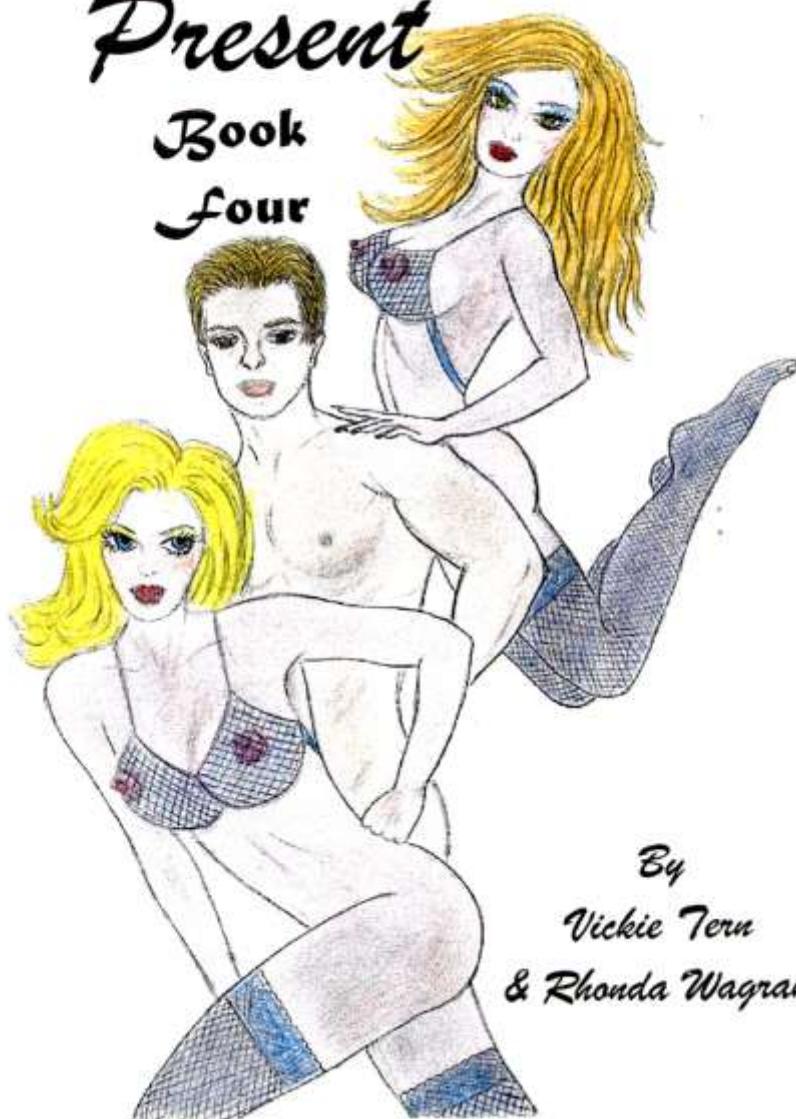


The Birthday Present

**Book
Four**



*By
Vickie Tern
& Rhonda Wagram*

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Chapter Sixteen

Death and Resurrection

Almost a year had gone by since Bea's fateful birthday party. I could see that my permanent make-up was finally beginning to fade. I had to use lipstick all the time now to look respectable whenever I went out, because my lips were now only slightly pink. I also had to put on blusher and eye-shadow all the time, as these pigments had disappeared completely. Only the eye-liner still was clearly visible.

The day the eyeliner disappeared was to be the day when I could resume my life as a man. I would be a man with breasts and pouting lips, and a woman's voice and eyes and curving figure, and a cock ring, but still, I was determined to believe, a man.

But now the question was - did I want to? I was feminine not only in my looks but now, my actions, and most astonishing to me, in some of my thinking and feeling. I really did not know what I would do if I were once again a man. Of course biologically I was still a man. But could I live as one again? Would I want to go through a transition period in reverse? How would it be to wear trousers and heavy flat shoes? Could I give up my never-ending variety of dresses and skirts and, yes, cute-looking maid's uniforms, just for the choice between either a drab three piece business suit or jeans and a T-shirt?

