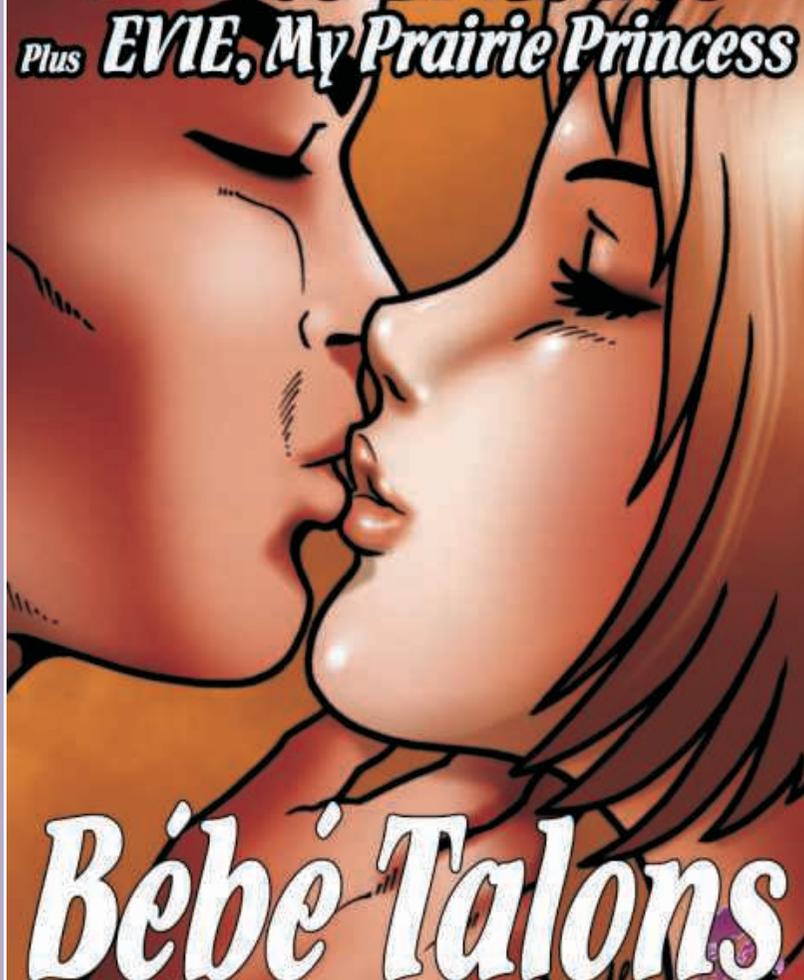


# MY ALICE FROM WONDERLAND

Plus *EVIE, My Prairie Princess*



# *Bébé Talons*

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# MY ALICE FROM WONDERLAND

by **Bébé Talons**

## Chapter One

My name is Harmon McQueen. I was thirty-nine years old when this narrative began some years ago. I was (am) a member of the Bar of my State, but I do not practice law *per se*. I am exactly five foot nine inches tall and weigh one hundred fifty two pounds. I served in the Second Desert Storm effort as a Marine Major where I earned a purple heart when “something” tore a huge hole in my chest. As a result of that hole and the loss of part of my lung, I was medically retired on full disability and I came home to my mountain aerie to recuperate and hibernate. I was going to say *live* but that is not exactly

the right word to describe my reclusive life after I was released and returned home.

I have to tell you that I had been diagnosed with PTSS - Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome - (that's something like P.M.S. only it's combat related, not hormonal!) by the Navy medics and like my Father and three Uncles before me, I became a virtual hermit or recluse when I returned to the States. Like my Dad and Uncles before me, I kept waiting for "The Bullet with my name on it" that would end it all and put me out of my self-imposed misery!

I admit that I went straight to seed. Do not pass "Go," but go straight to "Jail" (seed), (Excuse my little attempt at humor, OK?). I began to go weeks at a time without showering, but being so close to the source, I only occasionally got a good whiff of myself. I also did not change clothes very often which only added to my distinctively odoriferous, repulsive, aroma. Most people avoided any and all contact with me, which suited me just fine as I just wanted to be left alone anyway.

