



*Reluctant Press*

# Allison In Wonderland

Allison Makkonen



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI*

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# ALLISON IN WONDERLAND

## ONE IN A MILLION CHANCE OF THIS HAPPENING TO YOU

By Allison Makkonen

### Chapter 1

God, I'm tired, nothing has been up to par today. First the elevators broke down this morning and I had to decide if I was going to climb the ten floors of steps to get to work on time or be late hoping they would suddenly start working again. Being a loyal employee, I climbed them floor by floor and arrived at my office door at eight AM sharp.

Feeling proud of myself, I went into the break room and poured myself a cup of hot coffee and grabbed a Danish on my way back to my office. I love an apple Danish since I don't stop for breakfast in the morning. Sitting at my desk, I took a large bite; it was hard as a rock. "That's just great," I mumbled to myself. I kept telling myself this was not necessarily a sign of how the whole day was going to go. Gnawing my way through my Danish, like a beaver gnaws his way through a hard log, I finished it and got to work.

Checking my messages, my secretary called, informing me she was unable to make it in since her pregnant daughter had gone into labor early that morning. My boss informed me the project deadline had been moved up a week and to top it off, my ex-wife left a message that she hasn't received her monthly alimony check.

Turning to my drafting board which faced a clear, cool October morning. The warm rays of the sunlight shining through the large plate glass window of the skyscraper felt good and almost made me forget the rotten morning. Humming

along with the tunes from the oldies station, I was amazed how easily ideas flowed through my fingers. I felt the deadline could be met.

Working fast and efficiently, I decided to stop and get another coffee. After pouring another cup, I sipped it and spit it out in the sink. *Nothing I hate worse than baked coffee*, I scowled to myself. I guess if I want another cup of decent coffee, I'm going to have to be the sap that makes another pot. Coffee boiling, I told myself to relax and tried to convince myself things had to get better. Waiting for the coffee to perk, I pulled up a chair and browsed the morning journal looking for some news worth reading about. Shootings, airline crashes, interest rates on the climb. Ugh, put it away.

Back at my desk, I busied myself and soon the songs on the radio had me tapping my foot against my chair. "Yes," I whispered, "you are cooking now. Maybe the boss might even consider a bonus if I got the Johnson contract finished ahead of the deadline. I didn't realize time had slipped by. "My God," I mumbled, "it's lunchtime already." I was beside myself that the day was half-over and it was Friday.

Walking down the hall, I bumped into Bozo the Clown. "Oh my gosh," I said, "I forgot today was Halloween!" Tweaking his nose with a honk, I continued down the hall to the elevator.

With a ding the doors opened and I stepped in to ride the 14 floors to the ground level. There is a quaint little café that serves great salads. Gracie, my usual waitress, came up and smiled. "OK, turkey, and another salad with ranch dressing again?" she asked, bending over and giving me a peck on the cheek.

Smiling, I told Gracie she really knew how to make a hard-working person feel appreciated. Popping her gum like an old time waitress, she retorted, "There's no turkey other than you I would rather serve on a special occasion!" Laughing, she brought my glass of tea, after handing my order in to the kitchen. Still smiling, she brought my salad.

"What's so amusing?" I asked

"Nothing, just heard a good one from the cook" she said with a big smile spread across her face. Cautiously, I started eating. Something moved.

Jumping up, I yelled at Gracie, "Something in my salad is moving. "

Gracie laughed and said, "Oh, stop making a fool of yourself. "

Embarrassed, I sat down to finish my lunch. There it went again. My salad started wiggling again. Aggravated, I lifted each leaf and then it popped out of my bowl. Everyone behind the counter was just roaring. Gracie had slipped a rubber pop-up black spider into my food. Sitting there red-faced as a rose, I couldn't decide whether to join in on the joke.

Gracie said, "I told you, I would rather serve a big turkey like you. " Gently kissing my forehead and giving my ponytail a little tug, she went and brought me another salad. I left a real wooden nickel I had saved for a situation such as this.

I hurried out the door, I wanted to be on the elevator before she discovered my tip. With a ding the doors opened. I jumped on.

With the doors closing, I caught a glimpse of Gracie trying to catch the elevator before it went up. Echoing all the way up the elevator shaft, I heard Gracie's threat. "Don't turn your back, turkey, I am going to get you. "

Stopping off in the men's room, I had to cast a ballot. I couldn't believe the place was vacant. Butterflies tickling my stomach, I unbuckled my trousers and let them slip slowly up and down the panty hose I had put on that morning. As I was doing a little dance in front of the mirror, enjoying the silky feel, the door to the men's room opened.

Startled, I stood there as Pete from down the hall entered humming, then asked, "What's shaking Al?"

"Me I think," I said, trying to answer him while composing myself. With a confounded look on his face, he just shrugged and went into the stall. Buckling my belt, I made a hasty retreat back to my office. Plopping down into my chair, I noticed it was getting chilly in my office. Looking out the window, I saw the sky turning gray. Slipping on a sweater, I continued working on the Johnson project. I prayed luck was going to change for me the rest of the day. My mind began to wonder about the Halloween bash to take place that night.

