



Reluctant Press

Feminine Exile

Cie'Ar Reynolds



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PITTS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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FEMININE EXILE

By Cie'Ar Reynolds

Chapter One

Once upon a time in a major coastal city, there lived a proud and wealthy stockbroker and his beautiful daughter. She was a sensitive girl who found her true love from far beneath her social position and soon eloped with her handsome and muscular street—maintenance lover. Living contented and highly—cherished in a cheap basement apartment, she eventually gave birth to a pair of healthy twins, a son and a daughter to whom she gave the names of Wren and Robin respectively. The stockbroker's daughter died only a few short days after her children's birth, the unfortunate victim of a complication that arose from the stress of her giving birth to her children a few weeks before, leaving her young babes to be raised by a loving but inept man who fell, in his grieving sorrow for his lover, into an excessive love of hard drink.

As teenagers, the nearly—identical twin brother and sister often covered for each other in school, each giving the other the benefit of their unique skills toward better grades, the sister being a brilliant math and science student and her brother had a leaning toward the more mundane subjects such as English and History. When their schooling was over, the twins remained together in order to share the expense of living, but the individual paths began to slowly part.

Sister Robin found part—time work as a bookkeeper for a private concern, then moved on to do the same work on the private accounts of the owner of that and many other companies.

Very inept in the business world, Wren struggled on, going from job to job, never finding the work that would fill a deep empty place in his mind. The only possession he owned that had a value to him was an old and quite small home computer, which he would sometimes use as a word—processor to laboriously beat out short fictional stories which he would try and sell.

Chapter Two

I'm Wren Layne, and I have been told by my dear sister and her strict and sometimes demanding husband, who is also my brother—in—law, that I should write down my unusual story of the past eight years before time begins to erode the edges of the truth and magnify some of the more flavorful details any more than what it already has. I'm not sure just where and how this testament of mine should start, so I'll simply begin relating it, starting with the day before anything serious began to happen.

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Every Monday evening, one of my twin—sister Robin's employer's men would come to the apartment with a locked briefcase of documents and Robin would take him with her into the back room where I had my computer and lock the door behind them.

It would take her anywhere from an hour to four hours to enter all the data from the documents into the computer. Then the man would take his documents and leave, Robin remaining at the computer working for at least another hour or two. She never printed out a single page of her work, always outputting it onto a series of disks. When she was done, she and the output disks would disappear into her bedroom for the night.

First thing in the morning on Tuesday, Robin would take her newly prepared disks and rush out to deliver them to her employer at his office. She once remarked to me in idle chitchat that no one but she and this man, who paid her, ever saw what the contents were. I often wondered about the extreme secrecy and more, of the very legality of all this.

Anyway, on this one particular Monday night as she headed upstairs to her room for bed, Robin slipped on the worn carpeting of the second step from the top, twisting and falling backwards tumbling dangerously all the way down to the floor. Her ankle was badly sprained and began swelling immediately. I called the doctor in to examine her and he told us that it was not broken, merely an extremely bad sprain and some ligament damage and that she could not put any weight on it for at least two weeks.

When she heard this, Robin got a panicked look on her face and was almost in tears over something other than the pain she was experiencing. When the ankle was properly wrapped and the doctor had gone, Robin called me back into her room.

“Wren, I'm not very happy about having to ask you to do this, but would you take these disks to Mr. Caini's office in the morning for me?”

“Sure, Sis! I was going to be going downtown tomorrow anyhow. I've still got some Christmas shopping I want to do.”

“You don't understand, Brother. No one but I personally can deliver them. You'll have to go there made up as me like you used to do, or I'm going to be in a lot of real serious trouble. Mr. Ciani would have the both of us killed if he ever found out that anyone even touched those disks except me. I never told you before, but my boss is

the head of the city's mob and the information that is on those disks would convict not only him, but another dozen or so of the biggest names around the country.

“Another secret that I've got to tell you about since I've said this much that you shouldn't have never known about. I have even been married to Mr. Ciani for the past year. I'm not a wife for living with, or taking to bed. I can swear to you that he has never touched me. It is simply that in our state and under federal law, a wife cannot be made to testify against her husband. He made me go through with the marriage ceremony simply to protect himself from the knowledge I am given by doing his book-keeping. I'm sorry I have gotten both of us into this stupid mess no matter how much he pays me for my work and the marriage!”

