



*Reluctant Press*

# The Price Of Beauty

Sharon Moore



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

---

**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

---

*Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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

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

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# THE PRICE OF BEAUTY

**By Sharon Moore**

My name is Tyler Gracione, but everyone calls me Tyler Gray.

As a boy of thirteen years of age, back around the time when my mother died of cancer I never would have guessed when I turned 23 I would be living as a woman.

My ex—roommate is a “change.” That's what we call someone who has gone through sexual reassignment surgery.

She thinks unless you've had an overwhelming desire to have a vagina since an early age you're not really a transsexual.

We have these stupid arguments. When she was six years old and her parents asked what she wanted to be when she grew up, my roomie responded: a princess.

Not me. I wanted to draw comic books.

The weather changes. Styles change. People change.

Myself, I inherited my taste in lifestyle through my experiences with an amazing Amazon named Monica Masters. And that's who I'm hear to tell you about. Monica. The woman that changed my life. But first let me start at the beginning.

Up until the time my mother died, I grew up pretty much like every other boy on my block in South Philadelphia. With the same values. Running track like a mindless gerbil. I did all the macho things required of young Italian. I climbed trees in the park. Wrestled with my friends Paulie and Rick (and felt guilty about losing and not caring).

In school I was an average student, with a mindless crush on a plump little girl that lived across the street named Leigh Rush. She had this gorgeous blonde hair that as we got older turned from a pixie cut into a glorious mane that danced around her shoulders when she strutted to the bus stop.

My parents are both from Naples and I inherited their dark hair and olive complexion. As an only child I was spoiled rotten by an over protective Catholic mother. When he was drunk father used to say her head was made of marshmallow. Certainly her arms always seemed soft, and her heart was pure as cane sugar.

My dad works as an auto mechanic. He's not a pleasant man. His best friend Vermillion (who everyone calls Vermin, but not to his face) says it's the rust. Working on old cars with half their joints melded together from constant exposure to the elements, "It just sort of makes you mad."

Besides his temper the thing I remember most about my father are his hands. When I was a kid it was the excuse he gave for not hugging me or giving me a kiss to sleep at night. He didn't want to make me dirty. Even as a kid I thought that was bullshit. But it is true the old man is embarrassed by the fact that he never seems to be able to get his fingers clean. He washes them so many times, its such a neurotic passion he doesn't have any fingerprints.

After mom died my grandmother moved in with us. I asked her to teach me how to cook. When my father realized I was sharing the chore with the old girl he grumbled that I spent too much time in the kitchen. "It's unnatural!" I was too neat for a boy. He often complained: "Why don't you ever get into any fights?" He thought me especially odd, and once even remarked I was acting "queer" because I spent any money I accumulated on clothes. One night he even commented that I was just like my mother. "You pick out your clothes at night for the next day just like she did." I was overjoyed. He looked like he needed aspirin.

Like a lot of men, my father's passion is sports and the associated accessories like gambling. He tried to get me to play baseball, which I admit, I hated. Trying to hit little balls so other kids could chase them seemed boring and pointless. I was the kid on the team throwing out of bounds (just because). I was the kid everyone, coach, teammates, and fans, hated. The kid who struck out every single game. So bad even the coach told me not to swing. "Maybe you'll get a walk." It was so humiliating I was glad when my father stopped coming to the games. I finished out the season wandering the Italian market.

When the coach showed up at the garage and dad found out I'd missed the last several games he couldn't have been any more disgusted than if he'd discovered I'd been giving blow jobs out on the playground.

"Well Tyler, I guess you're not going to be the next Darren Daulton. Or Joe Montana. Or Mike Tyson. And you're no straight A student. Certainly no Einstein. Damn it, just what are you good at?"

Well, I was good at one thing.

Masturbating.

My first experience with sex came when I was 13 and I watched my neighbor 14 year old Paulie Manero masturbate in his parents damp, dark basement. Watching Paulie, I got the same uncomfortable sensation I got on the fifth grade field trip to the zoo when we all witnessed two monkeys humping. The size of his penis, the way it grew so big, and the sight of all the hair around his scrotum was unnerving. My own body was smooth, and I hated the thought of one day turning into a gorilla like Vermin. Watching Paulie have a seizure of sorts, and then the surprise ending, gobs of white gunk dribbling all over the old green couch, I admit, I wasn't really sure what I had just witnessed, but I had a feeling I'd confess it all to Father John and he'd say,

“Do not go to heaven, straight to purgatory!” To add to my confusion whenever I thought back about it I developed an instant erection.

A few days later Paulie lured me back down into the basement and demanded: “I want to see you do it.”

At first I resisted, and although I feigned curiosity, the truth is I've always been an easy lay for the sin of lust. Soon we were both sitting side by side on the couch with our pants around our ankles fondling ourselves like we were playing with two toy soldiers. It was the first time I'd gotten the opportunity to compare my penis with someone else's, especially at full extension, and although it was somewhat cowering to see Paulie was twice my size and girth, mine seemed small and puerile in comparison, secretly I liked mine better. It scared me to think when I turned 14 perhaps my body would grow just as monstrous, just as grotesque. Mine seemed perfectly shaped, smooth and rigid as my pinky.

