

## FATEFUL INTERVENTION

Bert Mortenson opened the front door to his more than modest home in suburban Chicago and was disgusted by the site of the two teenaged boys engaged in a steamy sixty nine on his five thousand dollar leather couch. Quietly bypassing the lovers, Bert made his way into the kitchen and retrieved an imported bottle of beer from the fridge. Sitting at

the kitchen table, he vowed that this was the last straw. Bert had two female lovers, a bisexual brace of lovelies that had beseeched him to provide shelter for the two fairies on his couch.

Bert was the owner of a modest, but very successful construction company. His engineering masters degree had help make his company competitive in biddings involving more complex construction projects.

'What if I had brought home clients and had had them see those two idiots sucking each others cocks on my sofa?' He shuddered. 'I've got to get this straightened out, or a disaster is inevitable.'

Rising from the kitchen table, beer in hand, Bert stepped into the living room and shouted. "Take your shit into your bedroom, God Damn it."

Shaking his head, he watched as Alex and Nathan, startled, disengaged and hastily pulled up their pants and shamefaced, headed for their bedroom.

That night, lying between his prizes, Megan and Sofia, Bert brought up the potential problem of Alex and Nathan.

"Sweet hearts, we need to get the boys a job or something. All they seem to do is lounge around and suck each other off. "

Megan was slowly stroking Bert's cock while Bert was pinching and manipulating hers and Sofia clits.

"We can't put them on the street Bertie; they are such naive little pansies. The only reason that Sophia and I brought them here was for their own protection," Megan whispered.

-----  
Bert remembered the night that the girls had brought home the two lads. They were dressed like two refugees from a Liberace look-a-like contest. The girls had told him that they had seen them in a gay club after a GLBTG group meeting and saw that they were being pursued by some of the 'rough trade' gay's at the bar. Knowing that these little twinkies were very vulnerable, they engaged them in a short conversation that revealed that they were living together in a single room at a nearby flop and were decidedly broke. Concluding that the two effeminate boys were not a serious threat to anybody, the girls decided to offer them refuge at Bert's home.

'Thank you, girls,' thought Bert.

-----  
Bert had met Megan and Sophia quite by accident; they had collided with his pick-up truck after Sofia had cruised through a stop sign near one of his construction sites. No one was injured, but the two women were somewhat emotionally shaken. After the police interview and the tow truck had hauled Sophia's Lexus away, Bert offered them a drink at a nearby bar and a ride home. Accepting, the drink led to dinner and their eventual moving in with him.

They were quite bold in their first conversation at the bar. They told him that they were lovers and had been since their student days at Loyola University. They were struck by Bert's nonplussed acceptance of their relationship and intrigued by his rugged good looks and his 'straightness'. Despite being fifteen years younger than Bert, they decided to pursue the bachelor engineer. Bert proved to be an easy catch for the two striking brunettes. They had told Bert that while they were deeply committed to each other, they both felt that they needed some male companionship to round out their lives. They confessed that they were impressed by Bert's openness to their relationship and felt that a relationship with such a liberal minded man could possibly work. They were astonished when Bert revealed his staunch Republican ties.

-----  
When they moved into Bert's house, he showed them to a bedroom that he had hastily remodeled to include a large bathroom with tub and walk-in shower along with copious closet space accompanied by a large vanity and queen size bed.

"I felt that you would feel much more comfortable with a room of your own," he explained, somewhat embarrassed.

After the cook's tour of the house and modest grounds, the girls demanded to see his bedroom. Bert's bedroom was not near as large as the one he had offered the girls and while it had a private bath; it only contained the basic sink, shower and toilet. A modest dresser, night table and double bed completed the furnishings.

Megan took one look and facing Bert, told him, "We'll need a larger bed, honey."

-----  
Feeling the two women squirm under ministrations, Bert continued to reflect upon the two boys sharing a bed down the hall.

'They have been here for nearly two weeks and I don't know a damned thing about them,' he thought. 'Tomorrow, I will have to have a talk with them.'

With that decision made, he released Sophia's clit and rolled onto Megan who opened her thighs in greeting and proceeded to engage in heterosexual sex in the old fashioned missionary position.

"What about me," complained Sophia? "You were first last night, minx," replied Bert and Megan groaned in agreement.

"Don't cum in her, big boy. We will want to cuddle after you fall asleep from your matriarchal duties," said Sophia. "And I do not like leaking bushes."

Bert laughed, he knew that Sophia would take him in her mouth for him to ejaculate; she loved Megan's juices on his cock. Megan would repeat the process after he had ridden Sophia to at least two orgasms.

-----

Returning home from work the next day, Bert set a roll of construction drawings on the kitchen table and went in search of Alex and Nathan. He found them in the bar playing pool on the full sized table in the large room. "Gentlemen, we need to talk," said Bert somewhat brusquely

The two boys were mildly quaking. They had never actually talked with Bert. They knew who he was, of course, but all of their communications in the house had been with Megan or Sophia. Retrieving a beer from the fridge, Bert sat on a stool at the bar and motioned for the two boys to join him. They carefully sat at the bar, out of arm's reach and sipped their diet sodas waiting for Bert to begin.

Examining the two carefully for the first time, Bert was struck on how frail they appeared.

"Are you boys eating enough?" queried Bert?

They both nodded "You don't drink or smoke? Not that I particularly care," asked Bert.

They then shook their heads. Taking a Dominican Elegante' from his shirt pocket, Bert carefully nipped the end, wetting the cigar in his mouth and finally lit it. The ceremony gave him additional time to gauge the two young men in front of him. They were both quite lithe and dressed in denim short shorts and sleeveless tee shirts; Bert was momentarily struck upon how girlish they were. Both wore their longish hair loose, not quite reaching their shoulders and each had a small gold earring in their right ear lobe.

"Tell me about yourselves. You can start Nathan," quietly said Bert.

Stuttering slightly, Nathan began, "Alex and me have been, you know, together since high school. Both of our mom's are divorced and they didn't like how close Alex and me were, or how we dressed and everything. So, we left home together and went in Chicago and then we met Megan and Sophia."

Bert took a sip of his beer and asked, "How old are you boys?"

"Alex piped up, "We're both eighteen, sir."

"Do your mothers know where you are?" asked Bert.

Nathan, again stuttering, "They know that we are OK, but they don't know exactly where we are. We don't want to go home. Please don't send us away Mr. Mortenson."

'Frightened children,' thought Bert, 'frightened little girlie boys.' "I am not going to send you away, but I do want your mother's names and home telephone numbers. It is very cruel to keep them in the dark concerning your whereabouts. They must be worried sick. Since your both eighteen, you can do pretty much as you please as to where you stay but, if you stay here I insist that your mother's be notified as to where you are."

Taking a long pull on his cigar, Bert looked the boys in the eye and said, "There is the little matter of rent. I assume that neither of you are, shall we say, are gainfully employed", began Bert. The pair morosely shook their heads. "Well, considering your youth and inexperience, I do not expect that either of you will soon be successful in changing your current occupational status."

