



Reluctant Press

Whisper Of Nylons

Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

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

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

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

WHISPER OF NYLONS

By Dee Dee Perri

PART I

Chapter 1

“This is wacko!” I said, waving the safety razor in the general direction of my mate and dearly beloved. She turned rapidly away from the bathroom mirror, her sweet, round butt cheeks doing that dance that I had grown to love so well over the last five years. The beautiful oval face with the delicate features drawn in soft white flesh with pink highlights was twisting into a scowl and, as if that were not warning enough, there was cold fire burning behind those wide blue eyes. Mickey was no shrinking violet; indeed in every positive sense of the word she was a handful, personality-wise as well as physically. A lot of small people are that way, I guess. At an even five foot, I had almost fifteen inches and more than a hundred pounds advantage. Big deal! She looked as if she was going to carve me up into little pieces. Christ, she was a tiger when aroused! The best defense is a strong offense, or at least that’s what I’ve been taught to believe. Of course, whoever discovered that tactical ploy was surely not thinking of the *war between the sexes*. I tried to hold my ground and then, wisely, opted for a surer alternative: I returned her hostile stare with an innocence expression, a kind of puppy-dog look that usually got me off the hook by triggering her maternal instincts. The fact was she was right, what I really meant was that her mother had gone seriously bonkers and this latest idea of hers was, well...wacko. “What I was trying to say...ah, ah,” I stammered. Stammering was a sure way of losing the battle if not the war itself because it gave Mickey the opening she needed. She, like most women I’ve known, used words much more effectively when they wanted to than any mere male could ever hope to. In an instant, she had me completely on the defensive. So much for a “strong offense”, hmmm?

“My *mother* is *not* a wacko!”

“I...I wasn’t referring to your Mother, sweetheart,” I sputtered. I could have saved my breath for she’d accurately detected what I had *meant*. She advanced toward me, hands riding on her full hips, head tilted forward like a bull preparing to charge. But instead of goring me in the chest with her imaginary horns, she stopped a foot short,

nostrils flaring. Blood was rushing into her cheeks and spreading down her neck as she glared up at me. This was clearly not the time to reason with her, so I waited for the predictable deathblow, the coup de grace, and it came in the next instant.

“Mom’s divorce has been very, *very* hard for her to handle,” Mickey said as if speaking to an insensitive lout, something just slightly less evolved than a worm. In that one phrase, she’d managed to shift the focus away from my reasonable objections regarding going to her Mom’s party en femme to my lack of human compassion, a lack, considering my chosen profession, that was totally inappropriate.

I held my tongue for I knew I had already lost. I was simply seeking a generous surrender. It was Appomattox all over again or, considering the shortness of the confrontation, more like Bull Run. By my premature and poorly thought-out attack, I had lost my argument against going to her mother’s masquerade party en femme. I was now forced to show my beloved what a kind, sensitive person I was underneath or, conversely, that I was really a callow, mother-in-law hating pig. One lousy word-*wacko*-and all my well-reasoned objections had been trashed before even being employed. I knew right then and there my goose was cooked. I took a handful of shaving cream and began to apply it to my right leg. Words weren’t necessary. Mickey watched as I drew the blade up my calf, leaving behind an unnaturally smooth, white surface. Her breath hissed from between her tightly compressed lips. Then, with a light touch, she patted my cheek as one might do to a favored child and turned toward the bath tub. *Christ-on-a-donkey!* I thought to myself, this was one for the books. Another swipe and the twin-blade safety razor was plugged with my long, course body hair.

“Come on, Honey,” Mickey said as she began running water into the bath, “It’ll be easier if you do it in the tub after a good, long soak.”

Several choice responses came instantly to mind but I bit my lower lip and grunted, “Right.” There was of course nothing *right* about the current situation. Mickey was going to wear one of my suits and I...well, there are some things better left unsaid. She was correct, of course, the hair did come away much more easily after soaking in the hot water. The long process of shaving my legs gave me a lot of time to reflect, however.

My mother-in-law had certainly gone off the deep end after her husband, Mickey’s dad, had left her for a much, much younger woman. At first she tried, as many middle-aged women do, to look years younger than she had any right to look. Needless to say, the “kiddy clothes” and excessive makeup had just the opposite effect. For a year, she had been going steadily down hill with booze, pills and depression while chasing after her lost youth.

I guess the whole divorce thing had really gotten to Mickey as well. Her dad had moved in with a gal not much older than she was. Mickey finally chose her mom over Good Old Pop, not that I could blame her. But all of that was history, as of last Christmas.

