

CONGRESSIONAL GEISHA

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY NEBOJSA RODIC

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

Copyright © 2001, 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!

CONGRESSIONAL GEISHA

By Audrey Taylor

Introduction

I am Hiro Yokogushi, the seventh Master of the New Meiji School for Women and Geisha located in the Tonja District of Greater Tokyo. Although our classical Geisha School is not as prestigious as the famous Kyoto schools, we more than make up for this in our modern training classes for young girls and women, who are seeking more Western arts such as Charm School and Fashion Modeling.

I must apologize for my English, it is a very complicated language and I find that in my story I have several characters speaking for themselves while I merely relate what transpires. I am not at all certain that I am using the correct narrative form.

Geisha are women and, onnigata (men who live as women), who have been classically trained to entertain men. Unlike what many westerners think they are not prostitutes. However, it is the misfortune that some will pay great sums for a Geisha trained in the forbidden arts, and my school will provide, in rare cases, such training.

This is the story of Peter Bartin, who was seduced by the gay Congressman Clark into playing the role of a woman aide so that none might guess the truth. And how he became an American onnigata trained in the forbidden arts, O—"Tomi, the Congressional Geisha.

1. Beginnings

Yokogushi:

Peter Bartin was thrilled landing the clerk job right out of college. He was working in the office of the representative from his home district in Wild Oaks, Utah for over two months now. The position in Washington, D.C. suited him perfectly, being at the hub of THE political center of the most powerful nation on earth. Peter dreamed of attaining his own membership in Congress one day but Peter knew he had a lot to learn before he was ready for that. What better place to learn than at the heart of the national political arena.

His interest mounted one Friday evening when he received an unexpected call from Mr. Clark's secretary, Veronica, asking him to stay around a while longer to meet with Mr. Clark. Peter had no way of knowing that this night was about to twirl his career into a whole new and unexpected direction. One he never would have imagined. His life would never be the same again.

Since the tender age of three most of his formative years were spent in an orphanage. Both his parents died in a ditch off a lonely country road where their overturned car must have skidded during a heavy rainstorm. He'd grown up as you might expect, starved for affection and emotional support, drawn to anyone who showed him any interest at all. Whenever one of his teachers paid special at-

attention to him, it invariably resulted in his best performances. He thrived on these relationships.

Fortunately his pleasant personality drew more than the usual attention from a number of teachers which helped him excel in high school. Probably the major reason for his earning a scholarship to the state university in Provo.

When Professor Parker invited Peter and several others to his home one evening for dinner, he had no idea the political science department was about to gain one of its most dedicated recruits. It didn't take long for Peter to switch over from psychology and search out every class he could find with his new mentor. He loved the intellectual interplay and positive rapport they shared, never realizing his own desires had once again been sublimated to those of Professor Parker's.

That Representative Clark had noticed these attributes in Peter wasn't very surprising. It's one of the basic requirements of a successful politician, the ability to read people quickly and locate the underlining motivations that make them tick.



That Peter was a slender 5'7" and had just finished celebrating his 22nd birthday, had certainly been a contributing factor to his selection. He hadn't really developed any friends so far in D.C., but that wasn't unusual for him. He'd always been a loner and took a while to warm up to people. He only kept in contact with two people from school. Professor Parker, of course, and his old roommate, Bruce. He had no known living relatives.

He had always worn his hair long and his soft facial features led most people to describe him as delicate and feminine, even though he ran 5 miles every morning, almost like a religious fanatic. This had little effect on his overall lack of masculine demeanor.

Bruce, his roommate at school for the past four years, had been a confirmed homosexual, which hadn't really mattered to Peter. He'd run into that kind a lot at the orphanage, simply shrugging it off, being labeled a loner when he resisted the all too frequent advances, preferring to remain separate from the group instead.

It would probably have surprised many people that except for three isolated incidences there had never been any sexual interplay between the roommates.

Peter was certainly happy to leave that temptation behind, even though he already missed Bruce's incessant chatter and flattering pursuit. There was no denying that he loved how Bruce was always involved and questioning Peter's daily activities, offering advice about everything whether he was asked his opinion or not. It was hard getting accustomed to his not being around to probe and inspect Peter's every move.

One of the reasons Peter hated close relationships was having to deal with the voids they created when the person was no longer there. A natural result from the staggering loss of his parents.

