was out of it!

Permanently!

Oh, what to do?

There was no way we could hire a replacement and train her in time for the next meeting that very evening, and there were still four more days to go! We were brain-storming in the back office, Ms Kruntz, Mr. Pristy and myself, trying to come up with an idea. Then, it struck me! I turned to Ms Kruntz. "Paula, you have gorgeous legs, why don't you take Doriss' place? You know what to do and how to do it and everything!" I enthused. "And we can get a new computer costume easily. How about it? I'll even pay you double!"

Ms Kruntz just gazed at me with a calculating glint in her eye. "There's someone else working here who knows the routine much better than I do, and who could do a much better job than I ever could!" she murmured, smiling knowingly at me.

I swallowed in fear! "And who would that be?" I asked, dumbfounded.

"Why, you, *Miss Santori*," she cooed softly.

“Me?”

“Oh, come now, *Miss* Santori. . . it is *Miss* Santori, is it not?” she countered, her voice dripping with an artificial insincerity.

“You know perfectly well that it’s *Mister*,” I blustered, blushing to my toes.

“Really?” she sneered. “That ain’t the way I heard it, little girl!”

“Really!” I snapped. “Well, let’s not forget whom works for whom!” I reminded her.

“Oh, I think that could be changed readily enough,” she added with a superior smile. “I was looking for a job when I met you, and I can find another easily! Besides, I am not afraid of your feeble threats!”

“I . . . I don’t th. . . think so!” I stammered weakly.

“I do think so, *Miss* Santori,” she continued in that softly smug voice of hers. “After all, it hasn’t been I who has been wearing female clothes all this time and prancing around the office like some silly nancy-boy when he thought no one was looking.”

“I . . . I . . .”

She held up her hand. “Please. . . don’t try to snow me. I have it on first hand authority that you and your twin sister have been dressing alike since you were babies and I do mean alike.

“Oh, do tell me more!” Mr. Pristy chimed in.

“That was a matter of convenience,” I interjected, ignoring him. “We were just kids and we had to wear the hand-me-downs we were given and we had no choice in the matter.”

“Ah, but that was then. This is now. Tell me that those trousers with the side zip and no pockets you are wearing are for a male? Tell me that your silky shirt with the two snap closures in the back is for a male? It looks exactly like a woman’s blouse to me! Go on, deny that this is you in these pictures!”

“I . . . I . . .”

“What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?” she teased.

“I’ve got a great use for that tongue!” Mr. Pristy interjected snidely.

“I . . . I . . .”

“And tell me that your shoes are male! I never saw a male wear ballerinas! And I’d be almost willing to bet that you’re wearing nylon stockings under those trousers!” she added with a malicious sneer.

“I . . . I . . . don’t have to answer to either of you!” I exclaimed angrily.

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” Ms Kruntz smiled. “How would your backers feel if it were to become known that their chief designer is a pervert? And can you deny that you spent two weeks running around Washington in skirts and heels mere weeks ago? Go on, I dare you to deny it!” And she threw two photos atop the desk. I looked. It was me and One and Liz! And we were all in skirts and heels! Standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial yet! And the Washington Monument!

“Oh, do tell me more!” Mr. Pristy chimed in.

“I am not a pervert!” I insisted angrily, still ignoring him.

“Your investors might think differently!” she snapped.

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

“Oh, come now,” she placated, switching tactics, “what’s the harm? We’ll just have a computer costume made that will cover the face and enclose the arms and no one will ever know who’s hidden inside.” She gazed at me steadily. “After all, dear girl, you do have great legs! And that fat ass will look great in tight trunks!”

“My ass is *not* fat!” I exploded.

“Oh, my, yes!” Mr. Pristy commented breathlessly, his voice filled with excitement and expectation. “And to think I never caught on! What a naughty little girl you are, *Miss Crissy!*” he grinned evilly. “We shall have to take proper steps to correct that omission on your part!”

“Obviously, my dear *Miss Santori,*” she continued, ignoring my outburst, “you have little choice in the matter. If you are as fluent in wearing high heels as you are in wearing the rest of your girls’ things, and I have no doubt about your ability, you’ll be as much of a hit with the convention goers as Miss Layne ever was!”

“Oh, much more, in my estimation,” Mr. Pristy added snidely.

“Come on, *Miss Crissy,*” Ms Kruntz cajoled, “where’s your sense of adventure, of fair play, of feminine trickery? After all, we are never going to tell on you!”

I was caught. I could see no way out of my predicament. I had been snookered! At least there was one redeeming facet to the whole escapade, like she said, my head would be covered and no one would ever know who was under the costume!

Besides, I did have great legs, and even more so in four inch spikes!

Reluctantly, but with a secret sense of pride and joy, I nodded. "O-OK. . . but you have to promise that no one will ever know!" I insisted.

"Well, of course not," Ms Kruntz whispered conspiratorially, "after all, we do not want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs!" she snickered mockingly.

An hour later, the new costume arrived while I was changing in my apartment bedroom. Without invitation, Ms Kruntz and Mr. Pristy came barging into my personal space, catching me in my panties and bra and nylons and heels!

"Eeek!" I screeched. "What are you doing in here?" I demanded in a high voice.

"Why, we have come to help you dress, Missy," Ms Kruntz smiled. "My, my, you have quite a voluptuous figure! Are those bulges in your bra you or are they pads?"

Before I could think, I blurted, "They're me!" Somehow I felt grossly insulted!

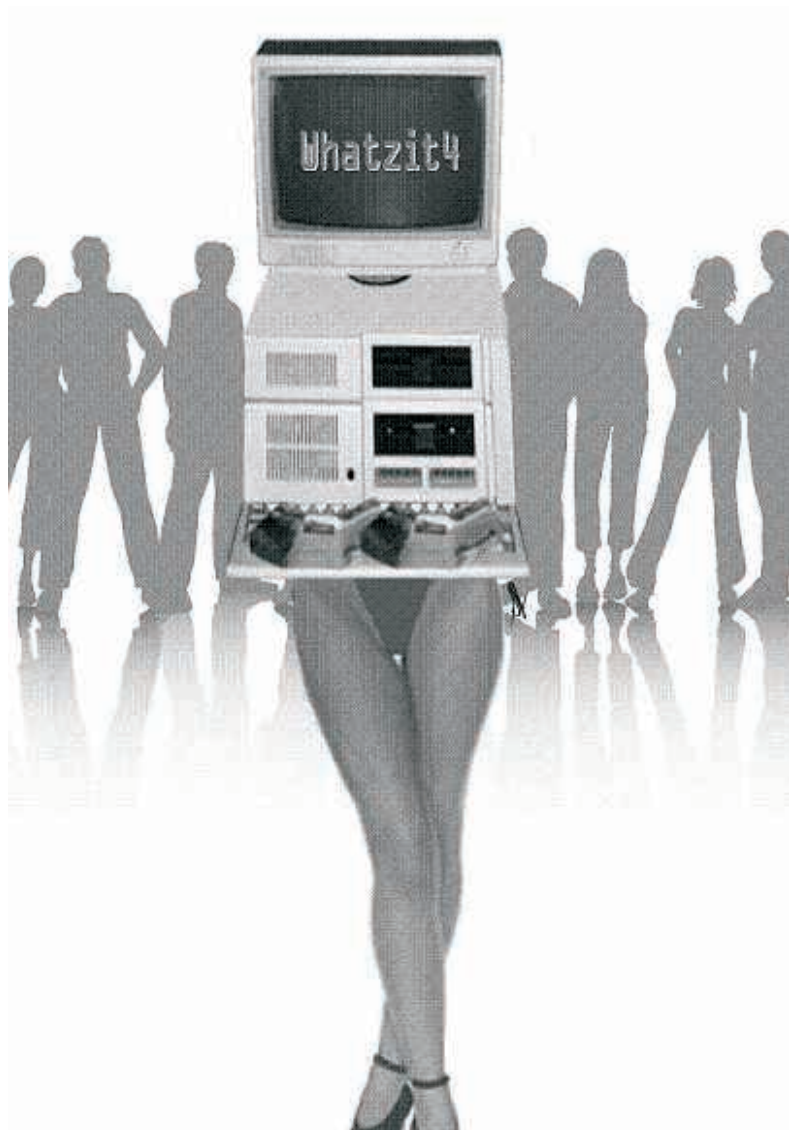
"How delicious," Mr. Pristy commented.

"I thought they might be," Ms Kruntz added. "OK, let's get you dressed. Off with those panties and stockings! You will have to wear sheer-to-the-waist panty-hose with the costume and you can wear nothing underneath!"

Blushing furiously, I turned my back to them and rolled my nylons down and off, then pushed my panties off to puddle around my feet.

I felt fingers touching my goose bumpy thighs and I shivered delicately. "Yes, you will do just fine!"

Ms Kruntz praised. "Here, dear, put these on." And she handed me a new pair of nude panty-hose. Still blushing, I stepped into them and snugged them around my waist. "OK, dear, turn around so I can see how they fit," she ordered imperiously.



Reluctantly, I spun, my hands raised over my head in a ballerina pose.

"Very nice, dear," she commented. "I see you have had some ballet training?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I whispered in shame.

"Sur les pointes?" she asked softly.

I nodded. "Yes, Ma'am."

"How delicious!" Mr. Pristy sneered. "A trained ballerina yet! Shall we have a little recital?"

Ms Kruntz' hand reached out, touched me gently on my little bulge. "This will have to go, dearest," she giggled, "after all, we mustn't spoil the over-all sweep of your girlish contours, must we?"

I blushed even harder. "No, Ma'am, I guess not," I agreed softly.