My mother-in-law finally tossed out the young girl look. *Boy, did she ever!* Superficially, you might say she went gay. She started dating women. That fact didn’t bother me one-tenth as much as it did Mickey—at least initially. But then she must have started taking some kind of super-powerful male hormones because the next time

Mickey and I visited her, it had become much more than just a gay life style with some crossdressing thrown in, that was for sure. And you know what was really odd? As a late forty-something broad, she was over the hill but as a guy... Between the hormones and all the other stuff, my mother-in-law could have passed for Carry Grant, and in his prime, thank you very much! Anyhow that's when things really began to change for the former Mrs. Thomas. Last time I saw "her", she had a babe on each arm that'd make Hugh Hefner sob- *truth!* Anyhow she got her revenge over her husband of twenty-six years and then some.

But poor Mickey, she'd given her allegiance to dear old Mom early on but she sure wasn't comfortable with *Phase II* Mom. Or at least not before last weekend! That gave me a queer tingle that matched the tingle I'd experienced running my hand over my soapy, hairless legs. *Something* had happened to Mickey last weekend at her Mom's place. She came back...a different person. I'm not normally a jealous guy but in the pit of my stomach I knew there must be someone else now. That was the only reason I'd agreed to go to this Goddamned turnabout bash. I was certain I would find out who! A cold chill ran down my back; what if that other person wasn't even a guy! *How could I compete with a woman for my wife's affections?* The idea was just too crazy but Mickey *had* stayed with her transgendered mother. Maybe it was a genetic thing. *Whatever*, I'd soon know.

~oOo~

"It's all about compromise," I said smiling with bright red lips that reflected the light wetly. My heavy artificial lashes fluttered below blue-gray eye shadow. My calm was a tad forced as I looked at the image reflected back from the bathroom mirror. The face, shaped by foundation powder and Mickey's expert application of various colored ingredients including mascara, lip stick, etc. & etc. (a regular cornucopia of female witchery), was entirely more feminine than it had any right to be. I experimentally pursed those painted lips and "she", my reflected self, responded faithfully. It was just a bit disconcerting to meet my female alter-ego.

"Take off those jockey shorts," growled Mickey.

"No," I said flatly. "Compromise, remember." Like the hair on my chest and belly, which I had refused to shave, these cotton briefs were going to remain on, period.

"No."

I laughed, "Nobody except you is going to see them sweetheart. You agreed, remember?"

"You can keep the hair but you gotta lose the shorts." A devilish grin lit up her face as she held up another article.

It was a...corset. "But..."

"Damian, your figure will be visible. Besides..." She stood back and looked at my torso. "We need to take more than a few inches off that waist if you're going to wear the dress I selected."

“The high neck thingy, right”

She rolled her eyes. “Compromise...compromise. Why do you have to be so...”

“Reasonable?” I added as I stepped into the ring of glistening white satin material and began to draw it up over my white jockey shorts. Surprisingly it wasn’t a tight fit at all, it just kinda hung there between my ribs and the top of my shorts. Yeah, not too bad. Then there was this abrupt, intense pressure. Gasping, I yelped, “I...I...can’t...breathe.” The last came out with a gulp as Mickey continued to tug at the straps at the back. “I swear, Mickeeee,” I whined as she pulled the device tighter and tighter. I could feel organs moving out of the way. I was certain that any second my stomach was going to pop into my mouth or perhaps blood was going to flow out my ears. Serious power was being applied to my midsection. “Mickey?” I whimpered.

She now had both feet against the small of my back and was pulling back with both hands; her face was beet red as she applied every ounce of her energy into...

Hell! Could I breathe? For several seconds the two of us just gaped at each other until, with a nervous little laugh Mickey said, “Wow! You OK?”

I looked down at a waist that *could not exist*. In an instant it had created the illusion of a feminine figure. My hands slipped down and *into* the artificial cleft that ran around my body and then I looked up at Mickey. “This really necessary?” And then I saw a hurt look in her eyes. “What?”

She swallowed, “I wore that on my wedding night.”

“Oh,” I mumbled.

“You didn’t even recognize it.”

“For Pete’s sake!” Women! How was I expected to remember exactly what she wore five years ago? “Are we done yet?” I said, hoping to change the subject and draw her away from my shortcomings.

“Only this,” she said, holding out one of her bras.