Too, I forgot that I owned such a thing as a razor and my beard grew to a length that was both bothersome and pleasing to me. Bothersome in that the hairs on my upper lip kept getting into my food when I ate (when or if I ate at all) and the long hair had a disturbing tendency to catch and hold just about everything that came in close contact with it! But, at the same time it was pleasing because it made me look like an old time "Man of the Mountain," and I liked that. The hair on top of my head grew until it hung well below my shoulders and I seldom combed it. As a result, it was full of tangles and matts which further accentuated my wild, obnoxious appearance.

I got away with all this because I lived alone, as I explained earlier.

I did not have a housekeeper.

Nor did I have anyone to “do” for me.

And even if I had wanted someone, who would ever have put up with my slovenly ways?

Yeah, you guessed it, I was unmarried.

I had never been married.

Nor did I think at the time that I ever wanted to be married.

I did not (still don't) think that I was (am) a homosexual because I had never wanted to form any sort of romantic relationship with a male either. Friendship, yes, but romance? Never!

At that time, I had two passions in life, one is reading. I love to read and my library is crammed with many hundreds of books that I have read and more of those that I have not read but that I fully intend to read someday. If I live long enough!

And the second is my blooded horses. I am passionate about horses, and I get that from my late Uncle Fred who (like me) fell in love with them when he was a mere child, as did I.

My third passion is the main object of this whole narrative, my now wife, Miss Alichandra Maria Cortes McQueen, the Queen of my Heart!

I had six men who worked for me tending my ranch and I saw them occasionally around the place when I was riding. But, Jesus (Hey - soose) Cortes, my ranch foreman, is extremely competent and any problems that might arise are generally handled without them ever having to bother me about them.

Which is the way I liked it!

You see, I trusted (trust!) Jesus implicitly.

My story started on a rather warmish Halloween night a few years ago when I was surprised by an insistent ringing of my doorbell shortly after 6:00 p.m. Surprised by this intrusion because I lived high up on the mountain side with no one living anywhere near-by, and no one likely to build anywhere close as I own all of the mountain plus some six or eight thousand acres of wooded lands and meadows lush with green grass that are populated by fat, sassy steers and a hundred or so blooded horses, stretching far back into the rugged foothills of the mountains beyond.

OK, so it was mostly all left to me by the deaths of my three bachelor Uncles and my Father when I was fresh out of law school. All right, so I inherited the whole shebang when they died. So? Sue me! Jeezums! They had had the unfortunate duty of being National Guard soldiers during the first Desert Storm action in the near East where each had died as a result of I.U.D.'s and/or mortar attacks or the like. Not all at once, but within a few days of one other.

Unfortunate for them, fortuitous for me. And since none of my Uncles had ever married, there were no nieces or nephews to share with. Too, my Mother had been an only child, so as far as I knew, I had no "near" relatives at all. If I did, I never knew them.

You see, my great-great grandfather had settled this land right after the Civil War when it was still a Territory and more or less "controlled" by Apaches, Mojaves, Cheyennes and some other tribes with

whom he had formed treaties whereby he would run cattle and sheep on the land, and in return, the tribes could have a certain number of animals as "rent." When he died in the early 1900's, my great-grandfather inherited the land and by then he had a deed from the Federal Government that is in force yet today. My grandfather inherited the ranch in the 1930's and it passed to my father and uncles in the late 1970's. That's how it came to me in the late 1990's.

But, that is only incidental to my story.

