

A FEMININE VANITY

By Jane Barrett



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, 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!

A FEMININE VANITY

By Jane Barrett.

Loving Parents

Angelique had always felt life had cheated her. This was not the result of an unhappy childhood nor a lack of love from her parents. They were the most loving Mama and Papa and she loved them as much as they loved her. It was Papa's occupation that caused the problem. They were rich and powerful, but would never be accepted by the establishment. They were not from an "old money" family, but the result of two powerful Mafia clans which had joined peacefully. Neither Michael nor Constanta had come from Sicily; but had been born in New York.

Angelique was given everything her heart desired because of her father's position and power. That was the problem; because she had never wanted for anything, her expectations of life became impossibly high. Angelique was the quintessential American beauty; so perfect was she that vanity had never entered her mind. How a stereotypical blonde beauty had been created by a Sicilian family was a mystery to all.

Her Mother had been beautiful, her striking good looks the result of a satin-smooth olive skin, dark flashing brown eyes and raven black hair. She was a slim, tall, elegant woman whose beauty kept other women in awe. She had been the perfect compliment to Papa with his dark smoldering movie star looks. They looked the perfect couple, she so beautiful in her evening gown, he in a superbly cut tuxedo.

Angelique's blonde beauty may have come from an English knight washed ashore following the crusades. His genes lay dormant in one of the families until they had re-awakened with Constanta's conception to produce a daughter totally unlike her parents. Angelique was the perfect beauty, an English rose. "A perfect angel," were Michael and Constanta's first words after her birth. Therefore, she had become Angelique, Papa's angel. Angelique was blonde, not a golden, red or mousy blonde, but a white platinum blonde. A color much sought-after that is rarely natural. She had the bluest of eyes and her skin, the color of cream, was as fine as the most delicate porcelain.

Angelique was graceful as a ballet dancer. Fragile-looking, but never sick, she had a soft musical voice and a lively, inquiring mind. She was a beautiful child who grew into an even more beautiful woman. Angelique never cried but still always got what she wanted. She only had to bat her eyes and smile for all about her to meet her every wish.

She was still a child emotionally when half her world was taken from her. On her tenth birthday, she was taken out for dinner to the most extravagant restaurant in the city. She was so happy to be in a satin party frock and wearing high heels. Halfway through, just as the cake was brought to the table; four tuxedo-clad guests drew guns

and tried to kill Papa. His bodyguards killed two before they could complete their mission, but during the escape of the two survivors, one bullet struck Mama, killing her. In one moment, Angelique lost her best friend and Mother.

As the assassins ran from the restaurant, the ten-year-old knelt and held her dying mother, refusing to release her. Finally, in desperation, a doctor was called to the restaurant, and he shot a sleeping drug into her arm. For the first time, Michael saw her implacable will in play. Not a day went past without the girl asking how the hunt for the killers was proceeding. A week after the death, Angelique sat at the dinner table and fastened her blue eyes upon him.

“Papa, they took my mama from me. I must see them die.”

Michael said it was not possible, but Angelique only looked at him, her eyes wide and innocent, until at last he agreed. Two weeks later, the two were captured. Angelique went into the grimy meat works where they were held. She was wearing an party dress identical to the one now covered with her mother’s blood.

“I want them to know who I am, Papa.

She walked slowly to each of the bound gunmen, looking each in the eye, a blonde angel of death. She took Michael’s hand and said, “Papa, you must kill them now.” Angelique watched each die. There was a smile of satisfaction on her lips as she turned to her father and said, “I will look after you now, Papa.”

The ten-year-old girl and her Mafia father became inseparable. Angelique never spoke about her mother. In one way, she seemed to want to forget about her mother, but in another it was obvious that even in death her mother continued to be the child’s idol. Angelique quickly developed an impeccable dress sense and, even as a teenager, she had elegance that was unsurpassed.

What she didn't develop was a sense of womanhood. Angelique became more and more beautiful. She loved her Papa, but never found anyone to give the love and affection she had experienced from her Mother. Her heart had turned rather icy. This rarely showed as she had a beautiful smile and knew how to use it to get her way. Don Farranti knew how manipulative his daughter had become, but others rarely noticed how talented she had become at using other people.