He was certainly eager to explore his heterosexual interests now that he was in a town literally teeming with available women. Although his experiences with girls at school had been limited, it hardly dimmed his optimism about meeting members of the opposite sex. Too many school girls had known about his roommate and assumed he belonged in that category as well, shying away from romantic involvement before he even had a chance.

Peter:

I was beginning to get fidgety on the leather couch in Mr. Clark's office, waiting for him to finish some paperwork, trying to unobtrusively study his dignified appearance as he made numerous notes on a yellow writing pad. His broad stature suggested football or wrestling during his school years. Even though he must be in his forties, he still looked capable of holding his own on the ball field. Probably exercises regularly to stay in shape. His face was angular with deep seated eyes that held your attention when he spoke to you, I recalled that aspect from his initial interview. My watch said it was almost 7:30. The hours here were so demanding.

"I've been watching you, Peter," Mr. Clark finally looked up from his papers startling me momentarily. "You do seem to put your all into your work. And still I wonder if you've really got the gumption for politics."

"Excuse me, sir."

"You know what I mean. This being the demanding profession it is, requiring such crazy things from us from time to time so that our careers will prosper. It's certainly not for the weak at heart. And you can bet there aren't many 'thank you's' in it either." He stood up to come around the desk, "I need a drink. How about you?"

"I'd rather not, liquor and I just don't get along very well."

"Don't be silly. You don't expect me to drink alone?" he made it sound so preposterous, causing me to smirk as I watched him pour some concoction he had just blended into two wide glasses sitting on the bar.

Feeling the pressure, I accepted the offered glass, watching him turn a chair towards me before sitting down.

"You've caught my eye, Peter. Your work ethic is excellent, prompt in the morning and no dilly dallying around when there's work to be done, traits that are invaluable to me and my success. And you're not a clock watcher either. Veronica seems to think you have definite potential."

"Thank you, Mr. Clark," his compliments were good to hear, even though I was shocked by his words. I had such a hard time reading Veronica and here she had been saying some nice things about me. This was the first time in two months anyone had even acknowledged I was alive.

"Chuck will do," his smile informed me. "When we're by ourselves of course."

"No problem, Chuck," I was already feeling a little giddy from his obvious attempt to relax me. I tried sipping my drink slowly, handling the odd taste without making any faces.

"It's a martini," he answered my unspoken inquiry. Moving his chair a bit closer, his arm accidentally brushing against mine, "You know Peter, I've been considering you for a promotion." He was idly stroking my arm now, giving me the shivers. "As my special assistant. Someone who can understand the subtleties of my diverse agenda and roll with the punches. I need a person who knows his own worth and isn't looking for a pat on the back every time he mails a letter. There's just no time for that kind of stuff around here."

He took a sip of his drink causing me to follow suit.

"There's a whole lot of traveling and late night meetings and such. Your attendance will be required at a multitude of social functions, at least two or three a week which will run into the weekend quite often. As if that's not enough, the person selected will have to be compatible with me, which is no easy task," he was smiling broadly and holding my arm possessively, "since I'm quite a task—master. We'll spend a great deal of the day and evening together in a highly pressurized environment."

It sounded almost ominous.

“But, of course, it's the ideal spot for someone wanting to learn what goes on in the inner circles of our political arena.” His words caused an inner stir in my gut. It sounded too good to be true. “I don't have to tell you how many people would give their eye teeth for this opportunity.”

No he didn't. I worked with about six I could already vouch for.

“Yet only a select few ever get the chance and even fewer prove themselves worthy.”

“It sounds great,” I managed to reply looking deeply into his eyes, hoping he would see my sincerity and intense interest, noting instead that his eyes seemed to be smiling at me like he knew something I didn't. The hours and travel certainly didn't scare me. His deep blue eyes were very reassuring. I just didn't know what to make of his hand which remained on my arm, causing a certain uncomfortable feeling as I tried to ignore the goose bumps his stroking had caused.

“I don't need an answer right away, Peter,” he chuckled knowingly. “Take the weekend to decide. It's late, and you've had a long day. Why don't you just sit back and let yourself unwind.”

I raised my glass and drained the last of it.

Chuck casually took it from my hand and went for refills.

I wanted to decline, but a hidden agenda was already diligently at work, compelling me away from anything resembling a negative. An overwhelming opportunity was hanging in the balance. I was having trouble focusing, finding it hard to keep myself—annoyance from surfacing. Why didn't I know how to hold my liquor?