As I was wondering what I was going to wear, the phone rang. It was Gracie, still whining about the tip I had left her. She said she was also going to the Halloween bash. She asked me what I was going as. Unsure, I asked her what she was going as so I could look for her. She said she was going as Elvira. I told her I would scope her out and we would go from there.

Hanging up, I glanced at the clock and realized it was already three-thirty. Back to work, I couldn't believe I had wrapped-up drafting the final specs on the project. Satisfied it was the best I could do, I rolled it up and slipped it into a tube. I called the boss and asked if he could take a look at my finished project.

Jeff looked over the changes and, with a big grin, complemented me on a job well done. He said he would make plans to meet with the Johnson bunch to finalize the project.

Back in my office, the clock chimed five o'clock. Turning off the lights, I bid everyone to have a good weekend and watch out for all the little witches and goblins tonight.

At the elevator, a repairman working on the equipment said it was going to be at least thirty minutes before he could get it up and running again. "Damn," I muttered to myself, "I guess I am going to have to hike the stairs to the parking garage. "

Huffing and puffing, I opened the exit door leading into the garage and climbed into my 1969 Shelby Mustang. God, I love the rumble of the 351 Cleveland motor when it's fired up! Feeling cocky, I smoked my tires up the ramp and out into the street. Fishtailing, I pointed it in the direction of the Interstate.

After entering the ramp of I-25, it wasn't long before I came to a complete stop. The eye-in-the-sky traffic reported an accident a little ways down the highway from where I was. Figuring it might be a while; I cracked the window and lit up a cigarette. Mmm, it tasted great after not having one all day. Inhaling and leaning back in the seat, I stared off at the mountains. Big dark clouds began to filter quickly over the mountains and were rolling right over the top of the city. The five o'clock weather report called for a chance of rain mixed with snow for tonight and throughout the weekend.

Looking over at the eastbound traffic as it flowed smoothly and unobstructed, I wished that my side would also start rolling along. Little drops of rain began to form on my windshield, then they turned into big drops. The cool rain caused me to turn up the heat in the car and roll up my side window. Some relaxing tunes were playing so I lay back and let the rain fall.

Finally the traffic started moving and I merged into the right lane so I could exit as soon as possible. Merging over as quickly as I could, I got off ten exits from home. By now the rain was turning to snow. The roads were slushy but not slick yet. Light after light, I grew closer to my domicile. Two blocks from home was a fantastic BBQ drive-in; I decided at the last minute to stop there to keep from having to cook dinner. In and out and I was almost home.

Turning down my street, I caught a glimpse of determined ghosts and goblins braving the snow to get bags full of goodies to feast on before bedtime. Turning into the driveway, I clicked my automatic door opener and pulled into a warm, dry garage.

Thankful I didn't have to brave the cold, I picked up my fast food and retired into the house. Sitting down in my recliner, I pulled up the TV tray and turned on the television to catch some news and weather. Outside the large picture window, it looked more like Christmas than Halloween.

While devouring the BBQ I love so much, the news informed me that this front was some strange weather pattern, coming down from Canada that doesn't happen but every five to six years. I wanted to hear more, but the doorbell rang out, driving me from my comfy recliner. Grabbing the candy bowl, I opened the door to the sound of chattering little teeth screaming, "TRICK OR TREAT"

As little red noses sniffled from the frosty night air blowing across them, the determined little demons of the night each grabbed a handful of candy bars and suckers. With a loud, "THANK YOU!" they shuffled through the thickening white powder to the next house.

## Chapter 2

After looking at the clock on the mantle, I figured I better go decide what to wear tonight. What I was going as was not the question, but how I wanted to look when I stepped out. Opening the closet door, I yelled, "Allison it is time to come out and play. "

I love Halloween since I never step out in public as Allison, the inner half of my personality. I made this holiday an excuse to strut my stuff without the fear of re-

taliation or criticism from people. My transgenderism had a lot to do with my wife and I divorcing. She figured there wasn't enough room in one house for two women. My mistake was not telling her when we first met and let her make up her mind about whether she could accept it or not. It took her catching little hints here and there to finally figure it out. Once confronted, I felt relieved, knowing the secret was finally revealed. I did have to give her credit for trying to cope with and adjust to this lifestyle.

OK, do I want to do the little French maid outfit with fishnet hose and black garter belt? I was able to get by with that kind of hose since I keep my legs closely shaved and creamed.

"Maybe I'll go as a two-dollar hooker with lots of colorful make-up." Well, since I don't think I will attempt the costume contest, I guess I will just go as my female self, Allison.

One thing I am happy to say, my ex-wife did take the time to teach me to properly apply my make-up. No need for a wig since I had let my hair grow long for just such an occasion. I did need to turn on the hot rollers, though, so they'd be ready.

Now lets see, what would Allison like to wear on this snowy night? She suggested a black leather skirt with a gorgeous white turtle cashmere sweater to ward off the cold. A matching black leather trench coat and a pair of flashy stiletto knee high boots. With everything laid out, I went and switched off the tube and put on the oldies station. Bouncing to the music, I pulled back my bangs and applied my make-up. I bounced up and down with excitement about getting dressed up. I bounced so hard the rollers began falling from my head like pinecones from a tree.

