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JAILBAIT 2

by Eleanor Darby Wright

********You can't be leaving us now********

“Nurse! Nurse!” shouted the helicopter pilot to me. “How are his vital signs now? Do I still go on to American or should I drop into General?”

I glanced at my fellow nurse, Diana, looking so real in her muted makeup and white nurse’s cap. I held on to Mauro’s hand. He squeezed it, a little smile playing about his mouth. He had playfully had his hand up my nurse’s uniform, teasing my thighs and panties with his long, graceful, wrinkly fingers. I’d removed his soft hand, of course, just in case the pilot did look back.

“Behave!” I hissed at my ‘patient’.

“The doctor said American,” I said to the pilot over the roar of the noisy cockpit. “His vitals are quite strong.” Doc Wills, the male paramedic at Fort George had told me to say that before he’d told the doubtful pilot that the ‘nurses’ were quite capable of looking after one old man on the short trip to the hospital. I’d caught the pilot staring at Diana and then at me. He blushed as he looked away. I only hoped that his embarrassment wasn’t because he recognized us ‘girls’ for what we were!

“Probably turn out to be indigestion anyway,” Doc had grumbled to the young, anxious pilot. “Calling in a medical team just for this, I ask you. Still, the nurses are from there and I’ve got the ambulance to get back as well.”

The pilot still looked very worried as we flew for quite a while before circling over a building where a large ‘H’ was glowing for us. “I’ve never landed here before,” the young man said. “It’s a private hospital, isn’t it?”

Captain Payne and Benson were impassive. “Sure is,” agreed Diana, smiling at the young man, her nurse’s uniform open more than it needed to be but, as the saying goes, if you got ‘em, flaunt ‘em. And Diana was really flaunting her lovely bosom in its black lace bra at the young pilot who looked like he really appreciated the view.

I held onto Don Mauro’s hand as we swayed in for the landing. His off hand, in the pilot’s blind spot, began to run up my stocking as well, twanging the white garter belt I’d had to put on as a ‘nurse’.

“How is he now?” asked the pilot anxiously.

“Oh, his heart is definitely frisky,” I said to him earnestly. Diana nearly gave it all away then by her suppressed giggles at me.

On the ground, a guy who looked like a brother of one of the Don’s regular bodyguards came forward in a paramedics uniform and told Diana and me to get in the ambulance where we could hook up the old man.

“Wow,” said the pilot to the prison guards. “They have real beauties as nurses at these private institutions, don’t they?”

“Helps the patients get better in a hurry,” said Benson with a grin I could see in the mirror at the side of the ambulance. I moved, looking for an image of myself as a feeling of relief came over me at the pilot’s words. I could see what a womanly figure I had. Oh, I did look real! I’d walked away from a man who still thought I was real! Benson actually darted forward to assist me as he would have assisted a woman to get into the back of the ambulance that Don Mauro was being slid into.

“Thank you,” I had to say to Benson with a girlish smile. He deserved it as Captain Payne was being morose and standing well back with the pilot.

Benson came around and got in the front beside the paramedics while Diana leaned over Don Mauro and pretended she was checking his drip again.

“I want the other one,” murmured Don Mauro. I had to sort of kneel and lean over him. “You smell much nicer than any woman I’ve ever had,” said Morry, which I was allowed to call him. I flushed at that as Benson and the paramedic both heard and looked at me as if they might be able to see the fragrance on me.

“Behave,” I said again to the man whom everyone said was in love with me, even my girl friends. “We’re not away yet.”

I was in love with him, said Diana, teasing me unmercifully after my week with a man who was supposed to hate girls like us, trannies as they called us, even to our faces. We had just a little time together to whisper, change to our nurses’ costumes and tone down our makeup before we were rushed to the landing pad. Anyone could see that, with the things I let him do with me in public, argued Diana, stroking my breasts as I was stripping from my bikini and putting on my lace-hemmed panties, I was in love.

I had to tell Diana that she was the one to talk, with what she was letting Johnny Trap do to her as she sat in his lap. Diana had to behave then as Priscilla stopped beside us anxiously, still having questions as she tried to be a girlish showgirl in my place. Yes, I told her. She did have to strip off to her vadgie, just like all the other girls. She was gulping as she sashayed back out and joined the other girls waiting, wiggling adorably, looking and acting like real women all the time now.

