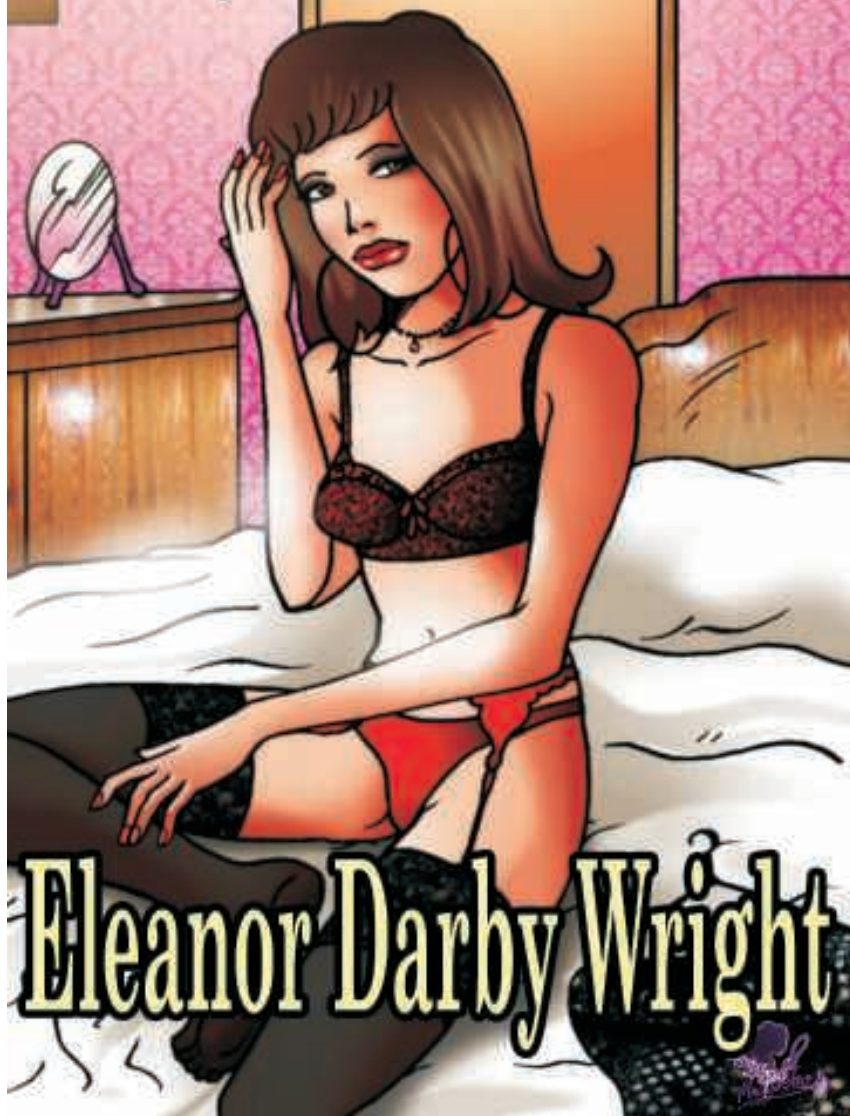


Oh, Brother!



Eleanor Darby Wright



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OH, BROTHER!

by Eleanor Darby Wright

This story is unbelievable! It couldn't have happened! It couldn't have happened to me – and in such a short period of time! I was a different person for a while! Luckily, I did come to my senses in time, and, yes, I did the right thing at the end ...

"Sure, we can go to the El Dorado," said Tammy with a smile. "Only I promised my brother a night out as well as he's new in town. You don't mind if my brother tags along with us, do you, Kurt?"

Mind? For a night on the town with one of the coolest girls in my college business class, I wouldn't mind at all. "No, I wouldn't mind," I said. "Are you going to introduce him to your girl friends?"

Tammy looked at me as if I was joking with her. "You do know my brother, don't you?" she asked me sharply. "A year ahead of me in high school?"

I'd never got close enough to Tammy to find out anything about her family. "Oh, sure," I said.

"Well, he's just the same," Tammy said. "Why don't you come over around nine and pick us up from my place?"