Putting on a sexy lace panties and a pair of lace thigh-highs, my head was swimming with excitement once again. I hooked up a matching bra and inserted my D-size silicon breasts into the cups. I love the way they bounce and move and look so natural under my clothes. I was getting antsy to get to the party. Clothes on, all I needed now was the gold. A long pair of dangling earrings and a thin necklace with a brooch on it and I was ready to go.

Grabbing my sequined purse, I loaded it with money, got to have money. I placed in it my ID, which I had made especially for such occasions. Other essentials were keys to the hotrod and a little extra make-up for touch-up.

I had turned off my porch light to keep from getting interrupted while I was transforming. As soon as I switched it back on to serve as a night-light while I was gone, the doorbell rang. Scared to answer it; I stood there a minute to compose myself. It rang again. Only this time the person or persons on the other side of the door began ringing it over and over again. Aggravated, I flung the door open and yelled "TRICK OR TREAT YOURSELF. Now go away!"

Red-faced I looked up and there stood Gracie with a humongous smile on her face and, it looked like, little else. I was embarrassed that Gracie caught me dressed as a woman.

“Well, aren’t you going to ask me in?” she said, teeth chattering. I motioned her in. “My, don’t you look different than you did at lunch?” she teased. “I would have not suspected you of this, however I find it very appealing on you,” Gracie said. As I was catching my breath for a moment to comment, she flung open her trench coat and I lost it again. Standing there with just a leather corset and a pair of short hot pants on, she twirled around so I could see her hose and garters and a pair of thigh-high lace-up boots.

To top off the ensemble, she drew out a long leather whip. I finally caught my breath and asked her why she was here and not at the party already. She replied, “After you stiffed me with that wooden nickel tip, I decided that, since the roads are bad, YOU could drive me to the party.”

Laughing, I asked her if she wouldn’t rather go with some masculine-looking person instead. No, she said, “I kind of swing toward the ladies occasionally and tonight you fit the bill nicely.” She then leaned over and gave me a swift kiss on the lips and swatted my leather behind. I was happy to have the company so we turned off the lights and jumped into the Mustang.

Instead of allowing me to open the car door for her, she jumped ahead of me, walking out the pantry door into the garage. She grabbed the door handle on the driver’s side and motioned me in. I giggled a little to myself; I kind of enjoyed the attention Gracie was giving me. Little did I suspect what was about to happen.

Gracie sat down and closed the door; I inserted the key and turned the motor over. The car vibrated as all its glorious power came to life. Gracie rubbed her bottom into the seat as the motor started to excite her like a cheap vibrator.

Watching her was a turn-on and I raced the motor a few more times. She looked at me coyly and lightly punched me in the arm when she realized what was going on. Both of us laughed as I punched the garage door opener and we backed out into the snowy Halloween night. Sliding backward down the driveway, I quickly became aware just how slick this venture was going to be. The transmission slipped into drive as the wide tires fought for something to grab onto. With a little coaxing, we began to move ahead. I quickly moved into the track a previous car had made earlier and headed for the club.

Realizing this normally short jaunt across town was going to take a some time, Gracie reached into her purse and pulled out a couple of miniature whiskey bottles. I teased her, saying, “Didn’t you learn in Driver’s Ed. you aren’t suppose to drink and drive?”

She retorted, “How do you expect me to take advantage of your cute little butt if I can’t get you drunk?” Opening it, I chugged down the bottle in one swig.

Handing her the empty, I said, “Please, may I have another?”

I knew Gracie was a big tease at the café with the customers, however, I never figured her to be quite so forward. Sliding up to a stoplight we saw a car slide into a sideways skid until it came to rest against a light pole. Watching to see if the occupants were alright, we waited until it spun its tires, skidded around and continued on its merry way.



“By the way, what do you call yourself when you are dressed out like that?” Gracie asked me.

“Why do you ask?” I teased with her.

“I just want to know what name to scream when I’m having an orgasm hopefully. ”

Getting rather hot and bothered, I prayed we would get to the club soon since I was sitting on an uncomfortable “situation. ”

“Allison, “I told her.

“Sounds like a sweet little name to call you,” she cooed. “That is what I am going to call you from now on, even at the café,” she said, giggling.

“Now let’s not get carried away,” I stuttered uncomfortably.

Still giggling, she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and said, “I am just kidding. ” Letting out a sigh, she said, “Well maybe, we’ll see. ”

Wondering if I had opened Pandora’s box, I didn’t know if spending the rest of the evening with someone so blatantly open-minded was a good idea. I am normally a very keep-to-myself type of guy, uh, girl.

Up ahead, the club’s sign was lighting up the snowy, foggy night. Gracie asked, “We’re here already? I was enjoying our little time together. ”

I said, “Oh, I bet you are going to really enjoy all the celebration. ”

“I always do,” she retorted.

Pulling a U-turn. I eased the car into the parking lot, looking for a close-in place to park. I didn’t feel like seeing if I could slide up to the front door in spiked boots. Fortunately a car had just moved and it was as close to the entrance as I could have hoped for. It seemed like all sort of costumed people were coming out of nowhere.

Gracie was so caught up in the moment; she was like a little kid who couldn’t wait to get to the party. She said, “You stay right there. ” She slid out of the passenger seat, came around to the driver’s door and helped me out.