Diana and I were the only ones left who had seen the original nine wear their vadgies for the first time as now all we dancers had to. It still was weird to do a totally nude dance, the vadgies disguising what we were, presenting us all as perfect girls, which we weren’t. The way Priscilla was dancing, taking my place now as well, I thought that Morry would soon be transferring his affections to her as she was such a pretty girl with such demure, girlish mannerisms. We’d see, when we got to Vegas, if we ever got to Vegas.

“Victoria is going to have to make do with just a dozen bridesmaids,” said Diana as we sped away in our decoy ambulance, away from the hospital, where Morry was supposed to be attended to, away from the helicopter, and Priscilla, now far behind us. As we reached a roadside cafeteria, I noticed another ambulance, just like ours, heading out in front of us. The lights in ours died as the lights on the ambulance in front of us came on and we coasted to a stop under a flyover.

Don Mauro ripped off the needles that were only taped to his skin. He grabbed me about my shoulders as I was kneeling against him and kissed me right on the lips. His hands were on my bra straps through my nurse’s dress and I knew he was going to kiss my breasts.

“We do have to go,” muttered the ‘paramedic’, shedding his uniform, revealing the shirt and pants he had on underneath. Diana was smiling at me as she handed over the suit, shoes and shirt that the Don was going to wear.

A limo without headlights eased into the shelter of the bridge behind us. That stopped the Don kissing me but he fondled my breast instead as he pulled off his hospital gown to don his suit pants and shirt. I had to help him, of course, as Morry waved off the paramedic, now revealed as a bodyguard.

“My woman will do it for me,” Morry said, holding his arms out so that I could get his shirt into place and fasten his sleeves and his shirt front and put on his tie for him. Of course, as I did that, he had to hug me and, when I was done, kiss me long and firmly on my pink, lipsticked mouth. I closed my

eyes. It was like kissing a much younger, active man as Morry loved to maul my lips.

“I should get you to give me a quickie,” Morry said as my breasts bounced against his chest. When I looked up, there were both Benson and the body-guard watching us avidly. But I was definitely forbidden fruit. I was the Don’s woman. I was cosseted, primed and dressed richly and sexually provocatively as any mobster’s mistress would be.

In just a short couple of weeks, I’d been transformed by Morry into the sexy woman of his fantasies, which terrified me every time I thought about what would happen to me when I wasn’t his woman any longer, such as in Vegas where pretty women abounded.

“Hey, you two,” snarled Morry. “Do your job. It’s not to watch my woman giving me a quickie if I want her to.”

“Come on, Morry,” said a voice out of the darkness. It took me a while to realize it was the Ice-Pick. He sounded most aggrieved. “You can fuck her all you want at the Corsica. We got to move as the Feds will soon know they’ve been fooled again.”

“Fat chance,” muttered Morry as he mauled my scented neck. I shuddered in girlie fashion as he would have expected from a ravishing, breasty girl like me. “Bunch of clowns, that lot.”

Diana pulled the nurse’s cap from my hair and put a dark coat over my shoulders. She tugged on my hand. I sort of tumbled out of the ambulance, onto my high heels. I barely had time to sashay away from the Don, which he loved to watch. Diana and I were whisked right away into the back of a limousine with dark glass in the windows.

Morry clambered in after us and had me immediately move beside him so that I could lay my head on his shoulder. I had to cross my legs so that he could kiss and fondle me as if I really was his woman. I sighed and tried to show that I loved all the attention I was getting.

I could feel Pick, the Ice-Pick, glowering at me. He clicked his fingers. Diana moved onto his lap, lifting her skirt to expose her stocking tops and her garter belt quite deliberately. Pick buried his head in her bra and her breasts; and so Morry had to do the same to me. The two men seemed to be in competition to see who was the sexiest guy and who could do the sexiest trick with his girl, who wasn't, as we all knew, really a girl.

I had quickies all the time with Morry. He loved to surprise me. I'd be in the dressing room in just my panties and dancing tights. He'd come up behind me and, zing, down went my panties and my tights. He was inside me with his insatiable penis. He pushed me over the arms of the soft sofas and had me as I was helpless beneath him. Sometimes, he wanted a blow job instead, usually before we went to the clubroom where he was playing poker. He said that it brought him luck. And always, his bodyguards smiled knowingly at me as they watched me in action as a girl.

I had to mince into the card room and sit on the arm of Morry's chair so that he could touch me however he wanted under or over my short dress. Funny, but winning or losing a hand always brought on a break. Morry, despite his age, had to have me, just outside the door, usually pressed up against a wall or bent over, hanging on to the cell bars. I was penetrated and filled by the man whom I had to

thank with affectionate kisses as he promised me that later, in bed, he was really going to get me.

