

# What Kind of Fool Am I?

Book One



Authored by  
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# What Kind Of Fool Am I

by **Bébé Talons**

**In the Beginning. . .**

My name is Jason (after my Father) Ford (my Mom's maiden name) Burch, but everyone calls me *Lucky*. I am twenty-seven years old and I am studying part-time at the University's Night College to learn how to be a writer and free-lance journalist. You see, I now work full-time as an aircraft mechanic for *Air-Flights* at Coventry Airport to support myself and my wife while I attend classes part-time. My English Lit. Professor has helped me a lot and has also recommended some books on how to write.

Sounds dumb, doesn't it? Hell's bells, I already knew *how* to write, what I needed to know was *what* to write about!

I have been an avid reader of all kinds of literature since I was a youngster, even when I had little inkling of what the subject matter was, and now Miss King (that's my English Lit. professor's name) tells me that I should just practice free association writing and that I should just write about something with which I am familiar, such as a personal experience or something about which I know a great deal, such as my military experiences working on helicopters or on airplanes, like I do now.

It's not easy to begin — not knowing what I should write about — with a blank sheet of paper staring me in the face, daring me to deface its pristine surface! I moped about and groped at straws for several weeks, even talked about it with my best friend, Darling Little Dana (Double Dee) Hutton Donahue. He suggested that I write about that visit to the circus last year when we both had a lot of fun with our wives. But, after you discuss the clowns and the animals and the aerialists and the side shows and the rides and the crowds, what else can you write about, especially if you're not actually a member of the circus community and don't know the real ins and outs of the performers' behind-the-scenes work?

My wife, Dorothy, wasn't much help either. She suggested writing about my childhood. *Boooorrrring!*

Some of my other friends said that if I wanted to write about something worthwhile, I had to feel an urge to put something down on paper, something that was close to my heart, something I believed in, or something that other people would like to read. . .

some unusual event. . . some strange incident. . . or something. . .

Then, one Saturday afternoon, it hit me! I would write about my best friend, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, who had been rather unhappy for some time because of his home situation that had carried over to his work because of the way he was made to dress by his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Donahue. Dana's wife, Aileen, had been sick for a long time and was preparing to go to Boston to see another medical specialist, leaving him in the care of her domineering Mother. Mrs. Donahue was a rather strict and out-spoken woman, an out-spoken woman's liberation advocate, in her mid-forties and she ruled Aileen and Dana with an iron fist in a velvet glove.

Aileen's medical expenses were staggering, as you can imagine, forcing Double Dee to work at several extra jobs to try to keep ahead of their mounting medical debts. Even this trip to Boston was being financed by myself and Dorothy because they could not afford it.

But, all that comes later.

First, a word of explanation about these *Darling Little Dana* references. When he was just a babe-in-arms, his Mother had always referred to him as *My Darling Little Baby Boy, Dana*. His brother and sister had picked up on that immediately, and for the rest of his life, he will be known as *Darling Dana*, or *Double Dee*, when it was shortened.

So, sometimes I will refer to him as Darling Dana, sometimes I shall call him just plain Dana, but I will usually call him Double Dee. So if I skip around with what I call him, just you remember that you have been warned!

Now, that that's settled, let's start at the beginning. .

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Buster Brown & His Dog, Tige**

Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue and I have been friends for the longest time. We lived right next door to one another on State Street on the outer limits of a small city in up-state New York near the Canadian border where we were born.

Even though we are exactly five years and one day apart in age, our birthdays are only one day apart (mine is March 31 and his is April 1), we both attended the same elementary and high schools from the sixth grade on. I lost three full grades because I had a long running bout with some exotic form of influenza that kept me confined to the hospital and to my bedroom at home, and also left me extremely near-sighted and weak, which enabled Double Dee to catch me in the sixth grade because he was such a smart kid and because I had missed so much school work that I either failed every grade or passed by the skin of my teeth.

During the time I was confined, Double Dee had spent considerable time with me, playing board and

card games, him reading to me (my eyes, remember?) and sort of *doing for me*, if you catch my drift.

He had started school one year early and then, half-way through first grade, had skipped right over the second to the third and then skipped the fourth grade, putting him even with me at the start of the sixth.