“No way is it going to fit,” I growled. I was half-right. She managed to get it hooked but it felt like hell—stretched to the point of ripping. There were wire thingies on the lower part of the cup and they were really digging in to my flesh.

~oOo~

Mickey left me alone to complete my toilet. For Pete’s sake, panties, nylons and the long dark blue velvet dress—a piece of cake. I eyed the wig that Mickey had laid out and opted for another one that looked slightly less ridiculous.

Now you are probably wondering how a man, a tad shy of six-foot and four inches could possibly put on a dress that fit his tiny, five foot, one hundred pounds soaking wet wife? Imagine a foot-long hot dog squeezed inside the skin of one of those miniature wieners you sometimes see at cocktail parties. Pretty gross image, right? Well, that will do for starters. The long dress, which on Mickey hung down to her mid-calf, looked like one of those Sixties miniskirts on me. The waist was cutting in just below

my empty bra like one of those French gowns that Josephine Bonaparte made popular (OK, a bit before my time but I've seen pictures). The first time I moved my arms, the damn dress split on the sides all the way down to the top of the corset. Of course, without those extra inches, it could have never worked for even that long. So, to put it simply, I looked absolutely ridiculous! Surely, Mickey would take one look at me and realize the futility of this disguise. Then she returned to the bathroom.

"Jesus!" I swore when I saw the expression on her face. "What's...wrong?" I said the last with as much innocence as I could muster without breaking up. I turned so that she would be sure to see the wide gap in the material under my arm. "A little tight perhaps?"

She glared with one raised eyebrow. "You're not wearing the wig."

"HUH?" There I was in pain and misery, squished into this dress like an elephant wearing a g-string and she *didn't like the wig!!!* I flipped some of the long red hair over my shoulder, then forward again, "This one looks OK."

She picked up the other wig and held it in her hand, "I want you wear *this* one. Red's not my color."

Enough was enough, I returned her glare. "No way," I said flatly. I was rewarded with her retreating back, her bouncing bottom encased in a pair of my jockey shorts. Christ, those shorts never looked so good on me.

~oOo~

We were heading south on Interstate Five, Mickey was behind the wheel. There was no way I could drive wearing the platforms that tried to pass for footwear. They were, like the bra, many sizes too small. For Pete's sake, my toes hung out a good two inches over the front lip. Ditto for my heels.

I looked at Mickey behind the wheel. She was wearing one of my suits. It looked big enough for her to swim in and I swear she was wearing some of my aftershave. She had on my baseball cap which seemed out of place considering the suit she had on. "Whatever," I mumbled.

"Ummm," she grunted.

"Oh...nothing." I sat there for a few minutes watching the world flow by. This whole thing was too crazy. Partly to break the brooding silence that had enveloped us, I tossed out a question that had been bothering me. "Ah, Mickey, this new place...your Mom's..."

"Yeah?"

"Laguna Beach, for Christ sake." And when she didn't respond, I continued, "Where'd she get the money?"

"I don't know. Sold the house in West Covina?"

"Not in this lifetime. A one bedroom, ten blocks from the beach perhaps, but I doubt it. Even shacks in Laguna will eat the better part of a mil."

“Well it’s not *exactly* big.”

“Yeah. Beach front, you said? On the sand? I checked the local real estate listings on the Internet this afternoon.”

“And?”

“A rip-it-up and pull-it-down shack at that location, a few blocks from Main Beach...more’n five million, Mickey, just for the land, forget the building. No way that Fifties ranch-style house she had in West Covina could have provided even the down payment. You following me?” She nodded. “So what’s she doing for income?”

“I...I hadn’t thought of that.”

Right! I thought to myself as I folded my hands under the bra that was surely scarring me for life. A beach party in a house that Mrs. Thomas could not possibly have afforded. A bunch of people in drag and *someone* who was making it with my lady. OK, I didn’t know the latter for a fact, but it was that possibility that had forced me into this ridiculous dress. Tonight I’d get some resolution!

“Honey. Mom expects us to stay over.”

“Yeah. Whatever.”

“Relax, I got a complete change of clothes for you in the trunk.”

“Yeah, if I survive that long.” She was going to owe me big time. A chill ran down my spine. If there really was *someone else*...Christ! This was no way to face your opposition. Yeah. But it was the hand I was dealt. I sneaked a peek at my beloved; if she thought that putting me through all of this would stop me from going to the party tonight—well, she was dead wrong. It is amazing what a guy will tolerate to protect what is his.

