



*Reluctant Press*

# Lady's Secret

Evie Kay



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

---

**TWO 'SPECTRUM' STORIES**

---

*Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# LADY'S SECRET

**By Evie. Kay**

“You tell us your secrets and we'll show you ours!” proclaimed the hostess, as one passed through the portals of one particular night spot of the city.

Those who asked, .“Just what is Lady's Secret?” got the coy response, “Don't you know that every lady has a secret? Enjoy yourself, and see if you can't find out for yourself.”

It took a lot of hard work to make the club a success even before the doors had opened, but it was worth it. Now one of the hottest clubs in town, it was also one of the most exclusive. What made it so was not that it was a membership (or “key”) club. This club had them, certainly, but any and all were welcome. Yet only a relative few were privy to its secrets, hence the latter part of the bistro's name.

Lady's Secret was more than just a dining experience with staged entertainment. Looking deceptively small outside, Lady's Secret was a carnival, a circus of sorts. To many people, it was many things.

To the underworld, it seemed to be a gay bar. This worked out fine as a deterrent, as the club did not want to be hassled by the Mob and that sector did not seem to want the taint of association with such a place . To a number of men, it was known as a strip joint for women, similar to Chippendales. To some women, it was just another one of those topless bars, where shameless bimbos strut their voluminous bare chests, to the carnal delight of lecherous men. To the less-initiated, it was a dining experience that had a respectable floor show of music and dancing. Lady's Secret was more than a catchy name for a nitery.

Just what was Lady's Secret? It was all of these things... and more!

**0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0**

“Pammi, could you bring the receipts in from last night, please?” the pleasant voice crackled over the private intercom. “We may not get hassled by anyone else, but the IRS is always around, right on time!”

Pamela Hoskins—affectionately called Pammi—soon wiggled her tight, leather-skirted bottom into her boss' office. Arriving at her desk, she passed to her employer, Diane Elliot, the records of the previous night's business. After offering Pammi a seat, Diane said, "I pay you to look at these things before I do, to soften the blow. Okay, I'm ready... let me have it."

As she sat, Pammi's skirt rode high, even as her blouse became amazingly taut as she moved forward in the seat, allowing braless nipples to punctuate the silken material. She made no effort to pull the skirt down and crossed her gartered, black-stockinged legs, letting one three-inch stiletto-heeled shoe rock, as the foot therein limply dangled.

Choosing her words carefully, Pammi hesitated before speaking, running her fingers through her voluminous black mane.

"Well," Pammi sighed heavily, "everything seems to be going well..."

"But," Diane said, "you didn't say it yet. So, spit it out, already!"

"Well... remember the idea of the expansion of the voyeur sex show?"

"Yes..."

"Remember how it was suggested that, if we bought out the store next door, to acquire its pornographic books and novelties, we could have a business that was open twenty-four hours a day? The club itself would be open at night, but the sex shows from the club could operate around the clock."

As Pammi paused, Diane said, "Yes, I know all that. As I recall, it was all your idea. You said, instead of showing video peeps, we could go one better, with live-action. Since we had the willing customers and personnel, the only expense would be in paying the help."

Pammi continued, "Well, since it's the beginning of the month, and you never ask for day-to-day receipts from the store, included in this report is a copy of the store's receipts, along with the first month of the new peeps."

Diane looked concerned at hearing Pammi's disheartening tone of voice. "Are you saying now that you were wrong? That it wasn't a good idea, after all?"

Pammi twisted her mouth in a half-pout. "We-e-ell... yes and no."

"Explain."

"It was a good idea, financially. We've been able to get people to use the room, knowing that they were going to be watched. The day-timers pay us a fee for the use of the room, with its plush surroundings, for less money than the cost of a cheap motel room. Even though it isn't totally private, no one that uses the room is afraid of being seen by the 'wrong' people. Everyone does whatever they want. The money that we're paid is used as an account against room clean-ups and having to pay our people."