As I said, the doorbell rang insistently and when I went to open it, I found a young, about sixteen or seventeen year old, beautiful, Alice in Wonderland standing there. Her traditional, youthful blue dress was covered by an equally traditional white bibbed apron that was rounded gently by the flesh beneath its bodice. She wore white silk stockings and black patent mary-jane shoes with two inch high baby heels. Around her creamy neck she wore a small gold cross on a dainty golden chain and in her pierced ears she wore small diamond studs that twinkled brightly. Her cheeks were colored with rouge and her lips were painted a bright red to match her equally bright red fingernails. Not surprisingly, a whiff of her dainty perfume wafted across my wrinkled nose and I inhaled deeply in spite of myself. Her blonde hair was curled and hung in pretty ringlets beside her smooth cheeks. Her dark eyes shone with an odd light.

"Yes?" I queried somewhat curtly. "Can I help you out?" I resisted the urge to add, 'Just show me the way you came in!' Yeah, I know, sarcastic and nasty to the bone! What can I say? Remember the old saying, beauty is only skin deep but ugly is to the

bone? Well, that's me, ugly to the bone! And what's more, I was proud of it! Little did I know that that was all about to change dramatically!

But, back to the story as she goes. . .

"Trick or treat!" this blonde beauty with the dark eyes trilled, her lips curved in a brilliant smile showing twin rows of white, white, even teeth as she held up her goody basket while curtsying prettily.

I stared at her in amazement. No one had ever come here on Halloween before. Mostly the kids who lived in the town in the valley below avoided the place. First, my Uncles and Father (after the death of my Mother) had become as reclusive as I became and they too had discouraged any and all contact with outsiders, no matter the circumstances nor who nor what nor why nor when nor wherever, if it was not concerned with the ranch and its doings, they wanted no part of it.

This had led to some rather odd local misconceptions about the place being haunted or that it was some gangsters' (translation - "Mafia") hangout (with a name like McQueen? Give me a break!), or some kind of drug related enterprise, or some other equally nefarious, though erroneous, notion about the place. Juicy rumors seem to live forever and some people will talk just to watch their lips move!

Besides, we were too far away for most kids to bother us. . .

Then, something about this girl caught my eye and I looked at her closely. For some strange reason, she looked danged familiar to me, like someone I had met or known before. . . somewhere. . .

The question was, "Where?"

“Do I know you, girl?” I asked gruffly.

“I . . . I . . . don’t think so. . .” she replied hesitantly as a soft blush came to her already rosy cheeks.

“Come inside,” I ordered, holding the door wide.

“I . . . I . . . think I had better just go,” she whispered with embarrassment as she curtsayed low and turned to walk away. I saw her cute little nose wrinkle with distaste, but she said nothing.

“No! Wait!” I begged. Suddenly, I didn’t want her to go at all! I wanted her to stay! Why? I have no idea, but all at once, that she not leave was of vital concern to me!

“I mean you no harm, Alice!” I wheedled. “That is who you are, isn’t it?”

She turned and nodded. “Yes, Sir.” And she curtsayed politely again.

“And a beautiful young Alice with such charming manners!” I grinned.

“Yes, Sir,” and she curtsayed again.

“Please come in, Alice,” I invited again. “I’ll look and see if I can find a suitable treat for you so that you don’t have to trick me! I get so few visitors up here and I certainly didn’t expect anyone tonight.” Then, as an afterthought, I asked, “Tell me, dear Alice, why *did* you come up here?”

Pausing only to wipe her dainty feet on the doormat, Alice stepped inside. She looked up at me shyly. “It was a dare!” she whispered, her cheeks blazing with embarrassment.

I was surprised anew. “A dare?” I asked, startled.

She nodded. "Yes, Sir. Some of the other kids dared me, especially when they saw me in my Alice in Wonderland costume."

"Now why would your costume have anything to do with a dare?" I asked gently.

Blushing, Alice hung her head in shame and curtsayed. "I'm sure I don't know."

I led the way into my library and walked behind my desk. "I was just going to have a brownie with my coffee. Would you like to join me in a cuppa?" I asked.

Alice's eyes lit up with mischief. "Oh, do you think we'd both fit?" she teased.