~oOo~

Small or cheap, it wasn’t! The front of the house sat right against the very edge of the Pacific Coast Highway. Through the open and unguarded double wide front door I could see all the way to the rear of the building. Guests moved about on what had to be a deck at the rear and both my eyes and ears told me, they were a long, long way off. The surf was just barely audible.

There were advantages playing the femme. Poor Mickey had dropped me off at the front door and was beginning what promised to be a long adventure in search of a parking space—parking at the beach was always a bitch. I stood there wishing for pockets in which to shove my hands for about five minutes. I was in no hurry to enter and I had certainly no desire to arrive at the party alone en femme. I tried to lean back on my heels but all I accomplished was to come close to falling on my panty-encased ass. As I reached out to grab the door frame to stop my fall, an equally improbable image appeared.

I could have been transported to some high class brownstone in the heart of New York City, say about nineteen fifty or thereabouts. She was a waif of a creature, much shorter than her five-inch stiletto heels made her appear, complete with a formal, if

outdated, French maid's outfit, the kind of costume that makes one immediately think of sexual fetishes and/or a few select magazines. Her face was in shadows and all I could see was her deep cleavage that quivered from the aftershocks of the just terminated movement. She said something in French which shot right past me, French was never my strong suit. "Ah...er, I'm Damian Knots. My wife, er, Mrs. Thomas' daughter is, ah..." Then, thankfully, I was saved by Mickey's arrival.

With a dismissive wave of Mickey's hand, the French maid pulled back and disappeared into the house and with that same hand, Mickey took my outstretched left hand. "Com'on, dear," she said, "let's find Bill."

"Who was that...?" (I wanted to say "that delightful creature" but now was neither the time nor the place for such a comment). I twisted my head to catch a glimpse of a satin-encased rump jiggling under the flared skirt. Sheer black nylons with a thin black line travelled down those lush stems...but a longer peek wasn't allowed as Mickey all but pulled me off my feet and, with a whirl, we moved through the house.

For the next ten minutes Mickey dragged me about in a rapid series of introductions. I didn't have to do much more than nod and smile as names and faces flashed all too rapidly in, then out, of view. We had yet to see Bill but there was no doubt as to the theme of this little party. There wasn't a single male there who didn't look like I felt, like an uncomfortable man in a dress. Eyes met and exchanged how utterly ridiculous we felt. In contrast, the females seemed at home in their attire. Their voices, obviously female, rose and dominated the several simultaneous conversations that were taking place. And each female seemed intent upon keeping command of her femininely-attired male. Not once did Mickey let go of my left hand except momentarily when formal handshakes were exchanged between her and another female attired in male clothing. I felt like a prized chicken being taken to the market.

Seven-eight couples was my best guess and, other than me, at least six men exposed substantial artificial breasts under low-cut gowns. The fleshy illusion was extraordinary, at least from a distance. Up close, one could ascertain the edge of the covering as it met real flesh. It was all so peculiar. And then finally, in a powerful and very masculine voice, Mrs. Thomas...Bill entered the swirl.

"Greetings!" She/he boomed. She...that is *he*...was handsome. Like a movie star. And the girls, our wives in our clothing, swept around her like she'd just pitched a no-hitter. And just like a gang of girls, there began a lot of hugging and kissing, which, considering the male costumes the gals wore, seemed... all rather out of place.

This love feast continued and did not seem likely to terminate all too quickly. Standing there, not more than three feet away, was another helpless victim. "Damian Knots," I said as I held out my hand. I either hadn't been introduced to this poor male or, in the confusion, I'd already forgotten who he was. It didn't take a good eye to discern his malehood however. Obviously his wife and he were much closer in size and the dress almost fit. But from the top of his man-made cleavage to the square chin, he was no more believable than I. Pain pinched his face and embarrassment bloomed in his eyes.

"Ronald Nixon."

"You're joking," I said. "The same guy that sells cars on TV?"

He shrugged. "It's a living."

"Pretty good one, I bet. You own that dealership, right?"

"Yeah." He shrugged, causing his artificial boobs to dance.

It was obvious that wasn't a direction he wanted to develop further. "Psychologist," I said. I reacted automatically to the abrupt change in his facial expression. "No...relax, not one of them. I teach at the University." Talk about dead-ends, it was obvious that neither of us had anything in common except being here. It was obvious that the last thing he wanted to do was talk to a psychologist, especially dressed like he was. "This whole thing's kind of weird, huh?" I mumbled. But he was already pulling away. So much for small talk, I thought as Mr. Nixon turned and headed awkwardly for the bar like a man wearing unfamiliar high heels, which was exactly the case. That left me standing there in my frock, feeling a tad rejected.