That was a great idea. I was walking on cloud nine all that afternoon and evening as I thought about my date with Tammy Waring. She was such a neat girl, so well-dressed, so well made up all the time. Her hair was always perfect, whether it was loose or styled. She just had great taste.

Tammy was the kind of girl who could have had any man she wanted. And she'd agreed to go out with me! I guess I should really be a lot more mature about a date with a pretty girl. But dates didn't happen very often for me. I wasn't a jock. I wasn't very tall but I wasn't an absolute geek, really.

I wished I had dark hair like Tammy. Her looks were striking, in part because blue eyes and black, shiny hair weren't that common. I knew one of the reasons, of course, why Tammy was going out with me. We'd been in the same group in Business Statistics. I'd done all the work for the group. Some of the girls, including Tammy, hadn't understood the projects at all. They'd been part of our mid-term. All the work I'd patiently taught to the others, as I did it for us all, got them through the 'hardest exam I've ever had in school,' Tammy said to me.

Yes, this date was to thank me for helping her. Tammy was like that. She'd hesitated when I'd suggested going out before saying, 'Yes'.

I was early in arriving at the condo where she lived. Tammy still had her hair in curlers and was laughing as she opened the door to me. She wore a burgundy bath robe that had seen better days. It wasn't me she was laughing at but a long-legged girl who was hold-



ing a curling iron to her hair and screaming at Tammy not to open the door.

I could see why. She didn't have a robe on. I smiled at Tammy's blushing roommate in her underwear. She was in dark stockings and a black garter belt, in a black bra and black panties with a lacy design on them that matched the pattern on her bra.

"Tammy!" the girl screamed, taking the iron away and putting her arms across her chest. "You could have waited until I went to the bathroom!"

"Kurt's seen girls in their underwear before, haven't you, Kurt?" Tammy asked me brightly. "There's wine in the holders on the bar, Kurt. Pour three glasses, if you would, while I continue doing my hair and putting on my makeup."

I moved over towards the kitchen where the eating area was set up like a bar. Two glasses there had lipstick on them. I put the dirty glasses into the sink and poured three fresh ones.

"Mine's the one with the pink ..." said Tammy as she came out of the bathroom, brushing her long hair. Behind her, I could see her roomie leaning forward into a mirror and making her eyes more striking, if that was possible, than they had been.

"Where did you put our lipsticks?" the girl in the bathroom called in her sexy, husky voice. She turned as she capped the mascara tube after working on her dark lashes. I goggled at her long legs and feminine silhouette. She was as pretty as Tammy but her hair was streaked and just shoulder-length. Long, black stones dangled from her ears, matching the necklace at her throat.

"In your purse," said Tammy as she sipped her wine and smiled at me. "Why do you need more lipstick, Sam? You've got enough on you as it is! You can always re-load at the club after a little action."

Sam, short for Samantha, I guessed, looked into a little purse and took out a tube and a thin paintbrush. She worked on her lips as I watched over Tammy's

shoulder, fascinated by the way 'Sam' pouted so sexily as she redid her lipstick.

"You like them?" Sam asked me as she reached over with gleaming, long fingernails, acrylic surely, and took a robe from the back of the door. She was still in her black underwear and looked to have a really sexy figure.

"Very attractive," I gasped as Sam came out, the robe not fastened as she swayed towards one of the bedrooms most suggestively.

It was a fashion show. Tammy, who'd taken her wine with her to the other bedroom, had to sashay to Sam's room to ask her what she thought of her new, red dress. Then, Tammy changed to a lower cut black number, really short, on Sam's advice. It really was a much sexier dress and made Tammy's legs, one of her nicest features, be shown off more prominently.

Sam trotted next to Tammy's room to share with her, the little, dark blue dress she was wearing zipped up by Tammy. It made the most of Samantha's breasts, pushing them up tightly together. Sam wasn't as busty as Tammy but I was more of a leg man myself. I have to admit that Samantha had Tammy beaten there as she was taller and slimmer than the girl I was taking out.

Tammy smiled as she came and sat beside me on the sofa. "I was in the El Dorado with Bobby Graham last week," she said excitedly. I knew then that the cutest girl in school might have had a little too much to drink with her roommate. "They had such a cool band playing there. I think they were Train Wreckers or something like that. We had to have tickets to get in. You did remember to get tickets, didn't you, Kurt?"