That very first time, as Paulie's breathing grew more labored I felt a new sensation rise up from my testicles and spread out through my penis, similar to the way my stomach warmed when I stole a sip from dad's whiskey glass. As I continued mimicking Paulie's hand movements a clear drop of nectar wept from the tip. Watching Paulie explode tipped the scales and I experienced my first ejaculation. A huge outpouring, thick as molasses, shot all over my shirt making a horrible mess. Afterwards there was a dull ache in the muscle between penis and anus, and I felt so horribly upset by what we'd just done I had a bizarre notion that Father John would say the only cure for such behavior was castration.

We only did it one more time. On that occasion Paulie convinced me to take off all my clothes so we wouldn't soil them. This time when we were both sufficiently aroused Paulie asked me to lay face down on the couch and took up a position on top of me.

“What are you doing?”

“Just hold still. Put your knees together.”

Slipping his erection between my thighs he thrust his hips back and forth. The head of his penis poked my hairless testicles, and by the way he was panting I could tell it must have felt much better than using mother thumb and her four fingers. Laying on my belly, my own organ standing straight up, crushed against this mildewy couch, it suddenly dawned on me this must be how adults did it when they made love — and Paulie had positioned me in the role of the female!

“Paulie get off!”

That's exactly what Paulie intended. By encircling my throat with his forearm (practically choking me to death) he forced me to lay still while his thrusts became more frantic until suddenly he pumped a tremendous amount of goo between my thighs.

Before either of us could recover, the next thing I knew Paulie's little sister Terrie was coming down the steps and we were scrambling for our clothes.

After that I steered clear of the Manero's basement, but my experiences with Paulie paved the way for me to explore my own body. Every day when I locked myself in the bathroom to shower, standing in the warm spray, I pulled myself. I got to enjoy it so much that after I masturbated, even before I could finished rinsing the soap from my body — I was stiff and eager for more. One Saturday afternoon I did it three times in an hour. Until I was so sore I had to stop till my tender flesh healed.

That's when I discovered a new use for Vaseline. Once in the morning. A dab when I came home from school. And one final spurt as I lay in bed at night.

Doing the laundry my grandmother noticed the stains in my jockey shorts, and commented: "Boy, we've got to get you a girlfriend."

Unfortunately I was extremely shy. Although I considered my features too plain, too nondescript, in eighth grade Wendy Wilson and Helen Melsi were always running their fingers through my hair and giggling, but I was too stupid to realize they liked me, and too afraid of rejection to ask either one out for a date.

By the time I was fourteen I was masturbating so much I thought I was a sex maniac. When I first read the word *nymphomaniac*, I was afraid I'd find my picture by the entry in the dictionary.

When I was fifteen I don't know whatever possessed me to try on a pair of my mother's nylons. I was looking through the boxes of her clothes up in the attic trying to find my father's hidden *Playboy* magazines. That was the first time I realized women had such different underclothes. There under my mother's lingerie I made another startling discovery. A rather imposing 8" lifelike plastic dildo, and several *Playgirl* magazines. It is difficult to imagine my mom, the same woman that went to mass every Sunday, masturbating. On the other hand, I was pleased to discover she obviously saw nothing wrong with a little self stimulation. A little? Wow. 8". Why so big? Wouldn't it hurt? Flipping through the pages of *Playgirl* I noticed all the naked hunks were extremely well endowed. Looking at all pictures and then myself, I developed a growing sense of inadequacy. What if God hadn't supplied me with enough to please a woman? The thought scared me and left a greater impression than any Hitchcock movie.

A couple of times when my father was at work and grandmom had walked to the Italian market, even though I was extremely afraid of getting caught, and yet excited by taking such chances, I put on a pair of my mother's pantyhose and snuck the March issue of *Playgirl* into the john and masturbated while looking at the image of a sun tanned hunk named Derek with a washboard stomach, dreamy eyes, and sporting an uncircumcised boner bigger than my mother's plastic toy. The feel of nylon gripping my legs, my bottom, my feet, I closed my eyes and was once again in the Manero's basement only this time it is Derek on top of me.

That I climaxed while thinking about another man's penis worried me. And yet I continued to waver back and forth between *Playboy* and *Playgirl*. Furry beavers. Or long, hard cocks? I got just as much mileage out of Miss September's boobs.

Bored with television, bored with school, I spent my teenage years with a pair of headphones over my ears listening to Steely Dan and the Runaways, reading Tolkien, and drawing pictures of my two idols Jessica Lang and Jon Bon Jovi. I don't know

how many pictures I drew of a rock band consisting of Joan Jett on vocals, Richard Gere on drums, and me on bass guitar. Must have been dozens of versions. Sometimes I copied the poses from *Teen Idol* magazine. After every show there was an orgy on the tour bus. Those pictures I hid under my mattress.

