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# “HI, I’M GAE!”

by Paige Turner

Some people think that I live a very unorthodox life. Actually, “unorthodox” is my own kind way of talking about it; actually explaining how these relatively handful of people choose to feel. Much different and even derogatory language is usually expressed if they discover some unadvertised tidbit about my background. I won’t be dwelling on those diffident souls who’d rather talk behind your back instead of to the face very much here, although I’m about to tell all about my life and the people close to me, having fun doing it. As for everybody else, well, we get along just fine. Explanations are in order, which I’ll gladly provide.

My name is Gae Mann. I’m a guy. (If you’re going to giggle, I’ll wait.) I live in the good ol’ U. S. of A. and not England where men are often named Francis, Gale, Carol, Joyce, and yes, even Gay with a “y”. Not to say Great Britain has a monopoly on men with so-called feminine names. In fact, some are very famous people — a writer and an actor immediately come to mind — none are even remotely effeminate. (Even in animation, the quintessential name for an airheaded sexy bimbo — did you know that the original Bambi of movie fame was male? Check it out!) And don’t get me started about women with outright male names that everyone takes in stride, unlike their male counterparts. I just lived with what I was christened, as I never really suffered my nom de guerre. Still, it is a hallmark of my unique (to say the least) family.

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First of all, there are my parents. They’re by no means Mr. and Mrs. Joe Average. Still, I’m proud of them and they are of me. Even before they met and got married, they chose to live life to the full, the way they wanted, and the rest of the world can be damned. Adopting this attitude didn’t make us the bane of society. Tongue-wagging narrow-minded individuals did. Emphasis on “individuals”. Again, thankfully, there aren’t

that many. As a young adult now, I've come to enjoy life being unique. "Unique" for the rest of the world, that is. Otherwise, I do just fine.

Jumping ahead just a bit before moving on, school was over and before I took off to be on my own, my folks sat me down for a serious talk. They said that I was always a good son, never getting into any trouble growing up. Now that I was leaving the hearth, as it were, they said that sometimes children can keep things to themselves, only to explode later in life; they asked if I recalled either of them occasionally wanting to know if everything was alright. Always having answered affirmatively, I did so then and they now asked one last time, with an additional query: Since I was moving out, it was okay, I was a man now but...did I hate them?

That shocked me because I had no idea where that came from. I loved my parents with all my heart and told them so. They then told me that every now and then, particularly in entertainment, for whatever the reason, parents gave their offspring odd names. That my name wasn't wholly strange and yet when I was born, they wanted me to always fit in. If not with the world, at least with them. They wanted me to be emotionally strong and brave, but they wanted to be there for me, if I had no one else.

Then they played a tape of Johnny Cash's song, "A Boy Named Sue". As the song went, the boy was deliberately named Sue because his father said that he wasn't always going to be around and his name was to make sure he grew up tough. Well, my folks, being as they were, never left and always supported me, unlike Johnny's song. Whether it was that or the fact that I was just lucky enough to be accepted, no matter what I was called, I did grow up, I guess you could say, soft. Literally.

I was always slender, of slight build, with virtually no muscle tone. As I grew into puberty, I was so bereft of hair, I barely had any around my pubes and what scraggly grew on my face was so pathetic, I noticed that some women had more facial hair than me. What I'd eventually let accumulate, once shaved, stayed away for weeks before growing again. So instead of shaving, instead of taking after my dad in scraping off hair as he did — after accumulating enough to warrant the task — I moisturized my whole body like Mom.

I mean, I particularly tried softening my face after shaving and since I didn't have to shave daily, as I saw her moisturize, I picked that up. Of course she didn't have to shave her face like Dad and I, but did it anyway, with the rest of her body. What really reinforced this was that I caught Dad doing the same thing, all over. So, not questioning it, I simply followed suit, after both of them. Otherwise, I always had a soft-spoken voice, which if one wanted to, it could be called effeminate, but this would just be them trying to be mean.

The world, it seemed, was on my side a long time before this talk and my detractors got the heat instead of me, so few as they were. And while I never had a steady girlfriend, when my hormones began to flow, I was rarely turned down by a girl I liked. I was no virgin before adulthood. While I was no jock, they themselves were a minority. I saw myself a reasonably good-looking guy; just like a lot of boys my age. I was not special nor a freak. So, the only thing left was my parents' unfounded reasonings. It was due to them being different themselves, long before I was born. And with that segue...