And I was supposed to remember all about the mission I was on after all the feminizing loving I was doing? I could barely remember who I was, save for Melissa. I knew I was she, as everyone called me 'Melissa' and praised me for putting Don Mauro into such a good temper as he was all the time now.

In the car, Morry did something he rarely did. He knelt on the floor, spread my legs, and buried his head in my panties. Oh, I had to do my Meg Ryan for over ten minutes or more, faking an orgasm, as Morry was determined to make me come and finally I had to. I had to think about what Diana had said about her girl friend. Then, I was able to climax, my shrieking in pleasure quite genuine at the end as Morry must have known.

I was both so hard and so femmy as I frantically kissed the top of his head and wiggled my breasts and my bra against his face as he forcefully stroked my maleness, the same as his, making me come to a shuddering climax. I really had to wonder at myself that I could feel so womanly to be doing such a thing with a man. I wanted to live, I told myself, and so I must be the woman he thought I wanted to be. If Don Mauro ever thought that I was faking ...

Of course, beside me, Diana was doing just the same thing with Pick, her squeals just like mine as I saw her fully exposed and being 'done' by a man just like I was. She was screaming for more, of course, just as I was whispering in my old man's ear. Morry switched me. I had to kneel on the back seat astride him and wiggle my tush over his huge, straining pole. Diana was matching me with the

Pick, squealing and gasping and throwing her hair about much more than me.

I couldn't do that as Morry was so much more focussed, stroking my breasts and kissing me so intensely, his tongue almost down my throat as his pecker was thrusting so deeply into my tush. The gargle wasn't from me then. It took me a minute or so to realize that Don Mauro was in trouble.

"Pick!" I gasped as I pulled my head away from Morry. Pick realized what was happening and pulled out of Diana's tush, his penis huge and loaded as Diana, not realizing what was going on, tried to grab him and pull him back, her fingers sliding off his sticky member.

It took Pick and Diana to help me get free of Morry who seemed to be cemented into me for a little while. No wonder I was shaking as they pulled me free, my tush reverberating as they did it.

"I wish you girls were real nurses," snarled Pick as he turned and made Diana crawl up to the front and hit on the dark glass.

We were back in the American Philanthropic in almost no time. Don Mauro was whisked off on a stretcher, to the room where he was supposed to be, with the 'heart attack' that had got him out of Fort George. I was left trembling, trying to put my clothes back into feminine order, covering up my new nurse's uniform.

"Get us out of here," Pick ordered the driver, one of Morry's bodyguards, and he looked wide-eyed at the mob enforcer. "We are not supposed to be here," the Ice-Pick said to him. "And these girls have gotta get out of their nurses' uniforms. Get us to the Corsica before the cops descend on us."

Pick sat back as Diana began to console him as we sped away from the hospital and headed back into town. Pick lifted me beside him as well. "Time for that threesome you girls have been teasing me about," he said gruffly; and that was how we passed the short time on the way back into Vegas.

Pick really loved it, gyrating on the seat and holding both of us so tightly when both of us had our mouths on either side of his penis, one of us always at the top of his so tender manhood while the other was starting over with her oral caress.

"Prick-teasers!" Pick called us as if it was a compliment. "Oh gods fuck Mauro and fuck Ricardo and his fucking claim on you, Diana. You and Melissa are both mine tonight and fuck any policeman who wants to talk to you about what the Don was doing before he died!"

"Morry died?" I gasped at him as he was making a fountain out of his love and desire for the laughing Diana and myself.

"Oh, baby, that was so wonderful," whimpered Diana. "But I want you inside me, like you were before. I'm so hot, baby. I have to come with a real man in me. Oh, please, Picky, fuck me good! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

What could the Ice-Pick do with a 'woman' like Diana in his arms, her breasts bouncing against him. She put her engorged nipples against his lips; soon they were going at it as fiercely as Morry and I had been when he'd suddenly succumbed to his attack, whatever it was.

"Oh, join us, baby," said Diana to me, leaning away from Pick as she pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties, laughing as she revealed

the woman-like vadgie she was wearing over her penis and genitals.