I was the biggest kid in the sixth grade and Double Dee was the smallest. We were the class misfits, and at first we chummed together because no one else would have us. But after awhile, we chummed because we truly liked one another and actually preferred each other's company to anybody else.

I was very protective towards Double Dee. He had not grown as fast as other kids and was small framed to boot. As a matter of fact, he was shorter than my wife, Dorothy, who is five-two and weighs one-oh-five in her bra and panties.

Double Dee weighs eight pounds less than my Dotty does! He's blonde (what else?), blue-eyed, fair skinned, almost completely hairless, but he's quick to smile and smart as a whip.

I, on the other hand, am almost six feet tall, with wavy brown hair (that I keep clipped short in a buzz cut) and hazel eyes. I am two hundred solid pounds (I play tackle for a local semi-pro football team) of sinew and muscle, and I'm still extremely near-sighted because of the residual effects of my influenza attacks. I may be a little slow when it comes to non-mechanical things, but I am an ace mechanic!

I'm also the world's biggest sucker when it comes to Darling Dana (Double Dee) Hutton Donohue!

Double Dee had never been a sissy, although to be quite honest, he is frail and delicate, in a nice sort of way, I mean. As I said, he is my best friend.

At any rate, we all worked for *Air Flights*, the local commuter airline. I am an airplane mechanic, as I said, while Double Dee worked as the reservation clerk and airport manager. My wife and Double Dee's wife, Aileen Donahue, were both stewardesses.

Darling Dana Hutton hadn't had an easy time of it. He lived right next door to us with his Mother, an older sister and a much older brother. His father was in the Army and was stationed abroad a lot, leaving his Mother alone to cope with everything. He was killed in some battle in Europe somewhere just before the war ended

I remember Double Dee working at a local grocery store as a bag boy by the time he was nine years old and running two city paper routes because his family needed the money to live on. Like I said, I have always liked the Kid, and when he was a kid, I felt greatly sorry for him. I remember him struggling to carry his bags of newspapers that summer he was ten years old (I was fifteen that same spring) and I had delivered newspapers to help him out. I didn't mind at all. I had developed into a strong, husky kid after my bout with influenza, and besides, I liked doing things to help him out.

It was so funny. He'd tell me where to leave the papers and I would run them around just like a dog that had been trained by his master to do that very thing. Sometimes, to be funny, I would bark when I ran a paper to a house, then run back and stand there with my tongue hanging out, panting like some kind of fool. Double Dee would just grin and murmur, "Good dog!"



Good dog!” And sometimes he would pat me on the head. For some weird reason, I liked it best when he patted me and told me I was a good dog!

In fact, right up to the day they died, both of our Mothers referred to us as *Buster Brown and his dog, Tige* — whoever they were.

When Halloween rolled around that year, our Mothers surprised us with two of the most appropriate costumes ever, and although I couldn’t see the humor in it at the time, I can now see that my Mother knew exactly what she was doing as her unstated prediction bore fruit in such a wonderful, yet strange, manner. . . but again, I am getting way ahead of the story.

They had made a *Buster Brown* suit for Double Dee and a shaggy dog suit for me!

Double Dee’s Mom had insisted he wear his hair in long ringlets and she also made him wear white lace gloves to protect his hands. To make sure he kept the gloves on so that he wouldn’t lose them, she had painted his nails a bright red! To complete the illusion, she put a wide-brimmed picture hat atop his curls and secured it with a wide, pale blue ribbon tied under his chin. He looked great, and even though he had objected somewhat to the pale lip-stick, the dark eye-liner and the bright blusher on his cheeks that she had used to high-light his best features (his big blue eyes and shy smile), she paid no attention to his protests as she applied the cosmetics liberally to his blushing face.

He had looked so cute in his snug, dark maroon velvet jacket and the matching short, tight pants, with the frilly white silk blouse and wide patent leather belt. (Later on that same afternoon, I discovered that his Mom had insisted that he wear his sister’s silky pink panties and pink under shirt [you know, the one with

the little pink bow at the neck], and a pair of her cast off panty-hose to keep his legs warm!) On his feet, Dana wore matching patent leather dancing shoes (Mother couldn't find boy's shoes in his size, so she substituted a pair of my sister's mary janes with one and a half inch baby heels) and lace edged ankle sox. When he was all dressed up in his costume, he looked exactly like a picture I once saw of someone called "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a boy from the States who went to live with his relatives and eventually became a Lord of the Realm in Merry Old England sometime around the turn of the century.