In high school my father was determined to make a man out of me and blackmailed me into joining the swim team. He said me it would help build my muscles, which it didn't. I absolutely hated the practices. I stunk. A goldfish could swim faster. I just had no strength in my arms or legs and realized right away I was not destined for any gold medals.

But something happened that made me go.

For really the first time in my life I noticed how the girl's my age had developed. I noticed how embarrassed Leigh Rush became during practice when the cold water made her nipples stand out prominent as acorns beneath her wet suit. My adolescent afternoons were spent shivering in line behind Leigh who kept her arms locked over her chest, while I clasped hands prayer—like in front of my tiny blue speedo praying to the god of boners I wouldn't get a stiffy. Our suits were so small there was just no way you could hide a wayward erection, especially from coach Ozzie.

In hind sight I realize Ozzie was gay. He got an obvious thrill out of watching us boys line up naked in the locker room. The highlight of his day was standing in the equipment room handing out swimsuits. The way he stared at my body raised my temperature by several degrees. It was obvious to me he liked naked boys, especially small, hairless boys like me. The way his eyes narrowed reminded me of the way my dad looked when he drank, and made me so uncomfortable, I nearly freaked one afternoon when I got a free form hardon right there in line among twenty naked classmates! I tried to hide it with my hands, and at such times it's a blessing not to be over endowed because I was succeeding rather brilliantly until I reached the door and had to take my suit.

Ozzie was the only one to notice, and instead of him using it to verbally abuse me, it became our private little secret. It became the gleam in his eye.

I wasn't a very good swimmer, but Ozzie kept me on the team. Instead I became the team manager. My teammates called me Ozzie's pet and threatened to beat me up in the showers more than once. During swim meets I hated it when Ozzie made me hold his clip board. Every time our team did something good he patted me on the butt — the same way he patted the girls. I waited for him to try something more, but he never did. I knew I would not stop him, and that fact scared me. I didn't want to be a homosexual. I wasn't gay. I had enough problems with my father. Dating my gym teacher would have gotten me excommunicated for sure.

At the end of my sophomore year I got the surprise of my life when Leigh asked me to the Senior Prom. Up to that point I thought of us as acquaintances that used the same bus stop, not even friends, and it knocked the wax out of me to learn Leigh actually liked me. She was two years older than myself and had blossomed into one of the prettiest girls in school. A first class swimmer that went as far as the Regionals as well as Captain of the varsity hockey team.

I was flabbergasted, but of course I went.

Leigh Rush. A busty blonde. A surefire shoo in when Penthouse went around selecting girls for their “Women on Campus” issue.

My father could never figure out what she saw in me. Neither could I. The only thing we saw eye to eye about was our height. We were exactly the same size. In retrospect I guess she liked the fact that people remarked we made a cute couple. And she knew I wasn't going to try to take advantage of her like all the other boys, or so she said.

Leigh was not one of the smartest girls in her class. She spent more time in front of a makeup mirror than in front of her books. Her only ambition was to be a fashion model, and so every where we went I took my camera and we created a photo album that she later used as the platform for her professional portfolio.

My father never missed a swim meet. He seemed to shed 10 years whenever he saw Leigh in her suit. The highlight of the match was when she waved at him. Grandmom was just as bad. When Leigh came by the house the old girl lit up like the Virgin Mary was sitting in her kitchen.

Leigh was a major influence. She was the one that encouraged me to channel my interests into something commercial like drafting.

During my junior and senior years of college I lived 400 miles away from home in a state college dormitory, away from home and Leigh for the first time. Admittedly I was so scared, the first day I closed my door and cried until my roommate showed up and somehow I managed to deliver a firm handshake.

In no time at all I was partying so much I forgot all about the old neighborhood. I let my hair grow long, got both ears pierced multiple times, and ignored the fact that my roommate joined a group that went around beating up fags in town. I noticed plenty of girls giving me the eye, but I was so uptight about my equipment I threw away several opportunities for *going all the way*.

For example, one night this aggressive senior named Nancy Mullins invites me to her dorm room to watch TV. When I realized she was naked under her terry cloth robe I feigned a gall bladder attack, excused myself, and fled.

I just couldn't do it. Not with such a pristine girl like Leigh waiting for me at home. Or so I told myself.

I was probably the only boy to graduate from State College a virgin. Just because I was Italian the guys around me thought I was the stud of the dorm. Sure, I had a couple of dates, but other than some heated French kissing, I was the only one saving himself for marriage. I was so frustrated I earned a minor degree in masturbation.

After graduation I got a job drafting for an architect and moved back in with my dad till I could save enough money for an apartment. Leigh worked as a fashion model in Center City, and although we continued to date, it crushed me to learn she was seeing another guy. One of our ex—classmates, the quarterback of the football team, some Viking named Brad Parker.