After the death of his wife, Don Farranti took to entertaining mainly at home, as it seemed safer. Angelique became the hostess and the house was completely redecorated. The dark, heavy furniture was thrown out, replaced with a more contemporary romantic style. The Don did not argue but he thought there was far too much cream and peach; to his taste, it was too feminine by half.

Angelique became the perfect hostess. With her supreme fashion sense, elegance, and sophistication beyond her years, it was difficult to realize that she was so young. Her schooling had been by tutor until she was sixteen, then Angelique selected a womens’ college and pursued a degree in fine arts. She was erudite, confident and charming, but her sexuality never moved beyond that of a preteen.

Angelique was the perfect foil for the Don. They discussed what had to be done in his “business” and, to his surprise, she gave good, practical advice. Angelique might seem to be a naive romantic but underneath the smile and charm she was single-

mindful and quite ruthless. She also had a capacity for self-deception and she ignored the nastier parts of her Father's work. In her mind, Papa was nothing more than a successful businessman in a highly competitive area.

There was little romantic interplay. Every man was polite to her, they desired her, but she rarely flirted. The thought of her father's wrath if she became annoyed was enough to dampen the most ardent spirit. Angelique was sexually naive; she liked beautiful things, sometimes strange feelings swept her body, but they were disturbances rather than needs that had to be satisfied. Besides, she had her father to take care of.

Angelique loved new clothing and dressing well. She was at her happiest when being admired as a beautiful woman and wearing elegant clothing. As a child she had accompanied her mother to the couturiers and had been fascinated by the glamorous models. Her dream was to become a mannequin. She practiced the walk and look used by those elegant women on the catwalk. It was later that she was told that parading like they did was out of the question for a well-brought-up Italian girl.

Not being allowed to follow her dream did not stop the fantasy of wanting to wear beautiful clothes; following the death of her Mother this became an obsession. Three or four times a day, Angelique would change her dress, underclothes and shoes. Morning dress, afternoon, dinner, and evening wear. Her father did little to discourage her; money was no object, and having a beautiful daughter helped to shape his image.

Angelique was an incurable romantic, Jane Austin and the Bronte sisters were her favorite reading. The man who, in her fantasies, would sweep her off her feet was modeled on Heathcote and Mr. Darcy. Angelique knew she would swoon in his arms as he smothered her in kisses and carried her off to a four-poster bed shrouded in white silk.

Marriage

She was just nineteen when Marcus came into her life. Marcus was the only son of the leader of a smaller rival gang. He'd was college educated, undeniably handsome, tall and very romantic. He smothered Angelique in flowers, adored her looks, and brought her gifts. He was just like Papa and an ideal partner. Papa was all for the marriage as it would expand his empire and establish a dynasty.

Angelique adored the events leading up to her wedding, always being the center of attention, the parties, giggling with her friends about what was about to happen. Few of them were married, so their thoughts were romantic and embraced the fantasy of being loved. The wedding allowed her imagination and desires to take full control. The gowns were fantastic, angelic even, in white satin, and lace, with six bridesmaids and two flower girls in cream satin. Two of her cousin's boys had been dragooned into being pages and looked very uncomfortable in cream satin and lace "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suits.

The wedding was everything Angelique could have wished for. She was ecstatic, surrounded by her friends, walking down the aisle in the most gorgeous gown of satin and lace on the arm of her dignified father towards her handsome husband-to-be. It was the happiest moment of her life; she felt ready to burst. The reception was attended by the most powerful of the New York rich. The drive to the ship was exciting with their black Cadillac sweeping through the streets behind a police motorcycle escort. Due to the time Angelique required to change into her new Charles Fath going-away silk dress, the Queen Mary delayed sailing half an hour to allow the couple to join its honeymoon suite.

In the following hours, her new husband turned from a gentleman into a sex maniac, as a romantic dream changed to a nightmare. Sex and romance had been one and the same in Angelique's mind. She had never discussed the mechanics of sex or what was likely to happen on the wedding night with anyone. Without a Mother and Papa being too shy, her only knowledge had been obtained from her girlfriends as they giggled over it at the wedding showers. It was the stuff of a Barbara Cartland novel: all romance, moonlight, and bliss.