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My mom, Charlotte Bey before marriage, who later simply went by Shar professionally, was a porn script girl/plumper. (Yes, Virginia. Some porn is actually acted out with a written plot and not ad-libbed.) Charlotte not getting a part in front of the camera was an enigma when you consider that even titless wonders who never finished high school are major fuckstars today! Don't ask who; I'll never tell. There's way too many to even start a roll call, anyway. (Psst. Rent almost any porn video. There's at least one in every movie.)

Mom was — and is — a longhaired vanilla blonde with incredibly round and firm Ds and an even more round ass, with a tiny waist in between. (Before we go any further, I just want to mention that nudity wasn't a common thing around my house; just that there were occasions of it, with no care about what was seen. Long story short: No big deal. No matter how attractive it may seem to, ahem, you.) Her face had wide brown doe eyes, a button nose and pouty lips that literally defined "bee-stung". Talk about irony. My mother's body is all-natural but she looks like she's been through one of those plastic surgeons who do so much business, the entrance to their office is a revolving door; Mom supposedly making him wealthy.

Anyway, at the time, she couldn't get anyone to put her in front of the camera. "Natural" was/is in and she couldn't get anyone to believe that she was the genuine article. Still, she couldn't walk away cold turkey. Eventually, tiring of never getting her "break" in front of the camera, and never getting to be more than a hired cocksucker as far as sex was concerned, she later became a feature dancer (politically correct term these days for "stripper", an already-scantily-dressed pole dancer or a combination of the two).

Not your average career choice, but ever since she first had sex in her early teens, she wanted to be a porn star; the only legal way to fuck as much as you want and make a living off it. But oddly enough, while she had the desire and the looks — not to mention, the brashness to want to fuck on film — she was overlooked. Yet she did anything to break into the business. Which was why she was both a script girl and a plumper. The two positions were two separate jobs. Charlotte collected two paychecks for the "slash" jobs but earned infinitely more between salary and tips while dancing. She also wasn't averse to collecting extra change as an occasional lap dancer when it wasn't her turn to be on stage.

Back to her first job(s), a script girl's job was to feed actors their lines off-camera. Simple, right? The other job was very specialized.

Before the pandemic danger of AIDS, a plumper's job was to suck cocks; to make them erect for sex scenes. Being out of the loop since she quit, Mom's unsure if they still use plumpers, but guesses they still do. (Ironically enough, actors still give blow-jobs on film, even though they use condoms for vaginal or anal sex. You almost never see them putting it on. One second, a cock is bare. Next second, you easily see it as they fuck. When it's over, poof! Cum squirts anywhere, with no condom in sight, despite the original concern about STDs. Neat trick. In porn, nobody swallows on purpose. Usually sprayed on asses, tits, faces — sometimes drooled out the mouth with saliva — male cum is valuable; called the "money shot": the end of the sex act.) Even scenes where the guy was limp and the female star was to supposedly suck him hard. The plumper's job was to save film and time

by “seemingly” getting the guy stiff on-camera off-camera. Making it appear as if he was stiff in seconds, if not already to go.

Porn is such a quick turnover business, only a handful make it to stardom. And even fewer stay stars long. All Charlotte needed was one shot. Even in the job(s) she had, she dressed as if to sub in for a filmed fuck at moment’s notice. Translation: simple blouse and skirt or dress, no underwear. But, as fate would have it, it was the luck of the draw and she never got her break. My mom was her own casting couch, if you know what I mean. If you don’t, uh, what planet did you say you were from?

Shar’s happy at her present job as I grew up, having lately graduated to “stage mom” to newer dancers and yet still has it all together to strut her stuff, on and off stage. I warned you at the start that I was different. There’s more, and if being proud of both my folks makes me odd, well, I think you’re just jealous!

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My dad, Yancy Mann, was a vocal impressionist that happened to do female celebrity voices better than he did men. In a world where professional (emphasis on “professional”) male voice impersonators were very common at the time, even less did a handful of famous women. Too, they were done mostly over-the-top, admittedly just like the guys. Always aware of his audience, he started out with the guys’ voices but Yancy did both sexes, just to be different, to get ahead in show business. Before too long, he was doing more women than men, it seemed. Turns out that he did a female celebrity so dead-on, it was what his audience wanted to hear most, to be believed. Then they wanted to hear them again and again; it being almost surreal as to how good he was. Never mind that the men were also accurate!

