

# What Kind of Fool Am I?

Book Two



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# What Kind Of Fool Am I

by **Bébé Talons**

## PROLOGUE

My name is Jason (after my Father) Ford (my Mom's maiden name) Burch, but everyone calls me *Lucky*. I am twenty-nine years old and I am studying to become a free-lance journalist at the University's Night College where I am working on my master's degree. I used to work full-time as an aircraft mechanic for *Air-Flights* at the Port Coventry Airport to support myself and my wife and my University expenses while I attend classes part-time.

My best friend in the whole world is Darling Little Dana (Dee Dee) Hutton Donahue. His name before he got married to Ailena Donahue (why he took her sur-name, I have yet to figure out!) was Hutton, but he never liked that name, his father having died in World War II.

My wife, Dorothy, works for the airline as a stewardess as had Ailena Donahue before her debilitating illness overtook her some months previously. Darling Little Dana's wife had been ill for a long time, causing Dee Dee to work extra long hours to pay for her medical expenses, a seemingly never ending source of debt to them.

We still live on Sweet Street in the small up-state city in New York near the Canadian border where we were born. We have lived right next door to one another since we were kids and have been close friends since Darling Little Dana started to tutor me the summer before we entered the sixth grade and he helped me to pass all my subjects. It's funny, I was born on March 31st and Darling Little Dana was born on April 1st, exactly five years and one day later.

We had attended the same elementary and high schools from the sixth grade on. I had lost two full grades because I had had a long running bout with some sort of exotic attack of influenza that had left me extremely weak and near-sighted, which had enabled Darling Little Dana to catch up to me at the end of the fifth grade. He had started school a year early, then had skipped right over the second and third grades putting him even with me at the start of the sixth.

We were the class misfits, and at first we were pals because no one else would have us. But after awhile, we stayed friends because we truly liked one another

and actually preferred each other's company to anyone else. I was very protective towards Darling Little Dana. He had not grown as fast as I had and was small framed to boot. As a matter of fact, he was just a bit shorter than my wife, Dorothy, who is five-two and weighs one-oh-four in her bra and panties. Dana weighs seven pounds less than my Dotty does! He's a blonde (what else?), blue-eyed, fair skinned, almost completely hairless, slim built male, but he's quick to smile and loves a joke. He's just an all around good egg!

I, on the other hand, am almost six feet tall with wavy brown hair that I keep clipped short in a military buzz cut, with hazel eyes, two hundred solid pounds of sinew and muscle (I play semi-pro football in my spare time), and I'm still quite near-sighted because of the bouts I had had with influenza. I had worked hard and rebuilt my body to the point where I had been able to join the U S Army (actually, I was drafted right out of high school) and learn a trade. The Army taught me how to maintain and repair helicopters (they wouldn't let me fly them because I have to wear glasses)(but I learned how anyway!) and after my discharge, it was just a short step from helicopters to the airplanes I maintain now. I may be a little slow when it comes to some things, but I'm a cracker-jack airplane mechanic!

I'm not too shabby with cars either.

I'm also the world's biggest sucker when it comes to My Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue!

I had never figured Darling Little Dana for 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 Darling Little Dana worked as the reservation clerk and airport manager. My wife, Dorothy, and Darling Little Dana's wife, Ailena, were both air line stewardesses.

Maybe I should explain about Darling Little Dana.

He had been a beautiful child and his late Mother had always referred to him as her *Little Darling*. His brother and sister picked up on it and teased him unmercifully.

He's been *Darling Dana* or *Darling Little Dana* ever since. I was the first to nick-name him, *Dee Dee*, and it kinda sorta stuck. . . at least with me. . .

Anyway, Milly, his Mother-in-law, soon took over Darling Little Dana's life completely, even going so far as to reduce him to the status of a child, a *female* child, a *daughter*, and even more astounding, *her* daughter! What bothered me most at first was her insistence that Dee Dee wear girls' clothes. From sissy aprons to girlish shorty coveralls to outright female dresses combined with the appropriate nylon under clothing, she had gradually turned him away from being a male to his total acceptance of the feminine role she forced upon him! I think the crowning insult was when she put him into dialers and rubber panties and made him wear thsoe to work too!

I had loudly objected to this treatment of my dearest friend. I mean, I wasn't concerned about his femmy under clothing because I sorta liked that aspect, being all nice and smooth and slippery under my touch. What I had not liked in the least was her insistence that he wear these diapers with the other things to his job at Doc's Beer Bar, and when I had voiced my extreme displeasure to Milly, she had threatened to take Darling Little Dana out of my life completely!