Until now, the extent of her lovemaking had been the acceptance of Marcus's kisses; even these were on the proviso that they did not unduly mess her carefully applied lipstick. When Marcus had tried to kiss her breasts, she realized it would disturb her new bra and petticoat and asked him to wait until they were married. Angelique wanted to be admired rather than handled.

It all changed that night. No sooner was she ready for bed than he had tried to tear the beautiful ivory silk and lace nightgown from her body. She was frightened his insistent pawing at her breasts would stretch the skin. Then, like a man in frenzy, he exposed his organ to her. Angelique had never seen anything quite as ugly, all red and aroused. Despite her sobbing protests, she hadn't been able to stop him mounting her and thrusting that awful engine into her body. It was absolutely terrible. There was a tearing pain; Marcus thrust and thrust, then he collapsed with an ahhh.

When at last she managed to move Marcus from her, she felt quite numb with pain and covered in sweat. Her beautiful nightdress was covered in blood and gore, quite ruined. Angelique tore it from her body; she'd never be able to wear it again. The memory of what had happened on this night would return. She took a long hot shower to try to rid her body of the pain she felt between her legs. In a fresh nightgown, she returned to the bed to find the sheet sprinkled with her blood and Marcus's gore. She spent the night in the suite's other bedroom silently crying. For the first time she wondered how she was going to cope with a marriage.

Later Angelique quietly questioned her girlfriends; she learned her husband had been gentle and kind. It seemed that Angelique was just not cut out for sex. The following day she decided that her body was to become inviolate and she shyly informed Marcus that her body was too overcome by his ardent lovemaking to participate that night. She was so obviously terrified and sore that Marcus did not press his claim. It was plain his wife had been a virgin and she needed more time to settle into married life. She was so beautiful he would do anything to please her. The following night he tried to introduce her to oral sex, but the mere thought of putting his monstrous organ between her lips was enough to make her gag

Over the next few weeks her hands gave him necessary relief, but not the satisfaction he sought. Even this she found messy and animal-like but for the rest of the honeymoon, she managed to keep him happy. Before he could press her to take up her connubial role again, they had returned to New York. Angelique managed to find further excuses. Marcus was less intimidating with Papa there and before his husbandly demands became too pressing, she found herself pregnant.

Angelique found the first few weeks of pregnancy very pleasant. Marcus doted on her, insisting she rest while he fetched drinks and anything else she wished for. The threat of sex disappeared; he no longer insisted she masturbate him. That was a relief, as the whole exercise was so messy. Her Father treated as though she was the Virgin Mary. Once again she had an excuse to obtain a whole new wardrobe.

From a very young age she had a vision of herself as a Mother dressed in a white silk nightgown lavishly trimmed with lace, holding a beautiful blonde little girl clad in a gown as pretty as her own. The lovely child would be gurgling with laughter and quietly saying "Mama". All the time, their eyes would look fondly into each other's as Marcus brought her a bunch of red roses.

A few short months later, all the difficulties of pregnancy began to emerge. First came morning sickness, the swelling of her body and tender breasts, then the terror and pain of birth. Despite all the heartache and pain she had gone through, she never achieved her dream.

There was no beautiful baby girl. Instead, she was presented with a screaming monster of a boy. It was dreadful; he was so ugly, all red and wrinkled, nothing like the image she'd had of a baby. From the first sight she wanted nothing more to do with him. Although every one said he was absolutely gorgeous, to Angelique he was like a little red monkey. Nothing seemed to match her vision of motherhood.

Papa found a wet nurse to take over the care and feeding of the newly named Nicholas. As the redness and wrinkles disappeared, the baby became closer to her

dream. Within a month he was the epitome of a pretty baby, blonde, with the bluest of eyes and a breathtaking smile. He was so delicate and pretty that everyone assumed he was a girl. To Angelique, this was a God-given sign. If he was as beautiful as a girl, then he was meant to be dressed as one. Right from the start, Angelique never considered his real sex to be anything but female; Nikki, as he became known, was dressed in pink and white and given dolls to play with. Marcus objected at first, but as Angelique explained, young boys in her country were always dressed as girls at the start.