Then, before I could object, her hand was inside my panty-hose and she was pushing my undeveloped testicles up into my body and tucking my smallish organ back between my thighs, before drawing the panty-hose up snugly. "There, how's that?" she asked Mr. Pristy.

Without warning, his hand slipped between my legs and he squeezed gently. "Delicious! Absolutely delicious!" he whispered reverently.

"Easy on the merchandise, there, Horace, my boy! Go gentle! I would imagine that this is a first for her tender sensitivities!" she cautioned with a gentle smile.

"Delicious! Absolutely delicious!" Mr. Pristy repeated.

"That should do it," Ms Kruntz added. Then, "Here, dear, step into these tights," and she held out a red gar-

ment that looked to be too small for anyone not a child! But, appearances are quite deceiving, and soon she had them pulled into place around my hips and was settling them into place. I could feel the back seam settling between my bottom cheeks, separating and lifting them in a most obscene manner. Automatically, my hands reached around and I discovered that the tights didn't cover me at all! My bottom was bare to the world, except for the nude panty-hose that did not obstruct the view in the least!

Thank God the body of the costume would cover my southern exposure. . . or so I thought at that time!

When the costume was lowered over my body, I discovered that there had been some radical changes made from the original design. The main part of the costume was another box- like affair that enclosed my body to the waist and when my hands were pulled up and the two halves fastened together, it was snug around my neck and fit tightly around my waist, so tightly that I could not get my hands free under any circumstances! My bright red tights were on full display for everyone to see and admire!

Which meant that my bared bottom was also on full display to anyone who cared to look! And believe me, there were plenty who looked and/or did otherwise! And I was totally unable to prevent nor to avoid their unwanted attentions, pinchings and caresses!

To prevent any unwanted outcries on my part, I was gagged with some sort of rubber ball fastened between my teeth with a strap around my head, and my head was then covered by a box-like affair that had been painted to resemble a computer monitor and permitted me to look out somewhat while screening me completely from outsiders! There was even a mock

keyboard painted on a small tray thing at my waist where my brochures were displayed.

Oh, the shame of it all!

I was blushing and stammering and slobbering around my gag and there was not a single thing I could do to prevent any of their perverted pleasures! They would not be able see me anyway, and even if they could, they would not have cared about my protests one single bit! I would be fully in their power and they all knew it!

In moments, Ms Kruntz had slipped black patent leather opera pumps with ankle straps and four inch high heels on my feet and was pulling me from the room! Before I could get my breath, I was in the back seat of someone's car and moments later, when the car stopped, I was pulled from it and guided into a building - The Convention Center!

"Have fun, sweet cakes," Mr. Pristy whispered in my ear and patted my bared bottom with an easy familiarity.

I tried to object, but could make not legible sound one! Besides, he was much stronger than me and he caressed me gently. "We shall have to get much better acquainted, my dearest little sweet cakes," he whispered.

'Not if I had anything to say about it!' I vowed.

For the next five hours, I circulated around the floor, the brochures displayed on the tray at my waist, brochures that were constantly being replenished because just everyone wanted to be seen with the computer lady, me! My bottom was a mass of red pinch marks long before the evening was over!

And all I could do was sway my hips and keep moving. . . My true sex tightly held back between my

legs - but no one looked there! Why would they when my bottom was so flagrantly displayed in back?

It was by far the most humiliating evening I had ever spent up to that time. Like I just said, up to that time! Little did I know what Ms Kruntz and Mr. Pristy had in store for me.

It was long after midnight before they took me back to my loft, but if you think that was the last of it, you're wrong!

Inside the privacy of my bedroom, they removed the head part of my costume, but left me helpless in its main body because I could not get my hands free!

"Time for a little chat, Miss Santori," Ms Kruntz began.

"I demand you turn me loose," I shouted through my gag.

"My, my, it does seem to have a temper, doesn't it, Horace?" she cooed.

"Indeed," he agreed. "Maybe I should teach it some manners?"

"Absolutely!"

I resented greatly being referred to as an *it*, but before I could object, I was face down over his lap and he was pounding a steady tattoo on my up-turned bottom!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The blows rained down on me steadily, and they hurt something fierce. In spite of my firm resolve not to cry, I almost immediately dissolved in tears and was soon promising to be good, if only they would stop!

“Be a good what?” Ms Kruntz asked slyly, removing the gag.

“Be good!” I repeated.

“That’s supposed to be a good girl!” Mr. Pristy intoned between smacks.

“I . . . I’ll be a . . . a . . . g . . . good . . . g . . . girl!” I capitulated.

Immediately, he stopped spanking me and took me into his lap where he held me gently, caressing me and cooing in my ear. I could feel his hand caressing my nylon covered thigh as it made its way into my crotch and cupped me possessively between my gaping thighs. I didn’t care, I was hurting too much to care!

“That’s better, little girl,” he whispered.

“Now,” Ms Kruntz began again, “we have to come to a certain understanding with you, my pet. It’s obvious to us that you should have been a girl from the get-go, and we are going to help you achieve that end.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You will continue to be Miss Computer Lady for the foreseeable future and you will do your best to be the best spokes woman and representative for the company that you can possibly be, both locally and nationally.”

“But, what about my research?” I asked. “We need new products all the time. Our customers have grown accustomed to our coming out with new stuff from time to time!”

“Oh, you will continue to produce, only now you are going to produce as a woman. No more will you hide behind pseudo-female attire. From now on, you will be female from the skin out! Is that understood?”

"But . . . but . . . what will the guys think? What will they say?" I asked, my heart sinking.

"Don't worry about them. They're too interested in the money they get to pay any sort of adverse attention to you!"

"But what about Willie?" I demanded.

"Leave Willie to me!" she chuckled. "Now, off with that top and let's see what we have to work with!" So saying, she released the bottom part of my costume and the back, then helped me to pull it off, leaving me in the scandalously revealing tights, my high heels and my skimpy lace bra.

Ms Kruntz gazed at me steadily for a second or two. "Yes, you have definite possibilities as a girl, my dear," she commented, accompanying her words with a soft whistle that made me blush more than just about anything else she could have done.

"Yes, dear girl," Mr. Pristy added, "you have possibilities I would never have believed it if I hadn't seen them with my own pretty blues!" he chuckled. "My, my, my, do you ever!" he exclaimed, cupping one of my breasts and squeezing gently. "Yes, yes!"

I winced and turned away.

"Are you quite done pawing the merchandise?" Ms Kruntz hissed.

"One seldom gets a chance with a virgin!" he sniffed delicately, his hand slipping up to caress my cheek and chin, then trailing down my neck.

"True, true," she agreed. "Now, stop your screwing around and let me think. This will have to be done exactly right or we'll get screwed in more ways than one."

“Oh, very well, kill joy!” he sniffed.

“Hush, man person!” she snapped. “Why don’t you just run along and play with yourself and we’ll discuss the situation in greater detail in the morning?” she offered.

“I’d much rather stay here and play with her now!” he sneered.

“No, Horace!” she snapped. “Don’t make me take you to task!”

Mr. Pristy started guiltily. “You wouldn’t?” he gasped. “Would you?”

“Try me, you big candy ass!” she challenged. “I’ve whipped that pansy ass before and I can darn well do it again!” she threatened.

Mr. Pristy soft of half-bowed to Ms Kruntz. “Very well, Madame,” he acceded. To me, “Until the morrow then, my sweet. . .” And a second later, I was all alone with Ms Kruntz.

I started to say something, but she held up a cautionary hand. “Not now, sweetie, let me think this through.”

So, I stood there in my panty-hose, tights, high heels and bra while she thought. I got more and more embarrassed by the minute, but she paid me no mind. I started to leave to get a robe, but she stopped me. “Stay right here. I don’t want you to change a thing until I say so!” she ordered.

I sort of half-curtseyed in unconscious reflex. “Yes, Ma’am,” I conceded.

After awhile, she nodded, having come to some sort of conclusion. “Very well, Missy, let’s see what you have and we’ll go from there.”

"Ma'am?" I quavered, not sure I understood.

"No, not that pathetic little thing," she sneered. "I mean your wardrobe, your *feminine* wardrobe, and be quick about it!"

For the next several minutes, we went through my female possessions with her either nodding in approval or shaking in disapproval at every item. She approved of every one of my bras and panties, but disliked my trousers and *male* oriented items.

"You have very good taste in female garments," she finally commented, "as far as it goes, I mean. You will have to change your clothing slightly, but it's nothing you can't handle, or haven't handled in the past!"

"Wha. . . what do you mean?" I stammered.

"I mean, little girl, and you *are* a little girl, aren't you?" she teased. "How tall are you?"

"I'm almost five two," I answered.

"And weigh about one twelve?" she arched a brow.

"A hundred and six pounds," I admitted.

"Take off your bra," she ordered.

"Ma'am?"

"Take off your bra," she repeated. "I want to see how developed your breasts are."

"But. . . but. . ."

"Do you have to be spanked again?" she threatened. "I can, you know." The threat was unspoken, but it was there nonetheless!

"Oh, no, Ma'am!" I hastened to obey, reaching back and unhooking the clasp easily, shrugging my shoul-

ders and allowing the lacy bra to slide down my arms, baring my swiftly hardening nipples to the coolish air.

“My goodness!” she teased. “They surely are quite sensitive, are they not?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed.

She reached out and tweaked each hard nubbin in turn.

“Ouch!” I cried, wincing and bending forward.

“What a big sissy!” she teased. “Just wait until Ace starts to play with them and clips his nasty little toys to them, then you can squeak all you want. He won’t mind in the least!” she giggled.