Well, I wasn't about to let that happen, so I had almost succumbed to her demands (at least openly), and we had come to an almost tentative agreement wherein I would not openly defy her attempts to lead Dee Dee into full girlhood.

My reward for not defying Milly was to be allowed to continue to *date* Dee Dee and continue to woo *her* romantically.

You see, after both of our wives were gone, I had discovered to my utter astonishment that I was in love with Dee Dee, and that I not only condoned Milly's efforts to feminize him, but was in full agreement with her that he become a female in every sense of the word.

But, that's getting way ahead of the story.

Otherwise, here's where things pretty much stand so far. . .

With the two of us at loggerheads about what was best for Dee Dee and/or Ailena.

Milly and I had had a bitter argument about what was best for Dee Dee and Ailena and in a fit of pique with me madder than a wet hen and Milly screeching like some banshee. . . I had slammed out of their home, cutting Milly off in mid-sentence and had stormed across the lawn, into my own home, where, tearing off my clothes, I got into the shower to calm myself down somewhat. When I emerged from the shower, I could hear my telephone ringing and ringing insistently.

When I answered, thinking it was Dorothy calling, I heard Milly's angry voice, "Get your fat ass back over here in one helluva hurry or you can forget about seeing my Darling Little Dana ever again! You have two minutes!"

"And if I don't?" I challenged.

"You'll never be allowed to see your precious Darling Little Dana Donahue again! Do you understand me? Am I crystal clear?"

"Yes, Milly," I replied with a sinking feeling. "I understand perfectly."

"I thought you might," she replied with satisfaction. "You now have one minute and thirty five seconds, my Dear Boy!"

"And I do not have a fat ass!" I yelled.

But I was speaking into a dead phone. That Bitch had hung up on me!

I stared at it, dumbfounded.

I could not believe that she had hung up on me!

How dare she?

Oh, me!

What to do? What to do?

What could I do?

Damn woman anyway!

Always had to have her way. . .

Typical. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**Love Doesn't Care Who It Bites**



I dressed hurriedly, raced around the house and knocked on their front door. It opened almost immediately as Milly hissed, "Get in here, you spoiled little brat! I ought to blister your fat little ass good for you!"

"Just try it and you'll land on *your* fat ass!" I bristled. "I'm not Dee Dee and I would never ever stand for it!" I thought a moment, then added, "Besides, my ass is **not** fat!"

I stood there on her stoop, deliberately disobeying her.

"Come in here and sit down and listen to me, Mr. Lucky Burch," she ordered coolly.

"Give me one damned good reason why I should?" I countered belligerently.

"Because if you don't, I shall forbid your ever seeing *My* Darling Little Dana again!"

"*Your* Darling Little Dana?" I exclaimed in disbelief. "You can't do that!"

"Oh, yes, I can! And I shall, if you don't listen to reason!"

"You wouldn't dare!" I blustered weakly.

"Don't try my patience, Lucky Burch!" she hissed. "I never bluff!" We stared at one another for a moment, then she added, "Please, won't you come in? I don't want to broadcast our personal business to the whole neighborhood and we can't very well discuss anything openly or rationally when we're both acting like two tom-cats squabbling over one furry female pussy cat!" She turned and walked towards the living room.

I followed reluctantly, closing the door behind me, and sat on the sofa across from her. I waited, my

mouth dry with unstated apprehension. "Well?" I started.

Without answering, she poured coffee into two mugs and handed one to me. I took it and sipped at it gratefully, glad to have something in my hands to stop them from trembling so much. The coffee tasted good and somehow I knew that Dana had brewed it earlier, before Milly had put him to bed. I said as much to her.

"This tastes like Dee Dee's coffee," I told her. "It's damned good!"

She agreed readily. "Yes, our Darling Little Dana's skills in the kitchen are developing nicely. She is a quick learner, once she puts her mind to it!" she laughed.

"You mean once you've spanked him into submission!" I snorted angrily, ignoring her changed sex reference.

"Yes, there **is** that aspect of things. . ." she mused, smiling to herself.

"Well, I don't think it's one damned bit funny!" I snarled nastily.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Burch," she teased softly. "Where's your Irish sense of humor?"

"I don't see how spanking him and treating him like a child, a little *girl* child, is funny!"