Imagine that, just two months in D.C. and already I was being considered for a promotion. Being at all those social functions I'd certainly get to meet plenty of important people I would imagine. If I didn't learn to handle my liquor better I'd be a goner.

The antsy feeling returned when Chuck sat next to me on the couch, resting his arm idly over my shoulder without making contact, leaning in towards me to clink glasses, “Cheers.”

Lifting my glass, my swirling brain was trying to decide if he was actually making a move on me, tasting the bitterness yet again. I definitely didn't care for martinis and decided it was probably my runaway imagination concerning Mr. Clark.

I couldn't keep Bruce, my old roommate from popping into my head, remembering his frequent massages and how they relieved the customary tension buildups that tended to occur before exams. Nor could I forget the times he'd caught me unexpectedly in one of my more erotic moods, relieving a whole different set of muscle tensions by the time the rubdown was over.

This had a similar ring to it.

“I'm glad we've had this opportunity to chat, Peter. It gives us a chance to get to know each other better on a personal basis. I hope you're not one of those stuffy old conservative types,” his hand had begun kneading my shoulder, “who have their hard and fast rules of what proper relationships are and are not.”

His hand was soothing and I could sense a vague arousal starting, remembering vividly how Bruce's technique had caused a similar stirring.

"Of course not, sir," I stammered, my befuddled brain seeking an acceptable escape route.

"Peter, that's forbidden," I was momentarily startled. "I don't see any sirs here," his eyes went around the room, "do you?"

"No Chuck," my relieved smile was only temporary as his hand was now moving down my back, his fingers probing for my tightened muscles in an almost intimate fashion. My body was relaxing in spite of the tense situation.

"They get so rigid from the pressures of the day," he was saying, "Sometimes it's a wonder our bodies just don't stiffen up like a board."

Chuck's smiling allusion wasn't hard to miss.

A momentary sense of panic seized me, remembering this was a representative to the United States Congress who's probing fingers were causing a response from my manhood.

Concentration was also getting more difficult. He took a momentary break to turn on some music and then shocked me by asking me to dance. Like it was just a normal everyday request.

I politely declined, "No thanks, Chuck," flustered by the butterflies flapping around wildly in my stomach.

"Don't be a prig, Peter," he admonished, "this new position won't stand for that kind of behavior."

It just didn't feel right dancing with another man. I don't care what happened previously with Bruce. Much as I wanted this promotion, I couldn't seem to will myself to take his offered hand.

Then he simply reached and took mine, first placing my half empty glass on the table before pulling me to my feet. I felt a slight dizziness and limp as his arm slid around my waist to pull me snugly to him. I hardly believed this was happening, but the dizziness made it impossible to think clearly. We slowly rotated around the floor, my free hand resting on his shoulder while his was pressing me towards his broad shoulder while he gently guided me around the room.

Mr. Charles T. Clark, a member of the U.S. Congress was actually dancing with me, a lowly male clerk who had aspirations of gaining the assistant's spot that seemed to be hanging in the balance. I simply had no idea what to do about it. My befuddled brain just gave up trying as my cheek found his shoulder, causing the release of pressure at my back.

The music was soothing and his fingers now ran freely all over my back while I held his neck and tried to follow his swaying motion, resistance all but forgotten in our strange interlude. My arousal was definitely growing from the warm contact even as dizziness was threatening to engulf me.

Suddenly the room was spinning out of control and I lost my balance. His arms momentarily supported me, until he managed to help me sit in a nearby chair. Just then the nausea hit and I made a mad dash for the bathroom he pointed me towards, instantly up chucking my entire lunch and afternoon snack into the sparkling ivory bowl. Not a pretty picture, slumped there on the floor, my stomach heaving repeatedly until overwhelming exhaustion set in. So much for martinis.

Veronica seemed to magically appear at my side, running a wet washcloth over my face while trying to soothe me.

When I was somewhat myself again, I realized Chuck, uh Mr. Clark was no longer around. Veronica explained about another engagement, so she would assist me with finding a cab to get me home.

I thanked her, explaining briefly how my body always had trouble with liquor, relieved at settling back into the taxi seat and letting the quiet hum of the engine lull me, sensing deep within my aching gut that I had blown a promotion opportunity to die for. Feeling utterly dejected my fingers were trying to soothe my troubled stomach, not unlike Chuck's fingers had been doing to my back not to long ago.