The boys looked at Bert quizzically, not sure of what he had just said.

Noticing their confusion, Bert decided to speak Basic English. "Have either of you applied for a job anywhere recently?" Asked Bert?

Again, a dual shaking of heads answered Bert's question.

"OK then, starting tomorrow, you guys will be responsible for keeping the house neat. I expect the dishes and any laundry done, the rugs vacuumed and the place kept picked up. You are to start in on your household duties starting at 8:00 AM every morning and I will also give each of you fifty dollars a week walking around money, deal?"

Two wide grins broke out on the nodding heads. "One more thing," Bert added menacingly, "Keep your sexual activities confined to your bedroom."

That evening, Bert and the girls were dining at Martini's Italian Restaurant. Bert brought up his conversation with the ladies foundlings.

"They gave me their mother's telephone numbers and I called them earlier. Needless to say, that they were relieved that the two shitheads weren't sleeping in an alley. I am to have lunch with them the day after tomorrow and I hope to have something to tell them besides that the boy's are our houseboys," began Bert.

Sophia looked at Megan, "I guess that this is more complex than bring home a couple of strays"

"I don't think that they can do anything, besides being houseboys, doyou Sophia," answered Megan?

Slightly irritated, Bert looked his girls in their eyes, "You two better start to work on this problem, otherwise we face the very real prospect of having two gay lover's waiting on us hand and foot for the rest of our lives.

Sophia smiled, "Well, they are very cute, running around in their short shorts and spaghetti strap tees."

Megan giggled, "Oh yes, they are quite fem, and with very cute butts."

"Down girl," growled Bert.

"They're not interested in us, Bertie dear. It's you that they would love to cuddle up with, and more," Smirked Sophia.

Bert just snorted at that prospect.

Megan interjected, "Your right, Bert. Those two have nothing that I know of to offer any employer. Basic high school education and flamboyantly gay to boot, they are totally unfit for anything more than some sort

of private service job. I can just imagine them behind the counter at a convenience store. Pouting lips and swaying butts on boys do not sell gas."

Bert smiled, "I take it that there aren't any strictly gay gas stations?"

"Of course not, silly. The Pak's and Hindus have them all locked up," rejoined Sophia. "And anyway, those are all family businesses and any pouting and butt swaying boys working in them are family."

The trio was laughing quietly at the image of pouting and butt swaying East Asians swiping credit cards behind the bullet proof glass at their local gas station. "Enough about gay Asian gas stations," ordered Bert. "My impression is that these boys are extremely vulnerable. And, in continuing with the Asian theme, remember the Chinese philosophy concerning saving lives. You saved it, you are responsible for it."

Megn reached over the table and grasping Bert's hand, "Darling, you are so generous, I love you for that." Sophia joined Megan's grasp and smiled. "Bert added, "I am a modestly wealthy man, my loves. I can afford to be generous. However, we still have a problem that cannot be blown off."

Megan and Sophia sat back in their chairs, looking blankly and a little guiltily at Bert and just nodded their pretty heads in agreement; yes they did have a problem.

-----  
Bert met with Alex's and Nathan's mothers for lunch at a not too upscale restaurant. He did not wish to intimidate them and needed their insights and acquiescence on any path that he may take concerning their sons.

Janet Rolls, Alex's mother started the conversation, "Mr. Mortenson, first of all, I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for telling me Alex's whereabouts. Rose and I were worried sick."

I think you have guessed that the boys are not typical teenaged boys."

Shamed, she dropped her face onto her breast.

Bert, saddened by Mrs. Rolls embarrassment, replied, "Mrs. Rolls, I live with two lesbian women who also happen to like men, or at least some men. It was they who took your son and Mrs. Williams son under their wing and brought to my home."

Tears started to flow down Rose Williams cheeks.

Continuing, Bert said, "I must be frank with both of you. Although I am not gay, I hold no animosity towards the practitioners. I view homosexuality like I view persons of a different religion, as long as they don't try to convert me, live and let live."

Janet started again, "Mr. Mortenson, we are grateful to you for taking our sons in, but we are very anxious to see them."

Bert nodded, "At your convenience, ladies. If you need transportation, I will provide it."

Rose Williams was dabbing her eyes with a tissue when she started, "Mr. Mortenson, you said that the boys did not want to come home and wanted to stay at your home? I would like to hear that for myself from Nathan."

Taking a deep breath, Bert responded, "Mrs. Williams, I would rejoice if Nathan went home with you, but he and Alex were emphatic in their wish to stay at my home. Ever since my partners, Megan and Sophia brought them to my home, I have felt that I have to assume responsibility for them. I do want you both to visit them regularly. Perhaps with this change of venue, some reconciliation between you and your sons can be reached. I need to add, that I have no idea why they chose to strike out on their own. They are definitely not prepared for life in the real world."

Janet Rolls broke in, "Bert, may I call you Bert? I think that they felt that they were an embarrassment to Rose and me. I'm sure that you are aware of how...effeminate they are. Fortunately, they were never seriously bullied ...about their actions, but mine and Rose's marital problems may have driven both boys closer together than they may otherwise have been."

Bert leaned back in his chair, "Ever since Megan and Sophia have become a part of my life, I have become to be more sensitive, so to speak, of the issues that may affect your sons. They are obviously gay, I think, or perhaps they are 'transgendered', whatever that may be. I am hoping that they will consent to an interview with a psychologist that specializes in that area. I will cover all costs, of course.

"Tears streaking down her cheeks, Rose replied, "Thank you Mr. Mortenson. Thank you for your concern and your generosity. After we finish this lovely lunch, could we see our son's?"

"Absolutely." Replied Bert.

-----  
Bert and the boy's mothers entered the front door of Bert's home and began to search for Nathan and Alex. Bert got a whiff of Sophia' and Megan's perfumes and followed the scents. They found the two lads in the laundry/utility room, folding laundry. Both were in their short shorts and tee's and wearing the short frilly aprons that Megan and Sophia had adorned their French Maid costumes that they had worn at last Halloween's GLBTG party, that they had dragged a very uncomfortable Bert to.

Seeing their mothers standing in the doorway, the boys stopped their folding and rushed to their mothers. After the touching reunion, Bert suggested that they all go to the bar and discuss the situation.

-----  
"Alex, that is a very nice scent you're wearing," observed Janet. "I didn't know that you were so sophisticated." Rose just stared at the two boys. The aprons they were wearing were longer than their shorts and it appeared as if they were in skirts. She had a twinge of remorse when she thought that they appeared to so appropriately dressed.

Bert just looked at the two sissies' and remarked, "If I were you two, I would shower and get the girl's perfumes off of you. If they catch you with their scents, they will definitely turn you over their knees. At least, that's what they do to me."