Through exercise and diet, Angelique gradually recovered her previous body. Only two tiny stretch marks refused to disappear, but they were low enough never to be seen. She accepted these as battle scars, a constant reminder never to let it happen again. . With the help of her compliant doctor, she told both Marcus and her father that the birth of Nicholas had proved so difficult she would never be able to have another child.

It didn't take long for Angelique to transfer her love of clothes to her son. Virtually from his first day Nikki was the best-dressed baby in the whole USA, if not the entire world. As she had never had to worry about money, nothing was too good for her daughter. Angelique could never think of him as a boy; from birth Nikki had become her beautiful baby girl and that is how he was dressed.

White, pink and cream, silks, satins and lace. The slightest sign of dirt or food spillage and into a new dress he would be popped. He was breast-fed for more than a year by Maria. Angelique's breasts were too precious for that task. Maria had been Nikki's wet nurse from birth. She received further help when Angelique, after a careful search for the right person, employed an English Nanny to take over Nikki's training. Miss Bates or "Nanny" as Angelique called her, did not take much persuasion to think of Nikki in a similar manner and was happy to consider her charge to be a girl. Following these arrangements, Angelique enjoyed being a mother; her beautiful little girl was cute and always dressed in the loveliest gowns. Nikki would be wheeled out for her lunch parties, dressed in the prettiest dresses. He'd be cooed over by Angelique's friends, then taken back to be fed and have a nap.

As he grew older, he shared the limelight with other infants and young children as they accompanied their mothers. Girls in particular were welcomed; no one ever questioned his sexuality, he was so feminine.

Don Torrent expressed his concern about Nikki's gender, but Angelique gave him her enigmatic smile and asked if he didn't love his darling grand daughter. In the end, he accepted that what his daughter was doing was for the best. After all, she explained, "He has the rest of his life to be a man. For now he can be my daughter. Surely Papa, you must understand how much one can love a daughter." The Don had to live with his doubts, for not even he was prepared to go against his daughter's will.

To the world at large, the Don was a man of unequalled strength, but to his family, he showed a softer side the world would never see. While he might not fully understand what his daughter was doing with her son, he tried to love both of them anyway.

Motherhood

The real opposition came from Marcus; it went completely against his masculinity to have a son as feminine as Nikki. To have to hold and cuddle the baby in a silk and lace dress was one thing, but watching Nicholas at his third birthday was very disturbing. Only five boys had been invited and they wore fancy party costumes, “Buster Brown” suits of velvet with silk blouses. Not Nikki, though; *he* was in a dress indistinguishable from the other thirty-five girls.

Marcus looked at his son, the prettiest girl at the party and tried to hide the gorge rising in his throat. Nikki's dress was white silk organza over a pink moire taffeta skirt. Frothy petticoats swirled about his legs in pink silk stockings and white kid Mary Jane shoes as he skipped and danced with the rest of the girls in a game they were playing. A white silk ribbon held his long white blonde hair off his face. Nikki turned as he saw his father him and smiled. He was so pretty, it was impossible to accept he was not a girl.

Marcus became increasingly disturbed with the direction in which Angelique was taking his son; he bought boy's clothing and tried to make Angelique dress him more appropriately. He purchased an electric train set and tried to get him to play with it and the other boy toys he had placed in the nursery. Several times, he had asked Angelique to change the style of dress and to have his son's hair cut. She would smile sweetly and Marcus would see the beguiling look in her eyes. The subject would be dropped as they made love; with her body inviolate; only her hands were used. It was not what he desired, but beggars could not be choosers.

Another month or so would pass before he summoned the courage to raise the matter again. For the moment he had given up; he had been insistent last time and Angelique had become an ice maiden. There was nothing offered sexually, not even a kiss, until he agreed not to bring it up again. He was determined that, following Nikki's fifth birthday, he would once again dress and act like his son, rather than his daughter.

Almost certainly, Nicholas' role as a girl would have stopped a lot sooner if Hitler had not started a war in Europe. Unlike many of the “family”, Marcus felt obligated to preserve people's freedom. He became a Reserve Bomber pilot. Seeking the excitement of battle, he traveled to Canada, enlisting just after the war started in 1939. Within months he was in England as copilot on a Manchester bomber. At last, Marcus had found the perfect environment for his temperament. The flying was dangerous, but he appeared to lead a charmed life.