"Fit? Oh, join me," I murmured. 'An Alice with a sense of humor!' I laughingly told myself. Aloud, "I think I meant share a brownie with me," I explained needlessly.

Again she smiled brightly. "Oh, yes, Sir! I dearly love brownies! But may I have a glass of milk or one of cider instead of coffee?" she asked politely as she curtsayed again then perched herself on the edge of the huge leather chair in front of my desk.

"Of course you may! And I'll have some cider too. My doctor is always telling me to cut down on my coffee intake anyway!"

"My Father drinks coffee all the time," Alice offered shyly. "Only he likes his black and strong enough to float a horseshoe!" she giggled.

"Sounds just like one of my hired hands!" I chuckled as I poured two glasses of cider.

"Yes, Sir, he works for you, you know."

"Who does?"

“My Father.”

“Your Father works for *me*?” I asked in surprise.

She nodded and took a sip of cider. “Yes, Sir, Jesus Cortes.”

“But Jesus only has one child, a boy, as I recollect. . .” I mused thoughtfully.

Alice nodded, her face flaming fiercely. “Yes, Sir.”

“Then, you’re. . . Alichandra?”

She hung her head in shame. “Yes, Sir, I am Alichandra Maria Cortes” she whispered as she rose, curtsayed and blushed with shame. “I. . . I’d better go. . .” she turned.

“Well, I’ll be damned!” I whispered reverently. “I will be eternally damned! I would never have guessed! Not in a million years!” I added inanely.

Now that I knew the truth and was looking closely, I could almost see the boy beneath the girlish make-up and feminine accouterments! And it was also obvious to me that he was fully at ease wearing a dress, heels, hose, make-up and all!

“Please don’t go, Alice,” I wheedled. “I did not mean to embarrass you, Sweet Alice,” I whispered softly. “I meant it as a compliment.”

He looked at me shyly. “I know. I got over being embarrassed about wearing dresses long ago!”

“I like your costume, Alice,” I told him calmly. “Will you model it for me?”

Obediently, he curtsayed gracefully, and twirled slowly, giving me the full effect of his nylon encased legs before curtsaying. He watched me surreptitiously.

“Very nice, Alice. I am quite impressed! Tell me, have you been dressing as a girl very long?”

He nodded, his face flaming brightly. “Yes, Sir,” he whispered. “Since I was a baby. . .”

“I see,” I mused aloud.

“But it wasn’t my idea,” he protested weakly. “At least, not at first. . .” Warily, he sat back down.

“But you are a very beautiful little girl,” I praised. “In fact, I would like it very much if you would visit me again while you were dressed as Alice. We could have a nice tea party and chat and all.”

He looked up at me through stricken eyes. “You. . . you. . . you’re not angry?” he whispered.

“Angry? What is there to be angry about? I see a very pretty girl sitting in my chair and I have just invited her to visit me again. Is that so strange?”

He shook his head back and forth, his ringlets swirling teasingly about his cheeks. “No, Sir.”

“Good! Do you have anywhere else to go? I mean, are you expected somewhere else? Now, I mean?”  
Damn, this was a Helluva time to get all tongue-tied!

He shook his head. “No, Sir.”

“Well, why don’t we have a tea party right now?” I asked brightly. “I really do want to get better acquainted with my new found friend, Alice,” I praised, walking around the desk and taking his hand in mine, squeezing it gently.

“I’d like that, Sir,” he replied, eyes shining hopefully.

“Good.” I pulled him by the hands and drew him to his feet. “Let’s go into the kitchen and see what we can come up with, shall we?”

He curtseyed. "Yes, Sir, I'd like that," he repeated, looking around. "Are all these books yours?"

I nodded. "Yes, Ma'am, every last one of them!" I exclaimed proudly.

"Have you read them all?" he asked in disbelief.

"Not yet, but I am working on it. I imagine that I will have read most of them by the time I'm ninety years old, provided I don't buy any more in the meantime!"

"Wow!" he whispered reverently. "I wish I had a library like this."