Janet guffawed at the image she had of Bert over a woman's knee. Bert offered Rose and Janet a glass of South African Zinfandel and the boys a diet Coke; while pouring himself a stiff Johnny Walker Black.

"You're mothers wanted to be sure that you had not been sold into slavery and were OK," started Bert. "I think that they are OK with you staying here for the time being, so relax and treat them with the respect that they deserve."

The boys sat down on bar stools next to their mothers, heir aprons neatly falling across their laps and their knees pressed together, an action that did not evade Bert's observation. After an hour of affection and small talk, Janet and Rose indicated to Bert that they were ready to leave.

On the way out of the door, Bert stopped and faced his two houseboys, "Can you grill a steak on a charcoal grill?" he asked them.

Both of them nodded an affirmative, Bert handed Nathan a one hundred dollar bill. "Take the Ford pick-up in the garage to Jensen's Meat Market, three stop signs down and to the left. Get four pounds of top sirloin, two pounds of mushrooms and some potato salad. That's supper tonight. The keys to the truck are in the glove box. We eat at six thirty, got it?"

The boys nodded, again and as Bert left with Janet and Rose he turned to the boys, "Do not drive my truck anywhere, dressed as you are and shower before you go."

-----  
Sophia was astraddle Bert's hips, rocking slowly enjoying the fullness of his manhood deep within her. Megan was lying on her side with her head on Bert's shoulder enjoying watching her lovers.

"Didn't the boys fix a great supper?" whispered Megan.

"Ooh, yes they did," moaned Sophia. "They were so cute in their little denim shorts and aprons. I wanted to cuddle them so badly."

"I hope to hell that they didn't wear their 'cute little costumes' to the meat market," grunted Bert. Megan nipped Bert's shoulder and giggled, "How would you explain that to Max Jensen, my lord and master?"

"That is a very interesting question, my cannibalistic lover," groaned Bert as Sophia picked up her pace. "I was hoping that one of you would have a suggestion concerning our household staff."

Sophia leaned forward on her hands, "I talked with Dr. Carol Henderson today. Dr. Henderson is a staff psychologist at Mercy and said that she was willing to meet the boys, informally, at no charge. Does that qualify as a 'suggestion'? She then shuddered and quickened her hips and mewled several short moans.

"I'm near the point," gasped Bert.

"Get off of him Sophia," urged Megan, "I'll take it from here."

As Sophia lifted her leg and dismounted from Bert, Megan quickly slid down the man's chest and just in time, slid her lips over the distended cock head. Sliding up the fine cotton sheet, Sophia pressed her lips to Bert's, smothering his grunts as he came into Megan's mouth.

"This Dr. Henderson, you say that she is a psychologist?" Groaned Bert as Megan gently squeezed his balls and firmly worked the excess sperm out of his penile canal.

"With a diploma on the wall and a white coat," smirked Sophia as she pecked at Bert's face. "And, she specializes in transgendered issues, so an interview with our lads might just be the place to start our search for the 'proper' solution," she concluded.

Just then, Megan released Bert's cock and grabbing Sophia's head, planted a tongue probing, very sticky kiss on her best girl friends mouth.

Snickering at Sophia's wide eyes, Bert remarked, "I imagine that our wards are having an equally sensuous exchange of recent sexual information."

Coming up for air, Sophia lightly slapped Bert on his stomach. "Enough smart remarks from you, mister, I

will arrange for Dr. Henderson to drop by for lunch this weekend. I am sure that she will be very interested in our 'maids'.

Bert grunted his agreement and reaching over and cupping Megan's chin and raising an eyebrow, "Doggy style?" he asked.

-----  
Nathan escorted Dr. Henderson to the sun room where Megan, Sophia and Bert were sitting at a large, round patio table. Sophia made the introductions and Dr. Henderson, a slightly dumpy woman in her fifties quickly began. "Mr. Mortenson, I believe that I was just escorted by one of your concerns."

Raising a mug of Sumatran coffee to his lips, Bert responded, "Doctor that was only one half of my problem. The other half will be here shortly to see to your needs." As on cue, Alex minced into the sun room and asked Dr. Henderson her preference. After bringing Dr. Henderson her tea, the two subjects of the gathering retired from the sun room.

"They certainly appear to be well trained domestics," observed the doctor, smiling.

Sophia and Megan began to snicker.

Bert peered at the ceiling and dryly remarked, "I fear that they may be making retirement plans as we speak."

The girls started to laugh out loud.

"Mr. Mortenson, if you don't mind, I would prefer that you are not present at my informal interview this morning. A strong male presence, such as yours may well inhibit the boys from being forthcoming. I would ask you to allow that Sophia and Megan and I conduct the interview alone with the boys. It would create an atmosphere conducive to 'girl talk' so to speak."

Bert brightened at this suggestion, "While I am the de facto guardian of the boys, I grant you that my presence could be stifling. Ladies, I will take my leave, good luck."

-----  
After Bert had left for, who knows where? Megan picked up a small silver bell and shook it, signaling for one of the houseboys to report to the sun room.

"I could get used to this hand and foot stuff," said Megan.

Sophia shot her a disapproving glance.

Dr. Henderson interjected, "Ladies, I need to know all of what you know about these two boys, even the seemingly trivial. Then we will all need to try and engage them in conversation so that I can try and organize some sort of coherent basic analysis."

Sophia and Megan loved this sort of connivance and nodded enthusiastically. Just then, Nathan minced into the sun room.

Sophia ordered, "Nathan, please bring a full pot tea for us and some of those sugar cookies in the jar. Also, please start another pot brewing."

When Nathan reappeared with the tea and cookies, Megan asked him, "Sweet heart, please get Alex and bring two more cups, we would like you girls to join us."

Smiling broadly, Nathan nodded.



Smiling benignly, Dr. Henderson started her questioning. In a soft, friendly voice she asked about the two boys sexual relationship (oral only), their feelings about their fathers (distant), about their mothers and Sophia and Megan (envious), about their future aspirations (blank) and about Bert (grateful and fearful).

"Did either of you wear or attempt to wear your mothers clothing?" asked Dr. Henderson.

Both boys shook their heads no.

"Are you envious of Sophia and Megan?" she continued.

Both nodded yes.

"Why is that? She questioned.

In a convoluted, round about answer, they conveyed to the doctor that they envied the women's easy relationship with Bert.

"Would you like to have such a relationship with a man?" she continued.

The boys faces reddened, "I would," said Nathan, "but I wouldn't like to leave Alex and how would a 'fairy' like me appeal to a 'man'. They like women and all."

Doctor Henderson leaned towards Nathan and quietly said, "Nathan, would you like to be a woman?"

Choking, Nathan replied, "I would like to try. Sophia and Megan are so understanding and they brought us here."

"We were so scared," interjected Alex. "At the club where we met Miss Sophia and Megan, the men there were so scary, aggressive and like that." Tears started rolling down his soft cheeks. "But Megan and Sophia just ran them off and for the first time since I left home, I felt safe."