The thought occurred to me, as I watched Nixon escape toward the bar, that getting drunk wasn't all that bad an idea. I started to follow his lead when I came to a fascinated pause. There, framed in the kitchen window to my right that looked out on to the deck, was that delightful piece of fluff in the French maid's costume. For the first time, I could see her face...and a lovely thing it was. Full lips puckered below a small, upturned nose. Brown eyes big enough to steal your heart and the face, taken as a whole, was pretty enough to steal your heart. There was something wickedly sexy about her and then I remembered that cleavage and the wiggly butt above those elegant stems. I pushed past the still-effusive gaggle of females in their male clothing, past Mr. Nixon at the bar on the deck. In a few moments, I was back inside the house and strolling into the kitchen.

Her back was to me but there was still plenty to enjoy. I caught the heavy scent of perfume as she half-turned and almost dropped the tray of cocktails. "Qui?" she said, her eyes wide and a bit timid, which did nothing to attenuate her obvious charm.

"Ah, er, do you speak any English?"

"Anglais, qui. Un peur," she purred like a kitten, I thought. Her anxiety—or was it *interest*—was causing her chest to heave, which in turn pulled my eyes down to that delightful mass of mammary tissue. "Votre espose—la votre femme—she iz ah—close, qui?"

"Femme...ah, you...you mean my wife? Er, sure," I stammered. "But she's kind of occupied right now, if you know what I mean."

"Ce...er, habillement..." she tried again, "Er, dress, qui?"

"Dress we?" I laughed awkwardly. "You mean...this thing? Yeah, it's...my wife's." I flicked at the blue velvet gown with my hand in irritation. Being dressed in drag wasn't likely to aid my seduction of this hot little number but you couldn't damn me for trying.

She sat down the tray and approached me. In fact, she all but pressed herself up against my body. Surprised but pleased, I leaned down to kiss those ripe lips and missed! Or rather, to be completely honest, she avoided my attempted kiss. One arm went around my waist as she pulled my head lower with her other hand and then hur-

riedly whispered in my ear. In French, I guess, or in an accent too heavy for me to understand and then she twisted away and picked up the tray, escaping quite untouched by me. I stood there gaping and puzzled as I watched her sweet behind exit the kitchen and then, all too quickly, Mickey appeared, framed in that same doorway.

“There you are, sweetie. I should have *known*,” she said, raising one of her eyebrows in suspicion.

“What?” I said defensively. And then to change the subject, “You know any French?”

She shrugged, “A little. Need help making time with the servant, we-we?”

“Christ, Mickey...that’s not called for. Does ‘fugitive’ in French mean what it does in English?”

Again she shrugged. “Yeah sure...or as a verb, I think it translates roughly ‘to run away’ like f-u-g-i-t-i-f. Is that what she said?”

“Got me... Probably no green card huh, Mickey? Whatever.” Yeah, that was one possibility. My mind saw another translation. The urgency in her voice might have meant, “Get your ass out of here, pronto. Runaway, runaway!”

Mickey pulled a wig that had been hiding behind her back to the front. “Could you put this on, Hon, just for a few minutes?”

Not that again! I tugged at the wig on my head to make sure it was still there. “I already got one, sweetheart.” There was something in her eyes that said she’d accept no argument. “We’ve already gone over that, Mickey.”

Frustration mixed with anger in her eyes. “Why did you even bother to come here if you weren’t really going to get into the swing of things?”

“Truth?” I said. Now my heart was racing.

“Of course,” she said. Her eyes were unreadable.

“I...I think you are having...an affair.” There! I’d said it! It was out in the open.

Her reaction was not at all what I’d expected; she laughed but there was something of pain, hurt in that short, dry sound. “Me? An affair? Don’t judge *me* by your own failing, you...you...womanizing-bastard!” She said this without yelling which, in itself, was quite a feat. It was more like she was spitting acid.

I spayed out my hands, “Never...”

“Lucy...Tracy...Millie... Should I go on?”

“My graduate student, Millie?” I laughed as if that was the dumbest thing I’d ever heard.

“Oh yeah. A regular Don Juan, my Dr. Knots. I’ve been keeping track of them over the years. Mostly students that you’ve taken advantage of...”

“Never!” I responded hotly. My stomach was doing triple flips. I’d never suspected that she’d known about any of these, er, harmless affairs. Honest to God, they were nothing really serious. I think it was at that moment that my face gave me away.