"I love the El Dorado," said Samantha as she sauntered out of her bedroom, her mini-dress so high, exposing so much of her lovely, stockinged legs, the tops on her stockings and her black garters. It was the trashy look that so many girls went for these days. I had to admit that it turned me on as much as going out with Tammy did. "It's Honey Weaver and some crazy

band there tonight. It must be a thirty-forty dollar cover charge tonight!"

I gulped as Samantha sounded as excited as Tammy about the club. I'd bought tickets, thirty dollars each, but I'd only bought three tickets, I realized in a panic. I should have known Tammy's brother would have a date if he was going out with his sister. With Samantha obviously dressed for an evening of dancing, I didn't quite know what to say. I hoped we could get another ticket when we got to the club.

"What's the matter, Kurt?" asked Samantha, a glint in her blue eyes, a lock of peroxide blonde hair falling over her forehead. Her pretty, manicured hand put it back into place as she took a barette out of her hair and re-placed it to hold back the offending tresses. "Didn't you get a ticket for me?"

"I told you," said Tammy, looking at my stricken face, "that my brother was coming with us."

"Yes," I said unhappily. "But I just got three tickets."

"Oh, great!" said Tammy, fanning herself in a parody of relief. "One for you, one for me and one for my brother. You did good, stats man!"

I looked at Samantha. "Are you going with someone else?" I asked hopefully and she suddenly went into a howl of laughter at me.

"You said he knew me, Tammy," said the girl in the short dress, wiggling as she put on her high heels. "But he doesn't! He doesn't at all! Why don't you introduce us?"

Tammy stared at me, her glass shaking in her hand. She took a sip, leaving another stain on the glass. "You said you knew my brother, Kurt!" she said accusingly.

"Well, he was ahead of me in high school," I began. Samantha was giggling along in that deep, sexy voice she had.

"I should introduce myself," said Samantha then, holding out her painted fingernails to me, her bracelets dancing along her bare arm. "Samuel Waring,

Kurt, Tammy's only and older brother. That's right, Tammy's brother, the only boy at Lenniston ever to go to a prom in a dress.

"You haven't heard of me? I thought everyone in Lenniston knew about the Warings' only claim to fame in the history of the school. Oh well, let's go to the El Dorado and dance the night away! How lucky you are, Kurt! You've two pretty females to take to the club. If I'm lucky, you'll have dumped my sister before it's time to come home and I can have you on the sofa, all to myself!"

"Sam!" squealed Tammy, picking up her purse and standing so easily on her high heels. I struggled up from the sofa as well, my mouth open down to my feet, I think, in the greatest surprise of my life. I felt Tammy take my right hand while Sam, her brother, dressed just like a girl, took my left.

"Sam's like this with all the boys I take out," said Tammy as butterflies tried to fly out of my stomach. "She thinks she's really funny! She's going to be like it all night, Kurt, so don't let it bug you. There's only one girl in the Waring family and she'll be bringing you home tonight. Sam can find her own date! She usually does!"

My insides churned as I walked out of the condo, the girls each waiting for me to open doors for them. They got into my car like ladies, backing in and settling their tushes into the seat before lifting in their long legs and lovely high-heeled shoes. They chattered to each other about everything they saw, the dresses in shop windows, the dresses on girls on the street and about other dances at the El Dorado.

They knew the bouncers, of course, Sam putting her arms about this huge guy and dancing a little with him, letting him twirl her which showed off the shapely, feminine figure she had. I might have been

the only one in our trio who actually needed a ticket to get into the night club that night.

We didn't sit down at all. Sam was pulling me as Tammy pushed me. I was on the dance floor with two of the best-looking chicks in the club. They could each dance rings around me, and they did. They took it in turns to grind their shapely tushes into me as I struggled to dance with two girls at the same time, my heart racing as I thought what one of them was.

"Smile, stranger!" called Sam as her hair came loose again. She caressed my hip with her own. I looked at her and tried to smile. "Uh, oh, don't look now," Sam yelled above the noise, "but I think you just lost one of your girl friends!"