Bert, err Mr. Mortenson is a very nice man, a bit scary though", added Nathan.

"How so?" asked Dr. Henderson.

Nathan balked slightly, "I think he expects things from us that we don't have. But he's not as cruel about it as our fathers were."

Sitting back, Dr. Henderson said, "You may go now boys, I would like to talk with Sophia and Megan privately."

-----  
After the boys left the sun room, Megan leaned forward and asked Dr. Henderson, "What do you think, Carol?"

With a perplexed expression, Carol Henderson faced the two young women. "I don't know for sure. They certainly are very effeminate, but I would hesitate at this stage to pronounce them truly transgendered. Tell me about Bert."

After an hour of tell all, Dr. Henderson asked the girls to have Bert give her a call at her office on Monday.

-----  
On the following Monday, Dr. Henderson took Bert's call, "Thank you for getting back to me so promptly,

Mr. Mortenson."

She then proceeded to fill Bert in on her conversation with the two boys. "Sir, if you are willing to invest a not insignificant amount of money for an experiment that could possibly clear up Nathan's and Alex's sexual identity, I would gladly make the arrangements," cautiously started Carol.

"How insignificant are we discussing, Doctor?" asked Bert.

Carol paused, "Bert, may I call you Bert? I would like to arrange a meeting for you with a Miss James. Ah, Miss James is what is commonly referred to as a Dominatrix. Her profession is training males to assume female persona's."

Bewildered, Bert could only reply, "You're shitting me, Doc."

Amused, Dr. Henderson could only conclude that Bert Mortenson was not a good candidate for Alicia James' very special academy.

Pausing, Carol continued, "As I outlined to you. I cannot make a definitive pronouncement concerning the boy's subconscious gender identity, however I suspect that they are both primarily female. Ms. James' program will most likely affirm or deny my suspicions."

Bert felt himself spiraling down a drain of wasted money, but he kept his cool. "About how much insignificant money are we discussing doctor?" asked Bert again.

"I'm not sure, Mr. Mortenson. I am guessing in the low tens of thousands," ventured Carol.

"I see," said Bert. "You believe that this Dominatrix babe is on the level and can make some sort of headway with my two little fairies?"

"There is no need to become abusive, Mr. Mortenson," retorted Dr. Henderson. "And, in answer to your poorly phrased question, yes I think that she might very well be able to provide insight into your 'problem'."

Admonished, it was Bert's turn to pause, "OK, Doc I will meet with Ms. James. However, there are no guarantees that I will accept enrolling my charges into her whatever program. And I will make stipulations concerning all aspects of her 'schools' programs."

Smiling at this overt display of male ego, Carol replied, "I will make the necessary arrangements Mr. Mortenson."

-----  
Bert arranged to meet with Alicia James at Cezar's Croatian-Mexican restaurant in Waukegan, guessing that that nobody in the place spoke an intelligible language. Sitting the bar, Bert watched a tall, severe but very attractive raven haired woman in early forties enter through the restaurants foyer. She was dressed in a very conservatively cut dark gray suit, modest make-up and elegantly simple gold earrings and chain necklace. Bert stood to attract her attention and they shook hands and returned to stools at the bar.

"Mr. Mortenson, my good friend Carol Henderson told me that you may wish to retain my special services," opened Alicia James.

'Good, to the point,' thought Bert. Taking a deep breath, Bert replied, "Very possibly, Ms. James. There are several questions I wish to ask and you should realize, although I have known the two boys in question for only a short period of time. I have become very protective of them. What did Dr. Henderson tell you about

them?"

-----  
Sipping her martini, Alicia smiled and told Bert in detail the exact description of the two sissies'.

Impressed with her knowledge of Nathan and Alex, Bert drove to the point of the meeting.  
"Ms. James, I don't have a clue as what it is that you do, could you give a description of your school's programs?"

A wry smile crept across Alicia's face that she dispelled with another sip of vodka. "My school is like all schools in its mission. We instruct our students in the skills and manners that their benefactors would expect from graduates of a quality finishing school. We have students of both genders enrolled and they are carefully assessed as to their suitability for the course of instruction their sponsor desires. Often, we find a student that is not emotionally equipped for a proscribed course of instruction. When this occurs, we inform the parties involved that a less demanding course of instruction would be more suitable for the aspiring student. We do not proceed with a course of instruction for a student that we deem unsuited for."

After another sip of her drink, Alicia continued, "Mr. Mortenson, we do not have a school course catalogue so to speak. What we do is mold our students to the role that their superior has requested. Sometimes, this is merely informed role playing. In effect, teaching the student how to please their partner with style and grace. Sometimes, it involves the student learning new physical skills with which to please their partner. Often, it is a combination of these two skills. There are also former students who return for more advanced training, post graduate work, so to speak."

Bert was entranced with this bold and supremely confident woman.

Gathering his tattered ego, Bert questioned, "Assuming that Dr. Henderson field report is accurate, what sorts of program do you in mind for Nathan and Alex?"

Raising her finely arched eyebrows, Alicia replied, "Based upon the information Carol provided, I am inclined to introduce your charges to at least a month totally immersed in femininity along with a suitable period of forced celibacy."

As this statement flew completely over Bert's head, he had to ask, "The celibacy they could use, but what are you meaning by 'immersed femininity?'"

Alicia smiled broadly, "I will have them living full time as girls. My guess is that they will love it. What they won't like is the prohibition of sexual contact between themselves."

Leaning back, Bert peered at Alicia, "Are you saying that your course of instruction will consist of how to cross dress properly and become exceedingly horny?"

A small laugh and a larger smile came from Alicia, "It will be much more involved than prancing about in dresses and dreaming of sexual release." Continuing, she grinned, "I am leaning towards having them as day pupils. That is, they will continue to live at home and report for classes every weekday. Instruction will include the typical hygienic and beauty skills most young ladies obtain through their formative years. They would dress in feminine attire full time, including bed clothes. They also would be introduced to grace and deportment classes in order to transform our little ducklings into the swans that I am sure they will wish to become."

Bert sat back on his bar stool with his mouth agape. Just then the maitre'd arrived and interrupted Alicia to tell Bert that his table was ready. Alicia shot a much practiced glare at the man. The smallish Hispanic man, froze in his tracks, hastily apologized to Alicia for his transgression and hurriedly returned to his station with

a curious concern for the safety of his testicles.

Bert looked at Alicia and motioned to the table where the waiter was making the final settings, "Shall we eat?"

-----  
After dinner, Alicia returned to the subject of Bert's two 'houseboys'.

"I am not sure of what you are looking for in results? I understand that as far Carol understands that you are a confirmed heterosexual male with two mistresses, you lucky but foolish boy. I do not think that you are investigating my school for the purpose of adding two naive girly boys to your harem. What are your motives, Mr. Mortenson?"