Men can take no pleasure in the way they dress. What choices do they really have? Now, when selecting a dress, I could reflect and express how I felt, how I wanted to be seen and judged by others, how I wanted to be treated. Could I exchange all of this for the right to wear a three-piece suit? Why? And their underwear! Men's choices between boxer and jockey shorts—period. But what an unlimited variety there is for women to choose from, all of them feeling delicious to the skin, silky soft. Should I give up all these?

Then too, I was coming to love being a woman with a man. Being taken care of, and treated like something precious and fragile, in exchange for looking beautiful and now and then giving them great head and a well-turned ass. Bea was right, I was good at giving blow jobs. And I had to admit it, I was beginning to love the feel of a cock in my mouth, or in my ass. That was when I felt most ...somehow...complete!

But there remained the undeniable fact that I was born a man, and had lived so long as a man that it ought to seem unnatural for me

to live as a woman. I certainly should turn back.

While I contemplated all of this I didn't know, although I should have expected it, that the decision had already been made. One evening after I had finished with all my duties and had asked Bea—curtsying nicely—if she needed my services any more tonight, she waved to me to join her. She was sitting at the coffee-table and had a lot of papers around her. When I wanted to sit down next to her on the sofa, she motioned to me to kneel next to her on the floor. I did, and she patted me on the head rather affectionately.

“Prissy Darling, I know that you've had troubling thoughts about your future. I want you to know that you need never fear that you will be left alone. I shall always see that someone looks after you. I love you, not for what you were, but what you've been willing to become for me. For what you are. I'll take care of you.”

I thought that I had been quite capable at protecting myself in my former life, and would probably be able to do so in the future, but she went on.

“It is quite impossible for you ever to become a man again, your former self. It's ridiculous for you even to think of it. But I know that you feel somewhere between your two existences: the former Henry and the present Prissy, So I have decided to do away with this ambiguity. As from today you will only be Prissy, legally and in every other respect.”

She handed me a stack of papers. “First of all, look! Here is a birth certificate for one Priscilla Littlecock, born in Kansas, now age 32. With what Kay did to rejuvenate you, you don't look a day older. Here is a driver's license in that name, with your picture on it. Here's a passport with your name and picture—and all of the papers are genuine and perfectly legal. Here are a few credit and charge cards in your name, and your social security number, and in this box here are IRS records—everything you may need for a perfectly legal existence. You are now Priscilla Littlecock. Nobody can deny it. Least of all, you,”

I looked at the stuff she showed me—it was true, there was an entire valid identity for me as Priscilla Littlecock. But I still had a choice!

Bea seemed to motion me away, and I stood and was beginning to curtsy again in farewell when she said, “But you cannot be two persons at the same time. So second of all, I have had to do away with Henry. Here, look at this. This says that dear Henry passed

away on a jungle excursion in Mexico, bitten by a snake, and that he died before he could get help. That I had to fly down to identify him. That I was mourning deeply—and I looked beautiful in my black dress with the widow’s veil, and everybody was so nice to me and full of sympathy.”

“The mayor of the little town tried to cheer me up, and said ‘You are still so young and pretty, you will find another husband soon’. I told him, that I sincerely did hope to find somebody to help me recover from my terrible loss. Of course, I had Henry cremated and buried where he died.”

“I thought you should know this, Prissy. And I thought you would want to hear the news standing, out of respect for poor Henry. He is dead, and nothing either of us can do will bring him back to us. You may take a moment to pay your last respects, and then kneel down again.”

The fact that I was now dead hit me like a bomb. No matter what Bea had done to me, I had always preserved the idea that I could go back. It might cost me my marriage, and any chance of a future relationship with Bea. But I could go back, and be a man again. So I had thought. I knelt down now, and bowed my head.

