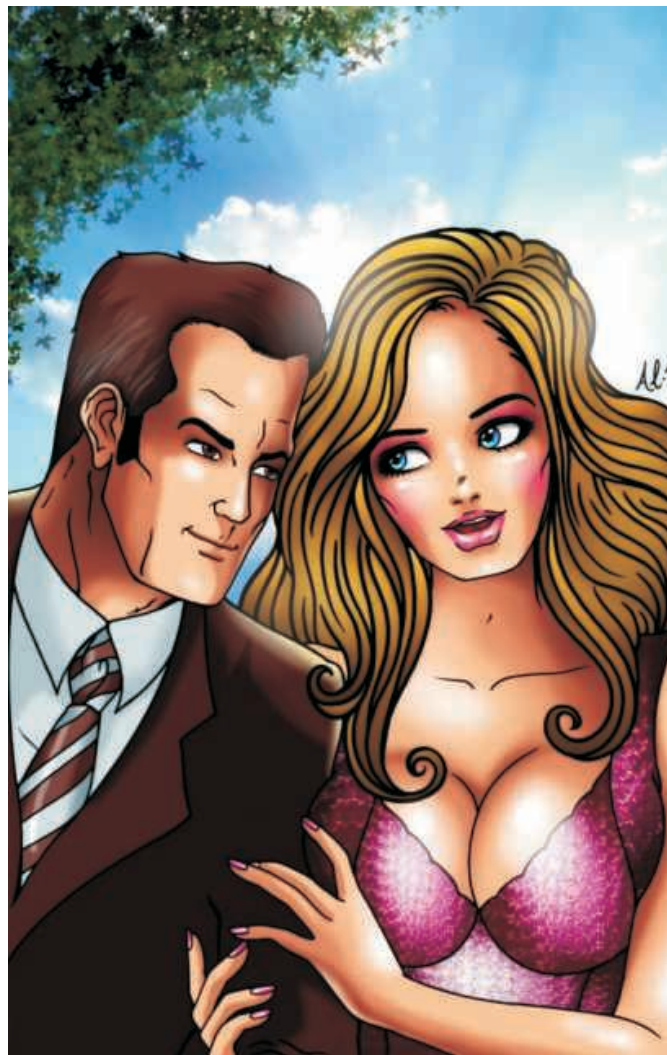




Reluctant Press presents:

FETISH VIXEN

Dee Dee Perri



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Fetish Vixen

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

I'd known Gary and Bob for the past eighteen months. Gary's cubicle was directly opposite mine and when I leaned back from my computer I could look across and see him at his station. Bob's terminal, on the other hand, butted up against mine, our two workstations were separated by a low partition that was just high enough that all I could see was the top of his bald head if we were both sitting down which was usually the case. There were something like forty cubicles, just like ours, in what was called the 'bull pen' and probably another thirty-odd souls also chained to their station like the three of us. If this was living, then death and Dante's Inferno could strike no terror in my heart. This wasn't exactly my goal when I started college.

I'd dabbled in pre-law and did well enough to eventually get into a second rate Law School. I survived the hell of Law School only to fail the bar exam and not once but three times. Of course I'd try again, eventually, but now I had a living to make and loans to repay. I was processing insurance claims or rather, to be completely honest; I was evaluating claims that my supervisor hoped could be refused. Like the Mafia, Global Insurance, sold protection and like the Mob they really didn't intend to give back any of the money they'd obtained. Still one couldn't always find a legal reason to reject all the claims. To fill in that void, we had professionally produced psychological profiles available of the kinds of people that when the right legal mumbo jumbo was thrown about, they'd likely roll over and play dead.

Anyhow, the fewer claims paid the better our end-of-the-year-bonus was, so we were motivated. Global was serious about keeping its money. Anyhow, work like this tended to have a negative effect on one's self image. Bob had been at it a lot longer than either Gary or I, so his soul was probably rather more scared. Oh yeah, we were all failed lawyers and Global loved us.

Fraternalization between the legal weenies in the bullpen wasn't encouraged. Chit-chat cut down efficiency, which was obvious, but to be entirely honest, there were both moral and legal concerns that motivated our employer or rather immoral and illegal issues. I think if we shared our common experiences, discussed and documented what exactly we were doing, we could be charged with conspiracy to commit grand fraud. Whatever. Our end-of-the-year bonuses were tied to the bottom line and profit was, after all, the American Way, right? Under the circumstances one didn't go out of one's way to form meaningful friendships with one's co-workers in the 'bull pen'. What would we talk about on the outside? Work? How many old ladies did you stiff today, buddy?

In spite of the obvious draw backs and certainly because we literally rubbed elbows with each other day after day, we'd become pals, kind'a, few beers after work, mostly to pretend that we were after all just regular guys making an ordinary living. I wonder if Satan's minions, after a hard day in hell water boarding damned souls, did the same. One thing was certain, we wouldn't be talking shop. "Yo! Over here!" I yelled and waved. Gary was pushing his way through the crowd. He seemed to have someone in tow behind him. I turned back toward Bob but I really wished that Gary hadn't stopped at the bar to get another pitcher of beer, this was one conversation I didn't want to continue.