I turned. Sam was right. Tammy was gone from behind me. I felt Sam's arms about my waist, tugging at me. "Oh, no," she called into my ear. I swallowed hard at a waft of her perfume enveloped me. "I'm not losing my sister and a boy friend in the very first dance!"

I shuddered as 'Sam' turned me, her arms about my neck. She clutched me in the slow dance the singer was turning into a torch song. Her eyes, blue like Tammy's, blue like mine as well, sparkled at me, her thick eye makeup making them appear so feminine. She wiggled as she pressed her body against mine.

"Before you ask," Sam said to me, "it's mostly padding. It's why I bounce a little bit against you, Kurt. Ooo, that's right, hold me there." I'd automatically put my arm about her waist as the crowd crushed us. Sam wiggled against me again and really pushed tightly against me. I felt feminine clothing in my hands and smelled a female musk in my nostrils. A girlish face laughed at me as I tried to figure out what I was doing with another man on the dance floor. I could feel him, Tammy's brother, wasn't it, squeezing my neck tightly as 'he' held onto me, red lips smiling, as if he really was a girl.

"I, I have to find Tammy," I gasped into Sam's ear, an earring swaying against the long, pretty neck that, normally, I'd probably have kissed as we were so close

to one another, a boy and a, well, another boy, clinched in the dance.

"Look at the dancing cages," said Sam, pointing up at the girls gyrating on small, moving platforms, occasionally holding on to the cage-like sides as they were deliberately swayed by the men helping girls in and out of the cages.

"You can see why the guys are trying to get up close to the stage," shouted Sam into my ear over all the noise the band and the crowd were making. "You guys get to look up a girl's dress and see what she's wearing, what color her panties are. Oops, I forgot! You've already seen my underwear, haven't you? And you know what color of panties I'm wearing and why."

"Black," I said but the rest of it mystified me. Sam laughed at my confusion as she led me deeper into the dancing as the tempo increased greatly. Many people left the floor.

"Do this," screamed Sam as she, I have to call her that, danced sexily beside me. She looked so female in a group of pretty women she joined but she was the one focussed on me. I did what she wanted me to do and then it was, "Now, do this," and "Put them together!" I have to admit to it. It was a lot of fun.

Then we saw Tammy, rocking away in one of the dancing cages, and, yes, she wore black underwear like her 'sissy' brother.

"So what's the significance of black underwear?" I asked Sam, wondering if she

introduced herself to others as 'Samantha'. I'd bet that she wouldn't ever be thought of anything else but a girl if she did so.

Sam put her arms about my neck and made me sway with her, so she could whisper into my ear. "A girl who wears black underwear thinks, hopes, she'll get laid by her date which is why she's wearing black, the sexiest color there is," said Sam.

"But you're wearing black panties," I said stupidly.

"You bet I am," said Sam, kissing me right on the lips. I stood there stiffly while she wriggled against me. I should have pushed her away but I'd have caused such a fuss. I didn't want to do that.

"Lighten up, Kurt," said a smiling, girlish Sam, taking my hands in hers and joining in with the rest of the dancers, pulling and pushing me against her like the other girls. "You can kiss me back, you know!" she went on mischievously, looking up above at Tammy who was being lifted up in the air by a shirtless, black guy, laughing at her as they danced while the platform she was on twirled and twirled.

"Uh oh," said Sam. "Let's move away, Kurt. You've seen enough of my sister's panties! And, with what she's had to drink already, I think she might soon be barfing all over this crowd!"

I held Samantha's hand. Yes, that's what I called her in my mind. Honey Weaver slowed the tempo down as she did the Beatles' *Something* in a Peggy Lee impersonation which I really liked.

"Oh, I love this," whispered Samantha to me, her arms clenched again about my neck, her soft cheek and hair against my face, her body tight against mine. "Hold me closer, stats man," she whispered. "I really won't break. It'll thrill me just as much as it thrills you to be dancing with a drag queen like me."

I sort of broke my grip but a grinning Sam seized my arm, putting it tightly about her, took my other and deliberately put it on her tush.

"Ooo, that's lovely!" she whispered in my ear as she kissed my cheek.

"P-Please, Sam," I began, clinching her more tightly, quite involuntarily.