“Thank you,” I said as she took my hand and helped me out.

“You’re welcome,” she said with a quivering excited voice. She then snapped my butt with the grip to her long whip. “Go, girl!” she said in a commanding voice.

She asked me to come close. I thought she was going to give me another kiss, but she pulled out a silver studded collar and put it around my neck. I began to protest. I tried to take it off, she told me to not even bother. She had padlocked it on. “No, no, I don’t get into shit like this,” I protested.

Once again in a soothing voice, she whispered, “How do you expect me to keep all the other flirts from bothering you tonight? After all, how do I know you won’t find someone else in there and leave me all by myself?”

I assured her she would not having a hard time finding someone else she could lock up for her enjoyment. Her nibbling on my ear and gently blowing in it caused me to have goose bumps up and down my spine. Gracie cooed. "I don't want anyone else, you're the one that has turned me on tonight. "

Knowing I couldn't keep up the protesting, I let out a sigh and nodded. Gracie laughed and snapped a silver chain leash onto the collar and snapped, "Now trot, my lovely little tart. " I was humiliated and totally embarrassed as we started to walk into the nightclub.

Before we entered the door, we stopped. She gently grabbed my cheeks, looked into my eyes and said, "Remember, my little Allison, you behave like a good girl and I might make all your dreams come true. "

I figured she meant we would be together in bed tonight. Thinking about that, I smiled and nodded OK. Giving my leash a soft tug, she said, "Good, I am glad we understand each other. "

### Chapter 3

Walking into the club, I could feel everyone's excitement. The crowd had formed a long line to get in. I didn't mind, because the heat was thawing out my cold nose and body. I still sometimes forget how the winter breeze has a tendency to filter up one's skirt and chill one's private parts.

I felt kind of neglected as we stood in line waiting to make our way in. I was beginning to get annoyed with this master/slave gig. I looked over at Gracie and the long blond hair flowing down the back of her trench coat. Then I noticed her more than ample breasts in her corset. I was always attracted to her so I calmed down and decided to let her play.

The music was really going and it was only eight o'clock. I started to sway to the beat, hoping we would get in soon. While I was standing there, an attractive middle-aged guy came over and introduced himself as Nick. He asked me if I was there alone I jingled the leash Gracie had me on and smiled sheepishly.

"Looks kind of uncomfortable," he commented.

I whispered, " It's not my idea, I'm humoring a friend. "

At that time, Gracie stopped looking around and noticed me conversing with Nick. "Who is this little creature trying to mess with you?" she demanded. I introduced her to Nick. After the introductions, Gracie told him, "It's nice to meet

you, but as you can see, Allison is with me.” She was not nice to him about it either. Glaring at her, Nick made a hasty retreat.

Before he left, he whispered in my ear, “If you can break loose from the Dragon Lady, come join me at the bar and I’ll buy you a drink.”

I briefly nodded, then Gracie waved her whip in his face and yelled, “No, go!”

She angrily questioned me, “Why are you messing around with ground beef when you are with Prime Grade A steak?” I told her she wasn’t talking to me so I found someone else who would.

“By the way, who or what are you looking so intently for anyway?” I asked, taking my turn to question her.

About that time, a tall, slender blond man came running up to Gracie and gave her a hug. He was dressed as a surgeon getting ready to perform an operation. He looked over at me, smiled strangely and asked Gracie who her friend was. “Never mind, you ole whore dog,” she told him, “Get us in before the party is over.” And that he did. We moved up and in ahead of everyone else. How we did that, I don’t know. I figured we would cause a riot doing something like that.

I was impressed what the decoration crew had done with the place. There were spider webs hanging all around and fog flowing at our feet. Orange-lighted pumpkins decorated the bar and tables nicely. The waitresses were all decked out in Playboy bunny outfits in a rainbow of different shiny colors. Everywhere you looked there were vampires of different shapes and sizes. A couple of Frankensteins were even hitting their heads on the low ceiling of the dance floor. Every place in the bar had people dressed outlandishly, hoping to grab some of the prize money in the costume contest.

Gracie led me to an open barstool and ordered me a drink. She told me to relax here for a bit and that she would return shortly. She and her “Doctor” friend scurried off into the crowd. As soon as they left, Nick, who had been in the shadows watching what was going on, shuffled up to the stool I was sitting on. With a big grin on his face he said, “I see your keeper has dumped you off.”

“Yes, for how long I can’t say, but will you please help me out of this stupid dog collar?” I asked him, tugging on it.

Shaking his head, he said, “The only way you are going out of it is if you have a spare key or know one of these people who is a lockpicker.”

I was beginning to get claustrophobic and wanted to cry, but didn’t want to do it in front of someone I had just met. Calming myself, I looked at Nick and smiled. “I don’t mean to pop your bubble, but I am not really into being with a man,” I softly said.

“Not even for a drink?” he asked, returning my smile.

I said, “You know what I mean. Sexually.”

“I know,” he said laughing, “I’m not either, but you looked like you really needed a friend out in the hallway.” With that straightened out, I began to relax and enjoy the company and the drink.