“Who?”

“Ace, the man you know better as Horace, but all his weird friends call him Ace,” she giggled. “He’s a bit of a sadist, you see,” she added spitefully.

I shivered in revulsion. ‘Over my dead body!’ I vowed.

“OK, off with the tights and panty-hose!” was her next command.

“But. . . but. . . Ma’am!” I objected. “I’ll be all *naked!*” I squealed in astonishment.

“Nothing gets by you, does it?” she laughed. “Now, hurry up and strip!”

Seeing no choice in the matter, I slipped out of my heels, pushed the tights down my legs and rolled the panty-hose down and took them off carefully.

I stood there, blushing terribly, my hands crossed at my groin, shielding myself from her gaze. “Hands clasped behind your head!” she snapped imperiously and I hastened to obey. She made twisting motions

with her hands, indicating that I was to turn slowly, which I did, blushing furiously the whole time. "Not bad," she commented. "Much better than I had supposed at the beginning! Much better indeed!"

I blushed anew, but this time it was with pleasure!

"Ideally, you should be at least a full 'B' cup, or at least an almost 'C,' but that's something that will come in time. All in all, you have a nice figure, a tiny waist that fits your breasts and flared hips perfectly! As I said before, your fat little ass is gorgeous!"

"Ms Kruntz!" I gasped in outrage. "My ass is *not* fat!"

"A matter of opinion," she smiled. "Nevertheless, it is gorgeous and we will take all steps necessary to emphasize its beautiful contours!"

"Thank you, I suppose," I murmured, pleased in spite of myself.

"Walk for me!" she ordered. "Slip your heels on and walk for me."

Obediently, I slipped my feet into my heels and began to walk back and forth while she watched me closely.

"Let's go outside in the great room where you will have more room to sashay," she suggested. Which we did, with me walking up and down and swaying my hips as I had learned to do years before.

"Nice walk!" she praised. "You have a very cute, suggestive wriggle to your hips that you must remember to utilize at every opportunity. A girl wriggling her ass suggestively can sell more than the most polished delivery ever could!"

Without further preamble, she stepped up to me and took me into her arms. I was so surprised at the suddenness of her embrace that I just stood there and let her kiss me! Then, I was kissing her back and two minutes later, we were back in my bedroom in my bed, with her on top, and I was loved like Tanya never had! That woman turned me every which way but loose, and I returned her action for action, leaving both of us limp as dishrags some time later.

It was wonderful, even if it was lesbian style! I didn't care!

I awoke twice during the rest of the night when her nibbling lips were about to drive me right up the proverbial wall and we had at one another anew. And I got my revenge, I woke her up with my insistent tongue which had her climbing the walls with desire in turn.

Like I said, it was a wonderful, glorious, and completely satisfying, night

And morning!

When I finally awoke, she was gone. I scrambled from bed and found a note on the other pillow:

Crissy,

You look so peaceful when you're asleep.

Remember to be at the convention hall by 2:00. I'll be waiting for you.

Paula

I glanced at the clock. Oh, my, it was already after noon! And I was hungry as a bear just waking up from a winter's hibernation!

I grabbed a quick sandwich and went downstairs to the offices, only to find that Paula was already gone, leaving Mr. Horace Pristy in charge. Damn!

"Hello, gorgeous!" he greeted, coming around the desk and taking me forcibly into his arms and kissing me! I was so stunned, that I let him! Kiss me, I mean.

And you know? It wasn't half bad!

Then I realized what was happening and I stiffened. "Let me go, you idiot!" I snarled. "Who do you think you are?"

"Why, I'm the man who holds your sweet little jewels in the palm of his hand!" he smirked. "That's who! Now, be nice and give me another kiss, sweetie, and try to pretend that you like it."

I broke away. "There'll be none of that, Mr. Pristy!" I snapped.

"Oh, heavens! And I thought we had settled all that nonsense!" he chuckled. "OK, I can see you need another session across my lap to remind you."

And, pulling me around the desk, he sat and took me face down over his lap. Before I knew it, my trousers had been unzipped and lowered to my knees, leaving my panty-covered bottom fully exposed.

"Attendez vous!" and his hand landed on my unsuspecting bottom crisply, SMACK!

"Ouch! Stop that! It hurts!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely!" he agreed.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK!

I was crying openly long before he stopped, and by then, I was promising to do anything he wished, if only he would stop spanking me!

He helped me stand, then pulled me into his lap. "Kiss me, you fucking little fairy!" he commanded. And when I hesitated, he smacked my bottom anew. "Oh, you want more?"

I shook my head and turned my face to him, parting my lips slightly, and waited.

But not for long! His lips claimed mine and I was kissed soundly! A kiss that seemed to go on forever, but was actually no more than a few seconds.

"Much better, sweetie," he praised. "Now, Ms Kruntz wants you to go directly to the convention center where she will help you with your costume. Oh, and she told me to remind you that she expects you to be wearing a dress of some sort when you get there!" he teased.

I knew when I was beaten. "Yes, sir," I whispered miserably.

"Good girl! Oh, by the way, I have made reservations for us for Sunday morning at the Steak House for a late dinner, just you and me! And I want you to wear a nice evening gown or black cocktail dress for the occasion."

"But, I never agreed to that!" I protested.

"Oh, dear, must I spank you again?"

"No! No! OK, I'll be there, but it will be the only time!" I insisted.

“Oh, we shall see about that!” Now, you’d better hurry and get changed and get your sweet little fat ass over to the convention center. You know how Ms Kruntz hates to be kept waiting!”

“My ass is *not* fat!” I exploded angrily.

He smiled that all-knowing smirk of his. “Better get it in gear anyway, dear! Now, give me a sweet kiss and be on your way! Your taxi is waiting.”

Goddess, how I hated him! But I demurely let him kiss me, replaced my trousers and hurried off. I couldn’t wait to get away from that creep!

Arriving at the convention center, I was met by an angry Ms Kruntz and hustled off to the dressing room. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was stripped to my skin, gagged anew, sealed into my computer costume and guided to the convention floor. As before, I was swamped by attendees who wanted nothing more than to be photographed with the Computer Lady and even surreptitiously pinch her prominent bottom, always eliciting an unsuspecting, muted, “Ouch!”

Then, the worse thing that could happen, happened! Willie was right in front of me and he was smiling sheepishly. “Er, Miss?” he quavered. “I’m William Wilhelm Williams, and I’m a senior partner in the *Whatzit4?* Corporation, and I don’t believe we’ve met, have we?”

I was tongue tied! I was so humiliated by my revealing circumstances that I was totally unable to utter a word, one way or another, even if I hadn’t been gagged and completely shut off from the world! Besides, with the box over my head, my words would have been muffled and unintelligible anyway, so I was saved that embarrassment!

“Ah, Mr. Williams,” Ms Kruntz cooed, “I don’t believe you’ve met our mascot, Miss Crissy Angelo from *Angelica Models*. Unfortunately, with her costume, she is quite unable to shake hands, but she can curtsey, can’t you, dear girl?” she smiled at me, a warning light in her eye that sent shivers down my spine.

Obediently, I curtseyed and bobbed my head obscenely in response to her order.

“There’s a good girl,” she continued. “Now, off with you and sell our products!”

As I moved off, I heard Willie say, “Oh, my goodness, I have never seen anything like her before in my whole life!” he exclaimed in disbelief. “I really must get to know her better!”

To which Ms. Kruntz replied, “I shall make all the arrangements, Mr. Williams, rest assured of that!”

I could feel his eyes caressing my nylon covered legs and fully exposed bottom as I wriggle walked through the crowd, or at least I tried to walk through the crowd.

It was an almost impossible task as I was constantly being stopped for posing with some convention goer for a photo op, and almost always, an inquisitive hand would caress across my exposed bottom, often pinching my protruding cheeks lovingly!

I hated it.

And, at the same time, I loved it!

It was such a rush being the center of attention and the object of so many others’ desires! As I was told many times over, “You are a walking wet dream, Lady!”

Which always caused goose bumps and shivers of delight up and down my spine, and that surprised me greatly! I was still a boy under my tights and panty-hose, and I should not feel such pleasure!

Should I?

Of course not!

I was a boy!

A *real* boy!

Then why did I shake my hips so invitingly. . .

And invite their compliments too?

And take such delight in fooling them?

I knew I loved being a woman. . .

And being the object of their male attentions. . .

Did I want to be loved by a man too?

I was glad when six o'clock rolled around and I could retire to the dressing room and rest my aching feet. Those heels were murder on a girl's legs!

Ah, but they made my legs look so good!

And my bottom wriggled so sexily atop those sky high heels!

I had never felt this way before in my whole life.

Somehow, I knew I had entered a whole new dimension of life. . .

Hesitantly, I inch raced forward!

Ms Kruntz helped me out of my costume, her laughing remarks making me blush with embarrassed humiliation as she regaled me with some of the comments that my costume had garnered from the convention goers, especially the males, but many females too!

Promptly at eight o'clock, I was back in costume and once more out on the convention floor hawking my wares. Well, I mean I was trying to pass out the company folders and get through to midnight when I could get out of this thing and rest!

Rest, did I say?

If you can call prolonged love making lezzie style with Ms Kruntz rest, then I suppose I rested. . .

The next three days were more or less a repeat of the first. By the time I finished my last tour of the floor on Sunday afternoon, my bottom was a mass of red and black and blue pinch marks and I had been propositioned by more men than I would ever have believed had I not been the recipient of each and every one of those lewd propositions!

Goddess. How humiliating!