Bob looked a lot older than he was, more like mid-forties than early thirties. The loss of hair can do that to a man but I suspect it was what we did for a living that had really prematurely aged him. The money we made was too damn good to refuse even if it was blood money. I covered my down payment on an upscale town house in Pasadena with last year's bonus, now that was serious money. And as a married man, Gary was far less free to just walk away from it all. And speaking of his wife, "She's got a screw lose." I glowered.

He shrugged. "She said you were too, ah- comfortable in that dress."

"It was a costume party, Bob. You were supposed to wear one too, as I remember."

He shook his head, "I didn't say I believe that you're queer."

"Queer?" Said a voice from above and behind me.

I turned and looked up and saw Gary standing there with a frosty pitcher of beer held in one hand and a mock serious look on his face.

"My wife..." Bob said while looking up at our co-worker but he was interrupted by Gary.

"Bob, I always knew your wife was a lesbian," Gary laughed before setting down the new pitcher.

Bob rolled his eyes, "You got it all wrong you... boob. My wife thinks Brownie here is a queen."

"Oh," Gary said and then cocked his head and gave me the once over with his eyes before shrugging. "Sorry I didn't realize the company I was keeping, your ladyship. Have a seat Roland. This is Bob and that queen is Brownie."

"Hey." We all said. Needless to say the new guy Roland looked a tad confused.

“Actually I met all of you guys at Sandy’s Halloween party,” Roland added with a nod of his head.

“At Sandy’s?” I said with some trepidation.

“I was the Lone Ranger.”

“Oh! Yeah, sorry, you look, ah- different now.” An electrical buzz worked up my spine even as Gary and Bob laughed. I was probably blushing if that instant heat on my face was at all accurate and this was decidedly not the moment to react thus. I tried to cover up my real embarrassment with a manly chuckle to match those of Gary and Bob.

The new guy Roland looked at me, embarrassment was etched across his youthful face. “I really thought that you were a gal.” He gulped, now clearly flustered.

His response prompted both Gary and Bob to snicker and I had to follow suit, it was the only possible thing to do under the circumstances.

I rolled my eyes, “Could we get on to something else? OK?” Right, make light of the whole thing. Considering the discussion Bob and I had been having just moments before, this latest exchange was potentially damning. I laughed ‘at’ Roland as if he and not I was the intended butt of the joke.

Gary and Bob were now snorting like pigs as they enjoyed our mutual discomfort; this new guy, the pretend cowboy didn’t. And the way he looked at me made me decidedly uncomfortable. He finally sat down across the table from me looking both embarrassed and angry. Finally he started laughing as well. What else could he have done?



Bob and Gary left after the second pitcher was finished. Both would have a long drive on the freeway going home, they lived in the Valley. Me, I could just walk over to Union Station and pick up the light rail to Pasadena. My town house was an easy walk from the station in downtown Pasadena. I sure didn’t envy Bob or Gary but I did wish I’d left with them.

Roland was a very real threat to my public identity, but did he realize that fact? If he really understood what had been going on at Sandy’s party last Friday night, my life, such as it is, could go through the shredder. I was almost certain he was straight and most likely pissed that I’d toyed with his misdirected attentions. God knows my flirtations had been way too heavy handed, over the top and he’d been the perfect foil to my feminine charms, an overgrown boy scout. If he were to take a swing for my chops now that we were alone, well, I would not have been completely surprised. At the least I’d made him look like a chump and at the worst... straight guys didn’t like to be seduced by another guy, bad for the image and worse for the male ego. But that was water under the bridge. I could get up now and end this chance encounter or I could evaluate the potential danger. I chose the latter. “Ah- how do you know Sandy?”

“Probably the same way you do, my unit is in the complex directly behind hers and you live, what, two doors down from her?”

"Yeah," I said. My anxiety clicked a notch higher. Rule one: never, never fuck around where you live. "I suppose you ride the Gold Line too." He nodded and my heart wedged itself even deeper into my shoes. "Yeah, it sure beats driving in rush traffic." I wanted to just leave but dollars to donuts he would just get up with me. Hell if I didn't remember that night at Sandy's party. It seemed harmless enough at the time. I was having fun and he had been such a schmuck. The way he'd kept eyeing my fake tits that night... Truth? His honest, though misdirected attentions had made me feel all fluttery inside; him buying into my female impersonation, it had fed my fem-ego big time. Nobody wanted to be an ugly drag queen, even an arrow straight queen like me. That whole evening now, however, hung like a sword of Damocles over my head. Was he queer? I asked myself for the second time. My sense of judgment said no and I'd had plenty of opportunity to learn that skill over the years. He wouldn't be the first straight guy to fall in love with my alter ego. Talk about unrequited love, there was no 'she' for him, only me and I didn't do guys, leastwise I never had. "I got to go," I finally said realizing that there was no easy way to exit from this situation. Our discussion was over as far as I was concerned and I hoped that he would, well, just let it go as another sweet mystery in life, some odd, one night weirdness.