"Since you asked so nicely," said the girlish figure I was circling with intensely, trying to keep myself from stepping on her high heels. She kissed me on the lips then; and, when I pulled back a little in surprise, she kept on, pushing her lips firmly against mine, her hands behind my head holding me against her.

Kissing Sam wasn't awful. It wasn't the end of the world. People didn't point at me, laugh hysterically or taunt me for being queer or worse, for being a fag. "Well, at the end there," said Samantha as she smiled into my face, batting her long lashes at me, "you improved a little, Kurt, but you won't get anywhere with my sister if you kiss her like that!"

"Tammy is, is," I began, feeling my face grow hot as Sam leaned her face against mine, kissed my neck and the collar of my shirt, leaving a ring of lipstick there, marking me as hers. Her fragrance threatened me as we circled. She put my hand back on her tush where I could definitely feel her garter belt and the edge of her panties.

A loud burst of music signalled we were off again with wild, 'rocking' gyrations. I could barely follow even as Samantha told me to do exactly what she was doing! She was a mirror; I was her reflection. She laughed at me as she did ridiculous mimes. Several people turned their heads to smile at us, girl and boy friend.

Finally, Sam moved into my arms and shouted, "You couldn't see but we were on the big screen, dancing like a pair of idiots in the mirror dance! If we stick around past the Weavers' set, we might see ourselves on the replays!"

That would be the last thing I'd want to see, I thought, a drag queen and me dancing together, everybody laughing at the rube up there who didn't know what a fool he was making of himself.

"We should find Tammy!" I shouted to her. Samantha smiled and nodded.

"Let's head for the bar!" she said, taking my hand and leading me through the lines of watchers and listeners, into the public bar area of El Dorado. I couldn't see Tammy anywhere.

Samantha stopped a waitress and asked for white wine and a beer for her boy friend. "Forget that," I said, shivering in indignation, as Sam grabbed my hand and scooted for a chair at a small table. There

wasn't anywhere else to sit. I thought Sam was going to give the chair away when she stood but she made me sit down before sitting in my lap.

"Say, honey," she said, her eyes laughing again at me. "Would you like the full lap dance or are you just going to hold me and be happy to see me tonight?"

Sam positioned my stiff arm about her waist. She put the other one on her leg, on her garter belt and smiled down at me. "You could try to feel me up," she whispered to me. "A girl tries, you know. I've got my black panties on and my hundred dollars a whiff *L'Essence de Paris*. And you're not interested in me at all, not even with my freshly shaved legs and my new garter belt!"

"P-Please, Samantha," I stammered as the waitress arrived with drinks for us. I had to lift an unwilling Sam off my knee to reach the money in my back pocket. Of course, she reached over and took a five from me to give the girl as a tip. The redheaded waitress laughed, nodded to Samantha and went on to other customers.

"She'll remember," said Samantha, sipping her white wine, staining her glass with her lipstick, making me wonder what I looked like. I took a drink of beer. There was a red curve on my glass where I had pressed my mouth against the rim of the beer glass. "You watch," said Sam. "She'll give us service first when there're lots of others trying to be served. Oh, what's with 'Samantha'? Did my sister call me that? She's always trying to feminize me, make me into a woman, stuff like that. She just doesn't believe I like myself the way I am. Who I am is Sam, not Samantha!"

"No, she didn't call you anything but Sam," I told Tammy's brother, perched so daintily on my knee. "That, that was just me, the Samantha thing. I just look at you and I think of you as Samantha, Sam for short. It seems right for you."

"What a sweet thing to say, Kurt!" said the girl on my lap. "Oh, that's lovely. Yes, you can call me Samantha for the rest of the night. Oh, yes, please,

Kurt, do that for me, will you?" And just like a lot of other couples with girls sitting in guys' laps, she kissed me. She kissed me quite fiercely. Wow, I felt chills, and yes, thrills, running through me. Her lips were so firm and demanding. I kissed her back as Samantha snuggled into me while all around us, the noise of the bar and the music from the live act became more and more deafening.

I must have kissed Samantha for several minutes. I'd have gone on kissing her for a lot longer but for a squeal at my ear. I opened my eyes to Tammy beside me, laughing at me and her brother. She was holding on to the black guy's hand as he tried to pull her away from us and back onto the dance floor.