But, as Ms Kruntz had informed me when I complained, "Many men are chauvinist when unaccompanied by their wives and they look upon any scantily clad female figure as fair game for their lascivious advances. It's one of the hazards of the trade for a girl model."

"But I never gave them any encouragement," I protested.

"That makes no difference to them at all," she continued. "They only think you are being coy and are secretly encouraging their advances. These men are at every gathering where any woman is wearing a scanty costume and they act the same every time. I'd call them pigs, except that that would be an unwarranted insult to the poor, defenseless pigs!" she giggled.

"My butt feels like I've been sitting on barbed wire!" I complained.

“OK, strip those panty-hose off and lie on your tummy on the table and we’ll see what we can do to relieve your pain and suffering.”

I did as she ordered and lay out atop the table, resting my head on my folded arms and closing my eyes, drifted off into a sort of dazed semi-sleep.

Soon, I felt soothing cream being squirted onto my skin and then gentle fingers began to massage me from the base of my neck to the bottom of my feet! It was delicious! I felt like I had died and gone to Heaven! I kind of began to mewl with pleasure as the soreness left me, to be replaced with relaxed comfort and gentle well-being.

I was half-asleep when those gentle hands turned me face up. I kept my eyes closed as more cream was squirted onto my belly, the gentle fingers soothing and kneading me with their loving caresses from my eyebrows all the way down to my wriggling toes and the soles of my feet. That tickled but it felt too good to move or protest!

And then I was being kissed gently. . . all over. . . toes. . . feet. . . calves. . . thighs. . . between my legs. . . my tummy. . . my breasts. . . my neck. . . my closed eyes. . . and my panting, mouth. . . my lips parting in welcome as an inquisitive tongue slipped slyly between my them to probe and lick and tease. . .

It was heaven!

“Beautiful!” I heard a male voice whisper. “Just absolutely, deliciously, beautiful!”

I arched my hips upward as those insistent lips slipped down to tease between my wide spread thighs.

..

And then, it hit me!

A *male* voice!

My eyes flew open. . .

And I saw. . .

Him. . .

Mr. Horace Pristy. . .

Bending over me!

Horace Pristy!

And I was naked. . .

Lying atop a table. . .

Face up. . .

And there was no way I could stop him. . .

Even if I had wanted to. . .

Which, at the time, I didn't!

His mouth between my wide spread thighs felt so good that I could not have moved away no matter what, nor, for any reason, not even for the end of the world!

And he knew it too!

That insistent mouth sucked me deep, milking me, urging me, encouraging me, begging me, demanding my full cooperation.

In mere moments, I stiffened for yet another reason, arching upward involuntarily, his hands clasping my bottom cheeks possessively as I tensed, strained, then exploded in an orgasm so powerful, so overwhelming, that I lost all consciousness as I slid over the yawning precipice and plunged into oblivion!

When I awoke sometime later, I was still lying atop the table, only now I was covered by a satiny sheet that

covered my nakedness and preserved what modesty I still had left!

Mr. Pristy was no where in sight and for a brief moment, I felt a pang of regret, and was immediately filled with a self-loathing that I had never experienced before.

I had been loved by a male!

Granted, it had been against my will. . .

But even when I knew. . .

I had not objected. . .

Instead. . .

I had encouraged him. . .

Blatantly. . .

Willingly. . .

My Goddess!

Was I one of *them*?

No!

Well. . .

Maybe. . .

Yes!

Then, "Ah, my little fat assed fairy boy is awake at last!" Mr. Pristy spoke.

Automatically, "My ass is *not* fat, Mr. Horace Pristy!" I snapped angrily. "And I am not a *fairy boy*!" I insisted.

"Be that as it may," he smiled. "We both know the real deal, don't we?"

"Well, I'm *not*!" I insisted anew.

“If you say so,” he teased. “Time to get you dressed for our dinner date.”

Oh, my!

It was Sunday night!

And I had forgotten all about *that!*

(Actually it was late Sunday afternoon. . . almost evening. . .)

The convention was over, and I remembered being coerced into going out to dinner with him after the convention was finished. And I had sort of promised to wear a slinky evening gown too. . . Or had it been a black cocktail dress? With either, I had to wear high heels.

To my sex-clouded mind, it was all a blur.

In moments, he had snugged a cache sexe around my hips and before I knew it, I was flat and femininely curved between my legs again. I had never worn such a thing before, but in the future, I was to learn that this was going to be an integral part of my attire!

Nude colored thigh high nylons were rolled up my legs and a pair of black patent opera pumps with four inch high heels had been strapped around my ankles. He stood me up and, as I teetered in place, he slipped a something over my head and let it slither down my body. Turning me slightly, he zipped it up in back and I discovered that I was now wearing an ice blue, silk, cheongsam evening gown that blatantly outlined my fully erect nipples on top and clung to the rest of my naked body like a second skin!

He perched me on the edge of the table and swiftly redid my hair and make-up, making me presentable to

the world at large. When he finally allowed me to look at myself in the mirror, I didn't recognize myself!



The girl who stared back at me with half-frightened eyes was a knock-out! Her soft breasts swelled inside the revealing gown, the cloth stretched over the erect nipples atop her swelling breasts that were threatening to burst from their thin containment! When she moved, it was obvious that she was completely naked under the gown! There was no kick pleat in the skirt and walking was a bit difficult until I could get used to its restrictions.

“Is. . . is that. . . *me?*” I croaked.

“It is, indeed, all you!” Mr. Pristy crooned, stepping up behind me and slipping his hands around my waist.

“Why, I’m beautiful!” I gasped with pleasure.

He turned me gently and as I looked up at him in amazement, he kissed me sweetly, squarely, on my surprised lips!

To my horrified surprise, I kissed him back!

He held me close for the longest time.

The date was pretty average, as dates go. We went to a good restaurant, then went to a night club for dancing and a few drinks. . . Alright! Alright! So it was a lot more than a few! I was not keeping track after the second one!

It was almost 5:00 a.m. before we got back to my apartment, and I must have been pretty tipsy because again, to my horrified surprise, I had invited him to come up for a night-cap, which he readily accepted.

I won’t go in to all the gory details, suffice to say that we sat on my sofa, had a few more drinks, talked, kissed, and things got a little hot and heavy, if not out of control! And somehow, I lost my bra! It wasn’t long after that and I had lost my dress too and I rather

quickly wound up naked in my bed, with him as naked as me, and I made love with him. Granted, I was awkward and hesitant and quite reticent and stuttered and stammered, at first, when he told me what to do, but I soon got the hang of it and had acquitted myself admirably long before we called it a night and fell asleep!

Yes, I took his erection into my mouth and after some false starts, learned the basics of sucking a man's cock rather quickly. And just before the dawn, I had lost my virginity to his probing organ, and you know? I didn't mind at all! In fact, as I recall, I spread my thighs as wide as possible when he settled atop me and welcomed him with open arms, so to speak. He did complain about the scratches on his back afterwards. . . . Poor baby. . . he should have known that that was just one of the hazards of jumping atop an excited girl with long, pointy fingernails!

The next day, I packed several suitcases and moved them into Ace's apartment several blocks away where I became a sort of wife to him, much to Ms Kruntz' amusement. Actually, I was his mistress, when you come right down to it!

From then on, I started wearing skirts and dresses full time.

My duties as Company Mascot were rather inconsequential in that I just had to appear from time to time in costume and mince about, more eye-candy than anything else, and of course, contribute to research and development from time to time.

And true to Ms Kruntz' predictions, I squeaked when Ace tied my hands behind my back and clipped his little clamps to my turgid nipples. At first, they hurt like blazes, but soon settled down to a sort of comforting heat and I plain forgot all about them until he took

them off. That was when they hurt again with the blood rushing back into my nipples, restoring feeling to them! And if you think that was all that Ace did to me, think again! The man was full of strange ideas and I was introduced to every single one of them!

“Why didn’t you just up and leave him?” you ask.

I don’t know!

I think, to my twisted logic, that this was some kind of physical punishment for being what I was instead of what I should have been, if that makes any sense to you because it doesn’t make any sense to me! Well, not much anyway. . .

I just put up with it, mostly because I was young and stupid and naive and thought I was in love and didn’t realize that I had a choice!

Besides, I rather liked some of the things he came up with. . .

Then, as might be expected, Ace began to lose interest in me and started ignoring me for days at a time! I didn’t care because I was beginning to find him boring too. . .

It was time to move on. . .

It was quite painless the way it turned out. There came the day when I was introduced to Willy as Miss Chrissy Angelo. I was dressed as a quite proper young lady, and even though Willie knew me as much as anyone did when I was *male*, he did not recognize me in a maxi skirt and full make-up!

He stammered his, “Hello,” and grasping my fingers, bent and kissed the back of my knuckles with a hesitant buss that was more showmanship than an actual kiss!

Still, I got a huge thrill out of it and I shivered delicately.

And before I realized what I was doing, I had accepted his invitation to dinner and dancing. When he offered to pick me up and I told him the address, he looked at me sort of funny. "Isn't that Mr. Pristy's address?"

Blushing, I nodded. "Yes, Sir," I mumbled.

"I see. . ." he sort of answered, turning away. "I'm sorry, but I won't intrude on another man's girl friend."

"But it's not like that at all!" I objected. "I am not his girl friend, nor am I his mistress! I just live there because it's convenient to my work here," I alibied weakly.

His eyes lit up. "Then you aren't committed to him?"

I shook my head. "No, Sir, not at all!" I insisted.

"Good! Shall we say sevenish?"

I nodded. "I'll be ready, Sir."