"Oh, come now, surely you can see the humor in her situation?" she giggled. "She has to be taught what to do, and if you will remember, one of the ways that parents use to teach their small children is to punish them by spanking their bared bottoms soundly."

"But Dee Dee's a grown man!" I objected heatedly.

"Is that so?" she cooed sweetly. "I really hadn't noticed!"

We lapsed into silence and sipped at our coffee. A few moments later, she began again, "Tell me, Lucky, do you like my Darling Little Dana?"

"Yes," I nodded. "Dee Dee has been my best friend since we were kids," I admitted.

"Yes, that's true, but that's not answering my question at all, is it? There is a big difference between liking him and in being his friend, you know."

I stopped and thought for a moment. Then, "Yes, Milly, I do *like* Dee Dee, but I have to admit too that I don't much like what you're doing to him!"

"What I'm doing to *her*!" she scoffed. "What, pray tell, am I doing that's so awfully bad for *her*?"

"Oh, come off it, Milly," I sneered. "Surely you don't expect me to believe that you bathe him nightly and that you dress and undress him and that you put him on the toilet and that you change his diapers and that you feed him bottles of milk or whatever and that you even breast feed him occasionally? And he's a boy, for God's sake, not a girl!"

She nodded. "Yes, I do see to her every personal need. That child has been neglected so long that she desperately needs constant attention to guide her back into the proper paths," she responded quietly, her voice full of the rightness of her convictions.

"What in blazes does he wear diapers for anyway?" I demanded hotly. "Why, I remember his Mom potty training him when he was just a little kid! And why do you make him wear those girls' nylon panties and nylon under shirts instead of underwear like he used to wear not so very long ago, and why. . ."

“Surely you recall the diaper pail in her bedroom?” she interrupted. “It’s in constant use now. Dee Dee cannot be trusted to control her bladder over night, and she is beginning to have trouble during the daylight hours much of the time too! For some reason, she has become almost totally incontinent. Didn’t she tell you?” she demanded, sneering.

“Well, no, not really,” I admitted, blushing angrily. “But . . .”

“Our Darling Little Dana has already ruined one perfectly good mattress by wetting her bed every night, and I shan’t permit her ruining another when there happens to be such a quick and simple solution to her nocturnal elimination problem. . .”

Before I thought, I blurted, “But doesn’t Dee Dee still sleep with Ailena? What does she have to say about all this diapers and rubber pants rigamarole?”

“My Darling Little Dana has not slept with Ailena since she became so very ill,” Milly sniffed haughtily. “And Ailena agrees totally with my ingenious solution to the child’s problem. It worked with her when she was a child, and it will work with this one equally as well!” she crowed triumphantly.

“But, diapers? And rubber pants? Isn’t that a bit drastic?” I demanded.

“Drastic events and drastic measures call for drastic solutions,” she retorted heatedly.

“Yeah, well, maybe you could use a plastic cover over or under his regular sheets like his Mom did when he had accidents when he was growing up,” I explained angrily.

"In case you didn't notice, her crib mattress does have a protective rubber covering under the flannel sheets that she sleeps between," she answered hotly.

"And why not use plastic pants instead of rubber ones? Wouldn't plastic be much more economical than rubber? And quite a bit cooler?" I continued resolutely.

"Because, smarty pants, it just so happened that I had several perfectly good pairs of those rubber panties left from Ailena's childhood! They were available immediately and I didn't have to buy them. I just don't believe in wasting money on unnecessary purchases when I don't have to!" she blazed.

"Yeah, well, Dee Dee's been under a lot of stress lately," I defended my friend stoutly.

"Tell me, Lucky, when you were under fire in the late fighting, did you ever wet yourself when you were under attack?" she asked. "And do you ever wet the bed now?"

"Hell, no, not since I was a little kid," I admitted. "But then again, I'm not Dee Dee."

"Exactly!" she pressed her point as I sipped my coffee. "You are *not* our Darling Little Dana, so how can you possibly know what she thinks and what's best for her?"

"What makes you such an expert?" I demanded, stung to the quick.

"I'm not used to people answering my questions with another question!" she exclaimed angrily, her eyes flashing.

"And I'm not used to people making outrageous demands of me!" I retorted just as hotly.

"Nor am I used to having my motives questioned by any one! Especially a mere *male!*"

"Maybe it's about time somebody put a crimp in your tail!" I declared.

"Surely, not you," she cooed.

"Surely, *me!*" I responded just as coolly.