“TRUTH?” she snapped, her nose not more than two inches from mine. “I’m here to save our marriage, Buster! I have no paramour, no lover except *you*.” She stormed from the kitchen.

I felt about as tall as a cockroach and just about as welcome. Christ, how long had she known? But I knew now that if I didn’t find Mickey and make my peace with her tonight, well, it could get a lot worse. It was at that instant that I realized that I didn’t want to lose her. I really did love her.

The mirror above the sink reflected back my image, a man in his wife’s dress. What did she and her wacko mother expect to accomplish by this...*crap* any way? Some kind of pop psychotherapy, walk a mile in your spouse’s shoes? Something you might find in Better Housekeeping or perhaps Red Book or...it didn’t matter. MOTHER-IN-LAWS!!! Who needs them?

~oOo~

I’d only been in the kitchen a total of five minutes, yet when I rejoined the party on the deck it was obvious that things had gone from bad to worse. There was a tension in the air like that one feels with the approach of a very, very severe thunder storm. The gathering of the wives had ended (along with their happy, excited chatter). As I looked around, I realized my mother-in-law was no where in sight (nor was the French maid). The couples, all strangers to me (and apparently to each other), were now scattered randomly across the deck, tête-à-tête. As parties go, this one was certainly a loser. Just then, Mickey slipped in beside me, her arm went around mine. “Still mad?” I asked without looking down at her. She gave me an encouraging squeeze on my forearm which drew my attention to her face. Her eyes were clear, wide and smiling, but there was also apprehension in that charming face.

“Marriage counseling,” she said.

I rolled my eyes. “Figured as much. I didn’t know your Mom had any training...”

“She doesn’t.”

Great! I thought. “So what happens next?” My stomach took a sour turn. Normally, I would have been out-of-there in an instant. An unlicensed therapist? Worst yet, her Mom had far too much of an ax to grind, having been traded-in by her middle-aged husband for a trophy wife. A classic case of *no objectivity* was rearing its demon head and that, in a therapist, was a potent disaster waiting to happen. On the other hand, what harm could it do? Mickey was still squeezing my forearm. Apparently she was nervous and by biting my tongue and quietly putting up with this shit, well, I was at least buying some bonus points with my gal.

“Every woman here,” Mickey said nodding her head toward the scattered couples, “came to Mom to save their marriage.”

“Uh-huh,” I responded. If I said more I’d be in trouble. “And the men?”

“Guilty as Hell, every one of them.” She pinched my forearm- hard. “Just like you.”

“Ouch!” I replied, but not from the pinch.

“Each woman paid Mom thirty-five thousand dollars to be here tonight.”

Christ-on-a-donkey! I thought. That explains how the old bag could afford this beach house. Didn't someone say there was one born every minute. Well, the former Mrs. Thomas had more than five minutes worth lined up here. I let out a long, low whistle and then, involuntarily, I grunted, “Keeeee-rist!” Which prompted a sharp, hostile glare from my beloved. “Sorry,” I said with a gulp. California was famous for being the home of weirdoes but this took an extra big slice of the cake.

Now she was squeezing my arm really hard like she did when we went on the roller-coaster at Magic Mountain last month—as if she were half-terrified.

“Mickey? What's wrong?”

She turned, looking up into my face, her eyes welling up with tears. “Sympathetic magic. GOD, I think its started! Damian, you got to believe me! Sweetheart, I did it for us, for our marriage, for our babies to come...”

“*Babies?*” I tried to pull away but she just tightened her hold, “Did what...” *I was screaming...Mickey was screaming* Then I was aware *everyone was screaming!* There was a mix of male and female voices as if we'd just descended into the pits of Hell. The sound of damned souls in anguish. Why was I screaming? Imagine being on an elevator that suddenly went into free-fall from, say, fifty stories up. Now imagine the same thing without the elevator. I was still screaming when the ground came up and hit me.

Chapter 2

“You all right?” A male voice boomed from beside and above me.

“Huh?” I opened my eyes only to see the impossible—*me* looking down. Which instantly brought me to the awareness that my “huh” was a full octave too high, like I'd been breathing helium or something. Then came the flood of wrong sensations. There was too many to list and they hit almost in the same instant. Like a deer caught in the headlights, I was mesmerized. I continued to stare at that man looking down at me. A great, big ME.