"Michael and I are going to dance!" screamed Tammy just like all the other girls trying to talk in the din. "Don't wait for me! Michael has his own car. He's not drinking. He'll get me home."

"Tammy!" I called but she disappeared into the crowd.

"Oh, poor Kurt baby," said the feminine figure hugging herself to me. "That's Tammy for you, you poor boy. All you have left this evening is the warm and willing Samantha. Ooo, does that ever sound nice!"

"Sam," I began thickly, trying to lift her off me.

"Samantha," she said with a wicked smile on her face. She licked at my ear, as she held onto me, around my neck. I had to keep my arm about her waist as she stood with me.

"I need to talk to Tammy," I said to the mussed face in front of me. I wondered what my face looked like as well.

"You won't get anywhere with her now," said Sam, tossing off the rest of her drink. "Couldn't you see she was drunk, my man? Look, I've been teasing you awfully since we brought you here but I've tried to warn you, Kurt darling. Tammy drinks a lot on weekends. She and Michael always shack up when he's in town.

"There, I've told you. Also, no-one knows me here as anything but Tammy's sister. I don't look that bad,

do I? I'd like to dance again when the deejay comes on in a minute. I'd like to dance with you, Kurt. I don't think you're doing anything else tonight, are you? We could have a lot of fun if you loosened up a little and didn't take me seriously. Really, I am not out to jump your bones tonight, stats man!"

"But you're wearing black panties," I said, looking into the very feminine face studying me.

"Ah," said Samantha, taking my beer and putting it on the table. She took my hand and led me out onto the dance floor. "But you don't know that I have to wear two pairs of panties when I'm out so that, well, so that I look like a girl when I dance in the cages. And the panties closest to me are white, virginal white, I'm sorry to say, Kurt. Samantha is a virgin and will remain that way 'til she meets just the right girl who really turns her on."

"The right girl?" I asked Samantha, disbelief in my voice.

Samantha smiled at me. "Of course," she said, as the deejay thanked Honey for her set and began a slow waltz 'to get everyone on the floor, in the right mood'. "You do know, Kurt Webber, don't you, that Tammy's brother really likes girls like her," she nodded at Honey who was chatting animatedly to a bunch of girls in front of the stage. "She really turns me on."

I think Samantha said that to me to make me feel safe, really safe, with her. Of course, I wasn't at all. But I did have a great time dancing with her, she jumping into my arms in one animated dance. I had to hold her under her lovely legs as her dress rode up and exposed her pretty panties to everyone.

"I've had as much to drink as my sister," said Samantha, her arms about my neck as we clinched in the final slow dance of the deejay's set. "I should fix my makeup while you should go into the guy's and wash me off you."

We'd kissed again in the waltz. I was beginning to actually like the way she kissed. I'd always liked a girl with firm lips, not wimpy ones that you pressed on

and it seemed she was floating further and further away from you all the time.

I was a mess. My shirt collar was a mess but my cheeks were the worst. I'd worked the lipstick off my mouth but it took me a while to get the marks of Samantha's lips off my shirt.

I joined other guys waiting for their girl friends. Samantha didn't see me behind this big guy who stepped in front of me as she came out of the bathroom, all fresh, her hair re-pinned.

Samantha was actually talking and smiling with another guy when I managed to work my way into her line of sight. "Oh, it's my date," she said to the guy trying to take her home, I could see. "Thank you, Neil, but I have a ride after all."

"What was that all about?" I asked her.

"I thought you were gone," said Samantha. "A lot of guys who go out with me leave when they get the chance. Of course, I usually don't tell them until much later in the night who and what I really am. That's when they disappear, those who don't want to fight, that is!"

"That guy ..." I said.

"Neil," said Samantha. "He knows me. He lives close to Tammy and me. He'd have given me a ride, after I'd danced with him, of course."

Samantha slipped her arm under mine. We left the El Dorado as if we were a couple, just like everyone else leaving. I had a beautiful, leggy blonde girl on my arm who smiled at me a lot as I helped her into the front seat of my car. I was actually quite proud of myself as I saw several guys looking at me as I went around the front of my car and got in.