“Yes,” said Pick thickly, pulling on my thin waist. I kissed him as Diana stretched out, her head almost on the floor, her legs about Pick’s head as she had Pick have her as Morry had just been had by me. I thought that I could pull away but, in the mass of bodies and female underclothing, Diana wanted to kiss me in her soft, feminine way. She matched me in the way I kissed, her lipstick as soft as mine. Then, while I was doing that, alarmed at how funny it felt to be kissing a girl, Pick penetrated me. The three of us were squealing and groaning as we all came at much the same time.

“And if anyone calls that a daisy chain,” warned Pick as Diana and I met at his

mouth and kissed and kissed both him and each other, trembling at the incredible highs we’d all reached as man and women, “I have a bullet in my gun for whoever says it first.”

I felt so absolutely weird as I knew how aroused I was by what I’d just done. I wanted to do it again with Diana’s soft mouth on mine. I looked into her lovely, femininely framed eyes. She was laughing at me, seeming to understand how it was to be kissed by another girl. But Pick was still there, waiting to be pleased once more.

“But your gun is such a little one,” murmured Diana to him, going down on Pick. “Let’s see what we can do to make him a little bit bigger and a real threat.”

“Don’t you want a piece of me as well?” asked Pick. I had to shake my long, blonde hair. I couldn’t do what Diana was doing, not when I’d climaxed as

fervently as I had, not feeling the way I did. Not knowing if I was a man or a woman in that moment. It didn't take long, though, as I watched them coupling so easily as if it was so natural for one man to act so girlishly and the other to slide into him so easily. It was as if I had shot off all my female covering. I was Dave Zerbinsky again, wrestling in feminine clothing with two other men on the floor of the car, men who were trying still to get off as if they were a man and a woman which Diana wasn't, just as I wasn't.

I couldn't be by myself. Ice-Pick wouldn't allow it. He wanted me to give him some of the girlish loving I'd given Don Mauro. I know the driver was watching me and would report back to Morry. But what could I do? I lowered my panties and sat astride 'Pick', what Pick liked to be called by us, as Diana was caressing him and smiling at me over his shoulder. I was shivering as I always was these days since I'd made it to E Block. What was it that I'd been thinking? I'd been so delighted to get over among the girls in the Executive Suite where I'd have a chance to escape! I'd even let perverted mobsters treat me as if I was a sex-crazed drag queen for that chance.

The price seemed too high as I bucked and romped on Pick's manhood with my cushiony tush. Pick praised me for being so womanly and had my bouncing tits in his mouth, going from one to the other until he roused me. I had to sink on to him and kiss him furiously as I came. He freed me from my vadgie, laughing at the mess I'd made, 'proof' that I loved him more than I did Don Mauro!

Or so he said. I could have told him that his blonde nurse didn't love anyone but herself but he was snapping my garter belt and stroking my man-

hood again. I thought of all the pretty girls I knew, Diana, Brittany and Corinne, and I ejaculated with him, Diana getting involved, the pair of us doing a familiar act, both of us caressing Pick's manhood with our tongues at the same time until he overflowed. Somehow, we got dressed again as nurses and covered ourselves in the coats we had as the driver yelled back that we were approaching the Strip.

"Sorry about the car rocking so much as we were coming in," said the driver to Diana and me. We tried to walk primly as ladies while a grinning Pick, I had to think of him as that, had his arms about both us as we minced over to the private escalator that another bodyguard had opened for us.

"No problem, Sonny," rumbled Pick. "Might want to get the shock absorbers looked at, though. Still, the girls enjoyed the bouncy ride, didn't you, my darlings."

"Oh, we loved it," cooed Diana. The guys were smiling at us as we swished into the elevator and were soon zooming up to the penthouse suite.

Pick left us to clean up while he called the hospital. Diana pulled me into the bathroom with her and took me in her arms, kissing me as she fondled and undressed me. All I'd been doing was looking around the fabulous suite, feeling as if I'd returned to civilization from the wilds of Fort George. I even felt a little bit free. I knew I could escape from here.

"What," I gasped. "Why are you doing this to me, Diana?"

"The blue pills," said the girl who'd showed me how I had to make up as a girl, how I was to do my hair femininely and how I was always to dress like a

woman. “They work just as well for us, you know, as they do for Don Mauro and the Ice-Pick Man. I’m still so horny; and you are such a delectable girlie, Melissa, my love.

“You taste just like Sharon. You’re making love just like a girl all the time, you know. I don’t always go on my back like you do but I love it that you’re so girlie. Sometimes I make the first move as well. Some men like it. Girlies like you love it, too, from me, don’t you?”

