



*Reluctant Press*

# Legs To Die For

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEBORAH EDWARDS

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# Legs to Die For

By Deborah Edwards

## 1

“Hey, get outta the way,” the cabdriver shouted as the bike cut in front of him. Tony didn’t have time to look back or answer the cab driver’s yell. Tony was a bike courier in New York City. He would deliver packages and envelopes containing business documents all over town. He peddled toward the Soho district of Manhattan. He was on his most important run of the day, the trip home.

Tony stopped in front of the small warehouse-style building on Mercer Street. The building was once a factory that employed dozens of people. The factory shutdown in the 70’s and the owner converted it into four apartments. The upstairs had two tiny studio apartments, one of which Tony was renting. He carried his bike up the stairs and unlocked the door to apartment #4. He noticed that the door to the apartment across the hall, #3, seemed to be cleaner. The landlord must have finally found a renter.

Tony placed his bike on the oversized hooks he had nailed into the wall. Other than the bike, a cot, and a small table, the apartment was very bare. Tony didn’t mind though, it was his. He spent most of his income on the rent, but it was well worth it. After his mother died, he lived with friends or acquaintances, or in one of the many flophouses around the city. He never wanted to go back to that way of living again. He would make the necessary sacrifices to live independently.

He was hot and covered with sweat. It was unusually warm for a late September day. Tony decided to soak in a bath before eating. After running the bath and gingerly sliding in, he let his cares float away. How would he pay all his bills this month? When would he ever be able to get out of this paycheck-to-paycheck lifestyle? Tony wasn’t concerned with those problems now; he was more concerned with his legs.

Tony took the nearby razor and began to shave his legs where needed. He wasn’t very hairy, he had just a little on his arms and shoulders. After shaving, he applied moisturizers and smoothing creams. He was very proud of his legs and wanted to keep them slender and smooth.

As Tony pampered himself, he thought of his mother. They lived in a one bedroom “efficiency” apartment for most of his youth. It was all she could afford on her scant salary as a waitress, where a wink and a little leg show was the only way to get a buck or two added to a meager tip

She had fantastic legs. She had been a Rockette at Radio City Music Hall. She had to give up dancing after he was born, but she continued to take care of her legs. When he thought she wasn’t looking, Tony would watch while she shaved and moisturized her long legs. It seemed erotic and fascinating to him. He felt closer to her when he did the same routine to his own legs.

Tony removed the rubber band from his hair and dunked his head. His soaked dirty blonde hair hung down on his shoulders. He didn't have the cash for a good haircut, so he just let it grow and kept it out of his eyes. He stayed in the tub until hunger got the best of him. He hadn't eaten anything all day except for some bagels at the messenger service shop.

Tony opened a can of Chef Boy-ar-dee spaghetti and warmed it up over his hot plate. He was a naturally thin person, made even thinner by his haphazard eating schedule. He slipped on a pair of shorts and a tank top. The shorts were very tight and the tank top was at least one size too big. It was the only thing Tony could find at the Salvation Army that came close to fitting him. It was way too hot in the apartment to eat, so he grabbed his food, a can of Diet Pepsi, a lawn chair and headed for the roof. He had found the lawn chair lying in the trash while on a delivery. That is how Tony got most of his worldly possessions, from someone else's trash.

As Tony stepped onto the roof and turned the corner, he stopped dead in his tracks. Someone was already there, lying on a chair soaking up the sun. Tony's disappointment was all too evident. He enjoyed looking down on the city by himself. It was his spot, a place where he could get away. A place where nobody cared who he was, or what he did. It was a sanctuary to him, and now someone had invaded it.

The figure turned to face him and said, "Hi, I'm Laura, Laura Johansson."

"Oh, Hi I'm Tony," he answered, "Tony Olson."

"You must be my next door neighbor," she said. It was then that Tony really noticed her. She had a bright toothy smile that would melt the heart of the cruelest man. He was awestruck by her beauty. She wore a light blue bikini that didn't cover much of her very ample breasts. She had a perfect hourglass figure. Her heart-shaped face focused attention to her beautiful brown eyes. She had her dark Brunette hair cut short on the sides and back, a hairstyle that only true beauties could wear.

Tony stood still, as still as a deer caught in the headlights. He didn't move until Laura finally asked, "Would you like to join me?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "I didn't expect anyone to be here."

"I love it up here," Laura said. "I hope you don't mind if I share this view with you."

"No, not at all," Tony replied. He realized that sharing the roof with her wouldn't be such a bad thing.

"Have you lived here long?" Laura asked as Tony sat down.

"All my life," he answered. "I can tell by your accent that you aren't from New York."

Laura giggled and said, "Nope, I was born and raised in Logansport, Indiana."

"So, tell me all about you while I eat," Tony said as he started in on his spaghetti. He used this as an excuse to have her do the talking. He was very shy, especially around beautiful women.