We glared at one another for one long, tense moment. Then, she seemed to relax into her chair and she sipped at her coffee reflectively. Following a moment or two of silence, she went on in a much softer voice, "I think we must take the time to rethink our respective positions, Mr. Lucky Burch."

"How do you mean?" I was instantly suspicious.

"Well, it's obvious to me that we both want the same thing for our Darling Little Dana."

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean by that. . . exactly," I replied slowly. "After all, I'm not the one who is making him wear diapers and girls' overalls."

"But you do want what is best for her, don't you?" she asked softly.

"Of course I do!" I replied. God, how I wished she'd stop referring to him as a her! "Else Dorothy and I would never have offered to help him in his time of need in the first place!"

"Exactly."

"What's your point, Milly?" I asked suspiciously.

"The point, Lucky, is that Ailena is leaving tomorrow morning for Boston to see her Dr. Mudd at Mass Mercy Hospital, and it would never have been possible for her to go without your generous financial assistance," she reminded me.

I blushed deeply. "Money means nothing to me if it can't be used for a good cause! Besides, Dorothy agrees that we had a duty as their friends to help Dee Dee and Ailena as much as we could. And since we are better set financially, we feel it is only right that we help them in any way we can!" I retorted piously.

"I do want you to know that I shall never forget how you came to my children's aid in their time of greatest need, Mr. Lucky Burch!" Milly answered quietly. "It shall never be forgotten, nor shall it go unrewarded. That's why I am being so tolerant of your outbursts now. I do realize that you are very close to our Darling Little Dana and that you are literally the only real friend that she has ever had, outside my Ailena, which is not the same thing at all!" My Darling Little Dana loves you very much."

"And I like him too."

"No, Dear boy, I said she *loves* you, and yes, before you ask, I do mean that *she* is in love with you in exactly the same way any woman loves a man," she explained. "It is very difficult to explain, but she does *love* you!"

I blushed hotly. "That's nonsense! Dee Dee's not a woman, he's a man, and so am I! How could he possibly *love* me that way?"

"Love is a funny thing, Lucky, Dear," she replied soothingly. "It is an emotion of the senses that no one may control. It works in many ways, some quite conventional and some in not so conventional ways. Like death, love does not respect one's age nor one's religion nor one's national origin nor one's political affiliation nor one's wealth nor, especially, does it recognize sex as a barrier! No one knows what causes a man to fall in love with a woman, nor a woman to fall in love

with a man, nor why a woman can love another woman, and like our Darling Little Dana, why a genetic male can fall in love with another genetic male," she explained. "Mark my words, when the time comes, and believe you me, that time *will* eventually come, our Darling Little Dana herself will tell you that she is in love with you and that she loves you with all her heart and soul!"

"I . . . I . . ."

She held up her hand. "Wait, hear me out, please?"

I nodded and sat back in stunned shock. "All right. . ."

"I suspect it has something to do with one's psychological make-up and one's genes. Something happens internally and love is the result. As I have already stated, love doesn't care how it hits, nor when, nor who, as in Darling Dana's love for you. There is nothing wrong with loving another person, no matter the apparent sex of either of the two involved. That's the way Mother Nature intended for it to be. What *is* wrong, as far as I am concerned, is denying that it is possible and hurting others in the process. What happens between two people is their business and no one else's!" she declared.

"But what about Ailena?" I demanded. "Dee Dee loves Ailena. . ."

"Of course she loves Ailena!" she snorted. "They wouldn't have married otherwise!"

"There!" I chortled in triumph. "I rest my case!"

"Spoken like some obstreperous lawyer!" she snapped. "Tell me, Lucky, can you deny that you care about our Darling Little Dana?"



"Hell, no!" I exclaimed. "It's because I do care about Dee Dee that I'm here right now listening to this garbage about love!"

"Call it what you will, Dear Boy," she sniffed. "The truth is self-evident."

I shook my head. "I just don't understand. How can Dee Dee be in love with me, knowing that I am a man, just like he is!"

"It is quite impossible to completely understand how the mind of a person like our own Darling Little Dana makes a connection and acts upon it, one has to accept that it just happens!"

I could not find words to refute her statements. I knew she was telling the truth as she saw it, even though I had never thought of it in those exact terms before. I *did* love Dana, and in exactly the way that she meant! I also knew that I would never do anything about it as long as I was married to Dorothy and he was married to Ailena.