Sis was openly crying now, torrents of salty tears streaming down her pretty face while she told me how she was led into the job, never knowing until too late of her employer's true profession. Her broken—voiced confession told me finally how she was able to support us in such a fine fashion while working as a part—time accountant.

I felt great pity for my foolish and shamed sister, while at the same time, I admired her guts in doing what she had done.

“That's okay, Sis, I'll get those stupid things delivered down there to him for you. It has been a long time since I filled in for you in your history or political science classes, but I think I can remember enough of acting like female to still be you for a few minutes.”

I was blessing to myself for the fact that I had not cut my hair as I had been meaning to. It was still down to below my shoulders, almost the same length as what Robin wore hers.

“You'll have to give me a real good briefing on that office layout down there and exactly what you normally do and say while you're there. I wouldn't want to be making any silly mistakes and go doing something that you would never do.”

“I must help you with that unkempt head of hair of yours tonight, if you are to be me tomorrow, Wren. Go get all of my stuff from the bathroom and bring it in here to me. I'll tell you what you are going to need to know and do while I am setting and perming your hair so it will look like I wear mine.”

The next two hours were spent sitting on a pillow between Robin's knees while she put up my freshly—washed hair in dozens of tiny rollers and small flat pin—curls, smearing each of them in foul—smelling solution that would guarantee the curls to stay in perfect order for several days, even weeks.

While I waited for the gunk to dry, I let her put small metal molds on the end of each of my fingers and she painted a ceramic liquid over my fingernails and onto the mold to create a set of long and tapered talons on the ends of my hands. The three—quarter inch nails were then being shaped and painted three times with a deep cerise in color in emulation of her own shapely hands decorations.

As the nail enamel was drying, I had to undergo the worst fate of all, the plucking of my eyebrows into the narrow arched wings that Robin had adopted for herself, a mutilation that would be months going away, and one that I would not be able to hide in any way from anyone with whom I might meet. This was one thing that I did not

want, but I did know that it was absolutely necessary for the role of being my sister, as I had agreed to play it tomorrow.

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It was difficult sleeping with a head full of curlers and pins, so when I got up I was feeling cranky and out of sorts already. When I had gotten a sort of an overcooked and horrible looking breakfast delivered to Robin in her bed and had gulped down a second cup of coffee, I was still in no way ready for my sisters next statement.

“Wren, the clothes and jewelry I wear when I go down to the office is a part of the security code that lets me by in safety. You've got to wear my gold chain and eagle charm and these jade eardrops today in order for him to know that everything's all right and that means you are going to have to let me pierce your ears for you. Bring me the largest of the mending needles from the sewing basket and an ice cube, well get it done and over with.”

Once more I gritted my teeth without commenting with my true thoughts and withstood the humiliation of undergoing even more feminization as I sat and had my ears impaled by a sharp needle and the studs of Robin's jade earrings stinging like mad as they were thrust through the fresh wounds, the keepers being pressed on behind my lobes. My hair was released from the many pins and rollers, brushed, shaped and sprayed with a holding spray when she decided that it was exactly the way she would have worn her own for today's excursion.

Next came my facial make—up, all brushed, daubed, and sprayed onto my face by her talented hands. I had given myself a very close double shave to my sparse and light—colored beard, so when Robin began layering on a basic foundation, she had a perfectly smooth skin surface to work on.

Foundation, eye liner, eye shadow, and mascara were smoothly applied before I received a pale blush on my cheeks, then there was the spraying of my face with a fixative that would prevent any smudging of my make—up and my lips were outlined with a tiny brush and a dark red liner. After the lips were filled in with the same dark red by the use of a small brush, I was given a twelve—hour lip—gloss, a wet—looking overcoat that makes the lips look fuller, quite wonderfully kissable, and would not need any re—application of lip—color until late this evening if I were really a woman.

“Gee, Wren, you are just lovely when you are made—up and have your hair done. Take a look at what a perfectly lovely woman looks like!” Robin handed me a hand—mirror from the huge tray of stuff I had brought to her bed.

Looking first at my sister and then to the mirrored image, switching my gaze back and forth, I had a hard time telling which was which. The full cloud of light brown tight curls that surrounded my very—pretty face was perfect, and the long earrings touched my soul with electric sparks every time I moved while they swung freely back and forth against my neck. My mirrored image broke out in a wide smile as I thought of how no—one could possibly tell that I was not my sister, not if I didn't make some sort of a tragic mistake in my behavior and actions.