"Good Samaritan perhaps, my girls made a fateful intervention into these boy's lives when they brought them home from the gay club. Also, I have met their mothers and have, I feel, a deep responsibility to them to protect the lads basic interests," responded Bert. Continuing, Bert confessed that he was uncomfortable with a forced feminization program and was emphatic that absolutely no sexual or physical abuse was to be inflicted upon Nathan and Alex.

Alicia leaned forward across the table, toying with her wine glass, "Bert, we abuse only those students who wish to be abused, and we have them. The sexual contact with Nathan and Alex will limited to installing the sexual restraints and a small anal plug."

Bert frowned, "Anal plug? Why would they require a butt plug?"

Smiling, Alicia took a sip of wine, "The walk, Bert, the girlish gait that enhances their transformation. The penis restraint involves inserting their darling little penises into a small plastic tube and the tube is fastened to a scrotum ring and locking device. The result is that their little playthings are securely locked up and forced between their thighs. The butt plug will force them to stride in swaying, inline gait. This also will add to the wearing comfort of the restraint, in that forcing them out of their typical male stride which would compress their thighs onto their imprisoned balls."

Bert mouth was wide open in astonishment and his chin was resting upon his upper chest at this revelation. Giggling, Alicia suggested Bert try the restraint system for a month. She added that his mistresses would find the exercise immensely amusing. Bert merely blanched at this proposal.

"As far as physical abuse is concerned, we do use corporal punishment with uncooperative students. In the case of students like Nathan and Alex, we would limit it to paddling their buttocks with a padded ping pong paddle and since they would be day students, they can simply opt out of the program by not returning."

Trying not to laugh at his vision of the two boys, hands on their knees with their skirts laid over their backs and one of Alicia's instructors whaling on their backsides with a ping pong paddle. "Ah, Ms. James," Bert started, "What is the 'tuition' for your program?"

"Mr. Mortenson, we will ask Three thousand dollars per month, per student. That does include school meals and uniforms," replied Alicia.

"Uniforms?" queried Bert.

A conspiratorial grin enveloped Alicia's face, "Yes, uniforms. We have found that for students of Alex and Nathan's nature, school girl uniforms are universally effective. It initially embarrasses them into obedience and hastens their acceptance of more mature female clothing."

Shaking his head, Bert acquiesced, "I will ask the boys if they are interested in experimenting in life on the

other side of the fence, and I will ask their mothers for their permission to proceed with your program. About how long do you think these 'school days' would last"?

Closing her sale, Alicia said, "I would recommend at least three months of 'basic' feminine training and after that it depends upon what the student feels 'she' requires to complete 'her' transformation, if 'she' truly desires it."

Overwhelmed, Bert merely nodded, "I will be in touch, Ms. James. Thank you very much for the most remarkable afternoon of conversation that I have had in my life."

Rising to leave, Alicia asked one final question, "Mr. Mortenson, Carol told me about your Sophia, I would very much like to meet her some day." A chill went down Bert's spine.

-----  
That night, Bert regaled his lovelies with the contents of his luncheon conversation with Alicia James. They both feigned outrage that they were not invited to accompany him to his soiree but, were quick to start into female to female conversation concerning new 'uniforms' for their new 'maids'. Drowsily, on the edge of sleep, Sophia whispered to Bert that she would like meet Alicia. Bert felt the spinal chill settle into his balls.

-----  
On the first day of 'school', a limousine pulled into the driveway and a tall, strikingly pretty chauffeuress announced that she was Ms. James' driver assigned to pick up the new students Natalie and Alexius.

Standing between the slightly quaking boys he said, "Go along with the driver boys, if you don't think you'll like it, you don't have to go back tomorrow."

The tall driver smirked at the boy's distress, knowing that it was probably their last morning in trousers.

-----  
Unable to concentrate at work, Bert returned home and pattered about the yard feeling decidedly guilty about sending the two lads into the clutches of Alicia James. Around three PM, Bert went into his home bar and opened a beer and sat down and waited for his 'kids' to get home from 'school'. As a life long bachelor, he was emotionally in very unfamiliar territory.

At last, he heard the front door open and resisted the impulse to rush into the foyer and greet his charges. Hearing multiple footsteps going in and out of the front door he became concerned and opened a locked drawer in the bar that contained his Smith and Wesson .357 long barreled hand gun. He did not remove the pistol from its case, but he knew that it was loaded and kept it at the ready.

Finally, the front door closed and a pair of footsteps went into the boy's bedroom and the door closed. Unable to wait any longer, Bert went to the door of the boy's bedroom and knocked softly. "Guy's, I need to talk with you about your day, please join me in the bar."  
A soft 'yes sir' answered from behind the door.

Nervously sipping his beer, Bert's anticipation had set him on edge when two girls walked into the bar area. Astonished, Bert set his bottle onto the counter top and gazed at what was for the entire world to see, two young girls in their late teens. Dressed in very short pleated skirts, short sleeved white blouses and feminine neck ties, completing their outfits were knee socks, low heeled pumps and scrunchie bound ponytailed hair sitting high on the back of their heads.

Their eyes were firmly focused upon the rug at their feet and their faces bright red. Bert rose from his stool and came around from behind the bar to stand at the front.

"Amazing," he began, "You are very pretty girls."

The newly minted girly boys lifted their faces and tears started to roll down their cheeks.

"What happened?" asked a very concerned Bert.

"They paddled us," wailed Nathan/Natalie.

"Come here and tell me about it," ordered Bert as he sat down on a bar stool. The two girls came and each sat on one of Bert's knees, their perfumed hair started a reaction from Bert's sex center. 'Down boy,' thought Bert. "Know tell me why they paddled you."

Alexius began, "When we arrived at the school, we had a long talk with a Ms. James. After about a half an hour, she, Ms. James called in an instructor and we were told to go with her."

'Out of the frying pan and directly into the fire,' thought Bert.

"The instructor took us to a bedroom and told us to strip out of our clothes and douche," blushed Alexius.

Natalie's head was buried in Bert's shoulder and she mumbled, "She, the instructor wanted us to put these tube things up into our butts and I didn't want to and she grabbed my wrists and bent me over and paddled me three or four times, real quick."

Bert took a deep breath, "And did you put the tube things up your butt?" Nodding into Bert's shoulder, Natalie confessed that she complied and actually enjoyed it.

'Sweet Jesus', thought Bert. 'What have I put these kids into?' "What happened after the enema?" asked Bert.

"Natalie and I had to shower together and shave all the hair off of our bodies below our eyebrows," volunteered Alexius.

'That couldn't have been too serious,' thought Bert.

"Then Mistress Deborah, that's the woman who paddled me, continued Nathan, "made Alex and me face each other in the shower and jack each other off in front of her while she laughed at us and called us 'pathetic sissies'."

Bert sagged a bit, 'At least this Mistress Deborah was right about that,' he thought.

"Go on," urged Bert.

"After we had cum, Mistress Deborah ordered us to dry off and go stand still with our legs spread and our hands behind our heads. Another mistress came into the shower room and put a plastic ring around our privates," exclaimed Alex.