"Well let's see," Laura began. "I moved here four years ago after graduating high school. Logansport was nice, but I had to leave. My parents wanted me to marry a local boy and settle down. They fully expected to have two or three grandchildren by now. I wanted to live in an exciting place that offered women more opportunities. So one night in June, I snuck out and took the bus here. I didn't know a soul when I arrived. However, I did know I wanted to be an actress on Broadway. That didn't work out, though. Instead I make my living as a model."

"Wow, a model, really?" Tony said with surprise.

"Yes, really," Laura said with a giggle. "Here's a picture of me from a job I did a few weeks ago." She picked up a magazine and thumbed through it. "Here, that's me next to the mini-van."

Tony looked at the magazine and said, "That's not you. The lady in the picture has a soccer mom hairstyle and blue eyes. You have short hair and gorgeous brown eyes." Tony's cheeks turned a bright red after realizing what he had just said.

Laura gave Tony a coy smile and said, "I'm wearing a wig and blue contacts. In modeling, it's all about presenting the image that the advertiser wants. The dealership that paid for this ad wanted a wholesome family shot. They picked me because they like my girl-next-door look."

Laura continued, "As a model, you try to present your best feature to the client. In your case, you would show off those great legs."

Tony's cheeks turned even redder. "You like my legs?" he asked shyly.

"Oh yes," exclaimed Laura. "If I had legs like those, I would be on the cover of Vogue every week."

Tony liked the attention. No one had ever complimented his legs.

"Say, want to watch me work?" Laura asked.

"Sure," Tony answered.

"I'll be in Gramercy Park tomorrow morning doing a shoot. Think you can come by?" she asked.

"I'm in that section of town all the time," Tony replied.

"Oh, what do you do?" Laura asked.

Tony and Laura spent the rest of the evening talking. Laura was a wonderful girl and Tony knew he had found a new friend. He didn't want the sun to go down that day, but eventually they had to leave the roof and go to their apartments. Tony went to sleep almost immediately and dreamed of what tomorrow would bring.

The next morning Tony quickly made his first delivery to a law office on Park Avenue. It was not a problem to go by Gramercy Park. His boss at the courier service constantly yelled at the riders to return quickly. Tony always tried to follow the rules, but this time he would make an exception.

He began to circle around the park, looking for something that would indicate a photo shot. He soon saw a large group of people, moving about in a hectic manor. He pedaled nearer to them and scanned the crowd for Laura. He spotted her sitting by a small table that had a mirror on one side surrounded by bright lights. He wheeled his bike to the edge of the sidewalk nearest to them. He watched the crowd in amazement. They moved about like bees near a hive. Each person had their own job to do, but all of them were somehow working together.

Laura smiled and waved to Tony when she spotted him. Tony waved back and understood her when she held up her index finger. He waited patiently, taking in all of the action. Laura eventually walked over to him. Her smile was like the sunshine breaking through the trees. "I'm so glad you came," Laura said as she approached him.

"Laura, you look fantastic," Tony exclaimed. She wore a black low-cut gown that showed off her cleavage. She wore her hair pulled back with straight extensions that gently fell to her mid-back. The heavy makeup she was wearing highlighted her rosy cheeks and crimson lips. "But why are you wearing tennis shoes?" Tony continued.

Laura giggled, "Thanks, I'm only getting shot from the waist up today. I'm modeling these." She placed her hands on a diamond necklace and earrings.

"I didn't even notice them," Tony said. It was obvious that he was watching her instead. "I'm not taking you away from anything, am I?" Tony asked.

"Not at all," she replied, "We'll probably be waiting around here forever. Marissa, one of the models, has her mother as her manager. That woman is impossible. She pitched a bitch fit. It has thrown our whole schedule off."

"What's the problem?" Tony asked.

"Her mother didn't like the dressing room accommodations," Laura replied. "All the rest of us didn't have a problem with it. She can be such a spoiled brat sometimes. And I am referring to her mother, not Marissa!"

As she was speaking, a tall, slightly balding, man approached them. He had some kind of eyepiece around his neck and moved in a quick manner. "Lana," he shouted, "I need your help."

"What do you need, A.J.?" she asked.

"I need someone to replace Marissa. I'm tired of her mother's antics. Do you know anyone we can call at the last minute? I need to have someone today," he replied.

“What sort of shots were you planning?” Laura asked.

“I can substitute the other girls for most of her set. But I need someone to do the close-up leg and feet shots,” he explained.

An impish smile crossed Laura’s face. “How about Tony?” she asked as she pointed to him.

Tony and A.J. looked shocked as she continued. “He has great legs and small feet with cute toes. He’d make a perfect model for those shots.”

“Let me see your legs and feet,” A.J. said.

Before he knew what he was doing, Tony took off his shoes and pulled his shorts up as far as he could. A.J. grinned and said, “Yeah, I think they’ll do. Come over to the tent and have the girls get you ready.”