"Oh, stop calling me sir! Call me Willie like everyone else does." he blurted boyishly, grinning from ear to ear.

"I'd like that. . . Willie. . ." I whispered, giving his hand a squeeze.

Willie had the grace to blush, retract his hand and hurry off to his office.

"Well," Ms Kruntz interjected snidely, "You pulled that off quite nicely! But then again, you must have had lots of practice interacting with men, haven't you?" she teased.

I had no response to her comment. I could only blush helplessly.

“At any rate,” she continued, “You are due at the Riverside in about an hour to advertise for the company, so you had better get your little fat ass in gear and go strut your stuff!”

“I have told you and told you,” I protested vehemently, “my ass is *not* fat!”

“Get it in gear or else it will feel the palm of my hand!” she threatened, stepping forward menacingly.

And thirty five minutes later, I was wandering along the center promenade at the local Riverside Mall, in full costume, legs and ass on full display, and I was the center of attraction for the men who walked by and many of the women too! I think the very idea of a woman with a computer body and a monitor head and who appeared to be nothing but legs and heels and ass was some sort of basic fantasy figure that was, therefore, up for grabs, so to speak. I mean their pinches and caresses were so blatant as to be considered as their God-given right to manhandle (womanhandle?) my helpless body parts! I mean, there was absolutely no hesitation nor any overt attempt to hide their wanton gropings from the appreciative eyes of other bystanders!

It was so humiliating.

And I was absolutely embarrassed.

And at the same time, I was thrilled and excited and either consciously or unconsciously seeking their abusive fingers and their appreciative caresses and pats! I mean, I made no attempt whatsoever to avoid those caressing, pinching fingers! Instead, I found (to my absolute horror) that I was actually wriggling my hips in

open invitation and jutting my almost naked bottom out to give them a better target!

I was there for the better part of three hours, and in all that time, I only made one complete circuit of the upper tier before Ace took pity on me and returned me to the office!

Of course by that time, my rear end was a mass of black and blue and purple bruises and it was a pleasure to stretch out atop the table, naked as a jay-bird, while Ace smooth-caressed his soothing, cooling lotion into my ravaged flesh.

And, yes, we wound up in his bed and I acquitted myself quite adequately! Well, I mean, he was snoring softly when I rose to get ready for my date with Willie, so I guess he had to be satisfied!

I didn't know it at the time, but it was the last time I ever saw Ace.

I took a hurried shower, clasped a tight waist cinch around my body, drew in my breath until I could get it closed, drew nude thigh-high nylon stockings up my legs, slipped my feet into my five inch high heeled opera pumps and sat in front of the dressing table to repair my make-up and redo my hair. Lipstick and *My Secret* perfume in strategic places, and I was ready to step into my black satin, below the knee hemline cheongsam (the one without a kick pleat and with shelf sleeves, but with a high, mandarin neck and stiff collar) that made me look slightly oriental (except for the blonde hair and blue eyes!) and it all just added to the mystery of the evening.

Promptly at seven, the doorbell rang and when I answered it, there was Willie in a brand new tuxedo! When I saw that, I was glad I had taken the time to get

“formal” and be ready for anything! I draped my ermine stole about my shoulders and offered him my hand.

I was escorted out to the curb where a long limousine awaited our arrival. The chauffeur held the rear door while Willie handed me into the car, and as I slid across the leather seat, Willie got in beside me, after which the chauffeur closed the door.

It was quite cozy and secluded and I felt a shiver of excited response shoot down my spine! This was more than I had ever expected from him. I mean, he was usually such a nerd you would never have noticed him.

Hesitantly, he reached for my hand and I gave him a brilliant smile as I allowed him to squeeze my fingers gently.

“Thank you so much for agreeing to go out with me on such short notice,” he began.

“It is my pleasure,” I whispered with just the right amount of breathless expectation.

Willie had the grace to blush and we rode for several blocks without a single word passing between us, and I could feel the tension growing with every passing moment.

Finally, Willie broke the silence. “You know, Miss Angelo, I have the strangest feeling that we have met before. . .”

“Anything is possible,” I replied softly. “I mean, I have had my picture on several of the local magazine covers lately, like *Tonight in Boston* and *Around Town*, just to mention two of them off hand.” Now why was I trying to impress him with non-existent modeling assignments?

“No, that’s not it. . .” he mused. “No, it’s somewhere else, somewhere that I can’t quite put my finger on. . .”

I squeezed his hand gently. “Well, I’m sure it will come to you eventually.”

‘Goddess help me when he does realize who I really am!’ I thought.

About that time, the limousine glided to a stop in front of an exclusive restaurant in the center of the city and in moments, we were seated in a quiet, secluded booth and a young waitress was taking our order.

After dinner, we danced somewhat, Willie uncertain and me unused to being led! But, it was OK and it helped to pass the time between courses. We talked, but it was all just plain inconsequential and nonsensical and utterly meaningless chatter. I could sense that Willie wanted to talk more intimately in a desperate sort of fashion, but he had no idea how to proceed. I was not going to help him either! So, he kept quiet and soon we finished our meal and were back in the limousine headed for I didn’t know where. When I asked where we were going, he said, “Oh, just to a nighterie that I know about for a night cap and maybe a floor show,” he explained laconically.

“Oh, goodie!” I gushed girlishly. “I just love surprises, don’t you?”

“Not especially,” he murmured, lapsing into silence until, some minutes later, the limousine stopped in front of an nondescript looking night club north of the city. The chauffeur opened the door on my side and helped me alight to the pavement. There was a huge crowd of people standing around and I gathered that

they were waiting hopefully for admission to where the *beautiful people* congregated.

Willie took my elbow and guided me through the crowd to the front door where a burly bouncer waited, his face wreathed in a fierce, permanent scowl. As Willie and I approached, a look of recognition crossed the bouncer's face and he sort of half-bowed to us. "Good evening, Mr. Williams," he greeted, opening the velvet rope and allowing us to enter.

"Good evening, Wilbur," Willie greeted casually. "Is everything going OK?"

"Yes, Sir," the man replied, "just the usual crowd of wannabes!"

"Carry on, my man," and we were through the entrance and into the dark, noisy interior.

I heard gasps of astonishment from some of those waiting behind us as we walked in, and I smiled to myself secretly.

"He seems to know you quite well," I whispered to Willie.

"He should," Willie replied with a grin, "I pay his salary!"

I stopped and stared at him in amazement. "You mean you own. . ."

"Yes, Miss Angelo, I own this place."

"Wow!"

What else could I say?

I had never dreamed. . .

I looked around, seeing couples milling about as they waited for tables, and there was something about some of the couples that I found odd. . . but I couldn't

quite put my finger on what it was that was bothering me. . .

Willie steered me through the crowd to a secluded table near the miniscule stage next to the performers' entrance and held my chair while I sat facing the stage. There was a girl up there singing some of the latest pop songs and I noticed that she wasn't really singing, she was lip-synching! Now why would she lip-sync?

A scantily clad girl sidled up to our table and Willie ordered two drinks for us. She dipped in curtsy and was off in a flash, soon returning with our amber filled glasses. I took a sip. . . it was rather good. Much better than the stuff I usually drank!

I sat back in my seat and gazed around at the other people around us. For the most part, they were sort of huddled or cuddled, I suppose, completely engrossed in each other to the exclusion of the rest of the patrons.

Willie noticed and grinned at me. "You've never been in a place like this before, have you?" he asked.

I nodded. "Oh, sure, I've been in plenty of night clubs!" I affirmed.

He grinned at me. "Not like this one," he repeated.

I had no idea what he was talking about and shut my cake hole before I said something stupid. I really do know when to keep my mouth shut and listen and learn.

"You have, have you?" he persisted.

I nodded absently, ignored him and looked around. A busty blonde at the next table grinned knowingly at me and I blushed. She raised her glass to me in silent toast and we drank to ourselves.

"I'll be right back," Willie told me, rising and moving off.

As he left, the busty blonde spoke to me. "He doesn't know, does he?" she began.

"Doesn't know what?" I asked, puzzled.

"He doesn't know that you're really a boy," she replied.

"How do you know that?" I demanded, blushing deeply.

"It takes one to know one," she continued. "Don't worry, Honey Child, your secret is safe with me. My date doesn't know either!" she confessed with a wry smile.

"Doesn't know what?" I demanded hoarsely.

"Doesn't know that I'm a boy too!" she said with a huge smile.

I was intrigued. "But . . . how . . ."

"How do I keep it a secret? Well, a quick blow job and he loses all interest in getting my panties off," she smiled knowingly. "But, I think you know all about that!"

"What kind of a place is this?" I demanded.

"Why, Honey Child, I thought you knew, it's the Boston area's finest transvestite meeting place and ninety percent of the girls you see are really boys!"

Yes! That was what had been bothering me. There was something just a little too much in the way of masculinity and forced femininity in the way some of these girls acted and carried themselves, but you had to look close and really, you had to *know* to be aware of the difference!

About then, Willie returned, along with the waitress (who I now realized was a pretty boy in a skirt and heels!) and our drinks were refreshed.

All at once, this person who looked like Marilyn Monroe wearing a *Seven Year Itch* white pleated dress and all, walked out on the stage and began to sing *Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend*, and for the life of me, she sounded real, even though I knew that the real Marilyn had been dead for over thirty years! And she wasn't lip-synching like the first girl had either, she was really singing the words!

And of course, at the end of her song, she got a tremendous round of applause and I was one of those clapping the hardest and loudest.

"Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you all know which you are," she began in a voice part-way between a bass and a tenor. The audience laughed in good humor. All except me. I was dumbfounded.