“Looks terrific, Sis, really does. Do you mind if I take one of your boyfriends out to lunch and seduce him for the remainder of the day? I joked as I clowned about in an exaggerated mime of an uncouth female. I had to say something corn or crude, anything to relieve the intense emotions coursing through my soul and street comedy was the only way not to allow Robin to see how thrilled I was to be so beautiful, so feminine!

“Oh, YOU CLOWN OF AN IDIOT! Go ahead and try, if you think you can do everything Paul or David want me to do! Right now you'd better get dressed and get on the move, it's getting late.

“In the right corner of the closet, get out my red ski—pants and the black and white sweater. And, Here, you'd better be wearing this. Ciani will be expecting to see it on my hand. In the office, don't you be caught with my gloves still on. It would be very dangerous for you.”

Sis was pulling on her ring finger, removing the wedding band she wore and slipping onto my third finger, left hand.

I don't know why, but the sight of that ring sent shudders up my spine. I would have preferred not to have to wear it, but Robin was adamant that it was necessary.

I dressed under the constant and detailed instruction from my sister, beginning with a pair of lacy white silk panties that brought a touch of thrill inside my guts when they were pulled up my legs, an additional flame to add to the feelings my make—up and hair had already generated.

Second was a high—waisted panty—girdle that flattened my crotch into a woman—like form and bound my not—too large of a waist in by a good three or four inches, followed by putting on a white long line bra that was stuffed by a pair of nylons to build up a pseudo bustline.

Slipping my nylon—clad legs into the skin—tight tubes of the gleaming red ski—pants brought me another stomach—churning thrill and then I was tucking in the silk of the lace—trimmed camisole I had been instructed to wear over my bra. I ducked into the bulk of a cable—knit cowl—necked sweater of white that had stylized black figures of deer and bear parading band across the bustline on it.

Robin took a brush and another few bursts of spray to correct a few strayed locks of hair in my hairdo before I put on the white leather knee—high boots that had four—inch spike heels and a wide ruff of black fur around the tops of the shafts that tickled the back of my knees.

After Robin had inspected the clone—image of herself that used to be her brother and given her approval of his feminine looks, I put the five disks into a shoulder—purse along with my billfold, took her white leather car—coat and rabbit—fur cap from the closet and shrugged into them, leaving the apartment for the icy bus stop on the corner and my mission of delivering the disks.

Chapter Three

The click—clacking of my spike heels on the marble foyer of the Standish Building sounded for some reason like delightful drumbeats ringing in my ears as I strode with short rapid steps toward the private elevator that would deliver me to the penthouse office of Thomas Ciani. There was a thrilling sense of sexuality with every step I took, the sleek smoothness of the brilliant red polished nylon/teflon on my thighs sliding back and forth to generate the nerve firing sensation.

Robin's keycard and the corresponding code number she had given me took me quickly up to the top floor and I moved with what appeared to be completely assured confidence across the front office and past the dual bank of closely—examining, hawk—like eyes of the receptionists sitting there, although my inner feelings were anything but calm and sure of what I was doing. I gave the discreetly dressed sentry women at the desks a smile and a slight nod as I passed, going directly to the single unmarked door on the left and, once more, used my key—card again to allow myself to pass through.

The dark haired man seated behind the huge desk was a tall well—built fellow with a trim mustache and an arrogant look of raw and misused power to his face. I glanced at his lapel to see the Red Cross button that was the today's sign that I was free to give him the disks. His constant, never blinking stare made me very uncomfortable as if he were undressing me while I fumbled with my purse, extracting the disks and laying them in an exactly—aligned stack on the desk in front of him. I didn't say a word (I had been warned against doing that) and turned to leave.

“Miss Layne, before you leave, I'd like to have a few words with you, if you can spare me a couple of minutes.”

A shocking stab of sudden fear froze me in that fraction of an instant, how had my impersonation of Robin failed? And how had it been detected so quickly? I knew I had performed exactly as I had been told and that my appearance as Robin was perfect, but what was it that had given me away? Thinking as fast as I could, I turned back to face him, raising a left eyebrow in Robin's most infuriating mannerism as a question mark as I stood with my hands resting on the back of a chair.

He just looked intently at me for a long moment, then sighed deeply.

“Sweetcakes, Someone has given the Feds some pieces of financial data of mine. I happen to know that it wasn't you who has turned on me, but I want you to know what has happened so that you can be extra careful for a while. The Feds don't have anything strong enough to do something yet, but I want ya' to be real careful anyhow! If we can only get past the next two years, they won't be able to do anything at all, even if they had copies of all this records and money stuff that you do for me. Go on home now, and don't you go start worrying, nobody is going to get killed by this little disturbance. Nobody, that is, but the guy who squealed when I find out who it was.”