So when I ran into this platinum blonde bombshell neighbor named Marilyn Kelly at my dad's 45th birthday party, I responded to her flirting like a hooker swinging on a street post. She lived on our block and I saw her walking every day to her work as a secretary in an insurance office on Oregon Avenue. Although she seemed flat chested she had the same voluptuous hips as Marilyn Monroe in the movie *Bus Stop*. For some reason the gleam in Marilyn's eyes reminded me of Ozzie. Ten minutes into our conversation she's telling me she's separated. Her husband Mike had moved in with her best friend Marie.

The last 21 year old male virgin in America proceeded to walk Marilyn down Marvine Street to her rowhouse. Thank God her two kids were asleep.

Lured by the loose buttons at Marilyn's throat the next thing I knew I was flat on my back laying in a strange bed with an insurance secretary, a woman 15 years my senior. I can still see her sitting naked astride me. A gold necklace with a heart shaped locket swung between pert upturned nipples. She rode me for all I was worth, at one point even gripping my chest so hard she left nail marks.

Later she showed me pictures of herself and Mike naked. Mike had the smallest penis I'd ever seen. Much smaller than my own, probably about 2" fully plumped. Marilyn told me her sex life for the last 14 years consisted of Mike sticking his little thing in her, swirling it around like an orange peel in a blender, then rolling over to go to sleep. She claimed she never had an orgasm till she met me. I believed her too. The way she screamed and carried on I figured she woke half of South Philly.

That was my introduction to sex. I guess I was a late bloomer. Anyway, it was so good I stopped going to church.

The very next week I dropped in Marilyn's office while her boss was out to lunch. I was hoping to ask Marilyn to the movies. Fifteen minutes later her jacquard knit skirt is over her typewriter, panties around one ankle, and we're slapping bellies right in the middle of the carpet! Then the screen door opens.

Marilyn's eyes popped. "My boss is back!" And my pants were on the copy machine!

I dove into the supply closet, and from the crack in the door watched Marilyn's bare ass disappear under her desk.

The mail man stepped inside and threw a bundle of envelopes on her blotter. Once he was gone the two of us laughed so hard, it was like doing nitrous oxide.

Marilyn was wild. She told me to bring my camera to her house one Saturday while the kids were with Mike. All afternoon I took nude photographs of her reclining all over the furniture. Well, she wasn't completely nude if you counted the wide brimmed hat. Marilyn was 36 years old and for having two kids, still had a wonderful body. By Playboy standards her breasts were non-existent, but her hips were luscious as the fenders on a Stingray. She had lovely short, curly blonde hair, and high prominent cheek bones from the Scandinavian gene pool.

Things happened fast that summer.

Verna Taylor.

She was this 17 year old Christie Brinkley look—a—like that worked behind the counter in the K—Mart camera department that I routinely flirted with. When I picked up the photos from my private little shoot with Marilyn, Verna admitted she peeked at my pictures.

“We only do it with people we know,” she rushed to explain. She looked at me shyly. “Is that your girlfriend?”

I blushed delightedly. “No, actually she's my neighbor.”

The way Verna was looking at me I could tell she was impressed. I asked her out on the spot.

Friday night we went to see a Warren Beatty movie. The theater was half empty. I draped an arm around Verna's shoulders. She placed a warm palm on my knee. We smooched through the first hour.

During the love scene between Warren and Annette Benning, Verna fumbled with my fly. Right there in the Regal Cinema, with people in our row 12 seats away Verna pulled my penis free from my jeans. Then bent forward over my lap and put her lips around the head, and just stayed there, moving only her tongue like she was attacking a vanilla cone.

“What are you doing?!” I whispered.

The girl paused to look up at me like I was an idiot savant.

“You don't have to do that!” I hissed.

“I want to,” she replied. “Just shut up and try to enjoy it.” Later I would find out Verna had been giving her high school science teacher blow jobs since she was 14!

Verna was wilder than Marilyn! A frustrated Protestant girl who confessed she wanted me to take her virginity.

I did too. My first and last virgin. We did it in the middle of Fairmont Park one midsummer's night eve on a blanket under the stars.

Verna howled at the moon as I forced my way inside. It was like pushing a finger through a gauze pad. Three times she stopped me to catch her breath.

“Wait! It hurts! Okay, now. Try again!”

Although I hated hurting her, at the same time it gave me a perverse rush to make such a pretty girl squirm. My 4" behaved like 8". When her warm blood anointed my flesh she had a panic attack and made me stop, even though I was panting ready to free fall.

“Thank you,” Verna said pecking my cheek. “No more for tonight, please.”