Perplexed, Bert asked, "Is this ring very tight?"

Nathan shook his head, his new pony tail bouncing off of his neck. "It's a little snug with the plastic tube running beneath it," answered Alex.

"Plastic tube?" queried Bert. "Will you guys allow me to see this?"

Standing in front of Bert both sissies's lifted the hems of their short pleated skirts and Bert peered at a smooth front where a bulge should be.

"Ah, would you boys mind dropping your undies so that I can get a little better look at what they did to you?" Dropping the hems of their skirts, using their thumbs, the two boys wiggled their panties down too about mid thigh. What Bert could see, was about a schedule 10 white plastic tube pressing down on the area where their pubic had once been. The tube tapered to a hooked stem about one inch wide that had a kind of hasp with a tiny padlock that ran under the white plastic ring.

Dropping to one knee, Bert tapped Alex on an inner knee to indicate that the lad should widen his stance. Alex complied and Bert was astonished at what he saw. The boy's penis was encased in a thin plastic tube that hooked to the underside of the ring, behind Alex's ball sack. The head of Alex's penis protruded from the aft end of the tube, pointing at his rectum. The boy's balls were separated and appeared to rub against his inner thighs. Following the line of sight past the end of the tube and Alex's cock head, Bert saw the flared end of what could only be a butt plug nestled squarely between the boy's butt cheeks.

Nearly losing his balance in astonishment, Bert exclaimed, "Isn't that contraption uncomfortable?"

"It was at first, before Mistress Deborah made us insert the butt plugs into each other. The plug makes us walk with kind of a wide sway, so it's not so bad," answered Alex.

Just then, the front door opened and Megan called out, "I'm home. Where are you?"

Bert called back, "In the bar, honey."

Alex and Nathan just stood there like startled deer.

Entering the bar room, Megan stood stock still and cried, "Oh, you're both so pretty. Sophia will just love you to death. Alex, why are your panties where they are? And you, my love, why are you on your knees looking up that boy's skirt?"

Alex and Bert reddened and while Alex fumbled with his panties, Bert got his feet.

"Just inspecting Ms. James handiwork, my dear," mumbled Bert.

Megan looked right through him and then turned to the boys, "Let's go into the kitchen and you can make a pot of tea and tell me all about your day. We can leave this pervert to his inspections."

While the boys were describing their make-up lesson to Megan, the front door closed and Sophia announced her presence.

"In the kitchen, love," called Megan, "and hurry."

"My, my, my," murmured Sophia, "Don't we just look darling." She walked around the kitchen table inspecting Alex and Nathan. "What are we to call you little sweethearts?" she asked.

Impossibly red, the two boys squeaked their answers. "They call me Natalie at the school," whispered Nathan.

"Alexius," added Alex.

"Are these darling schoolgirl outfits the only clothes you have?" continued Sophia.

Stuttering, Alex blurted, "We have three sets along with some underwear and nighties."

"Bert," yelled Sophia, "Bert, we need to talk to you."

Bert was in the bar, pounding a beer, still blushed from Megan's comment, but trying very hard not to start a laughing fit. 'In the bar, Sophia,' shouted Bert.

Sophia turned to the boys and told them to change into their 'boy' clothes, but stay in their panties and training bras. "And touch up your make-up, too," she called after them as they headed for their bedroom.

Winking at Megan, "Are you up for some heavy shopping, sweets?"

Grinning, Megan said that could change in a flash.

Walking into the bar, Sophia confronted a totally defeated Bert. "Mister, you have two young ladies in your household without a stitch to wear. I want your Visa. Megan and I are going to rectify that situation," ordered Sophia. "And, as far dinner tonight is concerned, you're on your own."

Fishing his Visa out of his wallet, he handed it to Sophia. 'I think that this is a very good night to dine at Murphy's Tap,' thought Bert.

Narrowing her eyes, Sophia warned Bert, "And don't get drunk at Murphy's. I want you sober enough to view what your hard earned cash has created."

-----  
Quickly changing, Megan met the other three in the living room. The boys with adequately freshened make-up were wearing their short shorts, flip flops and sleeveless tee shirts.

Surveying the two sissies, Sophia glanced at their crotches. 'No sign of a bulge,' she wondered. 'How did they tuck themselves away so nicely?' "OK, let's go," ordered Sophia. She watched closely as Nathan and Alex walked towards the front door. "Nice wiggles; did they learn that today, too?" She also liked the way that their ponytails bobbed as the pranced out of the door.

-----  
The stores generally closed at ten on week days, so Bert made sure that he was home by ten thirty. Sipping a bourbon and water, Bert heard a vehicle make its way into the driveway.

"This ought to be very interesting,' thought Bert.

The door opened and Megan shouted through the opening, "Bert, we some help with the packages, please."

Rising to his feet, Bert assumed his best slightly drunk pack mule mode and he stumbled out to the van. Looking at the boys, Bert was impressed. They looked for all the world like two under endowed young women. In addition to the clothes they had worn to the mall, they had been accessorized. Women's walking shoes and ankle socks with lace trim, heart lockets on gold chains, new piercings on each ear with gold studs, plastic bangles, costume jewelry rings and of course each had his own newly cluttered tote bag.

The women immediately loaded him down with multiple bags and packages and he mutely followed the chattering foursome to the boy's bedroom. After he had dropped his third load on their bed, the women waved him out of the bed room.

"We'll see you in a little while, dear. Try and stay lucid, the girls are going to put on a little fashion show you," smiled Megan.

'Oh, shit,' moaned Bert.

-----  
Events around the Mortenson household had descended into a routine. The two boys were picked up every



weekday morning and taken off to indoctrination; Bert was becoming used to being inundated by femininity. His two playmates were gradually returning to their normal schedules; Sophia as a physical therapist at Mercy Hospital and Megan at her real estate sales office. Sitting at his usual spot in his home bar, Bert heard the front door open and knew that the boys had returned from the Ms. James school for the confused. He heard a hesitation in foyer and then the click of their heels approaching the hallway towards the bar. His two sissies appeared in the doorway, awaiting his acknowledgement to enter. Bert motioned Alex and Nathan in and continued to be amazed at their progression into womanhood.

"Get yourselves a soda if you like and sit down and tell me what's on mind," Bert commanded.

Sighing, Bert watched the two pretty boys perch themselves upon bar stools, legs crossed at the knee and their short skirts riding high on their thighs.

"What can I do for you, girls?" asked Bert.

Alex blushed very becomingly and said, "Mr. Mortenson, we've been going to Mistress James' school now for over two weeks and we've been 'locked up' since we started. Would you talk to her and see if we can be 'released', even for a short time?"

Bert nearly choked on his beer, "Getting a little horny are we, Alexius?" Alex blushed even deeper and nodded. Glancing at Nathan, Bert saw him nod just as vigorously, causing his ponytail to bob seductively. Picking his cell phone out of his cargo slacks pocket, Bert checked his address book and pressed Carol James' number.