"Suppose what you say is true," I conceded, "what can I do about it? I most assuredly will not divorce Dorothy to live with him, even if he were willing to divorce Ailena. Besides, we have Society to consider."

"Yes, your image as males," she grinned. "Would it be so very difficult to do?"

I flushed. "No, I suppose not," I agreed.

"Still, you do have a valid point, my Boy," she continued. "And I'm not at all sure how to alleviate your circumstance. No, as you say, divorce is out of the question as a viable solution. So, I suggest that you let things go on as usual, letting Mother Nature take her course. As you will eventually see, the problem will resolve itself, as all must in the end."

“How did you get to be so wise?” I asked sarcastically.

“The same way a musician gets to Carnegie Hall,” she laughed. “Constant practice!”

I groaned aloud at her atrocious pun. “Yeah, but how do you know that what you’re doing to Dee Dee is what’s right for Dee Dee?”

“You forget, Lucky, I am already a parent. I have proven my competence in a thousand ways with my own daughter, Ailena. I raised her to be a proper young lady, and by all that’s Holy, I shall do the same with our Darling Little Dana!” she exclaimed heatedly. “Remember, I already know how to best raise a child!”

“What?” I exploded. “Raise him to be a *girl*!”

“If need be,” she replied in that infuriating manner of hers.

“Is that why you asked him if, ‘Mommy’s little *girl* were ready for *her* bath and then to go beddy-bye?’ I think you’re trying to change him into a *girl*!”

“What if I am?” she demanded. “Would that be so bad?”

“But he’s *not* a girl!” I persisted. “Is he?”

“I really don’t know the answer to that question, Lucky,” she admitted. “I really don’t. All I do know is that our Darling Little Dana needs a Mother and I am available. . .”

“Yeah, what was that *Mommy Milly* stuff all about?”

“I have come to consider that under her seeming male exterior, our Darling Little Dana is a little girl crying for release and understanding. Even Darling Little

Dana, herself, has come to think of herself as a young female in her relationship to me, although she still relates to Ailena as she always has. She has begun to think of herself as a small girl when I bathe her and get her ready for bed. And since I think of her as a girl anyway, I naturally consider her to be **all** female, and therefore, I regard *him* as *her* and as long as *she* accepts it, and since it was *her* idea in the first place to treat *him* as a *girl*, what possible harm can it do? *She* and Ailena both call me *Mommy Milly* and to be completely honest about it, I prefer them doing it that way! Besides, it tends to reinforce our special relationship as it reminds each of them of their relative position in relation to me as the older parent who has the ultimate authority of control."

"But Dee Dee's already a grown man!" I objected. "*He* will be twenty-two years old in a few short months!"

"No," Milly answered slowly, "*she* is *not* a man, nor is *she* full-grown, no matter *her* apparent chronological age. In many ways, Darling Little Dana is still a very young child and what I am doing is retraining that child out of *her*. Surely you've noticed the positive change in Darling Little Dana's attitude and the way *she* acts and reacts towards others?"

"All I know is that I don't much care for what you have already done and are still doing to him, making him wear girls' clothes and all!" I objected anew.

"Nonsense! Everything I have done since I have lived here has been done with only Darling Little Dana's and Ailena's comfort and well-being in mind. I do nothing that will not benefit them ultimately. Besides, both Ailena and Darling Little Dana agree with me that *she*, Dana, needs to be strictly disciplined and

controlled and guided closely to maximize *her* future development as a person in *her* own, *female* right!"

She went on in this manner for the next fifteen minutes or so and I listened intently. It was painfully obvious to me after a short while that Milly really did believe that she had Dee Dee's and Ailena's best interests at heart with everything she did for and to them. She was far from the mean spirited and malicious person I had envisioned previously.

I realized that. . . *now!*

I could see that Milly had deep convictions and principles and the guts to do what she felt had to be done. Far from being the evil-minded, bitchy witch I had thought she was, she was a good woman with basically good intentions.

However, as the bard once said, "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions!"

Still, in many respects, I was forced to agree with Milly! What she had done and was doing had had a positive influence on both Darling Little Dana and Ailena. For in spite of his seeming reluctance to do as Milly ordered, Darling Little Dana was thriving under her regime and quite happy to be her little girl in every way that I could see.

Even Ailena, for all her illnesses, was as happy and content with life as she could be! Whatever Ms Milly was doing, it seemed to be in her child's and her son-in-law's best interests.