Talk about doing a masters thesis in frustration! But there was nothing I could do but tuck my throbbing weapon away. On the drive home I passed Marilyn's to see if her porch light on. Our little signal. The kids were asleep. After debarking the de—virgin, I parked the old Honda Civic my dad gave me for graduation, and walked down the street and rapped on the door. Marilyn answered wearing a long, sheer white negligee. “I thought it might be you. Come in.” The material was so sheer when

she stood in front of the light her body seemed to float in a mist. Taking me by the hand she led me up the stairs.

Yes, those were some wild times.

The crazy part is, here I am a nervous wreck because sooner or later I'm going to get caught juggling Marilyn, Verna, and well, my high school sweetheart Leigh, and for the first time ever my father seemed happy I was the product of his loins.

When grandmother wasn't around he confided: "Now you're behaving like a man!"

The funny part is, even though I hardly knew Marilyn and Verna and I was humping them regularly, I never did it with Leigh, even though I'd dated her for four years. Although I'd decided I was happier staring at the Church stained glass from the outside, I still believed you didn't have premarital sex with a nice girl. You didn't even bring up the subject. We kissed. On a few rare occasions Leigh let me caress her sweet breasts through her blouse, but that's as far as it ever went.

Then I met Monica. She changed everything.

## CHAPTER 2

It happened one night while I was out at the clubs on Delaware Avenue with my college buddies Ray and Neuter.

Monica was sitting at the bar with a beautiful, twentysomething redheaded girl. The redhead had her hair up in a French twist, and wore an elegantly simple black crepe dress with white satin cuffs and collar. Although I couldn't get a good look at her face from across the crowded club there was something alluring and attractive about this delicate creature, so much so at first I didn't even notice Monica. I was hit by an attack of infatuation at first sight, and I didn't even get a good look at her!

Eventually the redhead finished her drink and strutted out the door. Every male head in the club seemed to turn as if jerked by the same string.

I glanced back at Monica. The woman was big. Buxom. Even from across the room there was something intimidating about her. Hm. If I got to know Monica, maybe I might get a chance to meet her shapely girlfriend.

Emboldened by two beers I explained my plan to my buddies, and they nodded their heads admiringly as I took off through the crowd. The closer I got I realized Monica was at least 40. That made her twice as old as everyone else. (Later she told me she was 38. The truth was 42.)

And the way she was dressed. It was mid—July, pushing 90 degrees. Everyone is in shorts and light tops, except for Monica. She's pale as a bar of Ivory soap, and wearing black vinyl pants,

and a lace top that showed off her bra!

*This girl is really trying to make a statement!*

"Hello," I said turning up the charm. "Do you mind if I sit here?"

Monica scratched her chin with an unpolished nail. Under the cover of sweeping lashes she checked me out from shoes to starboard.

Feeling awkward I sat down anyway.

“I hope you don't mind.”

The woman looked bored.

I sat silently for five minutes, about ready to abandon the Grail, when suddenly Monica says: “How old are you?”

“Twenty—one.”

Monica sat sipping her soda through a straw studying me while pretending to contemplate her ice.

Close up I noticed she wore not a stitch of makeup. Rare for a girl out in the clubs. She wasn't as pretty as Verna or Leigh or Marilyn, but she had this mole by her mouth that reminded me of Elizabeth Taylor in her *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe* period. She certainly had the attitude.

Monica leaned in my direction, putting her mouth near my ear so she could speak over the music and not be heard by those around us.

“You're a TV, aren't you?”

At the time I was so naive I didn't have a clue what she was asking.

“Excuse me?”

Monica leaned closer, eyes narrowing. “Transvestite? Aren't you?”

My neck snapped back like I was a crash test dummy. “NO way! What are you trying to be funny?! You don't even know me!” At the time I thought she was accusing me of being a homosexual, an issue I was deathly afraid of. Her comment chopped the knees right out from beneath my male ego.

“I know the type. The way you wear your hair. All the jewelry. The earrings. You smell better than I do. I'll bet you look lovely in a dress. You've got the figure for it.”

Her comments flustered me. “No way!”

She chuckled, amused by herself. “In your last life I'm willing to bet you were a woman. Do you believe in reincarnation? I do. There's this psychic on Castor Avenue that told me in my last life I was an Indian boy. Supposedly I died young, although I have a very old spirit that goes all the way back to the time of Cleopatra. I was some sort of an Egyptian prince. And you my dear, were a Puritan woman burned at the stake for being a whore.”

“Hey, look, I don't know how you can say something like that! Believe me, I'm all man! You can ask three different girls.”

“Oh really? You're dating three women?”

“Uh—huh.”

The woman stirred her drink, intrigued by my response. Her brows furrowed.

“Do they each know you're seeing other people?”

Suddenly the room seemed warm. “Well actually. . . only one. Verna knows about Marilyn. She saw some photos I'd taken of her. But Marilyn doesn't know about Verna.”

“Oh really? What about bachelorette number three? What about her?”

“Oh, that's Leigh. I've been dating her since high school. She doesn't know a thing about Verna and Marilyn.” It would kill her.

“You're a real run—around. What's your name?”

“Tyler.”