"You are welcome to come over and use it any time you wish," I offered.

"Oh, that would be great!" he enthused.

"Well. . . there *is* one small string attached. . ."

"Oh?" A sudden tenseness appeared in his eyes.

"You may only use my library if you come as a girl. . . as Alice," I amended, holding my breath in anticipation of his response.

"Only as Alice?" he asked wistfully.

I nodded. "Only as Alice," I affirmed.

"In this dress?" he asked.

"Anything, as long as what you wear is made expressly for a girl," I amended gently.

He smiled brightly, the tenseness fading immediately. "Oh, that's easy! Sure, I'd like that."

I took his hand and led him down the hallway to the kitchen where I brushed away the residue of my bachelor attempts at cooking and found the makings for our party. Soon, a pot of tea was brewing and he surprised me by taking some things from my

fridge and before I knew it, he had made some fussy little tea sandwiches to enjoy with our tea.

But, rather than returning to the library, I had him carry the tea things on a serving tray into the parlor. It was the most presentable room in the house, you see. As I said, I am not the world's best housekeeper! We sat in comfortably upholstered chairs across from one another and sipped our tea and nibbled on our little sandwiches.

“Ah, this is the life!” I sighed.

“It is rather nice,” Alice agreed shyly.

For many long minutes, we sat quietly, sipping and eating. I noticed that he ate daintily, taking small nibbles of his food like females are wont to do, and I realized that he had had extensive training in female mannerisms and social inter-reactions of a procedural nature. It came so naturally to him that I realized it had become part of his everyday persona!

“So, tell me, Alice,” I began softly, “how did you come to be Alice in the first place?”

He sighed wistfully. “My Mother. You see, she had always wanted a daughter and her first three pregnancies all resulted in miscarriages. All the unborn fetuses had been female. Her doctors warned her after the third time that she should not try to have any more because it might cause her death. But, she wanted a daughter so much that she tried again anyway. This time, she carried the baby to term, but instead of a baby girl, they got me!

“Well, Dad was just glad to have any baby, but Mother was heartbroken because she had wanted a girl so much. When she decided to raise me as the daughter she desired, my Dad decided to let her have her way and I was there after a girl for all prac-

tical purposes. Until I was six or so, I didn't know that I was a boy, but when it came time for me to attend Parochial School, I had to become a boy whether I wanted to or not.

“But all those years as a girl had had their effect on me. I looked like a girl and I acted like a girl and I spoke like a girl and I did things like a girl and most people even treated me like a girl! And so I got through the first eight grades until I was sent to the Catholic Junior High School for the ninth grade. That was four Septembers ago and the brothers are nowhere near as accepting of me as a girl as the nuns of my old school had been.

“I was held up as an object for ridicule by the brothers teaching my classes and as a result, the bullies were given open season on me. The second afternoon I returned home with my clothes torn, my books and papers torn and muddied, and my nose bleeding, my Dad went to the school and without ceremony, barged right into the Head Abbot's office with me in tow.

“When he got done yelling and threatening retribution if I ever came home like that again, they were quite glad to assure him that it would never happen again! Dad told the Abbot that if I ever did come home again in a similar condition, the Abbot would suffer the same treatment, only more so! And he told the Abbot that it was not a threat, it was a promise!

“Then, he turned, and dragging me behind him, we left the building. The next day in class the teacher warned the bullies not to touch me under pain of correction by the Abbot, and not one of them wanted to be subjected to a public whipping by anyone, much less the Head Abbot! So, except for some

yelled threats and veiled innuendoes, that was the end of it.

“Until tonight when some of the kids from school saw me and dared me to come up here. And, I came and here I am.”

“Amazing!” I whispered. “To think that such things still happen in this day and age!”

“When I get to University next year, it will all change,” he commented, sighing.

“Yes, I remember how things were when I was in under-grad school. There were all sorts from A to Z and hundreds of stages between, and no one ever commented adversely on anything!”

