



Reluctant Press presents:

GYPSY PRINCESS

DEE DEE PERRI



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Gypsy Princess

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

Madison never thought of himself as a particularly big man; at five-nine and a hundred and fifty pounds he was about average. Nor was he particularly muscular or hairy, at least when compared to most men his age, thirty-two next spring. And yet he felt like a Neanderthal brute at the moment. Of course he didn't normally wear a skirt, high heels and that odd assortment of under garments worn by females in another age. A pair of excessive 'pseudo-breasts' which tented the front of the raw cotton off-the-shoulder peasant blouse edged in lace and a very wide black leather belt that was crushing his normal twenty-nine inch waist into something more like twenty-six inches created the illusion of a female figure. The absence of feminine hips had been made invisible by the full and long, brightly colored but heavy, coarse wool skirt. The skirt's hemline reached halfway down Madison's calf and the five layers of stiff, white petty coats underneath ensured that the 'ethnically correct' skirt was held well away from his legs and would hide any deficiency in hips or bottom, assuming of course that the viewer was legally blind or nearly so and willing to believe that any modern American woman would be caught dead in a nineteen-thirties movie version of a gypsy costume except, perhaps, during Halloween. Ditto the face: a thick layer of white powder covered the worst of the facial stubble that could not be removed and the careful application of mascara, lipstick and other 'paint' created the outline of feminine features, though the overall plan was hardly modern, again, more like what Pete Conner, a private dick, thought a gypsy princess should look like. But there was no true masking the man within. Madison's shoulders in that costume looked positively huge. His extremities, of ordinary proportions for a male, looked outlandishly oversized; no dark red paint, to match the lipstick, on the finger and toe nails could disguise the essentially maleness of his person and, if anything, the open toed, high heeled shoes drew additional attention to the true gender of the wearer. Only the wig, a massive, almost living thing, of real human hair was effective. Thick black ringlets framed and softened his

facial features and the sheer bulk of the hairpiece made his nose and chin appear less prominent. Madison groaned.

"What?" Said his companion as he steered the car into the drive way and then stopped. The engine was still running as he turned and looked at his partner. "We'll be in and out in five minutes, OK?" He turned off the engine and then the lights, leaving the two of them sitting in the thickening twilight listening to the click of the contracting metal as the engine cooled. It had been a long, tedious drive across the city in heavy traffic.

Madison parted the hair that had fallen across his face using the long artificial nails than had been attached to his natural finger nails, those foreign slivers of plastic were good for something apparently he concluded and then he turned and looked at his companion. "I can't believe I let you talk me into to this," His voice was thick with doubt and self-loathing.

"Try talking softer, like in a whisper using only the front of your mouth."

"Huh?"

"Jesus Professor, get with it. The old broad is half blind but she can still hear."

Madison groaned again. "Pete I... I just can't," His voice was still pitched far too low to be mistaken for anything but what it was, a male voice. "From what you said she seems like a sweet old lady..."

Pete interrupted him with a growl, "A fruit cake is more like it. A senile ding-bat." He leaned toward Madison and hissed, "She told me that she had something of exceptional value, you still listening?"

"Uh-huh."

"That must be handed down to someone of her bloodline. A gypsy princess, ok?"

Madison groaned mournfully, "Oh I'm beginning to see what your sick, twisted mind..."

"Well you do know the lingo?"

"Some- a little, ah- enough to get by I guess." Madison let out a long sigh. "And then we're done. Right?"

Pete spayed out his hands and shrugged expansively as if to say possibly, possibly not. As a private detective he wasn't shy about selling information to the highest bidder. And when Dean Moorcock hired him to discover who was sleeping with his wife, well blackmail paid better and generated more paydays than an ordinary contract. Dr. Madison L. Jefferson, a lowly assistant professor, awaiting tenure in the History department, had stepped into Pete's cross hairs. It was Madison's vulnerability that had opened Pete's eyes to the potential, that and Madison's knowledge of several gypsy dialects, which solved a minor but pressing problem Pete had tripped over a few weeks earlier in another case. That the young man was obviously a moron, which he had to be to have an affair with the wife of his boss's boss, made the opportunity all the sweeter. He would have no problem throwing Madison to the big bad wolf when the job was done so his next statement was a complete fabrication. "It depends... Professor. Let's see what this thing of exceptional value is first, hmm?"