“Tyler — liar. It fits. Well Tyler, my name is Monica. Monica Masters. Do you know what I'd do if you were my boyfriend?”

“No. What?”

“I'd put you over my knee and give you a spanking you'd never forget. When I was through with you, you'd never hurt anyone's feelings ever again.”

The woman had me completely flustered. Practically babbling.

“What are you talking about? I'm not trying to hurt anyone!”

“How would you feel if you knew Leigh was sleeping with two guys?”

I'd die! I thought about Brad Parker. She did have a point.

“So tell me, why did you pick me out of the crowd? Aren't three girls enough for you? Are you out trying to make a deal for door number four?”

“No, no! Of course not!” The woman had me tongue tied. “I—I saw you by yourself, and thought maybe you were lonely.”

The way Monica looked at me it only took seconds for her to figure out the truth. “You were checking out. . . my friend. Attractive, isn't she? You thought by getting to know me, maybe you'd meet her. Isn't that right?”

“Well, I did happen to notice her, but. . .”

“Honey, let me tell you something. Don't waste your time chasing after something you can never have. She's a lesbian.” A waiter stood by the table, and obviously overheard a portion of our conversation, a fact that left me mortified. My embarrassment only served to amuse Monica.

“Tyler, honey. Pay for the drinks, and let's go.”

Without even hesitating I drew out my wallet. “Go? Go where!?”

“Where do you take your women? Don't you have your own place?”

“Well, I just graduated in May. I'm going to get an apartment as soon as I can afford the deposit.”

“I forgot you're only 21. You live with your parents.” The woman stood shaking her head. “I'm really robbing the cradle this time. We'll go to my place.”

Something about Monica threw me for a loop. I couldn't tell if she was liked me or hated me, and now she's taking me to her place?!

“Okay. But, I came here with my friends Ray and Neuter. They're sitting over there next to the jukebox.”

The guys watched us like we were an MTV episode of the *Real World*.

“Neuter? Sounds like my kind of man.” Monica waved, then made a face as if it pained her to exert the effort.

“Go tell your little friends you've been a bad boy and I'm taking you home to give you a good paddling. It'll make them both jealous.” Monica tried not to crack a smile, but couldn't restrain herself. “I'll get my car and pick you up at the front door. Look for a gold Lexus.”

Something about the way Monica took charge was annoying, and yet I stood and did exactly as she said.

Ray nearly fell out of his chair. “You're going home with that old broad!? She as old as my mother!”

“She's not that old. She looks a lot younger up close. She's really rather interesting. Very intelligent. It's not a sexual kind of thing.”

Neuter laughed at me. “Not sexual!? Tyler! The woman is wearing leather pants so tight you can count her pussy lips. You go home with a chick like that, and I guarantee you in about an hour you'll be hanging upside down naked over her bed while she blows farts in your face.”

“How would you know? Look I gotta go.”

Ray was speechless, while Neuter seemed a little jealous.

Working my way through the crowd although I was going to meet an intriguing older woman and should have been excited, I was melancholy as Hamlet. What was I getting myself into? I was juggling three girls already. I didn't need more confusion in my life.

And this Monica! What an attitude! Did anyone sitting around us hear her threaten to spank me? I winced. Ow!

In a shiny Japanese car waiting at the curb Monica sat there with her arm out the window like she was sitting behind the wheel of a Jag. She'd removed the bun from her hair and dark curls spilled over her shoulders.

“Get in.” As I complied, her eyes widened as she looked me over in the lamp light. “My, my, my. You are a beauty. I see why the girls like you. Such a cute ass. Put your seat belt on.”

One minute Monica is undressing me with her eyes, the next she's treating me like my mother. As I complied my temples were pounding like I'd just stepped off the giant loop—the—loop roller coaster at Six Flags.

Pulling the car into traffic Monica headed west. As she concentrated on the road, I studied her out of the corner of my eye. Cripe. Neuter was right. You could count the lips. Her cleavage was deeper than Dolly Parton's. I imagined her exchanging recipes with my grandmother. Ack! Gag!

“I hope Max is asleep.”

“Max? You have a dog?”

“No, a husband.”

“What! You're married! And he's home!?”

The woman laughed at my panic. “Don't worry. He's not going to hurt you.”

“Well, isn't Max going to be a little upset when he sees you bringing a guy home?”

“Why? Were you planning on doing something Max might not like?”

“Well, no. . . but. . . but. . .”

“You don't know my husband. Max does what he's told. He's submissive.”

“What in the world does that mean?”

Monica turned the car onto Pine Street.

“It means he'll do anything for me. Buy me anything I want. Put up with all my bullshit. We've been married three years and not once have we ever made love.”

“No sex? You're kidding?”

“We have sex. But no intercourse.”

“How can you have sex with no intercourse?”

The woman smiled. “Every now and then if Max has been a good boy I let him masturbate.”

“You *let* him masturbate?”