“I...I can’t,” Tony said. “I have to go back to work.”

“I’ll pay you \$500,” A.J. said.

Five-hundred dollars was more than Tony could earn in a week. “No really, I need to get back to work,” he said.

Laura put her hands on his shoulders. “Come on, Tony. It’ll be fun. I’ll help you through it.” She gave him a warm smile and she knew that he would do whatever she asked.

“Well, OK,” he stammered, “But I need to call my boss.”

“Use my cell phone,” Laura said as she handed him a small phone. Tony called and said he wasn’t feeling well and wouldn’t be back in today. Tony’s boss cursed, yelled and threatened him. Tony let him blow off steam until he was ready to let it go.

Tony locked up his bike and Laura escorted him to the tent. “What exactly do I do?” Tony asked.

“Just do what A.J. tells you,” Laura answered in a reassuring tone. “He is the head photographer on this shoot. He’s very good to work with. Just relax, and enjoy it.”

“Why did he call you Lana?” Tony asked.

“Lana is my stage name,” Laura said. “Most models use stage names to set themselves apart, and to protect their identity.”

Laura showed Tony where to sit. One of the older ladies told him to take off his bicycle shorts and clean himself off with one of the towels. Tony reluctantly did as instructed, stripping down to his briefs. Laura had to run off to be in a shot. The lady measured Tony’s legs and feet and stepped away. She promptly returned with a pair of shoes and nylons. “Try these on, hon,” she said in a raspy voice. Tony began to pull the nylons on when the lady yelled, “Not like that.” She then demonstrated the proper way to ball up the nylons and roll them onto his legs. “You’re new at this, aren’t you?” she asked with a wink and a giggle.

Tony bowed his head in embarrassment and said, “Yes, I am.”

“Don’t worry, hon,” the lady said, “My name is Marge, I’ll show you how and what to do.” Tony smiled at her and she grinned back at him.

“These are RHT hose,” she said. “That stands for Reinforced Heel and Toe. You’ll be wearing RHT’s most of the day. Be careful not to get a run in them. Just relax and don’t rub up against things. We’ll start you off with these low-heeled pumps.” She took the shoes and placed them on his feet. “Now, try walking in them,” she insisted.

Tony stood up and started to walk slowly. He soon had his confidence and speed. “Great,” Marge said, “Now do it again, but this time place one foot in front of the other, and always try and contact the ground with your heel and forefoot at the same time. These are low heels now, but with high spikes on, you will have to be very careful how you walk, hon!” She further instructed him on the proper way to position his head, swing his arms, and how to move his hips. Tony was a natural and soon was walking flawlessly.

Tony’s session lasted most of the day. He got a chance to wear many different styles of shoes and hose. While he changed, A.J. would be photographing other models. Marge was a great help to

Tony. She carefully explained what A.J. expected of him during each shot. She also painted his toenails a bright red for the open-toe shoes. She commented on the fine pedicure he had. Tony just smiled and enjoyed the attention.

Working with A.J. was a breeze. Tony just simply followed instructions. A.J. would tell him how to sit, cross his legs, which direction to lean, etc. Tony mostly sat on a park bench or a rock wall. However, A.J. did get Marge to find a short black dress for Tony to wear. Tony didn't mind, it was all just part of the show. A.J. took several pictures of him walking away from the camera. By the end of the day, Tony was very comfortable in front of the camera.

When A.J. finished with him, Tony got onto his bike and sped home. He may have been on the streets of New York City, but he felt like he was on Cloud Nine. He had more fun that day than any day since his mother died. The work was enjoyable and the people were friendly. It was so unlike his job as a courier. His boss there was a dictator and the clients either yelled at him for being late or ignored him completely.

After securing his bike on the wall, Tony prepared a cup of Ramen noodle soup for his supper. He was just starting to eat, when he heard a knock at his door. He saw Laura and A.J. standing on the other side of the peephole. Tony opened the door and stepped outside. He was too ashamed of his empty apartment to let Laura and A.J. see it.

"Tony, you left before we could pay you," A.J. said.

"Oh, I forgot," Tony shyly admitted as A.J. handed him five crisp new one-hundred dollar bills. "Lana insisted we cash your first check for you so we could show you the money!" A.J. laughed.

"A.J. thinks you have a real future in modeling," Laura said with a big smile.

"I'm sure this was just a one-time thing," Tony replied.

"She's right," A.J. said. "You have perfect legs, and you are very easy to work with. Here, look at these shots." A.J. opened up a manila envelope containing several photos of Tony's legs and feet. Tony took the envelope and stared at the photos. It was hard to believe it was actually him in the pictures.

"You should get a representative," A.J. continued, "I would be more than happy to work with you again." He said his goodbyes and left the envelope with Tony.

"I could introduce you to my agent," Laura said.

"I don't know," Tony said with apprehension in his voice. "Do you really think someone would hire me?" he asked.