"Okay. So, what's the problem?"

Pammi sighed heavily. "Those that used the booths in the store, have not been, shall we say, 'sanitary'. Well, to be fair, let's not say everyone's been doing it. Even some, though, is more than enough!"

Diane shook her long red tresses back and laughed, "Honey! I thought you were going to tell me something like they found a way to tunnel into the room and were molesting the people in there! It would be nice if they didn't leave their spunk behind when they jerked off in there, but it happens! I knew that! A while ago, with the videos, I starting paying people to clean up every night for the job. Now there's a degrading job!"

Pammi really pouted now. "Well, I didn't know that! Since it was the first month, I wanted you to be proud of my idea. I wanted to be able to give you a sterling report. I personally inspected those booths before the store closed... evidently before they were cleaned... before coming into the club last night! Euuuw! I nearly gagged! I'll swallow it any,day, but to see it all over, dried and smelly...?! Yuck!"

Diane now sighed herself. "Well, maybe it wasn't such a great idea, after all. At least, it was extra money. You know how much we spend on paraphernalia for the other rooms, downstairs. Utilizing the store, we not only bought for our customer's free use in the rooms, we bought for the store, to sell outright, for a profit. We've been working from a profit, to be able to buy the store that already happened to be there, and the booths were an extension of that. It'll be no problem to shut that part of it down. We don't need the Board of Health on our backs, complaining about the sanitary conditions of a 'dirty' book store!"

"We have enough trouble from them for the club!" exclaimed Diane.

Pammi giggled again, at that remark.

Diane then took her by the hand, and having Pammi stand, she wrapped her arms around her slim waist.

"I'll look at the books later. C'mon now, gimme a wet one," said Diane.

Pammi then met Diane's mouth in an engaging buss, lingering a few moments to allow their tongues to entwine.

Diane began caressing Pammi's rear, in an effort to futilely raise her skirt. Diane stopped, and breaking the kiss, said, "Dammit, girl! I like wearing leather myself sometimes, but do you have to have to wear the skirt so tight?" She then whined, "I wanted a little pussy..."

"I could take it off..." Pammi hinted.

"No," Diane said in resignation, "it's just as well." Then, with a smile, she added, "Maybe later. I should go out there and make a presence in the club."

"Okay," Pammi said. Then she deliberately wiggled her rear seductively as she left the office, returning to her desk.

A few minutes later, Diane passed Pammi's desk, looking businesslike for the benefit of the world, having even tied the end of her long red hair with a big black bow.

She wore a pale peach blouse offset by a collarless gray jacket, adorned with only one huge button, with a matching gray skirt that barely covers the knees. With modest gray pumps, Diane's legs were nonetheless sexily shielded with smoky black, seamed stockings.

Although the club was spacious, still, it did not take long to stride across to the main dining area where musical entertainment was offered.

The "specialty" areas were downstairs, in what was a long-unused dank basement, and were one of the 'secrets' in "Lady's Secret."

The property used to be a small theatre, with the basement being used for mostly props and dressing rooms. With the ceiling of the former theatre area lowered, there was no more balcony, creating spacious living quarters, accessible only by Diane and Pammi from the inside; there was an outside entrance, as well.

Actually there were two basements, one being dug anew underneath the old one. They were both used for anything practiced between consenting adults...straight sex, group sex, transvestism or homosexuality for example. These acts took place in a number of re-furnished, spacious rooms and "apartments".

On the main floor there was a male strip area, as well as a female strip show. Both were separated from the main dining room and general entertainment area.

As Diane emphasized to her help, this is what earns the extra revenue, and was to be offered to regular customers only.

Diane was very soon spotted by a familiar figure, who said, "Well, if it isn't Lady Di! Come now, give a kiss!"

Now you know who the "Lady" in the name of the club is. This nickname was given to Diane, being borrowed, of course, from the original owner from across the ocean.

"Hello, Sasha," greeted Diane, with a kiss to his cheek. "Did you bring your boyfriend tonight, or will you be dining alone instead?"