He got up as well and fell in step beside me. "Union Station?"

I just jerked my head in agreement. I felt trapped like a bug on a pin. I felt like saying to him, she doesn't exist moron, she was but an illusion so take that lost puppy dog look and... stuff it! Oh yeah, he had that look in his eyes like discovering there wasn't a Santa and that lottery ticket he found in his shirt pocket wasn't a winner. Get over it, pal. Of course 'she' hadn't been mentioned again and if he was smart, he'd let the whole thing go over the side.

As we stepped outside, he said, "I understand you don't want to talk about it?"

"It?" That set my teeth on edge, the twit was going to push it anyway.

"I'm sure I have no idea what you must go through day after day, ok?"

"And I have no idea what you are talking about, Pal." I began to walk more briskly but he accelerated to keep up with me. I stopped abruptly, "You some kind of shrink?" He shook his head no. "You don't know me well enough to have this conversation. So buzz off!" I formed my fingers into a fist but then just let them relax. What? I was going to punch him or something? He was a head taller and he had muscles like a real guy, I didn't. I gave him my best 'you're creeping me out' look which was pretty easy to do. Anyhow the look seemed to work.

He backed off and shrugged, "Sorry, Princess."

Princess!! That's what he'd called me at Sandy's party. Princess! That hit me like the left hook he'd never thrown. I turned and fled toward the train. Fled? I broke into a jog and then, a full out run. The twit! It was late afternoon and already I could feel her growing inside me like a yummy cancer. The boy scout-cowboy must have caught her attention and aroused her from her daily nap. Awaken prematurely, she'd be tad more aggressive than usual. This whole thing was getting way out of hand. Princess! That name was like alarm clock going off in my head, the conditioned stimulus that made Pavlov's dog salivate. I never wanted to see him again and yet my gut said I would. He lived, what? A few

hundred feet from me and that lurking bitch queen had found him interesting before. I really needed to make another appointment with my shrink, and soon. I was fucked and getting more fucked as one night followed the next.

The door swished behind me as I entered the train car and the whole train lurched forward as I grabbed a strap and clung on for dear life. The train door wasn't the only thing that had gone 'swish' in the last few moments. The sun was still above the horizon, just above. The twilight was still minutes away but already I knew I was she. The precise placement of my feet and hands adjusted, as they always did. My hips cocked and my back arched, dear God I was that she-male Princess again. Damn Dr. Wademann, had he only left things alone. My condition had never been good before but it was now far worse. Sweet Lord! Had I just winked at that guy beside me? I was blushing now. Embarrassed yes but only embarrassed.



I'd started cross-dressing when I was ten. Having three sisters, with me being the youngest, it was probably not a complete accident that it had happened. If one were looking for an excuse or someone to blame my sisters were culpable but, to be entirely fair, there is no scientific evidence that such an experience is, in itself sufficient to cause the condition called transvestitism. When I was really small my sisters liked to dress me up like I was a living doll, lipstick and girl clothes; what fun. What my sisters didn't know was that I rather liked it, even then, though I protested mightily as if my boyish pride had been damaged. The first time I did it alone, I felt sexually supercharged. At ten years of age, getting aroused was still new to me and that mere clothing could do that was, well, awesome. I connected the feel of nylons on my legs to the erection of my penis like Pavlov's dog. Unlike that that poor jerk dog, the connection in my brain between the feel of say panties and a hard-on once made was total. I'd spent much of the last seventeen years trying to 'unlearn' what had come so naturally to me in my callow youth.

Lord knows I wasn't gay. Women were my thing. High school and later college, I was a dating freak, a skirt chaser, a womanizer. The amount of effort I put into getting laid was surely a primary factor in my less than stellar performance as a student in college. I was on the small side in both height and build and my facial features were exceptionally fine, for a male. Even without makeup I was pretty, far too pretty for a 'real' guy so it wasn't like I had my pick of all the women in the universe. As a rule women are rather turned off by smallish, pretty men, even the really tiny ladies wanted someone six foot plus with wide shoulders, go figure. I had to work twice as hard as most guys my age to hookup and my early relationships usually played out rather too quickly. I don't know how many times I heard that old line, "I really want us to be friends, really good friends." Gads.