He progressed from copilot to pilot, then to Squadron Leader. By now, he had become a hero and was decorated by the British and later by President Roosevelt, after the United States entered the war. He was on his fiftieth mission deep inside Germany when he was shot down. Only slightly injured, he was left to finish the war in a prison camp, one of the infamous Stalags. Marcus was determined to continue helping the struggle by leading daring escapes from the Stalag, known as Colditz Castle. None succeeded but the name of Marcus Rossetti was synonymous with courage and he became a hero.

At first, Angelique missed Marcus. After a few months, though, she began to enjoy her new status as a hero's wife. With no pressure to change Nikki's gender, she continued in her role of a mother bringing up her lovely daughter.

It was not difficult to understand her reasons, Nikki had the type of beauty that encouraged Angelique. He was perfectly feminine, all his childhood illnesses had come and gone—measles, chicken pox—but nothing had marred his beauty. Just before the conflict finished in Europe, Nikki turned twelve and his long blonde hair was half way to his waist. Maria, now his personal maid, brushed it one hundred times each night as he sat at his dressing table in a white satin nightdress and matching negligee. The silky white blonde tresses would gleam under the light; it had just a hint of a wave, and he wore it loose, held back from his face by a ribbon or jeweled barrette.

He was slim and delicate, without any gawkiness. He never became plump yet his limbs were not muscular, with a gentle roundness that exaggerated his feminine appearance. It was as though he had been planned as a girl and someone had just forgotten to cancel his boy's genitalia. The expression, "the eyes are the window of the soul" could have written for Nikki; they were so blue, every one who looked at them would remember the sky in summer. His skin was smooth as silk; and part of his ancestry had endowed him with just a hint of olive to render it into cream-colored porcelain. There was always a hint of pinkness in his cheeks, as if he was just about to blush, highlighting high cheek bones and a fineness in his features that only a girl should be able to lay claim to.

Despite the war and the shortages it brought to many citizens in the America, none of these applied to Angelique. For Michael Farranti and his household it was business as usual; in fact there was *more* business than usual. The war effort had brought more sources of profit than ever. No one would accuse the Don of being unpatriotic, well not openly at least, but who could expect him to stop a new source of income? The black market was a reality and his organization brought some order into an otherwise chaotic situation. It was also useful for the household. Why should they suffer discomfort because of something so far away?

Maria looked after all Nikki's needs. She fed and bathed him, and put him to bed. Angelique continued her role of Mistress of the house, entertaining for her father, lunching with her friends and attending fashion shows.

Nicholas living in the role of a girl at first disturbed her Father. Don Farranti may have been quite ruthless and capable as the head of the most successful mob in the USA, however he knew that trying to change his daughter's mind was far more daunting than facing up to a rival mobster armed with a Thompson submachine gun. He had already spent a week of coldness and tantrums from his daughter after his first attempt at convincing her that Nicholas should be treated as a boy. Sensibly, he decided to leave well alone.

Without Marcus' continual carping about Nicholas' sex, the issue was forgotten and he became a girl by default. Only five people besides The Don and Angelique were ever aware of the one item that denoted he was a boy. Four were still living, as Nanny had returned to Britain and was killed in the Blitz. Now only two within the household knew: Maria and Angelique's personal maid Anna. The only outsiders were Doctor Syl-

via Medina (Angelique and Nikki's Doctor) and Miss Myrtle Chalmers, Angelique's corsetiere and maker of her underwear.

All four knew better than to let even the slightest hint about Nikki leak out to anyone. They had heard of Omerta, the code of silence, and that was enough to ensure that no one talked about Nikki's "addition". Maria had not dared tell Thomasino, her boyfriend and the Don's chief bodyguard. All knew that the slightest whisper would lead to a terrible fate. Nikki, himself, remained blissfully unaware that he was a boy.

In part because of Nikki's "secret", his life was incredibly sheltered. Like any child, Nikki reveled in the attention he received. He had merely to ask for something and, if it was available, he would receive it. He was the "little princess" of the house, that was for sure.