Nick asked me how I managed to get tangled up with a wildcat like Gracie I explained that we were acquaintances from the café on the ground floor of the office building in which I worked. I told him how I stiffed her with a wooden nickel for putting a rubber spider in my salad.

“So here I am, chained up like a dog,” I said, shaking my silver dog leash.

“Some fitting revenge for a wooden nickel, wouldn’t you say?” Nick laughed and asked me if he couldn’t buy me a drink. I told him it would be great since it didn’t look like I was going very far very soon. After some pleasant conversation and halfway through my second drink, I felt a tug on my leash.

“Look who’s back in town; it’s the Dragon Lady,” Nick coolly commented.

She scowled at him and said, “I told you once tonight to leave her alone, and I’m not going to ask you again. ”

Hands held up in front of himself, Nick said, “You don’t have to ask twice. I hope I never meet up with you again.” Gracie looked over in the direction of her friend’s table.

Nick turned around and said in a loud enough voice for Gracie to hear, “Don’t worry, pretty Allison, I will rescue from the Dragons lair tonight. ”

Turning back around, Gracie growled and gave me a sharp tug on my collar. “Come on, Allison, you’ve been a bad, bad girl,” she barked as she led me away from the bar.

I asked her as she led me away, “Aren’t we suppose to be festive tonight and have a good time?”

Stopping and facing me she said, “You are, you just don’t know it yet. ” I asked her the same question again. Walking me up to her friend’s table, she told me to button it.

Gracie began to introduce her friend Mark, the “doctor,” who as it turned out, really was a plastic surgeon. Next to him, a petite redhead dressed in a sexy nurses outfit, Marcie, who also was Mark’s real assistant. Mark then introduced the two ladies down the table as Erica and Evet. Erica had coal black long hair and Evet was a platinum blond done in a China Doll cut.

Both smiled and said hello, then looked away as though they didn’t want anything to do with me. For some reason I felt these two women and I had a lot in common. I would find out more than I cared to later on.

Gracie and I sat down at the table and Mark didn’t waste anytime striking up a conversation. He asked me what I did for a living. I told him I worked for the second largest architect firm in the city.

He asked, “Doesn’t doing the same thing day in and day out get rather monotonous?”

I replied, “Yes, it does once in a while, but I work with a great bunch of guys there and that helps. ” I continued, “When things begin to get like that, we take turns covering each other so we can have some extra time off. ”

“You’re right,” he said, “it can get tiring day in and day out. That is why I have a second business I can dabble in when I am not in surgery and make a few extra dollars for pocket change. Speaking of dollars,,” Mark said, “how about your salary, is it adequate?” I told him I was not well-off by any means; I could pay my bills, eat and have enough left over to have a little fun.

Mark then asked me, “Are you allowed to go to work dressed as Allison?”

“No way, no how,” I told him. I continued, “I only go out like this on special occasions and tonight is one of them.” I explained to him that I didn’t think the firm was quite ready for a transgendered drafts person.

Gracie was intently listening to the conversation, smiling as though she had heard it all before. I asked her in a little sweet voice, “Would you get me another drink and then dance with me?”

Mark nodded and she then said, “Come on. ”

Walking up to the bar, I asked her why she asked Mark for his okay. She said, “You wouldn’t understand, so stop asking questions. ”

Having had enough of this attitude, I jerked the leash out of her hand and said, “I am sick of this I-am-not-supposed-to-know-anything crap from you and your friends. ”

She tried to grab it back and said, “You don’t know what you could be missing out on, so please Allison, don’t act like this now in public. ” Madder than hell, I stormed off in the direction of the bathrooms. A hand reached out, grabbed me and dragged me into the men’s bathroom.

In front of me stood the biggest, creepiest-looking rat with big ears and a tail a mile long. In his hands, he held two needle size tools. Now I don’t normally freak out over stuff, but with the night I was having? I opened my mouth to scream when Nick put his hand over my mouth and told me everything was going to be okay and to relax. Spinning around to ask what was going on, I didn’t have a chance to speak before the dog collar fell to my feet on the floor.

I was shaking like a leaf as Nick said to me, “Sorry to scare you like this, but I did promise to save you from the Dragon Lady. ” Nick slipped the rat a five-dollar bill and the rat and the bill disappeared back into the bar. “That is one of the best locksmiths in town,” Nick said.

“How did you find him?” I asked? He said something about how it was funny how you bump into people just when you need them for such a situation. I told Nick to meet me at the bar; I had something to do first.

Making my way through the crowd that seemed to double in size since I came in, I was looking to give Gracie back her lock and chain. She was shocked and asked, “How. . . who got the collar off of you?”

“Never mind how,” I said, “I’m glad it’s off so I can be rid of you and your crap once and for all.”

Tears began to roll down her cheeks when she asked, “How am I going to get home tonight?”

“That’s your problem to figure out when the time comes, take a cab,” I said as I walked away.

Mark asked Gracie, “It doesn’t look like your friend Allison is going to join in my little escapade, is she?”

Wiping her tears, she whispered, “I don’t give up that easy, you leave her to me. I’ll have her curious by tomorrow. ”

Nick had already hooked up with a couple of party gals, one dressed as Little Bo Peep and the other as the lovely bad wolf. After the introductions, we partied till the cows came home. By the way, the Rat won first place in the costume contest.