Anyhow being naturally less than a manly-man, I'd attracted more than my share of homosexual attention. Had I had any doubt as to my sexual preferences, I'd had ample opportunity to explore the other side of the street. In college I got involved in 'acting'. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, a chance to do 'drag' in public. Our productions of Shakespeare were authentic to the point that males played all the roles, including the female lead. It was a never to be missed experience, for me. As a 'pretend woman' I was literally

filled with autoerotic potential, I was the very essence of two lovers enjoined in one flesh. It must have been obvious. Anyhow, my onstage performances attracted a number of men, some straight and some gay. I learned to tell the straight from the gay by the way they reacted to me after I changed back into my civvies. If that mournful expression in their eyes appeared after seeing me as I really was- a male, then the guy was probably straight, more or less, if you get my drift. Straight and gay aren't precise terms and most men are a lot 'gayer' than they think when it comes to sexual object choice. Anyhow, thinking about Roland, he was probably a straight arrow. I need not have given him the stiff arm this afternoon. It was unlikely that he'd actually become a problem, just another broken heart in a long line of broken hearts.

But calling me Princess had really been a low blow. He probably had no idea of the effect that one word would have on me. Hell, I hadn't realized exactly how vulnerable I'd become. Princess? It was the first time anyone had given me a feminine moniker. Truth, I kind'a liked it and yet it scared the hell out of the male me. No one had ever jerked my chain that way before.

Of course I was my 'male me' when I pissed all over Roland. Being now 'less' male and more in tune with my inner fem, I really wished I hadn't run away. Had he been beside me when I went 'swish', would he have been horrified or charmed? "Sunset does that to me, you know," I would have said, "My shrink, Dr. Wademann turned me into a werewoman," had Roland been there to witness my transformation but alas he hadn't been there and those words were never spoken. The truth be known, a werewoman would have been an improvement over my reality. I only went 'swish'; there was no physical woman that he would have seen. A limp wristed fagot guy, a werequeen, a straight werequeen no less. And now she had a name: Princess.

I wasn't gay and I wasn't transsexual. I never thought of myself as a woman trapped in a man's body. I was male to my core... heterosexual transvestites were as common as horse turds at the county fair and yet, if one really considers what it means to be a transvestite, such men are easily some of the more weird entities in God's diverse creation. I was so strongly attracted to females, that I would be one if I could as if by being female I could serve and satisfy my inner male nature. Now if that isn't convoluted enough, over the years I'd learned that no woman could satisfy the male me as completely as "I", the female me. You see, even a loser like me, had, from time to time gotten lucky. Real sex with a real woman paled in comparison to what I could achieve as my own mistress. Being autoerotic however had its major drawbacks. I was naturally a social entity and was as physically attracted to women as any young, healthy, ordinary male would be.

Needless to say I'd studied the transvestite literature as carefully as a Ph.D. Psychologist might have. In the popular TV literature, there was always some young, beautiful and very sexy woman who would just love to transform her male lover into an effeminate fem-male. Yeah, right! The one and only time I'd open up and confessed my desire to wear a nylon teddy while making love, my 'then' current girl friend freaked out. Oh we did 'it' and for me it was as I always thought it could be, the most complete, earth-shattering event ever. I mean it was me and her and her. I died and went to heaven. My girl friend went somewhere else, never to return. Oh yeah she suggested that I see a psychologist.

I've read a lot about gays and the transgendered and frankly neither condition was as profoundly unsettling as being a heterosexual transvestite. Gays could and have created their own supportive communities and they never seemed to have any problem exploring their sexuality. It is harder for the transgendered but at least there were surgical solutions available and to be entirely honest, they'd even developed something of a social acceptability at least among the more liberal establishment. But the true heterosexual transvestite remains on the outside looking in. There was no transvestite 'pride', no recognized medical treatment. One can't mandate female sexual preferences and that is just about what would have to happen for an ordinary, straight transvestite to find social and sexual fulfillment. Oh yeah, I was still looking for that feminizing female, the fetish mistress in the ultra high heels, sleek nylon clad legs that went on forever, a torso encased in a corset that made a mockery of the normal female waist and poised above that corset a pair of jugs too heavy to stand up against gravity and yet they did, somehow. God knows I'd thought that perhaps Sandy had been the one I'd sought, she was almost the perfect physical model of my ideal bitch queen. Wrong! I felt the train slowing down. I was almost home.

Sandy worked at Global like me but as a secretary over in the Personnel Division. She had just a hint of the 'male' about her. A bit too aggressive both sexually and socially, not that was a problem of course. I rather needed the passive role and she rather liked my calling her the 'self-made-man' and trust me, there was a lot of woman wrapped into her tight clothing. It was all illusion of course or more likely an illusion created in my mind. In reality she was seeking pretty much what most women sought. Male strength and sexual aggression, neither of which I had in sufficient quantities, were required to properly feed her passions. I really failed her in bed, the Amazon morphed into a surprisingly passive almost clinging vine. Two such passive creatures in bed... well the outcome was inevitable, we became the best of friends instead. As I stood up and headed for the exit, I thought of Roland. Could I? Was it time to walk the other side of the street? He was certainly harmless enough. "Hell, another day, another dollar." I said out loud. Someone grunted in agreement.