-----  
"Ms. James, Bert Mortenson, I am having a discussion with Natalie and Alexius. They are complaining about being horny," said Bert.

A short laugh emitted from the receiver and Carol responded, "I have no doubt about that Bert. However, they have been exemplary students and try very hard. If you have no objections, I would let them sleep together unrestrained tonight, they might be in need of some recreation."

Bert nodded, "I don't have any problems with that Carol, and do you have any recommendations for 'facilitating' this coming out party?"

Laughing again, Carol responded, "I would keep them restrained until they are ready for bed and then as a special treat, release them for the night. I would make some sort of rule, such as that they cannot leave their bedroom without wearing their chastity devices. That would center their sexual life upon each other and they would quickly realize that you completely control their sexual activity."

-----  
Closing the phone, Bert looked at the anxious sissies, "Alright, tonight you will be released. I am imposing a rule for you; however, you may never leave your bedroom without your restraint s in place. If I catch you 'naked', so to speak, you will not see your 'Willie' for a year. Joy leapt across the boy's faces.

"One more thing," interjected Bert. "You two are still the 'maids' around here so get busy and earn your keep."

-----  
Two Weeks later, two 'maids' stretched out in their bed on a warm and humid Saturday morning. 'No school today', thought Natalie looking at her bedmate lying on her back with her morning erection tenting her chemise. Slipping her hand under Alexius' hem, now bunched around her thighs, Natalie slowly began to stroke the smallish member. Alexius

awoke with a start, then calmed with a smile and slowly began roll her hips to Natalie's ministrations.

"I'm going to cum, lover. Please get some tissues," moaned Alexius.

Now on her knees, Natalie just pressed upon Alexius's chest with one hand and slowly bent over the writhing girl's groin and took her ripe member into her mouth.

Spurting into Natalie's mouth, Alexius told her, "I'll give a thousand years to stop that, or else."

"Or else what?" demanded Natalie as she raised her smiling head with Alexius' cum seeping out of the corners of her mouth.

Just then the door rattled with a knock. "We need coffee, now. Up and at 'em, sleepyheads," ordered Megan.

-----  
Struggling into their chastity devices and their 'maids' uniforms, denim short shorts and baby doll tops, long enough at the hem to resemble mini dresses, the two boys ran for the kitchen. Sophia wandered into the kitchen and observing the two maids scurrying about their duties she decided upon a quick 'inspection' of her underlings. She surprised Alex, busily making toast and told him to bend over and spread his legs. Instantly complying, Alex bent over at the waist with a piece of bread in each hand. Sophia walked behind him and ran her hand between his thighs, pinching the chastity tube and then lingering in the cleft between his buttocks.

"Where is your little friend?" demanded Sophia.

Blushing, Alex knew that Sophia was referring to his missing butt plug. In the rush to get into chastity and dressed, the boys forgot to insert their mandatory plugs. "I would spank you for not being properly equipped for duty, but Bert doesn't let us do it without his permission."

Nodding in relief, Alex motioned for Sophia's permission to complete his task. Megan was nearly gagging in silent mirth behind the newspaper she was attempting to read. Pouring herself a cup of coffee, Sophia leaned back against the sink and marveled at Alicia James' handiwork.

-----  
The two girly boys swished about the kitchen in a most feminine manner. In physical build, they were only stick figures of real girls; no hips to speak of and certainly a lack of definition in the chest area. Sophia thought back to her luncheon with Carol Henderson the previous Tuesday. Carol had brought along another woman, who she introduced as Alicia James.

-----  
Sophia was indeed surprised, "Ms. James, I am very glad to meet you. I want to congratulate you about your splendid efforts with 'Natalie' and 'Alexius'."

Bowing her head with a smile, Alicia graciously accepted Sophia accolades.

Carol Henderson perked up and asked Sophia, "How are my two 'non-patients' doing at home?"

With a conspiratorial grin, Sophia replied that they were exceeding her wildest expectations. She mentioned that they passed easily as women in public when they were adequately padded in the right spots.

Carol nodded and asked, "Are they accepting their roles in the household?"

"Oh yes," replied Sophia, "Ms. James apparently drills them relentlessly at her school and they are becoming very comfortable in their roles. The only things that concern me are some physical traits that they have no control over."

-----

Concerned, Carol leaned over the small dining table and asked, "What traits are you troubled by, dear?"

Sitting back, Sophia ticked off her perceptions, "Boys being boys, they do not have any natural curves. No bust, waist or hips. And Alexius' nose is too big for her face and Natalie has enough of an Adam's apple to require her to wear a neck scarf in public."

Interjecting herself into the conversation, Alicia asked Sophia, "Are the 'girls' required to wear their anal devices around the house?"

Smirking, Sophia replied, "Indeed they are. Bert only lets them remove them when they are in their bedroom for the evening. I think that he hopes that they will get tired of walking about every waking moment with the little intruders. But, I know for a fact that both of our sissies love their butt plugs. You should see them squirm and rub their cute little butt cheeks together when they think nobody is watching."

Alicia and Carol looked at each other and nodded in unison. "What? What am I missing here?" asked Sophia.

"Hormones, my dear," commented Carol. "When we have individuals attempting to transgender, hormones are part of the therapy program. One of the most efficient ways to administer gender enhancing hormones is anally."

Her eyes widening, Sophia leapt to a conclusion, "So, you think that if the boys are comfortable with their intrusions, it would be fairly easy to introduce a regimen of gender specific hormones into their lives?"

With a slow smile, Alicia added, "It would be a snap, so to speak. However, administering hormones requires the recipients and a medical doctors and psychologists approval."

Pausing in thought, Sophia replied, "Bert wouldn't permit it. Not without the boys mothers explicit approval and a respectable medical authority willing to put the 'program' on paper and signed."

"Perhaps," started Carol, "you could encourage a 'family' gathering where you could broach the subject discreetly to all parties involved. More to the point, however, why are you so intrigued about the possibility of a hormone assisted transgender program?"

Reddening, Sophia whispered, "I find the whole idea just to be a total sexual turn-on."

Reaching across the table Alicia grasped Sophia's hand and said, "So do I, sweet heart. So do I." Carol pursed her lips and continued, "So, you enjoy watching young men cross dressing and attempting to assume an identity in the opposite gender?"

Sophia nodded. and confessed, "I actually enjoy enforcing their role reversal. It just turns me on as if I was on the ultimate power trip. I only wish Bert would allow me to introduce the two sissies to the strap-on. He won't, of course, but it is my fantasy."

"He's quite right in not allowing you unfettered access to the boys," remarked Carol. "He is in a tricky legal situation and the process he must follow is total protection of the boys from sexual advances from anybody, including himself."

