



Reluctant Press presents:

Breasts To Die For

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Breasts To Die For!

By Blind Ruth

PART 1: WHAT ARE BLOCKER HORMONES?

Roxanne blamed his mother for the state he was in. Mother? She was no damn mother to him. She had ruined his life, and now he had to pick up the pieces, and make the best of it.

Roxanne could very vaguely remember his real mother. She died when he was two and a half years old. He would pick him up and cuddle him, laugh with him, tickle him. Then, suddenly, she was there no more. For three years after that, nannies looked after him. When he was six, his father brought home a woman. Ricky, as he was called then, knew this was more than a nanny.

His father made a fuss over this woman, who was called Dolores. Dolores made a fuss over him, would always tousle his hair in a friendly way. Dolores had designs on Ricky's father; as far as she was concerned, Henry was her meal ticket.

Henry was a hard-working businessman. Henry had his own motive for going around with Dolores; he wanted a mother for his son.

Ricky was used to being left with a babysitter as his father took Dolores to some high-class nightclub for a meal. Of course Ricky was in bed fast asleep when they came back and made to his father's bedroom.

The following morning would see Dolores emerge from his father's room, in a pretty pink lacy nightdress, with his father's hands round her waist.

One day, his father came to Ricky's room. "Ricky, do you like Dolores?"
"Yes, Father."

“ I’m glad of that because Dolores is to be your new mother. I can see she gets on well with you.”

Little Ricky thought, “A mother at last, someone to love me like my own mother.”

Ricky, like all boys of his age, was always playing ball games. To Dolores this was a dammed nuisance; she didn’t really like little boys. All they seemed to do was get their clothes dirty. His room was always in a mess. If she had her way, she would use the paddle on him. When Henry was around she always smiled at Ricky, but alone she scowled and complained to him about his untidy appearance.

“It’s the end of a paddle you need, my boy!”

Poor Ricky did not know what to make of it; Dolores had been so nice to him before she married his father. Sometime, Dolores would snuggle up to Henry.

“You know, darling, Ricky has been a bad boy today, he has dirtied up his clothes again. That boy needs a man’s hand on him, dear. Give him a bit of the paddle, to learn a lesson.”

Then she would kiss him and press her breasts against Henry. Henry was not a violent man and such methods were not his way.

“Dolores, leave it with me. I will have a talk with Ricky.”

This sort of answer irritated Dolores, but she didn’t let it show; to her Henry was a feeble man. Still he had quite a large sum of money. Henry did talk to his son.

“Ricky, I know Dolores is not your mother but you must do as she says for your own good. You do like her, don’t you? I know she likes you.”

Ricky said nothing about what Dolores had said to him, but was glad his father was there to protect him from what she had threatened. Unfortunately for Ricky, his father was not to remain in this world much longer.

Many years before Henry Cummings met Delores, he had a mild heart attack. This worried Henry. What would happen to little Ricky should the worst happen? This made him decide to marry again, to find a mother for Ricky, but Henry was a bad judge of women. He had been lucky when he married Nora, a good woman who loved her son. Dolores was a different kettle of fish. True, she was a very beautiful woman, but Dolores was a scheming designing woman. Dolores knew her best asset was her body, and by sleeping around, she found herself in the circles that Henry operated in. Of course Henry did not know of her past, and Dolores made sure he never heard about any of it.

After about a year of marriage, Henry had a heart attack. The doctor took Dolores aside.

“Mrs. Cummings, your husband has had a severe heart attack and he needs lots of rest, I will prescribe some pills which will help.”

“Doctor, what will happen if he does not rest? You know he is a very determined man, and he lives for his work.”

“Mrs. Cummings, he has to rest. Another attack like this and you could be a widow. You don’t want that, do you?”

“Oh no, doctor.”

What the doctor had said pleased Dolores although she showed no signs of it. She was many years younger than Henry and she really didn’t like his pawing over her body in bed. But Dolores put up with it.

“Some day,” she said to herself, “he may not be here and I’ll have all that money.”

Now she had a chance to do something about that. Her scheming little mind had a plan to kill Henry. They would never think she was a murderess; her trump card was her beauty. But before that happened she must secure the man’s money for herself so she could have a life of luxury.

Her attitude towards little Ricky changed. She again fussed over him and stopped scolding him. Ricky could not understand his stepmother, she blew hot and cold. The next thing Dolores did was install single beds in their bedroom.

“You need your rest, Henry and no distractions at night.”

“What a considerate woman Dolores is,” Henry thought. “I’ve made the right decision picking her for Ricky’s mother.”

The first part of Dolores’ strategy had gone according to plan. Henry was slowly regaining his strength, though. This was not good news for Dolores, so the second part of her plan quickly came into operation.

“Darling,” she said one night as she sat at the vanity removing her makeup, “I hate to bring this up and maybe I shouldn’t. It’s little Ricky I’m thinking about.”

Dolores deliberately hesitated, to add emphasis on the point.

“Go on, Dolores.”

“Well darling, is little Ricky taken care of monetarily? I hate to say this and I know it will never happen...”

“Out with it, woman,” Henry said.

If she had been an actress, Dolores would surely have received an Oscar for the next lines.

“If you died... Oh, I just love that little boy!”

Dolores, now in tears, came over to Henry and put her arms round his neck.

“We both love that boy, don’t we, darling?”

“Oh Dolores, you’re the mother Ricky needs. Tomorrow I will have the solicitors draw up a document that will make you guardian over little Ricky should anything happen to me.”

“Oh, don’t say that, darling!”

Dolores again put her hands ‘round Henry’s neck. Now to proceed with the third and final part of her scheme.

Dolores proceeded with the plan. Henry gave her a good allowance every month, more than ample for the housekeeping and plenty to spend on herself. This month she used this to buy some sexy underwear and negligee, expensive stuff. Dolores liked expensive gifts and Henry bought diamonds and pearls aplenty for her.

Tonight Dolores was positively dripping in jewels over a scanty white silk lacy negligee, waiting for Henry to retire for the night. As Henry entered the room, she put her hands round his neck

“Darling, it’s been so long since we made love. Have me tonight, please. I want you.”

How could he resist the wondrous sight before his eyes? His penis was telling him YES. Henry lifted her onto his bed and excitedly divested her of her lingerie. He was naked in no time and entered her smooth body. Of course he quickly came.

If Henry thought that was the end of it, he was very much mistaken. In the middle of the night, Dolores woke him up.

“Do it again, darling.” Of course he did.

Dolores was going to keep this up, not only at night, but also during the day. At every conceivable moment, she urged him on. A man can stand only so much and what Dolores was hoping for, happened. Henry took his last heart attack; the sexual excitement was too much for the old ticker.

Dolores played the part of a grieving widow very well. “I told him not to do all that work at home, but he persisted.”

She broke down in tears. “Poor Delores!” everyone said, “she tried her best for that man.”

So Dolores had Henry’s money. As for Ricky, she had plenty of time to take from him what was rightly his.

Dolores read and reread the contract the solicitors had drawn up to make her Ricky's guardian. But just how could she put this plan into action? It was then Dolores had a stroke of luck. About once a week, some of her woman friends met together at one of their houses. The conversation usually came around to discussing old school girlfriends.

"Did you hear about Emily Duncan, or Emily Turner as she was at school? Well, it seems she now dresses that son of hers in skirts."

"What age is he?" another woman asked.

"Oh, about six or seven I would say," the first woman replied. "Emily was a clever student at school. Went to university and became a brilliant psychiatrist. Beyond that, I do not know."

There was a lot of chatter about dressing boys in girl's clothes, then the conversation drifted to another subject. Dolores did not say much during this conversation, but she was thinking plenty. Emily Duncan was a year ahead of her at school and Dolores did not mix in the same circles as Emily. Dolores knew nothing of Emily after she left school. Dolores thought that maybe it was time to renew an old acquaintance with a school friend.

The first thing that Dolores did was look at her old school's web site. This had quite a number of pages, giving each year class by class since the school was founded. The page that caught her eye listed famous pupils, and there was Dr. Emily Duncan, child psychiatrist who with her late husband wrote a number of books on children. Dolores noted two: "The Modern Day Child" and

"Boys and How They Perceive Themselves (When Their Masculinity Is Challenged)".

Dolores managed to find both books in a bookshop in the social science section. Notes on the authors said she and her husband worked at a well-known university. On further inquiry, Dolores found she was still there. Dolores phoned the university and asked for Dr Emily Duncan, not expecting that she would be allowed to speak to her. To her surprise, she was connected to Dr Emily.

"Dr. Emily Duncan here, who is this?"

"Oh, Dr.Emily, this is Dolores Cummings. You would maybe know me as Dolores Ramsay from high school, if you can remember me at all."

"Of course I remember you, Dolores. How are things going with you? Long time since we talked."

"Is it possible to see you, Emily?"

"Why of course, Dolores. I've always got time to speak to old school friends. Make a date with my secretary."

On going to Emily Duncan's mansion, Dolores was met by her secretary.

"Ah, Mrs. Cummings, Emily is expecting you. If you'll follow me, she is in the library."

Dolores saw a small, studious, dowdy-looking woman, engrossed in a book and making notes. Her hair was done up in a bun at the back of her head and she was wearing large glasses.

"Mrs. Cummings to see you, Emily."

"Ah yes of course, that will be all Sarah."

As Emily rose, Dolores could see she had on a long black dress that was well out of date, which came down to her ankles. Dolores thought to herself that, with the right clothes, a little makeup and a good hairstyle, Emily Duncan could look very pretty. Emily was more interested in her research and work than anything else.

Emily held her hand out and shook Dolores' hand.

"Take a seat and I'll tell Sarah to bring some tea and cakes, unless you want something stronger."

"Oh, that will be fine," was Dolores' reply.

Emily was glad to speak to somebody from her old school. "And tell me, Dolores, what do you do nowadays?"

"I'm a widow and I look after my stepson."

"Sorry to hear that, Dolores. I'm a widow as well. What age is your son?"

"Ricky is seven."

"Just the same age as my Emma."

Dolores cut in here. "I've read your books on child psychology and I am most interested. I hear rumours that you dress your son as a girl. I hope I am not prying into your business."

Emily's eyes lit up. "Why no, my dear Dolores, I make no secret of it. Yes, little Emma has been dressed in girl's clothes since she was four. You see, it was all part of a study John and I were engaged in before he died and I had to continue our work alone. If you are really interested in it, I will tell you all."

"Yes, I am very interested in such a study, Emily."

"Well, John and myself were working on hormones and we made a discovery that the process of male and female maturation could be stopped or held in suspension before a child reaches puberty. These new hormones we called 'blocker hormones.' We devised two types of blocker hormones; one that could stop testosterone reproducing, the other blocks oestrogen.

"If we blocked testosterone in the male, the female hormone would take over and that person would be female, and vice versa. Remember this was all theory;

we had no one to try this on. Then John died and I felt I had to carry our work on. I decided to try it on my own son.

“There were a number of rules I set out before continuing the experiment. One was to give him a female name and never mention his male name again. Two was to destroy all his male clothes, so that he had no access to them. Three was to move to a new location where no one knows her. I then enrolled her in a girls’ school. Lastly, I gave him the blocker hormones.”

“Did she not object Emily, and have you given the blocker hormones yet?”

“That was the hard part and it saddens me to say I had to use the paddle on her. I’m not a violent woman but this is important work. Little Emma did come to my way of thinking after a few times with the paddle. She is now a very lovable and docile little girl, I’m happy to say.”

Dolores ears picked up. “Is it possible for me to meet little Emma?”

“Why of course. She is in her room playing with her school friends.”

Emily took Dolores to a passageway leading on to a staircase, which they ascended. On reaching the top, they heard laughter coming from one of the rooms near them. Emily opened the door. Inside were four little girls playing with dolls and giggling.

Emily said, “Where’s mommy’s little darling?” and a blue-eyed little girl ran over to Emily who lifted her and swung her round. The little girl laughed, kissed her mother on the cheek.

Dolores looked on with amazement at the sight before her. This little girl was dressed in a pastel-pink top and a black glitter skirt, with a butterfly emblem on the skirt bottom left hand side; the skirt stopped just above the knee. She had on white ankle socks, and what were called “Nancy Sandals” with an ankle strap adjustment. They were open-toe and the strap over the toes had a diamond heart-shaped brooch attached to it.

“You have to take that little pill today. As I explained before, this little pill will make you well.”

The little girl looked into Emily’s eyes. “Yes Mummy, I’ll get the tumbler.”

Emily let the little girl down. She then filled a tumbler with water and came back. Emily opened her handbag, took out a pillbox and gave Emma a small white-coloured pill. This Emma put in her mouth and swallowed with a drink of water.

“Show me what you were playing with, Emma.” The little girl came back clutching a Barbie doll.

“And what are you dressing Barbie in today, Emma?”

“Oh, just this, Mummy,” she said, showing a woman’s business suit.

“Okay, you go ahead, honey.” Emily watched her daughter/son put this on the Barbie doll, which at this stage had a bra, panties and black stockings on.

“Barbie looks good, honey. Seeing you’ve been such a good girl, how would you like for me to buy you a Barbie ball gown set?”

“Oh yes, Mummy!” The little boy/girl squealed with delight and clapped her hands. Emma ran over to her mother who again lifted her and gave her a kiss.

“You’re the best mother in the world,” said little Emma, which brought a tear to Emily’s eye.

Emily was now looking at the other girls. “Are you all looking forward to the beginners’ ballet classes starting next week?”

They all answered, “Oh yes, Dr Duncan.”

“I know Emma is, aren’t you, dear?”

The little girl nodded. “Oh yes, Mummy.”

Emily and Dolores left the happy party of girls and returned to the library.

“Well Dolores, what did you make of all that?”

“I’m truly amazed and I have a hundred and one questions to ask you. Do the other girls know what Emma is? You said that was the last pill and he does look like a girl, but will it last?”

“No, the other girls do not know, and that was the last pill for Emma. These pills can be administered at any age before puberty, but it must be before puberty sets in, otherwise they are useless.

“Yes, he does look female; the female hormones are increasing as the male hormones are blocked out. Male voices break at puberty. Emma’s should not if my calculations are correct.”

“What else will happen, Emily? Will Emma become like a young woman in body shape, hips, thighs...breasts?”

“That is a sore point. The blocker hormones will have stopped her penis from developing any further. Her mind is now going along female patterns, so when Emma reaches puberty, it would be a shame for her not to have an operation to have a vagina and live like a woman, don’t you think?”

“Yes, of course. That would be the right thing to do.”

“The only thing is, I wish I had someone else to check my results against.”

An idea was coming into Dolores brain. “Someone else, Emily? But they would need your blocker hormones, wouldn’t they?”

“That is no problem, but who?”

“I would be quite willing to sacrifice my stepson, for the means of medical advancement, you understand.”

Emily’s mind was turning this over. It was good news. “But are you sure, Dolores? I would not like to ruin his life.”

“Of course. Ricky is a bit, shall we say, weak. I really think he is afraid of being male. This is just the thing. I love that boy. We would be doing Ricky a favour.”

Emily was too lost in thought to care about the moral aspect of all this. A great advancement in gender science was all she could see. She did not see that Dolores was using her for her own ends.

“Yes, we will do it. As far as the hormones are concerned, you will not have to do as I did at the beginning. That was injecting the hormone with a needle. As you saw today, I now have it in pill form. I also can make it in a liquid form. So your Ricky will not even have to know it is being administered.”

Dolores could now make plans for Ricky. Emily was a pawn she would sacrifice when the time was right. At present she needed Emily and would go along with all that she advised. Emily wanted to monitor Ricky’s progress. Dolores would bring Ricky to see Dr. Duncan if that was what she wished.

Dr. Duncan’s work had blinded her to the moral implications of what was about to happen.

Dolores thoroughly laid her plans out before striking. The name Ricky would be called by was well thought-out as well as his new clothes and where they would move. To that end, one day Dolores asked her neighbours if they could possibly look after little Ricky for a couple of days as she had to see a very sick aunt some distance away.

No better love could a mother have, was what her neighbours thought. One thing Dolores was not sure about was when to apply the blocker hormones; she phoned Emily. Emily was more than pleased to give Dolores the information again. As she explained, she injected little Emma every day for a month. That was when she was four, when Dolores had seen her. She had made advances since that first time, from injections to pills, to liquid form. The beauty of liquid was that it could be administered without anyone knowing.

This suited Dolores. She planned to start giving the liquid form a few weeks before they changed Ricky’s name. As forward planning she had already let Ricky’s hair grow long, in preparation for styling as a little girl. The school soon was about to break for summer vacation; during that eight-week period, a lot of changes would take place.

Again his mother was shouting at him, threatening to use the paddle on Ricky. He was afraid of Dolores and had no one to protect him now. In the last few weeks, he felt weak and feeble whenever he played with the gang.

The moment Dolores had planned for so long was about to happen. Ricky was going to play a ball game with his pals this afternoon. Straight after he departed, Dolores went to Ricky's room and removed all his boy clothes, replaced them with skirts, dresses and frocks, and little girl's shoes. Everything was now ready for Operation Change of Sex. Never again would she have to call him Ricky. From now on it would be Roxanne!

As Dolores expected, Ricky came in with wet, dirty clothes. This was her opportunity to fly into a rage and she had rehearsed it well.

"Roxanne, what did I tell you about dirtying your clothes? I threatened to use the paddle. I'm fed up with this. Young lady, it's the paddle for you, but first go and have a bath."

At first, Ricky didn't know whom his mother was talking to. But when Dolores held his arm and shook him roughly, he realized it was he that was being called Roxanne. He could not understand why.

"Go to your room at once and remove those messy clothes while I run a nice bath for you. Come as soon as you are ready and don't be long, otherwise it will more of the paddle for you, my girl."

Dolores ran the bath, adding nice smelling bath salts to the hot steaming water. Little Ricky quickly came to the bathroom.

"Remove every bit of dirt. I will inspect you when I come back."

Dolores now made for Ricky's room to remove the last items of Ricky's male clothing and dispose of it. Ricky had cleaned himself completely. Dolores dried him down with a towel, sprinkled some rose smelling talc and squirted a little lavender perfume on him. Dolores was going to make her Roxanne a right little sissy.

"Now my little lady, get to your room and put some clothes on."

Ricky, on going to his room, found nothing but girl's underwear and skirts in his drawers and wardrobes.

"Mother, there is nothing but girls clothes here."

"What a stupid girl you are, Roxanne. What else do little girls wear? Now get dressed at once or you'll feel the back of my hand on your bottom as well as the paddle. Quickly, get on with it."

Poor Ricky. He knew nothing about girl's clothes, but faced with the impending threats, he found a little blue lacy skirt, red panties, white ankle socks and black Mary Jane shoes and quickly put them on.

"Stay there, my little lady. I said it was the paddle for you and I'm going to fetch it now."