I knew precisely what I was going to do tonight even if I hadn't had that brief and somewhat upsetting encounter with Roland. I'd spent the last three months avoiding my feminine self. For me the urge to cross-dress was like breathing. One could hold one's breath for only so long. Sandy's party was God sent in that not only could I break my parole but that I could do so in public. Having fallen off the wagon, so to speak, I'd crossed-dressed every night since then. My accumulated hunger wasn't going to be easily satisfied. That self-imposed exile, that rude denial of my essence had been Dr. Wademann's idea. Like my shrink had any idea of what I would have to go through, what horrid cost. He was old school as if my transvestitism was but a mere habit that could be broken by disuse. At three hundred dollars an hour, I had to give him the benefit of the doubt. Having bottled up my passions for months, she had returned invigorated, strengthened and rather twisted. There had always been a hint of the fetish connecting me to feminine clothing but that hint had become a roaring fire as if having been denied for months it must be feed with a greater sacrifice and worse, that want-to-be fetish queen now came ev-

ery evening. Cross-dressing had always been somewhat of a compulsion for me, the word 'somewhat' had to be dropped now, thanks to Dr. Wademann's intervention. She would not be denied. But this was the first time she'd awoken before sunset: Princess.

I never adopted feminine mannerisms except after a careful construction of my female alter ego. I could and often did spend hours in that labor. And here I was, still in my business suit, still in a public setting, walking home like I had a corncob shoved up my butt crack. I'd toyed with the idea that I was a werewoman, certainly tongue in cheek, my after dark transitions from one gender to the other having become the norm rather than the exception. But never with a suit and tie on. My Oxfords toed the concrete as if I were wearing feminine high heels, my stride had grown delicate. I really, really had to see Dr. Wademann and soon.

~oOo~

Having closed and locked all the doors and drawn the blinds, having shaved and showered and soaked my skin in sweet oils and creams, now smelling like an expensive French whore and wearing a horny babe's war paint, I struggled with my newest acquisition, a corset. It wasn't whalebone and satin like from ancient times, but constructed from the most modern materials. Bands that wrapped my torso, would, as the material dried out, shrink and constrict, drawing my already slender waist into something smaller than most modern women could achieve. That wearing the corset was painful came as no surprise for I'd worn it last night for the first time. God only knows what this device must be doing to my organs even now. I was evolving, to use Dr. Wademann's term, from an ordinary transvestite to a man with a fetish for the female form and the corset was but a necessary means to an



end. Dr. Wademann was very concerned. Whatever. I was in intense discomfort but what my eyes told me made it all tolerable.

The wonders of this garment, this corset, shaped the loose flesh on my chest creating the illusion of breasts. The cleavage itself was no mere illusion being of real flesh. My ordinary 'boy' hips looked far more 'girlish' though only by the mathematics of my abruptly curtailed waist. The very curves and lines created on my flesh satisfied my budding fem and drew her out like offerings to a goddess. My feminized movements transitioned into an even more exaggerated feminine me. Unlike the faggot me that had entered my townhouse, the last remnants of 'that' manhood were gone, indeed, that manhood was now inaccessible, unreachable. Were my mother to call and wish to chat on the phone, heaven forbid, her son, James Brown, would simply be unavailable. It hadn't always been like this, of course. It was part of this werewoman thingy, something new and scary: Princess.

Picture the essence of the feminized male. A forced feminization was, by definition, something beyond his control. Humiliated, embarrassed, half terrified were but surface features of his existence. Under the surface, the fem male glows with a new found sexuality, a sensuality that was both delicious and, because the transformation was not of his own free will, absolutely guilt free. Absolved of the male responsibilities, free to not be a man, she was forced to experience that heightened sexuality that only a woman could know. There was a cost, of course, one had to be passive, receptive, compliant, else all was but an illusion. I wasn't just feminine, I was helpless, a rudderless ship that might plow endlessly through the sea never finding a port.

I pulled a simple white dress over my head. That it fell in place without being tight was a compliment to the powers of my new corset. What had been obvious before was now made emphatic. I was woman, more so now than in my wildest dreams as a youth. I looked at my much beloved and very expensive wig and realized that for the first time ever that I didn't need it to complete my coming out. Still it would make me more perfect. I carried it over with me to the mirror and began the somewhat complex process of completing her toilet.

I'd spent my life avoiding discovery, it was the very center of a common nightmare I had as a boy growing up. And here, in the privacy of my bathroom, at this very moment looking as I now looked, I wanted to be discovered. Something harmless and yet romantic, whatever that meant. Perhaps Sandy would come to my door. She would see the 'real' me, certainly by accident and then she'd be overcome with lust? She'd discover that she really was attracted to me, a la fem. The image sent a cascade of goose bumps down my spine as my penis formed an unnatural lump in my panties. "Whatever." I sighed as I put on my five inch heels and then minced from the bathroom with my arms and hands spayed in the exaggerated feminine that only she could perform. Were it possible for me to exist simultaneously as me and her, I would have swept her into my arms and found and crushed her sweet lips. She knew that I was the only audience she would likely have. It was so... sad.