After that, when I wanted to tease him, I would refer to him as "My Little Lord" or "Sir Fauntleroy" or just plain "Fauntleroy" or "Your Majesty" or "Your Little Lordship" or "My Little Liege," all of which angered him for some reason and for the longest time, even today!

But the name that made him the most angry was to be called *My Little Lordship Darling Dana Hutton*, with the emphasis on the *Little*. And if you think he just took it, think again! Double Dee had his own way of getting even with me, and he always got even! In fact, he's so far ahead of me now that I'll never catch up, not if I live to be a hundred years! old

Our Mothers "oohhed" and "aahhed" over how cute he looked and how pretty he was, "just as pretty as a little girl," they cooed, which made him blush even more furiously than he already had been! I thought he was more beautiful than any girl I ever knew, including our own older sisters and our Mothers, who were all beauties in their own right!

I do believe that I fell in love with him at that very moment, although I didn't know it at the time!

Then, it was time to fasten me into my costume. Mother cautioned me that it might be a tad warm inside the costume if I wore too many clothes and she advised me to strip down to my under-pants before getting into it. Which I did, and I was glad afterwards that I had! Even though it was rather coolish in those final days of October that year, I was warm enough in the heavy costume. In fact, there were moments when I was too warm!

I slipped my hands into the front legs and found, to my great surprise, that my hands curled around little knobs inside my front "paws." My head was slipped into the head of the costume and I was laced in snugly, the leather moulding itself to my body easily. Mother ordered me to wriggle my bottom, and when I did, I felt a something settle into place between my surprised bottom cheeks. Then I heard Double Dee's excited voice, "Hey! Look! He's got a real tail now!"

And, it was true! There was a springy thingie inside the tail itself and by clenching or squeezing my bottom cheeks, I could make it move quite realistically! And by trying to expel the springy thingie, I could make it bob up and down in doggie fashion, and of course, Double Dee encouraged me to "wag" my tail constantly! In fact, he insisted on it! Eventually, I could "wag" without even thinking about it!

Double Dee knelt, put his arms around my neck and nuzzled his face into my thick fur. "You're my lucky charm!" he whispered. "And I'm going to name you *Lucky*!" he exclaimed. And from that day, I have been *Lucky* and nothing else. Even my own Mother and sisters called me Lucky! And since it was my Darling Little Dana's idea in the first place, it was jake with me!

To continue, I looked through the costume's milky glass eyes and discovered that without my own glasses, my seeing acuity was effectively reduced to zilch and I would be entirely dependent upon someone else (Double Dee, of course!) to guide me.

Mother fastened a something with jingly things tightly around my neck and I peered at her through my cloudy dog's eyes in amazement.

"Hey!" I growled, trying to make the dog mouth useful, "What in blazes is **that** for?" I demanded.

"Oh, dear," Mother giggled. "What's this then?"

Double Dee swatted my snout playfully. "Hey, you!" he admonished sharply, then he grinned slyly, "Dogs don't talk, they bark!" He giggled again and patted my head gently, scratching my ears affectionately. "If I have to be a sissified little boy for you, the least you can do is be a good little doggie for me!"

I looked up at him, seeing his grinning face as a mere blur and I felt a new respect for him now that he was still a human and I had been reduced to being his dog! I licked at his hand to show my new respect.

"Your Master has spoken!" Mother laughed. She handed Double Dee a short doggie whip. "This will help you keep your new pet in line," she told him.

Boy!

Would it!

Mother had used that same dog whip on my bare bottom many times in the past and I well knew its sting! I would be very careful to avoid its use again!

"Rrrraafff! Rrrraafff (I'll behave!)" I had learned how to bark and whine like a puppy when I was his deliv-

ery dog some years past. It stood me in good stead  
now.



“C’mon, Lucky, Boy!” Double Dee squealed and tugged on my new leash. He skipped merrily about the kitchen with me hot on his heels, barking like an idiot and scrambling to keep up with him. My Mother and Dana’s Mom laughed at our antics which only made us act up all the more.