Ricky was in terror of Dolores and what she would do to him, and he moved not a muscle until she came back, carrying a paddle in her hand.

"Come over here at once, Roxanne, and bend over my knee."

Dolores had no hesitation at lifting his/her blue skirt and pulling down the red panties.

“Roxanne, I don’t want you to dirty your clothes again, understand?” Dolores now applied the paddle to the bare skin of Ricky’s bottom. After a minute she stopped.

“Stop that sobbing, Roxanne and get yourself ready for tea. Here, I’ll give you a hand, seeing as how your face is all red with tears.”

Dolores proceed to comb the shoulder-length hair into a bob and put a white bow into each side of the head. A little red rouge on the cheeks, rose-shaped clip-on earrings and a pearl necklace ‘round her neck came next.

“There, that’s better. Don’t you go and play those rough games again because if you do, it’s the paddle for you, understand?”

Roxanne said nothing. She felt too weak to fight back against Dolores.

Dolores was pleased with the day’s work; she was off to a good start. A couple of things would fall into place in the next few weeks. The first came the following day after breakfast.

Dolores said to Roxanne, “Why don’t you go and play with some of the neighbour girls?”

“No, mother,” Roxanne glumly replied.

“In that case, I cannot have you hanging around the house getting in my way. You’ll have to do some work to earn your keep, my lady. Stay there, I will not be a minute.”

So saying, Dolores left and came back with a parcel.

“Come over here, Roxanne.”

Opening the parcel, she took out a little girl’s blue pinafore, put it over Roxanne’s head, pulled the two hanging strings at either side to the back and tied a big blue bow.

“There. You can wash the dirty dishes. When that’s done, tidy your room, make the beds, mine as well as yours and Hoover the house. This you should have done a long time ago, anyway. I’ve made life so soft for you.”

Roxanne was trapped; she had to do as Dolores said and she couldn’t go and play with the girls. They would laugh at her and call her a sissy. Dolores just smiled. She had someone to do the housework. Dolores waited patiently for she knew what would happen next. Roxanne had been in the house for over a week, not daring to go out in case she was harangued. Then one day came a knock at the front door. It was a group of the guys that Ricky hung around with.

“Yes boys, what can I do for you?”

“Is Ricky coming out to play, Mrs. Cummings?”

“There are no little boys here, only my daughter Roxanne, however she is most welcome to play with you. Hold on, I’ll give her a shout. Roxanne, will you come down here?”

Roxanne came to the top of the stairs and looked down at the door in horror. She couldn’t go down there like this, in a pink dress, pink shoes, earrings and necklace. Dolores had sprayed her with very distinctive sweet-smelling feminine perfume.

“Ah, there you are, Roxanne. Don’t you want to play with the boys? Don’t hang about, come down at once.”

Roxanne was in a fix. She knew from past experience if she/he did not do as Dolores asked, it would be the paddle again. She slowly came down the stairs and tried to use Dolores to shield him/herself.

“Come come, Roxanne, do you or don’t you want to play with the boys, or maybe they can come and play in your room with your dollies. What’s your answer?”

Dolores had stepped aside so that the guys could see Roxanne.

Roxanne wished the ground would open up and swallow him. He whispered, “No.”

Dolores sternly looked at him. “You’ll have to speak up, Roxanne, the boys can’t hear you.”

“No,” she said and ran away upstairs in tears.

“Sorry boys. As you can see, Roxanne is a little bit upset, but you know girls.”

Dolores was delighted. They had seen her and heard her.

It sure sounded like Ricky, but it sure didn’t look like Ricky. Mrs. Cummings never had any girls, so it must be Ricky. And so they walked away still arguing and Dolores was behind the door, laughing at their comments.

“So they think she was a pretty girl, eh? Nobody has seen how pretty Roxanne is going to be,” she thought.

The way was now paved to drop the next bombshell and Dolores thought there would be no objections from Roxanne.

At breakfast a few days later, she said, “Roxanne, we will be moving next week to a new home far away. What do you think of that?”

To Roxanne this news was a relief. Oh, to get away from all the boys and girls who knew her and made fun of her.

“Oh yes, mummy, that will be great and I can wear boy’s clothes again!”

This answer angered Dolores. “No Roxanne, you are a girl! I’ll use the paddle again if I have to.”

Roxanne was very afraid of this threat. "Yes mummy, I am a girl. I'll never mention that again. I'll go and put on that pretty red dress you like so much." Anything to pacify her mother and put her in a good mood.

Before moving, Dolores phoned Emily to explain she was a bit worried, as Roxanne seemed to be showing signs of rebellion. Should she increase the dosage of blocker hormones and go more weeks than they had planned? Emily said yes but she would have to think about this development.

The following week, the removal men moved everything. Roxanne went with her mother in girl's clothes; that of course was the idea. All the neighbours would see was a little girl and Roxanne would be accepted into the community as such. Dolores had Roxanne enrolled in a girls-only school. Now that she had time, her ears were pierced; she was taken to woman's hairdresser, fitted out with girl's clothes. Dolores was quite pleased with her work; Roxanne was the little sissy boy that she wanted.

Now Dolores could proceed with the next step: a visit to the solicitors. She had noted that a company called Brown, Carlton and Brown seemed to handle the more unusual type of case. To Dolores they were just what she was looking for, and an arrangement was made for her to have an appointment with Mr. Walter Carlton.

On her arrival at the well-furnished solicitors' office, the receptionist told her to take a seat in the waiting area and Mr. Walter Carlton would meet her shortly. Eventually a rather tall, handsome young man came and met her.

"Mrs. Cummings, if you would follow me to my office."

Dolores was quite taken with this man and thought maybe they were on the same wavelength. Walter Carlton offered her a seat in front of his desk.

"Well, Mrs. Cummings, what can I do for you?"

"Well, you see, it's my son you see, actually my stepson. I'm worried about him as I am his guardian."

"How can I be of help, Mrs. Cummings?"

"Oh, just call me Dolores," she said, shifting in her seat, displaying a bit of stocking and leg. Dolores was practicing all her feminine wiles.

"Ricky, my son likes to dress in girls clothes, not just for a day but all the time. So much so that he has no boy clothes. He gets upset if I try to tell him to put on boys clothes. I've even had to send him to an all girl school. He says he just loves being with girls because he is one."

“I hear what you say, Dolores, but what is this to do with me? Surely he should be seeing some psychiatrist who deals with these gender problems.”

“That of course is correct but it is my contract as guardian that is worrying me. I fear that Ricky might not get his inheritance at eighteen if he still wants to be a woman, or has an operation to make him one, Mr. Carlton.”

“Ah yes, I see your dilemma now, Dolores. Have you that contract with you?”

Dolores opened her handbag and gave the contract to Mr. Carlton; he studied it for a minute or two.

“I’ll keep this for a few days until I can read all the in and outs. Could I see Ricky this time next week?”

“Of course. However, do not call him Ricky but Roxanne. He will be dressed as a girl, a pretty one I might say. ‘Til next week.”

Walter Carlton detected a delicious aroma of perfume emitting from Dolores as she exited from his office.

Her plans had gone well. Walter Carlton did seem to be taking an interest in her, so next week she would be done up to the nines, not only her but Roxanne too. A right little Nancy Boy he was going to be.

Dolores and Roxanne went on a shopping trip, much to Roxanne’s embarrassment, with Dolores putting various skirts and dresses on her. Even harder for Roxanne was when Dolores took her to the Junior Miss department and had her fitted for a training bra.

“It’s never too young for her to start,” she said to the woman assistant. A couple of bra fillers were supplied with the white lacy bra.

Next, a trip to the hairdressers for a pageboy bob hairstyle. Everything was go for the next visit to the solicitors. During this time, Dolores received a phone call from Dr Emily Duncan. Could she bring Roxanne to see her soon? Emily wanted to see her progress. Roxanne could play with her Emma, which would give Emily a chance to monitor how Roxanne mixed with children of a similar condition. Dolores agreed to meet her; she needed Emily for now.

The meeting with Walter Carlton now took place. Walter said to himself, “A right little Nancy boy we have here.”

There was Roxanne with her page boy bob hair style, diamond pin earrings, wearing a green cloth coat with gray fur trimming with a fur collar and fur trimming ‘round the bottom of the coat, which stopped just below her knees. She had on dark brown stockings and green plastic shoes.

Walter could see the dress Roxanne wore. This was a sugar-pink floral print dress, which stopped above her knees. Whenever Roxanne stretched, a glance of pink lace panties were revealed.

“He really thinks he is a girl, but he looks lovely, maybe he should have been a girl,” Walter thought.

“I’m glad you like the dress, Walter. You picked it yourself, darling, didn’t you?”

Roxanne, who had been well rehearsed by Dolores under threat of a beating, answered, “Yes, mummy dear.”

“You said you wished you could have breasts just like a girl, and mummy bought you fake ones.”

“Yes mummy, I love them.”

Dolores smiled at the way her daughter/son had responded.

“Now go along, dear, while I have a talk with Mr. Carlton.”

Roxanne left her mother to wait outside in the reception. Dolores sat down on the comfortable seat, once more revealing her legs and stockings and a hint of black lace panties.

“Well, Walter, you’ve seen my Roxanne. What do you think?”

Walter at that time was preoccupied. “She’s just like her daughter, showing her knickers. But then he was a boy, wasn’t he?”

“Dolores, I don’t know what to make of Roxanne. I’ve read the contract and I see what you mean about it. It could be challenged in court but who would want to challenge it? However, on the other hand, if a person was mentally disturbed, it would be better if someone was put in charge of the inheritance to manage it until such times things were sorted out.”

“Do you really think Roxanne is a fit person to be left his inheritance?” Dolores put a hand on Walter’s hand and looked up into his eyes.

“I see what you mean, however there is a long way to go until Roxanne is eighteen.”

“Then I will come back here when Roxanne is eighteen and we will see.” Dolores rose to leave and uncrossed her legs.

“Dolores, could I have lunch with you, say tomorrow? Nothing to do with Roxanne; just a social sort of thing to get to know each other better.”

“Why, Walter, how nice of you. I’ve not had a date with a man since my dearly beloved husband died. I would like that.”

The following day, Dolores dressed for her date, which really impressed Walter. Dolores looked into his eyes all during the meal, Walter could not fail to notice. To be honest, Walter desired Dolores. Circumstances could not have suited Dolores better. Walter had been married seven years and to say things were not going well would be an understatement. He had two kids, six and five. Jessica, his wife, was

not much interested in sex. So when a beautiful woman like Dolores came on the scene and seemed friendly to him, he was more than receptive to her advances.

After the meal and a few drinks, Walter, now holding hands with Dolores, said, “Dolores, is there somewhere we can go to be alone?”

Dolores had anticipated something like this would happen. Roxanne was at school so the house would be free.

“Yes, Walter dear, there is no one at my house. Let’s go there.”

As soon as Dolores’ front door closed, Walter swept Dolores into his hands with a warm embrace and the two were kissing each other on the lips. It didn’t take long for them to find the bedroom. Hasty unbuttoning of clothes soon found the pair naked in bed and in sexual union.

After it was all over, Dolores sobbed, “We shouldn’t have done that, you being a married man. I won’t do it again. I’m ashamed of myself, Walter.”

“No no, Dolores. I am to blame. Please don’t leave me. I love you. Everything happened so quickly. Let’s organize it better next time. I’ll book a room in a hotel for us.”

Dolores knew she had him but to turn the screw, she said, “I feel so guilty. You’re a married man. I’m coming between you and your wife.”

Dolores rose from the bed to put some clothes on. Walter immediately threw his hands ‘round her waist and pulled her back to bed.

“Don’t leave me, Dolores. My wife does not understand me. I need you.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, I don’t want to break up your marriage.”



As Walter left the house, a school bus pulled up and a beautiful little girl exited it. It was Roxanne. "A right little sissy boy," Walter said to himself.

Dolores and Walter had their liaison once a week on a Tuesday afternoon, at a high-class hotel. Dolores fed him tales about Roxanne and how she would be better in charge of that money. It was bribery; if he would sort things out for her, she would supply as much sex as he wanted. Walter was a smart solicitor, but a stupid man, or so Dolores thought, just like Henry.

It was now time for that visit to Dr Emily Duncan. Emily had told Dolores that she wanted Roxanne to stay overnight, as she had to run a number of medical tests on him/her. Dolores was quite agreeable.

On arrival at Emily's mansion, Emily was there to greet them, with little Emma at her side. Emily, never having seen Roxanne before, made a fuss over her, same as she did with her own daughter/son. To Roxanne, this was unusual, never having received any love from Dolores.

Emily had provided an excellent dinner for everyone. After, she said, "Emma dear, take Roxanne up to your room and show her that new doll house I bought for you last week while I have a talk with Roxanne's mummy."

So the two little boy/girls left, hand-in-hand, to Emma's room to play with Emma's toys. Dolores had given Roxanne many girl toys. That way anyone being taken to her room would see a little girl playing with a doll, but Dolores would make sure that they knew it was a boy.

"Roxanne, would you like to play with my Barbie doll? Mummy bought this nice black ball gown for it, isn't it lovely?"

"Emma, I'm not really interested in dolls. You see, I am actually a boy."

Emma uttered loudly, "Oh!" She thought she was playing with a girl.

The situation was unusual and Emma did not know what to make of it. She herself was a boy, but didn't want to be one.

"But I'm a boy as well, Roxanne."

It was now Roxanne's turn to exclaim "Oh."

Emma could see Roxanne did not believe her. "Here, I'll prove it," she said and quickly hiked her skirt up and pulled her pretty blue silk panties down to reveal a tiny penis. Roxanne could not believe there was another boy like him in the same situation. He quickly hitched his own skirt up and his pretty yellow satin panties down to show a small penis.

"We're lucky to be girls, aren't we? Such nice clothes, beautiful toys, and don't you just love the nice soft feel of them?"

"I told you before, no, Emma."

This upset Emma and she burst into tears. Roxanne came over to her and put her hand round her.

“I’m sorry, I did not mean to cut you up. You make a beautiful girl, you really do.”

This cheered Emma no end and she gave Roxanne a little kiss on the cheek. To pacify Emma, Roxanne did play with her dolls house and Barbie, but her heart wasn’t in it. Meanwhile Emma’s mother and Dolores were having a chat.

“And how is little Roxanne getting on, Dolores?”

“Oh she is great, Emily. She just loves being a girl. She drools over all her girlie clothes, loves going to school to meet all the other girls. You know in the next term, she will be taking dance lessons and she can’t wait. She is so excited.”

“This is great news, Dolores. The blocker hormones are working better than I could imagine. What I want you to do now is to keep a diary on Roxanne, record everything she does from now on.”

Dolores agreed, she knew she would only put in what she wanted Emily to read.

The following day Emily had various medical tests to run on Roxanne: blood pressure, blood samples, and urine sample. She would check hormone levels and if her blocker hormones were working. She was highly delighted in the results. The male blocker hormones were allowing the female hormones to overproduce. Roxanne’s breast tissue, although very small at present, should grow. She would tell Dolores that she must put Roxanne on female hormones when she reached fifteen or sixteen years old to boost the progress, as she would be doing with her Emma.

The final tests would be done after lunch, more mental exams and a lie detector test. Emily had a set of questions to ask; Roxanne found herself on a couch, with just her panties on. Probes had been stuck all over her body and connected to a lie detector machine. As the various questions were asked, the needles would move over the graph, which Emily would study at a later date.

Roxanne was taken home and Emily studied the results. The medical results were very encouraging; there was no doubt the blocker hormones had done their work. Like with her Emma, the oestrogen had taken over from the male testosterone and like with Emma, it was just a matter of an operation in later life for Roxanne to become female.

The lie detector results were disastrous. There were questions like “Do you like being dressed as a girl?” “Do you feel you would like to become a girl?” “Do you love your mummy?” Roxanne had answered yes. Instead of being positive like her Emma, though, the test turned out negative. Roxanne was afraid of what Dolores might do to her/him if the answers were different.

The results were horrific to Emily; she sat down and thought it out. The conclusion she came to was that her Emma was receptive to the female role in life and that all the blocker hormones had done was give her the opportunity to express it. If Emma had never been given the blocker hormones, she may well have gone on to be a transsexual anyway. As for Roxanne, the lie detector showed she did not want to be female and that Dolores had lied to her. Why?

And of course there was no way of reversing the process. But this did not worry Emily; all she was interested in was the success of her blocker hormones and the book she would write about her theories and how successful they were. There would be no mention of the lie detector test on Roxanne; emphasis would be put on her Emma, who was living proof of the success. Little or no mention would be made of Roxanne. In any future experiments, Emily would do tests before giving the blocker hormones to make sure the person was receptive. She would not repeat the grave mistake that she had with Roxanne. She had taken Dolores' word for it. Dolores could not be trusted.

Dolores had no intension of giving that brat Roxanne hormones at all. The only thing she was interested in was getting her hands on the money coming to her/him on his eighteenth birthday. To that end, everything was going well. Dolores had never told Roxanne about the blocker hormones, or why she dressed her in girl clothes.

About every six months or so, Roxanne was taken to see Dr Duncan, being told she was an old school friend of her stepmother. Of course the real reason was the medical and mental tests. When there, she would play with Emma.

When Roxanne was in her teens, she made two important discoveries. The first came at Dr. Duncan's as she played with Emma. Emma now wore training bras, but unlike Roxanne who had falsies, Emma was actually filling them with real flesh. Emma had developed quite a bit since the last time Roxanne had seen her.

"Roxanne, I'm going to change my dress, give me a hand."

This was nothing new to Roxanne, she had helped Emma many times in the past change her clothes, as sometimes Emma had helped with hers. On removing her dress, Emma stood in her bra and panties. The bra was nothing new. Roxanne had one of her own with falsies in them. Emma had the clothes she was going to change into lying on her bed, including a nice new white lacy bra. Roxanne thought nothing of that; Emma's mother was always buying new clothes for her. On taking off her bra, small breasts could be seen. Roxanne noticed them.

"Emma, what are those?" Roxanne said, pointing to the breasts.

"What do you think, silly, my breasts."

"Your breasts? How did they come about?"

“You will have them too, pretty soon I would think. Mother helped the process by giving me female hormones, just after the last time you were here.”

“What do you mean I will have them too?”

“Hasn’t your mother explained all about the blocker hormones? Mother explained it all to me. I never liked being a boy anyway. But you didn’t like being a girl, did you? However there’s not much you can do about it now.”

“What do you mean not much I can do about it now?”

“You’re never going to develop into a boy, so you may as well have that operation my mother is going to have done to me when I’m eighteen.”

Roxanne was devastated with what Emma had said to her, but why did Dolores want a daughter? Roxanne would not forget this day.

One time in Dr. Duncan’s study, Dr. Duncan having left the room for some reason, Roxanne noticed what appeared to be a diary lying on the table. Roxanne had a look at it and although she did not have a lot of time to digest it all, she began to realise her stepmother was telling a pack of lies about her.