As a rule I never went out in public in drag unless, of course, there was an acceptable reason, like a costume party. That I could probably 'pass' wasn't enough for me to take the

chance. God knows if anyone would really give a shit. That horror I'd had of discovery, of being found out, had been adaptive when I was a kid. Now as an adult, it was just a lingering bogeyman perhaps. Talking to Dr. Wademann had surely helped put that particular imp back into the bottle. It was obvious that my being a transvestite wasn't such a big deal, to him at least. My family, if they knew, would likely disagree. As far as the office was concerned, well, Global might care being a conservative 'family based' company and all. If Bob or Gary knew, well, they didn't really want to know if you get my drift. The truth was I had no close friends. How can one be really close to anyone when one can't be honest. My feminine alter ego wasn't a minor part of me. In some ways she drove my whole existence. Not sharing her was not sharing a large part of myself. No, I had no close friends.

The female 'I' had colored and molded my entire life. I was thin because I constantly watched what I ate. I needed to be thin to be her. My lack of muscles, ditto. I'd taken female hormones, on and off, for the last seven years once I'd discovered how easy they were to obtain off the Internet. Just enough estrogen to minimize the more masculine aspects of my biological nature. I had breasts but they were so small and immature as to be invisible to the casual observer. It was these that had given purchase to my corset, as I said, my cleavage was real enough. That no one realized the extent of my feminization, not even Dr. Wademann, said more about my success at hiding my second nature out in plain sight. Every day since I was ten years old, I'd walked a tight rope, balancing my male and female aspects until neither was precisely satisfied. No wonder I was in therapy.

I need her and I to be united into one being and for the two of us to be accepted. For me to tell the world that I was, say, transgender, would work though it would be a lie. I was, even now considering telling Dr. Wademann that lie. I would have to hide and suppress the male 'I' the same way I'd hidden the female 'I'. Her freedom would come at some considerable cost. Having been raised with three sisters I knew that I no more wanted their life than I wished to announce to the world that I was gay. I was neither. The closest I'd come to a workable solution was as a pre-op transsexual who was a lesbian; try that on for size. I was pretty sure Dr. Wademann wouldn't buy into that game plan.

All this was becoming something of a side issue now. The compulsion to cross-dress had transitioned over some kind of threshold since Sandy's costume party. She, Princess, wasn't asking to come out, she'd just kicked down the door and came out when she wanted to do so. Was this afternoon the beginning of a new phase? That she could literally intrude in my ordinary 'male' life was disturbing. I didn't want to think of what would have happened had she come out while I was at Global. The cool thing about a werewoman was that there had to be a full moon or something, right? She couldn't appear just any old time she felt like it. Who was I kidding? I was out of control, nuts, bonkers, ok?

I'd walked the very lip of a cliff since I was a kid and now I was slipping over the psychological edge. I picked up the phone to call Dr. Wademann's answering service. A man answered, it wasn't Dr. Wademann, of course. "This is Mr. Brown, one of Dr. Wademann's patients? I need an appointment, an emergency appointment as soon as possible." My voice was as soft, sexy and feminine as my male throat and vocal cords would allow. I purred my thanks and waited for him to check what times were available. I couldn't help wondering if he was as handsome as he sounded. An electrical buzz rode helter-skelter in-

side my groin and clawed up to my insipient breasts. That was new and somehow wondrous. Being gay and a transvestite would be far, far easier. Who was I kidding?

Chapter 2

I felt like I was running across a hardwood floor upon which thousands of marbles had been scattered. I was damn good at walking in high heels, having had ample practice for seventeen years, but at the moment these five inch fetish heels threatened to be the death of me. I wobbled in a way that truly alarmed me.

"Please sit down before you break your neck, Mr. Brown."

"Princess," I said as I reached out and grabbed the edge of the couch and then so very carefully swung my tush down on the leather, pulled and tugged at my skirt as it threatened to ride up, exposing my groin. I hadn't felt this awkward, this clumsy, dressed up since I was thirteen. It was like 'she' had fled into the night leaving me to cope with Dr. Wademann all alone. I was no longer her, I was me, enough said? There was enough heat coming off my cheeks to boil water. Everything thing felt wrong, out of place. That wonderful corset she'd put on this afternoon, was causing 'me' serious agony. "Sorry, I think this was a mistake," I said as I looked outside at the tall buildings all illuminated from within. It was night and I'd never been to see my shrink at this time of day. I'd hoped that he could have met her, my werewoman demon, so that he could appreciate exactly what I had to deal with every night. The bitch had faked me out, leading me to come to see Dr. Wademann in her persona and then scooted off, perhaps to laugh at my discomfort. Well if that was her purpose, she'd succeeded.