A Sacrifice

Remaining in this role became certain, when his father was killed just before the war ended. Marcus was leading a mass breakout from a high-security Stalag when the Gestapo executed him. He was posthumously given the highest decoration and a hero's burial. There were few who didn't shed a tear at the newsreel film of the beautiful Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and her pretty daughter standing at the grave site for a final farewell to their husband and father. Their grief was captured forever on the cover of Time magazine, and a portrait was made from it. The picture, titled "The Sacrifice" captured the sorrow of a lovely widow and her daughter and became the centerpiece in the Capital War Memorial. It was the beauty of Angelique and Nikki rather than the symbolism that captured the public's imagination and made it one of the most copied portraits in history.

Don Farranti knew he would become a laughing stock if it became known that the beautiful granddaughter who had dutifully held his hand was, in fact, his grandson. How on earth could he explain it to his colleagues? No, it was impossible, Angelique and Nikki had now become icons of American bravery. Now they were shown in a film sequence prior to the Pathe Newsreels. To have Nikki's sexuality discovered would destroy her recently acquired "A" listing in the social register. Her status had changed since Marcus's death; she was now the beautiful widow of a war hero, a role that removed her from her father's shadow.

Don Farranti and Angelique had agreed that attending a school could create problem; there was the question of Nikki's security and the possibility that, even in an exclusive girls' school, his secret might be discovered. An alternative was found. Throughout his career, the Don had donated very generously to the Church, and it in turn was more than willing to provide any number of tutors for Nikki. So, his education was carried out by a series of nuns all carefully selected by Angelique. It was made quite clear that her daughter was to have a well-rounded education. Artistic, Christian, but it was not overly religious; the unpleasant things in life, like sex, were to be left out.

Nikki was a bright child, he was excellent in mathematics, and science; but his real love was literature and the humanities. Angelique determined what he was taught: lots of Bronte, Austin, and the romantic novels. There was plenty of romanticism, but the teachers were to steer clear of sex. Nikki inherited his Mother's love of clothing. By good fortune, Sister Eve, one of his tutors, shared this love and they pursued the history of costume and style. None of the teachers had the slightest idea or the vaguest suspicion that Nikki was any more than a beautiful and polite young lady. Any suggestion he was a boy would have been met with derision.

Angelique was not a good mother. She loved having a beautiful child, providing that Maria eliminated all of the difficulties associated with child rearing. This allowed Angelique time to entertain and belong to a large number of charities. Her reason was not altruism; she was far too selfish to be civic-minded but she needed a large number of social outlets to wear the hundreds of dresses and costumes she had purchased. It was fun to mix and lunch with society. Her favorite charity raised money by two fashion shows per year, a spring and an autumn showing, with all the modeling completed

by selected members of the charity committee. Angelique was a natural and was always asked to display the most elegant gowns.

When Nikki was just eight they introduced a new category, a competition that took place at the end of show, for the most beautiful mother and daughter. It was no surprise when Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and her daughter Nikki won it the first year. Problems arose when they won every subsequent year.

It was due to this event some years later that Maria received her first real fright of what might happen to her if Angelique ever discovered she had not been carrying out all her duties. Four years earlier, prior to Nikki becoming a teenager, Doctor Sylvia had introduced Nikki to a new female hormone.

“It will keep him a girl and help diminish any masculine change,” said the doctor.

Angelique was happy to agree and Maria was instructed to give him two “vitamin” tablets night and morning. Nikki had been taking them for over three years, when one day she noticed that the tablets could be used to diminish facial hair. She had been troubled by a dark growth on her upper lip and decided that no one would notice if Nikki's dose was reduced to half, and she took the other tablets. It was very successful; even Thomasino remarked on how much prettier she looked.

The problem occurred six months later, not long before Nikki's sixteenth birthday. Angelique and Nikki were again preparing for the competition. Angelique took a bold step and chose identical outfits for herself and Nikki. It was as if she was testing the femininity of her son by choosing a masculine style currently in fashion, placing him under the full scrutiny of her peers.

The choice was a cream silk suit with boldly padded shoulders and tuxedo-styled lapels in light pink silk satin. The pleated skirt was barely knee-length and Nikki had been allowed to exchange his knee-high socks for real silk stockings. He felt very grown up as Maria dressed him, affixing a lace and silk garter belt about his waist before drawing the suspenders down the legs of his satin French knickers and attaching them to the lace embroidered tops of his stockings.