Madison shuddered and stifled yet another groan. "Is this better?" He said in a high falsetto and then shifted into a gypsy dialect he'd collected from eastern Romania a few years earlier while he was on a post-doc. The words spilled out in a tonal parade.

The private detective blanched. "Huh? What did you say Professor?"

"Something about your mother's sexual habits Pete." Madison growled. "And it wasn't very nice. Now let's get this over with if you don't mind honey." He said shifting back to the high, soft falsetto.

~oOo~

"My boy-friend." Madison had said to the old woman, nodding toward Pete, in answer to the woman's first query. And then added, "He is in no hurry to buy the cow," which was the closest approximation to the concept of marriage the ancient language they were using provided and then Madison spayed out his hands, palms up and simultaneously shrugged in a helpless gesture as if to say, 'what can a woman do?'

The old woman understood all too well. "Alas, no children and," she sighed, "perhaps he's not the right man, eh?" She knew what was important to a woman over thirty. But that was but the beginning of their conversation. There were solutions to Madison's problems and then there was her 'gift', of course. The woman-to-woman discussion ambled on for almost an hour, dwelling on the excessive burdens of womanhood, the childlike males that pretended to rule the known universe, et-cetera and et-cetera. Madison almost enjoyed this



semi-monologue, for the woman was a wellhead of ancient or at least dated sociology, there was little she said that a feminist would have approved. When it finally ended, it was obvious that Pete was all too ready to leave by the way he had been twisting and turning in his seat for the last fifteen minutes or so. He hadn't said another word once it became clear that the old woman had literally no interest in his opinions, though she did demonstrate that she understood English perfectly well in the first minute of the meeting. It was also self-evident that Pete was quite unhappy that no object was exchanged, no precious gift, only words. He shot Madison a look as if to say, 'what-the-Hell', but left it at that as he hurried Madison toward the door and the night beyond when it became clear that the meeting with the old Gypsy woman had concluded.

"That went well, didn't it Peter-dearest?" Madison simpered softly in his adopted falsetto.

"What the Hell happened...?" Pete began.

"Sush!" Ordered Madison still clinging to his now familiar falsetto. He looked back at the old woman and waved.

"But...?" Stammered Pete.

"You really don't want to know Peter-dearest," Madison's voice took on the flavor of vanilla with a hint of a giggle on the threshold of ripping loose, "It will not make you at all happy, honey." On his own initiative Madison grabbed Pete's left arm as they left the old woman's house; his right hand taking possession of Pete's bicep and his left, a firm grip on the older man's elbow. Though he felt Pete react by pulling away, Madison countered by clinging all the tighter. Now, hip riding against hip, Madison savored Pete's discomfort as they walked back toward the car. For what it was worth, he was now having fun with his impromptu role and was more than a little relieved that Pete hadn't succeeded in his scam. Of course Pete had absolutely no idea of what had transpired, every word of the conversation between Madison and the ancient Gypsy grand dame had been in that obscure Romian dialect. Pete had sat there, eyes wide open and ears attentive, but completely excluded by the two 'women' for the better part of an hour.

Pete broke free and hurried over to the driver's side of the car. In an instant he was seated behind the wheel. The sound of the seatbelt lock being engaged followed and then the rumble of the engine. Madison ignored Pete who was now but a dark silhouette, the face now turned toward the passenger side. He was waiting for Madison, impatiently it would seem. It was all well and good that Pete's scam had failed, Madison would have been sick had it been otherwise, but would the PI now renege on his promise? It seemed all too likely. Perhaps Madison was subconsciously buying time, time to think, whatever, but he was in no hurry to climb into the car. He finally reached over and opened the door and then, as a real woman might have, he pressed his right hand against the back of his full skirt until it followed the contour of his rear end and upper thighs and held it thus as he swung his butt over and down to the waiting car seat while holding his legs together. He then carefully drew his legs and feet into the car, fluffed and adjusted his skirt and the yards and yards of petty coats yet again before, finally, pulling the door shut.