There were some changes taking place in Roxanne, which she might not have noticed. Facial and body hair was almost scarce, her skin was very smooth, unlike a young man would have. The fact that her stepmother never put her on hormones did not stop Roxanne’s from breasts developing. The breasts were not big, small mounds, but breasts nevertheless.

Roxanne’s voice never broke; the blocker hormones had stopped that progress. This was one reason Dolores arranged singing lessons for her. When Dolores was informed that Roxanne was taking part in a musical the school would be doing because of her beautiful voice, she was delighted. Roxanne also would have to learn how to dance, Dolores immediately had her enrolled with a dance instructor and bought a complete tap dance outfit for her: tap shoes, mini skirt, blouse and cute little tap panties, which you could not fail to notice when she quickly turned around and the skirt flared up as she danced.

Roxanne actually liked dancing; it was about the only good thing in her life, she thought, and whole-heartedly threw herself into it. Roxanne was now sixteen; the dancing she was taught was about to come in handy. Her school had a dance once a year with the local boys’ school. Even though all the girls accepted Roxanne, and no one knew what she was, Roxanne feared meeting boys. After all, she was one herself, wasn’t she?

Dolores had her fitted out with a very beautiful ball gown. She even arranged to have photos taken of Roxanne in her ball gown. Roxanne thought nothing of it at the time; she had been photographed in her tap outfit. Maybe Dolores really wanted a daughter, and wanted memories of Roxanne when she was young. Dolores was an evil, devious woman. Her only reason for having these photos taken

was so that they could be produced when Roxanne's inheritance was challenged in court.

The end-of-the-year school dance came around; all the girls had talked about it for weeks. Not Roxanne. She looked glum and tried to get out of it, but Dolores would hear no excuses. She wanted more photos of Roxanne and her dance partners.

The dance came around and Dolores made sure she turned up. At first a lot of the girls were wallflowers. Then some of the boys came and danced with them. A handsome boy asked Roxanne for a dance; she couldn't refuse, as a lot of girls were watching her. So Roxanne took the dance floor and they danced a waltz. It was evident that Roxanne was an extremely good dancer. This brought more boys to her, something she did not want. Then one boy bought her a Coke, took her hand, led her outside to the patio, and tried to make a pass at her. Roxanne could feel his erection as he pressed against her. All this was too much for her, and to protect herself from exposure, she kned him in the groin. He fell in a heap, which Roxanne never saw, as she had run away to the toilet and locked herself in a stall. Roxanne cried her eyes out.

Roxanne had now reached eighteen and it was now the time for Dolores to put her plan into high gear. Henry's solicitors had sent a letter to both Roxanne and Dolores for an appointment in their office the following week. At the appointed hour they were both led into to Mr. Browning's office. He looked at Roxanne's appearance; it threw him off-guard as he read to them about how Ricky Cummings had been left a vast amount of money upon reaching his eighteenth birthday.

Dolores stopped him there. "Mr. Browning, I'm afraid what you have said is wrong. What you are looking at is not Ricky Cummings," she said, pointing to Roxanne. "It is, in fact, Roxanne Cummings. As such, she is not entitled to that money."

Mr. Browning spluttered, "But Mrs. Cummings, surely this is Ricky Cummings. I know he is wearing girls clothes but he is still entitled to the inheritance."

"I'll challenge that in court, Mr. Browning. If you don't turn that money over to me, then I'll see you in court with my solicitor. There is nothing else to say."

With that, Dolores left the office, taking Roxanne with her.

Roxanne now began to realise that Dolores was out to deprive him of what was rightly his; she had been very skilful all these years. Dolores had planned every detail, no stone was left unturned. Now it was pay back time for Walter. Dolores knew he was on a string if she was to say anything to his wife.

Walter Carlton had prepared his case well. The court could see this was not Ricky Cummings. Walter said that ever since he was seven, Ricky had dressed in girls' clothes and insisted he be called Roxanne. Then he produced the photos that Dolores insisted be taken. These showed Roxanne in a tap dance outfit, in a ball gown, followed by a photo of Roxanne with a partner at that dance. Walter had watched her grow over the years; he could testify that she just loved all the beautiful clothes her mother bought for her.

Dolores told lies that Roxanne would go into temper tantrums if he/she could not dress in girl clothes. So she gave in to Roxanne. Ever since she was seven, she had dressed full-time in girl clothes; in fact, Roxanne had no male clothes whatsoever. Concerning that photo of Roxanne with a partner at the school dance, Roxanne had said that the boy was her boyfriend and would take the photo to bed with her. Sometimes, Dolores said, she would find lipstick kisses on the frame. Sometimes Roxanne would confide in her and say she wished to marry when she grew up and make love to her husband. She wished she could have children.

The case went on; Roxanne appearing in female clothes every day did not help his/her cause. Dolores made sure she appeared in the most beautiful dresses and skirts. Roxanne was taken to the beautician every day during the case.

Mr. Browning did his best for Roxanne but he was fighting a losing battle. Walter had it all stitched up. Dolores won hands down. Roxanne felt so alone in the world, what was to happen to her? Her academic qualifications were almost nil. This was not Roxanne's fault; she had such a miserable life that her thoughts were always elsewhere.

Roxanne grew up quickly after the case; nothing that Dolores did now surprised her. Dolores said that she was going to be off on a two-month cruise to the West Indies. As far as Dolores was concerned, it was about time Roxanne worked for a living. She did not want to see her in this house when she came back. She did give a couple of thousand to Roxanne to keep her going until she found a job.

Roxanne had no intentions of staying there much longer; the sooner she got away from Dolores, the better.

One day after a shower, Roxanne looked at her naked body in the dressing table mirror. What did she see but a small penis that had never had an erection in its life, a smooth body, meager-sized breasts, small curves at her hips and waist and a posterior that was becoming a little bit prominent. Roxanne had to make a decision. What was she, a boy or a girl? Mentally, he/she wanted to be a boy but outwardly he/she was beginning to look like a girl. Since seven, she had been brought up as a girl. For present, she decided to stay as a girl and seek medical advice to see if the process could be reversed.

PART 2 **IT'S A HARD WORLD OUTSIDE**

Meanwhile she would leave this town and go as far away from it as she could, to forget the memories...but where? So the next day Roxanne packed her bags and went to the bus station. She looked at the destination board and took the first inter-city bus she saw. Roxanne couldn't care less where she went. It was a chance at a new life.

On departing the bus, Roxanne bought a local newspaper. She looked at flats to rent. She phoned a few from a pay phone and decided on one. She hailed a taxi and was there in no time. She knocked on the door and an elderly woman answered. Roxanne was shown to the bed-sit and said she would accept it.

The elderly woman, Ida Dowling, looked at her. "I have rules here, no parties on weekends, no men in your room after eight at night. If I catch you with any, it's out on the street for you, young lady."

Roxanne said she had no intention of having any men in her room at any time, which satisfied Ida Dowling. Roxanne gave a month's rent in advance. Roxanne settled into the room, putting all her clothes in the drawers and wardrobe. Having sorted everything out, Roxanne left her room to get something to eat. At a nearby diner she sat down to eat a hamburger and chips with a cup of coffee.

Roxanne opened her handbag, took the local newspaper out again and scanned the "jobs available" column. Any kind of job would do; she had a rent to pay. "Checkout assistants wanted." She took note of the address and asked someone how she could get there.

One of the assistant managers gave her an interview. They were in desperate need of staff at that time, could she start tomorrow?

On the first day, Roxanne was given the standard uniform for all female employees, a pink and white checked dress and little peak cap with the company logo on the cap and right hand breast. She was assigned to the checkout supervisor. Roxanne was left to her own after that.

They seemed a friendly bunch of girls at the supermarket, and Roxanne got on well with them. There was the usual chat about boyfriends and who was going out with whom. Roxanne never said anything; she was worried about her condition. She made arrangements on her day off to see a doctor.

Roxanne explained her problem to the doctor and he examined her. It was a most curious case, beyond his medical knowledge. He said to Roxanne, "I will send you to the gender studies department to see what they can do."

At the hospital, Roxanne explained about the blocker hormones, although she could not give then any technical details. No one believed her until they started tests and found her body was producing female hormones for some unknown rea-

son. They queried if she had ever taken oestrogen before in her life. Roxanne answered with a firm no.

It was well known that Emily Duncan and her late husband had worked on gender studies and at his death had been working on some sort of chemical that could stop the production of male or female hormones. Of course no one had believed them and Emily Duncan had not been heard from for years.

Roxanne was told the hospital would do further tests on her blood and urine samples.

Eventually, the gender clinic told her there was no way they could reverse the progress. All women produced some testosterone, the male hormone, even transsexuals, but her body was not producing it at all. Whatever Dr Emily Duncan had done with this blocker hormone, there was no way Roxanne's penis would grow any bigger than it was now. Her voice would always remain like a woman's. She was told it would be better if she would have a sex change operation.

Roxanne thanked everyone and said she would think this over. Roxanne had thought about this for a long time and thought that it was a possibility. One big problem was that she did not have the money; her stepmother had stolen that. She would have to work as hard as she could to save her money for that end. Roxanne figured that might take many years. Roxanne hated her stepmother.

Roxanne had now been in her job six months and, for the first time in her, life felt happy. Life may have been a bit lonely but that did not worry her, she had been used to that at school. Some of the girls asked her if she would like to come with them to a disco or on a blind date with them. Roxanne politely said no and thanked them for thinking about her. It was around this time that Roxanne saw a showbiz magazine one of the girls had left. Roxanne noticed the job column. Being a showbiz magazine, the jobs were all stage, screen or television. One caught her eye. It was a bit unusual but there it was.

CASTING AN ALL-MALE CHORUS LINE FOR NEW MUSICAL "MEN DRESSED IN SKIRTS" PHONE 555-1952

Roxanne did not know what they were looking for, but she was interested in it. She used the pay phone in the rest room. The man on the other end said auditions were for next Wednesday from twelve noon until five o'clock. If she was interested, she should be there with a dance outfit and dance routine. She would be judged along with the many men applying. Roxanne asked what the salary would be and found out that it was a lot more than her supermarket job. Wednesday was not her usual day off however she did manage to swap with another girl.

Roxanne did not exactly know what they were looking for when they said, "dance routine." The only routines she knew were from her school days. She would use that. As for clothes, she had left them all where she came from, however she would hire some, just for the day, and tap shoes as well. She only hoped

she had not forgotten her old skills; she was good and had picked up a few medals in competitions.

Roxanne had been directed to the red light district in the city. This was an area owned and run by the Mob; they controlled the clubs, strip shows, sex shops and the prostitutes who plied their trade on the streets around the area.

At the appointed time, Roxanne came to the club. There she stood before the **DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB**. To either side of the main entrance were posters advertising strip artists.

Roxanne thought she was early, but she was not the only one there. There was a crowd of men there, some, like herself, were in skirts and dresses, others were in male clothes. All were carrying bags or hold-alls. When the club door opened, the doorman pointed to the dressing rooms.

“Right girls, as soon as you are dressed, report here. You will be handed a number. Don’t lose it. As soon as your number is called, go on stage and do your piece,” he said with a laugh.

The dressing room was crowded with men changing their clothes. Some wore panties and stockings underneath their male clothing. It was pandemonium. Roxanne quickly grabbed a seat and dressing mirror, took out her makeup and went to work on her face. Having finished that, it was time to change her clothes. She knew as soon as she gave the seat up, someone else would immediately take it.

Having changed to her tap outfit, Roxanne made her way to where the doorman stood. He handed her the number 28, then told to stand back stage ‘til her number was called.

Others soon gathered behind her. As the numbers were called, the girls watched their rivals. Soon Roxanne’s number was called and she walked out to the stage. It wasn’t exactly what she was expecting. It was a sort of stage; not really high, it merged with the surroundings tables where meals were served at night when the club was opened.

At present two men and a woman sat at a table near the stage. The woman said, “Right cutie, what’s your name?”

Roxanne stood there in a tap dance outfit, a silver dress with gold glitter sprinkled on it which stopped just at the knee and tap shoes. She had on white pantyhose and white French-cut dance pants.

Then one of the man asked, “What experience do you have?”

“Well, none.”

The two men and the woman looked at each other. One of the men said with a sigh, “Okay darling, let’s see your piece.”

Roxanne went into her routine, having given the DJ a disc with the music she wished to dance to. As she went through her dance, the woman and men took notes and wrote on pads before them. After the dance, Roxanne was directed to the side and another girl and did her piece. Roxanne felt she was a no-hoper as she had no professorial experience.

When all had finished, a set of numbers was called out. The panel wanted to see these performance again, and if they had another routine, so much the better. Roxanne heard her number called; this surprised her, but made her happy. She had various routines she could do.

After all the girls had finished, there was a long wait.

Down at the table, the two men and one woman were discussing the various merits of each dancer.

“Trixie, you think this number 28 has potential?”

“Sure she has, Joe. Don’t forget, I was in the chorus line myself, before I started my strip act.”

“Okay Trixie, we’ll go along with your instinct. Well, that’s settled.”

Roxanne couldn't believe it when she heard her number called.

“I want you all here at eleven tomorrow morning. For the next couple of weeks, it’s blood, sweat and tears until I have shaped you all into a well-drilled chorus line. Anyone got a problem with that?” This was a man called Joe talking. “Any questions?” No one said a word.

“Okay girls, see you all here eleven tomorrow.”

Roxanne went back to the supermarket and put her notice in. There were always girls looking for these jobs.

The following day, Joe came into the dressing room. “First thing, we are going to have you measured for the outfits you will be wearing in the show. These will be here for you tomorrow. I’m glad to see you all brought the outfits you wore at auditions yesterday, as I asked you.”

Waiting for them on stage was a wardrobe mistress, who quickly measured them all for their outfits. Joe put them through their paces. This went on until lunch break, “Okay girls, be back in a hour. We will go over that again. It’s not good enough yet.”

Roxanne nipped out and bought a burger and coke, sat with the other girls as they chatted.

“That guy’s a slave driver,” came one comment.

“Listen, honey, he’s not started yet. I’ve been in these shows before. Your legs will ache by the time the day is finished.”

Roxanne asked, “What are these shows like?”

“Oh, they’re great fun once you’ve learned the dance routines. What's your name, sweetie pie? Mine’s Joelle.”

Roxanne gave her name. This Joelle seemed to know a lot about this type of show.

“You been in a lot of this type of thing before, Joelle?”

“Sure have, sweetie pie, lots. Ah, you want me to be a big sister to you, is that it? Stick with Joelle and I’ll tell you all about this game,” Joelle said with a laugh.

Roxanne made friends with this girl, a first for her. She had never made friends with anyone before. Emma did not count; their mothers threw them together.

When they finished that day, Joelle came over to Roxanne as they were undressing.

“Roxanne, I’m looking for a flat mate to share the rent, you interested?”

“Well, how much would I have to pay?”

Joelle mentioned an amount.

“I would have to have a think about it, Joelle.”

“Sure, sweetie pie. Tell me by the end of the week.”

Roxanne thought about it that night. The flat was dearer than where she was, however split between two it wasn’t bad. Besides, Ida Dowling, her landlady, was a nosy woman, always asking questions about where she was going, where did she come from.

Roxanne asked Joelle if she could see her flat. No problem. After rehearsals, Joelle ran her there in her car; she would have a room to herself, a shared living room and a kitchen.

“That's great, Joelle. When can I move in?”

“As soon as you like, sweetie pie.”

“Good. How ‘bout Monday? I’ll need to pay my landlady and move my things over on Monday after rehearsal.”

Roxanne had now been living with Joelle two months. It became obvious that Joelle was an old hand at this game. She warned Roxanne about many things before they happened. Such as that she and all the girls in the chorus line would be expected to mix with the customers and talk with them. They were supposed to try to get the punters to buy liquor; the girls were served non-alcoholic drinks, of course.

The girls made money on this; the more the punters bought, the more they made. If the customers wished to meet them after the club closed, that was their business. Joelle also explained that going with the johns after the show was usually for money. As Joelle said, “Don’t give it away for nothing, sweetie pie. Oh, and carry a packet of rubbers in your handbag and a jar of anal lube.”

“Why?” Roxanne asked.

“Why would any man want you to come home with him? Use your head, sweetie pie. It’s not to see his etchings.”

Roxanne was a bit naive in these matters; Joelle soon put her wise. It never entered Roxanne's mind about the type of man who would come to see a show that had men playing in a chorus line.

The DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB insisted that the chorus line be men. However the strippers could be men, or transsexuals, the club employed no genetic women. Roxanne could not quite understand why any man would be interested in a man in woman's clothes. However she did not mind mixing with the "punters" as Joelle called them; she was quite willing to talk with them. If she received a cut of the drinks, that would go towards her operation money. But going with them to bed was a no no.

After the show finished every night, Joelle drove Roxanne home, except when Joelle had a punter on her arm. Joelle either gave her the car keys, or Roxanne hailed a cab. Roxanne usually crawled into bed by 6:30am and slept till 2 or 3 in the afternoon. Roxanne sometimes never saw Joelle until she was putting her makeup on at the club.

Joelle told her that she had met Trixie before; it was a surprise to see her again at the club. They had been on the same chorus line many years ago, at another venue. Joelle knew her as Mary Lou. Roxanne asked her why she had changed her name.

"It's a long story. Do you know we shared the same flat at one time? Mary Lou was always one to mix with the men and take them up on their offers to come to their place. But Mary Lou was never one to give it away; she had to see the colour of their money first. The exception to this was when she went to a party. There she was usually plied with booze and Mary Lou on the booze was a wild thing. One night, I saw her with two men on her arms disappear into one of the rooms. What happened in that room I do not know, but from then on it was whispered that she did tricks.

"Then something happened to change all that. A new director for the show arrived, Joe Williams, who pepped things up and Mary-Lou fell for him in a big way. She even stopped going home with the johns. She was always on his arm. A proper little lady, she became. She even made arrangements to have the operation just for Joe.

"It was then that Joe suggested she was wasting her time in the chorus line, that she could make more money doing a striptease. He even planned an act out for her, but she would have to change her name. That's when she came up with the name Trixie.

"As you can see, she is still with Joe. She has had the operation and they plan to marry in a year's time."

The flat was small and both girls got used to seeing each other in all states of dress and undress, even in the bathroom. One day, Joelle said to Roxanne, "Are you on the pretty pills, sweetie pie?"

Roxanne did not understand what Joelle meant and looked at her quizzically.

"You know, sweetie pie, hormones.

The reaction Joelle received was not what she expected. Roxanne immediately burst into tears.

"I didn't mean to pry, Roxanne But you can tell your old sister about it," Joelle said, putting an arm around Roxanne's shoulders.

"It's okay, Joelle, it's not your fault. Maybe it's better if I tell someone about it, get it off my chest."