"Why, she's not a girl at all," I gasped. "She's a man!"

"You mean you didn't know?" Willie asked in amazement.

"No, I had no idea!" I whispered and wished I could be swallowed up by the floor opening under my feet!

"She's one the best F. I.'s in the business," he continued, "and I was damn lucky to get her troupe to perform here!"

"F. I.?" I stammered.

"Yep, Female Impersonator," he explained.

"I never dreamed. . ."

Willie stood. "I had no idea that you didn't know. Come on, let's get out of here."

I took his arm. "No, please? I'd like to stay for the show," I quavered. "After all, it is your club and I doubt you would bring me to anything illegal."

"Of course it's all legal!" Willie insisted, sitting back down.

"OK, you two," the Marilyn person on stage interrupted, "if it's all that important, perhaps I should come down and join you and we can all share the good news?"

"Oh, no," Willie spoke right up. "My date has never seen anything like your act and she was so impressed that we got a little carried away."

"Look, I don't care if you do own this joint," the performer continued, "do not, and I repeat, do *not* interrupt while I'm on stage. Do you understand?" she demanded.

Willie nodded. "I'm sorry," he apologized gently.

The performer thought it over a second or two, then grinned at me. "I was kind of good, wasn't I?" she cooed.

"You were just wonderful!" I gushed with admiration.

"Ah, another conquest!" the performer laughed and moved back to center stage. "Now, ladies and gentlemen and as you now know what we are, on with the show! Our Miss Brandi is up next with her interpretation of Miss Tina Turner and without further ado, here she is!"

And if I hadn't known better, I would have sworn that it was the real Tina Turner up there! I mean, she

was fantastic! I just wish I could shake my butt like that girl did!

After the last performer had finished, Willie asked me if I wished to leave. I asked him if that was all there was to see and he told me there would be one last performance at midnight. Well, to make a long story shorter, we stayed until long after the last performance!

We were still sitting there at 2:30 a.m., well after closing and the place was deserted, and one by one, the performers came out and gathered around several tables that had been pushed together for their late dinner. Willie, as owner, was automatically invited, and as his date, I was asked to join the *girls* too.

Some of them reverted to their male selves, but most stayed in character, high voices and affected mannerisms and all. One girl, Brandi, explained that as far as she was concerned, she was a real female and wanted to be one twenty-four -seven-three-sixty-five and that she had almost enough money saved up for her sexual reassignment surgery, and once that was done, she intended to quit show business and live a normal life as a wife with a husband and a white house with a picket fence around it and a Chevvy station wagon to drive and have a slew of kids and join the P.T.A. and be what she was destined to be.

I have to admire her guts. The last I knew, she was living on a ranch in Montana and had realized almost all of her dreams. She still did not have a Chevvy station wagon, but had had to settle for a Jeep! However, she had all the rest!

Anyway, back to my story, I had a great time, and if any of the *girls* read me, not one of them admitted it aloud! We were having such a good time that it was almost five a.m. before the party broke up and Willie's

limousine was whisking us back to my and Ace's apartment.

"Why don't you come up for a cup of coffee before you go home?" I heard myself ask.

"I thought you'd never ask!" he exclaimed shyly.

Upstairs, it was quiet and when I gave a quick look, Ace had cleared out, lock, stock and barrel. I suppose he was pissed, I don't know. All I found was a terse note, saying,

"Get your shit together and get out,
a.s.a.p. I don't care where you go,
I just want you out of here when I
get home. Ace.

One chapter was over and another was beginning. .

We were still talking at 8:00 a.m. when the sun broke over the rooftops and brightened up the room. In those few short hours, I learned more about Willie's background than I had in all those years we had been partners!

I was yawning and fighting to keep my eyes open and Willie suggested that I lie down and rest. I gazed at him through lidded eyes and asked, "Won't you join me, kind Sir?"

He blushed. "I really don't think I should, Miss Angelo," he began.

"Why not, Willie," I whispered.

"Because you. . . you're. . . you're not. . . a. . . a. . ."

"Because I'm not a boy?" I asked gently.

He stared at me in shock, then nodded slowly. "Ye. . . yes," he stammered.

"Well, I'm not either," I admitted softly.

"I know," he whispered in shame. "I'm sorry, but I am not attracted to girls, and most especially not to beautiful ones like you!"

"You don't understand," I repeated myself. "I'm not either. . ."

Willie gazed at me in wonder. "Now you've got me confused. What do you mean that you're not either?"

"I am not neither a girl," I replied, "at least, I'm not a genetic girl!"

"Oh, come on now!" he protested. "Give me a break!"

"I am telling you the truth, Mister William Wilhelm Williams the Second," I insisted. "I am really a genetic male under all this feminine disguise."

"I don't believe you," he declared.

Without a word, I reached behind my back, undid my dress and let it slither down my body to pool about my heels. I stood before him clad only in my waist cinch, my nylons and my high heels.

"I knew that you were a girl!" he exclaimed in triumph.

I smiled at him and reached between my legs, releasing my smallish penis from its cache sexe confinement, and thereby allowing it to spring free and make itself known.

"My great God!" he whispered reverently, staring in disbelief as he stepped forward and enveloped me in his strong arms. His demanding mouth ground against

my softly fluid lips and I was kissed better than at any other time in my whole life previous to that moment!

"Oh, Willie," I whispered, "I have waited for this for such a long time!" And suddenly, I knew that I had been waiting for Willie's kiss ever since the first time I had laid eyes on him!

"But, I just met you," he began, then looked at me steadily, a puzzled look in his eyes, a dawning recognition of the truth. "I don't believe it! Can it be? I don't believe it!" he repeated wonderingly.

I nodded. "Yes, Willie, it can be." I admitted.

"Are you really. . . *Cris*?" he demanded wonderingly. "my *Cris*. . . *Cris Santori*?"

I nodded. "Guilty as charged," I admitted, hiding my face against his chest. "Under all this feminine camouflage, I am really a boy named Christian Angelo Santori!"

"Oh, Cris. . . I don't know what to say. . ." he started. "I mean. . . I mean. . . oh! I don't know what I mean!" he admitted, the disbelief evident in his stare. "Oh, I am so ashamed of myself!" he blurted. "I am so embarrassed!" he continued.

I touched his lips with a carmine tinted finger nail. "Don't say another word, my dearest man, I understand more than you could ever guess! Now, please, just take me to bed. . ."

He scooped me up in his arms and in less time than it takes to tell, we were squirming against one another in the bedroom, not even bothering to use the bed as we fell to the carpeted floor in our haste to discover one another.

I got one helluva rug burn on my ass and shoulders! That damn Willie rode a girl hard, fast and furious, then put her away wet! But if you think he got off that easy, guess again! I'm as rough a rider as anyone when aroused, and I was more aroused with Willie than at any other time in my life! You should have seen the scratch marks on his back!

We both gave as good as we took and when we finally fell asleep, still on the floor, it was late afternoon. Around 5:30 p.m., Willie called his limousine to take us to his (and my) place. I soon had all my belongings packed and was dressed in my Daisy Dukes, a tie-on halter and ballerinas when I walked away from Ace's place without a backward glance.

When we finally went to work downstairs two days later, we discovered that Mr.Pristy had given notice that he was quitting, had picked up his final pay and was gone.

That suited me just fine!

It was no loss, Ms Kruntz had already hired a replacement who was to prove to be every bit as efficient as Mr. Pristy had ever been.

I continued to be the company mascot in my spare time, which wasn't a lot because we (Willie and I) spent literally hours together doing *research*. . . well, actually we made love much of the time, but we did turn out enough new stuff to keep the orders and royalties coming in for many moons to come.

Then came the surprise of all surprises.

One afternoon when Willie and I were just sitting around the office shooting the bull with the rest of the employees (as I recall, I was wearing a white pleated skirt and a tight, fuzzy, white angora sweater that

showed off my assets blatantly. It was one of Willie's favorites!

Anyway, all of a sudden, Willie knelt before me. . .

In front of everyone. . .

"Willie!" I gasped. "What are you doing?"

For answer, he slipped a humongous diamond ring on my third finger left hand. . .

"Cris, you know how I feel about you," he began. "I've been in love with you ever since the first day I met you back at the University."

"Oh, Willie," I stammered. "What are you doing? Get up, you idiot!"

Instead, "Cris Santori, will you marry me?" he asked.

"Will I *what*?" I gasped.

Had he actually asked me to marry him?

Marriage?

Him and me?

Me, *Miss* Cris Santori, marry Mr. William Wilhelm Williams the Second?

"Oh, Willie. . . yes. *yes!*" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his neck and kissing him like there was no tomorrow!

Of course, I had to accept his proposal! I would have been a fool not to! And like I have said several times, Momma Santori hadn't not never raised no fools!

You see, in Massachusetts such a marriage between two genetic males is legal!

I was walking on air, my head in the clouds and everyone was milling around admiring my ring and congratulating us and Ms Kruntz just happened to have a bottle of champagne in her desk (on ice, no less!), and soon we were being toasted by one and all.

All I remember about it is sort of hazy. My brain was in a whirl. His proposal had come as a shock to me. Sure, I knew he loved me, and yes, we had set up housekeeping together, but marriage? That had been the furthest thing from my mind!

What I remember is eating something somewhere and a taxi ride and dancing and more people staring at my ring and another taxi ride and more champagne and finally, we were back at the apartment. At least, I think it was the apartment!

To make a long story short, Willie had me stripped and in bed in a matter of minutes. . .