"So what the fuck were you two gabbing about? And, more important, what happened to the fucking precious 'gift' my little Gypsy princess?" Madison didn't respond. His

hands busily scurried here and there arranging what had to be arranged. The skirt and then the off-the-shoulder blouse and finally that great mass of thick black hair had to be properly attended to. Long, red nails flicked in and out of the latter as if seeking some kind of defining order. Finally, after a good thirty seconds he attended to the seat belt and, as it clicked and locked, Pete finally exploded. "What the fuck is wrong with you!"

"Huh?" Madison jerked and then froze. There was something in Pete's rage, the tone of voice and his facial expression that was, well, frightening. It was an involuntary reaction on Madison's part to be sure, a reflex. The danger couldn't be real but in spite of that he was suddenly and abruptly afraid of Pete. Ridiculous to react that way, he knew that at a conscious level. Pete was just a jerk private dick, nobody but an uncouth bastard dropped at someone's doorstep a few decades earlier but... It was a physical fear and it had come out of nowhere like that verbal explosion. Even if it was irrational, the unreasoned fear existed, it simply was. Madison's heart began to gallop in his chest, his palms oozed sticky sweat and he was forced to gulp for air. But what was worse, far worse, Pete had detected that involuntary reaction and identified it for what it was in an instant. He knew that Madison was afraid of him. It was like throwing gasoline on a roaring fire for Madison began to tremble uncontrollably. His vulnerability before Pete seemed complete. His next response made it only worse. "I'm sorry for... whatever, ok?" It came out as a quivery squeak even as he avoided Pete's gaze. He just wanted to be done with this. He wanted to go home and certainly he wanted to never see this asshole again. Finally he whimpered, "I just want to go home, ok?" He said putting words to his real feelings. He began to fight incipient tears. Tears? He hadn't cried since he was a little kid and he wasn't about to do it now. Why was this happening? And then the tears came anyway, in a flood. It was embarrassing, hell, it was unmaning and he could do nothing to stop them. He blubbered and his mascara ran black, meandering streaks across the white powder on his cheeks. And then it got worse.



Madison was still pulling tissues from the glove compartment and dabbing randomly at his eyes. "I must look a fright." He said as he looked at face powder mixed with mascara that stained the tissue in his hand.

"A regular raccoon." Agreed Pete. They were on the freeway now but Pete had plenty of opportunity to look at his passenger. Ahead there had been an accident so the traffic was stop and go with stop winning hands down. "You under control now, Professor? I can't stand that crying shit, no-how."

Madison glanced in Pete's direction but deliberately didn't make eye contact, nothing like having your face slapped sideways to bring one back to reality. He could still feel Pete's fingers digging into his shoulders. Pete had shook him like he was a rag doll and then, finally, as if he could think of nothing else, he'd slapped Madison in the face, not once but over and over again until Madison had begun to scream bloody hell. Anyhow, he had stopped crying for whatever it was worth but his fear of Pete, which had seemed unreasonable earlier, had gained some substance. When Pete was shaking him, while Pete's fingers were digging into his flesh to be precise, Madison felt his strength ebb away as if,

somehow, Pete was a vampire drawing away his lifeblood, his essence. He was more afraid of Pete at this moment than he had been before he started to cry. He thought about leaping from the car and running away while being on the freeway, no less, and that was just plain stupid he concluded. "Fine. I'm... ah- fine." His voice sounded small and wimpy, weak. Falsetto? He wasn't trying to sound feminine now, he just was... unmanned? He cringed inside even more tightly than before. He was totally and completely cowered and he hated that fact even more than he hated Pete. Why is this happening to me? It just was. He'd lost his balls, so to speak. Nobody had ever done something like this to him. It was almost beyond belief.

"Stuff like that happen to you all the time?" Pete said, cocking his head in disbelief. "You some kind of fucking pervert pansy, Professor?" A few seconds passed and the traffic began to move and Pete put the old Ford in gear again. "If you're finally done with that bullshit..." He said and left his question hang between them long enough for Madison to blow his nose one last time and then, finally, he closed the glove compartment door. He'd used half a box of Kleenex tissues. Madison appeared to be staring intently out the window but it was obvious that he simply didn't want to look at Pete. But Pete didn't give a damn and his good humor was completely used up. "What kind of fucking first name is fucking Madison anyway?"