Mr. Thomas Ciani, mob chief and pseudo businessman dismissed me airily with a wave of his hand and as I turned to go, he said as he picked up his phone, “Wait for just another moment, Sweets! I'm going o call down to the Insurance Company and

have Mark drive you home. You turned awful pale a moment ago and I don't want you to, maybe, collapse from a case of nerves on the way.”

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From various things Robin had said, I knew that Mark was his second son and that he was some sort of a high—up manager in the Insurance Company located in the building below us. I did not know for sure, but by putting things together, I had a very strong impression that this son did not care for his fathers profession and had somehow remained clear of it, although he was supposedly content to be working for the perfectly honest and legitimate company his father owned and operated as a cover for more profitable ventures. I found out, not too much later that my thoughts were absolutely correct.

So, when offered the ride home and I could see no clear way out of accepting it, I nodded a slow acquiescence to the mobster and walked slowly toward the elevator. I waited in the foyer until a very tall, wide—shouldered, heavily muscled and extremely good—looking young man came striding in and paused, looking around until he caught sight of me.

He gave me an evil grin as he approached and sneered at me “Hello, Mother Dear! Are you still wearing Daddy's mock wedding ring for your good health and long life?”

Burning with red—faced shame at my sister's folly, I could only lift my hand in a manner that would have shown off the gold band if I had not resumed wearing Robin's close—fitting kid gloves.

I wondered to myself why Robin had not chosen to try and make herself available to such a stalwart and handsome fellow as this one was, a secret thrill running through me as he wrapped an arm around my shoulders, using his massive body to protect me from the sharp wind as he led me out to the waiting BMW purring in the loading zone in front of the door.

He seated me in the passenger seat and got behind the wheel, moving the sedan expertly through the traffic and onto the freeway that led toward my suburban home.

Neither of us said a word during the ride, not a word from him until he was opening the door like a real gentleman for me to get out.

“Look, Robin, I'm sorry about my giving you the bad lip back there and calling you names, but it just rubs me wrong that Dad should take such an unfair legal advantage of a beautiful girls position and that you should ever have allowed it to happen. I want to tell you right now that if anything should ever go wrong, I will give you any protection and help I can, even keep you from Dad's mercy if it need be. If you ever need me for anything, you already have both my numbers so just call, day or night. Will you? Please?”

Highly impressed by his candor and the obvious honesty of his emotion, I did what I knew Robin would have done in the same place and situation. I reached up, rising onto my tiptoes to reach him, putting both hands on the back of his head to force him to tilt it downward to me, gave him a quick firm kiss direct and squarely on the lips,

an action that burned my own lips like liquid fire, and quickly went inside our apartment building without showing any of the undue haste or fear I was suddenly feeling, but not losing a single precious second that would allow him time to gather himself and make any second effort to further the conversation.

Safely home in our apartment, I lost no time in stripping off Robin's girlish finery, giving special thanks to someone above when I finished with the removal of that long line bra and the overly—tight panty—girdle that squeezed and pushed me so unmercifully into a slender feminine form.

In my rush to get out of those things and to inform Sis about the dangerous new problems of her job, I simply forgot about my made—up face, my fancy hairdo and my long crimson nails.

Relaxing in nothing but an old pair of gym shorts and a tee—shirt after talking with Sis, I let the rest of the world go by me, acknowledging without comment, that while I was gone, Robin had phoned out and had a pair of crutches delivered so she was able to move around the apartment and not remain confined to her bed as she had been since the fall. I didn't even notice when she answered the doorbell.

Chapter Four

I jumped in surprise when my door slammed open and Robin came limping in, followed closely by Mark Ciani.

“What the Hell is going on, you two guys come crashing into my bedroom like this? Can't anyone bother to knock?”

“Wren, shut up and listen to me! Our lives are in real danger! Something went wrong this morning when you delivered those disks and Mark is trying to save both of us somehow.”

Robin was screaming at me, her face as pale as I had ever seen her. It was obvious that he now knew that it had not been Robin who had burned her lips on his this morning! My mind wandered off into a musing of what HIS thoughts were about THAT!!

A huge hand seizing my shoulder and shaking hard brought me back to the world of confusion surrounding me. Mark was beginning to repeat something he had started to say.