“You'd have to know Max. He loves it.”

“And what about you?”

She shrugged. “I'm not like your little girlfriends. I have other desires. If you get to know me, you'll find out I have a sadistic streak. I get off teasing poor Mad Maxie by bringing home cute little boys like you.”

“And he puts up with it?!”

“He's a masochist. The worse I treat him, the more Max loves it. Like you.”

“No way!”

“Just look at you! The way you're dressed. The body language. You can see it a mile away. There's nothing wrong with being submissive. Or gay.”

“You're crazy!”

The girl laughed. “No I'm not. Don't act so offended. There's nothing wrong with being the way you are. And you're right, I don't know that you're homosexual. I'm just guessing. I know plenty of effeminate men that love women.”

“Like Max?”

“Oh no. Max is hairy as a bear and shaped like a pear. Actually Max can be quite masculine. He's a lawyer downtown. Went to Penn. He's very bright. Very dedicated to his work. Even thought he might look like a nerd, down at City Hall he's a big shot.” The woman lowered her voice as if the car might be bugged. “Max works with

some very influential people, under a lot of pressure. When he comes home, he likes the fact that I take over. He doesn't want to make decisions. I do his thinking for him, and it gives him a chance to relax.”

“That doesn't sound submissive.”

“Max is extremely submissive — sexually.”

“And you think I'm like that? You don't know me — AT ALL! I would never let my wife sleep with another man!”

“Who said anything about us sleeping together?”

“Well, I didn't mean it quite like that. . .”

“But look at what you said. Tyler, you've got a one track mind. Look. Let's get something straight right from the start. I'm not one of your blonde bimbo girlfriends. You've got about as much chance of getting me into bed as Mother Theresa.”

I straightened in my seat. “All right, all right. I didn't mean it like that. I was just trying to say I wouldn't let my wife go out with another man. If you have a good relationship, you're satisfied with each other. You don't need anyone else. You don't play games.”

The woman laughed. “You are so naive.”

“It's naive to want a good sexual relationship with one other person?”

Looking exceptionally superior, like she possessed the keys to the kingdom of knowledge, Monica responded: “Max and I have an excellent sexual relationship. It's exactly what we need. You don't have a clue what you want, or you wouldn't be lying to three different girls. I'm completely honest with Max. He knows the score, and he likes the game. Believe me, he loves it. And you would too.”

“You bring home men and pretend to make love to them just to tease your husband, and I'm not honest?”

The woman glanced at me coldly from the corner of her eye.

“That's not what I said.”

I laughed out of frustration.

“Max knows me well enough to know I don't have sex with boys like you. Believe me, sex is not all slapping bellies. I can count the number of men that have made love to me on two fingers. It's not as important as society makes it. For one thing, it's too dangerous. For all I know you're gay and those two boys back in the club take turns bending you over. You might have AIDS.”

“Please! I'm not gay!”

When the girl saw the way I was freaking out she laughed. “If you weren't gay, you wouldn't be so loud about it. You've got a lot of repressed homosexual feelings, don't you?”

She drove down an ally behind a row of well kept, two story, brick brownstones.



I sat there breathing hard, soaked with sweat. Monica was scaring me to death, and yet there was something truthful and thrilling about everything she said. She acted like she'd read my diary.

Monica parked the car under a wooden deck in front of a basement garage door. She turned off the engine and paused to listen to a dog barking.

"The first time was with my uncle. I must have been about twelve. You'd have to know my Uncle Mick. He's a real asshole." She paused to let that sink in.

"And the other man?"

"Well," she said playfully, "I've been married twice actually, and I've never done it with either of my husbands. The other time was with a friend named Dwayne, and I have to admit, I did it because he's a *real* man, something I find rare, but irresistible."

"How do you define a *real* man?"

Monica's eyes cut through the darkness. "A gentleman. Confident. Assertive. And big." She held two fingers 12" apart. "Hung like a horse. Max is like this." She held up her pinky.

Talking about such intimate details made me uncomfortable.

"I thought size didn't matter."

"Oh it matters." Monica grinned slyly as she opened her door. "But you're right, being a good lover is also a question of stamina. What about you Tyler? How big are you? You're so delicate, you're certainly no man. That's why you're a run—around. Instead of giving one woman twelve inches, you compensate by giving three different girls four inches."

The woman laughed at her own joke. I was not amused.

Monica climbed from the car, talking loudly, so Max would know she was home? "Tyler, you don't know it yet, but you're just like Max. Probably even more submissive. You know, if you were my husband, and I found out you sneaking around with three women I'd make you pull your pants to your ankles right here — and beat your ass bright red right in front of the whole neighborhood. That — would get me hot."

In a bit of a fog I sat frozen as the woman sauntered around the front of the car. She wanted to beat me for seeing other women? And she was married and bringing me home to her husband? I tried to shake the cobwebs from my head. This was too weird for even Rod Sterling.

Monica opened my door. "What's the matter?"