I soon found out that I was one of those men, or one of those girlies. Oh, I might have breasts and a feminine figure. I had a woman’s hair style and, when I slipped out of my panties, I even looked like I had a female vagina because of the vadgie I had to wear. But Diana was out of hers and had her skinny, little, hairless penis jerking against me as we caressed one another’s breasts and tushes. I sparkled all over as she insisted that I keep on my vadgie as our thighs and breasts touched while she assaulted my mouth. I was back in Fort George, I thought with a shudder.

“You can be the girl this time,” Diana whispered to me. I couldn’t believe it as she inserted her thin penis into my vadgie.

“Ah! Ah!” I gasped as she pulled on my tush. I could feel her as if she was inside me, caressing my manhood with hers. Diana increased the pressure on me as she lifted my thigh and caressed it with her soft, manicured fingers. She kissed me again so much more forcefully than I was kissing her.

“Oh, you are such a girl, Melissa,” Diana murmured to me as she wiggled her penis into me and spanked on my tush as she sort of guided me into

the shower. Her hands caressed me as I felt a strange surge of emotions through me. It actually felt as if a girl was touching me. Her aroused breasts met mine. That was worse, no, it was better. Our mouths and tongues mingled as her soft skin was all against mine. Her legs caressed mine, her hands snapping my panties and my garter belt that I'd been in such pains to put back on.

Diana eased down my panties as she kissed me, our hair swirling about each other. We were so girly as we clung to one another. Save that it was her penis that was pressing into my vadgie. She knew just where to slide it open and insert herself against my straining masculinity. Only it didn't feel very male as she lifted me on to her thing and, yes, she fucked me as if I was a woman. It was such a giggle as she came inside me and got stuck for a while against my wriggling manhood, refusing to undo my vadgie as she had me pressed against the tiles of the shower.

I wanted to get free. I wanted to assert myself but even when Diana wiggled her way out of me, she wouldn't let me take off the thong that was hurting me so. She made me go with her, completely naked, into the hot pool where she kissed me some more even as she creamed the scars under my breasts, exclaiming that Doctor Allington did such wonderful work, didn't he?

Pick came and joined us in the pool, looking a little grim. "They just turned off the respirator," he said, sitting between us naked girls as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "He's dead and the cops are at American. Donny is going to be so pissed, particularly when he hears how Morry died." He looked really gloomy. "And he is going to hear about it."

I didn't have to be told who Donny was. Pick had already told me when we were making pillow talk after he'd done me. He'd had my penis in his hand and was stroking me both there and over my breasts which had started to be so sensitive as they healed. Don Mauro had really had no rights to be called a Don. He'd been a figurehead boss, at one time, of the Mozzanos. The real power in the family, the real 'capo di tutti capi', as Pick had called him, was his nephew, Donny Brown, really Dante Mozzano.

"Will Donny be coming here for the wedding?" I asked Pick, trying not to show the fear I really felt. If I was considered to have caused Morry's death, I didn't doubt I'd face some gruesome death. I'd heard so many stories, since I'd become a woman of sorts, with so many mobsters being serviced by me, that it almost seemed the natural way of reacting to a death in the 'family'.

But hearing about the death of the man who'd made love to me as his woman for a week, almost non-stop, didn't really affect me at all. I'd begun to think of my dancing as a break, even though the small crowd of men whistled at me and said the most awful things about me. I suppose if I'd been a woman, I'd have loved the praise for my tush or for my legs or the way I sashayed in my pantie and bra costumes. That was still bothering me. But Morry's death didn't seem to make me feel anything at all. The man who'd pawed my girlish body was just, just dead.

"Dante's already here," said Pick, drawing me against him in our communal bath, grinning as he saw the vadgie still about me. He ran his fingers over my breasts and kissed me, his arm about my waist as Diana moved against him as well, smiling

as he took her penis in his hand. She began to kiss his face which he really liked.

“Are we in trouble?” asked Diana as she kissed Pick on the mouth and moved in the water so that she floated in front of him. He looked down in delight on her breasts.

“No, I am going to protect my honeys,” said Pick. “That is, if my honeys are really sweet to me.”

So, Diana and I got out of the bath with his arms about us, kissing him for starters, one after the other. We dried ourselves, scented ourselves and put on the showgirl lingerie he wanted us to be in and modelled it for him. We went to bed with him, both of us. I finally lost my vadgie in some erotic adventure with Diana.