“Pay attention to us, Wren! Look, my father was thinking about your making the drop this morning and somehow remembered seeing the hair on your wrists and back of your hands while you had taken your gloves off to let him see his ring. He knows that it wasn't Robin who was there because of that and he won't listen to anyone right now. He's angry because of some leak and now he thinks you are in on it. He wants a huge piece of your scalp. I can hide one person here in town easily, but one of you has got to disappear until I can get the Old Man to hear reason and explain what has happened.

“Since you are the one who is about to be killed when he finds you, I think you should get out of the country for a while. I'll keep Robin hidden and safe until she can

explain to him who you are, and why you were there in her place. I'm sure he will back down then.”

Mark was almost calm about all this while his sense of urgency was coming through very apparent even to me. I wasn't allowed time to change clothes as I was hustled into a coat and out the door. On the way to the airport, Mark explained his plan to me.

It seems like Mark owns this island where he intended to deposit me, a hide—out place that he had inherited from a late uncle who had also been in the mob, this career being the cause of his sudden demise a few years ago.

This private island, which was not too—far distant by air, was in the warming confines of the Gulf Stream and was uninhabited and rarely—ever visited, a craggy piece of gray—white rock and heavy pine forest of about twenty—six and a half square miles in size. No one had used the house there since his uncle's death except for a couple of hasty weekends of Mark's and it was supposed to be in quite good condition, according to the hermit caretaker who lived on the opposite end of the island from the house.

There was a large pantry of assorted canned goods and a walk—in freezer that was re supplied with meats and veggies on a regular basis, so I would not starve if I were to be left there for any length of time.

He apologized in advance that no one would be able to come and visit me for several months, not before his father cooled down and quit looking with cross—eyed anger at every move made by everyone he knew.

Frightened and confused by the threat of death by violence, I agreed to my exile without too—much hesitation or thought, then I followed my agreement with a question that had been dragging through my mind.

“Okay, I'll go live on your island like Robinson Crusoe, but what am I to do about getting some clothes? I've only got on a tee—shirt and these shorts. I'll need a lot of other things if I'm going to be out there for any length of time.”

“Uncle Martin told me that there were two rooms stacked full of boxes and a lot more boxes of clothes stored in the various closets, things that were brought there and left behind for some reason by various of his guests, his late wife and daughter as they stayed a while and eventually departed.

“Also, my Uncle Martin had planned to move to Florida with his wife and daughter before they were killed, so most of the household belongings were packed. I have seen a whole lot of the boxes myself, all stacked in a bedroom like it was a movers warehouse and I'm sure you will be able to find something in some of them that you can use until we are able to come out and visit.”

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Still wearing only my old gym shorts, tee—shirt and ragged bedroom slippers, I stood on the decrepit—looking dock and watched the small inflatable boat roar away,

bouncing lightly across waves to take Mark back to the twin—engine seaplane that had brought me here.

After watching until the plane had disappeared into the northern sky, I turned and made a slow way up a barely—discernible path that led into the edge of the dense cover of trees. There was a poured—concrete hurricane—proof boathouse beside the dock that I stopped and looked over. I desired to see what was inside, but the steel doors were locked and I could not even sneak a look inside in hopes of finding some sort of a small boat by which I could leave the island if it became necessary.

I had no choice but to try and find the house that was supposed to be here, and to pray that it did contain both food and clothes like Mark had promised.

A dark cloud of despair fell on my mind as I plodded up the trail, the ever—present stones and shallow rock ledges already bruising my tender feet. A five minute climb brought me to the trees and the discovery of a low—roofed and rather—expansive cabin that lay just inside the shadow line of the forest, well—hidden from view while maintaining a perfect outlook over the beach and dock below from its deep—shaded porch, or from the wide windows when I have folded the solid wooden storm shutters back to let in the sunlight.

The heavy oak door was unlocked by the key Mark had given me and I stepped inside to find myself in a spacious dining/kitchen area. There was a huge table and chairs of a dark reddish wood that still shone its finish under a very—slight patina of dust and the kitchen was all modern stainless steel that was completely untarnished.

Ignoring the rest of the house for now, the first thing on my mind was for me to check on the availability and amount of food and drink. The pantry—shelves and a huge freezer were both chock—full and apparently freshly stocked, the sink had both hot and cold fresh water instantly available, which gave me something to wonder about.

I went back outdoors and walked around the house where I saw a couple of small concrete buildings. Further looking and prying around, I found that there was a five—thousand gallon storage tank of fresh water situated on a rise behind the house, gravity making for running water without the use of pumps. Huge solar panels on the roof and a concrete building full of storage batteries gave me all the electric power and hot water that I could possible use.