At one point, he had a special costume. It was copied by a few but they couldn’t do it as well as Yancy.



One side, it was a man's suit. On the other, it was a busty, filled blouse and short skirt; complete with stockinged leg and high heel. His face also was half made up on the female side, fake nails and half a woman's wig. Working against a black backdrop, the woman's side wore dark clothes, so that it wouldn't betray the male side. But when 'she' spun a half turn, there was that unmistakable woman, complete with sexy exposed leg in a stiletto! The exposed leg was sometimes from a mini and sometimes it was a gown with a slit almost to the waist in sparkling hose. And it was a femininely-shaped, without any manly musculature. It was a real treat to see him carry on an actual conversation with himself, as if it was a man and a woman talking to each other! The truly amazing thing was what with all the turning, he didn't spin himself dizzy!

Sometimes, he would exaggerate, but virtually every impersonator did it, period. That was the whole idea; to stretch out what made the celebrity unique. But after a while, over-the-top was passe. Impersonators were soon being called impressionists because they could only embellish a voice. It was slowly becoming a dying art. From then on, for him, it was no more exaggerated falsettos; he was then always dead-on. So well, it was suggested that he do a one-shot crossdress show, doing just women celebs. It went over so big, next thing he knew, he was getting more jobs in the drag/female impersonators circuit than in mainstream entertainment, only somewhat dressed in a feminine outfit that went with the voice. That is, while femininely padded, he wore men's clothes under the outerwear.

Vocal impersonators used to be a special talent. Nowadays, almost anybody could imitate somebody vocally, even if they're nobody...famous, that is. Yet in the entertainment world, acceptance of transgenderism was growing (faster than the world-at-large but growing there, too) and it was still a show-grabber to see men impersonate women. (Tony Curtis who looked damned good as a woman in *Some Like It Hot* in the '50s, his transgender movie is a cinema all-time best!)

The better ones lasted longer, obviously, and my dad was one of the best. Eventually, he had a separate special wardrobe — complete, instead of half-and-half, with undies by now; particularly if she was sexy; he would flash mostly panties but sometimes a cleaved bosom in a bra. Clothes that were surely a female celebrity's trademark furthered his career, as along the way he also particularly learned how to use makeup, to look like the woman he imitated. Notably, when he used eye makeup on his otherwise dull gray eyes, they immediately lit up!

Obviously in male wear, he met up with the soon-to-be Shar at an adult film awards gala, and told her what he did for a living. Because he was all-male at the time, Yancy was disbelieved. His talent partly being a very quick study, he thoroughly impressed her by doing her, on the spot, to a T. Long story short, they dated (Sometimes as two women! Mom confessed to be latently bisexual. She told Dad that having sex with 'her' as a woman was an irresistible turn-on but being only unexplainably tempted to want to try a fling with women before marriage, she only had sex with him en femme, as well as him as a man. At that, 'she' was more than enough woman for her!), got married, and had me while they both kept working.

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Mind you, again, all of these frank, intimate details were told to me when I was at an age when my folks thought that I was mature enough to understand and it made a precedent for me to be available to be an arbiter or confidante to either as I grew older. Still, by then, in addition to an sporadic jiggling breast or wagging cock, it was already natural to see Dad occasionally in a dress and even fully made up, as much as he or even Mom wore pants. So ultimate explanations were not hard and bitter pills to swallow. They didn't have to be so thorough, they weren't being unduly salacious, and I love them for that trust. Most importantly, regardless of what either of them did for a living or what I saw at home, they showered me with love and affection...and I'm going to be disgusted with that?

Neither becoming a superstar, neither were raking in big bucks when I was born, and Yancy was ultimately being offered only one kind of job: celebrity female impersonator. So while Mom made a living primarily stripping nude, Dad — tired of going back and forth between genders, already regularly wearing panties and stockings — soon became a full-time crossdresser 24/7, never wearing men's clothes again.