Roxanne told the whole story about Dolores, how she had blocker hormones as a boy and that Dolores had cheated her out of her inheritance.

"God, that's some story, Roxanne. Your stepmother is a bitch of the highest order. I couldn't help seeing your penis and breasts in the bathroom and I thought you were on female hormones."

"No, I'm not, but when I save the money, I intend to start on them."

Monday was the one day of the week that the club was closed and the girls usually lounged around the flat in slacks, jumpers, loafers and no stockings. It was when the girls painted their nails and toes for the week. It was after the painting of the toenails that Joelle excused herself to go to the toilet. Roxanne saw an erection appear in Joelle's slacks. She was getting a thrill out of this. Roxanne, who had grown up quickly in the last few months, was not shocked.

Roxanne decided to play a little game with Joelle. When they did their toenails, she would deliberately slow the procedure down. She put cotton wool between the toes so that no excess polish would go on the skin. She held the foot in her lap, slowly applying an undercoat, softly and smoothly rubbing her foot as she applied the nail polish. She took light strokes with the brush, as she put the polish on. Joelle closed her eyes and the expression on her face changed; there were little unintelligible moans. The lump became bigger in the slacks. It took so long that Joelle ran out of excuses to go to the toilet. A damp patch now spread across the crotch of the slacks.

Both girls liked this although neither would admit this to the other; it remained a secret.

Roxanne was now used to the ins and outs of the club. The chorus line usually did three or four numbers each night, with different costumes. The routines and

costumes changed every two weeks. This meant that the girls had to come in twice a week during the day for rehearsals. Roxanne got used to this and did it without complaint.

The costumes were all basically the same. They all showed deep cleavage and stopped about four inches above the knee to show plenty of leg. They had stiff, wide, held-out petticoats to expose pretty little panties of all colours.

Roxanne, between numbers, would go down to the punters, as she now called them, and mix. There was no shortage of men willing to talk with her and buy her drinks. Her conversation was always cheerful, but she declined any offer to go back to their flats with them after the show.

This night she was dressed in a black dress with gold sequins, deep cleavage, white stiff petticoats holding it out above her knees exposing her black lace panties with sparkling sequins of red, green and dark blue stitched on to them, all above black hold-up fishnet stockings. She was wearing black glossy stiletto shoes with five-inch heels. As Roxanne walked, her hips swung from side to side, her whole body looked like poetry in motion.

That man was in again. She liked him, hadn't seen him for months. He was a nice guy, kind of shy. He was always nice to Roxanne and never fresh with her, unlike some of them. He always made her welcome. Tonight he gave her a box of chocolates. Roxanne thanked him and felt like a heel getting him to buy drinks for her.

Roxanne admitted to herself that if this man asked her to come back to his flat, she would go for free, but he never did. The conversation between them was always pleasant; she would even hold his hand from time to time, something she very rarely did with any of the other punters.

She learned he was called Rocco Franchetti. He was a tall, slim man, six feet tall, and 154 pounds. He had a shallow face with kind of Elvis sideburns. He was about the same age as Roxanne. To Roxanne he was a handsome man. Rocco had a liking for very expensive white suits and black shirts with a yellow tie.

He contrasted with Roxanne's five-foot two, 118 pounds which was due to the blocker hormones given when she was a boy; they had stopped her growth.

Roxanne got on well with the other girls, sharing jokes with them. Roxanne had never felt so good in her life. At first Roxanne did not go to the parties that came along, but lately the girls talked her into coming with them. She still declined offers from men to come back to their flat. However she liked the atmosphere of the parties.

It was at one such party that she got the surprise of her life to see Rocco there. Rocco immediately came and sat beside her. They were like two lovesick school kids, trying to say the right thing, awkwardly holding each other's hands. Rocco asked Roxanne if she would come out with him on a date. She said yes but as she worked nights, it would have to be some afternoon. No problem, Rocco would pick her up at her flat and take her for lunch.

Roxanne was excited the day Rocco picked her up at the flat and even so when they went into a very high-class restaurant. Rocco spared no expense. Just before the meal was served, Rocco said he had a little present for her. He took out a little box from the inside pocket of his white jacket and handed it to Roxanne. On opening the box, she discovered a diamond bracelet that looked very expensive.

“Oh Rocco, you shouldn’t have! I don’t deserve this.”

“Yes you do, Roxanne. You’re a beautiful woman. I know you girls on the chorus line have to work hard for every penny.”

A little tear fell down her cheek; no one had ever shown such kindness to her before. Roxanne gave Rocco a kiss on the cheek, took out her compact and repaired her makeup.

Roxanne and Rocco were slowly falling in love with each other, yet Roxanne did not know what Rocco did for a living. She was to find out.

One Sunday at the flat, Joelle said to her, “I see you got it bad for Rocco.”

Roxanne tried to say no.

“Don’t kid me, sweetie pie. I’ve seen it all. Has he made love to you yet?”

Roxanne, embarrassed, said no, it was none of Joelle business anyway.

“Don’t get mad at me, sweetie pie. You have my best wishes. But do you know what Rocco does for a living.” Roxanne answered no.

“Well, maybe it’s just as well you don’t, sweetie pie.”

Curiosity got the better of Roxanne and she asked Joelle what he did.

“Well, sweetie pie, someone would have told you sooner or later. You should have learned by now that you are employed by the mob.” Roxanne nodded her head.

“So is Rocco. He is one of the most dangerous men in their organization. He is a hit man. That is why he disappears for a month or two at a time, going on one of his missions for the mob.”

This news shocked Roxanne. She could not believe that this shy man could be a cold, calculating killer.

“You must be wrong, Joelle. I cannot believe such a thing. He is so gentle to me.”

“Don’t take my word for it, sweetie pie. Ask some of the other girls.”

On asking around, Roxanne got the same answer, yet she still could not believe it. Roxanne had found happiness for the first time in her life and it looked as if it was going to be snatched away from her. If Rocco really loved her, maybe she could convince him to give this up...*if* he really loved her.

Rocco Franchetti was descended from a family that came from Italy. Old papa Franchetti had come over with his young bride to join the mob. The young couple ended up with a family of ten, of which Rocco's father was one. Rocco's father became a hit man for the mob and eventually married a girl also of Italian decent.

Grandma Franchetti always said that her sons must marry girls from the old country. No one ever disobeyed her.

Rocco's father explained to him everything there was to know about firearms. Rocco became very proficient with the use of firearms and was a marksman. Rocco was a very intelligent boy and his parents sent him to university where he studied engineering. When the mob learned about his excellence in firearms, he was asked if he would join them in the same capacity as his father. The money involved was more than he would ever make in engineering. He took the job.

To him it was just a job that paid well, very well. Rocco had to seek the victim out, track his movements and pick the right moment to strike. This could take up to many months. It had to be right no slip-ups. Rocco was a perfectionist. It was a job that had to be done right; all the victims were enemies of the mob. The mob was like a family that took care of its own, and Rocco counted himself as one of them.

Rocco's liked girls but at the same time was afraid of them. He dated girls but never knew what to do with them; he was a shy guy.

Something that was of fascination to Rocco was men who dressed as women. However he never wanted to dress



as a woman himself. It was something he could not explain. Was it because he had difficulties with women? Another thing he was infatuated with was a woman with large breasts; his mother had big breasts.

To find such women, he frequented places like the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB. He was well aware that the “girls” plying him with drink were men. He was looking for what he considered the ideal woman. He had met many such women and Roxanne was the nicest he had met. Rocco felt he could have a nice relationship with her. He was falling in love with her. Rocco would do anything for Roxanne. In the future, that willingness would be put to the test.

Roxanne and Rocco were now constant companions, together every minute, except when Rocco was called away on business. Whenever this happened, Roxanne was most worried for his safety. Rocco, at this point, had said nothing about what he did, as Roxanne never said anything about her own past.

Rocco had taken Roxanne to many expensive restaurants; he also liked taking her out to the country in his expensive car. They would stop at some countryside hotel and go for a walk arm-in-arm, taking in the fresh country air, sitting under an old oak tree in each other’s arms, kissing and cuddling each other.

Roxanne had never kissed anyone, male or female, before. If being female meant loving a man, so be it. Roxanne held this man, Rocco, close and kissed him, cuddled him like any woman would do to her man.

One day while they were on one of their country excursions, the heavens opened up and the rain fell in buckets. Rocco took Roxanne’s hand and they ran for the old oak tree they knew so well. Roxanne was soaked to the skin. Her clothes were clinging to her with the damp and her hair was straggled and in disrepair. Rocco gave her his jacket to put over her head, and when the rain stopped, he said, “Come on, Roxanne. You’re coming to my flat to have a shower and sort yourself out.” So they made for Rocco’s car and drove back to his flat.

This was the first time she had seen Rocco’s flat. Flat was not really the name for it, a luxurious penthouse suite with wall-to-wall carpeting, beautiful furnishing, three bedrooms (two with connecting doors), a living room and a kitchen, Rocco also had a room fitted out as a gym, with bar bells, weights, pulleys and all sorts of things for fitness. Rocco worked out every day, first thing in the morning.

He showed Roxanne the bathroom, where she could shower and the washing machine so she could wash her clothes.

“What am I going to wear?”

“Never mind, Roxanne. I’ll find something for you, sweetheart.”

Roxanne soon divested herself of her clothes and showered. When she finished, there was a knock on the door. Rocco was standing there, handing in some clothes with his eyes diverted from Roxanne. Roxanne towed herself down and

looked at the clothes: a jumper, boxer shorts, a pair of trousers and slippers. Now if you remember

Rocco was six feet tall and Roxanne was five foot-two. The boxer shorts she had to tie a knot in the waist band to hold them up, the jumper had to be rolled up to fit and the trousers...well, Roxanne did not know what to do with them. Roxanne emerged with her hair done up in a turban on top, carrying her own clothes, shuffling along in the big floppy slippers. Rocco took one look at her and fell about laughing. Roxanne, on seeing herself in a mirror, joined in.

Roxanne and Rocco were both virgins. Rocco wanted Roxanne badly, even in her current funny-looking state. Roxanne took her clothes, put them in the washing machine, poured in some soap powder and set the machine in motion. Rocco was excited with her every move. His trousers caused the clumsy steps she took. Rocco quickly came over to her and put his hands up the jumper. As has been said before, her breasts were almost non-existent. Even so, Roxanne struggled to preserve her virginity.

Roxanne struggled, shuffled, moved backwards and finally tripped and tumbled on to the carpet, with Rocco on top of her. Roxanne, panting heavily on the floor, was now defenceless to anything that Rocco might do to her.

“Rocco, I love you. Please don’t hurt me.”

Rocco looked at her. “How could I ever hurt you my, love,” he said and let her go. Rocco could never force himself on any woman. He lifted her on to the settee.

Roxanne could see the love in his face and respected that he had not taken advantage of her.

“Look darling, I want you just as much as you want me, but as you know, I am not all woman. Circumstances have determined that I become partly a woman.” Roxanne told Rocco the whole story of herself.

“I am ashamed of my body. As soon as I can change to a woman, the better. Look, I shall show you my body.”

She took off her clothes and Rocco saw her naked body, with a penis that never developed and breasts that never developed. If Roxanne had not told him, he would have thought she was a hermaphrodite with the small penis that could hardly be seen due to her pubic hair and the small breasts. Rocco felt like a rat after what he had tried to do to her.

“When can you change your body, sweetheart?” he asked.

“As soon as I can save enough money, darling.”

“Roxanne, I love you. Tell me how much this will cost and I will gladly give you the money, no problem.”

A tear fell down Roxanne’s cheek. No one had ever been so kind to her. She was now sorry that she had not given her body to Rocco.

“It won’t happen overnight but I will start the process and see the doctors tomorrow. I really want to love you just like any woman. I want you to have my body and to please you, darling.”

Roxanne was now started on a course of hormones. Roxanne was now on her way to becoming a woman.

One afternoon in Rocco’s flat, he asked her how things were going on the hormones.

“Roxanne, I have a very embarrassing question to ask you. What size breasts do you intend to have implanted?”

The question did not embarrass Roxanne; she had never given much thought to this matter. All Roxanne wanted was a woman’s breasts.

“Why?”

“Would you have big implants?”

“Well, how big are you talking about, Rocco darling?”

“42 double D, sweetheart.”

To Roxanne, the enormous size meant nothing. If Rocco wanted 42 DD, then 42 DD it would be.

“Yes Rocco, if you wish me to have that size and the doctors say okay, then that is the size they will be. Besides, you’re the only one who is going to handle them.”

They both laughed at that and a wish that Rocco thought was unattainable was soon to become true.

Roxanne and Rocco now had no secrets between them; Roxanne told Rocco about her concerns about him being a hit man for the mob. Rocco said he would give thought to it.

One thing that entered Roxanne’s mind was that after the operation she would have to look for another job. To this end, Roxanne watched the drag acts and the transsexual strippers, making mental notes for future reference.

As Rocco disappeared from time to time on one of his missions, he gave Roxanne a key to his flat. She made good use of this. She did workouts in the gym and tried out routines for a striptease she had put together. Once she had her operation, it would be much easier wearing thongs and G-strings.

Roxanne had talked with Joe Williams about going solo after her operation.

“Okay honey, lets see you do your stuff,” he said.

Roxanne did her striptease to the music she had arranged for the act.

After the performance, Joe said, "Honey, that was magnificent. Every man seeing that would have a hard-on. If he doesn't, then he is dead. Don't worry, you have a job here after that op." That made Roxanne a very happy girl.

By now the hormones were doing their work and Roxanne was beginning to fill out in the right places. Now when Joelle asked about the Pretty Pills, she was delighted to say yes, and tell her that Rocco would pay for her op.

When told of the size of the implants she was to have inserted, Joelle looked at her and said, "God, Roxanne, that's some size of knockers. Every man is going to have his eyes on them. Why do you want tits that size?"

On being told that Rocco would like that size, she said, "Oh well, that explains a lot. You're both in love."

Around this time, Rocco asked Roxanne if she would move in with him. Roxanne thought about this for some time and said no.

"When I have the op, I will move in with you. It's not right 'til then. I want you to have a real woman, not a freak like I am at present."

Roxanne had now been on the hormones a year and her operation was drawing near. Rocco told her one day that he was about to leave for a couple of months.

"Rocco, please give up this dangerous game. You know I am due to go for my op during that time. I want you beside me then." Unfortunately, things did not work out that way.

Rocco left and Roxanne had her operation and her 42 DD implants. Joelle and some of the girls from the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB came to the clinic to visit her. Although Rocco wrote to her nearly every day, it wasn't the same as having him there to comfort her.

The day after the operation, Roxanne felt very sore in the chest area, which was only natural. She could not see her breasts, which were bandaged up. A nurse brought a lovely bunch of red roses with a card from Rocco, which said "TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD. WILL SEE YOU SOON AS THE WOMAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE. WITH ALL MY LOVE, ROCCO."

Roxanne cried and wished that Rocco could be here to see her bandages unveiled in the morning.

Morning came and the nurse helped Roxanne out of bed. As she stood before the dressing table mirror, the nurse unraveled the bandages. Roxanne began to see the changes in her naked body.

First of all she looked between her legs; her little penis was gone forever and the pink hairless slit of her virginal opening could now be seen. This was so much better than that excuse for a penis.

On turning and looking at her rear end, Roxanne saw a nice pair of buns; this also pleased her. Raising her eyes to where her breasts were, Roxanne could not believe what she was seeing. Her 42 DD breasts stood proudly out in front of her. Roxanne could not take her eyes off them, the nipples projected out from the purple aureole all of a half-inch. Running her hand over the smooth skin surrounding her breasts, she found they were very soft and sensitive and began to swell; the nub of the nipples became erect. For the first time in her life Roxanne had a sexual experience; she put her hands between her legs and a white sticky secretion oozed on to her fingers.

Leaving the hospital, Roxanne went to Rocco's penthouse suite. She knew it would be some weeks before Rocco came back; this had all been arranged before she was admitted to hospital. Roxanne was unemployed; the chorus line only employed men or pre-op transsexuals. This suited Roxanne, as she needed a rest to recover from her operations and review her striptease routines.

The first morning at the penthouse she gave Joelle a call to come over and visit her. A couple of afternoons later, Joelle gave her a visit and the two old flat mates had a great chinwag. This was the first time Joelle had seen her since the op.

"God, I was right! Roxanne, can you see your feet down there for them, sweetie pie?" Both girls laughed

"I really like being a woman. I can't wait 'til Rocco comes home."

"I bet you can't so he can get his hands on your knockers."

Roxanne was looking forward to Rocco handling her "knockers," as Joelle called them.

Roxanne wanted to be able to cook for Rocco and herself. When she shared the flat with Joelle, it was take-away all the time. Joelle said nothing as she ate the pumpkin pie Roxanne had made. After all, she did not want to hurt Roxanne's feelings. Roxanne was a nice kid.

Roxanne asked Joelle if she had any steady boyfriends yet.

"No, sweetie pie, not yet but I am always on the lookout for Mr. Right."

"It's time you stopped sleeping around, Joelle and settled down."

"Oh, listen to her! A proper little Miss Prim, are we? I suppose you're right, Roxanne. I just keep looking for Mr. Right."

"If you found the right man, would you have the operation?"

"I really don't know. I always said that I would never have the op, but just maybe I would go the full hog and have the lot. Seeing your knockers, I am severely tempted. It would be fun juggling them in some man's face."

The two girls giggled at this. Soon, Roxanne would just be doing that to Rocco.

“And do you still paint your toenails, Joelle?” Roxanne asked, rolling her eyes and giving a sexy leer.

Joelle was quick on the uptake.

“Why, you trollop! You knew all the time about my fondness of having my toenails painted. It just so happens that I bought a new nail polish only today. I was hoping you might ask to paint them today.”

“Did you? Then lets not waste time, lets go to my bedroom right away and paint our toenails. By the way, what is the nail polish called?”

“Bliss by Avon.”

“Of course, what else?” giggled Roxanne as the girls disappeared into the bedroom to have some bliss for themselves.

Rocco had phoned Roxanne from somewhere in Africa that he would be back in two days time. His mission was now finished, but he had one or two things to tie up. He loved her and could not wait to be beside her once more.

Roxanne was excited to see Rocco again and made arrangements to have a new hairdo and go to the beautician. She must have a new dress to meet Rocco at the airport; she wanted to look like a million dollars for her Rocco.

The sight that beheld Rocco in the arrival lounge was truly magnificent: Roxanne in all her finery. There stood a five-foot two-inch woman with her fluffed-up hair in a dark mustard-yellow leather two-piece suit; wrap over hip-length jacket with wide lapels, brown fur collar, matching cuffs on full-length inset sleeves. It had padded shoulders, hip level pockets set into vertical panel seams. She had on a knee-length straight skirt; cream silk T-shirt and honey-coloured stockings. On her feet were mock leopard skin pumps with flat heels.