Dr. Wademann just grunted. He seldom handed out comments, positive or negative. The truth was I did all the work and he mostly just sat there and listened and occasionally grunted. Pretty good deal, him making about six dollars a minute with me slaving over the hot stove that was my consciousness. "You said it was urgent, Mr. Brown."

"I'm out of control." The look he gave me said that for once he might agree with me but it was only a brief, transient look. He waited for me to continue as he always did. He could easily out wait me at ten cents a second. "She slipped out, last week at a party." I didn't tell him the specifics, that it was a dress-up affair. Considering that I'd never told him about the hormones I'd taken over the years it was no big deal. I got another grunt as a reward. "It had been over three months, ah- three months, three days and some seven hours, to be more exact since I'd given in to the urge Doc. I mean, that's pretty good, right?"

He just adjusted himself in his chair. He'd never seen me a la fem before but my costume seemed to have had little impact on him. A real friend would have said something, right? "What do you think?" I said in frustration as I spayed out my arms and sat up a little straighter. "I look pretty real if I say so myself Doc?"

"That's rather beside the point, isn't it, Mr. Brown."

I wilted under his non-response. I felt like the pervert I was. A sham woman, an addict to the endorphins triggered when I dressed up. "She didn't like being ignored for three

months. I think she's really, really pissed Doc, at me and at you. Anyhow, now I just can't stop her when she wants to come out, every night, at sunset." I laughed, "Like a werewoman, you know?" I looked at that stone face hoping to get some reaction and then I did.

"I think it is counter-productive to refer to 'her' as if 'she' exists separate from you, Mr. Brown. I do not believe that you suffer from multiple personalities, hmmm?"

For Dr. Wademann that was about the longest monologue I'd heard in eight months of therapy. I twisted my butt deeper into the leather couch, my hands finding themselves unoccupied flittered here and there nervously. "You're right, of course Doc." I looked at him, "Self control, right?" He didn't need to nod, I was a pretty well trained puppy. I let out a long sigh. According to Dr. Wademann this transvestitism was nothing but a symptom, ok? Not the problem but merely a way my unconscious had of telling me there was a real problem buried in my brain. Trust me, it must be a whopper of a problem because the mere symptoms were wrecking my life. Creating a 'fake' second personality was just a way of avoiding responsibility for my own actions. We'd been over that before, months earlier. But honestly, I felt that she was real even if I couldn't prove that to Doc. And she was growing stronger and stronger every night. So where was the bitch now when I needed her...

Oh-oh! More like Pazzaaah!! To be entirely accurate, Princess was 'in the house'! The discomfort I'd felt with my corset- gone. My wildly erratic hands were abruptly transformed into feminine signaling devices. Their movements were no longer random, one sought and found some strands of my long, long black hair to play with while the other attempted to draw Dr. Wademann's eyes first to my cleavage and then, having failed, it slid down my long slender waist before landing, suggestively, in my lap. My legs crossed and then re-crossed until my nylon encased right leg settled tightly over my left just above the knee. I was her, every ounce of my being seemed soaked in estrogen. She and Dr. Wademann had never met. But there was no she, only me, that is... the she me, Princess. Dr. Wademann wasn't nearly as old nor nearly as unattractive as he had seemed to be just moments earlier. Not my cup of tea, to be sure, but no man was my cup of tea.

I open my mouth and out flowed that rich, purr she so easily performed. Words, yes. Air forced through male vocal cord and into a male throat, the resonance frequencies a half octave too low to be female and yet the vowels were longer and richer and the consonants run through velvet filters. "Something happened the other night," I said, she said and then waited for Dr. Wademann's response. Of course no response was offered. In the therapy session all was fair game and my monologue didn't require any reasonable transitions. My right hand dropped away from the strand of hair it had been worrying and came down on the small shelf of cleavage created by my corset. My fingers sought and found the gap between my right and left incipient breasts, I felt my hand touching those breasts as my breasts felt my hand. It was a curious pause as if I were taking stock of my physical self, perhaps confirming my hard won femininity. "I met a boy. More boy than man, anyhow," I laughed. "A regular boy scout. He thought I was a real woman and I gave him no reason to believe otherwise. I was very much charmed by him, not that I found him to be charming but rather I was charmed by him. I enjoyed his attentions." I looked at Dr. Wademann for encouragement but none was forthcoming. I let out a long sigh, "What I

meant to say is that I-liked-him-liking-me." I rolled my eyes in frustration, "Ok, like is not right." I felt my face bloom once more with heat, "He was seriously turned on to me as a woman and that turned me on." I puffed out my cheeks and blew out some air, "Whoa! Like... like we could have had sex, you know? It was enough that he really wanted me for me to want him... kind'a." I sat there feeling foolish, "I thought it was some kind of break through, Doc?"

"Enough for a relationship?"