To say that the dress was no longer obscenely tight or that the bra was no longer empty would be completely beside the point. There was a wrongness, an utter wrongness about *everything*. Of course this wasn't happening because things like this *couldn't* happen. I still had not moved and that image of a really big version of me was still stared at me. And then that frozen moment thawed as I watched *me* begin to examine...himself. Hands went to his chest and then his face as his eyes widened. “Damian, this is really incredible, don't you think?”

My lips felt like pillows as I formed them, “M...Mickey?” The voice I made was soft, feminine and...very alarmed.

The man nodded his head up and down and started to get up, “Damian, let me help you,” he said, reaching for me.

I jerked back. “Don't TOUCH ME!” I shrilled as I rolled to the side and crawled crab-like for a couple of feet away from him—*me*. There was a wobbly, fleshy aspect to my person like the allergic reaction some people get to a bee sting. My ass felt like it was

two yards wide with hips wider still and I had little skinny arms and the hands of a child, except for the long finger nails. I don't know how far I might have crawled had not Mr. Nixon blocked my path.

He was standing there, or rather...*she* was standing there. I realized that all I recognized was the baby blue, off-the-shoulder gown for there was *nothing* there of the man as *she* pulled the front of the gown down and a pair of heavy, middle-aged breasts supported by an industrial-strength bra loomed into sight. Not satisfied, she continued to strip away all of her clothing while she shrilling, "na...na...na...na." Off came the bra and down went those breasts in response to gravity. The frantic man (?) pulled down the lace panties, revealing a thick tangle of dark pubic hair. There was no sign of male genitals which brought me, like a poke in the eye, to my senses.

I still hadn't stood up but I had managed to hike up my long, velvet skirt and yank down my panties. Like a pair of curious children, Ronnie Nixon and I were examining the gashes between our legs. I didn't know about Mr. Nixon, but my gash was all too familiar. I started screaming at, or for, Mickey as Ronnie took up his own plaintive wail. It was a mad house as I slowly became aware of the other transformed men. Odd, but none of the women—er, men—had lost control! DAMN IT! THEY'D KNOWN IN ADVANCE!

I rolled over on my stomach for a few seconds, partly to collect myself and partly to not see what was going on all around me. There were six, no make that seven, couples counting me and Mickey, on the deck. Exactly as many as had been there moments earlier. And the men were, excited, yes, but obviously in control of themselves. The women (and that would include me now), were frantic to the point of insanity. Two half-naked middle-aged women jumped off the deck and ran into the night, one directly toward the groaning surf. The two runners were followed almost immediately by two middle-aged men—their wives? And then there was *Bill* again. I rolled over on my side to listen.

Bill ignore the wild-eyed gals, several of us still screeching and all of us more than half out of our minds, and turned his attention to the remaining five *males*, including my wife Mickey: "You did well."

I glowered at the self-satisfied figure whose back was now turned toward me as I calculated where the knife blade should enter. I pushed myself to my knees and then stood. Everything was wrong. My center of gravity was way, way off. Too much mass from my waist down and no upper body strength. I lurched for the kitchen. There were knives there. My mother-in-law—er, Bill, would not see the dawn of the next day if I had any say in the matter.

I heard Bill's voice, "Child, get her before she hurts herself."

~oOo~

It was only twelve-thirty, the night was still young but Mrs. Thomas' house was already empty. The last of her guests, or should I say satisfied customers? and their new wives, had vacated the premises within an hour and a half of the, ah, *adjustment*. One had to wonder how much money in legal and psychological counseling fees would be

consumed over the next few years. But in my heart of hearts, I didn't think the men—*former men*—had a prayer of obtaining satisfaction. I, for one, would not have believed their story except for having been there myself.

My mother-in-law, curse her soul to Hell and gone, had made a fire in the fireplace in a misguided attempt to cure me of my shivering. There I was, naked, under a blanket, eyes fixed on those dancing jets of fire, alone with my horror. For a while I could hear the two *men* talking in the kitchen amidst dishes clattering and glasses clinking as the last evidence of the party were expunged. Satisfaction in the crime, successfully completed, was evident in my mother-in-law's voice. After expenses, I heard *him* say, he'd net almost two-hundred-thousand dollars. Mickey's voice, though, was far from confident-sounding and, interestingly enough, male only in its tonal qualities. The rest of his speech pattern and content was pure Mickey.

