



A Novel By:
KENNETH LEIGH

Illustrated By:
Sherri Johnson

Copyright © 2011, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

DOT COM

by Kenneth Leigh

I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And I do mean *nothing!*

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

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

I think Lottie is a bit soft in the head.

To continue. . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Except for our Momma whose face showed her darkened displeasure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Certainly not the construction men we knew!

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

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

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

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

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

Whoopie!

Be still my heart!

One and I were overjoyed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Momma Santori never raised no fools!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was trapped.

And she knew it.

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

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

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

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

Momma Santori didn't never raise no fools!

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

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

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

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