"Someone already has," Laura reminded him. "Let's go to the roof and talk about it," she suggested.

Tony liked that idea. They agreed to meet on the roof after Laura changed. Tony went back into his apartment to put away his cash and grabbed his soup. He thought about what he could do with five-hundred extra dollars. Maybe he would buy a television or some new clothes. Then he considered what he had done to earn this money. This was so much easier than being a bike courier. Maybe he *should* become a model.

The next day, Tony put on his best jeans and shirt. He hoped it would be appropriate. He was meeting with Laura's agent today. His fears almost overcame him. What if she just laughed at him? What if it was all a waste of time? What if his boss at the courier service fired him? Just when he was about to give up and return to the courier service, he heard Laura knock on the door and ask, "Tony, are you ready?"

Tony met Laura in the hall. Much to Tony's relief, Laura was wearing jeans and a nice light green top. Even when dressed casual like this, Laura's beauty was obvious. They proceeded outside to an awaiting taxi. "I thought we'd take the subway," Tony said.

"I much prefer cabs," Laura teased. "Besides, it's my treat."

As they were riding, Laura opened her pocketbook and handed Tony a small package. "What's this?" Tony asked.

"Just a few condoms for you," Laura answered.

“Condoms?” Tony said with surprise. “Why would I need condoms?”

“Tony, in the modeling business, sex is like a business card. Everyone likes to give it out. I’m sure you will be approach at some point by someone. Please be careful,” Laura explained.

Tony was stunned. He was too embarrassed to tell Laura that he was still a virgin. The subject of making love made him think of his mother. Often she would bring men to their apartment late at night. It was all but impossible to be discreet in a one-bedroom apartment. Tony sometimes would watch as his mother pleased a man. The men seemed nice and considerate to her. The next morning they would ignore or totally dismiss Tony. He longed for the men’s attention and he missed his mother greatly.

“Hey, still with me?” Laura said interrupting Tony’s dream. “I didn’t mean to scare you off.”

“Oh, sorry,” Tony replied. “I was just dreaming of the future.”

“Let me tell you a little about Carol,” Laura said. “She is the ultimate power lesbian. She has a very dominate personality and likes to be in charge of every situation. But she is also very sweet and will do anything to help a friend. She’s a former model. She got tired of doing all the work and letting men take the credit, so she started her own firm.”

They went to the Upper East Side on 78<sup>th</sup> street. There they entered a small building that was home to several offices. They took the elevator to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and entered the office of Carol Linwood and Associates. There was a young blonde girl who looked very bored sitting behind the desk. Laura strolled up to her and said, “Could you please tell Carol that Laura is here to see her.”

The girl looked around the desk for a minute, then stood up and said, “I’ll be right back.” She walked out of the room through a set of double doors.

“That’s one of Carol’s models,” Laura said. “Carol signed her on about a year ago. She didn’t know at the time that she was a complete air head. I guess she felt sorry for her and hired her as a receptionist.”

“She couldn’t even find the intercom,” Tony said with a giggle.

Just as he was finishing, Carol came through the door. “Laura, it’s so good to see you!” she said with excitement in her voice. Carol was in her late forties, but still very good-looking. She had reddish-brown hair pulled tightly in a bun on the back of her head. She wore a light blue Liz Claiborne jacket with matching skirt and a white blouse. Her body was in excellent shape for her age. She kissed the air near Laura’s cheek and Laura responded likewise.

“Carol, this is the next great leg model I told you about, Tony,” Laura said.

Tony stuck out his hand for her to shake. Instead, she threw her arms around him for a hug and said, “Oh Tony, it’s so good to meet you!”

“Nice to meet you too,” Tony said as he hugged her back.

“Let’s go in my office and talk about your future,” Carol responded in a perky way.

They sat on a couch in Carol’s office and reviewed the pictures A.J. had taken. Carol was very impressed with the photos. “I think you definitely have a future in modeling,” she said. “We’ll need to start with some basic modeling lessons, build a portfolio, and get your name out in the community.”

“What’s a portfolio?” Tony asked.

“It’s an example of your work, photos, ad copies, examples,” Carol responded. “These photos are a good start, but we’ll need more.”

“I’m afraid I have to leave,” Laura said. “I have to complete yesterday’s session. Take care of him, Carol,” Laura said as she hugged Carol. She turned and hugged Tony and whispered in his ear, “Trust her, she’s always been great to me.”

“I’ll need you to sign a contract before we can continue,” Carol said. Laura had told Tony about the contract. She had the reputation of always treating the girls very fairly, more so then any other



agent in town. She impressed Tony immediately. She was very authoritative but also very feminine.