"Ah-" I laughed and then shrugged. "Hardly, I guess: me getting turned on to him because he could get turned on to me, kind'a weak huh?" I looked at Dr. Wademann for confirmation and, of course, I received nothing either way. "Honestly Doc, I think it was a break through. I've had similar thoughts with other men lately. I sure wish I could look at a man and say, wow, he turns me on but hey... I started crying, like a summer thunderstorm in Florida, seemingly out of nowhere, it came abruptly and with serious force.

Dr. Wademann could move rather quickly when the need arose. He was beside me on the couch, my face was soon buried against his chest as his arm circled my slender corset created waist and held me close. This wasn't the first time this had happened to me with my shrink. He said nothing, demanded nothing and gave me a world of support as if he really cared. I really hoped that he did. At some point I twisted about enough to give him a kiss on his cheek, more like a daughter with her father than a son to his dad. This was new but probably not important. They call it transference, that is me falling in love with my shrink. Love? Certainly not of the sexual kind, heaven forbid. Me and Doc? Gross.



Doc was a psychiatrist, which meant M.D. and, like a 'real' doctor, he could supply me with more than words. Drugs to be exact and to be very precise M4-3. The latter was a drug first developed as a male birth control pill except it never got approved by the FDA for that use. As an anti-fertility agent it was simply too good. When received as an injection, M4 dash 3 knocked out sperm product like a truck going over a cliff. Unfortunately for the drug company that initially had high hopes for this medication, it also knocked the b-Jesus out of the testicles. Along with sperm production went most of the testosterone production and neither recovered very quickly. Tongue in cheek, it was by far the best anti-fertility agent for men ever invented. The first to go was erectile function, followed by a real nosedive in the desire department. Depending upon one's idiosyncratic biology the effect could last for weeks or even months. Thus M4-3 eventually became real popular with some governmental institutions that dealt with, you got it, sex offenders. Castration without surgery. Oh yeah, doctors like Wademann who specialized in person's with sexual 'problems' kept some on the side.

Contrary to common sense but not to biological sense, lowering one's sex drive was a very 'real' treatment for transvestitism. Wearing women's clothing didn't just make me feel good, it was a serious turn on, ok? My sex drive had gotten short circuited somewhere in my brain so that the clothes themselves had become a focal point of my lust, like a woman's breasts might for an ordinary man and by the way I still really dig a nice set of jugs. Drop the sexual drive down enough and the fetish would fade away like a bad

dream. Anyhow, Doc and I had discussed M4-3 way back when I first started coming for therapy. It wasn't commonly employed with TV's but then my case wasn't your garden-variety transvestitism. Anyhow, Doc wasn't blind. He saw the real 'female' me for the first time that night and it gave him pause: like maybe she was real. He'd rejected the very concept of a second personality just minutes earlier and then made a complete about face.

I think his alarm really got my attention, I mean her attention. The I-me that existed at that very moment, the fem me. Ironic but that which would degrade my very existence as a male, could be a knife to her heart, symbolically speaking of course. Needless to say she didn't ask for the injection and Doc wasn't one to press the issue. In spite of the fact that nothing happened that night, her brain and then later my brain rang like we'd been hit with a hammer. Of course our reactions were mirror images of each other. I was already certain that she existed but now she realized that she was at risk. Ironically, those hormones I'd been taking had probably slowed her development. It was only after I started therapy and quit taking estrogen that she'd truly come into being. Odd, really odd if you think about it. She was a product of my manhood, my fucking useless balls.

~oOo~

"Hey Brownie."

"Hey yourself," I said to the clerk working behind the desk at the gym. It wasn't even seven in the A.M. but I was here to pick up a game. The challenge court was empty as was the grease board but I put up my name on the challenge board anyway. "Any chance I can get a game in this morning?"

"There's a new fish getting dressed right now. He should be out in a few minutes."

"Handball?" I said hopefully. Beggars can't be choosers. I'd brought my racquetball and my tennis equipment just to be on the safe side but I preferred handball.

"Yeah. Seems to think he's pretty good." The man laughed, "Like I said, a new fish."

"Right, I'll just warm up."

On the court I began to do my mandatory stretching exercises. I was small and slight to the point of skinny but looks are deceiving. Oh I know the common misconceptions one must have about people like me. In high school I did wear a bra under my sweater often enough but the sweater after my sophomore year had a varsity letter on the front. I was too small for basketball and football but I was a first rate high school jock nonetheless. I played second base on the school team that went to the state finals. I had, as they say, really soft hands and smart feet. Fast, agile and excellent eye-hand coordination, one didn't need to be either big or particularly strong in baseball. I wasn't strong enough to drive the ball over the wall but I could hit for average. Anyhow, so much for assumptions, transvestites are not necessarily wimps.

In college I didn't have a chance to make the school baseball team. I don't think the team manager ever gave me a fair look, too small. I took up handball and well, the rest, for me, was history. Speed is more important than power in handball. Anyhow, I 'owned' the handball challenge court here at the Los Argos Gym. New fish indeed.