"The dear boy is parking the car," said Sasha. "But you know I'll never give up hoping that Peter will return."

"Oh, Sasha. Must we go through this routine every time I see you? Peter was only here to set things up for me when I opened this place up, over a year ago. He's gone on to bigger and better things. He's the vagabond type, making friends all over the world. That way, if he ever gets into a jam, at least he'll have a place to lay his head, before moving on."

"I bet I could make him settle down, if I had the chance..."

"Maybe you would give him pause at that," Diane smiled wistfully. "Somehow, though, I figure Peter as a man who wouldn't be 100% faithful to you, even if he loved you dearly. He would need some pussy from time to time."

"Oh, you're just saying that to be mean," pouted Sasha. Then, with a sigh, he said, "Oh, well. One can only hope."

"And you always do THAT," said Diane with a grin.

“Well, you never know. You just wait and see! The day I give up on him, that dear boy will walk right through that door, with another man in his arms and I'll be kicking myself for the rest of my life.”

“We all have our dreams, dear Sasha,” said Diane. Then, she moved on to talk to the hostess at the entrance.

“Hiya, chief,” Diane was greeted.

“Evening, Holly. Everything okay?”

“It's early, Di, but no problems yet. We're still getting people who hear about the place and want to skip the dining room for the 'main event',” said Holly Folger, Diane's chief hostess.

“Well, even though we've been here a while, we're still a bit new. Our food and entertainment are first-rate. You know as well as I do that word-of-mouth got us here, and the 'word-of-mouth' has not been the cuisine!”

“Yeah... I do,” Holly giggled, making the exposed flesh of her bosom ripple, as it popped from the top of her dress.

“Besides,” said Diane, “we're in business because we know our customers and what they like in order to keep them happy. It costs money to do that. We're not running a sideshow here. This way, everybody's happy, for the most part!”

“I know all that, Di,” said Holly. “Sometimes, though, I get a gut feeling about certain people who want the 'dessert' before the 'main course'. I just know it and hate to turn them away or discourage them until they show that they'll come back.”

“I know, dear. And I know that you're not just being a soft touch. That's why you're up front and in charge. But you also know that the rules would be this way if we were just a straight but exclusive restaurant. We have to be leery of troublemakers. Especially for what we do on the side. If we're lucky and careful, we'll never be in trouble because we're double-sure of our players, our consenting adults. Our success has been in covering our asses before there's trouble, not after and being suspicious of every new face, even new regulars. Never for a minute do we forget that what we do here can be spoiled, by a few.”

She continued.

“We're doing something not wholly illegal here. And while we're on the subject, it bares repeating...Even though a number of your girls were former prostitutes... you included... nobody hooks for themselves in this club! I pay you well enough, Holly, but if you need extra money, you do it elsewhere. I don't care if you're still in the business. That's your problem if you've broken my trust. Just so long as you don't do it here, for me to find out. This place was created as a safe haven of sorts, for everyone to ply their trade without fear. Everything goes into one pot, to be shared by all. Everyone is well-paid. Only tips go in bras and jockstraps.

“I do my best to make sure that you and all who participate downstairs are always clean. I wouldn't appreciate it, though, if you're taking advantage of my generosity, by working outside on a regular basis.

“Remember, if someone catches something, I'm obligated to track down the regular that gave it to him or her, as well. I have to decide whether the regular stays or goes.

“And I know you've heard this song and dance before, but it bears repeating... As far as drugs go...Not... in... MY... place!

“Anyone caught doing drugs... selling, buying or taking... will be escorted out. This is one of the primary reasons I have bouncers.

“Downstairs, anyone who feels a need to add it to their enjoyment will be asked to stop, or leave. If anyone refuses to obey either request, then either myself, Pammi or Sergio is to be notified immediately. If we're not within sight or arm's reach, all the girls are supposed to know where the 'panic buttons' are. Pressing this will bring all of us, instantly.