Her head was covered with a brimless mock leopard skin hat with ruched crown and matching fur earrings. She was wearing the diamond bracelet that Rocco gave her 'round her left wrist and a pearl necklace he had also given her around her neck. She was holding a mock leopard skin drawstring bag with gilt trim and a leather strap.

The beautiful young couple embraced and kissed each other in the lounge; it had been all of two months since they last saw each other.

A cab took them home to Rocco's penthouse. Rocco helped Roxanne out of her jacket. It was then Rocco saw Roxanne's magnificent breasts. He shut his eyes and opened them again. Yes, they had not disappeared, this wasn't a dream. He could not take his eyes off them. The large teats pressed tightly against the thin material of the cream silk T-shirt. Rocco's penis was in a state of excitement; it was like a stiff iron rod. What Roxanne was doing to him unbelievable. He had to have her tonight.

Roxanne could feel Rocco's stare, right into the very depth of her breasts, and she liked it. These breasts had a power to which men were attracted, like a beacon. She was a woman now and wanted her man, Rocco. Tonight she would have that wish. She would not stop Rocco like the last time.

Roxanne had prepared a meal for the two of them, Baked Fish Steaks and for dessert, a Fruit Cake Pudding. After they sat down, Roxanne poured two cups of coffee.

The young couple sat close together, holding hands and talking about everything and nothing. Soon Rocco suggested that they go to bed; this time Roxanne did not protest. Holding hands, they made for the master bedroom.

Upon entering, Roxanne said, "Unzip my top, darling." This he duly did, and he soon held the cream silk T-shirt in his hand. Roxanne, who still had her back to Rocco, pressed against him. Rocco now put his hands on her bra-covered front, feeling the gigantic breasts straining to be free from her bra. With no resistance from Roxanne, he unclipped the two hooks at the back of the bra. Easing the bra off her shoulders, two large mammaries fell into his hands. Roxanne twisted her head around and kissed him on the mouth with her eyes shut.

Rocco could feel the breasts in his hands actually increase in size as he held them.

"Come on, my goddess. It's to bed, my beautiful one."

No resistance came from Roxanne this time. Rocco quickly divested her of the rest of her clothes, lifted her on to the bed and took off his own clothes. Roxanne watched. Even in his boxer shorts, his penis stood proudly to attention. It was the very thing she always wanted. Tonight she wanted it, not on her, but inside her.

Rocco came over to her with his nine inches projecting out in front of him. She took the penis in her hand, not as a bit of foreplay but to examine it in every detail. This was what she should have had all those years ago. She gently handled it, pulling the foreskin back, seeing the eye of the penis seeping a clear liquid.

It was taking all of Rocco's willpower not to shoot his lot all over her. "Roxanne, I can't stand this any more. I must have you now."

Rocco pulled Roxanne up to him. His penis was well lubricated, as was Roxanne's vagina.

The penis slid in with no trouble. The two virgins experienced full sex for the first time. Roxanne held him tightly as his penis slid up into her. It was wonderful! She wanted more!

In no time both of them came. Breathlessly they lay there. Roxanne had felt the length of his penis within her as Rocco held her close and wanted to go even further into her.

Both lovers having recovered, Rocco's hands again traveled up her body, their destination being the massive breasts of Roxanne. On reaching them, his hands slowly massaged, rubbed, and kneaded them to sighs from Roxanne. Rocco now put his lips on them, kissing and sucking. There was so much of them.

Roxanne held his head to her breasts. Roxanne felt herself becoming wet again as Rocco's hard member pressed against her body. Roxanne took the manhood in her small hand and gave him pleasure by rubbing it. Rocco's hands were occupied with the oversized tits.

Rocco had now found his way to the V between the breasts and was kissing it, his hands holding them to his face. He was in paradise! The 42 DD breasts more than aroused his prick, which exploded in Roxanne's hands. It was all over for now, but it would not be the last time Rocco would have these Goliath mammaries in his hands!

Morning saw two exhausted people lying in each other's arms, fast asleep. Roxanne was the first to awake. She quickly arose and made her way to the bathroom and took a shower. She was much more relaxed now as she dried herself and patted powder all over her body and sprayed some scent on herself.

She slipped a pink robe over her body and slipped her dainty feet into black satin-look mules with diamante stone buckles.

Roxanne proceeded to the kitchen to rustle up breakfast eggs sunny side up, bacon and beans. When all was ready, she took it into the master bedroom. Seeing Rocco fast asleep, she put the tray on the bedside table and gave him a shake.

"Come on, sleepy head, breakfast."

Rocco slowly opened his eyes and took in the vision of loveliness that was Roxanne. Grabbing her, he tickled her under her armpits.

Roxanne giggled, "Stop it, Rocco! Eat your breakfast before it's cold." They eventually got down to eating breakfast after fooling around.

Roxanne mentioned that she would soon be taking up a job as a stripper in the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB. Rocco was not at all pleased with this information. He did not want any girlfriend of his to be exploiting her naked body. As for her magnificent breasts, Rocco considered them his and as far as he was concerned, no man should see them but him. Rocco made his feelings known to Roxanne.

Roxanne said she could not stay in the penthouse doing nothing, she had to work. Besides, her body was only for him. Yes, others would see and ogle, but only one man could touch her, her breasts were only for him. Slowly, she managed to turn Rocco around.

One day Rocco asked her to take a look at his arm. On rolling up his left sleeve, Roxanne observed a tattoo of a red heart with "ROXANNE" an arrow through the heart. Roxanne had seen a similar tattoo at the top of his right shoulder; only the name on that one was "MOTHER."

Roxanne kissed him; to her this meant more than any diamond bracelet. Their little tiff was over. There were only two women in his heart, her and his mother.

Roxanne now was used to taking off her clothes for men to ogle at her body. To Roxanne, this did not mean a thing; it was just a job that paid a lot better than the supermarket. She did not want to be a kept woman, although she could stay home all day, if Rocco had his way. Roxanne had no shortage of offers by men wanting to date her after the show. But she declined their advances. Rocco would disappear on his missions for anything from a week to a couple of months. Roxanne always worried about his safety.

Once when Rocco came home, he said, "I am going to take you to meet my mother. I will be telling her you are the woman I want to marry."

Roxanne was so excited; marriage had never entered her head. Just being with Rocco was wonderful. Then a doubt entered her mind.

"But darling, are you going to tell her what I once was?"

"Of course not. It's none of anyone's business."

"But darling, if anyone looks at my birth certificate, they will see that I am listed as male!"

Rocco could see his little Roxanne was very worried about this.

"Look Roxanne, if you are worried, I'll have your birth certificate and all your other documents changed to your female name. I do have some influence, you know."

True to his word, within the week Roxanne had all her documents changed to her female name: birth certificate, driver's license, passport, and the lot. This put her mind at rest, and she could face up to meeting Rocco's mother.

Roxanne had some vacation time due her, so she took the week off. Rocco drove them to see his folks. Rocco's father had died many years ago and the only people who lived in the large country house the family owned were his mother, grandmother, and younger sister. On arrival, his mother and grandmother warmly greeted Rocco; his sister was at university and it would be some months before she was back home.

Roxanne was introduced to all; she would be staying in Rocco's sister's room. Rocco's mother made her welcome. It was easy to see where Rocco's fascination for large breasts came from. Although her breasts now drooped and only her bra kept them up, in her younger days they must have stood proudly out in front of her. Even at that, they could not have exceeded Roxanne's. Rocco's mother was glad to see her son settle down with a nice girl like Roxanne, even more so when Roxanne told her she wanted him to give up being a hit man. Rocco's mother knew what he did; she herself was looked after by the mob since her husband died.

Rocco's grandmother was a different story. She came from Italy, "The old country," as she called it and although she had now lived here for 40 years, she still spoke English with an Italian accent. Grandma Franchetti was the one who ruled the house and always had.

One night as Roxanne passed Grandma Franchetti's room, she was having an argument with Rocco. Roxanne stopped and listened.

"I a tell you, this Roxanne, she is a not for you, Rocco. She is a not one of us. You find another girl. I no like her."

"But Gran, she is the one I want to marry. I love her."

"Rocco, she no come from an Italian family. Go find a nice Italian girl and have lots of bambinos, like your brothers Giuseppe and Salvatore."

Rocco argued, although Grandma Franchetti would hear none of it.

"You go against my wish Rocco, the family will disown you."

Rocco stormed out the room. Roxanne quickly made to her own room and fell on the bed weeping. Would Rocco leave her? After all, she could never give him any children. She had never felt so unhappy since she left her home and Dolores.

At breakfast the next morning, Rocco said nothing to her and for the rest of the week Roxanne felt ill at ease there. She was more than glad the day they left.

For the next week or so, Roxanne was quiet around the house. Even in bed, she kept away from Rocco. Of course Rocco could see something was wrong and asked her what the matter was. Roxanne said nothing was wrong.

Rocco was fed up with this. "For God's sake, Roxanne, tell me what is going on. I can't stand this silence. Tell me, what have I done?"

"It's your grandmother. I think I should pack my things and leave you. You don't really need me. I can't give you babies, I'm useless." Roxanne ran into the bedroom and threw herself on the bed, crying again.

Rocco knew immediately what had happened. He had no intention of doing what his grandmother said. He was going to marry Roxanne. She was what he always wanted.

"Roxanne, marry me. I was a fool, I should have asked you that a long time ago."

"What about your grandmother? You'll be disowned by the family."

"Who cares? It's you I'm marrying, not them. Please say yes." Rocco was down on his knees in true proposal style.

"If you really mean it, Rocco, the answer is yes. You know I love you. However if you do really, really love me, you must give up being a hit man. I want you to live to old age."

Rocco thought long and hard about this. “ Yes, I’ll give it up after we are married, just for you, sweetheart.”

Roxanne and Rocco got married in a quiet ceremony at a Metropolitan Community Church. Roxanne asked Joelle to be her bridesmaid.

There was no honeymoon to speak of; they spent it at the flat. It was not as if Rocco could not afford one; Roxanne wanted to work that night at the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB.

The honeymoon night was delightful for Rocco with sex, more than he had ever dreamed of, in all sorts of ways. Some nights Rocco would forego everything else to suck her breasts. Roxanne was more than excited whenever he kissed her there. Sometimes when he had his head between her 42 double D’s, she was so excited that she squeezed them onto his face. Rocco could hardly breathe and had to force her hands off the large mammaries.

“Sorry darling, I was so excited then that I nearly suffocated you.”

Rocco, breathing deeply, said, “Don’t worry, my precious. It would be heaven to die among your marvelous mammaries. You have breasts to die for.”

Roxanne was immensely proud of her breasts by now, and glad that Rocco not only said that, but had asked her to have them in the first place.

Roxanne holding both breasts out towards him, said, “Here is your reward for saying such wonderful things about them. I promise I will not let you suffocate this time.” Both young lovers fell about laughing.

The young couple had now been married six weeks and Rocco had watched her every performance and proudly ran her home every night, much to the jealousy of the many men in the packed club.

It was one afternoon that a strange-looking man came to visit Rocco. He was balding on top, short in height, in his late forties with a rough-looking face. He obviously knew Rocco very well.

“Is there somewhere we can talk alone, Rocco,” he said, ignoring Roxanne.

Rocco answered, “Yes. By the way, this is my wife, Roxanne, Benito.”

Benito said, looking at Roxanne, “You’re a very lucky man, Rocco, and you’re a very nice looking woman, Roxanne. You look after this woman well, Rocco or its me you will answer to, understand?”

Rocco nodded his head and led Benito to their bedroom. Roxanne did not disturb them; they were gone a long time. Finally, Rocco and Benito emerged from

the bedroom. Benito shook Rocco's hand, saying, "Well, Rocco, see you tomorrow and we'll finalise the details. Nice to meet you, Roxanne."

After Benito left, Roxanne could not contain her curiosity any longer. "What was that all about, my darling?"

Rocco looked at her; he did not quite know how to break the news to her.

"Sweetheart, you remember I said I would give up being a hit man. This is my last job. I have never been offered so much money in my life. There is so much money in this hit that we will live in clover for the rest of our lives. Benito persuaded me but I said to him this *is* the last job."

Roxanne did not know what to think. "You promise this will be the very last, sweetness?"

"Of course, sweetheart. Final, the end, period. We will be together for the rest of our lives."

No more was said although Roxanne still worried about Rocco.

Roxanne had made a promise to Rocco that as soon as he gave up being a hit man, she would stop taking her clothes off at the club. This pleased him. Roxanne had rehearsed one last special routine just for Rocco, to take place the night before Rocco departed on his last mission.

Tonight all her efforts would be put in to her striptease, so that he would hurry back to see what he was missing.

The DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB had changed since Roxanne first came there. The stage had changed, for one thing. A long catwalk had been added, this was for the members' benefit. The strippers could now come down to be amongst the crowd. When sitting at their tables, the strippers were only a few feet from the regulars, at eye level.

Roxanne had a room to herself, as did all the strippers, but she still mixed with the other girls; she knew where she came from. Roxanne carefully applied her makeup, making very thin painted arch-shaped eyebrows. She skillfully applied powder on her face. Pink blusher, pale pink eye shadow, eyelashes with black mascara and plum-coloured lipstick.

Tonight she applied a false black beauty spot on the left side of her face just under the left eye. She wore a necklace with a flowery petal design and what can only be described as a sort of bolero-type jacket brassiere, in black satin. This had wide sleeves that went down to the wrists, the bolero brassiere held a red carnation, caressing her huge mammaries. Roxanne wore diamond earrings matching her necklace.

In her belly button, which had been pierced a long time ago, a red ruby jewel was placed. She wore black satin panties, which at the back became a narrow strip that dug into her arse cheeks. She added black silk hold-up stockings with a

lacey three-inch deep top. On her feet were black ankle strap shoes with six-inch heels. At the ankle of her left foot was a diamond ankle anklet; this matched the bracelet on her right hand.

Roxanne was ready to start her act. Already the slow sexy beat of her music had started. The MC, a transvestite, was announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for that beautiful lady with the big beautiful breasts. I give you Roxanne!"

A chaise-lounge with a pink satin sheet on top had already been placed on the catwalk. As Roxanne walked out, she slowly made towards the chaise-lounge, her hips sexily swinging from side to side. Stopping in front of the chaise-lounge, she ran her hands up and down her arms and chest area. Then she sat down on the chaise-lounge, widely spreading her legs and running both of her hands from the top of her lacey stockings toward her pussy, very slowly and sexily.

Now rising from the chaise-lounge, she turned her back, showing her derriere to those behind her. She leaned forward, placing a hand on the chaise-lounge, running her other hand again over the pulpy mass of flesh there, much to the delight of those at the back, while those at the front could now see her massive breasts.

Roxanne now placed herself once again on the chaise-lounge, kneeling there with her body straight up. Taking the red carnation out from between her massive breasts, she placed it at one end of the chaise-lounge. Taking her left breast out of her bolero-type brassiere jacket, she rubbed it and pushed the nipple end up into her mouth and licked it. Now she took the discarded carnation slowly and softly past it over the nipple and the rest of the breast area. The teat became highly aroused and swelled up.

The red carnation now proceeded to her left buttock. Putting the flower on a nearby table, she took the right breast out of the brassiere jacket while leaning forward on the chaise-lounge with both hands on either side of it. Roxanne merrily swung both her massive breasts from side to side. How beautiful the buxom bouncing breasts looked as they swung from side to side, with the motion of her body. Roxanne had by now taken her bolero-type brassiere off.

Holding it in front of her breasts so that they could not be seen, with a slow movement, she took it away. She now ran both her hands over her massive breasts; again she swung them from side to side, cupping her hands over them in a massage-like movement. She now took her right breast in both her hands and pushed it upwards as she bent down to kiss the nipple and lick it with her tongue. Putting her right finger into her mouth and licking it, she rubbed the finger many times over the tip of the erect nipple.

Her right hand now made its way towards her black satin panties and rubbed the crotch. Again turning around on the chaise-lounge, she leaned forward and juggled her breasts. This was like two metronomes going in different directions to the side, then slamming together with a heavy slapping noise.

Now lying on her back, Roxanne raised her left leg in the air. Putting both hands on the black lacey stocking top, she slowly rolled it down and slid it off the

leg. Her face revealed an expression of pure sexual excitement; as she closed her eyes, the stocking was rolled off. She now put the end of the stocking into her mouth. Then taking the stocking tightly between both hands, she rolled it up and down her smooth left leg. She now put the stocking under the left breast. Roxanne jerked the stocking up and down, causing the massive mammary to wobble. Now she moved moving the tightly stretched stocking over her now extended nipple. She opened her eyes to look at the audience, which was at her eye level, with a sultry sexy look.

Roxanne now discarded the stocking and put a hand on each of her massive breasts. Roxanne closed her eyes again and ran her hands over her ruby-jeweled navel. The hand proceeded from the belly button to go underneath the front of the black silk panties. The expressions on her face as the other hand joined it were a sight to behold; her red ruby lips opened and shut and she closed her eyes in ecstasy.

Then for everyone to see, she slowly entered a finger into her vagina. It was obvious to everyone that she was masturbating herself in front of the crowd in the club. The music was going faster and faster; it now reached a crescendo. This performance had taken over ten minutes.

As Roxanne finished her striptease, she rose from the pink satin sheets to thunderous applause. Shouts of "More more!" were heard as the MC stood at the side of the stage with a cloak to throw over the naked Roxanne.

"You were magnificent tonight, Roxanne, the best I have ever seen you."

"Well thank you, Tilley darling. I put my all into that. Nice that someone appreciated it."

"I think they all appreciated it. By the way, Rocco is waiting in your dressing room."

Rocco was waiting for Roxanne as she entered the dressing room and they flew into each other's arms. Rocco slipped his hand into the cloak and onto Roxanne pussy, which was still wet with her body secretions.

"Darling, let's hurry home tonight. I want you as soon as we get there," Rocco said with some urgency.

Roxanne knew she had aroused her man, as his stiff member pressed against her leg. This was what she wanted so that he would hurry home to her and give up being a hit man once and for all.

The DIFFERENT GIRLS club had a dark alley leading from the back to the street where Rocco had parked his car. On either side of the alley were other businesses. The young couple exited the club with Rocco's hands around Roxanne's waist. They were kissing each other with not a care in the world.

They had gone about thirty yards down the alley when Rocco stopped. “What is it, Rocco?” Roxanne said.

Rocco, putting a finger to his mouth, pulled a revolver from the inside of his jacket, at the same time pushing Roxanne into a darkened doorway. She was about to say something, and then it happened quickly. Two men appeared from nowhere with revolvers in their hands, aimed at Rocco and fired at him. Rocco slumped to the ground, the two men made off to a waiting car at the end of the alley. There was a screeching of brakes and burning rubber as the car sped away.