Milly had brought about changes in their behavior, true, but she still had a long way to go. I rightly guessed that my biggest problem was that I didn't quite agree with her methodology nor terminology! I

had trouble relating to my friend in the feminine gender.

Milly had no such hang-up!

Finally, she got to the meat of her proposal. "I'd like your promise that you will support me totally in my efforts to help our Darling Little Dana improve her posture and bearing and that you will *not* undermine any of my attempts to clothe her properly in the manner I feel is best."

"But you're trying to put him into dresses and diapers and other girls' stuff and change him into a girl, a *female* girl!" I protested.

"That tired old cliché. . . again," she retorted.

"No, the very same objection!" I countered. "Why do you want to change him into a girl? He's a boy and always has been. Why are you doing this to him?"

"Lucky," she responded softly, "Your friend, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, is a transvestite who borders on being a transsexual. Haven't you noticed that she prefers wearing girls' clothing to a man's wear?" she demanded. "Isn't it obvious, even to you, that she has always been more at ease and much more natural when costumed as a girl?"

I knew she was referring to Miss Annie Oakley and the girl circus rider and the girl mahout, but I avoided acknowledging the obvious.

"Oh, but that was just a childish phase that he went through," I scoffed.

"Was it?" she responded softly. "Did you know that the reason Darling Little Dana was not accepted by the Service was because she was tested psychologically and determined to be a female, and therefore, ineligible

to serve in a masculine army? And because of her obvious male appearance, she was ineligible to serve in the women's auxiliaries."

"I don't believe that for a moment!" I declared, automatically defending my friend's honor. "Why, he even got married," I pointed out. "And not only did he get married," I added snidely, "but he got married to a girl!"

"Yes, I know," she admitted. "She did marry my daughter, but as you have no doubt noticed, my daughter, Ailena, is not the most feminine female in the world!"

"Well. . . maybe she isn't. . . but. . . but. . . she's still *female*. . ." I stammered.

"As I said, Darling Little Dana is in love with you, either consciously or unconsciously, it makes no difference, the fact will always remain that she is in love with you. And because she has been in love with you since she was a very young child, and since she couldn't have you in the flesh, so to speak, it was quite natural that she choose a mate who came as close to being you physically as possible! My Ailena is a tall, masculine type of woman who, for all her dainty, feminine attributes, acts aggressively towards other males in general and then acts protectively towards feminine persons like our Darling Little Dana in particular. Were the truth known, I believe that Ailena proposed to your Dee Dee and not the other way around," she exclaimed.

"Bull!" I exploded. "Dee Dee is just as aggressive and demanding as I am!"

"Surely you jest!" she giggled.

“Surely I tell the truth!” I declared stoutly. “Next you’ll be telling me that I’m basically a submissive sort too!”

“Well, you aren’t the most aggressive boy in the world by any means, are you, Mr. Lucky Burch?” she mused, a knowing smile on her curved lips.

“What in blazes do you mean by that remark?” I demanded angrily.

“Oh, come now, Lucky,” she admonished softly, “I’ve seen every one of those action shots taken of you and and Darling Little Dana when you were being fastened into your animal skins and our Darling Little Dana was in her pretty little feminine costumes, straddling your back, her hands on your reins or holding a baton to guide you or directing you by voice command or a whip or her spurs or whatever and riding you and handling you easily and intimately. . .” She paused to sip at her coffee, then continued, “And you never once objected because you enjoyed being her mount from what Darling Little Dana has told me about your play time. . .” she teased.

“Oh, he was just excited about winning,” I alibied weakly.

“Yes, our Darling Little Dana is competitive in everything she does,” Milly commented. “Well, almost everything. . .” she added slyly, gazing directly at me.

“Well, we needed lots and lots of practice to be good enough to win first prize!” I added in defensive of my friend.

“But of course you did!” she laughed. “And that is why for months after the parades you would get into your animal suits whenever she ordered you to, and all because *he* was enthused about winning? Next thing

you'll be telling me is that the Earth is flat and we'll all fall off if we get too near the edge and that space travel and landing on the moon is all a huge fake?" she scoffed sarcastically.

"Well, I do know that the Earth is round," I retorted, stung by her sarcasm, "but I've never been to the moon so I can't vouch for that..."

"Let's lay our cards on the table, shall we, Mr. Burch?" she responded. "You do want to continue to see our Darling Little Dana as often as you wish, right?" she demanded.

"Well, sure, but only if he wants to," I admitted.