Suddenly in a single moment Maria realized that she had made a very serious mistake in reducing his dosage. The pills had not only given Nikki that marvelous skin and the budding breasts, but had also held back his sexual development.

Nikki was completely oblivious to the drama, he was so excited to be wearing silk stockings. In them he felt so grown up, as they made his whole body tingle. When Maria made up his face this sent another delicious thrill through his body. The fashion parade was a complete success for Angelique; once again they captured first prize. Next day, the society pages were bearing the photograph of “The beautiful Mrs. Angelique Rossetti and Nikki, the prettiest girl in New York”.

It was only a few months after the fashion parade and following his eighteenth birthday that Nikki's sexual horizons expanded. It was accidental but inevitable that it would occur. The Godfather had always found great pleasure in his granddaughter. Anyone seeing the Don with his granddaughter would have had trouble recognizing him as the same ruthless Mafia boss who dealt in extortion and death.

For the Don it was quite fun dandling the beautiful child on his lap, and they had a special closeness, for Nikki had always loved cuddling and being cuddled by his Grandfather. Unlike Angelique, he quite liked being pawed and sat on by Nikki. He was so large, Nikki could swarm over him like a playful kitten; for Nikki this was wonderful. He received from the old man the attention that was denied to him from his Mother. Bodily contact with Angelique always resulted in complaints.

“Oh Nikki, please be still and stop messing up my dress and hair.”

“Now look what you’ve done to my skirt and stockings! Really darling, can’t you be still?”

The Don's Dilemma

Angelique was the main obstacle to any sexual relationship for the Don. To Angelique, sex was a messy, quite unnecessary, pursuit and in her mind her father was too old for that sort of thing. Besides, he owed respect to her dead mother and should not even consider it. Several times, he had suggested that he was considering remarrying, but the image of her father coupling in bed with another woman was enough to make Angelique nauseous. She made her feelings very clear on this point and any burgeoning relationship quickly came to an end.

The Don was unwilling to face her icy wrath and made sure that his sexual needs were met without her knowledge. Twice a week, a beautiful young call girl named Carla arrived. She was brought to the house in the large limousine, which returned from the city after delivering Angelique to her luncheon date with her girl friends. This was the one certain way of not being discovered; the servants, including Maria, knew better than let the slightest whisper reach the Don's daughter. They would retire quietly at this time. Carla would silently enter the house, ignoring the smirks of the two bodyguards who withdrew out of earshot but kept a close eye on the Don's room as the door slid shut.

It was never a long session. The Don liked, but felt no love for, Carla. During the lovemaking he would remain seated in his chair as Carla kissed him passionately on his lips before kneeling, opening his trousers and taking the heavy, thick member between her lips. To the Don it was not passion, but relief that he sought and Carla was extremely able. For a few moments after the session was over, he would hold her in his arms, then Carla would tidy herself and quietly depart. Don Farranti would sit motionless as the girl wiped off any residue and buttoned his fly. Then, still seated, he'd drift off into a doze with the memory of his wife still in his mind. This had worked well through the years, each new girl lasting roughly twelve months before being replaced.

While Angela was lunching, Nikki was supposed to be looked after by the ever-faithful Maria. She had watched the habits of both Mother and son and learned to use them for her own advantage. Her lover was Thomasino and, as with all households of this type, it was difficult for two lovers to find those precious moments together. They both realized that there was a time twice a week when they could be together. With Alberto, the other guard, chauffeuring Carla back to the city and Nikki's mother enjoying herself in the newest restaurant, they used those precious hours for lovemaking.

Maria had become used to her docile young charge having his midday nap. Although he had "come of age", he was still treated to some degree like a young child. His dress would be removed and the beautiful boy would lie in his satin slip and panties until she returned to tidy him up and greet his mother upon her return. Nikki was an obedient child and had accepted a midday nap as part of life. Over the years, however, this period of inactivity in the middle of the day had begun to pall. At the age of eighteen, Nikki wanted to explore more of life. Recently Nikki had become intrigued by his Grandfather's activities, noting the arrival of Carla. He had found out her name and watched her disappear into Grandfather's study and the shutting of the door and wondered what happened there.