I was not prepared for what came next.

“You remember, just after we married, we made out our wills, each naming the other the sole heir. Well, now that Henry is dead, I have inherited everything from him. Now I own this house, and all of Henry’s bank accounts. That includes the account with his investment bankers who administer Henry’s investments, and the proceeds from the sale of his business—well, that should have been mine to begin with, because Henry would have sold his interest for so little, and I got so much for it. But no matter. It’s all mine now. Henry is dead, and has left everything to me. And I’ve since collected Henry’s insurance, too.”

“To my certain knowledge Prissy Littlecock has no tangible assets anywhere to speak off. She has earned quite a bit of money as a whore, but what with expenses, and taxes, and supervisory charges, there’s nothing of that left. So Prissy should be grateful that I intend to take care of her, and that I give her a home, and clothe and feed her. Prissy, I’m sure you are grateful. I’ll appreciate your telling me, right now.”

Bea looked down at me, still kneeling next to the couch where she sat. Did she mean for me to kiss her in gratitude? Somehow I

thought not. There was a formality about Bea at this moment, even a severity....

I stood up, and straightened my skirt, and curtsied as low as I could. While I was as far down as my legs would bend, and my chin was tucked far into my neck, I said, “Thank you Madame, I am grateful for your kindness to me.” I realized then that the extravagance of this comment to her could seem sarcastic. She was testing me, and wanted to know that there was nothing she could say or do from now on that would strain my subservience to her least whim. Nothing! Never mind the disappearance of tens of thousands of dollars I had earned with my mouth and asshole, and of all of the wages she had contracted to pay Prissy. This was the moment when I had to tell her I would accept whatever she did, no matter how outrageous, or else leave.

I stood up, and repeated my thanks to her. “I am very grateful to you, Madame. My only wish is to serve you. Please allow me to continue to serve you. Please.” And to my astonishment, my eyes overflowed, and tears came down my cheeks. And my mouth repeated my last word. “Please!” I said again. More tears.

Bea looked up at me with delight, a little amazed at how thoroughly she had done her job. She gestured for me to kneel again at her feet, and I did.

“But child, I’ve told you that I shall never let you go, my sweet, faithful Prissy, my favorite girl, my own creation. If you had just announced that you wished to leave me, I would merely have arranged for you to have more training and conditioning for the life I want you to live from now on, until you could give me the response I just heard.”

“My dear, you will stay in my employment *forever*. But now you confront a moment of real choice. Now that I know you wish to stay, I will allow you to accept or reject my conditions for your staying. I have a contract drawn up here under which I employ you for the next ten years, with a recurring option for both parties to continue for another ten years, and so on. I guarantee you a life without fears or difficult choices. But I’ll want something in return.”

“This contract says I can use you for any services that are not outright forbidden by law, if you are able to render them. Any services, Prissy! I don’t think that this is too much to ask of you under the circumstances. If you agree, sign here. If you don’t agree, then pack up your maid’s uniforms and leave here by tonight, and I will

never wish to see or hear from you again”

“I’m sure you can always earn your living as a servant somewhere, or peddling your ass on the street. I’ve taken care that way that you’ll never have to starve. But it would be ungrateful for you to leave, after all my efforts on your behalf. Make your choice now.”

With that she handed me a multi-page legal document. “If you sign it, please initial all of the pages at the bottom. And of course sign it with your true legal name: Priscilla Littlecock.”

Did she say I had a choice? What choice was that? If I didn’t sign, my only chance to survive was to find work as a maid, but with no references, or find work as a whore, and get picked up by a pimp, and shot full of drugs to be made compliant, and turn tricks for him as he directed me. How long would I survive that? A week, a month, maybe even a whole year? A she-male has a dangerous life out there on the streets. I didn’t think I had a choice. I signed.