I wasn’t too pleased when Double Dee sat at the table with our parents to have his treat of milk and cookies while Mom placed a saucer of milk on the floor for me to lap from! When I tried to protest, Double Dee snapped that dog whip across my rear end and I lost all desire to protest anything else!

Mother noticed my capitulation at once. “Dana, Darling, why don’t you and Lucky get better acquainted this afternoon?” she suggested. “You’ll have all afternoon to teach your new pet how to behave so that you’ll make a big hit tonight at the Costume Contest. Wouldn’t it be nice if you were to win first prize?”

His Mom sighed. “That two hundred dollars sure would come in handy!”

“Well, I’m sure Lucky would donate his half to a worthy cause, should they be the first prize winners!” my Mom blurted in sympathy.

I said nothing in my defense because just about that time, Double Dee hauled on my leash and squealed, “C’mon, Lucky! Let’s go out and play!” And he started for the back yard.

I had no choice but to hurry after him on my hands and knees or be choked!

For the next several hours, he taught me how to do several dog tricks. I didn’t know that he knew how to do that, but then I remembered that he had had a dog once before and had trained it all by himself..

He taught me to heel, to play dead, to come at his command, to lie down, to roll over, to fetch, to shake hands, to stand on my hind legs and all those dumb doggie tricks. At first, I was resentful, but he was so enthusiastic about it that I hated to disappoint him, so I tried my best to do my best! Every time I pleased him, he would scratch my ears and feed me a doggie biscuit. They were sort of bland to my teenaged taste, but I ate them anyway. Eagerly and enthusiastically!

I found that I had to pee from all the water and milk I had drunk earlier, and when I made my needs known to Dana, he merely spread my costume between my legs, reached in and pulled my swollen penis through the slit!

"OK, Lucky," he teased. "Just raise your leg against that tree and go like a good doggie!"

I looked at him through myopic eyes. "How did you know about that?"

He giggled. "Your Mom showed me what to do, just in case, and why are you talking to me anyway?" He whipped me crisply across my bottom and I yelped in sudden surprise. "Now, you'd better go. . . if you have to. . ." he ordered softly.

I cocked my leg against the tree and went, peeing strongly against the rough bark. When I was done, he tucked my penis back inside the stretchy material but left my hard sac fully exposed! I thought he had done it accidentally, but when I showed him, he just laughed with glee. "It's OK, Lucky, Boy, I know what I'm doing!" Even then, he was a little sadistic as a Master, taking great pleasure in making me squirm and yelp while he played rough! Lord help me, but I did like it when he "handled" me and I always got hard and throbbing!

And for the rest of that afternoon, I stuck close to him, hiding my exposure, being very fearful of discovery. But, I soon forgot all about my sac hanging out and concentrated on learning how to be Double Dee's dog. It was a lot of fun once I learned that I liked his playing with my ears! Twice more I had to pee, and each time he released me, I got harder than ever!

I liked his soft hand holding my stiffness! The second time, he didn't put me back in because it was getting dark and no one could see anyway. I think he just didn't want to be bothered! But, to be on the safe side, just before we went back inside the house for supper, he tucked me back inside and patted my still exposed sac gently. I growled low in my throat.

"And I love you too, Lucky, Boy," he teased, "but I think these should stay out, don't you? No one's going to notice what a dog has between its legs! Just keep your legs tightly together and no one will see. "OK?" He ruffled my hair and patted my snout.

I wriggled my tail in understanding. "Rrrraarfff! Rrrraarfff!" I barked.

"Good dog!" he praised.

Inside the kitchen, he fed me a can of dog food in a dish on the floor, squatting beside me and scratching my ears while I ate. He chuckled as I eagerly gobbled the whole thing down. His hands trailed down my back and between my legs. I knew what he was going to do, but I didn't try to stop him. I couldn't have stopped him even if I had wanted to! His soft hand slipped between my spread legs and cupped my hard sac in his caressing palm, his soft fingers curling around them tightly. He squeezed a bit roughly and I squirmed with sudden discomfort, yelping softly in an involuntary reaction.