“I wish high school could be like that,” he commented shortly.

“It’s the administration’s fault just as much as it’s anyone’s fault,” I replied. “If they would just grow a little backbone and put a stop to it in the first place, the bullies would soon die out because they would have no one to bully without repercussions all around!”

“But, it isn’t and it won’t be, so, what’s the answer?”

“If I told you, I’d have to kill you!” I teased.

“Seriously?” he giggled.

“People taking it upon themselves to stop the practice by their presence! That’s how. If you need someone to escort you to and or from school, I hereby volunteer my humble services.”

He giggled anew. “You’re nice. Not at all like some of the others say you are.”

“Don’t let it get around,” I gasped in mock horror. “I would not like that!”

He giggled again. “I like you, Mr. McQueen.”

“Oy vey,” I lamented, rolling my eyes in mock horror, “where ever did I go wrong?”

“You’re funny too, Mr. McQueen!” he laughed, eyes shining with pleasure.

“And you’re absolutely beautiful. Wanna fight about it?”

Again he giggled happily. “Oh, Heavens no. Whatever would I do with you if I won?” he laughed.

“Oh? You think you can take me, little girl?” I glared at him menacingly.

Well, I tried to be menacing. . .

“I don’t know. Where would I take you?” he asked, frowning in mock thought, his forefinger under his chin.

“Watch it girl, else I’ll tickle you!”

“Oh, please, Mr. McQueen. Don’t tickle me! I’m very ticklish!” he admitted soberly.

“All right,” I agreed. “But be forewarned, the tickling fickle finger of fate is always ready to go!”

He giggled again. “I’ll try to remember that,” he whispered, and before I knew it, he had leaned across our bodies and had kissed me on the cheek. And you know? I liked it!

No, I loved it!

And I wanted him to kiss me again. . .

And again. . .

And again. . .

And never stop!

So if being kissed by this beautiful boy in a pretty dress who was wearing high heels and nylons and make-up and all the rest of that feminine get-up makes me *gay*, well then, I guess I am gay because I never wanted him to stop!

Not in a million years!

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER TWO

As you may have already guessed, my personal habits and appearance were radically changed by my new friendship with Alichandra. That same night after he had left shortly before midnight, I took a shower and put on clean clothes for the first time in months. The next morning, I drove into town and got a shave and a haircut. Actually, I only had my beard trimmed back to an acceptable size and had my hair put back in a Marine cut for the first time since I had been retired. When I looked into the barber's mirror, I felt more like myself than I had in almost four years, since my brush with death.

At my next doctor's check-up, he remarked that I seemed to be in much better spirits and I told him about Alichandra's first visit. I did not mention that Alichandra was a boy in a dress!

While in town, I stopped off at a temp place to ask about temporary maid service. I figured that as long as I had cleaned up my act that I should do the same for the house! They promised to send three ladies out the next day to get started, and sure

enough, three Mexican-American ladies showed up shortly before 8:00 a.m. the next morning and by noon, I did not recognize the place! It made no difference to them that it was the first of November and getting chilly, they opened every window in the place to air me out, and I have to admit, the house smelled a lot better afterwards!

At any rate, I began to look forward to Alichandra's visits, and true to his word, he always wore a dress and high heels and nylons when he came over. I grew very fond of him very quickly!

Then one day two weeks later, Jesus came to the house and I invited him in. I didn't have to wait long before he broached the subject of his visit. "Mr. McQueen, I know Alichandra has been coming up to the main house pretty regularly of late."

I nodded. "Yep, so he has," I agreed.

"If he's being a problem, tell me and I'll stop it," he offered, blushing heavily.

"When I don't want Alichandra coming around any more, Jesus, I am perfectly able to tell him so myself. Until that time, he is welcome to come by any time, whether I am here or not!" I emphasized.

Jesus stood and held out his hand. "Thank you, Mr. McQueen. You're one man out of the herd!"