"Darling Little Dana will do exactly as she is told! If I order her to continue seeing you, she will continue to see you. Conversely, if I tell her *not* to see you, she won't see you under any circumstances. It's just that simple," she stated quietly.

"I don't think you have that much power of over him..." I began.

"My Darling Little Dana always sees my point of view readily when I spank her cute little girl bottom hard!" she reminded me. "Surely you have examined her reddened ass often enough after I've shown her the error of her ways? The child may be difficult, but she is not stupid, by any means!"

I just stared at her.

I knew she must have questioned him closely and in great detail about our most intimate conversations, including our sessions in the passion pit, and I also realized that she would use her knowledge to her advantage, no matter the consequences to me or Dana! "Yes," I admitted. "And I've been meaning to ask you about that very thing. Don't you think you're being a bit too



harsh with him? After all, Dana has always been a good boy. He has never been in trouble in his entire life. And yet you treat him like he was some sort of juvenile delinquent! Why?" I demanded angrily. "That just doesn't make any sense to me."

"Oh, you mean about her hanging out on some street corner, don't you?" she replied coolly. "Well, I just won't have any child questioning my authority! As for making sense, our Darling Little Dana is in great need of discipline in both mind and body, and I am trying to provide such discipline in my own small way."

"By continuously spanking his bare bottom?" I demanded.

"Poor, poor, Lucky," she cooed. "Still hung up on your macho image!"

"Now, see here. . ." I blustered.

"No, *you* see here, and you had better listen to me closely," she interrupted. "Whether you like it or not, I am in Darling Little Dana's life to stay. For better or for worse, I'm now in full control of our Darling Little Dana's destiny. I have made this one concession to her to permit you to continue being her boy-friend, for her to continue to enjoy your intimacy just as she has in the past because it suits my purposes to let you kiss her and fondle her and treat her as the girl she really is. She is so much more tractable and amenable when she has an outlet for her innermost feminine feelings. Therefore, I have decided to permit you to go on as before, to be her boy-friend and to continue to treat her as a girl with your intimate kisses and caresses. But in return for this concession, I must place certain restrictions upon your continuing to see her. And should you not agree to abide by these few rules, I must regretfully terminate your association with *my* Darling Little Dana!"

“Conditions? Restrictions?” I croaked. “What conditions? What restrictions” I won’t be intimidated by you!” My voice was beginning to rise alarmingly.

“First, you must stop this bickering with me. You must stop questioning my motives for what I do and you must support and reinforce everything I say and do to and for and with her, if not in your mind at least with your words and actions,” she explained.

“That would be most difficult at best,” I replied, shaking my head.

“But not impossible,” she added. “In the coming months, you will see that I am right in what I am doing.”

“We’ll see,” I replied non-committally.

“Second, in return for your support, I shall give you almost unlimited access to our Darling Little Dana. I would insist that you continue to kiss her when you bring her home from the Beer Bar or after your dates. And I would insist that you continue to treat her like you would any other girl you were walking home. It would help if you would caress and pet her, just like you did when you were courting your present wife. Yes! That’s it! Pretend that you are courting our Darling Little Dana and treat her as a prospective wife! I want her to learn to be kissed and caressed in a most intimate fashion by a man without her being aware that she is even with a man, and to that end, your continued reaction to her as totally female and feminine will help me immeasurably!” she explained.

“You’re demanding a lot of me, Milly,” I commented weakly, “probably more than I would be willing to give. . . no, more than I *can* give!”

"But, in giving, you'll find your rewards are astronomical!" she enthused.

I had no answer to that.

It was true!

She paused a moment.

I sighed and relaxed into the soft sofa. Milly refilled my coffee mug and I thanked her absently.

"Now then," she continued. "As I have already concluded, I think we both have to rethink our respective positions, Lucky."

"And I still say I'm not the one who wants to put Darling Little Dana into diapers, rubber pants and girls' dresses!"

"Nevertheless, it's obvious to me that we both, in our own stubborn manner, want the same thing for our Darling Little Dana and my Ailena, success and happiness, and that would include their living as they wish, with the woman *or* man of their choice. Am I not right?"

"Well, when you put it that way, yes," I agreed.

"Then we must learn to work in unison and not at cross-purposes, so that we may achieve our mutual goal, our Darling Little Dana's and my Ailena's happiness. Right?" she persisted in that cool, direct manner of hers.

"As long as it's *their* choice what the goals are," I countered.

"Of course," she agreed oilily and much too readily. "That must be understood without saying! It must always be of their own choice!"