Carol explained all the terms and conditions of the contract to Tony. The agency would pay for all Tony's living and working expenses. They would also receive all the revenue from Tony's jobs. Tony would be given a weekly salary based on his income. The agency would invest a portion of his income in a 401k for retirement and other shorter-term investments. Tony would be responsible for keeping receipts of expenses. He would also be responsible for maintaining his body and staying out of trouble. Tony carefully read the contract and happily signed it.

"The first thing I want to do is take some more photos of those great legs," Carol said.

"Can we have A.J. do it?" Tony asked. "He and I seem to work well together."

"Oh no, babe," Carol said. "A.J. is at the top of his field. We would never be able to afford him. I have a staff photographer for such jobs. Just go down the hall. The last door on the right is the studio. I'll have Ricky meet you there."

Tony did as instructed. He opened the door and shouted out a "Hello." No one answered so he sat down and waited patiently. The room was cool and very quiet. Tony relaxed and started to fade away. He was just about asleep when he heard the door open and he jumped to his feet.

In walked a man in his early thirties fiddling with a camera. He didn't look up as he started to say, "Hi, I'm Ricky. I'll be doing your session today. We'll get started..."

He glanced up from his work and stopped talking in mid sentence. He was clearly surprised and seemed to be at a loss for words. Finally, he said, "You're a guy!"

Tony giggled and said, "Yes, didn't Carol tell you?"

Ricky replied, "No, she just said there was a new model that needs a leg and foot portfolio done. I had no idea that the model would be a cute guy."

Tony was taken aback. Was Ricky flirting with him? Ricky was a handsome fellow. He was medium height and build. He had a dark complexion, of Mediterranean descent perhaps. His wavy black hair was starting to recede and he had penetrating dark blue eyes.

"What do you want me to do first?" Tony asked.

"Strip down," Ricky answered. "You'll be changing clothes often."

Two young women walked in carrying several pairs of shoes, hose, and skirts. Ricky began to give one of them instructions on where he wanted the lights, how he wanted the room setup, etc. He directed the other one to get clothes and shoes for Tony. Tony stepped behind a partition and took off his clothes. The cool air made his penis shrink almost to the point of embarrassment. Ricky stepped behind the partition and said, "We'll start with these." He was holding a pair of hose and black pumps. "You're haven't shaved your groin?" he said with a question in his voice.

"Was I supposed to shave?" Tony asked.

"How else are you going to tuck?" Ricky replied.

"Tuck?" Tony asked, completely baffled by what Ricky was saying.

"Yes, you know, where you put your genitals in your body cavity," Ricky explained. From the look on Tony's face, it was obvious that he didn't understand what Ricky was telling him. "Brenda, would you come here and help Tony?" Ricky called out.

Brenda was a short, stout young woman with dark curly hair. She was a wardrobe specialist. Her primary purpose was to dress the models and make sure they had the proper look for the camera. She brought a pair of scissors and a disposable razor. She nonchalantly began cutting Tony's pubic hair, then she proceeded to dry shave his sac. All the time she chatted as if this were a daily occurrence. It was clear to Tony that she knew what she was doing and wasn't shy about working with men. When she completed her task, she called out, "Debbie, would you bring me the nude-colored tape?"

Debbie was physically almost identical to Brenda but with blonde curly hair. She was Ricky's assistant. She handed Brenda three different rolls of tape, each a different shade. "We normally

use the tape to give the girl's bust a lift, but I suppose it will work for you," Brenda said. She carefully pushed Tony's left and right ball into his body followed by his cock. She then folded skin from his sac over the gap and secured it vertically with a three-inch strip of tape. Tony was more nervous than aroused. Tony stood up and felt a little uncomfortable. "There," Brenda said, "Smooth as silk. I didn't make it too tight, did I?"

"Its fine," Tony answered. "I guess it will take time to get used to being so..." Words escaped him, he no longer new how to describe himself.

"So feminine," Brenda injected with a grin on her face.

"Yes, I guess so," Tony agreed. Tony carefully slid on the hose then stepped into the pumps before walking into the main room of the studio.

Ricky motioned for him to come over to a set of chairs. He positioned Tony and said, "Ready for some magic?" as he began to take pictures.

Tony smiled and reacted in just the way Ricky had hoped. Soon they were working seamlessly together. Brenda and Debbie continually supplied new hose and shoes for Tony to wear. Then Ricky suggested that they move on to shots that were more feminine. He had Brenda bring out a full-length black skirt for Tony to wear. It had a slit on the right side that went all the way up to Tony's hip.

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"Slide your legs against each other seductively," Ricky ordered. Tony was more than happy to comply. Ricky continued to tell Tony to act sexier and sexier. He had Tony walk to him and display his fine legs. He had Tony bend over to show the tautness of his thighs. Tony was having the time of his life. Around 1 o'clock, the girls started whining because they hadn't had a lunch break. Ricky dismissed them and continued to photograph Tony as the assistants walked out the door for their break.