“There will be no excuses about 'not wanting to get someone in trouble.' We screen closely, so we know that we can trust our personnel. Nothing is foolproof forever, though, unless you're very fortunate.

“Anything's possible, so there's no reason why I can't be.

“Our regulars pay a fee, at the beginning of the year. This is the time when we officially allow new regulars to become players, for anything they want... except food and liquor, which is paid for in the dining areas... and we oblige. Again, within reason.

“We don't do bondage or S and M, or anything that humiliates a human being. Otherwise, if all partners enjoy themselves and everyone can leave here happy, then go for it!

“In any event, as far as the yearly fee is concerned, no money changes hands immediately and it is not always for sex that it is used, so no one can say that this is some new kind of 'cathouse'.

“What if you're lenient with some and not with others who just happen to be influential? They can become offended... and boom!

“Up front, most of this place is harmless voyeurism, if that. There are a lot of people, though, who frown on fun, much less sex!

“There's always someone there to make something out of nothing. Some of them are rabble-rousers who'll just make noise, true. But there are others who can do something, who can and will cause trouble for us.”

She paused to let her words sink in, then continued.

“You've got a good heart, Holly, and it is appreciated. That's the reason you're in charge of the hostesses. Always remember, though, hon... the truly sincere will understand the rites of passage when they're told to wait, and they will be back, to become regulars we know and trust. These are the customers we want, because they will keep us in business.”

“When you're right, you're right, Diane,” Holly observed. With a sigh, she added, “I guess that's why you're the boss. If this place goes down the tubes, you lose more than a job!”

“You got that right!” Diane grinned, then she moved on.



As she strolled on, Diane was pleased with herself, seeing the success of her club, its fullness.

Passing through the dining area, she noted her topless waitresses. To be fair, there were just as many topless waiters. Not one server had an assigned table until an order was placed. It was all determined by the people sitting there.

As noted by reservations, an all-female table got a man, as did the male gay customers, sent by an alert maitre d'. The reverse was true for an all-male table or lesbians. Then, there were the new walk-in customers who got either sex with a quickly-donned top, so as not to offend.

If after taking their orders, they wondered why their help was clothed or a certain gender, accommodations were easily made for the remainder of their stay, to keep them happy.

Part of the club's success was the repeated attentiveness of the personnel, always knowing when to approach the table without becoming a nuisance.

The help also knew that they were going to be propositioned, touched, and even fondled. Some expected it, and even looked forward to it, perhaps being asked to join a regular guest, downstairs. Of course, they always had the option of refusal.

Diane now greeted her maitre d', Sergio Manetti. "How goes it, Serge?"

"All in all, pretty well. I'm continually asked why you have a chief hostess and a maitre d', though."

"You know as well as I do, that you're in charge of the dining area. The girls handle the general incoming and Holly is in charge of them."

"I know that," Sergio laughs. "It's just that they don't. I'm just making conversation. You planned this 'off-the-wall' place well. It's only the uninitiated that wonder."

"Well, next time someone 'wonders', just tell them that I believe in equal-opportunity. If anything, it's good for publicity." Diane ended her statement with a fondle of Sergio's rear through his pants and a quick kiss to his face's cheek, which made him jump slightly.

"I wish you wouldn't do that. We're in public," he whispered out of the side of his mouth.

"Why, darling! Would you finally like to go someplace 'private', so I can sample your wares? It's early, so we have a pick of the rooms downstairs," Diane teased.

"You know what I mean!" Sergio said, getting a little flustered.

"I'm only teasing you, honey. Still, you know that I've been kissing everyone and anyone that comes into my club or works for me, and you're the only one who's uncomfortable. It's not as if I grabbed your cock through your pants for the world to see! Frankly, I'm surprised at you. You were the first man to kiss me, and you know it!"

"Yeah... well," Sergio cleared his throat, "When I first saw you, you got me horny before we even met! Anyway, that was a long time ago."