2. Repercussions

Peter Continues:

That was Friday evening and here I was pushing through the revolving door to the office on Monday morning unsure of the reception that was about to greet me. Did I still have my job? It was hard to believe Mr. Clark was that way. Maybe I had somehow misread his intentions. Drinking always played havoc with my memory. I should have been stronger with my refusal.

I remembered his asking me to dance, vaguely recalling moving around in his arms to the mellow music. After that, it was all a blur.

Now, in the light of day it seemed pretty hard to accept. I still sensed his hand stroking my back, or was that a memory of Bruce crowding into the present.

The weekend had included a whole lot of soul searching, even when I was out with Pamela on Saturday. She was a lot of fun aside from the constant teasing about my hair, recommending I keep it in a pony tail so it would stay out of my eyes.

“You should take better care of it, if you want to keep it that long,” like she made all the rules. “If you like, I can wash it for you tomorrow,” was that a proposition or what. Her direct manner was definitely intimidating, leaving me to tell her I could care of myself.

I did wash it Sunday, brushing it into it's usual down the sides fashion on Monday morning, not very concerned of what people thought. Let Pamela wear her's in pony tails. Needless to say I wasn't about see her again. Much to pushy for my blood.

(For her part Pamela had already written Peter off as the type that couldn't accept outside suggestions and getting close to a woman. *'He almost looked like a woman himself,'* she thought recalling his delicate appearance.)

I remained blissfully unaware I was giving off these kind of vibes.

Meanwhile I had no idea whether Mr. Clark's proposal was still open to me. Going over the pros and cons carefully, I couldn't deny the intrigue of the new position, being so close to the inner circle and all that went on there.

I found my desk without encountering any unwarranted comments.

At least it wasn't all over the office.

If Mr. Clark expected something more to occur between the two of us, I'd simply have to find another position. After resisting Bruce for so long I wasn't about to get involved with my boss, I don't care if he's a congressman or not. Even if the position held so much promise. It wasn't worth my self respect.

Veronica stopped by my desk about 10:30 to leave a note, too in a hurry to wait for a reply.

It told me Chuck expected me to join him for lunch, causing an instant sweat to appear on my brow. I quietly rehearsed my rejection for the next hour, glad that Sunday's want ads were still on the living room floor. Two months experience was certainly better than nothing. It would have to do, but in my gut I knew this kind of spot wouldn't be easy to locate again.

When Veronica escorted me into his office, I was surprised to see several other people there. I stood a moment waiting while Chuck finished some instructions to them, watching them turn to leave as he finally acknowledged my presence, "There you are Peter. I hope you've recovered from your little episode the other night," it was his fault for pushing those martinis on me. The door closed resoundingly.

"Yes Mr. Clark," I kept it formal. "I'm feeling a whole lot better. I'm sorry about what happened. I told you I don't handle liquor very well," I explained yet again.

"Don't worry about it. And please, can we dispense with Mr. Clark? It's Chuck, remember?"

Yes, I was beginning to remember all too well.

"There'll often be situations where alcohol will flow freely. Just make absolutely sure you stick to ginger ale on ice. I can't have you running off to the bathroom every five minutes." He spoke like the position was already mine, which was a shock considering how we parted on Friday.

My confused head was nodding, "I'll be extra careful, Chuck. That wasn't fun," he seemed to like my using 'Chuck'. I watched as he buzzed Veronica and asked if the reservations at Charlie's were set.

She confirmed everything for 1 p.m. for the three of us. She was joining us which caused me instant relief that I wouldn't have to handle him on my own. Somewhere I knew I had to master these anxieties if I expected to survive being alone with Mr. Clark on a regular basis.

'Give it a chance,' I tried reassuring myself.

We left the office and I could see Veronica hooking her arm into his leaving me to trail behind them to the waiting limousine. This type of travel would become routine.

My initial awareness of what was in store for me. We sat on either side of Chuck and I couldn't help but notice his thigh pressing against mine due to the limited space. Why didn't we use the folding seats? It just didn't seem my part to suggest it.

When we stepped from the car, his hand moved to my hip to offer a gentle assist for my exit. He had such a familiar way about him, very touchy. I would just have to learn to ignore it. That was the way he was.