"Let's try another outfit," Ricky said. They stepped behind the partition and sorted through the clothes. "Here, try this on," Ricky said. He held up a black leather mini-skirt. Hesitantly, Tony took the skirt and pulled it up to his waist. The fit wasn't perfect, but it was close enough. Ricky had a pair of 5-inch sling back pumps and fishnet stockings dangling from his fingers. Tony put them on and walked out to the main room.

"You move so gracefully in those heels," Ricky said.

"Thanks, they feel so good. I love wearing them," Tony responded.

Ricky repeatedly snapped pictures of Tony walking, sitting, standing, etc. Tony enjoyed the clothes and the attention Ricky was giving him. Ricky then ordered Tony to bend by the chair for some shots. Tony bent at the waist and held onto the chair with his hands. Ricky moved closer, but he wasn't taking any pictures.

"Your legs are so smooth and your ass is so tight," Ricky whispered as he began to pet Tony's rear. He placed one hand on Tony's hip and he removed the rubber band from Tony's hair with the other.

Tony turned around to confront Ricky. Instead of yelling at him, Tony flung his arms around Ricky's neck and kissed him deeply. Ricky pushed his tongue deep into Tony's mouth. Ricky placed one hand in Tony's lower back and the other behind his head. He pulled Tony close and held him tightly.

Tony pushed himself away. Tony began to unzip Ricky's pants. "Take me now," Tony moaned.

As Ricky dropped his trousers, Tony remembered what Laura had said. "You will use a condom?" Tony asked Ricky.

"I have one right here," he responded. He rolled the condom on while Tony lubricated himself with some petroleum jelly that Brenda had left behind. He bent over at the waist and placed his hands on the back of the chair. He awaited his lover's arrival.

Ricky tried to place his now enlarged cock into Tony's awaiting rosebud. Since Tony was wearing 5-inch heels, he was way too short to reach it. Tony removed his shoes and Ricky tried again. After a few attempts, Ricky finally found his mark. He slowly moved inside of Tony. Tony groaned with enjoyment as Ricky began to enter. As Ricky moved inside of Tony, he swiftly came.

Tony did know what to think. Is that all there was? It was so quick. He hardly felt Ricky inside of him at all. Tony wasn't even fully stimulated yet. He turned to speak to Ricky and saw him sitting on the floor, looking very depressed.

"I'm so sorry," Ricky said. "I didn't mean to climax so quickly. It must have been all of the excitement this morning or maybe because it took so long for me to get into you."

"It's fine," Tony said. It wasn't fine though. Tony's first sexually experience was a complete dud. Tony wanted to tell Ricky to finish the job. Ricky looked so pathetic sitting there, Tony couldn't be mad at him.

"I'm sure it will be better next time," Tony said as he placed his hands on Ricky's shoulders.

Ricky and Tony both agreed that the session was over. Tony went to change clothes, but couldn't find his jeans and shirt in the pile. "Brenda probably put them back in the office," Ricky suggested. Tony didn't really want to stay there another minute so he put the heels back on and found a white blouse to wear. He left the studio and walked in the direction of Carol's office.

Tony was in another world as he walked down the hall. Had he done something wrong? Were all men like Ricky? Could he be attracted to women again? Just before he got to Carol's door, he heard a voice from behind him.

"Don't you look cute?" Carol said.

"Oh, hi!" a startled Tony answered. "I think Brenda left my clothes in your office."

"Yes she did," Carol answered. "But you really shouldn't change. You are adorable in that outfit."

They entered Carol's office and she pointed to where the jeans were laying. Before Tony could reach them, Carol took his hands and looked him over. "You are just so cute," she said. "Do you like wearing these clothes?"

"Kind of, well, yes," Tony stammered.

Carol moved closer and took Tony by the hips. "I like seeing you in them," she said just before she softly kissed him. Tony did not fight her. He wanted to see what this powerful woman had in mind. She pushed him to the couch and pounced upon him.

"You are so hot!" Carol said as she mounted Tony. She took off her jacket and threw it aside. "Do you like being on the bottom?" she teased.

"Oh yes," Tony answered in a whisper.

Carol removed clips from her hair and shook her head from side to side. Her soft curls fell down on her shoulders. She unbuttoned her blouse and smiled at Tony. Suddenly this professional woman became a sexual animal. She began to stroke Tony's hair and softly kiss him. "I adore your long blonde hair," she said. "You look so tender and soft. Does a little girl like you still get hard?"

Tony was running his hands through her hair when Carol called him a girl. He was confused for a moment, but decided to let her continue. "I can get hard for you," he said coyly.

Carol sat up on her knees and pulled Tony's dress up. "What's this?" she said with surprise when she saw the tape. "I guess you're trying to hide from me." She pulled the tape off and Tony's penis sprung out like a Jack-in-the-box.

"Do you have a condom?" Tony asked shyly.

Carol didn't say a word. She got off the couch and retrieved her purse from a nearby table. She took out a condom and rolled it onto Tony's engorged cock. She removed her panties and prepared to ride Tony.