"Well, it's nice of you to say that, but I do like the boy and believe me, it's no bother to me having him come around! If it hadn't been for him, I'd still be a bum! I owe him more than I could ever repay in twenty life-times!"

"Thank you again, Mr. McQueen," Jesus repeated, turned and walked away. I noticed that his back was straight and proud and that he walked

with a sort of jaunty air that had been missing when he first came to the house.



That afternoon when Alichandra came by, I told him about his Father's visit. "What brought that on?" I asked.

Alichandra hung his head. "It was just something. . ." and he would say no more.

"Look, Alichandra, you are welcome in my home whether I am here or not. That goes for today, yesterday, tomorrow and all the rest of the days of the year from now until Hell freezes over, or until I tell you to bug off. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir." He smiled weakly.

"Now, to Hell with books today. Do you like horses and horse-back riding?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. McQueen, I love horses and I absolutely love riding!" he enthused. "But I don't get the chance very often because I do not have a horse of my own," he explained.

'Like all girls!' I thought wryly. 'Why should my little Alice be any different?'

"Well, how would you like to go riding with me this afternoon?"

"I'd love it!" he exclaimed, eyes shining with pleasure.

"Good, I have a sweet little mare that would suit you to a tee."

"Can I run home and change my clothes first?" he asked excitedly.

"As long as you come back in a riding habit suitable for a young senorita!"

"I've got just the thing!" he enthused, laughing brightly. "It'll knock your socks off!"

In the few weeks of our acquaintance, I had only seen Alichandra in a pants outfit once, and that had been when I took him to the Big City near us for a cattle auction, and even then, his clothing had been feminine all the way! God, but he had a cute butt in those tight jeans he had worn! And I told him so too! And he blushed right down to his toenails, which I thought quite feminine of him! Cute, too!

I was surprised at the extent and variety of female clothing Alichandra owned and I began to look forward to seeing what he would come up with next! I have to admit, this boy had gotten under my skin as no one else ever had!

By the time he returned, I had his mare saddled and ready to go, and was just finishing up my stallion when he returned. I gaped in surprise!

He was dressed for riding, all right! But what a dress! He was dressed all in leather, from his hat to his boots to the leather gauntlets on his hands, he was all in brown! Well, except for the white blouse and the lace flounces that showed from under his bolero jacket. His skirt was at least ankle length and “split” so that he could ride, and I knew he’d look great atop the hurricane deck of the mare I had chosen for him, especially since the saddle I had chosen for him was a “side” saddle!

And why not, since he looked every inch a Mexican Senorita of the late 1890’s period?

“Hey, right on time, after all the work’s done!” I teased in greeting.

“All the better to preserve my nails!” he quipped brightly. Then he noticed the side saddle. “Oh, my!” he whispered in awe. “How did you know, Mr. McQueen?”

“Know what?” I asked, mystified.

“That I have always wanted to ride using a real side saddle,” he murmured in awe.

“I didn’t,” I admitted. “It just seemed to me that a sophisticated lady in the day usually rode side saddle, and since you are My Sophisticated Lady, I just naturally put that kind on for you,” I explained sheepishly.

Alichandra stood up close to me and raised to his tippy toes. Before I realized what he intended doing, he was kissing me on the lips and it was not a fleeting kiss either! He meant it!

So, I put my arms around him and held him close. And by all that’s Holy, I kissed him back!

I mean, I kissed him back!

No, I was *not* kissing a boy in girl’s clothes.

Well, maybe I was. . . maybe. . .

OK, all right already!

Yes, I was kissing a boy, a boy dressed in girls’ clothes!

But that thought never entered my mind even once!

To me, I was kissing a very beautiful, desirable, senorita and it just seemed *right* in my mind!

“Oooh,” he whispered when we finally broke, “I am so. . .”

“If you try to tell me that you’re sorry you kissed me, I’ll skin your skirt and petticoats back and those bloomers down and blister that fat ass of yours to a fond fare-thee-well!” I threatened.