“You are going to be a very good doggie tonight, aren’t you, Lucky, Boy?” he asked breathlessly. “Because I surely do want to win that grand prize! It means so much to my family that we win that money!” He squeezed again, a lot harder this time. “You are going to try to win, aren’t you, Lucky?” he demanded.

I yelped and turned to lick at his hand. “Rrrraarrfff! Rrrraarrfff!” I yelped in agreement.

As you might have guessed already, Double Dee and I won for Best Costume in the mixed age group and Best Costume overall, winning the two hundred dollar prize handily.

After the contest, Double Dee stooped, reached inside my costume slit and pulled my stiffened penis into plain view (except that no one noticed! I mean, who looks at a dog’s exposed sex parts anyway?), then he walked me all the way home, keeping a tight grip on my leash, me at my learned “heel” position (me close behind), and without bothering to conceal my exposure, he took me into their house to show our parents what we had won.

As my Mom had promised, my share was donated to Double Dee’s family on the spot.

I would have given it to them anyway, but it griped me no end at the time to think that I had had no say at all in the decision to give *my* half of the money away!

Our parents were overjoyed and rewarded us with cookies and milk. Mine was served in my doggie dish on the floor while Double Dee knelt beside me, scratching my ears and patting my head gently. As Double Dee had known they would, our Moms paid no attention whatsoever to my exposure even though it was quite evident, if they had but looked!

The adults left us alone after a bit, and he began to groom my coat with a stiff dog's brush, brushing it roughly across my tight little exposed sac and stiffened penis many times! But, instead of hurting, it felt good and I kept my legs spread to make it easier for him to attend to me. Like I said, I guess I'm a bit of a masochist, and Double Dee had become my sadistic Master, so we got along fine!

I mean, he was a boy and I was just a dog, *his* dog, so it was all right.

Right?

Right!

But, instead of releasing me, he grasped my hard littler sac in his fingers and squeezed roughly. "And we will continue to play our little game again, any time I want to, won't we, Lucky, Boy? I mean, you want to pass at school and I want to continue to play doggie, so we both get what we want, right?" Again, he squeezed roughly.

I squealed. "Rrrrrfff! Rrrrrfff! (OK! OK!)"

At the time, his logic was irrefutable!

Double Dee always did have a way of making me see things his way!

Mother suggested that I remain in costume and stay with Double Dee for the rest of the weekend so that we could become "fast friends," as she put it. And that's what happened. I even slept on the floor next to Double Dee's bed, with my "parts" fully exposed, and several times during the night, I awoke to discover his hand curled around me while he squeezed and stroked, and not gently, either! Without realizing what I was doing, I arched my hips towards him to make it easier for him to play with me!

So, after that, every Saturday and Sunday, after we had studied for a while, I became Double Dee's dog, Lucky, costume and all. Double Dee too! After the fifth or sixth weekend, we dispensed with my costume altogether when we were in his bedroom (except for the dog's head). I did not wear clothing of any kind, but I still slept on the floor next to his bed!

Double Dee would not allow clothing! "After all," he explained, "who ever heard of a dog wearing clothes?" And I sort of liked it that way. I mean, there's something about being naked with another person and that person being fully clothed that's excites me and though it could have been quite embarrassing had we been caught, neither of us would have changed one single thing about our times together and our strange relationship with one another. Once, his Mom walked in on us, but (fortunately?) I was hidden behind the closet door and she got what she wanted and left immediately. So if she saw me and suspected what we were up to, she never said, but she never walked in on us again either! She always knocked first!

I mean, what could they, our Moms, have done?

Spank us?

Like that would have stopped us or even slowed us down!

I really think our Moms would not have said word one about what we were doing had we been caught. I mean, they had to know!

How could they have *not* known?

There were no locks on our bedroom doors and we seldom shut them anyway. My sister knew, but she was too wrapped up in being an older teenaged girl and was too infatuated with boys to care about us.

Double Dee's older sister was just like my own sister. His brother had joined the Army and was gone. We were pretty much free to do as we wished, when we wished, how we wished and with whom we wished.

I was sort of disappointed when Double Dee finally seemed to grow tired of playing doggie and we started doing other, more "normal" things after our studying, like play cards or monopoly or the like.