I was so much more aroused with her there with me, Pick noticed. He encouraged her to caress and stroke me before he took over, having me from the rear, my body contorted as Diana had me from the front at the same time. It was a sandwich. I was the tasty filling, Diana told me.

“We’ll do it again later,” Pick told us both as his cell was ringing. When he snapped it shut, we had to get up and re-bathe as we, Diana and me, were going to go down to the casino proper and meet Dante, also known as Donny Brown, the real boss. It meant that a hair stylist had to come up from the hotel and redo our hair.

A beautician had to come in and redo Diana’s and my makeup and fingernails. She even did my toenails for good measure, the touch of a woman’s gentle hand on me really upsetting me. I was so used to having other girls like me, or gay guys attached to D Block, work on me and make me a

woman. I almost peed my panties as I sat, cross-legged, and real women worked on my hair, my face and my nails. It increased the femmy and different feelings that swept through me after what Diana had just done to me in bed. I actually did feel I was a girl, a little bit.

Diana had the tiniest of panties on her which meant I had to have something like hers. She was used to preening for real women, unlike me. For me, it was a relief when the smiling women left us. We changed our vadgees and got into the skimpiest of bras, the strapless dresses fitting us so closely.

“Oh, it’s so lovely to be in Vegas, isn’t it, Melissa?” said Diana, hugging me and being careful not to spoil my new makeup. She ‘assisted’ me in putting on my stockings, helping me to get the thin garter belt in place, smoothing it beneath my panties. It had to be that way as my dress was so tight. Every curve of my feminized body was on display.

Of course, I looked just like Diana but my hair was more platinum, though I’d have liked to be a golden blonde like her. Then, I thought about that, about what I was thinking about my preferences as a woman. I knew that I couldn’t think like that, like a woman, no matter how femininely I dressed and was primped by beauticians.

I was in Vegas to get away, I had to remind myself, not to be in one long sexual romp as a woman. I had to escape for good. I had to talk to my employers! Oh, I was definitely going to demand double pay for this job, plus all expenses. That meant getting these breasts off me and the tush and thighs as well, never mind my hair and eyebrows being returned to ‘normal’.

Oh, but I looked so pretty, I thought, having trouble breathing as I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a pretty girl, with a pretty figure, lovely breasts and girlish legs. And men and women wanted to have me. I did wonders for the dress, for the lingerie without a dress, as a woman. No, I thought, wondering at why my brain functioned so poorly. Neither Diana nor I was a woman!

First, before I could become a man, I had to wear long, dangling, red as ruby stones in the earrings at my ears. I shivered as Pick came in, all clean and masculine, putting a similar necklace about my neck and taking advantage of that to kiss and caress my bare shoulders, sending shivers through me. I had bracelets and a ring to put on as well, a huge red stone winking at me. And I had kisses to give to reward the man for giving me so many pretty, womanly things. I squealed for him in delight and got more kisses that made me stir inside so girlishly again.

Diana handed me a purse with a smile on her glossy lips. I shuddered as I looked at the two of us, such glamorous women in our dark green, glittering dresses as we slipped into our open-toed high heels that fitted us perfectly. The Ice-Pick was in a tuxedo and had his arms again about both of us girls as the elevator came. There were bodyguards there as well, also in tuxes.

We went down to the huge, crowded casino. It was so alarming as I sashayed across the room in my lovely dress. Surely, I'd be able to get away here among all these avid gamblers. I was shivering nervously, however, as it was true I was in an enormous room with real women - but they were all like me! They were hanging on to men's arms, smiling

up into their faces as I did. They were squealing all the time as well in their joy, showing off girlie things they wore whenever they or their man won something. I knew how to behave girlishly like that as well.

I couldn't believe the sexy women all around me, scented like me, dressed like me, hair and breasts like me. Why, oh why, did we have to be here? Despite what he'd said, Pick must be queer and perverted. Look at what he'd done to me, a man who wasn't gay at all.

Oh no? asked a small voice in my head as I swished forward on Pick's arm as the bodyguards directed us into a more private part of the casino where the high rollers were playing. I could scarcely breathe as Rick Newman, lead singer in the Crude, turned from a table, swayed into me, trying to hold me and kiss me like a woman.

"Hey, he can't have two women," Rick said in his so-familiar voice. I so loved his music and could imagine myself as him when he was playing. I shuddered as he made another play for me. A bodyguard physically moved him away from me, muttering a warning to Rick not to disturb the lady. I shuddered as he meant me.