When I roused hours later, he was gone and I was all alone in the apartment. Late as it was (the wee hours of the morning!), I had to tell someone, so I called One. Naturally, I woke her out of a sound sleep, but when she realized what I was telling her, she came alive in a hurry! I told her I was engaged to be married so she wanted to know all the details, and when I told her I was marrying a *man*, she never batted an eyelash (at least if she did, I couldn't see it anyway!), merely told me that she and Liz were coming to Boston expressly to be married themselves!

I was over-joyed, and immediately told her that we could have a double wedding and our relatives could come or not, their choice, to which she agreed without an ounce of hesitation!

So we called our parents on a three-way and broke the news to them. At first, they thought that I was marrying Liz and One was marrying Willie, and it took a bit of explaining before they realized that their two youngest were gay, but being quite enlightened for their generation, they were soon congratulating us and wishing us well, and that was that.

And here I had been worried what they would think and say when they found out I was breaking tradition and offering myself on the alter of matrimony as the distaff participant, the wife partner. But, lifelong habits of denying the truth and hiding in the closet are difficult to break, and so it had been with One and me. But I'll tell you, it came as such a relief not to have to hide one's true feelings from two of the persons I admire most in the whole wide world, my very own parents!

And so it was three months later, that Liz and I in identical wedding gowns, and Willie and One in matching light blue tuxedos, stood before an approving priest in a chapel just outside Boston, and exchanged vows with our soon-to-be life mates. Some of our brothers and sisters came to our wedding and some didn't. There was a generous showing of cousins and aunts and uncles on both sides of the aisle. Willis's Mother was there as well as his seventeen year old brother, Wyman, who acted as his best man. Ms Kruntz was my maid-of-honor, and believe you me, she was gorgeous. I mean, the woman was beautiful! What else can I say about her?

Plenty! But I'm going to let it go with that observation, if you don't mind.

Hell, even if you do mind!

As a side bar, Ms Kruntz is dating Willie's brother, Wyman, now, and she has become a completely different woman! I mean, where she was once condescending and aloof and snippy with her speech and sort of dowdy in dress, she is now soft spoken and friendly and her manner of speech is now quite pleasant and she has started to act more like a woman than some robotic figure that just does its job and ignores all else. She even started using make-up and her mode of dress has changed dramatically.

Still, compared to Willie's brother, she's positively ancient! I mean, good grief, she's *my* age! Still, it's their business and none of mine. Besides, Willie's Mother says that Wyman has come out of his shell and has begun to socialize to an extent he never did before he met Ms Kruntz! But, that's another story. . .

I should mention that Liz's sister, Maribeth, was her bridesmaid and our brother, Carmine, was Best Man for One!

Anyway, I promised to "love, honor, and obey" my new husband and Liz promised to "love, honor and obey" her new husband, while those two rats only had to promise to cherish us! I mean, it ain't fair, McGee! Then came the final words, "I now pronounce you husbands and wives! And you may now kiss your brides!"

My veil was lifted and I was kissed soundly by my new husband, and I have never been happier in my whole life than I was at that moment.

When One and I talked after, she admitted that she had felt the same way!

Now I know you won't let me get away without describing our gowns, and I don't blame you. If I were you, I'd want to know too!

Oh, damn! I forgot to describe our wedding gowns!
Jeezumscrow! Let me correct that over sight right now

The gowns were identical in almost every way except for the size. Liz, being some four inches shorter than my five foot almost two inch (was and still is), and being two full sizes smaller than me! She only weighs eighty-eight pounds too! I kid One that she's married to a child! Which gets her nanny goat every time! Tee hee. I just can't resist the temptation!

So I don't!

Anyway, the gowns. They were made of antique ivory satin with a sheer overlay. They had tightly fitted bodices (showing off our assets!), fitted waists (we both wore corsets under our gowns!) with full skirts and voluminous petticoats beneath. They had high necklines ending in stand-up collars beneath our chins and long balloon sleeves with French cuffs. The bodices were fastened in the back with pearly buttons, and once we were buttoned in, we were trapped until released! Our net veils were held atop our curls by rhinestone tiaras and fell down around our bodies, covering us to the waist. I thought they were a waste of time, money and effort because they didn't conceal a thing! Our heels were the same color as our gowns and in a moment of girlish camaraderie, we discovered that we had both been trained as ballerinas, and as we had a slight case of stupidity at the time, had decided to wear shoes that perched us en pointe! Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time, but by the time our new husbands took pity on us and took us to bed, our feet had grown rather numb!

As for underwear, except for our thigh high nylons and our snug corsets, we went au naturelle! I felt so ex-

posed and blushed with embarrassment every time I thought about it!

During this same drinking bout with Liz, I had confessed Ace's use of his nasty little clips and some of his other toys, and she confessed that One liked similar things and that they had experimented along those lines and had discovered a mutual attraction for S&M, with Liz as the masochist and One as the sadist, so to speak. That was when I found out that Liz's nipples had been pierced by One and that One had branded her!

Yes, I said "branded!"

They had found this place that sold branding irons made to order! So, One had had one made that left the mark, *MINE* on the skin. Liz showed me her brand, on the fullest part of her left bottom cheek, and she was as proud of it as of anything else she could have had! She said it had hurt like blazes when One had pressed the white hot iron against her bottom, but they had taken the precaution of fastening Liz securely before the actual act, even going so far as to gag her to muffle her screams. Then One had held the iron against Liz's cheek for a full ten seconds as noted in their instructions. I caressed her brand reverently and she just smiled at me.

Liz admitted that when One released her, she had attacked One with a passionate fury that she had seldom known before or since! And Willie, not to be outdone, got his own branding iron and my ass cheek bore his brand just as proudly as Liz's did!

That brand proved to Liz and me that we are loved and wanted and needed, and being the property of our lovers make us feel all queasy inside!

Liz would do anything One asked of her, and I do mean anything! Two years later, I impregnated Liz in the usual way and shortly after we knew she was pregnant, I went off and had sex reassignment surgery. And One, claiming she would never have children and that her womb would just go to waste otherwise, volunteered her child bearing organs to be implanted in me!

But, before I did, I had several samples of my sperm frozen for possible future use. If everything goes as it should, I will be impregnated with my own sperm!

And have a girl child!

Christine Williams!

Or, maybe I'll have twin girls!

Christine and Christina Williams!

I'm still thinking about that!

Imagine, my twin sister's womb and my very own sperm!

Call it incest if you wish, I don't look at it that way.

And it's my body, so there!

My second child will be Willie's, conceived in the usual way.

And it will be a boy, who will be named "William Wilhelm Williams the Third!"

Oh, Willie has gotten all over his fright of women and is behind my change without one reservation! He really looked forward to having a "real" wife with a real pussy cat!

Hell, Willie just wanted to have another virginity scalp to brag about!

Men!

You know, when you come right down to it, Mr. William Wilhelm Williams the Second is a real bastard! Some people are born that way, but he works at it diligently! He's also a male chauvinist pig of the first order and he doesn't even know it!

The thought has never crossed his mind.

And he wouldn't care anyway!

Like I said, a real uncaring, unknowing, un-everything, M.C.P.!

And I love the big galoot just the same!

I had a long talk with Willie's Mother shortly after we had become engaged and she told me that she had known of Willie's sexual leanings almost from the beginning. That was when I discovered that Willie had had a boyfriend long before I entered his life, and that this boyfriend had been nothing but a leech, always taking and seldom giving in return.

She had been overjoyed when the boyfriend had disappeared one weekend and surfaced two months later in La La Land, California when he had wired Willie for money to continue his new life style. His Mother had destroyed the wire and the boy had never asked again.

She admitted that she had reservations about Willie's sexual tastes and she expressed her fervent hope that I would turn out to be different from the "others. . ."

When I questioned her about that, she told me that most of the others had only wanted money and presents and other material things from him and that there had been very little "love" involved on their part.

She also knew about me and my up-bringing (a private investigator) and my former success in business with my twin, One, and guessed that my preference for things female and feminine were a direct result of my extended family's recycling efforts in order to save money for needed acquisitions!

And with my thrifty ways and my growing affluence, she had realized that I must like Willie for himself and not for what he could do for me, because in truth, if I wanted something, all I had to do was buy it with my own money!

We took to each other like a Mother and her own Daughter from the very first, and we are still closer than bark to a tree! Pardon my cliché.

She also told me that Willie's younger brother by twelve years, Wyman, was girl crazy, in direct contrast to Willie and she could not say why one had turned out one way, and the other one eighty away!

"That's life," I told her. "Look at my family! I like boys and my sister likes girls!"

But, enough of that.

Willie's brother, Wyman, was almost as much of an electronic genius as his older brother. At the ripe old age of sixteen, he entered University and exited four years later with a Doctorate in Electronic Engineering! After graduation, he came to work for *WhatZit4?* in our research and development department and he was well worth every penny we paid him because he tweaked our circuitry in ways we had not thought of, thereby increasing our reputation in our chosen field as cutting edge programmers! Not to mention putting us light years ahead of our competition!

Shortly after we were married, Willie and I bought this big old mansion way out on the Cape. It was three floors high with twenty one rooms, four bathrooms, eight bedrooms, two dining rooms, two studies, a mammoth kitchen, a reception room, a huge front parlor that we used as our living room and some other rooms we didn't use until later.

There was plenty of lawn and woods area surrounding us, which provided our desired privacy. We paid through the nose for that privacy, but it was well worth it to both of us. Besides, we could have afforded twice as much as we paid, but why spend it when you don't have to?

It also had a huge cupola with a wide covered and enclosed widow's walk around it atop the main house.