As the evening wound down, I bid farewell to my newly-acquired friends and headed out the door. Standing there in the snow, shivering by my car was Gracie, her eyes red from crying. I walked up and gave her a hug and asked her why she was crying. Lips quivering, she said, “I have no way home.”

“What about your friends?” I asked. Still sobbing she said, “They weren’t going that way and the weather was too bad to go out of their way.”

“Some friends,” I said shaking my head in disgust. I motioned her to the car and told her if she promised to leave her whips and chains in her purse, I would take her home.

Running up to me, she said, “I promise.” I asked her if she just wanted to leave her car at my house for the night and she could get it in morning when the storm had subsided.

“No,” she said, “I would kind of like to stay at your house instead. I’m not cheap but I can be had,” she said in a soothing voice.

## Chapter 4

Both of us were standing out in the snow freezing like two Popsicles, I suggested it would be a tad warmer in the car than standing out in the cold. “You’re not just whistling Dixie, Boo Boo,” she said, shivering. I slid into the seat and fired up the cold motor. Dependable as it was, I knew the car would be warm in just a few minutes.

Waiting for the snow to melt off the windshield, I asked Gracie what Mark’s second job was? She said it wasn’t anything special. Gracie apologized for being so mean to me tonight. “I get carried away playing a dominating woman,” she said, hanging her head in shame.

“No one got hurt and everything turned out fine anyway,” I said.

Just then a large amount of snow rolled off the roof and windshield. It was enough so that we could head for home. Pulling the shifter into reverse, I leaned over to look behind me. Gracie grabbed me and preceded to give me a big, wet kiss. It seemed like an eternity before she slid back down into her seat. Maintaining the position, I eased out of the parking space. The tires spun a bit trying to find a bare piece of asphalt to grab on. Knowing it was going to take some time going back across town, I figured I needed to say something to Gracie to break the quiet.

“I really enjoyed that kiss back there,” I told her. “I don’t think anyone has kissed me like that since my ex-wife.” She smiled and leaned over so she could have her arm around me.

“Are you going to let me spend the night with you?” she whispered in my ear.

Coyly I said, “I couldn’t be held responsible for my behavior if you do. I have a nice soft bed in the guestroom if you like,” I said teasingly.

“I can’t do that” she retorted, “I get cold and need a warm body to curl up with.”

Since my divorce became final, I hadn’t been with another woman; the idea of having Gracie in my bed scared the hell out of me. I noticed her yawning and hoped maybe all we would do was fall asleep in each other’s arms.

God, it was nice to see the house as I pulled up into the driveway. The garage door lifted, I pulled in, shut off the motor and sat there for a moment. “I’m tired,” I told Gracie, “I think I could sleep all week-end.”

“Sorry darling, you have the rest of your life to sleep” she scolded me; “The night has only just begun.” Gracie ran into the house, saying she had to use the bathroom. I held back for a few minutes, dreading how I might perform tonight. In the bedroom, there was just a dim light emitting from the bathroom. There on the bed with nothing on more than a smile was Gracie. She was a Goddess; her body was beautiful and her legs were long and flawless. Her ample breasts stood out as to say, “Take me, I am yours.”

I started undressing when Gracie said, “Leave your hose, bra and panties on, you’re beautiful like that.” I did as she requested and laid down into her open arms. We embraced each other for what seemed like an eternity and French-kissed, taking turns exchanging our tongues in each other’s warm mouth.

I broke the kiss when I started sliding my tongue down to her neck and around her ear. She moaned happily while I did this. She grabbed my head and gently pushed my warm mouth down to her nipples to be nibbled and caressed. They were so soft. Gracie was pleading with me to move down between her legs.

Moaning, she cried, “Make me come with your tongue.” I readily obliged her and soon, with a little tickling on her clitoris from my tongue, she began to or-

gasm. She grabbed my head and bucked wildly screaming, "Oh Allison, don't stop, it feels so good."

After she came, she pulled me up and rolled me over on my back. With an eerie, wild look in her eyes, she leaned up and kissed me again. She then moved down, slowly licking and kissing, same as I had done to her. She moaned when she squeezed my breasts in my bra, like they were real. She reached down and took my manhood in her hand, then gently slid my penis into her mouth.

She ran her tongue over the head of it and slid her hand up and down my wet shaft. I felt like coming. I screamed, "No Gracie, I'm not ready to come. "

Smiling, she rolled over on to her back and said, "Welcome, the door is open." That is exactly what I did. I was able to maintain long enough to let her have two more wrenching orgasms before I finally let loose and had one like I had never experienced before. I rolled over. We both were gasping for breath

I kissed her again while her warm naked body lay next to mine. "I don't know about you, but that took everything out of me," I whispered in her ear.

She leaned up and looked at me and said, "That was fantastic, but we're not through, we still have all night to go." She giggled as I grabbed her and away we went yet again.

I don't remember what time we finally got off to sleep, however I know I must have been smiling from ear to ear. I woke up and it was still dreary outside. I looked over. Gracie was still asleep in my arms. I slowly moved my arm out from underneath her so I could get up and make some coffee. The clock said nine-thirty.