"My dad was a nut on U.S. presidents, all right? My middle name's Lincoln. Madison Lincoln Jefferson. What do you care anyway?" Madison blew on the passenger side window causing it to fog up. He wiped at it and stared at the city below. Los Angeles was too fucking big. In this traffic it might be another forty minutes before they got back to Pete's place where he could change back into his own clothes. He was in Hell.

"So why didn't that old hag give you her fucking, damn gift of exceptional value as promised?"

Madison almost didn't answer but then thought better of it. He was terrified that Pete might really explode when he understood what had actually happened but there seemed to be no options other than the truth. "You know what a Gypsy princess is?"

"No, but you're going to tell me, right Professor?"

"An older Gypsy woman without children, ok? Incomplete, without purpose." Madison laughed. It wasn't a manly laugh, more of a frightened, shrill giggle. "Anyhow she gave me the two things of greatest value she had to give. Her understanding of life and..." He swallowed and then almost looked at Pete and then changed his mind and returned his gaze to the city that seemed to flow under the freeway as if it and not they were in intermittent motion. "She gave me her blessing," He swore but his words had no power behind them, "There, that's your valuable treasure. Her blessing. Said she could only give it once and, well, I was the lucky recipient."

"Fucking-A," Growled Pete and then he hit the dashboard with a fist, hard. "What a fucking waste of fucking time!" This came out as a roar, like a lion thwarted by fate. The roar did no good but it made the jungle inhabitants jump and quiver, it certainly worked its magic on Madison. The silence that followed was only broken by the sounds of the car engine and the adjacent traffic. A few minutes later Pete mumbled, probably to himself, "Fuck-me."



It was Pete's idea to stop for drinks until the traffic on the congested freeway cleared. He held a vote on the idea and when Madison pleaded that he rather wanted to get home sooner rather than later, Pete won with a majority of one, Madison's vote didn't really count after all. When Madison said that he'd just stay in the car, Pete threatened to haul his ass out of the car, worse, Pete looked as if he might enjoy that physical encounter if offered. And then, finally, there was the matter of the dress and wig. Pete waved off Madison's last objection as they emerged from the car, nobody would give a fuck and if they did they'd have to 'fucking' deal with him. Pete had the bit in his teeth now, at least regarding his dominance over Madison. It was an odd mix, he'd beat the crap out of Madison if he looked him cross-eyed, though he never actually said that to Madison, but, on the other hand, he'd beat the crap out of anyone that might threaten Madison.

Fortunately, Pete was right about the clothing. Either, no one noticed that Madison was a man in a dress or, more likely, no one wanted to tangle with Pete. Pete gripped Madison by the opposite shoulder; his arm lay protectively across Madison's back, thigh against thigh they walked, hip against hip from the front door to the far rear. It was like a parade, a display. This is mine, leave 'it' the fuck alone. "Sit the fuck down," He said when they arrived at the rear most booth.

Madison slipped into the booth, all the petty coats made the movement both difficult and noisy. He finally resorted to a series of wiggles and squirmy movements to finally achieve the rear most position. He sought the darkest corner like a bug might seek a false safety. And finally, after the last bounce and wiggle, after the last of the petty coats were once more driven under that wool skirt, after Madison had patted and smoother and arranged everything perfectly including that mass of black hair, Pete loomed above him in silhouette. "Whiskey ok?" Madison rejected the idea with a shake of his black tresses, which of course, Pete ignored and a few moments later, a pair of double whiskeys arrived.

It was another test-of-wills, another chance for Pete to shove his finger in Madison's eye. Apparently the older man ate that sort of thing up. Madison just stared at the glass of coppery-brown booze, no ice. He felt Pete's eyes on him and waited for some sharp rebuke, some command. There was a fixed pattern developing between them. Dominant-submissive: and not the slightest question of which role Madison was required to play. On impulse Madison grabbed the glass and gulped the booze down. He blinked back the tears and, for the first time since leaving the old Gypsy woman's house, he looked Pete in the eye. "Satisfied?"

Pete's face brightened into a genuine smile. He waved and ordered another round and then looked over the edge of his glass as he took his first sip holding Madison's gaze. "What do your friends call you? Mad, Maddy?"