I was surprised by how clammy her hand felt as she pulled me rather strongly from my seat. Her arms pinned my elbows to my sides as she held me close up against her full bosom.

"Afraid to come inside?"

Her leather pant suit made her seem like a motorcycle cop. I was an inch taller, and yet she was in absolute command.

"No, not at all."

“Tyler, you're an absolute shit, but you're pretty.”

Monica slid one hand around my waist, the other around my neck and slowly forced my lips to meet hers. The kiss came as a surprise. I expected her lips to be cracked and dry. Her breath foul as old teeth.

She was anything but. Instead her mouth tasted inviting as an overripe pear bursting clear juice. Her tongue parted my lips. The attack was a success. She nipped, snuggled, and sucked down my soul taking over complete control. When she released me I trembled like a week old kitten taking it's first steps.

“Let's get you inside,” she whispered.

Taking my hand, Monica led me to the back door. I stood there feeling shaken, docile as if lobotomized.

Unlocking the door the woman led me into a dark hall. Having just been romantic outside, I tried to continue the mood by slipping my arm around Monica's waist.

She reacted like a kick boxer, jabbing a dent in my ribs with her elbow. In the darkness, wearing black leather, she seemed large and ominous. Threatening as the queen of all biker bitches.

“Now, now. Don't misbehave. I don't care for being groped. Keep your hands to yourself. Around here, bad boys get spanked.”

Instantly I recoiled, and apologized.

The girl showed me through a neat garage. Her spiked heels tapped on the concrete. She led me to a small, musty paneled den like she was leading me into the damp dungeon of the castle of Mordor. She turned on a plastic Tiffany lamp. It cast the same glow as a fireplace.

“I need to drop twenty pounds. Which may never happen. So I have this phobia about people touching or seeing my body. Notice the high collar and the long sleeves.” She undid a button on her blouse as if bestowing a special honor. “In the three years I've been with Max he has never seen me naked. Never.”

“I feel sorry for Max.”

“You would. But Max knew what he was getting into when he married me. It's my way or the highway.”

Suddenly I wished I was home. This woman was way out of my league. I started babbling. “Things should be 50—50. You have to be able to share everything if you want a normal, healthy, sexual relationship.”

Monica laughed as if I'd made a good joke. “You don't have much experience with women, do you? Look, I'm going to bless you with the knowledge I've gained from two marriages. There's a lot more to sex than screwing. Have you ever owned any cats? Male cats are sort of like you and your boyfriends out on Delaware Avenue. Unemotional. Always on the prowl. Never faithful. Not unless you bring them home, lock them up in the house and have them neutered. That's my idea of a relationship that works. If I can't have strict control, I can't feel comfortable. Max knew that when I married him.”

The woman stopped in front of a large wooden cabinet. Looking around I noticed an odd wooden “X” on the wall. The two beams were lined with stainless steel hooks.

“So you brought me home to tease Max?”

“Yes. He's incredibly jealous. Just seeing me talk to another man drives him insane. Tomorrow he'll want to know all the details,” she said opening the double doors of the cabinet. “He'll want to know exactly what I did with you.” Inside hung row up row of whips, paddles, chains. . . She laughed at the expression on my face. “Don't get nervous. I've never hurt anyone. Not really.”

“You are wild!”

“Just because I don't like what you call *normal* intercourse, don't think there aren't things that excite me. There are lots of imaginative ways to experience pleasure.”

I gulped as Monica started opening and closing drawers, showing me piles of dildos, gags, and implements that went far beyond anything I'd ever imagined.

My eyes must have been bugging out of my head because Monica actually blushed slightly and shut the doors.

“But you said you're not interested in that kind of a relationship. You're looking for a 50—50 thing. Whatever that is. But you're probably right. You're dating three different women. You must know everything there is to know about love.”

She turned on the light in the stairwell and pointed for me to lead the way up the steps. Something about the way she patted my bottom reminded me of Ozzie.

In a neat, bright kitchen the conversation turned to more harmless topics. Movies. Books. Playing the part of the charming hostess Monica poured two glasses of Pepsi. She claimed she didn't drink. We moved to the living room couch, where we munched chips and she popped a tape into the VCR.

On the screen flashed the title: Mr. Nude World Contest.

“WHAT!?”

“I like to check out the pecs. Don't you think the first one is cute? What about the next one? The latino. Look how big his thing is. And he's uncircumcised.”

I squirmed uncomfortably. “This really isn't my cup of tea.” But I could not seem to take my eyes off the screen! Monica giggled wickedly.

While I sat wondering if Max was awake upstairs, Monica draped her arm around me. Slowly she pulled me closer against her bosom. I should have been thinking about putting my arm around her, but she was too fast for me, and now I was stuck in an awkward position with my head against her shoulder.

I placed a hand on her knee. Instantly Monica picked it up and dropped it back in my lap.

“Behave,” she warned sternly.

“You're not fair!”