I would rather have been his dog!

One thing that changed very little was me in clothing when with My Darling Little Dana. I rather liked being naked with him and I know he liked looking at me. Sometimes he would play with me and I liked those times best of all.

Double Dee was a latent sadist, and if he was deliberately cruel to me, I never objected, even when he would whip me for disobedience! It was just that when I was being his doggie, he thought of me as his pet dog, and as his pet dog, I had a certain behavior pattern to follow. If I didn't, he whipped me. . . and since I was usually stark naked, he whipped me on my bare bottom, which was not to my liking at all, especially when his whip would *slip* and catch me full on my hard little sac or throbbing penis! Still, I don't believe that I ever consciously tried to avoid his slashing doggie whip, and after awhile, the whipping excited me even more than I already was!

And so the year progressed. I got through all my tests with Double Dee's tutoring me, and that made it all worthwhile, in my estimation.

Besides, like I said, I didn't mind being his pet dog at all, no matter what!

Along about Labor Day of the next year, Double Dee got it into his head that he wanted a pony, and no amount of explaining the logistics of keeping a horse could get him to change his mind. As a substitute, he again took up where we had left off with me as a dog, only now he would get right on my back and ride me! I didn't really mind and I hauled him all over the place! My hands and knees took a beating, chafed and chapped and scratched from the ground and rugs, but I carried him anyway. . . willingly!

Like I had a choice?

Dunbesilly!

\* \* \* \* \*

### **And The Winner Is...**

That was the year that Annie Oakley was such a big hit on television and we (myself, Double Dee and Double Dee's older sister)(my own sister was married and had her own home) would watch breathlessly as Annie got into one scrape after another, yet always managed to escape by the skin of her teeth!

Double Dee fell in love for the first time!

He thought that the blonde girl who played Annie just had to be the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world! And he wanted to be just like her!

About mid-September, our Moms had a brilliant idea (at Double Dee's urging and suggestion, of course.) For Halloween that year, they would make an Annie Oakley costume for him, if he would wear it just like Miss Annie Oakley did. Double Dee asked them what they meant, and his Mom explained that his Annie Oakley costume would have a frilly white blouse, a fringed buckskin vest, a cowgirl hat, cowgirl boots, spurs, girls' undies (pink nylon, of course!), a fringed buckskin skirt and twin six shooters around his waist. This meant that he would have to wear make-up and jewelry, and really be *Miss* Annie Oakley!

Double Dee got strangely quiet and I was beginning to think that he was going to refuse because I could remember how the kids had teased him about being Buster Brown with his dog, Tige, the year before! I squeezed his hand reassuringly and he looked at me with a weird look in his eyes. I nodded, knowing exactly what he was going through his mind without a single spoken word passing between us.

"OK, Auntie, I'll be Miss Annie Oakley," he agreed softly.

His Mom brightened immediately. "You'll love your costume, Dear," she enthused. "I'll make it from real buckskin and you can have all the best accessories!"

"I'll do it," he continued, "but only if Lucky gets to be my horse!"

“Gee, I don’t know. . .” my Mom demurred. “A horse costume might be imposs. . .”

“If he can’t be my horse, I don’t want to be Miss Annie Oakley!” he insisted stubbornly.

“I know how we can make Lucky a horse costume so that no one will recognize him,” Double Dee’s Mother chimed in. “I saw how it was done when my husband and I went to an *Oktoberfest* in Hamburg, when we were in Germany some years ago before the war.”

“Well, OK,” Mom agreed, “if it can be done, let’s do it!”

Again, no one thought to ask my opinion.

I’d have agreed anyway, but no one asked me!

It was taken for granted that I’d be Double Dee’s horse, and I sort of resented it for the longest time after that! I mean, who wouldn’t?

Oh, well, maybe I was a bit too sensitive. . .

Anyway, Mom and Mrs. Hutton started right in making our costumes. And I was measured minutely, and in the strangest positions! And since the costume would be made to fit my body closely while giving me a horse’s shape (weird, but you get the idea!), I was told to undress and I was then measured on my bare skin! Slowly, the costume took shape and I could see that it would be something beautiful, if a horse can be called “beautiful!” Obviously, Mrs. Hutton must have thought so, as she had loved horses since she had been a small child. She’d grown up on a farm that bred horses, and she was intimately acquainted with these animals and their equipment. Mrs. Hutton made sure that I had all the necessary accouterments and taught Double Dee how to use it all!