Madison began to giggle. The sound was tainted with hysteria, certainly not humor. He brought his hand up to cover his mouth but it was too late, the giggle seemed to strengthen and become shriller as he tried to suppress it. "They call me Madison." He said. He sobered abruptly. The giggle had simply vanished. "I never had a nickname, never, ever. Madison felt suddenly flushed and... relaxed? Relaxed was too strong of a word. Like relieved without having been relieved. No doubt the effect came from the booze but

the sense of a carefree-to-hell-with-everything feeling was truly novel for Madison and it took the sharp edge off of his fear. That wasn't quite right. More like a 'thrill' he mused. There was no thrill without fear and people sought thrills even if they don't seek fear. He was deeply confused. Being with Pete was, or rather, could be just a scary thrill. It sure beat fear. It was a drug effect, true, and he needed more to sustain the illusion. The second round arrived and Madison grabbed at the fresh supply of courage and downed it in a gulp like the first. He was well on his way to getting drunk and Pete was still slowly working on his first drink. "Another round." Madison said in a bird like falsetto chirp before the bar keep had taken two steps from the booth. He looked up and caught Pete staring at him, "What?" he said in the same, now familiar, falsetto.

Pete shrugged and then looked into his glass before killing his first soldier. The glass clicked against the tabletop as he put it down and raised the second whiskey to his lips and threw it back. They were now even. "Professor, just about the time I have you figured out, you seem to change on me." He scratched his head thoughtfully, "Pardon my French but right now and for the last hour, its kind a hard believing you and the fucking Dean's wife were playing hide the sausage last week."

"What's that supposed to mean Pete?" His voice trilled. It was obviously a deliberate insult to Madison's manhood but it raised not a single hackle on Madison's neck. His fear of Pete had been transmuted by a few ounces of booze into an adventure, a thrill. Pete was danger and Madison was fully aware that he himself was strangely vulnerable to the big man. Maybe that's what prompted alligator wrestlers and bull riders to do what they did. It wasn't really like him, of course, he didn't even like roller-coasters, never deliberately sought out danger but then for the last hour or so he hadn't really felt like himself at all. As long as he let Pete eventually win whatever contest Pete created, he'd survive or he assumed so. Messing around with Pete was as dangerous as teasing a pit bull. Madison flicked a limp-wristed hand toward Pete and in a spirit more fueled by whiskey than common sense said in his best Mae West voice, "So like you put me in a dress all dolled up and then say I'm queer?" He cocked his head and looked Pete in the eye before setting back pursing his lips and then fluttering his lashes, the very essence of a cocotte as his hands fluttered from limp wrists.

Pete ran his hands through his thinning hair, his elbows firmly seated on the table between them. And then he laughed. "You got me there." His face twisted into a frown, "Truth?"

"I'm a historian Pete, we don't do 'truth' with a capital 'T'. Shoot." He pucker up his lips and pretended to blow Pete a kiss.

"I know this sounds crazy Maddy but..." He just sat there in obvious self debate for five-six seconds. "You're beginning to remind me of someone."

"Someone?" Madison's hands flapped from broken wrists.

"A woman. Damn, the best, most perfect woman I have ever known." He began working his hands through his scalp now with considerable vigor. His eyes looked somewhere else or rather more likely some-when else.

"You loved her." Madison said. It was a statement, a fact. He'd become abruptly serious. His eyes were thoughtful.

"Oh yeah. Love just isn't a strong enough word."

"And?"

"And what?"

"What happened?"

"She fucking died on me. She fucking drank herself to fucking death." Pete was quivering now and seemed on the edge of another explosion as if this woman had failed him by dying.

Madison didn't know what to say. Probably nothing at all would be better. So he just sat there sipping his drink and waiting for Pete to come out of his funk. He couldn't be flippant with pain like that.

Finally after a long minute filled with potential like an approaching summer thunder storm, Pete seemed to let the rage slip away back down deep inside. He blinked, looking thoughtful, "You remind me of her, damned if you don't. I mean now, right now after a couple-three whiskeys. She was no tiny-wee thing. Big, solid, no high fashion dame but soft, you know, where it matters." His eyes rolled up as if he were looking at her now. "Tits man, each as big as a baby's fucking head and her ass was something you could sink your hands into - Fuck!" He eased back, exhausted.