"Let's do it now," Carol said as she guided Tony into her. He began to grasp her hips. Carol took his hands and pinned them against the arm of the couch. She moved up and down on him hard

and moaned the entire time. She climaxed immediately, but she wanted more. She continued to pound his cock with her wet pussy. Tony was helpless to do anything to stop her, not that he would.

She climaxed again and continued her motions. "I love your hot smooth legs and womanly form," she screamed, "and your hot dick."

Tony was a bit confused; however, it didn't stop his enjoyment. He couldn't hold back any longer. He pushed his hips forward and came deep inside her. "Ohhhhhhhhh," Carol moaned. Her pleasure was apparent on her face.

After she was sure that Tony was finished, she dismounted him and walked over to a mirror on the wall. As she fixed herself up, Tony changed back into his jeans and shirt. Apparently, Carol was ready to go back to work and their lovemaking session was completed.

"So what do I do next?" Tony asked.

"I think I can get you in a shoot later in the week," Carol said. She was still looking in the mirror. It seemed she didn't want to make eye contact with Tony. "I'll call you when I know for sure. Until then, just keep those great legs in shape."

Tony left the office and took the subway home. He was more confused than ever. He had made love twice today; once to a man, once to a woman. Did he really make love to a man? It was over so suddenly, he couldn't even tell if he enjoyed it. Did he really make love to a woman? She was much more aggressive and treated him like a young woman instead of a man. When he arrived at his apartment building, he decided to visit Laura.

"Hey, come on in," Laura said after opening the door. She was wearing a white bathrobe and her hair was dripping wet. "How did your photo session go?"

"Great," Tony answered. "I think we got some terrific shots. Am I disturbing you?" He asked.

"Don't be silly," Laura said. "You're always welcomed here." Tony smiled. Laura was such a great friend. He felt he could confide in her. As they made their way to the couch, Tony noticed Laura's apartment was immaculate. Her apartment was such a contrast to his. They sat on Laura's couch and Tony told her everything that happened on that day. Laura patiently listened to every detail.

"So, which one did you enjoy the most?" Laura teased.

"I don't know," Tony said. "Ricky was so fast, and Carol was so controlling. I don't know if they even needed me to be there."

Laura laughed until her sides hurt. Tony laughed with her. Laura eventually caught her breath long enough to say, "I assumed you were gay, but I guess you're actually bisexual. I thought Ricky might make a play for you."

"Gay?" Tony said with surprise, "What made you think I was gay?"

"Well, you do shave your legs," Laura answered. "You have long hair and you act very feminine. The way you walk, the way you talk, the way you carry yourself."

Laura continued, "Besides, you've never come on to me."

"That's because you're my friend," Tony said shyly.

"And I wouldn't have it any other way," Laura said almost finishing his sentence. She patted him on the hand and then gave him a big hug. Tony smiled and felt warm inside. Maybe now his life was finally coming together. He couldn't conceive of the incredible changes that were about to take place.

## Chapter 2

The next few months were wonderful for Tony. Carol booked him for modeling jobs once or twice a week. He enjoyed the jobs and worked well with the people on the sets. The pay was good, much better than he received at his old job. Only working a couple of times a week allowed him to

continue riding his bike to stay in shape. He enjoyed his long rides with no deadlines or people yelling at him. Riding was a great way for him to clear his head.

His relationship with Laura had deepened. Although she was very busy and dated often, she always found time for him. They regularly went shopping, to the movies, etc. Laura help Tony decorate his apartment in a modern urban style. Laura was the only person that he had ever had a connection like this with, except for his mother.

That's why Tony was particular excited when Carol wanted to meet with them both over lunch. They met at the Plum Tree Restaurant close to Carol's office. After ordering, Carol explained why she wanted to meet with them.

"Tony, you are doing a superb job at the gigs," she started. "All the photographers and staff rave about you. But you aren't bringing in enough money. Since we can only use you for lower body shots, our market is very limited. You're not giving the business enough return on our investment. If things don't change, I'm going to have to drop you as a client."

Tony was shocked and frightened. For the first time, he was actually enjoying his life. He would do anything to keep it. "What do I have to do?" he asked. "I want to continue modeling. I want to work for you." Tony was almost in tears.

"If we could market you with full body shots, you could continue working for our company," Carol explained. "To do that, you would have to have breast augmentation, butt cheek implants, and a complete facial make over. I believe I could then book you with numerous jobs."

"I don't have the money for that type of surgery," Tony protested.

"Oh, the company would pay for all the procedures," Carol said in a matter-of-fact way. "You would pay us back over time from your earnings, and we wouldn't charge interest."

"Tony," Laura said as she placed her hand on Tony's knee to reassure him, "If this is what you want, I'll help you in any way that I can. I've had my breast augmented. It's really not a big deal."