They made the horse costume from a thin, but very strong and pliable, light golden brown horse hide leather, so I was an authentic Palomino in almost every way, except for the most important part, the *inner horse*, which, since it was my body, was not so nearly as authentic!

Oh, well, Dana couldn't have everything, could he?

Yeah, right!

Tell *him* that!

They padded the belly and withers somewhat to make me look broader in the rear than I actually was, and once I was laced into the thing and bent over in horse position, no one could tell where I left off and Palomino began! My arms were thrust into twin tubes in front that had been stiffened to keep my elbows straight, yet swiveled at the wrists to give me front leg mobility. The bottoms of the front legs were wooden supports ending in hooves that I could easily control by moving my hands, wrists and shoulders. My legs were laced into twin tubes representing the two rear legs on a real horse, and the design was such that my thighs were spread wide apart, giving me a sort of swishy stride. My feet were sort of pointed and thrust into the ends so that I looked to be standing on hooves and not feet. I quickly learned how to manipulate all four hooves and could walk, trot and gallop quite realistically after a fashion, and after a great deal of practice. . .

I thought this would be the end of it, but, no!

Mother and Mrs. Hutton were all for realism, or as much realism as they could manage! A long tail was fastened to the croup of the costume and arched so that it swished across my rump when I moved my legs. It



too had a springy thingie in it that gave it a life when I clenched or squeezed or pushed against it!

I could feel my tail's maddening touch as it caressed my thin leather covered bottom cheeks! Under my belly and between my legs were the two snug folds of elastic through which Double Dee could pull my penis when I had to relieve myself. Like he had when I had worn the doggie costume, he left my tight sac fully exposed at all times, and on four or five quite memorable occasions, he had left my penis out to dangle in the coolish air of mid-autumn!

I wasn't too keen about this aspect of being a horse, but since I had no say in the matter anyway, I let him do as he pleased and just put up with it! I mean, like with dogs, who looks at a horse's sex parts anyway?

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you about the head of my horse costume! That was the most realistic part of all! Granted, I had a rather short snout for a horse, but the way they made the mouth, when it was glued to my own lips, its lips moved and acted just like a real horse's! They had even fixed it so that I had huge horse teeth in front of my own, and I found that I could even crop grass or eat hay or oats, if I tried. . . and, of course, Double Dee insisted that I try!

That boy was as avid for realism as our Moms were!

And once I was laced into my horse costume, I was at his tender mercies!

The way our Moms had constructed the costume, there was no way I could get loose without outside assistance once I had been laced inside! And wouldn't you know it? Double Dee recognized my predicament instinctively! I would get all shivery goose bumps

knowing that I was totally under his firm control, and I tried very hard to be and do just what he wanted me to be and do at all times!

Because the eyes of the costume were those very same milky lenses that I had had before, I couldn't wear my own glasses, which meant that once more I couldn't see a thing clearly! I was once more totally dependant upon another's judgment and guidance to keep me from disaster!

Was I ridden?

Of course I was ridden!

Mom and Mrs. Hutton had found a large abandoned child's hobby horse and between them, had re-worked the saddle, martingale, croup strap, cinches and bridle so that it fit me properly while being completely usable by my rider.

With the bridle strapped snugly around my head and a sort of long steel thingie called a *bit* that pressed deep into my own mouth, pressing my tongue down and touching the top of my throat when someone pulled back on the reins. I soon learned the wisdom of doing what my rider wanted, when he or she wanted, how he or she wanted, all without knowing why he or she wanted it! In a short while, just the touch of a hand on those reins and I would react instinctively, knowing the futility of disobedience!

Then too, the doggie whip now became a horse's crop and I felt its fiery caress across my thinly covered bottom frequently!

The saddle was placed on my back and strapped tightly around my belly with twin cinches, the martingale fastened about my chest and between my front legs, and the croup strap around my rear end and un-

der my swishy tail, I looked almost as realistic as a real Palomino horse! Granted my neck wasn't quite as long as a real horse and I was sort of scrawny in places, but if you took a long look at me and used your imagination, you might think that I was some sort of a Shetland pony or an under-fed Palomino pony, or something. . .