"Are you saying that you don't love me anymore?" Diane teased, playfully pouting.

Sergio just grinned, knowing that Diane wasn't serious.

“Okay. It isn't like I have to be worried. You are spoken for. I'll work on not jumping so much. Just give me fair warning...”

“Okay. I'll go back to my office and brush up on my semaphore,” said Diane, patting Sergio's face. As she walked away, Diane gave her rear a deliberate wiggle for Sergio's benefit.

Once back in her office, Diane picked up Pammi's financial report. After thumbing through it briefly, she said to herself with a sigh, *“I've got all night to look at this. God, I'm horny! I thought walking it off would put my mind off of it, even though I knew that I was going to see the waitresses wag their boobs and buns. Once I got to the office area and saw Pammi's tits peeking through her top, and those nipples denting the material, I got the fire back!”*

*“Sasha Nelson is a good friend and he's brought a lot of customers here. I really should let him in my inner circle of friends, and soon! He's become too valuable a friend, to waste for so long.*

*“I should let him know too, once and for all, that he can never have Peter Fell all to himself and that ol' Pete is really closer than I've led him to believe.”*

While thinking, Diane raised her skirt and was about to go into her panties, when Pammi walked in.

“Hello, Pammi love. You know me so well, it's spooky. Your timing... as always... is perfect.”

Pammi just smiled enigmatically. After locking the door behind her, she came around the desk and kneeled before her employer. She raised her own skirt with some ease after her knees touched the carpeted floor, and she lowered her panties somewhat.

Pammi, noting the smoothness of her manipulations, silently laughed to herself. She was recalling earlier, when Diane complained of difficulty with Pammi's clothing. She knew, however, that it was only anxiety on Diane's part that caused her momentary inability.

Pammi then deftly unbuttoned her blouse with one hand, even as she reached for Diane's penis, removing it from inside her panties.

As Pammi begins her sweet suction, Diane reflected... as she has many times past... the bitter year that had so recently gone by. Diane recalled why she has been so 'trouble-conscious.' She was ever leery, mindful of how it can show up at any quarter, why it is always on her mind, so it would never catch her unaware. She knew how truly fortunate she had been.

\*\*\*\*\*

Peter Fell grew up in Anytown, Suburbia, U.S.A. It was like any other suburban area, anywhere in the country. Only the people there made it different. Peter Fell

would never be able to contribute anything to making his neighborhood famous for very long, if he, indeed, became famous at all.

“Yo, Pete! We're getting together a game of touch football and...”

“Sorry, can't,” Peter cut his friend off. “I've Gotta go home and help my mom.”

“Hey, you turning into a 'Momma's boy?”

“Whoa! Cut it right there!” Peter exclaimed. “You know my mom's recently divorced. Things haven't been that great since, and she's struggling to make ends meet. I'm just trying to help out. Be real, man! Show that you understand what I'm trying to do here. You might find yourself a human being!”

“Yeah... Well...”

“Catch you later. Maybe another time, huh?”

“Yeah... Maybe.”

This is the routine Peter chose for himself, with little hints from his mother. She had found it quite difficult to handle home upkeep as well as earning a living to support the two of them. Peter stepped in voluntarily, in order to help.

Not long after, Peter reaches home. Having prepared dinner, it is ready when his mother, Julie, comes home from work.

“Ooooh, honey. That smells good!” she appraised the scent wafting in the air. Peter blushed at the compliment.

“C'mere,” Julie entreats.

Peter shyly walked over to where his mother was sitting at the kitchen table.

Julie held his hand tightly.

“Y'know,” she began, “it hasn't been easy these past few months. Your dad and I had our problems for a long time, and you're old enough to know that it was another woman that came between us...”

“Aw, Mom. You don't have to do this. Like you said, I know what happened. It's okay. Besides, with Dad gone, what difference does this make anymore?”