"Over in the corner," said Pick, quite serious as we were brought, Diana and me, to the real power in the room, Dante Mozzano. We must call him Donny Brown. He was taller, darker, than Pete the Ice-Pick. He stood as we approached so swishily, the other men with him frowning and standing as if they didn't know why they were doing that.

"Ladies," said Donny, looking us over. I trembled as, by the sardonic smile that twisted his lips, I

knew that he knew exactly what I was. “Such beautiful ladies,” he went on as Pick held our arms tightly. Diana smiled and accepted Donny’s compliments with a toss of her hair as if she was used to receiving such compliments and that they were true. We were beautiful ‘ladies’.

Donny gave me an odd look as I couldn’t follow Diana’s lead. I just stared stupidly at this man, so much younger and athletic than I’d thought he would be. A younger George Clooney, I thought, as he gave me a charming smile with his lips, a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Oh gods, what was I doing here under his gaze, mincing as I was, being as femmy and girlie as I was, my breasts exposed and wiggling. He’d definitely noticed, I could tell, by the way he looked at my chest, my strapless dress and the way that I protruded so femininely. I expected him at any moment to expose the smiling, giddy Diana and me to the whole world for what we were, trannies or drag queens.

Donny motioned his companions back to the game they were playing, giving his cards to one of his guards to play for him. He extracted me easily from the Ice-Pick, who hadn’t said a word, and led me towards the craps table. That was very noisy as the people there were encouraging a pretty, well made-up, dark-haired, Latina girl to throw the dice. But she was getting all the men in the group to blow on the dice and kiss her before she threw. She was smaller than me.

“You were with my uncle when he died,” Donny said to me, an amused look on his face, stopping us from actually joining the crapshoot. A spasm of terror went through me. I didn’t dare to look at this

man who held the power of life or death over me. I had visions of the desert we'd driven through, a trench, and men with machine guns. No, not guns, machetes. I almost threw up as I shivered so hard. Donny's hand at my elbow pinched me hard.

"Y-Y-Yes," I stammered to him, tingles running up and down my spine as I thought of how I hadn't known at first that Morry was in trouble as he was thrusting into me. I'd actually been trying to keep him going when he was trying to get out of me, his heart seizing or something.

I shivered. I felt the tears coming to my eyes. I don't know why I did that as it wasn't as if I really was in love with Morry, as Diana teased me. It was just that he'd been sort of kind to me; and no man should die the way he had, not making love to a 'woman' like me, anyway.

"It's good that you cry for him," said Donny so softly that I'm sure only the two of us heard him. He glanced back at Pick who was encouraging Diana to flirt with some of the poker players Donny had abandoned. "So many other people are just looking for whatever advantage that they can find in this unholy mess."

"I, I'm really sorry ..." I began.

"Don't be," said Donny, a ghost of a real smile playing about his mouth. I shivered as he looked so charming. Maybe I wasn't going to die after all. But then, the bosses were all supposed to be really charming even as they arranged for so many deaths in the families they controlled.

"I've spoken to Giovanni," Donny went on, steering me away from the tables. Others followed us. "And to Ricardo, Johnny T, that is, and one or two

others. I heard that you really liked my uncle. I believe Morry liked his Melissa a lot. Now I've seen you, even met you so briefly, I can understand why, Melissa. He knew I wasn't going to let him out of Fort George, not even for this stupid wedding. But I can see why he wanted to impress a woman like you."

"I, I feel like it, it was m-my fault," I said, wanting to kick myself, even if it was with a high heel. I didn't know why I was acting so girly with Donny Brown. I didn't have to. He knew all about me.

"Morry died, doing what he loved doing more than anything else," said Donny with a grim smile. "You were only the last of a long line of beautiful women that he, well," I could see that he was thinking for another word other than 'fucked'. Yes, I was a woman, wasn't I, I thought with a nervous quiver. A man couldn't say such a word to me, could he? "That he overdid making love to constantly," Donny went on. "He was in some sort of competition with Pick, wasn't he, Melissa? He took you from our beloved Ice-Pick, didn't he ...?"

"I was pleased he did," I said quickly. It struck me that it had been true for a while. I had liked my old man, loved the way he'd dressed and undressed me. Yes, he'd always treated me as if I was really a woman. He never made me think I was somehow inferior, being forced to be a woman as I was. All the other men in E Block made me feel like a man in a dress, all the time. I felt so hot. I was tearing up again. Oh, it would be so terrible if my mascara ran. How much like a woman that would be!