Double Dee was delighted by my appearance and he promptly named me *Lucky* (even though the real Annie's TV horse was named *Target*), just as he had when I had been his pet dog. I had learned my lessons well when I was a dog, and when he expected responses to his words, I would whinny or neigh in response. That delighted him lots, and I knew that I had struck the right note with him. Besides, it was sort of fun to be guided by those reins, especially when I couldn't see where I was going in any case, except in the most general of ways. And, I liked being owned and ridden by such an appreciative little Mistress!

Yes, *Mistress*!

Double Dee was now *Miss* Annie Oakley, remember?

They had worked on his costume too, and when fully dressed, he looked almost exactly like his heroine! There was a snugly fitted white, frilly, silk blouse that had long balloon sleeves, a Peter Pan collar and pearly snaps up the back to keep it closed. He had two flirty little petticoats under the fringed hems of his white split leather, below-the-knee cowgirl skirt that made it seem as full of him as it was full of petticoats! Over the blouse he wore a fringed white kid leather vest, and around his waist he wore a snug, white leather belt that had silver conchos on it and twin holstered forty-five caliber pistols. The belt closed with twin silver buckles because it (the belt) was so wide! Atop his braided

blonde hair he wore an official Annie Oakley white cowgirl hat that was held in place with a white leather string that was tied under his chin. White, fringed, leather gauntlets completed his costume.



Almost.

Under the costume, his Mom made him wear a pair of snug girl's pink nylon panties and a tight garter belt cinch to hold his nylons snugly in place. On his small feet, he wore a pair of white leather cowgirl boots with silver spurs with dainty, but sharp, little rowels that jingled merrily with every step he took. Under the blouse, he was wearing something that gave him a sort of bulge where a girl has bulges and few boys do. I knew he was wearing a girls' bra because I could see the outline of the thing through the thin material of the blouse, but I knew enough to keep my big mouth shut.

Besides, I was laced into the horse costume and had no right to speak *human* anyway!

Mrs. Hutton insisted that her Darling Little Dana wear full make-up, lipstick, eye-shadow, nail polish, and artificial freckles to make him look more authentic (Miss Annie's freckles were quite obviously pronounced!), and she screwed some dangling earrings tightly to his ear lobes. Boy, did he squeak about that! She even squirted him with a dainty perfume that kept me interested and focused on him like nothing else could have!

We have many, many pictures of Dana sitting in the saddle on my back or riding me or doing tricks or posing with his six shooter poised, and he looks completely authentic as Miss Annie Oakley, ready for action!

I like to think that I look pretty convincing as Miss Annie's horse, *Lucky*, too!

The costumes were completed about a month before Halloween, and our parents had us practice our roles constantly. Double Dee learned to do trick riding

on my back and I learned to *gallop* and *trot* and act just like a circus horse. He restricted his *trick riding* to the privacy of our secluded barn and back yard because when he would leap and jump and stand on his head in the saddle, his skirt would fall down around his body, exposing his silky pink panties and gartered stockings to anyone watching! My Mom wanted to do *something* so that he could show off his tricks, but that would have meant letting him wear culottes, which Mrs. Hutton would never have allowed! So, his tricks were seldom shown in public although our Moms took many pictures of him doing his tricks, panties and stockings on display and all!

Of course, Double Dee still had the dog whip (now horse crop) and he never hesitated to slash it across my broad bottom to urge me to even greater effort and speed, nor was he reluctant to dig those sharp little spur rowels into my sides to make me do his bidding. The leather was just strong enough that it did not puncture nor break when his spurs raked my sides, but I felt every dig of those rowels every time one touched me!

With my thighs spread wide apart, exposing me to whatever, his crop would slash me a bit low and catch me full across my tight, throbbing sac, accidentally, as I galloped across the fields with him in my saddle.

Well, I thought it was accidental.

At first. . .

Then I realized that the crop was snap caressing my tight little sac with every slash across my wide spread bottom cheeks! With just my tail between me and open air, his whip constantly kissed me with its fiery caress!

Still, I didn't object.