All this time Roxanne stood terrified in the doorway. The noise of the revolvers frightened her. Suddenly she snapped out of it. All she could see was Rocco lying there in a pool of blood. Quickly, she knelt at his side.

“Rocco, Rocco what have they done to you?”

Blood oozed from him as Roxanne held him close. He weakly uttered, “Vinnie,” then slumped dead in Roxanne’s arms.

The noise of the revolvers had attracted many people from the backstage area of the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB. Soon a crowd had assembled around Roxanne, still holding the dead body of Rocco in her arms.

Joelle came forward and tried to pry Roxanne from the body.

“They killed Rocco! Why? Why? I loved him so much. He was the only person in this world who ever showed kindness to me.” Roxanne broke into tears.

“I know, I know, sweetie pie. Come cry on old Joelle’s shoulders.” Joelle eased Roxanne to her feet. As she stood up, it could be seen that her dress was blood-stained from the body.

“Come Roxanne, you’re going home with me.” Joelle helped Roxanne to her car. As they left, the sound of screaming police cars could be heard arriving at the club.

At Joelle’s flat, she quickly helped Roxanne undress and put her in her own bed. Roxanne was in such a state; she did nothing to stop her. Roxanne just stared at the ceiling, saying nothing; the whole thing had been a huge shock to her system. Joelle held her tight all during the night as Roxanne sobbed. In the morning, Joelle made a breakfast, which Roxanne hardly touched.

“Come on, Roxanne, you have to eat.”

Roxanne said nothing, just staring into space.

The phone rang. Joelle answered. “It’s for you, Roxanne. Somebody called Benito.”

The name brought memories of the day he came to the penthouse to see Rocco.

“Yes, this is Roxanne. What do you want, Benito?”

“I’m sending a car over for you to come to my flat. I wish to speak to you.” Roxanne said she would be ready.

PART 3 **BREASTS TO DIE FOR!**

Benito made her welcome. Roxanne asked him how he knew she was at Joelle's flat. Benito said it was his business to know everything. Benito Caroppo was in charge of the Mob's operations on this side of the country. This was one of the top operators in the Mob.

"Roxanne, I'll come straight to the point. Rocco was about to start a very dangerous mission; he knew this before he took it on. You see, Roxanne, his mission was to take out the head of a rival gang, which was trying to muscle in on our territory.

"I am sorry to say there must be a traitor in our midst and word somehow has leaked out. That is why Rocco was gunned down. I would appreciate it if you could give me any description of these men or any other information. I would like this before the cops get to you."

Although the death of Rocco happened so unexpectedly, the faces of the men were etched in her memory forever. She gave Benito the description yet she didn't mention the fact Rocco whispered the name Vinnie with his dying breath.

"You have been most helpful, Roxanne. As Rocco's widow, you will be supported by the. As for the funeral, I shall take personal care of that."

Rocco had left much money with the Mob to invest so she was well taken care of. However that could not bring Rocco back. How she loved



that man. Who cared if he was on the wrong side of the law? He showed kindness to her.

Benito was right; it wasn't long before the police caught up with her. Lieutenant Frank Brannigan of Homicide was in charge of the case and he contacted Roxanne very quickly.

Roxanne sat in the office with Frank Brannigan answering the same questions Benito had asked her. Again she never mentioned the fact Rocco whispered the name Vinnie.

Frank Brannigan was twenty-six, one of the up-and-comers in the force, very thorough in everything. He knew Roxanne was a transsexual, but by God she had some body. Just look at the tits on her! He would have liked to fuck the arse off this dame.

"Hey Pete, pull out the files on Mario Rossi and mug shots. Oh and on his sister as well."

Pete came back, "Is she still taking her clothes off and showing her fanny?"

"Mind your language, Pete I'm interviewing a lady here."

"Sorry," the reply came back.

After about five minutes, Pete came into Frank Brannigan's office with a book containing mug shots. Frank opened the book to Mario Rossi's photo. Yes, Roxanne recognised him. The other person that Roxanne described did not ring a bell with Frank. He told Pete to take her to the photo department to have a look at the many books there.

No luck. Roxanne was intrigued, however, by this sister of Mario, the one who took her clothes off to show her fanny. She asked Frank Brannigan what Pete said about her.

"Well Roxanne, Bianca Rossi is a stripper just like you, always was very close to her brother Mario, In fact, he pimped for her when she walked the streets."

"I see, Lieutenant. I haven't been of much help to you, have I?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Franchetti. You have given us some leads to work on. At the moment, you're our only witness. Please don't leave town without telling me, thanks."

Frank Brannigan looked as Roxanne left his office, her hips swaying from side to side. God, he had a hard-on. It suddenly came to him that she was a man at one time. "I must be turning queer. Better not say anything to anyone around here," he thought.

The police released Rocco's body after Roxanne affirmed it was he. Benito, as promised, arranged the funeral. At the graveside Roxanne stood with tears in her eyes, dressed in black: a long black dress down to her ankles, black gloves, a black hat with a black veil over her eyes. Roxanne was not the only woman there. Rocco's mother, sister, grandmother, also in attendance, were dressed in black.

After the funeral, Benito had arranged a meal at a high-class restaurant. Roxanne met Rocco's kid sister for the first time. Rosetta was a dark eyed black-headed beauty.

Grandmother Franchetti said, "I will never accept you as Rocco's wife until you have brought his killers to justice."

What a task for Roxanne! What could she do, a poor defenceless widow? At the dinner, Benito took Roxanne aside and told her, "I have arranged for you to stay in a safe house. There may be a hit out on you when it is learned you were a witness to Rocco's murder."

Benito took Roxanne in his car to a very secluded country cottage where a very pretty woman greeted them.

"Sylvia, I want you to look after Roxanne, understand? Don't let her out of your sight for one second or it's me you'll answer to, understand?"

"Sure Benito, I get the drift. Don't worry, honey. Sylvia will see you okay."

After a bit of chat, Benito left the two women together. Sylvia showed Roxanne the room she would be staying in.

"That's right, honey, this is the only bedroom here and the only bed. You and I will be sleeping in the same bed. But don't worry, honey. I won't touch you. I like men better. I am here to protect you and not let you out of my sight. I have bought some clothes for you and you will have no contact with the outside world 'til Benito gives the say so."

In the coming weeks Roxanne got to know Sylvia well. She too was a hit "man" for the Mob. Fortunately, the fridge was well stocked for a long stay. Both women got on well with each other. Roxanne became used to Sylvia sleeping beside her in bed and, true to her word, Sylvia never touched her.

Roxanne had plenty of time to reflect on the past few weeks. The words of Grandma Franchetti kept repeating in her mind: "Bring Rocco's killers to justice." But what could she do? She knew nothing about firearms. She was useless.

Then one night, she had a most curious dream, more like a nightmare, really. The image of Rocco kept appearing. It started off with a whisper but got louder and louder. "*Breast to die for... Breasts to die for... Breasts to die for... Breasts to die for.*" Roxanne woke in a sweat. Sylvia, lying beside her, held her.

“What is it, honey?”

Roxanne said, shivering, “I had a nightmare about Rocco. It was awful. I just cannot understand it.” Then she broke into tears as Sylvia held her and patted her back.

It was just after this that Sylvia told Roxanne that Benito had arranged for her to go to a plastic surgeon to have her face altered so that she could not be recognised as Roxanne. This worried her. Sylvia assured her this was one of the best plastic surgeon in the land; she herself had had her appearance changed one time when she was on the run.

It hit Roxanne: Rocco had spoke to her from beyond the grave. “Breasts to die for.” She now knew what she had to do to bring the killers of Rocco to justice. She asked if the plastic surgeon did breast implants. The answer was yes.

A week later, Roxanne was sitting before Ben Lawson, the plastic surgeon who would be performing the face-changing operations. Roxanne asked about bigger breasts.

“What size were you thinking about, Roxanne? The implants you already have are very large.”

“ A 73-inch bust!”

“That’s impossible! I’ve never heard of boobs that size before.”

“Well, I heard of a woman once who had had that size breasts.”

“Why would you want breasts that size?”

“I have my reasons. I want the biggest boobs you could ever imagine, **THEN EVEN BIGGER!**”

“I cannot give you breasts that size. That is beyond my capability, however I will do my utmost to give you even bigger breasts than you now have. I must warn you there may be danger in later life with such implants.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, in later life you may be subject to back pain due to the massive weight from the breasts. You will have to sign a disclaimer before I even attempt such an operation.”

“No problem. Let me worry about that. Can the operation be reversed in later life?”

“Yes, but in that case, why would you want the operation?”

Roxanne didn’t answer. She had her own plans for this boob job.

Roxanne had been given her own room at the clinic, with two beds. She had one and Sylvia took the other. There was no way Sylvia was going to let her out of her sight.

The operations came. Ben Lawson was more worried about the breasts implants than the facial change, which he had performed many times before. Roxanne's face changed from an oval appearance to a heart-shaped face. Her eyes also changed and no one looking at her would ever recognise Roxanne.

The papers had carried photos of her, as the wife of that well-known hit man, Rocco Franchetti. Reporters were trying to get statements from her. That was if they could find her, and Benito had made sure that would not happen.

Ben Lawson was in the pay of the Mob and he was sometimes expected to do the impossible, like now with these breast implants. They held 2000 cc each. He thought they were for her strip act, but he was wrong.

Roxanne, now recovering from the surgery back at the cottage, turned her thoughts again to Rocco. The only lead she had to his killing was Mario Rossi and his sister Bianca. On a hunch, she asked Sylvia to buy her some show business papers.

"Sylvia, you know anything about Mario Rossi and this sister of his, Bianca?"

"Not a lot. I know Benito is trying to trace him, as are the cops, but he seems to have disappeared. Never met him but I know he is one of Tony the Greek's bunch."

"What about his sister Bianca?"

"I did see her once when I was on a hit and got friendly with a guy who took me to this strip club. Nice body, if you like that sort of thing. I'm not into women as I told you before."

"What does she look like?"

"The outstanding thing was that she was a flaming redhead, a real beauty. Why you asking, Roxanne?"

"Oh, just curious."

Roxanne started to read the show business papers. She knew what she was looking for. There were listings for clubs and theatres all over the country, who was playing there, what type of acts they wanted for the coming months, addresses and phone numbers to ring etc. What worried Roxanne was what if this Bianca had changed her name for her act, like Trixie La Mar had once been Mary-Lou.

"Sylvia, what did Bianca call herself, just Bianca?"

"Bianca the Beautiful. She had one of the most beautiful bodies I have ever seen."

Roxanne studied the papers, taking in every detail. Then way down in a column on page 32 in small print, there it was. Bianca the Beautiful, stripper, was playing in some hick town she had never heard of at the Kitty Club. Roxanne had her plan and now began to execute it.

“Sylvia,” Roxanne said, “I feel like a trip into town. I could do with a few new dresses. What do you say?”

“I don’t know, honey. I will have to ask Benito to see if he gives the thumbs up.” Sylvia took her mobile out her handbag and phoned Benito.

“Benito says it’s okay but I have to stay close to you and not let anything happen to you, or I’ll answer to him.”

“Right. We will go first thing in the morning.”

The shopping mall was the biggest in town with many shops of the kind Roxanne was looking for. Roxanne and Sylvia wandered through many of them as Roxanne purchased dresses. Then Roxanne was looking for a lingerie shop. Roxanne admired the pretty panties and bras, taking some black lace petticoats and panties over her arm; she knew Sylvia would follow her to the changing room.

Roxanne undressed and tried the various items on. She knew the Mob was going to pay for them.

“Look Sylvia, why don’t we purchase some for you? After all, the Mob is paying for it all.”

Roxanne paid for her lingerie and left her purchases at the counter. The assistant would look after them. Sylvia and she picked out some nice panties and bras and went back into the changing room.

Roxanne was fully dressed as Sylvia stood in a red bra and black silky knickers.

“I think I saw a pair of red knickers that would match that bra. Give me that bra to see if they match and I’ll go and fetch them.”

Sylvia was so engrossed with her scanties that her guard was down, just what Roxanne wanted. Roxanne left the shop after picking up her parcels, telling the assistant not to disturb her girlfriend. The girl nodded. Sylvia stood in the changing room in her scanties waiting for Roxanne to return but she didn’t.

Roxanne went to the train station and purchased her ticket; she had timed this nicely. She laughed as she could imagine Sylvia standing in her knickers, braless, waiting for her to return. She could see it now: Sylvia exiting from the changing room in just her knickers with her hands covering her breasts to the laughter of all the women there in the lingerie department, asking if anyone had seen Roxanne.

More importantly, she had given Benito the slip; the cops had lost sight of her as well. Roxanne settled down to a long train journey.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Frank Brannigan's trail had gone cold and Roxanne, his only witness, had disappeared. Pete was getting an earful and Sylvia was receiving the same from Benito. Roxanne was not as stupid as they thought. In fact, she was one step ahead of them already.

Roxanne enjoyed her sleeping berth as the train rumbled through the night. At breakfast in the dining car she ate a hearty meal of eggs and bacon, toast, marmalade and a pot of coffee to go with it. Roxanne knew certain things she wanted to do, however some she would have to play by ear. In two hours' time she would arrive in the town of Castleton; that was where she would depart. She carried the dresses and underwear from yesterday; they would be handy.

Roxanne booked into a fancy hotel; unlike that time she left Dolores with hardly any money, she could now afford such luxury. The Kitty club was the first place on her agenda; this was where Bianca Rossi was doing her striptease. Roxanne hoped to get work there as a stripper and maybe find out something about Bianca.

Roxanne arrived there at one in the afternoon. She knew the club would not be opened but maybe, like with DIFFERENT GIRLS, there would be someone there. She was lucky; the chorus line was rehearsing for a new number that week. On going around to the back entrance, she found a stagehand and asked him who was in charge.

"Will Anderson over there."

She went over to the man who was busy in conversation with another man, Roxanne waited patiently until an opportunity arose. When it did, Roxanne said, "Could I have a word with you, Mr. Anderson?"

Will Anderson, looking at this well-stacked babe, said, "Sure, what can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for some work as a stripper, Mr. Anderson."

"You done this sort of thing before, baby?"

"Lots of times, Mr. Anderson."

"What's your name, baby?"

Roxanne thought she would call herself by her own name.

"It's Roxanne Cummings. I call myself Randy Roxanne in my act."

"Funny I never heard of you before."

"Could be because I always worked over in the West. It's my first time here in the East."

“I don’t know many strippers from the West Coast, however we haven't got a vacancy right now. Give me your phone number. In a couple of months we'll change the programme and bring in new strippers. The customers get fed up seeing the same old faces.”

“Okay. I’m staying at the hotel. I’m free at the moment and I’ll be hanging around for a few days.”

At lunch at the hotel the next day, a waiter came over to her. “Phone call for you, Miss Cummings.” Roxanne found she was speaking to Will Anderson who asked her if she would come over to the Kitty Cub right away.

On arrival she was informed that one of the strippers was indisposed. “Oh, who is that, Will?”

She was told it was Bianca. “Is she all right, Will?”

“Oh, Roxanne's just having her period,” he whispered.

“Right. Why do you want to see me then, Will?”

“Let’s see your strip act. If it’s good enough, you’re on in her place ‘til she is fit again.”

“Okay. I haven’t my props at present but I shall do it in this dress. I will have everything here tonight.”

Roxanne gave some CD’s to the DJ, went into her routine and put her all into it. It was the same routine she did the night Rocco died. Will was most impressed. She was even better than Bianca; in fact he had thoughts of firing Bianca and hiring Roxanne.

Roxanne was quite a success the four nights she appeared; the audience grew larger each night. It was her magnificent breasts that were pulling them in. Roxanne still had not seen Bianca.

After her final appearance, Will said that would hire her but he would have to sack Bianca. This was the last thing Roxanne wanted. She did not want to make an enemy and she refused to take the job if another girl got the sack.

On that last night, Bianca came round to Roxanne’s dressing room. She knocked on the door. Roxanne answered, “Come in.” The redheaded Bianca introduced herself and they made small talk about their business, then Bianca came to the point.

“Roxanne, could you come over to my flat tomorrow afternoon? I’ve a business proposition to discuss for the benefit to both of us.”

“Yes, sure, Bianca, what is it?”

“Tell you tomorrow, sweetheart, she said. She put her business card in Roxanne’s hand, gave her a sloppy kiss and left.

Maybe the gods were smiling, Roxanne thought. Whatever Bianca was proposing, she was going to go along with it, no matter what.

Bianca had a nicely furnished flat and had laid out the table for lunch, which she had cooked herself. After the meal, Bianca poured white wine for both of them. Bianca came straight to the point.

“Roxanne, have you ever stripped with another woman, ever done a double act?”

“Well, no, Bianca and to be honest, I don’t think I have ever seen two women stripping together.”

“Roxanne, I have choreographed this act for two women. I worked on it a long time. I never found the right woman to do the second part till I saw you the other night.”

“But Bianca, the Kitty Club would not accept it. I couldn’t get employed because there was no vacancy.”

“Don’t worry about the Kitty Club. We are playing for bigger stakes. The Kitty Club is chicken feed compared to what I have in mind.”

“Tell me your plans. I am all ears.”

“First of all, I hope you like women in a sexual way because this act is planned for a lesbian club called Sappho’s Delight in Woodsville City, a long way from here. Looking at your breasts, it’s just the thing for that bunch.”

“I’ve never stripped before women, but I’m willing to give it a try.”

“Good girl. I’ve drawn out some of the routines. I’ll explain them, then tomorrow we can go over them, okay?”

Looking at these drawings, Roxanne saw that they were very sexual, involving intimate touching of each other’s body. Roxanne was willing to be on “friendly terms” with Bianca if it would help her to get some information out of her. It also came to Roxanne’s mind that Bianca was possibly a lesbian.

Roxanne moved in with Bianca and made love with her as a woman. To Roxanne this meant nothing if it would lead to one of Rocco’s killers. She had only been there a few days when Bianca, taking Roxanne into her confidence, said, “Roxanne, I have received the letter confirming our booking at Sappho's. We’re leaving tonight. You go and hire a car. Bring it here tonight when I am at the club.

“Pack all our clothes and then park the car outside the club. When I have finished my strip and dressed, I will meet you. Then off we go to Woodsville City.”

“Will you be giving your notice Bianca? Why all the secrecy?”

“No way. Listen honey, as the sister of Mario, the cops are watching me to see if I hook up with him. They're at the club every night but they don't know you, so we'll slip out without anyone knowing, understand Roxanne?”

Roxanne knew her plastic surgery was a success and that the police could not recognise her.

“Bianca, is your brother in some sort of trouble with the cops?”

“Yes, he is on the run. Gunned down some punk, a hit man for the Mob. That's why I just know they have put a tail on me. You will help me, honey, won't you?”

“Sure, Bianca darling. I love you,” Roxanne said, giving Bianca a wet kiss. Roxanne wanted to do all she could to get near this brother of hers.