Donny Brown knew all about me and yet was still walking me about his casino, smiling and treating me as if I was a woman. I shivered in horror at my

expectations. I was being set up. I was being conned. I was a dead 'girl'. I was going to be killed and buried in a dress. When I was found, if I was found, CSI was going to have a glorious field day with me, weren't they? Especially if I was left in all my clothes, my breasts in my bra and a vadgie about my hips, between my legs.

Donny took the handkerchief out of his top pocket. I was very careful but I still got some mascara onto his white linen handkerchief. He stared at it for a moment as I handed it back to him. He took my hand and stared at it, too, a little entranced, it seemed, as he saw how feminine my nails were.

"You girls really do go all out, don't you?" asked Donny, frowning as he studied my face and my figure. I really had to shiver, my dress feeling too tight and too femmy. I should have been used to men looking at me like that, as they did in Fort George, but, here, in Vegas, it was different somehow.

A man like Dante Mozzano could have had his pick of any woman he wanted to look at but he was looking at me. "I wouldn't have known that you weren't a showgirl from the Bellagio or the Venetian Room," he went on, "or somewhere off the Strip. Of course, I should have known how pretty you girls can make yourselves from Victoria there, shouldn't I?"

Donny indicated the lively, sexy, little brunette at the craps table. She was smiling vivaciously, bouncing so femininely and obviously in her strapless dress, for the men around her. She shimmied in girlie fashion before she squealed and demanded luck from them all. As I glanced, shivering as Donny watched me for my reaction, Victoria was kissed once and then twice by several of the players for

luck again. Clearly, everyone thought that she was a girl.

“You do know Victoria, don’t you?” asked Donny, a wry smile on his lips.

“No, I don’t know her,” I said as Donny looked at me sharply. “I, I know of her, She, she was ahead of me in, in ...”

“In finishing school,” said Donny with a wide, stunning smile. “Well, let’s leave her to her conquests. Soon, she’ll be a blushing bride. Maybe she’ll be pregnant as well.”

I started in surprise, a twinge of discomfort running through me as I looked up at Donny’s serious expression. But it changed. I shivered as I realized that Donny Brown was teasing me, knowing I was a girl like Victoria.

“It is the purpose of marriage, isn’t it?” Donny whispered to me, caressing my arm as he leaned over to touch my lovely earring while I wanted to heave at the touch of his hand in my hair and about my bare shoulders and neck. “Now, since we are not getting married, how about I steal you, Melissa, from our annoyed friend back there? You can bring me some luck with all these captains of finance who want to steal my hard-earned money.”

“Sorry, boss,” said the man who’d played Donny’s hand before as Donny re-joined his poker table. I was shaking a little in my tight dress as I saw the men looking at me. Here I was in the ‘real’ world as a trophy woman. It was most disquieting, to say the least. Worse was the amount of power that the man who was guiding me to his side emitted. And it was me whom he chose to be the pretty woman who stood beside him.

I wanted to scream and run as far from him as I could. But I'd be caught; probably I'd be raped, many times. I'd definitely be dead if I embarrassed a man like Donny Brown in any way.



I had to be a pretty girl for as long as he wanted me to be one, like the pouty models with some of the other men there, giving me jealous looks. Girls, if you only knew, I thought as I sat as gracefully as I could and smiled as if I enjoyed being a trophy on a man's arm.

Donny Brown's quiet word with Pick had sent him off with Diana, a scowl on Pick's face, an anxious look for me on Diana's. Now, I was left all alone, a man in a woman's dress, my breasts jutting out in front of me, so tight was the fitting about my bust, my waist and over my hips. Just the flow of my dress on my stockings reminded me of how wrong it was that a man like me should be in such a setting. Donny could easily have picked off one of the real, beautiful girls. I'd have loved to get to know them better, as a man, that is.

"Don't be sorry," said Donny, a friendly smile to the man who had lost some of his money. "I have a feeling that my luck is about to change."

"You can't keep her with you," objected one of the men who was sitting with a big stack of chips in front of us. "She's far too gorgeous, Don, far too much of a distraction to the rest of us."

"That's the idea, Charles," said Donny with a smile. Everyone laughed and looked me over as if I really was a woman. Well, I'm made to be one, I thought with a shudder, knowing how to smile when everyone was staring at me. I'd had enough practice of that as a chorus girl. I thought of myself as a nude showgirl, recalling how strange it had been when men applauded me when I took off my bra and my panties.