It looked as if my exile was going be as luxurious as a person could want, other than the lack of human company. I knew at once that my loneliness was going to become the major problem I would face.

All the basic essentials of my survival had now been assured and I gave way to the issue of finding something to wear. My old shorts were quite ancient and threadbare candidates for the rag—pile to begin with and, after today's wild adventures and unaccustomed moving around, the seams were beginning to fall apart and I didn't even have on any briefs under them.

Going back inside, I began acquainting myself with my new home. I had noticed all the details of the kitchen and back workroom/laundry while looking for the food supply, and now I made my way into a large living—dining area which was furnished in a

rustic native—styled manner, real rough—looking and masculine to the eye, but actually quite comfortable when in use.

A hall off this huge room led to four bedrooms, all of them huge rooms and very well furnished in an old—fashioned way and two of them had been done in a very feminine and dainty style. The front two rooms (one feminine and one masculine) were stacked almost full of the tall wardrobe boxes like a moving concern would furnish.

Each of the many boxes was filled with women's clothes and possessions of various sizes and kinds. I looked and looked for any men's things, finding only a scant few articles that were for a man of extremely tall and massive stature. There was nothing I could possibly wear in this mess and I had become so tired that I walked directly across the hall and into the bedroom there which was so terribly dainty, plopped myself onto the bed and immediately went into a deep and dreamless sleep.

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The next day, after a breakfast of toast, coffee, and a decision on a plan of action, I began sorting out the contents of the wardrobe boxes, in the bedroom I had selected to discover that I had selected the daughter's room. Sorting the things inside first by size and then by desirability and use, setting aside all the ones that contained things that Robin or I would fit into, also all the boxes of shoes of her size.

This task took me all of three days to complete and I managed to cram all of the non—selected boxes into one bedroom which I now dubbed as my storage room, stacking them three high on top of one another to conserve space. Near the door and not stacked so they were available I placed the nine boxes that I had set aside.

When Mark and Robin came to visit, I wanted to have a couple of bedrooms available for them and the way things were when I arrived, I would have been a room short.

Thoughtlessly, I had randomly slept in the daughter's room and in some way it had become my own room, despite the flowery walls and lacy hangings.

The next morning when I went to put my shorts back on, the side seam gave way completely and a furious search did not find a single needle or any thread in the place. Angry and upset, I ripped my tee—shirt off, tearing it into a rag also. With my unreasoning frustration and rage, I had left myself naked and without a thing to wear.

Swallowing my masculine pride, I returned to where I had left the things I had set aside for my sister to look over and choose from for her own use, digging through the women's things for whatever I might be able to wear, setting those items I knew Robin would especially love to one side and putting them away with the promise to myself that they would be kept in reserve for her use.

When I was finished, I had a dozen pair of slacks and a half—dozen more pairs of skimpy shorts, all made of soft and flimsy feminine materials that would not wear well in a rough outdoor life. I did manage to find two pairs of sneakers, a pair of rubber bathing shoes and one pair of hiking boots that had seen a lot of wear already and would not last long. I also set aside three women's bathing suits, all of them the

two—piece style with the little—boy type of trunks. I could use the bottoms in an emergency or as swim trunks myself.

I had also looked for socks, finding only a single pair of normal cotton socks among the dozens and dozens of pairs of nylons and even a full and still—sealed box that contained a full gross of lovely soft and slinky silk stockings in various shades. I dressed myself in that one pair of thin cotton socks, a pair of faded pink sneakers, a pair of soft cotton slacks that zipped up the back and had to settle for a woman's cotton shirt—blouse that had nearly normal sleeves. There was an absolute refusal to put on women's underwear in my mind when I went about dressing.

I felt funny moving about in these women's things, the fit and drag of the garments keeping me on notice of what I had on. But, at least I was dressed as I went back toward the kitchen and began making myself a solo lunch, the first meal of the day. Afterwards, I spent the rest of the day cleaning and dusting the long vacant house that was to be mine for a while, all the while so conscious of the unnatural feel of the short tight crotch of my pants and the softness of the slack in them across my lower cheeks.

The next day I walked back down to the beach, intending to explore in both directions for a mile, reminding myself to be taking careful mental notes of possible landings, fishing spots and surveying the territory in general.