Looking in the mirror, I saw I was a mess. I had forgotten to take my make-up off. Smiling, I brushed my hair out, which still had curl in it from last night. I went into the bathroom to put on my warm fuzzy robe and repair my make-up. I turned up the heater to ward off the night chill.

In the kitchen, I filled the coffee maker with water and coffee, took out some bacon and eggs and placed them on the counter. I started some bacon frying while I took out some orange juice to fill a pitcher with. Bacon done, I fried up some eggs and made some toast. I dug out a bed-serving tray and placed everything on it, including a plastic rose in a vase and headed to the bedroom. I opened the curtains so we could look out at the snow.

Gracie's eyes slowly started to open. I leaned over and gave her a kiss good morning. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she asked, "Is that what I think I am smelling?"

"Maybe," I said teasingly as I set the tray in front of her. "You know," she said, "I have never had someone serve me breakfast in bed. You're too special," she said with a tear rolling down her cheek.

"Eat up," I said. She insisted on giving me another of her spectacular kisses. That made it all worthwhile.



While she ate, I crawled back under the soft warm covers and we talked. She told me she had been on her own since her early teen years. She was forced to get tough to make it on her own. She told me that was why she had a tendency to be so overbearing at times. "I guess I let it go to my head last night," she said apologetically.

I asked her how she was able to make it on the money she made from working at the café. She said, "I help Mark working afternoons as his receptionist and I also help him with his side business.

"I am glad you brought that up," I said. "I'm curious why a successful surgeon with a elite clientele would mess around with another business." I kept trying to press her for more information.

Gracie said, "It's nothing really, just something he likes to do," avoiding answering any of my questions. "Mark thought you were really attractive last night and said he could make you into a real masterpiece if you were ever interested."

Lifting her tray away, she asked if I had another robe she could slide into. Setting the tray down on the dresser, I walked into the closet and brought out another fuzzy robe. Sliding the robe on, she insisted on straightening up the kitchen. I caught a glimpse out the front window of her Lincoln sitting in the street buried under all the snow that fell the night before.

While Gracie loaded the dishwasher, I poured us each another cup of coffee. Finishing up, we moved into the dining room and sat down at the table. I asked, "After I finish my coffee, would you like me to shovel out your Lincoln and warm it up?"

Gracie said, "If you're in a hurry to get rid of me, that would be fine. However, I don't have anything special to do today." She continued, "As long as you don't mind, I am perfectly content to stay here with you." I told her she could stay as long as she liked.

Getting up and pouring us another cup of coffee, I suggested we start a fire in the fireplace and load up the DVD player with some classics and snuggle on the sofa. She said she was all for that on one condition. I had to ask her what that was. Gracie said, "I made love to Allison last night. That is who I would like to spend the rest of the day with." I told her that I didn't think there was going to be any problem there.

With the fireplace roaring, we decided to curl up on a blanket where we could see my big screen Television. Thankful to be where it was warm and with an attractive companion, my day was complete.

We had barely gotten into the movie before I heard a soft, steady breathing coming from Gracie. She must have been exhausted from last night and had fallen asleep. I laid back and watched the new snowfall while she slept in my arms. It wasn't long before I joined her in slumber.

I woke to the sound of voices from the television; I didn't know how long I had been asleep. The fireplace needed another log. I gracefully maneuvered my way free to stoke the fire back up. I turned down the TV so it wouldn't wake Gracie. I

decided I needed another cup of coffee to ward off the sleep. Pouring a cup, I glanced at the clock which read three PM. That was quite a nap. Gracie was still dozing peacefully in the living room.

I looked outside to see how the roads were. Judging from the snow still packed on them, I decided going out to dinner was out of the question. I opened the freezer to see what I could fix for dinner. Bent over, busy shuffling things around, I felt two hands grab my butt cheeks. I don't know why, but I nearly jumped through the top of the freezer.

Leaning against the cabinets, Gracie could hardly compose herself. I grabbed two T-bone steaks, spun around and pushed them straight up inside her robe. Instantly going from laughter to screaming, Gracie tried to get me to take them out. Looking at her devilishly, I pulled them out. I asked her if she had officially gotten enough sleep? "As much as I know," she said, sexily rubbing her body and stretching.

She asked, "What's for dinner? I could eat a horse."

"I kind of planned on having you as appetizer, main course and dessert," I spouted out loud, not thinking what I was saying.

Gracie smiled and taunted me, "Come on girl, and let's see if you still have it." Before I could move, she was already in the bedroom, had dumped her robe and sprang into bed.

I couldn't believe it. Here I was, delving into the private areas of a woman who, until recently, I had only known on a first-name basis. I was caressing her slender, well-maintained body. I massaged her all over, making her moan with anticipation and desire. It didn't take long before we both rolled over, breathing heavily.

"Damn," I said, "I haven't gone at it like this in years."

Gracie rolled over and put her chin on my chest, saying, "If you play your cards right, this could happen to you every night." I tried to press her for more information. Still evading answering me, she said, "If you're good, you'll find out everything you want to know. Now let's see what we can whip up for dinner."