We were seated in a separate alcove, Chuck between the two of us again as Veronica continued her note taking almost non—stop.

“Don't forget to send George flowers at the hospital and see his wife receives a note at home as well. Isn't it unfortunate how he slipped on that roller skate.”

“That sounds so hokey,” Veronica giggled to herself. “Where did a roller skate come from? The kids are certainly long gone from that household.”

“Who knows,” Chuck added, “maybe he needs them to get away from his wife. She probably pushed him down the stairs. Had a little argument and decided to settle the issue in convincing fashion. We know he always had a wandering eye. Won't be the first time a wife evened the score. She's probably sorry he isn't dead.”

Their cynicism was troubling as I struggled to comprehend why they even bothered with all the niceties. Suddenly the conversation veered in my direction.

“Well Peter, have you made up your mind about my proposal?”

“Well sir,” I winced at my words, still stunned that nothing had changed from my undignified exit on Friday. “I don't really understand what's expected of me.”

I needed more time to think.

“Mere details,” Chuck was smiling at me.

Did he expect me to accept without any job description. I watched him shrug before he continued.

“You'll find the position is quite similar to Veronica's. Only she leaves at five, while you'll remain to assist me until we call it a night. With her having to be home for her mother at night, it leaves a big void for the evening activities. You'll also fill in when she needs personal time or is off on vacation.”

Similar to Veronica's? What was he saying? I certainly wasn't interested in a secretarial spot. “Could you be more specific about the duties? What I will be doing day to day.”

“Well,” he stopped a moment to down some water, “initially you'll work closely with Veronica to learn the ropes. While you're in training I will get the chance to evaluate whether you're really suited to be my assistant.

“I would imagine you'll spend much of the day at her side.”

I didn't miss the smirk on his face. What was I getting into?

“You'll need to learn all the contact information she's accumulated in that sweet little head of hers over the years. How to identify and handle the wide variety of people I come in contact with each day. Understanding all the subtleties and political conse-

quences of each situation we face is certainly a requirement if you expect to make a positive contribution. I would suggest you learn to keep your ears and eyes open and your mouth shut and you'll learn a lot just from being around Veronica all day.

"I'm sure you can appreciate that no balls can be dropped when you start to assume some of her duties. Just listen and absorb everything she tells you. Temporarily you'll use the desk near her's in the outer office."

He looked over at Veronica, "Have I left anything out?"

I could see her eyes trying to communicate with him.

"Oh yeah," the bombshell was about to hit. I could see him searching for the right words, "During your training period you'll be expected to assume a feminine appearance, at least until we're convinced you're the right person for the job." *And by then, Chuck thought to himself, it will be to deeply ingrained to matter.*

"At most it will only be for a couple of months," he was trying to alleviate my shock.

Had I heard right? Assume a female appearance while acting as Veronica's assistant? To learn the ropes so he could evaluate whether I'm suitable for the job?

He had to be kidding. Oh well, there goes a beautiful promotion. He must be nuts if he thinks I'm going to dress like a female in the office. No way, Jose. Absolutely no way.

I struggled to keep my mouth shut, knowing this man wielded a lot of power around this town and not trusting myself to contain the slew of curse words that were floating near the surface. I certainly didn't want to insult him in front of Veronica. Try as I might I just didn't trust my diplomacy at the moment. It's a good thing the waitress picked that moment to take our orders, interrupting a pregnant pause that threatened to end with an explosion.

Thankfully the conversation moved to other subjects after that, while my mind struggled to find some logic to the whole situation.

While we were eating Chuck found frequent excuses to touch my leg, squeezing it whenever he wanted to make a point. I would probably have marks there when I got home.

Veronica seemed to notice nothing, dutifully noting all Chuck's requests which made it difficult for her to eat. They were reviewing the many bills coming before the House for a vote in the next few weeks. Her job seemed close to impossible. It looked like she had at least eight hours work when we left here, just to make the numerous contacts he requested. Never mind the letters and notes and other things that had been added to her 'to—do' list during the meal.

It wasn't until dessert that he again brought up the offer.

I told him I needed more time to consider it, on pins and needles about having to reject it in front of Veronica. I didn't want to effect my current position and wasn't sure how to contain the fallout that would accompany my refusal. There was no way I could see myself doing what he wanted. Dressing like a woman and being Veronica's assistant. He had to be drinking Mexican tequila.