It was in my plans that I would explore the entire island during the next week, in the process of which I would be sure to find the home of the caretaker who Mark had mentioned in his description of the place. Surely, the man would appreciate having company once in a while, I know that I was already becoming quite lonely. I hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards to the east of the dock when my way was obstructed by a huge hedge of a sort of very—thorny and dense evergreen. There was no way I could get past this barrier without a boat, so a retreat was in order and back to the dock I went. Three hundred yards or so to the West I was stopped again by the tall and impenetrable green wall.

Frustrated by being contained like this, the only thing to do was to follow the hedge and see if it surrounded the house.

The back of the house was just coming into sight through the trees when I discovered a stone arch, a dark opening more like a small tunnel that led through the thorny wall that was barred by a stout cast—iron gate that was locked shut by heavy chain and stout brass padlock. Moving on, once more the house was barely in sight behind me when a second arch and gate was discovered, also padlocked tight.

Following the hedge onward, the beach and sea were soon found and my home was restricted to a small acreage of what I guessed to be about 25 to 35 acres of dense forest and rocky beach. Very disappointed by all this, I headed back toward the dock and to the house. I was almost back to the cabin when my crotch began to burn, the slacks tight fit between my legs chafing all the more on my bare cock and balls with every step I took.

In the morning I could hardly move, despite the liniment I had rubbed into the raw meat of my crotch and upper thighs the night before. This was never going to do! I had to have some sort of underwear to prevent another case of this. I rubbed in some more of the medicated petroleum gel, feeling the tight raw scabs on my skin soften and

loosen a bit and then I tried walking a slow careful step or two. I could manage for a while, a short distance was within my capability.

With that limitation held in mind, I moved cautiously down the hall to the storage room. Once more I searched the set—aside boxes, pulling out all the plain and frilly underwear and eventually taking out another couple of pair of women's pants, pants that were more than just a little more feminine in color and in their cut and fabric than those already selected. I was going to have to be more careful of these delicate women's garments, judging from the degree of wear showing in the pants I had worn during yesterdays walk of exploration.

After I had bathed, I dosed my chafed crotch with the balm once more and sat on the bedroom floor, spread—legged on a towel, in the warm morning sun until it had all been absorbed into the irritated skin. My nose wrinkled in masculine disgust at the sweet floral scent that filled the air as I used the only available talcum to dust the same area before sliding a pair of white nylon panties up my legs and over the abused flesh. It felt a lot better when I put on the same pair of slacks that I had worn yesterday, but there was still enough soreness that I took the slacks back off immediately. It was going to take a day or two before I could stand to wear the pants again and I could not make myself run around in nothing but a pair of female nylon panties.

Therefore, again, it was with a difficult swallowing of my male pride that I found and put on a knee—length cotton full skirt of a medium blue that had small yellow and white flowers imprinted upon it. I stayed inside the entire day, finding the skirt and the airy freedom given my legs quite comfortable to live with, considering the constant discomfort of my abraded flesh. I know it is quite silly, knowing that I was alone on the island, about refusing to go outside, but I just could not do it because of a ridiculous fear that someone would see me in a skirt and blouse.

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Lacking anything else better to do, I spent a couple of hours brushing and untangling the rats and knots from my long hair that still had all of the tight curls left over from Robin's home—perm in it. It was then, after ten long and eventful days that I actually noticed that my brows were still the thin sculpted lines that Robin had plucked them to and that I was still wearing the long artificial nails on my fingers, nails that still showed the cerise of my polish, but showed the brilliant color dimmed with the battle scars of my week and a half on the island. Looking into a large mirror, the reflection there was unable to decide whither it were a man or a woman.

Laughing sheepishly at my somewhat womanish looks, I began looking around for something to read, finding only a huge stack of women's magazines piled neatly in a corner of that third bedroom undoubtedly bought by the daughter because of their focus on youthful fashion, make—up and hair—styling, and mushy romantic fiction. I began browsing through them, finding only an occasional article that could hold my interest for five or ten minutes.

I would have to find something else to do, I told myself, something that will take up a lot of my time. In fact I should find several different pastimes to prevent boredom from taking over as the boredom of long lonely days loomed large in my future.

As I leafed through the magazines over the next several days, I kept a sharp lookout for a hint or reference of anything that would suggest a new hobby or task with which I could use to pass the time of day.