We both slipped on our robes and headed back out to the kitchen to see what there was to eat. I defrosted the T-bone steaks and put them on the stove top grill. Gracie busied herself with seeing what she could dig out for a tossed salad. I looked in the pantry and dug out a couple of potatoes.

While everything was getting ready, I put a couple of candlesticks and broke out a bottle of wine I had been saving for a special occasion. Working together, we soon had dinner for two ready. I lit the candles and turned off the lights and we sat down to enjoy a meal better than anything we could have paid for downtown.

Gracie started inquiring how and why I was transgendered. I told her my father passed away when I was very young, around four or five. After that, my mother went through a long depression. She eventually had to have psychiatric attention. It seems she had been raised with a bunch of rough brothers who picked on her

unmercifully. She longed to have female companionship; she was shy in school and didn't have a lot of friends in high school. My father was her soul mate and she did everything together with him; she didn't venture to make female friends.

When my father passed, she was lost. I don't what made her do it, but one day she took me out, bought me a wardrobe of little girl's clothes and called me her Little Allison. As time went on and I grew up, she still insisted that, as long as I lived with her, I would always be Allison. Going through school, I didn't hang with anyone except for a small group of girls that liked me as Allison.

After graduation from high school, I left home and went to college away from home. Although my mother protested, I felt I had to decide my gender for myself. Weekends and holidays, on my visits home, Mom would insist that I be Allison. When I received my degree, I met a very sweet girl, with whom I fell in love. I convinced my mother that Barb could take my place and she would finally have a true female friend.

Gracie asked, "If this was the answer to your problem, why didn't it work"? I told her that, for a while, my mother accepted the relationship after Barb and I married. My mother still longed to have me visit as the daughter she had raised instead of her married son, though. Gracie said, "I don't know if I want to hear the rest of this, it certainly doesn't sound good."

"You're not just kidding," I said.

What I didn't realize was what my mother had instilled in me. As time went on, I longed to be Allison more and more and started becoming depressed about the situation. What I didn't know was that my mother decided to fill Barb in on my childhood and insisted that when we visited, Barb was to have me come as Allison.

Barb came home and went through the roof. She kept screaming, "Why didn't you tell me about this before we got married?" I kept telling her I loved her too much and I hoped this could have been buried in my past. With time, she came to accept the situation. Behind my back, though, she met a man at work and started seeing him on the side. One day she came home, sprung the news on me and said she needed a "real" man to spend the rest of her life with.

Strangely enough, I understood and didn't take the divorce very hard. She didn't want anything from me since her fiancé was well off. With that, we parted. Since the divorce, I have only heard from her when she wanted something. Now she insists on a monthly alimony check. It seems her fiancé caught her with a woman one afternoon when he returned home early from work.

"Where is she now?" Gracie asked. I told her she and her female partner lived across town in some dumpy apartment complex. It seemed neither one wanted to get a job; now they were living on my alimony payments and welfare. "Serves her right," Gracie mused. "What about your Mother?" she inquired.

I told her she was as healthy as an ox. "Once in awhile, I visit her as Allison and we have lunch and chat." Enough about me," I said. "What is your story?"

Gracie stopped eating for a moment and took a sip of her wine. Looking away, she seemed very reluctant to divulge any of her life story.

I decided not to press for information. I told her, "That's all right, I don't need to pry."

"No, that's all right," she said, wiping the tears away. "My parents were both killed in an auto accident when I was nineteen and I was left with no brothers or sister. I tried to make a go at getting my college degree, but I was very bitter about losing my parents and I kept straying away from what was important." Tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

"You don't have to tell me this Gracie," I said.

She continued, "I fell in with a bunch of people who claimed they lived in a small commune and saw I was lost." She told me how drugs and alcohol were on the menu, day in, day out. "I couldn't believe how the men abused the women." With a habit costing more than she thought she could make working, she repeatedly attempted suicide. "I tried overdosing and ended up in the alley behind Mark's office," she said quietly.

"Mark found me and took me to the emergency room. I stayed in rehab for six months. I put my weight back on and got over the drugs and alcohol."

"You're quite a woman to go through all that," I praised her.

"Mark stood by me all through it, set me up in a small apartment and let me work part-time as his receptionist. I took the café job because I enjoy meeting people and the tips aren't bad either."

"Judging by the new Lincoln outside, they must be," I said, taking the last bite of steak. Before she could say anything, we heard her cell phone ringing in the bedroom.

Gracie said, "I don't know who would be calling me today. I'll be right back." In the bedroom, she said, "This better be important who ever you are. Oh Mark, Hi."

Mark asked, "Have you sparked enough interest so Allison will talk to me?"

"Mark, I think we can find someone else to get wrapped up in this scheme," Gracie said uneasily. "She doesn't fit the profile we are looking for anyway."

"You haven't gone soft on me, have you?" Mark snapped.

"No I haven't," Gracie said defensively.

"Just do what I tell you and deliver me that tranny!" Mark demanded and hung up.

Walking out of the bedroom with a very beguiled look on her face, I asked Gracie if everything was okay? Catching herself she quickly put on a smile.

She said, "That was one of the strangest calls I ever had. On top of that it was a wrong number." She then laughed and said, "I pity whomever that was meant for."

"Then everything is okay?" I asked her.