"What was she like, I mean what was her personality like?"

"Fuck personality Maddy. Christ she wasn't a prom queen or anything high handed. Drank like a fish. Oh yeah, you already know that." He looked at me hard. "She fucking worshiped me. She said I fucking scared the shit out of her but..."

A thrill ran up Madison's spine, "She was afraid of you?"

"Fucking-A you better believe it. I'd say jump and she'd already be in the air. And she never asked how high, you know? She'd jump as high as she could and then some."

"Does that sound healthy?" Madison asked. "I mean..." He saw the parallels. The whole thing had become, well personal.

"Fuck if anyone knows what's healthy Maddy. She was my biblical woman, if you know what I mean. Biblical."



If Madison had a watch on his wrist, which he didn't, he would have known that less than two hours had passed since the old woman had given her special blessing to what she believed was a Gypsy 'princess'. For a woman to find fulfillment, she had to be flexible, able to adjust to a changing male world. A woman had to be or at least she had to appear to be whatever it was a man desired. That was the essence of her instructions for success, well that and finding the 'right' man. Children and purpose would naturally follow like the rainbow after the storm. Her blessing was an empowerment of that strategy, a supernatural gift enabling a woman of limited natural physical talent to succeed. It was certainly never meant to be given to a male. This thing of exceptional value, this precious gift, was not some kind of gross magic that would transform the physical woman into

whatever form a male might desire but rather shape and alter the woman's mental resources such as to trap and draw in the male's natural reproductive interests. It was her words and movements that created the real magic, the gaze lowered precisely so as to trigger the man's carnal ambitions, the faint blush that appeared across her cheek and gave proof of her sexual interest. It was the illusion of vulnerability and the promise of ripe, fertile soil for the male's plow to furrow that was essential and the rules for that message to be read were literally written into the male's DNA. The flow of behavior had to be innate, automatic and completely without guile to be truly effective and it had to adjust and shape itself to the individual male, the recipient of this subtle seduction. Needless to say, it shaped and altered the woman as well though in this case, the agent was a heterosexual male.

Pete's ego fed on being dominant or at least he needed the appearance of dominance and so Madison had, naturally, become submissive. Madison was now blessed with the correct reaction to the male he was currently in contact with, the thing of exceptional value was precise and perfectly reliable. In addition his fear of the big guy was natural enough but twisting 'fear', a negative emotion, into simply 'scary' and from scary to thrilling, well females had been making that translation since the beginning of time, again it was the old woman's blessing that served to thread the needle of that 'problem'. If one's mate were the biggest, nastiest alpha male in the tribe, one was guaranteed protection from all but the thug himself. That's where Madison had evolved to in precisely one hour and thirty-seven minutes, but he had no watch to note the passage of the miracle, nor the slightest awareness that he was systematically seducing this beast, this horror.

From the moment he'd received the blessing, his mannerisms had transition from an ordinary heterosexual male to a feminine seducer. Grabbing Pete's arm as they left the old woman's house was no random act. His gestures and mannerisms while getting into the car, were entirely feminine and entirely necessary. One had to convince the male of the naturalness of one's femininity. Even the tears Madison had shed had served to bridge the initial impasse between him and Pete. And so it had begun, invisible, undetected by Madison and necessary and effective on Pete. There was only one serious drawback, Madison was male and his movements and words were now entirely counterproductive to his own desires. He had what Marilyn Monroe was said to have: 'it': that sensuousness that oozed from every movement, every sound, every glance. Breathing can be erotic, even if the breasts beneath the fabric of one's peasant blouse were only silicone carried in a cheap, cotton bra. But then there is reality.

Pete stood looking at the wig that his Maddy had taken off. That amazing mass of black curls had driven and shaped Madison's physical femininity, at least in Pete's eyes, more than any other component of his costume. And it was gone now. He held the wig in his hands like he'd found his lost puppy and discovered it to be road kill. Had he watched Maddy walk over to the bathroom to remove the makeup and change into his own clothing, he would have been amazed, but he hadn't. No, he stared at that wig and remembered both Maddy's face before and after the wig was removed. They could not be the same person. Truth? He'd become strongly attracted to Maddy and now... She was dead as surely as she had been alive. And Madison was no Maddy.