So Roxanne and Bianca gave everyone the slip again. Sylvia arrived the next day; it had entered her head that Roxanne had been asking all these questions about Bianca and who was Bianca? None other than the sister of Mario Rossi, the man the Mob was on the look out for.

She was too late, though. She asked Will Anderson about her. He said she disappeared without a trace with another woman. What's more she ran off with a considerable amount of money he had foolishly lent her. He was interested in finding her as well.

Sylvia asked for a description of the “other woman.” She had no idea just what Roxanne would look like after the op.

Then Pete from Homicide turned up. It had entered Frank Brannigan's brain that with Roxanne asking all these questions about Bianca, it was time to look into the connection. Pete received the same answers as Sylvia. Again the trail had gone cold and again Roxanne was one step ahead.

Roxanne picked Bianca up around two that morning. She knew it would be a long drive to Woodsville City. They would have to stop off at some motel on the way. But as Bianca said, they would have get as far as possible from Castleton quickly. As soon as they were on the motorway, Roxanne put her foot down, reaching speeds of 90 to 100 MPH.

They had been on the road for about nine hours when Roxanne said, I'm tired, Bianca. Let's stop for a rest.”

“Sure lover, pull in at the next motel. I think the cops will have lost us by now. Sorry about letting you drive all the way. I was tired after my act. We will rest and I'll take over for the last part of the way.”

Roxanne drove into the nearest motel and they booked into a room. Roxanne had a long sleep and felt much better when she woke up. They ordered a meal and after they had something to eat, Roxanne had some questions to ask Bianca.

“Bianca, you told me your brother dress as a woman. Do you mind me asking why?”

“Sure, no problem. It all goes back to when we were kids. One time my best girlfriend was away on holiday and I was feeling lonely without her. An idea came to my mind. Why not dress my kid brother in my clothes?”

“At five years old, he was not as strong as me at seven, so I used my superior strength to dress him. After that first time, it was easier. In fact, Mario began to like it and I decided to call him Marcia. We played these games about once a month.

“Mario came to me one time and asked me to show him how to apply makeup well. I asked him why?”

“He told me he was a hit man with Tony the Greek’s outfit and that disguising himself as a woman could help him in his job.

“He said that he was taking speech therapy to help with his voice. I happened to mention that I was out of work and he said that he could get me work with Tony as a call girl.

“I didn’t really like men but it was work. If I had to lie on my back while some john shot his load inside me, so what? I taught ‘Marcia’ all she knows about make up, how to walk like a woman and many other womanly things. She looks good, if I do say so myself. If she were not my brother, I would fancy her myself.

“You will meet her. When she is on the run, she always hides out in Woodsville. After all, who is going to look for Mario Rossi amongst a bunch of lesbians?”

“I worry about Marcia. She likes women, not men. On more than one occasion, she’s picked up a lesbian. She has been lucky so far; not one has complained when they found she was a man. Some thought it was bizarre having sex with a man as a woman and enjoyed the experience. I’m worried she will pick up some lesbian who is going to spill the beans.”

Roxanne cut in here. “Bianca, maybe I can be of help here. Why not let me be the woman who has sex with Marcia. I think sharing sex with a brother and sister would be fun!”

“Would you, Roxanne? At least I would know he was with someone I could trust. You have the kind of body that he would fall for. I’ll make sure he becomes friendly with you.”

Bianca filled the car with gas and off she drove to Woodsville City. Woodsville City is an unusual place. It is a lesbian haven though it wasn’t always so.

Ten years ago, it was an ordinary town. There was a place called the Star Tavern that put on strip acts. Then the proprietor decided to put a two-woman lesbian act on. This had never been done before at this venue. His idea was to attract more men to the Star Tavern.

Well it did attract more men, but a lot more women came, too. Not just from Woodsville but from all over the country. The proprietor brought more lesbian couples in and attendance rocketed.

They needed somewhere to stay so the hotels did well. Then some lesbians got together and decided to buy out the Star Tavern. They refurbished it and changed its name to Sappho's Delight and it got busier and busier.

Other lesbians opened up their own businesses in town. It became a Mecca for lesbians and a visit to Sappho's Delight was a must. Lesbians now ruled Woodsville; the city council was full of them, and in the last year the town had seen its first lesbian mayor.

This was the atmosphere when Roxanne and Bianca came to Woodsville. As they entered the city limits, they saw a large neon sign reading, "LESBOS PLACE, the all-woman hotel for you and your partner."

This was where Bianca made for. She gave her car to the pretty little car check girl to park in the hotel parking lot. Another girl took their cases to the reception desk where the receptionist booked them in.

"Tenth floor, Polly. Room 1007. Show the ladies up to their room. Hope you have a nice time here, ladies."

Polly took Roxanne and Bianca up on the elevator and carried their cases into the room. Roxanne gave her a ten spot as she left the room.

"I see we only have a double bed here, Bianca, not that it makes any difference."

Bianca and Roxanne wasted no time in going over to Sappho's Delight. It was mid-afternoon and Cheryl Bradbury, the manager, was there to meet them. After introductions, Cheryl said to Bianca, "A new act, eh? Never heard of you but I took a chance. It's getting hard to find something new for the girls. Let's see your act because you're on tomorrow, girls."

"Sure, but remember we still have to buy some costumes. This is the first time the two Frenzied Lesbians have performed. Are you ready, Anna?"

It was Roxanne that Bianca was talking to. She had been given a new name, which did not worry her. They went into their act, which took some 15 minutes.

After they were finished, Cheryl Bradbury said, "Well done, girls. Yes, I must admit it is something different. See you here tomorrow night. I take it you two are girlfriends. Sure looked like it in that act."

"Sure," both replied, giving each other a kiss.

"Good. That's what the customers like to see. No pretence, the real thing."

As they left the club, Roxanne noticed a billboard outside the club for FRANTIC FRAN AND SEXY ANNA, THE TWO FRENZIED LESBIANS.

"We have changed our names. Bianca, did you do that?"

"Don't want the cops looking for Bianca the Beautiful, do I?"

Bianca headed for a theatrical costume shop where identical outfits were purchased for both of them. The women said she would have to run up a larger bosom size for Roxanne but this would be done by tomorrow afternoon.

The following night, Roxanne found it quite an experience at Sappho's Delight. The place was crowded and when she and Bianca came on to start their act, she never expected to hear women shouting.

"Get your knickers off, darling, show us your tits."

A gruff voice from the back shouted, "Oh, definitely show us them big tits, darling. Come over here and let me handle them."

This shocked her. She had been used to men shouting such words when she did her strip but women, that was different. They hadn't started their strip.

Sappho's Delight, like the DIFFERENT GIRLS CLUB, had a catwalk out into the crowded floor area. Roxanne and Bianca sat on padded chairs on the stage. Both women wore identical outfits: a white bra top and a skimpy pair of white satin panties, white stockings held up at the top with white lacy frilled garters. On their feet were high mule platform shoes with a silver mesh top. White flowers were entwined in their hair. Their bodies were covered in glitter.

Both women licked their fingers, and then slipped them into their panties. They rubbed the fingers between their thighs. Removing the fingers, they proceeded to unclip their bras from the front. They now rubbed their breasts in unison. The panties were now pushed off.

Roxanne and Bianca now stood up with only their stockings and platform shoes on and joined hands. Bianca, carrying a white satin sheet in her hands, walked forward on the catwalk and laid the sheet out.

Roxanne and Bianca lay on the sheet in a 69 position, side by side; both girls now raised their right legs high in the air. Bianca put her right hand round Roxanne's right leg at the thigh and gently eased her tongue into Roxanne's pussy. Roxanne was now doing the same to Bianca. Tongues entered pussies to the slow sexy beat of the music. They were only feet away from the women at the tables, at eye level.

This licking they carried on for a few minutes, and then they stopped and raised themselves up, legs and buttocks still on the satin sheet. They gave each other a long lingering kiss on the lips. This lasted for a minute; then again they assumed a 69 sideways position and raised their right leg up. Again they went into licking each other's cunt

Roxanne now crawled over Bianca, put her hands round her derriere, dove into the throbbing pussy, and started licking again. Bianca lay there in ecstasy. Roxanne stopped. Bianca rose towards Roxanne's mouth and they started kissing each other again. Both girls now rose and walked back to the stage, to where they had first sat on the chairs.

They both now stood and kissed each other on the mouth. Bianca using the chair as a prop, put one foot on it while Roxanne bent and kissed her twat once

more, this time probing it with her fingers. Their act came to a close, with thunderous applause from the crowd of lesbians.

Roxanne got a bit restless waiting for “Marcia” but she was sticking with Bianca to the end. Near the end of the first week there was a knock on their dressing room door. A tall slim redhead with well made-up eyes and a flashing smile entered. “Marcia!” exclaimed Bianca and she gave this “woman” a kiss

“Easy, sis. I’ve watched your strip and I’d like to get my hands on Anna.”

“Would you really, Marcia? Just so you know, I would let you too.” Roxanne said, wanting to make herself available. This was what she had planned for.

“Are you not going to introduce me, sis?”

“Anna, this is my brother Mario. I told you he would be here.”

“You look so good, Marcia. I can’t believe you’re a man. Could you show me how you do it? I’ve never seen a man change into a woman before.”

“Sure, come over to my apartment tomorrow afternoon and I’ll show you. Maybe we can get to know each other better.”

“Maybe we could end up in bed, who knows? That is if your sister will let me.” Roxanne said, giving “Marcia” the come-on. Roxanne was sure this was one of Rocco’s killers but she wanted to see him in male mode. She did not want to kill the wrong man.

“We always did share things when we were kids, didn’t we, sis?” Bianca nodded.

The next afternoon saw Roxanne in Marcia’s apartment. Marcia was in a bra and panties, sitting before her vanity applying her makeup. On a wig stand was a red wig in bangs. Roxanne sat beside her and studied the face. Yes, there was no doubt this was one of Rocco’s killers. Roxanne knew what she must do.

Roxanne did admit Mario made a good-looking woman, but it was not her purpose today to stand and admire her.

“Marcia darling, come over here and I’ll help you into your dress.”

She did and Roxanne zipped the back up and pressed her body into Marcia.

“Oh darling, you’re so beautiful. Turn around and kiss me.”

Marcia did. Roxanne slipped a hand up Marcia skirt and came in contact with a hard protrusion sticking out from Marcia black panties. Roxanne put her hand around it and started rubbing.

“God, Anna, I want you NOW!”

This was just what Roxanne wanted. “I’ll take my clothes off but don’t you dare take anything off except your knickers. Lie on the bed waiting for me.”

Marcia did and watched Roxanne undressed. Then she saw the Roxanne's breasts. Her eyes focused on them. God, they were massive!

"I see you have noticed them. I am so proud of them. You must share what your sister has already had. Lie there, darling and you feel and kiss them."

Roxanne knew exactly what she would do, and the plan now went into action. Roxanne lay on top of her

"Kiss them, darling, kiss then please."

Marcia lost no time in kissing the nipples, then all over them. This was Roxanne's moment.

"Kiss between my breasts, darling. I love that."

Marcia did just that. Roxanne now held both hands very tightly on the outside of both her breasts, causing a vacuum as her massive bosom sealed off the air. Marcia became short of breath; try as she might, Roxanne was not letting go of her. Marcia tried to wrest Roxanne's hands away but she could not. Then, slowly, Marcia's hands fell away. Roxanne held tight 'til Marcia slumped onto the bed, lifeless.

Roxanne looked down, put her hands together as if in prayer, and said, "Rocco darling, I have taken care of one of your murderers. You were right; I do have breasts to die for. Others will follow."

Having now disposed of one murderer, she looked around the room, opening drawers, to see if there was any clues she might come across. Looking in Marcia's handbag, she found nothing but lipstick and makeup. Then she opened the wardrobe that contained dresses and skirts.

Then there it was: Mario's male clothes, trousers and jackets. Roxanne searched them. In the inside pocket of one jacket there was a letter, still in the opened envelope. Roxanne took it out, sat on the bed and read. The envelope was addressed:

Ms Marcia Rossi

P O Box 686

Woodsville

The letter read as follows

Dear Marcia

Meet me at the Regent Hotel, Oldsville Monday. Important for next hit.

Vinnie

Roxanne studied it. A couple of things came into her head. First the address; it was a P O Box to which only Mario/Marcia would have access. The name Vinnie, the name he whispered as his breath expired; it was obvious Rocco knew this person from somewhere. Roxanne took take a chance and left for Oldsville. There was no time to spare.

Roxanne lifted the bedside phone, called the bus station and enquired when the next bus to Oldsville was leaving. She found it would not be for another five hours. The last thing she wanted to do was go back to the LESBO HOTEL and Bianca. She lifted the phone again and dialed the room number at the LESBO. Bianca answered.

“Honey, Marcia and I are a little involved here. I will be coming straight to Sappho’s tonight so don’t wait for me. I’ll see you there.”

Bianca said, “Put Marcia on, sweetheart.”

Roxanne had to think quickly. “Oh, she is taking a shower and then we are going shopping for Marcia to get some new dresses.” She added, “we’ll be coming back to try them out and have a little fun.”

“Well, have fun and don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Roxanne had to spend the next four hours in this room with the dead body of Marcia. She did not want to be seen on the streets of Woodsville by anyone. Looking through the drawers once more, Roxanne found a blue scarf with a butterfly design on it. This she would use to cover her head and conceal her face a little.

Roxanne arrived at the bus station, bought her ticket to Oldsville. This would not be a comfortable trip; she would have to curl up in her seat with a blanket supplied by the bus company. The seat could be eased back into a reclining position, which helped matters a little.

The bus rolled into Oldsville. Roxanne had her story ready to tell this Vinnie. It was now eight in the morning and the town was coming alive, as people went to work. Roxanne soon found the town centre. She had enough money in her handbag to buy some outfits; she had come with only what she stood in. Having bought what she wanted, she went to the bank and withdrew a large amount of money.

On arrival at the Regent Hotel, she went straight to the reception desk. “Hello. My boyfriend is registered here and, silly me, I forgot Vinnie's room number. Could you look up his room number for me please?”

“Here it is, Vinnie Belmont, the only Vinnie registered here at present. Room 207, Miss.”

“Oh thank you, you’ve been so helpful. Don’t phone him to tell I’m here. It will be a surprise. I love that man.” She walked away, swinging her hips.

It was now nine o clock in the morning. Bianca was being held by the police as she had discovered the dead body of her brother when Roxanne failed to turn up at Sappho’s. The police had now found what they first thought was a woman as

they at first though; in fact it was Mario Rossi. When word got back to Frank Brannigan, he said, "Hold Bianca Rossi and don't let her go 'til I get there.

"What charge will I hold her on? Listen stupid, there are a hundred and one things you can get her for. Do what you have to but don't let her go, understand, or I'll kick your ass." Frank Brannigan was going to handle this himself. If you want a job done right, do it yourself. The next day's headline read:

MARIO ROSSI, HIT MAN, FOUND DEAD IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES

Underneath this ran the story of the mysterious death by suffocation of Mario Rossi dressed in women's clothes and how it was thought he was a woman until his sister identified him.

Bianca was put in solitary by the big butch captain of the police force in Woodsville. Two butch lesbians guards kept watch on her. One of them said, "Any nonsense from you, my pretty one and it's this you will get up your ass" while holding a long rubber truncheon.

The other said, "I'd put it up her ass *without* any nonsense." Both women broke into a dirty laugh.

Roxanne was once again one step ahead of the police and the Mob.

Roxanne knocked on the door of room 207. A rough voice came from behind. "Yes, who is it?"

Roxanne using her made-up name, replied, "Anna Cumming, Vinnie."

"Who?"

Roxanne repeated her name. Vinnie looked through the spy hole and saw this



woman with the big bosom. In fact he saw it before he saw her. This dame was well stacked. He had to see her, so he opened the door.

“Well, what do you want, sister?”

“Can I sit down, Vinnie? I have some news for you regarding Mario.”

Vinnie was all ears now. “Okay, spill it.”

“Mario is now dead, suffocated so they say. They found him in women's clothes. Tony the Greek has contacted me. I'm to be your new partner. We have to stay low, so don't contact Tony. That's it, Vinnie.”

“How do I now what you are saying is correct?”

“Tony told me in confidence that you and Mario rubbed out some punk called Rocco who worked with Benito Caroppo. I know nothing about the hit you are involved with at present, so fill me in.”

Vinnie knew that only he, Mario and Tony the Greek were subject to this information, and so this Anna must be genuine.

“Okay Anna, I'll take you into my confidence. I've never had a female partner before. I'll explain all over the next few days.”

“Sure thing, Vinnie. Maybe we could become friendly, or was Mario as a woman more your style?”

“Nope, he never did that around me, but I did know he dressed as a woman. He even gave me his PO box in some lesbian city, called himself Marcia. I'm not into men dressing as women although he was one good man with the gun.”

Roxanne was now sitting beside Vinnie. “Then maybe we could be sleeping partners, Vinnie. Maybe I could be the first ‘hit man’ you would want to sleep with.” Roxanne was rubbing Vinnie's crotch; she could feel his erection growing larger.

“Yeah, maybe we could get to know each other real well.”

He wanted to have his hands on those tits, those monster tits; they looked as if they had a life of their own. Vinnie licked his lips. He came in his pants just thinking about what he was going to do to these massive breasts.

“Well maybe I should phone reception to bring my bags up here. That double bed was meant for two, Vinnie and one should be a woman.”

“Sure, Anna. We will hit the town tonight. I know a cosy little place where we could cuddle up,” Vinnie said, lifting the phone and telling the receptionist to bring Anna's bags up his room.

Vinnie had been on the run for almost two months now since he and Mario had rubbed out that Rocco guy. He had never met Mario before; Tony the Greek had teamed them up. Vinnie missed female company; he had a girlfriend but dared not contact her. It looked like this Anna would supply his sexual needs and he was glad of for company.

Roxanne knew this was Rocco's other killer by the three-inch scar on his right cheek. She would play with him until the right opportunity arose.

"I bet you feel horny, Vinnie. Maybe we could have a session before we go out."

Vinnie's prick was now as hard as iron and seeing Roxanne undressing made it worse. He quickly unzipped his trousers and pulled his pants off. In no time, both he and Roxanne were nude and lying on the bed. Roxanne took hold of Vinnie's penis and rubbed it fast with her hand. In no time, Vinnie's creamy white love juice shot four feet in the air. It landed on Roxanne's thighs, splashing them. Roxanne dipped a finger in it and licked it with her tongue.

"Vinnie darling, I expect you have plenty left for me later today." It was not yet time for Vinnie to die.

Roxanne did not want any of Rocco's murderers to have intercourse with her. She might have masturbated Vinnie, but that was of little interested to her. Soon, Vinnie would receive the sentence of death from her killer breasts.