“And that means we may not unduly influence that decision,” I pressed. “Each one of them must be free to choose...”

“Still, you must recognize that each needs guidance and advice to make a good decision,” she countered. “The proper decision that will advance our desired ends!”

“Guidance and advice, yes,” I agreed, “but no interference nor any deliberate coercion on either of our parts that would nullify their choice in the matter.”

“Of course,” she agreed. “Then we have *detente*?”

“Detente?”

“Yes, we are in agreement that we both want what is best for both our Darling Little Dana and her Ailena?”

“Yes, but only if you will agree not to bring undue interference or pressure upon either of them!” I went on, doggedly.

“Of course!”

She stood and lifted her coffee mug. “To success?”

Automatically, I rose and touched my mug to hers. “To success.”

We drank the toast and placed our mugs on the coffee table..

“I’m so glad that you turned out to be so reasonable, Lucky,” she grinned. And before I knew what she was doing, she was in my arms and I was kissing her passionately. She felt good, like a woman always does, and I marveled at her femininity. “Thank you, Lucky,” she whispered as we sank down onto the sofa, side by

side. I held her in my embrace gently and she snuggled against me.

"Uhhmmm," she purred. "How I love to be held by a real man!" she teased, her breath heavy with desire.

"And I love to hold a real woman too," I answered. Her lips met mine and she held me tightly. We kissed a long time.

"I'm so glad we finally agree," she whispered after a while.

"Yeah, we do, don't we?" I mused. "It'll be OK, Milly," I whispered in return. After a bit, I added, "You know, you're an all right broad under that steely exterior!" I grinned.

"You're not so bad either. . . for a mere male!" she retorted, laughing lightly.

"And what do you mean by that remark?" I demanded, half-angrily.

"Oh, and now I've gone and punctured your masculine pride again," she cooed silkily. "You must learn not to take things so much to heart, Dear Boy! I was just responding to your statement about me not being so bad, for a broad, that's all."

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I guess I flared up without thinking. Still, I do think you're OK, now. I have just now realized that you are doing what you think is right. And as my sainted grandmother used to say, 'There's no stopping any woman in the right!'"

"A wise woman, your grandmother.

"Very wise. But then, she was a woman..."

“And so am I, Lucky Burch,” she whispered throatily, her arms slipping around my neck as she pressed those twin mounds hard against my shirt front.

I kissed her again.

Our war was over. . . Forever!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Then It's High Time You Learned. . .**

Mrs. Mildred Donahue and I, Jason “Lucky” Burch had just come to an agreement concerning the future of our Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue, husband of her daughter, Ailena Mildred Donahue, and we were sitting on the sofa in her front room, sipping coffee and enjoying the peace that now reigned between us.

It felt good not to be at crossed swords with Milly and to be able to talk to her without angry words being exchanged on both our parts.

At the risk of repeating myself needlessly, Darling Little Dana Hutton Donahue and I had been friends since childhood when he had caught up to me in school and taken over tutoring me in those pesky subjects that I was slow to comprehend, like English grammar and Mid-European History and other less interesting things. Dee Dee, on the other hand, was smart and easily grasped the basic concepts of even the most complicated things about history, geography and the English language and all like that. He was able to connect the

various bits of information into a comprehensive whole that always eluded me but seemed simple when he explained it!

On the other hand, I understood physics and mathematics and mechanics without understanding much of the logic behind other disciplines! Angles and cuts and drillings all made complete sense to me and as a consequence, I was a cracker-jack airplane mechanic after the Army had drafted me right out of high school and trained me to keep 'em flying - helicopters in Korea - where I learned to use friction tape and safety wire and tin cans and plastic scraps and spare parts that were marginal at best to keep the choppers going day after day. Those guys who flew the planes were the real heroes!

Yeah, I got a bunch of medals that say I'm a big hero too, but it's all crap! I was just doing my job, that's all.

Anyhow, when I got back from Korea, Dee Dee had married Ailena Donahue and taken her last name. Why? Who in Hell knows?

I eventually married Dorothy James, a local beauty queen I had started to date while in high school.

I started writing this story as a project for my university extension writing course at the urging of my Professor, Miss King, an intense woman who seemed to like my style... of writing, I mean!

Holy suffering catfish!

Anyway, it seemed that the more I wrote, the more involved I got and the better I got until the original paper had grown into a full fledged novel - well, actually *two* novels, because this is, after all, Book Two!