We also had a four car garage, but we have never owned more than one car in our entire life, a sub-compact that I use to go shopping. Otherwise, we take a taxi or hire a car for our trips into Boston or wherever we seem to be going. Sometimes we travel by train or the public buses, but not all that often. We try to avoid airplanes as much as we can. We were in quite a dilemma when we wanted to go to an Electronics Symposium in Berlin as to whether to fly la Concorde or take an ocean liner to Southampton and The Chunnel across to France. We finally settled on the ocean voyage and a rented car to travel.

And that was when we discovered that Willie is claustrophobic. I mean, when we finally emerged into the overcast, rain-swept French countryside, the man was a quivering mess of jelly! He was so bad that we spent three days in Paris while he recuperated. The doctor who treated him told us about a drug he could take that would help him sleep the whole distance. We

also found out that he could take the same drug and sleep on the airplane! We cashed in our boat tickets and flew back to N.Y.C. on la Concorde, and it only took five hours!

The one downside to our Chunnel crossing (except for Willie's claustrophobia) was his mumbling about me being a boy under my feminine finery and the French official, being a suspicious lot anyway, took me aside where a woman matron examined me, She took one look at my swollen belly under my panty-hose when I lifted my skirt and they could not apologize enough! I knew there would be no problem, if they did look because I always keep my pussy cat trimmed into a smart vee and since my scars have long since faded away, I cannot be told from a genetic female with such a cursory examination!

To Willie, they were not so considerate, but they did let us go. . . eventually!

Oh, well, we live and learn!

Willie's brother, Wyman, moved into our old apartment. Ms Kruntz was already living in the other one.

Anyway, we gutted the second floor, then designed and built a complete electronics laboratory complex so that we didn't have to go to work, per se, all we had to do was go down-stairs from our bedroom or the third floor, or upstairs from the first floor, to the second floor, sit down in front of a keyboard and a computer monitor and work from home!

Pretty nifty, eh?

The house had lots of privacy and a magnificent view of the ocean. I don't think that I will ever tire of going up to the widow's walk and watching the waves rolling up to shore and the birds squawking in their

eternal search for food. With all the windows wide open, the stiff breeze off the ocean blowing up under my skirt and caressing my nylon covered legs never fails to thrill me and I enjoy those delicious sensations as often as I can.

Sometimes, just for kicks, I will go up there while wearing only my corset and nylons and heels to let the wind thrill me. My nipples always crinkle and stiffen and stand straight out from my breasts, like "figure-heads on a ship," Willie says when he catches me there!

Did I say that I had told Willie about Ace's liking for nipple clips? Well, if I didn't, I'm telling you now. And that damn Willie loved the idea! Whenever he finds me almost naked on my widow's walk, he loves to clip those nasty sharp-toothed clips to my fully erect nipples and watch my antics as I try to shake them off. I never can either.

So why don't I just refuse to go along with his games?

Because I don't want to!

I enjoy making Willie stiff more than he enjoys torturing my stiff nipples!

The rewards are more than amply compensated for with any little hurt those clips may or may not cause me when we usually culminate our play with a furious session right there on the rough wooden slats of the walk-around! Sometimes I get wood splinters in my back or butt and Willie takes great delight in removing them! Like I said before, he is a sadistic bastard when he wants to be!

At least Willie doesn't spank me! I mean, not *yet* he doesn't! I am very careful not to mention that subject in

Ms Kruntz' presence! She'd rat me out in a heart beat and there's no predicting Willie's reaction!

To tell the absolute truth, I had loved it when Ace had clipped those things to my nipples and I love it even more when it's my very own husband who is using me so callously! Because to me, as it is to Liz, what we allow our husbands to do to and with us is of our own choosing, and the small price we pay is more than offset by our husbands' affections and attentions!

Oh, yes! One has some of those same vicious little sharp-toothed clips that she fastens onto Liz's erect nipples, except that One has a little silver chain connecting the clips and Liz says that she (One) likes to tug on the chain occasionally. . .

When Willie heard about this (I never could keep my big mouth shut around him!), he immediately had connecting chains put on my clips and he tugs on mine too.

Sometimes I think he tugs just a little too hard, but by the time that happens, I am almost at the peak of orgasm and I just don't care what he does!

Liz says it's the same way when she's with One!

Goddess, how they love to take advantage of us when we are the most vulnerable!

And yet, we let them continue to use and abuse us and the more they do, the more we love them!

Women! Who can ever figure us out?

Most assuredly not our unsuspecting husbands!

Speaking of husbands, Wyman and Ms Kruntz, Paula, are to be married! Talk about robbing the cradle! I mean, she's our age, Willie and me, I mean! And Wyman is just a baby, hardly twenty yet!

And he's the bride and she's the groom! Talk about mixed up families and perceptions of one's true sex!

I discovered it by pure accident. On one of my infrequent trips to our main factory site in the city, I had seen this pretty young auburn haired, mini-skirted girl with Ms Kruntz, and she had looked very familiar to me, but I knew that I had never met her.

When I walked in on them unannounced (I was half owner, for God's sake! Who had a better right?), Ms Kruntz was kissing this girl and they broke apart guiltily with the girl scurrying off into another office.

Hell, I didn't care.

I already knew that Ms Kruntz preferred girls.

After all, she had loved me and used me shabbily when I had been Miss Computer Lady, so why was she all flustered now?

I understood more fully when the truth came out.

The *girl* as it turned out, was actually Wyman, Willie's brother! So Mrs. Williams had two *bent* sons, though in different directions!

Since they had lived in close proximity for some time, it was inevitable that Paula had discovered Wyman's penchant for dressing as a girl, and instead of being angry, she had moved right in on him! Before he knew what was happening, he was her full time girl friend, and while he still had to contribute to the research and development of new products, he was also her full time secretary, mistress, gofer, lover and anything else she might want of him!

He had confessed to her that when he was dressed as a girl, he preferred to be known as Wynona, and Ms Kruntz had soon discovered that Wynona was a true

submissive, just as submissive and masochistically bent as Liz and I are, which she took blatant advantage of, turning Wynona into her sex slave with his whole-hearted cooperation and compliance!

And when they were finally married, Wynona wore the wedding gown and Paula wore the light blue tuxedo with the satin stripes down the legs of the pants!



And yes, Wynona had to promise to “love, honor and obey” her new husband while Paul (Paula) only had to promise to “love, honor and cherish.” And he is now Mrs. Wynona Kruntz! I should complain? I’m now Mrs. Crissy Williams!

Like I said before, “T’ain’t fair, McGee! T’ain’t fair a’tall!”

But, as the Bard said, “Our’s is not to question why; our’s is but to do and die!”

So much for equality! But then, who wants to be equal with men? Why should we women lower ourselves to their level? I mean, get real, girl!

Getting on with the story, after my s.r.s. and the donor organ transplant, it took a few months for my stitches to heal before I could resume normal sexual activity. And wouldn’t you know it? I became pregnant (deliberately) within just a few weeks and our first child was born in the usual manner in a hospital delivery room, and I’m quite sure no one ever guessed that the child’s mother was a former boy! And Willie and I never let on, either!

Little Christine Angela Williams is the apple of our eyes. She is a beautiful little blonde, blue-eyed girl, perfect in every way, from her curly hair with their dainty little fingers and their microscopic little finger nails, to her chubby little feet with their cute little toes and their teeny tiny toe nails! Like I just said, she’s perfect in every way!

I have never been so thrilled as when I could sit down and let my child nurse from my swollen breasts until she had had her fill.

Willie says that I now have an inner glow that just lights up a room when I enter!

I think he's full of beans. . . Boston Baked Beans!

Still, a girl does like to be complimented, even when she is a frumpy old house wife. . .

Well, to be completely honest about it, I am far from being a frumpy old house wife! You might say I am the quintessential house wife, or should that be conventional? No, a stereotypical house wife would be more to the truth.

You see, Willie likes to think that he's the one in charge and that nothing gets done unless he has a hand in its inception or in its doing. So, to tickle his vanity, I am usually dressed in those fashions inherent to the late 1940's, through the 1950's and into the 1960's. I mean, I am usually dressed to similarly to *Jane* or *Kitten Anderson* in *Father Knows Best*, or *June Cleaver* in *Leave It to Beaver*, or *Donna Reed* from *The Donna Reed Show*, all from the 1950's era. I sort of like those styles, and while it is a big pain in the rump to do my housework while wearing a bullet bra and a waist cinch and nylons and a full slip and high heels under my '50's frocks that are protected by frilly little aprons while keeping my coif and make-up and nails in pristine condition, the look on my husband's face when he takes me in his arms and the enthusiasm with which he kisses me, is well worth any discomfort I might experience from the antiquated mode of my dress! Besides, after all the practice I had had long before I became *Jane* or *June* or *Kitten* with *Wee Watch* and *Kleenz-A-Whistle*, I found myself singing while I worked and reveling in my new femininity and female persona!

So, let Willie think that he's the all-knowing seer, I know better! Shoot a mile, he's so easy to manipulate! Just jut my tits at him and he forgets everything else!

With power like that, who needs anything more?

Our corporation, *Whatzit4?* has just moved into the Fortune 500, and we are about to be absorbed by an ever bigger corporation than we have become! I no longer take any direct role in the business, leaving it in the quite capable hands of Willie and Wyman... er, I mean, Wynona, while I enjoy being *Little Miss Suzy Homemaker!*

All in all, there has been very little about my life so far that I have not enjoyed to the limit, and I am eagerly looking forward to the future.

I am pregnant with Willie the Third.

And still nursing Christina who just turned three!

And has teeth!

What next?

THE END?

Dot Com by Kenneth Leigh