“No. No, Peter. I'm not bringing up old hurts again. I just wanted to say that you were old enough to know what was going on, what had happened, and you could've gone with your father. After all, the two of you were very close. The court left it up to you, since you weren't a little child. I-I-I'm so glad you chose me. I'd have gone nuts being alone, after all these years...”

Julie Fell began crying and Peter held his mother close to him, in reassurance.

“I love you, Mom. I'll always be there for you.”

In an effort to change the subject, he said, “Hey! I'm trying something new for dinner. Chicken cacciatore! Please say you're hungry!”

Julie knew what he was trying to do, and said, “Mmmm, now I recognize the scent. Lemme freshen up, and we'll eat. Okay?”

-000-

It had been a number of months that Julie had been without a steady, dependable bedpartner. Her husband would claim out-of-town business trips being the reason.

The truth was, however, Ken Fell had become enamored by a newly-hired secretary. She was not hindered by the fact that he was married. A harmless flirtation started by him, attracting the sexy-looking woman, was getting out of hand... with her encouragement. A stolen kiss led to a full-bloomed affair, and a later promotion gave Ken the idea to invent a story for his wife. He explained that extra money meant more responsibility. That, according to him, necessitated the business trips "out of town." Clever as he was, though, Ken overplayed his hand.

Two of the Fells' neighbors were out to dinner one night. It was their anniversary and it was decided to go to someplace special. They went to the ritziest part of town that they would not normally be able to afford.

Ken could, since the new raise accompanying the promotion. He chose not to take his wife. Without Ken's knowledge, the sighting became neighborhood gossip.

The gossip eventually was overheard by Julie. One domino toppled another, as Julie finally felt that... with the gossip continuing ... it was time to confront Ken. Ken did not put up a convincing argument.

Julie kept after him, even after Ken's admission. Because the little time she did have with her bedmate was becoming increasingly rare. She rightfully wanted her share as his wife.

As far as Ken was concerned, Julie was not unattractive. Sylvia Ross, the secretary, though, was forbidden fruit much too good to pass up. Now that everything was out in the open and Sylvia was still willing, Sylvia's bed was more and more inviting.

Julie hired a private detective for positive proof. It was secured, and upon confrontation, it was Ken, rather than Julie, who asked for separation.

Peter and his father had always gotten along. Ken had always found time for his son, especially now that Peter was almost finished with school and the two of them, "could really do 'man things' together," to quote Ken.

They became so close that it came as a complete surprise, when Peter was given the choice to whom he would stay with, that he chose his mother.

Peter privately mollified his dad with the statement that Ken would not need him "hanging around" while his father was trying to make his way with sexy Sylvia. Ken ate up the praise, and honored Peter's decision, and promised to keep in touch with his son. However, the contacts became few and far apart. Peter was, for all intents and purposes, mostly forgotten.

No one could have foreseen outcome of Ken's indifference to his only son. Peter's birthday was approaching and Ken, feeling that he should make some sort of "special gesture" toward his progeny, called Peter.

"Wanna go to a ball game, Petey?" asked the prodigal father. Peter loved baseball and would have killed to go to the game normally.

He had promised his Mom, however, that they two of them would go to the new pizza place across town. That was as "special" a time as she could afford on her salary

and Peter knew it. He was torn. The game was tempting, but he HAD made a promise to Mom and he knew what an effort she was making for him. He wrestled with his conscience as his father waited on the other end of the line.

“Sorry, Dad,” he finally blurted out. “Mom's taking me out for pizza.”

“But, Peter, I bought the tickets just for you.”

“I know, Dad. I'm sorry.” Peter had to force the words out. He would have LOVED to go to the game, his Dad's company notwithstanding.

“Uh, okay, Pete, if that's the way you feel about it...” Ken said. The words were bitter. Then, a click and the line went dead. Peter was unhappy that he wasn't going to see the game, but he knew that he was doing the right thing.

\*\*\*\*\*

When the mother and son returned from their little celebration at the pizza parlor, a policeman was waiting at the door to their modest home. His expression suggested that he didn't have good news to deliver.