Chapter Five

There was only one single thing that I did have that was shown in the old magazines left about the house and that was my long and full head of hair. In the many boxes of women's things I had gone through I had found every kind of hair accessory imaginable, so I began spending many of my hours learning to set and curl my hair in simple and easy styles that did not look too—girlish to me. After the first two or three days, it became to be an easy and very entertaining pastime that consumed many hours of my time, my efforts gradually including all the fancy sets shown in the magazines as I overcame my masculine line of belief as to the way I wore my hair.

I found that I loved to play with my hair while letting my imagination run wild and ended up trying to make my hair fit whatever vivid scenario my free—ranging mind would come up with. I came to prefer the old—fashioned sets, the Gibson, the French Curl, the Rams Horn, etc. for my imaginary formal occasions and a plain old tied—back bundle of rag—curls like Scarlet O'Hara and Shirley Temple for my everyday wear. I know that wearing and adoring such fancy hairdos was a silly thing for a man to become preoccupied with, but it did help me to pass the time of day and I was happy, in a distracted way, in doing this.



Days passed endlessly, spring was slowly passing by and early summer coming into view as I began finding delightful wildflowers blossoming in small patches of sunlight that found its way into the dense woods. The self—imposed task of doing a full and careful house—cleaning each and every day took a couple of hours off my days idle time and I did find a quiet sort of intense inner—satisfaction in the spic and span condition of the home I lived in. Hand—washing my fancier clothes took another hour and, thereby, I had passed half of the morning hours.

I had begun to economize on my more—conservative style of slacks and panties, in order to have something decent for wearing when Mark and Robin would eventually come to call.

I ended up wearing skirts most of the time, using the tight—fitting and fragile—fabric slacks that remained for the necessary work outside. My sneakers fell apart from hard wear and I had to fall back on more traditional women's shoes, finding a quantity of wedge—soled shoes with heels of two inches or less in my size. These shoes did not wear well as the sneakers and I began to wonder what I would do without shoes on my feet among the sharp edged rocks of the island when my supply of low heels wore out.

Tired of being cooped up inside in such warm and sunny weather, as soon as I had fully healed from the chaffing, I took the bottoms of one of the bathing suits to use as swim trunks and a rubber swim cap that would keep my coifed hair safe from the salt water, I would walk down for a swim, a long afternoons time spent in idle contentment, lounging idly in the warm sea.

It was not without cost to me as just when I was leaving the water on an afternoon about two weeks later, I waded into what seemed to be a nest of what looked like delicate and harmless jellyfish. The next morning I had a rash up and down my lower legs that would not go away and itched constantly, the reddened itching very slowly spreading upward toward my crotch as time went on. I became very worried as I tried treating the rash with the medicated gel and later with a paste of baking soda that did not help at all. Neither did a vinegar rinse.

The third evening after that, while I sat in the large couch my fingers playing with my long curls and wondering what I could do tomorrow, I became conscious of a dim beeping sound that seemed to be coming from the hall closet. I ran to it and threw open the door that hid a mass of electronic equipment that had failed to be recognized during my earlier searches. One of the black metal boxes which was covered with knobs and dials had a red light that kept blinking off and on, the flashing keeping time with the buzzer that was quite loud now with the door open. On the lens of the blinking light was inscribed the words 'Incoming Call'. I fumbled around with everything connected to this box, finally finding what looked like telephone that had a 'push—to—talk button' on it. I picked it up and put it to my ear and mouth, pushing down hard on the button. "Hello?"

"Hello, Wren! I'd begun to think you'd never answer the radio—telephone. This is Mark. How are you doing down there?"

"God, Mark, it's wonderful to hear a voice! I'm okay, I guess, just terribly lonely. Is Robin all right? I've been very worried about her."

"Yeah, Robin's doing fine. She's not here with me right now or I'd put her on to talk to you. But I can't call down there often and never from in town. I am sorry I can't tell you that things have cooled down, cause they have not. But I was a bit concerned about your supplies. Is the food holding out okay?"

"Sure, that part is still in fine condition for another several months, but I am so lonely and bored as hell with nothing to do. When are you guys coming down for a visit?"

"That's something that is impossible right now, but I will as soon as I can. What I was thinking about was that if you were needing anything, I or one of my friends could safely fly over and make an air—drop without there being any danger of your being found out. Anything special you need, Wren?"

"Yes, I would like to have some good books, and a large packet of needles, and an embroidery ring if you could find one. Time passes so slowly down here and that would be something to do. You might even throw in a box of candy for my sweet tooth. Other than that, can you get me any medicine for a rash? I got myself into a bunch of pink jellyfish when I was swimming down at the landing place and now I have a rash on my upper legs that won't respond to the things I have here."