I didn't think at all, until much later, that maybe they knew about Sam Waring, and were thinking I was going to be really surprised when I got my girl home and tried to make out with 'her'. Samantha complimented me on my fine car and on the way I'd danced. She loved shadow dancing, she said. I was good at it. She actually made me feel really good about

myself on the short trip to the condo she shared with her sister.

Samantha femininely let me open the car door for her. As she came up from the car, her arms went about my neck as she kissed me. I actually liked her doing that, thinking how cool it must look to other walkers along the street, this very attractive girl kissing me. I'm sure she knew it and was doing it as a favor to me to improve my standing as a man. I actually puffed up a little as she kissed and smiled at me.

It was getting late, I realized, as I strolled with her, holding her hand in mine, letting her caress and squeeze mine like the girl Samantha was pretending to be. She moved like a girl, like the lithe dancer she was. I was proud to be walking with her, pleased with the looks I got from the few passers-by. I squeezed the pretty girl beside me who found her key and let herself in.

I was going to say goodnight to her, kiss her for the nice night she'd given me, even if she was Tammy's brother, and just leave; but she took hold of me very firmly and pulled me into the condo where she lived with Tammy.

"I don't think," I began and I didn't. Samantha held my hand and drew me after her, a beautiful smile on her face. She lay out on the sofa, inviting me with gestures to lie beside her. She shook her hair back and leaned over to kiss me, kicking off her high heels. I have to admit that she looked really pretty, really feminine.

Samantha's smile was inviting. Ooo, I felt a real stirring inside of me. I wasn't thinking at all. I think I'd forgotten for a minute that the girl I was lying beside, caressing me with her body was the brother of the girl I should have been kissing.

"Call me Samantha again," the girl beside me whispered as she ran her mouth all over my face, rousing me with all her kisses, her breathing heavy. Oh, she was becoming as worked up as I was.

"Samantha," I said nervously as she kissed me more passionately. She took my hand and put it on her stockinged leg, moving her thigh over me in open invitation to me to caress her as if she was a woman.

Samantha caressed her stocking with my hand. I got the message and found myself kissing her back. Samantha was much excited than me. Her mouth dominated mine but I liked that. I wanted to fondle and touch her. She was so soft and feminine. I was always easily aroused by pictures I looked at.

Here, I had a live, energetic woman in my arms who wanted me. I knew I wasn't going to do the ultimate with her but it couldn't hurt, could it, if we both enjoyed the illusion, for a little while, that we were man and woman together, doing a little heavy petting?

I stroked between her legs. Samantha kissed me fervently and opened them a little wider for me. I caressed her stockings with my hands, sliding her dress way up and exposing the tops of her thighs. She didn't object at all to my touches of the soft, hairless skin there. In fact, she guided me to her garter belt and instigated me into caressing the tops of her legs, pushing against me, not stopping me in any way as I gently pulled on her garter belt and actually touched her panties.

Samantha was breathing really hard as she moved over me, sitting astride me, pushing me back against the sofa cushions as her mouth quivered over mine.

"Undo me," Samantha whispered, encouraging me to take her dress off.

I did it, murmuring that we were perhaps going a little too far, weren't we?

"Who am I?" she giggled in my ear.

"Samantha," I whispered.

Samantha held me so that I had to kiss her heaving chest even as she was undoing my pants. Her dress went over her head. I had a woman in sexy, female underwear in my hands who wanted me to kiss and caress her cleavage though she wouldn't let me release her bra.

"I, I think this is enough," I pleaded with her as Samantha rocked and rocked on me. She undid my shirt, pulling it from my bare, hairless chest. She attacked it with her mouth, finding my nipples, making me jerk like an idiot beneath her as she pinched them with her teeth, giggling femininely, as I tried to hold her a little away from me. But that only gave her room to open my pants and slide them and my underpants down over my tush, exposing my aroused manhood to her.

"Ooo," Samantha murmured into my ear as her bra bounced on my chest. I jerked again as she felt so womanly against me. Maybe, she'd been playing with me all along, the thought went through my head. Maybe she wasn't a guy like me at all. "You really do like me after all," she cooed at me.

Samantha took hold of my manhood and pleased me with her soft fingers as I tentatively, nervously, ran my own hands over her tush and the pretty panties she wore. I knew what I was encouraging her to do. I told myself I'd better stop but she was smiling down at me, her hair touching me, her fingers caressing my maleness. I had a wild thought that an encounter with a drag queen didn't make me gay. It just made me lucky if she was as pretty as the girl I'd named Samantha.