Vinnie and Roxanne, or Anna as he knew her, headed to a restaurant called The King Of The Town. The headwaiter, after a generous tip from Vinnie, seated them at a secluded table in a darkened alcove. Vinnie ordered Asparagus Soup for starters and a main course of Roast Leg of Lamb, Potatoes and Peas. He also ordered a bottle of red wine called Chateau of the Black Knight.

They had an excellent meal and Roxanne became lovey dovey in the darkened alcove.

"Waiter!" Vinnie shouted in a slurred voice, "another bottle of that stuff, whatever you call it."

Roxanne was all over Vinnie. Vinnie had a hand up her skirt and into her knickers, feeling her fanny. Roxanne just let him have his pleasure. It would be the last he would ever receive.

"Come on, Vinnie honey. I want to get laid. There's a nice warm bed waiting in the hotel." All the while she was rubbing Vinnie in the crotch area. Like with Mario, she could feel his prick beginning to swell. It did not take long for Vinnie to finish his meal, pay for it and order a cab. Soon they were in the room at the hotel.

"Come on, Anna. Get the clothes off and jump in bed, sweetheart."

"Sure honey, but what's the hurry? We have all night. Besides, I like a man with a slow hand and a hard dick. Why don't you undress me?"

Roxanne knew precisely what she wanted to do. Vinnie had his trousers off and stood in his Y fronts with a penis tenting them and unbuttoned shirt. Roxanne quickly removed his shirt and sexily whispered in his ear, "Do the same to me, lover boy."

Vinnie lost no time trying to unbutton her white nylon blouse of Roxanne. “Trying” was the word because he was so drunk he fumbled and fumbled. It took so long Roxanne thought he would never get it off. Eventually it came off and there Roxanne stood in her white nylon bra, black nylon dress, stockings and shoes.

Roxanne’s bra was a wonder of engineering, to say the least. After she had her operation, her breasts could not fit any of the usual size bras. She had to have special ones made for her. These brassieres had wire mesh fitted on the inside of them to hold the massive mammaries up. As the surgeon explained, her breasts would be firm at present but in the years to come, they would sag and she would need a strong brassiere to support them.

“Unbutton my bra, hon. I want you to feel my massive tits. They’re wonderful, aren’t they? I want you to feel the hard nipples. They’re just for you, lover. I want you to have my breasts before you mount me. This will be the aperitif before the main course.”

Roxanne was standing with her back to Vinnie; this was how she had planned it. All Vinnie could see was the blurred sight of Roxanne’s back. His shaky fingers again fumbled with the three hook and eye combination at the rear of her brassiere.

Roxanne hoarsely whispered, “Come to the front, lover. I want you to see and hold my magnificent tits, please. Now slip my bra off, my darling.”

The bra still hung on by the shoulder stapes. Swaying, Vinnie moved to Roxanne’s front and took hold of the shoulder straps. Roxanne helped him and, as Vinnie held the discarded black nylon brassiere in his hand, Roxanne’s breasts stood firmly out in all their 50-inch glory.

Even in his drunken state, Vinnie sobered slightly. This was unbelievable! What marvelous jugs. He would have died to see such a sight. That was an unfortunate choice of words because that was precisely what was now about to happen.

“Don’t you want to touch them, hon?”

“Sure, Anna, sure,” Vinnie said, his mouth slobbering. He couldn’t wait to feel them. Vinnie soon had the soft mammaries in his hands.

“Kiss them, sweetie.”

He lost no time doing that. His tongue soon licked and sucked the nipples, which erected in his mouth. How much closer could he get to them? he wondered, as he nipped the teats in his mouth.

Roxanne was now ready to exterminate Vinnie. “Vinnie, would you like to kiss in-between my cleavage. This may be the first and only time you have a chance to do that to me.”

Vinnie eyes lit up. To get his head between these paps would be wonderful. He did and he could feel the heat of the tits on his cheeks; he stuck his tongue out and licked and licked. The breasts, so soft but firm, engulfed Vinnie. He couldn’t care less, he was in heaven.

Roxanne now stretched her arms around Vinnie neck and locked her fingers together at the back of his neck. Her elbows squeezed and pushed hard inward against the outside of her breasts. Roxanne held as tight as she could.

Vinnie, like Mario before him, tried to pry the arms off, his breath was failing. The words he was uttering became fainter and fainter until he slumped and lay dead at Roxanne's feet.

Roxanne put her hands together again. "Rocco, my darling, I have avenged your murder. Rest in peace. I will always love you." She opened her handbag, withdrew her wedding ring and replaced it on the third finger of her left hand.

It was now 2 in the morning. Roxanne packed her case. She would have to wait 'til morning, find some quiet country village and disappear for a few years.

Roxanne put the DO NOT DISTURB sign outside the door before she left. She did not use the elevator but went down the back stairs and out the backdoor. Carrying her bags, she flagged down a cab. In no time Roxanne had purchased a secondhand car, she was going to dump it when she found a place to live.

It took more than 24 hours to discover the dead body of. The head maid became suspicious after twenty-four hours and opened the door with her passkey. The local police soon arrived and questioned everyone; it did not take long to find Vinnie's criminal background. Word quickly filtered back to Lieutenant Frank Brannigan about this murder, the curious manner of the death suffocation and that this Vinnie also seemed to be a member of Tony the Greek's crew.

Frank Brannigan lost no time going to Oldsville. His questioning revealed that Vinnie Belmont had been sharing his room with a woman called Anna; that was all the information the receptionist could give him. She seemed to be the only person who had seen this Anna.

Could this have been a lovers' tiff? Frank Brannigan thought this unlikely; he found it most unusual that two hit men from Tony the Greek's outfit should have been suffocated. One was identified as one of Rocco Franchetti's killers. Could this be the second one? Just who was this mysterious woman, the description of whom did not ring a bell with Frank.

Frank Brannigan was glad to see the end of these two thugs; two less to worry the world. He was not all that worried about catching this woman, whoever she was, although he had suspicions as to who she was.

Benito Caroppo had also arrived at the Regent Hotel. He had come to the conclusion that this Vinnie and Mario Rossi were the killers of Rocco. Who this mysterious woman called Anna was, he had no idea. If he had asked Sylvia, he would have known it was Roxanne, but he never did.

Benito Caroppo and Frank Brannigan would pursue this no further. Roxanne, again, had been one step ahead of them.

The newspapers the following day ran banner headlines:

TWO GANGLAND HOODLUMS SUFFOCATED IN LAST TWO DAYS

Underneath that ran the story:

“Mario Rossi and Vinnie Belmont, said to be members of Tony the Greek’s notorious gang, have both been found suffocated. The police say they are looking for a mysterious woman who seems to be a link to both murders.”

Photos of Mario in male and female dress and a photo of Vinnie were on the page. A full record of both men’s convictions was given.

Roxanne booked herself into an inn called The Red Lion. She was going to find a house. She told the innkeeper she may be staying there for a few weeks. Within two weeks, Roxanne found what she was looking for.

The cottage was delightful and she had workmen fix it to her wishes. She would retire here, but there was one other thing she must do to spend the rest of her life in peace.

For three years, Roxanne lived the life of a recluse, going to the village store once a month to stock up on food. All the women in the village had noticed she had a wedding ring. When asked about her husband, Roxanne said he was dead and no more.

Roxanne was always pleasant to any one who spoke to her. After three years there, what the surgeon had warned her about her breast implants was now coming true. The back strain sometimes left her breathless. Going to the local doctor, she explained that she had gotten these implants on a whim. The doctor gave her a physical examination and his advise was that she have them removed as soon as possible, and that she have liposuction to remove the fat her hips were putting on.

Roxanne went back to her cottage to think about this. One last thing she had planned years ago must now take place before her implants were replaced by a smaller size.

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Roxanne stood before the office of Dawn and Rose Private Detective Agency’s door. She knocked and a voice said to come in. A pretty young woman of twenty-four in a business dress with her hair in bangs sat before a pine desk.

“You must be Miss Cummings. Take a seat. I was expecting you after your phone call last week.” Roxanne took a seat in front of Dawn.

“First of all, Miss Cummings, I must apologise for my partner, Rose. She is at present working on another case and is out of town. Rose did the main work on your case, however I have your file here. It is up to date. There have been some changes since three years ago. Your stepmother has remarried and moved.

“Our investigation shows that your suspicions about your mother are founded. Do you want us to take any further steps? All this information is in confidence, and the police know nothing that is in these files, Miss Cummings.”

“Who did she marry, Dawn?”

“Walter Carlton, the lawyer who prepared your stepmother’s case to deprive you of your inheritance.”

“Ah, I might have known. They always seemed close, I expect they were lovers all the time.”

“Walter has divorced his wife; their sexual relationship broke down long before your mother’s inheritance of your money.”

“You and your partner have served me well. I have a little bonus for you and Rose.” Roxanne handed a generous cheque to Dawn.

Roxanne knew now what she would do.

The red Ford Mondeo 2.0 Zetec car came to a halt in the pine tree-lined avenue of a suburb. It was easy to see from the spacious lawns, with their sprinklers going even this early in the spring morning, that this was a wealthy area. The houses, mostly of mock Tudor or Victorian design, were well set back from the luscious green grass of the lawns. A hot spring day was ahead; even so there was a slight chill in the air.

Roxanne pulled the rug lying on the passenger seat over her body. She had come here at this early hour to meet her stepmother. Roxanne looked at her watch. 6:15. She smuggled up under the fur rug and dozed for an hour.

Roxanne rubbed her eyes and looked at her watch. It was now 7:21. She took a pair of binoculars lying on the passenger seat and focused on the front door of the house that belonged to Dolores.

At 8:03, a man emerged from the front door and gave a woman in a blue dressing gown a kiss on her cheek. A large black Bentley car parked at the front. The man opened the door, climbed in the driver’s seat, started it and drove down the driveway on to the avenue past Roxanne.

Roxanne watched the woman enter the mock Tudor house and close the door, Roxanne took her time; she opened her handbag and took out a jeweled compact, a gift from Rocco, and a lipstick. She flipped the compact open, dipping the powder puff within on the loose translucent powder, applied it to her face and nose, smoothing it with the puff, all the time looking at the mirror. The lipstick cover was taken off and the base was twisted. The plum-coloured lipstick rose up. She

applied the lipstick to her soft lips, again looking at the compact mirror. This was a ritual she had done since the age of 7. It had been ingrained in her mind. Dolores had made sure of that all those years ago.

It was now time to meet her stepmother. Roxanne slung the leather straps of her handbag over her shoulders, opened the car door and crossed the avenue. She aimed her remote control at the car and the doors locked. Roxanne now made her way up the driveway. The breast implants were not helping; she slowed her steps and stopped to get her breath back.

She had not far to go to get to the large oak door. She knocked the lion head-shaped knocker three times on the door.

She could hear footsteps approaching the door. It creaked open and the same woman she had seen through the binoculars was standing there.

“Well, what do you want?” the woman said upon viewing this young woman with such large breasts and a pretty face. She had to be selling encyclopedias or some such thing like that.

“Don’t you recognise me, MOTHER?”

Dolores looked again. Who the hell was this awful woman calling her mother? “I’m afraid there has been some mistake. Whoever you are, I’m not your mother.”

“Well, you haven’t changed one bit, Dolores. Don’t you recognise your own daughter? It’s me; I have come to visit you. Are you not pleased to see me after all these years? Don’t you want to find how I have gotten on in the world, MOTHER?”

Dolores looked again. It was like a bad dream come to haunt her. So many things had happened since she told Roxanne to leave home, when she went off on that cruise to the West Indies with Walter Carlton.

Roxanne spoke again. “Oh, you may not recognise my face, mother. I have had cosmetic surgery and these were not there when I left home,” she said, pointing to her massive tits. “Why don’t you invite me in and I can tell you all about me, MOTHER.”

Dolores stepped backwards in fear, as Roxanne forced herself into the hallway.

“Show me the living room of this magnificent house, MOTHER and I will make a nice cup of tea, like any daughter would for her mother. Then I will tell whole story of my life since I left you, mother.”

Dolores was sure, it may not look like Roxanne, but she could never mistake the voice. This was a different Roxanne from the one she told to leave home. That Roxanne was an innocent, this Roxanne was more mature, worldlier. She had every reason to be frightened of this woman, and to appease her. She invited her into the living room.

“You certainly did well for yourself, mother. This beautiful house must have cost a fortune. Now show me the kitchen and I will make the two of us a cup of tea.”

This Dolores did, anything to please this mad woman. In a little while, Roxanne came back with a tray with teapot, cups, saucers, milk, sugar and cakes.

“I found these cakes, mother. Now sit there and I will serve you and tell you my story up to date.”

Roxanne proceeded to do so, but left out the part about suffocating Rocco’s killers.

“So you see, mother, I was a married woman, and I made my way in this world showing my naked body to men and women. Mother, let me see your body. Don’t tell me you’re shy, many men have seen it before.”

Dolores interrupted, “That’s not true.”

“Of course it is, mother. I had some private detectives check it out. Is Walter a better lover than my father, or did he know about my inheritance and you were forced to marry him? See, mother, I know more than you think about you.”

She added in a frightening voice that made Dolores cringe, “Take your clothes off now. I want to see this body that made men fall at your feet, mother.”

Dolores automatically obeyed this woman. She pulled the tie belt on her blue silk dressing gown and it fell open to reveal her blue gossamer nightdress.

“Off with them, mother.”

Dolores succumbed to this woman; she was under the hypnotic spell of Roxanne.

“Yes mother, you are beautiful. I can see why my father fell for you, as well as the many other men who possessed your body. You never loved them, did you, mother? You never loved me either, however you now have a chance to make up for that, to show me that you really wanted a daughter. You did want me to be the daughter you never had, didn’t you, mother?”

So saying, Roxanne unbuttoned her white nylon blouse and laid it on the settee that she and the naked Dolores now sat on. Her special big black brassiere, supporting her enormous mammaries, came into view. Dolores gasped. These could not be real.

Roxanne unclipped the three hook and eye fastenings at the back of the bra. She slowly eased the shoulder straps down her arms, held the front of it, and pulled it off.

Roxanne’s breasts were not as firm as they had been three years ago after the implants were inserted, and they now drooped some. The indecent sight fascinated Dolores; she had never seen such a sight before.

Roxanne indicated for Dolores to come closer. “Hold me, mother and give me the love that I never had from you. Put your arms around me.”

The naked Dolores did this, afraid of this woman, at the same time mesmerized by the huge breasts.

“Hold them, mother. They are magnificent, aren’t they? Rocco wanted me to have big breasts. I am so proud of them. Kiss them, mother.”

Dolores, who had never done such a thing to a woman before, kissed the surface of them, put each breast in her mouth, and sucked.

“Oh, you can do better than that, mother. Feel the warmth in the cleavage between them, in the soft skin, and kiss it, mother.”

The enormous mammaries hid Dolores' face. Roxanne pushed the outside of each breast with her arms, held tightly there while her hands were locked behind Dolores neck. Dolores, like the previous victims, struggled, but the determined hold of Roxanne was too much. Finally, Dolores' body slumped and the evil woman was dead and gone.

The action had taken a lot out of Roxanne; she lay there gulping for breath. Slowly she came back to normal. Roxanne replaced her bra and blouse. The evil woman was gone, the woman who had fucked her life up.

She reflected on her life; she would never have gone down the road that led her to be a stripper if it had not been for Dolores. She despised her.

Roxanne looked over the living room. Dolores's body lay sprawled over the settee. Roxanne lifted the cups, took everything back to the kitchen on the tray and washed all. There were no fingerprints now so she exited the house.

The murder of Dolores Carlton filled the local newspapers for a few days, and then it was old news. Walter on coming home that night came upon the dead body of Dolores. In no time, police were swarming all over the place. There seemed no motive for this murder; nothing had been taken from the house.

Walter, clever solicitor that he was, quickly realised that Dolores' fiddled inheritance now belonged to him. At least that was what he thought.

It was now time for Roxanne to visit some solicitors of her own. Roxanne explained that she had heard about the death of her stepmother Dolores Carlton and that she thought it was time for her to claim what was rightfully hers. She told the full story about the court case that lost her inheritance.

Alma Franklin and Kelly Brotherton listened intently. “Yes, Miss Cummings, I think we can make a good case here. I see no reason any court would not find in your favour,” Alma Franklin said, nodding to her partner.

“Do you know what happened to Dr Emily Duncan and her daughter Emma, Miss Cummings?” Kelly Brotherton asked.

“I'm afraid not, Miss Brotherton, will it matter?”

“It may. We will employ Dawn and Rose, with whom you are familiar, to check that out.”

The case of Roxanne's inheritance came before the courts. Walter Carlton spoke for himself. He thought he was smart until Alma and Kelly laid out their evidence. Their main witness was Dr. Emily Duncan who had the lie detector

graph that showed Roxanne never wanted to be a girl and that Dolores was telling lies in the diaries she kept. This won the case for Roxanne.

Outside the court, she met Emma who had not been called upon. Emma had turned into a very beautiful woman. She was now married to a very nice man who knew her history and loved her very much. This was all she wanted: to be loved as a woman and be a dutiful housewife. The couple had adopted a little girl and Emma spoiled her Linda.

The case now being over Roxanne had many things to do. For one, her implants must now be removed. She also wanted liposuction to get rid of the fat she had acquired. She was on the move again, looking for a house in a quiet village where no one knew her.

This she found and she now had plenty of time to reflect on her past life. Although she was a young woman only in her mid twenties, she had packed more into her life than most people of a much older age. Roxanne thought there was only one thing she should do now: seek solace in God.

Roxanne turned her attention to this; she became very religious, attending church every Sunday. Every morning after breakfast she read a passage from the holy Bible. Even her appearance changed; she wore more somber clothes, long dresses down to her ankles, usually black with high neck collars and the front buttoned to her neck.

When at church she wore gloves and a hat or scarf. Sometime strangers who saw her in the black skirt and black bonnet with a large golden crucifix hanging on a chain round her neck would mistake her for a nun. Roxanne now wore no make up.

The young Vicar of the parish church Derek Rothers looked with admiration at this pious woman. When he visited, she would ask him lead her in prayer. They would kneel in Roxanne's living room in deep prayer for half an hour or so.

Derek Rothers thought that Roxanne would make a good wife; she was just the right person to share the Vicarage with him.

One day when they both were on their knees at prayer, Derek asked Roxanne if she would be his wife. Roxanne, to say the least, was startled. She had never expected such a thing from this holy man.

"Thank you, Derek. That was nice of you and very unexpected, but I am sorry. It's not that I don't like you, but I can never forget my husband," she said, showing her wedding ring. "God rest his soul, but I am sure there are some very nice spinsters in the parish who could share the Vicarage with you."

Roxanne lived the rest of her days in a quiet and peaceful life. She thanked God daily for the one and only love of her life, Rocco.

THE END