“I knew you would make the right choice.” Bea collected her copy and gave me mine. “Now, my dear Prissy, good night. I don’t need your services any longer tonight. This is a special time for you, the first night of your life as no one but who you are. As Prissy Littlecock. Enjoy your freedom from all previous worries about managing your own life, Prissy. Sleep well!” She turned her attention back to her papers on the coffee table, and as before, I no longer existed for her.

I got up, and without thinking I curtsied and then went to my room. My fate was sealed. I would now be a woman for life, maybe a whore too, for as long as men found me attractive, and Bea’s maid for life too. It was not a bad life really, as I had experienced it during the past months, but it was terrible to have no other choice. I cried silently into my pillow until sleep overtook me.

When the alarm rang the next morning I got up and went through my morning routine. I cleaned myself inside and out, and brushed my hair—now reaching my shoulder-blades—and repaired my make-up. All this I did automatically, without thought, as I thought about last night’s revelations. There was no doubt about it, I was now legally a woman. My former self as Henry was dead and buried. I was a woman named Priscilla Littlecock. I resented this name, because it reminded me of my former existence in a rather humiliating way. But I was stuck with it.

I realized that Bea had sealed every loophole I could have

found. I was not only stuck with this terrible name, but with the whole person that came with it. I had signed that long-term employment agreement with Bea, and was now her maid for the foreseeable future.

Well, I had been that before, and life had been bearable. No, in some ways, life had been quite enjoyable. And actually, not much had changed since last night. It was a life with very few responsibilities, and the most important thing was always to look beautiful and sexy.



Well, that was a task I could manage. I had come to love my dresses, even my maid's uniforms. I loved the feel of skirts flowing around my legs, and the feeling of taut stockings brushing together at my thighs. I even loved my corsets—not because they felt good, but because they gave me such a great figure that men would twist their necks to look at me.

All in all, I had become quite comfortable in my feminine persona. Last night it was just the shock of it, I decided, the finality, the confirmation that my status as a woman now was irreversible.

Without admitting it, I had suspected as much for a long time, but somehow I still had held on to the illusion that I could go back and become a man again if I wanted to. Bea had now destroyed this illusion. In reality, that was all she had done, destroyed an illusion I had held on to much too long. I had to admit that my head was clearer now than last night.

Well, so be it, I said to myself as I got ready to start the first day of the rest of my life as Bea's maid. I should have known by this time that Bea had other ideas for me.

A few weeks later, Bea suggested that I go to Celeste to renew my permanent make-up. I think she did it to test whether I had accepted the irreversibility of my feminization. I didn't disagree with her at all. I simply curtsied as usual, and said "Yes, Madam. Right away!"

I was glad to have it done. It had served me well in the past, and it was good for any woman of my station in life. I told Celeste to make it more dramatic and sexier than the first time. I considered that it wouldn't matter in the morning, when no one would see me, and that if I went out in the afternoon in my uniforms or dresses, a provocative make-up was appropriate.

Celeste agreed with me completely, and was delighted to go all out with her art. "Prissy, it's been a pleasure to help you arrive at the truth about yourself. Why in the world you ever wanted to be a man I can't imagine. Bea's done wonders convincing you. I'll bet in another six months she'll have you menstruating! You'll get my sexiest makeup this time. You won't be able to look at yourself without getting the stiffest dick on either coast. Lean back, dear."

When I came back to the house—now that I had my own driver's license again, I no longer needed Bea to drive me—Bea was impressed.

“Oh, my!” she said. “You really are dolled up, my dear Prissy. You’ll need a stun-gun or a cattle prod in your purse from now on, to fight off your admirers. Seriously, dear, you look great. Just the look I want to see in my darling love-slave. Always love-hungry, always ready to go. I think your escorts from now on will love your look too. It promises so much!” Bea was right. They did. More of them requested my services than ever. I felt so desirable, and I loved the feeling! Really, I was a happy girl, serving my mistress, and serving my men, and doing both jobs well.