Hours later, Peter and his mother struggled to come to terms with what they had been told. Ken had had an accident on the way home from the game. Under the influence of several ball park beers, he had veered out of his lane on the highway. Swerving to avoid an oncoming station wagon, he hit a phone pole. He died instantly.

According to the police, had Peter been in the car with his father, he, too, would have been killed. There was no way anyone could have survived the crash. Peter wrestled with the conflicting emotions warring inside him for months afterward. Julie, forced to get back into the working world, left Peter to care for the home. Julie very much appreciated him taking the responsibility; this served to encourage Peter to go well beyond the call of duty.

Julie only asked that he not put any unnecessary burden on her, now that she was working outside the home. She requested that he keep his room clean and pick up after himself.

Peter followed through admirably on the orders and he kept the whole house spotless. He went from cooking from time to time, to cooking on a regular basis. He added laundering, both his own as well as his mother's to his duties.

Julie Fell had a beauty that could compete with her younger peers. Striving to keep that beauty, now single again, Julie kept her body in top shape.

As fetching as she was, she was aware she had lost her husband to a more captivating woman. She took to wearing dainty, sexy underthings, along with provocative outerwear.

Inevitably, this was noticed by Peter.

As Peter now did her soiled laundry, as he saw her dress provocatively, he came to know just how sexy his mother was, outside and underneath. Growing up, he had not

given any thought to his mother's sexuality. Yet, the laundry which began as a duty, became more than a pleasure.

Peter began to pay more attention to what she wore on the outside, also. It became something to look forward to... doing the laundry, and in particular her lingerie... as he never got the chance to see her undressed enough to note exactly what Julie wore underneath.

Doing things for his mother and home, Peter found less time for outside pursuits. Slowly adjusting to a homebound routine, when he found that he DID have time for himself, Peter felt too tired to take advantage of it. Peter simply found it more gratifying to be home, taking care of it, while his mother was the breadwinner.

Now finished with school, as subsequent years went by, Peter had more than enough time for extra-curricular activities. Having gotten into his ritual of taking care of their home, Peter no longer had the desire to do things with others and his friends found others to be with instead of waiting around for when Peter would not be "exhausted".

Peter, since shortly after the onset of puberty, had been relatively sexually active. These feelings would not be denied, despite his energy level. Masturbation became his source of relief, a welcome alternative that was more and more relied upon.

Over a period of time in these later years, with Peter lacking a sexual partner and his subsequent notice of Julie's sensuous underthings, the delicate clothing gradually became an additional trigger for fantasy, and therefore, sexual release. Peter would see an article of clothing, and it would become a trigger for sexual thoughts.

Initially, all he had to do was see the article for a trip to a sexual Fantasyland. Later, he moved to touching it, holding in his hand, actually caressing the material. From there, he had to hold it against himself, imagining a sexy woman there-in.

Finally, it became necessary to wear them, for him to "be" that woman.

In the beginning, they were a tight fit. Peter would eventually get them on, but the mood would barely be there, because of his discomfort. Because he was pleased he could get into them at all, he would not give up wearing them. He dieted and even began wearing one of his mother's corsets.

Julie did not seem to have need for them. Yet, she had several and all were beautifully enticing, as they would nip in the waist, while thrusting out hips and bosom. Indeed, this was why Julie purchased them—to make her figure ultra-sexy.

Peter now wore a corset constantly... alternating them to alleviate suspicion. All the while, he hoped that with her new life, his mother did not have a need for the one Peter happened to be wearing.

Over the passing months, Peter had neglected to get his hair properly cut.

Julie saw no need to comment on its length. She deliberately avoided doing so, so as not to alienate Peter as she thought she had done with Ken, with nagging.

Peter, finally having no longer a need for the corset, seeing himself in the mirror with his lengthened, naturally blonde, mane, realized that he appeared remarkably feminine!