Samantha didn't say anything, she couldn't with her mouth on mine as she kissed and kissed me; but she guided my hand between her legs, trapping it there as she lay down firmly on me.

"Call me Samantha again," she murmured, her voice trembling with what I recognized as desire. This can't be happening to me, I said to myself, shaking as much as she was. I shouldn't have started this with her, I thought, as she took my manhood in her hand and began to play with it, making me grow, the fragrance of a woman, from her cleavage, in my nostrils. Oh, it felt so good. I didn't want her to stop. No, I wanted to go on with her and do the ultimate with her, but that was totally impossible, wasn't it?

"Samantha," I murmured as her body moved backward and forward over my penis. She did what I



should have done, would have done, if I'd thought she was really a woman and I was going to have sex with her.

"My black panties work," Samantha said with a giggle as I felt her panties descending down her thighs and it wasn't me doing that.

"Samantha, I don't want to do this!" I gasped as she worked her panties right down her stockings. She took my penis, my aroused, hard penis, and sort of sat on me. I couldn't believe what she wanted me to do. I was kissing her as she was doing it. I was holding her tush tight, and was growing as I always did when a woman was touching me all over. But the thing was that I was sliding my aroused manhood into her tush as if it belonged there. Her hands helped me to enter and penetrate her wiggling tush.

"Who am I?" Samantha gasped at me as I clung to her garters and caressed her soft skin while I kissed her chest, the French scent arousing me so. I was inside her tight passage. Ooo, I was entering a woman. If I ignored the other hard thing pressing against my abdomen, I'd have thought I was about to have glorious sex with a very pretty girl. Samantha wiggled and wriggled as I jerked, coming inside her. Oh, oh, I realized shamefully I was not only kissing and caressing Samantha above me, I was also making love to another man.

"Who am I?" Samantha repeated, pinching my nipples, sitting up a little so that I seemed to dig more deeply inside her. She bounced on me a little as she caressed my chest with her soft hands, pinching my aroused nipples again.

"Samantha!" I cried. She moved her tush back and forward. Really, it was as if I was making love to a woman. I started to climax and tried to hold back. No, I couldn't do this, I shouldn't do this, with another man! Not, a part of me said as well, and like it as well.

"Samantha!" I cried again, coming inside her as a man should come inside a woman. She bent over me, encouraging me to pull a cushion behind me so that

she was able to kiss me fiercely. She raged all over me, driving me on, her mouth and her breasts shivering against me. I tried to rise to the occasion more forcefully. I felt her manhood and went to touch it but she knocked my hand away. It did writhe against me, really moist as she held me and kissed me, making me enjoy the strange coupling we had there on the sofa.

I did enjoy it. I really did forget she was Sam Waring, Tammy's brother. She was Samantha, a female creature. I reached an incredible climax as I released inside her, although I tried not to. Ah, but she brushed me with her hair, her earrings and her bra and I couldn't hold out from my own longings and desires.

My hands caressed Samantha's firm, rounded tush. She wriggled even more as I came to another climax as if I was making love to a real woman. I was, of course, inside a man, to whom I murmured, "Samantha," as if 'she' was a real woman. She rocked intensely as if she was in ecstasy as well, her frenzied movements increasing my pleasure tenfold.

I no longer held back on my kisses. I let go all my inhibitions and made love to the woman in my arms, kissing her all over her face and neck, sensing her smile as I surrendered to all the pent-up sexual tension inside me. I released it all, in my caresses and kisses of the woman lying on me, she seeming to do the same for herself.

Samantha held me, however, still on top of me, her legs at my sides, so easily touchable by my hands. Her thighs and hips were so feminine and so hairless. She let me open her bra but let me kiss and bite her little, bouncy nipples I kicked away my pants and underpants. I managed to get my shoes and socks off as she kissed my body.

I shuddered as Samantha slipped her head down from my chest to my navel and to my abdomen. As I should have expected, she took my manhood into her mouth and worked and worked on me to arouse me again with desire for her. It wasn't that a woman had never done that for me before.