By then, it was more of a relief, actually. He had gotten to prefer being pretty; feeling fortunate that no one could tell that he wasn't born female when 'she' was all tricked out. Gradually, it went beyond voice, clothes and makeup. He took expensive laser treatments for permanent hair removal for sideburns, beard and any hair below the neck. Even his pubes! Here was when he began moisturizing, I caught him, and then we were all doing it. (Mom did it, too, — laser removal — for her crotch and they both were able to get money back for the permanent hair removal as a tax write-off, as a job-related expense!) Diet and exercise got his body into reasonable feminine proportions. (While he faked a bosom, he actually whittled his waist down and expanded his butt to a nice pear shape.) He wore wigs until his own ruddy-red hair grew between his shoulder blades, styled and re-styled accordingly. Then the wigs were exclusively reserved for his female mimicking on the job.

Making common sense, all male pronouns thereafter only referred to me. Like Shar, Dad legally changed her name from Yancy to Nancy, and rarely spoke male. As for the latter, it was not at home but for business purposes, to prove 'he' was a man to agents and others in the business world, to get work. She had gotten that good as a member of the dis-taff gender. (Some jobs thought to call her bluff saying that she was just a woman doing other women, in order to pay her less money. Nancy counter-challenged that she could prove it by exposing her cock. But before even lifting her skirt hem, she also warned that if she had to go that far, it would make it a case of sexual harassment. In our present lawsuit-happy, politically-correct world nobody ever called that bluff.)

Nancy got to be a very attractive woman, almost as good as Shar, despite what was different between their legs. I got very used to her own woman's voice — her whole feminine persona — while knowing full well 'she' was my father but called her Nan around people. Otherwise, she was always my "Dad".

As Nan and Dad became interchangeable, as two women, Mom insisted that with her deceptive youthfulness, that I should also call her Shar, as well. What can I say? It somehow became an ego thing, and for a time, two women even vied for my attention, as they tried to outdo each other as to who was the prettiest. Dad was hot but Mom won hands

down in a skimpy bikini! (Well, Mom was the original hottie, let's be fair!) Sincerely loving her spouse, it broke Shar's heart to see Nan copiously cry in defeat from what was supposedly a harmless competition, and Shar declared "game over"; saying what I'd been trying to tell them all along: that they were equally beautiful. That I was proud to have them as my parents and didn't favor one over another.

Although it was just for the stage, Mom had called him Nan for short first at home. With Yancy having been gone for a very long time, eventually, the neighborhood thought that I was raised by a lesbian couple but never gave my parents any flak. Almost considered trendsetters, by this time it was not uncommon to see two women of the same close age raise children in a family setting. Both sexually-looking stunners accepted compliments from men and women, Nan never bothering to correct them.

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Ironically enough, nobody ever caught onto teasing me with a name like Gae Mann. Any more than Dad was teased on stage being Nancy Mann, a term synonymous with being gay. A lotta dense people in the world, it would seem, huh? But true all the same. There are a lot of Nancy Manns who were born female and never dreamed to being treated otherwise. Yet, hey! I was being facetious. People weren't dense. These were the ones who treated us as normal human beings. Thank God they way outnumbered the bigots, bullies and ignorants of the world!

There was even another boy while I was in school, called LaVerne (spelled exactly like that; his folks wanted to make Vernon fancy but it backfired) who was teased mercilessly, as well as guys called Leslie, Ashley, Lindsey, even a Beverly (he did move here from England), Cornelius and one fully named Percy Outhouse (no lie!). Proving that you didn't have to have an androgynous or feminine name, being a boy. But blissfully ignorant — and counting my blessings, even as a more knowledgeable adult — I didn't even get as much as a smirk. As I said, if it happened, it was rare enough to be forgettable. Maybe it did happen behind my back, but that I never knew about, as no one said to me that anyone did that. (Hmm. Wonder if having two hot moms had anything to do with it? If so, if the world only knew!)

Not stupid nor blind, when asked my name, I boldly said it or wrote it down and that was that. If Percy can live with his name (It's completely spelled out — with his street address! — in the phone book!), so can I.

I know, I know. I said that I had an unorthodox life. Me, personally. And I do. But not right away.

It was necessary to tell of my parents — how they had lived their life, before and after I was born — and the fact that I got way into adulthood psychologically unscathed, that led to easy personal acceptance of my life. And remember, I said that it would be how "some people" would've called it. This is my story, without regrets.