The two of them faded from my awareness as I turned inward to grapple with the impossible. I was Mickey! Bill had held a mirror to my face after my former body presently housing my traitorous wife Mickey had dragged me back into the living room. "Look!" he had commanded. It had been my own wife's face reflected back into my eyes. Of that there was no doubt. I wasn't able to integrate that fact then and now, several hours later, I was still trying to comprehend what had happened. Under the rough blanket, my right hand cupped this improbable breast that felt, in size, at least three times bigger than I'd remembered Mickey's to be. Doubtlessly, my hands were substantially smaller now; that would account for the disparity. It had a weight, a mass far greater than I had remembered but again, that was from a very different perspective. I let it go and it fell, only to be jerked up short. The movement pulled at my chest. There was doubt that it and its twin were integral parts of this flesh. They were twin bulging masses with sensitive caps, nipples, female pricks fully capable of erection, if not ejaculation.

It was my other hand that drew my focus as I parted those lips between my legs for about the twentieth time and began to explore the surprisingly hot interior of my body. It was not, I must repeat, *not* particularly sexy but it was very stimulating. I shivered uncontrollably. An opening into my body! Another mouth? Babies came from such places! Another spasm of shivers overtook me as my hand retreated from that birth canal. Hadn't Mickey said something about making *babies*? Exactly *who* might be making the babies had taken on new meaning. Had that been a threat? I swear that there were muscles inside me that moved at the thought. I shivered again. Those muscles were alien. Their movement was alien and the stimulus that initiated that movement, the thought of babies, was beyond my comprehension. There was a womb that ticked like a time bomb inside me and there was nowhere I could run to escape the blast when it went off.

My mother-in-law Bill had gone over me with a fine toothed comb, in a manner of speaking, some thirty-odd minutes ago. Those exploratory fingers had been the first to be inserted *inside* me. Violated, I'd fought and had been readily defeated as he forced my legs apart, looking for...what? He'd clicked his tongue in a satisfied manner before running his fingers roughly across my clit and then tweaking my left nipple. The cursed thing had responded to that heinous touch. And then he stood up and looked down at me. "You'll be just fine," he said with a laugh and then gave me back the blan-

ket in which I had been coiled when he found me. I remained naked, confused and *female!*

The universe as I'd known it had been destroyed. None of this was even slightly possible and yet it had happened. That's when a cold fear gripped me. My psychic center had been utterly destroyed. I was terrified! If *this* could happen then...a vast universe of uncertainty loomed. I was no longer a man with the illusion that I was in control of my destiny; I had been reduced to a mere leaf whirling about at the mercy of impossible forces.

A hint of perfume, sweet, light and utterly feminine wafted into my semiconscious existence. Then she was there: that bittersweet morsel of bounteous femininity, knees together, a full platter of cleavage placed before my eyes. The French Maid knelt before my huddled body. In a smooth flow of human speech unmarred by a single hard consonant, like a kitten purring, she said something. And then with unexpected suddenness, she brushed my lips with hers. I let the blanket drop away as I reached out and took one of the black curls that hung down her cheek and tugged it slightly, stopping her escape.

My lips met hers. She resisted me not nor did she respond as I kissed her. Full lips upon full lips. It was still, just sweet lightness until, my tongue, unbidden, unthought thrust into her hot mouth. Then, like a creature awakened, she responded, crushing my lips with hers. Tongue met tongue and hers swept mine aside, probing deep into my throat. The twin pricks on my breasts knotted into diamond hardness and, between my legs, an alien wetness gushed.

She broke away from me, eyes wide. She stumbled in hasty retreat as that wetness between my legs bloomed and moistened those lower lips and my nipples glowed in impatient expectation. Those alien muscles of my womb hummed eagerly. She'd left as she'd come, abruptly.

"Mickey?" I croaked.

There at the entrance stood Mickey in my stolen body. A hint of red in his cheeks. His eyes electric. "I find that neither erotic nor...hopeful."

"Christ-in-a-wheelchair!" I muttered.

"MAAAA-THER!" My former body yelled, head back and mouth wide open. He started again, "MAAAA-"

"Enough already!" Bill swept down the hall, having just left his bed room. If there had been any doubt in my mind regarding my mother-in-law's *maleness*, that issue had forever been dispelled. The terrycloth bath robe hung open as 'he' responded to his daughter's cry. Amidst brown and gray public hair hung a whopper of a hose. He caught my eye staring at his thing and he hastily pulled the robe shut.

"He was...he was kissing that...that *woman!*" Mickey hissed like an overheated engine.

"Michelle?" Bill said, though it sounded more like "Meeee-shall".

Mickey's glower only seemed to intensify. "The slut!"