"I didn't know you had implants," Tony said as he looked at Laura's chest.

She grabbed each boob with her hands and squeezed them. "You're not supposed to know. No girl wants to be known as a fake," she said with a chuckle in her voice. Everyone at the table laughed.

"I'll put a clause in the contract stating that the company will pay the cost of removal," Carol said.

Tony was nervous; however, he knew what he wanted to do. He never wanted to go back to the life he had before modeling. He would make any sacrifice to continue living the way he did now.

"When do we start?" he asked.

As they ate, Carol laid out the plan for them. She had already called and made appointments for Tony to see the surgeon, Dr. Ausenberger. He was the same doctor that had done Laura's work. Carol cleared Laura's schedule for the next two weeks so she could help Tony. Carol called in a couple of favors and got the doctor to agree to speed up the process. After the surgery was completed, Laura would be in charge of feminizing Tony.

The next day, Tony and Laura went to Dr Ausenberger's office. The office was small and decorated in a late 70's style. Tony went right in without having to wait. He put on a gown while he waited for the doctor. Laura joined him in the examination room. After what seemed to Tony to be hours of waiting, the doctor finally arrived. He was a short, bald man who looked to be in his late fifties. He wore a pair of glasses that sat on the tip of his nose. He was reading Tony's chart as he approached him.

"Good morning, I'm Dr Ausenberger," he said with a pleasant smile. "Laura, it is good to see you again."

"It's good to see you too," she said as she gave him a hug. Tony wondered if Laura had this effect on everyone. She seemed to be everybody's best friend.

"You want to have breast and butt implants," Dr. Ausenberger said turning his attention to Tony.

“Uh yes,” Tony stammered.

“Let’s see what I have to work with,” Dr. Ausenberger said. He pulled Tony’s robe down to his waist and began his examination. After feeling his chest, he said, “Marvelous.”

“What’s so marvelous?” Tony asked. He expected the doctor to say something about a man wanting breast implants. Instead, the doctor had an inquisitive smile on his face.

“You have more muscle and less fat on your chest,” the doctor explained. “I think you would be an excellent candidate for a clinical trial I’m doing with cohesive breast implants.”

“What are cohesive breast implants?” Tony asked. Laura looked puzzled too. The doctor went to a nearby cabinet and removed a box that was about one foot long, one foot wide and six inches thick. He opened the box in front of Tony and Laura.

“This is the latest technology in chest reconstruction,” the doctor said as he opened the box. “The cohesive gel is less likely to leak or cause problems later in life. They are constructed out of a substance that moves naturally with the body. Go ahead and touch them.”

Tony and Laura both reached out and felt the implants. “They feel gooey, like gummy bears,” Laura said.

“You are right,” Dr. Ausenberger said. “That is their nickname, gummy breasts.”

Tony and Laura giggled. Tony felt much better about the surgery now. If the companies that produced the breasts trusted Dr. Ausenberger with their new product, he must be a good surgeon.

Dr. Ausenberger put the implants away and continued to examine Tony. “You have a very muscular backside,” he said as he felt Tony’s ass. “You must work out often.”

“I ride my bike nearly every day,” Tony responded.

“I think you are an excellent candidate for surgery,” Dr. Ausenberger stated. He grabbed a tape measure and took Tony’s measurements. As he was making notes on his clipboard, he asked Tony, “What size do you want to be?”

“Huge,” Tony responded. Laura could not contain herself and began to giggle. “If I’m going to go through this, I want to look incredible,” Tony said to Laura.

“You do have the bone and muscular structure need to support a large chest,” the doctor injected. “We will need to balance your chest and backside.”

“When will you do the surgeries?” Laura asked.

“I can do both procedures at one time,” Dr. Ausenberger answered. “That is if you think you can endure the pain,” he said as he looked at Tony.

“Let’s do it,” Tony said eagerly.

“I’ll schedule the operating room for Wednesday morning. It will be an outpatient procedure. You will be able to go home a few hours after the surgery if you have someone to stay with you.” Dr. Ausenberger explained.

Tony looked at Laura. “I’ll be there for him,” she said.

The next few days were a blur for Tony. The last thing he remembered about Wednesday morning was the nurse strapping him onto the gurney and telling him to relax. Since two procedures were performed, the surgeon gave him general anesthesia. He vaguely remembered Laura helping him up the steps and onto his bed. Pain and semi-consciousness filled the next two days. Dr. Ausenberger prescribed a strong dosage of acetaminophen and codeine that keep Tony asleep most of the time.

Saturday morning, a beam of light shining through the window awoke Tony. As he stood up, he could still feel the soreness in his chest and back. He walked into the bathroom and stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror. He didn’t even recognize himself. He now had large succulent breast and a round firm butt. His long stringy hair hung down below his shoulders. He also had a small penis between his long shapely legs. Why did he let this happen? What kind of freak had he become? Who could possibly love him now?