"Absolutely," added Alicia, "the extent of activities we were allowed to engage in at the school was limited to cross dressing, enema training, dance and deportment and of course the introduction of the butt plugs. All of these activities were engaged in with the boy's tacit approval. The only questionable activity was the introduction to the chastity devices. Although, it appears that Bert has turned the restraints into a positive situation by allowing the boys to engage in their little gay pranks with each other under controlled situations."

-----  
Changing the subject, Alicia addressed Sophia, "Carol tells me that you are a degreed and licensed physical therapist?"

Sophia nodded, "And?"

"I was just thinking out loud that if you are truly enthusiastic about dealing with sissy and female submissives, I would have a position as a mistress with your professional background."

'Mistress,' thought Sophia, 'it has a nice authoritarian ring to it.' "Leather cat suit and riding crop included?" laughed Sophia.

Suppressing a smile, "Not at all, my dear. We are very professional at Miss James' Finishing School. I would expect our staff to be properly attired in business day wear." Answered Alicia with the emphasis upon 'professional'.

Sophia's and Alicia's eye's met across the table and Sophia thought, 'I am becoming bored at Mercy and a little unhappy as part of Bert's harem'. "Do you have a card?" asked Sophia.

Alicia smiled a small victory grin and fumbled in her purse for a business card. Looking at the card, Sophia smiled, 'Miss James Finishing School' read the bold type. The outline of a ballerina in a long skirt provided the logo.

"Call me dear and I will provide a 'complete' tour of our facility," ordered Alicia.

Raising an eyebrow at Alicia's tone, Sophia met Alicia's eyes once again and signaled 'this could be fun'.

The luncheon began to wind down and as the ladies rose to leave and in the obligatory feminine departure cheek busses, Sophia told the other women that she would encourage a meeting with the boys mothers to outline the boys futures.

"Bert does not want them hanging around until they retire," smirked Sophia. "So, I think that a meeting with the mothers will move our lads onto a definitive path to our side of the fence."

Concern crossed Carol's face, "Be very careful dear, this is not a laboratory experiment. Remember that there isn't any gain for any of us in our interference, and the ramifications could be devastating for the boys."

"I agree with Carol completely," added Alicia. "While I think that our sissies are ready for the next step, but all of the ducks must be firmly in a row before we interfere."

-----  
"Boys, when you have the breakfast dishes cleared away, I would like to talk with you. Please meet with me in the bar as soon as you are done here." Ordered Bert.

Both of the sissies nodded simultaneously.

Megan peered over the top of the newspaper she was reading, "A boy's only meeting?"

Bert laughed, "Stretching your imagination, boys only."

Megan followed Bert's gaze and watched the two sissies in their baby doll tops whirl about the kitchen and suppressed a giggle.

"Why don't you join us 'men' in the bar when they are ready? You can bring the coffee." Grinned Bert.

Megan's eyes flew open, "You want me to tote coffee and serve you?" Questioned Megan.

"A little humility is good for the soul," replied Bert.

"What about your humility?" queried Megan?

Bert stood and surveyed the kitchen, "I don't have a soul."

'You couldn't be more mistaken, buster,' thought Megan.

-----  
Alex and Nathan were perched upon bar stools facing Bert when Megan brought in the coffee carafe'. She was amused by the swinging ponytails as the boys turned their heads to see who entered the room.

"Thank you Megan. Boys, thank Megan for bringing the coffee to us," ordered Bert.

"Thank you Miss Megan," the sissies chorused.

With a curtsy, Megan retired to and set upon a rail of the pool table.

'Well done, sweetheart,' thought Bert. "Boy's, I need to know what are your dreams, fantasies or hopes for the future?" Asked Bert.

Perplexed, the two sissies looked at each other. "I, err we, are not sure of what you are asking sir?" Answered Nathan.

"We've had this conversation before, lads. I am asking have you given any consideration for your futures. Do you have any goals, dreams or aspirations?" Questioned Bert.

In a small voice, Alex spoke up, "Sir, Nathan and me are kinda freaks. We don't have any skills or anything. We like it here. Getting to dress up and things and we feel safe. Aren't we doing a good job? We'll try harder."

Bert was fogging over, 'How simple can a reply be?' wondered Bert.

Megan began to sniffle at Alex's plea.

"You guy's are doing a fine job', replied Bert. "What I want to know is would you like to be more than my 'maids'? I am willing to pay for any advanced education that you would want and perhaps other things."

With tears beginning to trickle down his cheeks, Nathan said, "Mr. Bert, Alex and me know we would do better in this life as girls, but there are so many problems. We know that we can't just dress as girls and make it believable. Even with the training we got from Ms. James, we are still boys in skirts."

Tears were running down Megan's face as she listened to this confessional.

"Lad's, I am going to invite your mother's over for Sunday dinner. It will be your responsibility to plan and prepare that dinner. Afterwards, we will have a talk with your mothers about what we should do about getting you two on a path to possible happiness in this life," intoned Bert. "I advise you to make this meal special. So spare no expense and you use my old truck for any errands you may need to run."

Megan walked over to Bert and hugged him tightly.

Bert waved the sniveling sissies out of the bar and returned Megan's hugs.

"What do you think, sweets?" asked Bert.

"Oh Bert, if you were Catholic, you would be canonized. St. Bert, patron saint of sissies," murmured Megan.

'Oh shit,' thought Bert.

-----  
Nathan and Alex were in seventh heaven, prancing about the back yard in their mini sundresses, serving summer cocktails to the ladies and beer to Bert. They had very thick porterhouse steaks on the grill along with fresh sweet corn and sautied portabella mushrooms. Rose Williams and Janet Rolls sat in amused, but stunned silence as they watched their 'sons' play the perfect 'hostesses' rolls. The boys make up was perfect and their shining ponytails bobbed delightfully under their broad brimmed sun hats as they pranced through their hostess duties. The hems of their sundresses played about their bare tanned thighs while they scurried from tending the grill to serving beverages.

The mid afternoon luncheon was served under the sun screen on china with a hearty rose' and store bought pasta salad. Janet motioned the boys to her and complimented them on the repast. She couldn't help but notice that they stood shoulder to shoulder, with their hands clasp in front of them on their tiny aprons. The boys stood with their knees and ankles locked together and the skirts of their dresses fluttering in the breeze.

'How natural,' she thought.

She stole a glance at Bert who was watching her intently. She nodded to Bert and turned and locked eyes with Rose Williams who also nodded. Sophia and Megan were entranced with the performance. Sophia leaned over and brushed a kiss upon Megan's cheek, she had made a decision.

-----  
After dinner, Bert was engaged in conversation with Rose and Janet.

"Ladies, we have a problem here," began Bert, "I want don't to see the boy's start to think that their future is here as servants in my household. I have also realized for some time now, that they aren't really boys. I invited you here this afternoon to demonstrate just how far they have slipped over the gender line and judging from your reactions from watching them you have come to a similar conclusion."

Taking a deep breath, Rose replied, "Bert, I can't begin to thank you enough for taking Nathan and Alex in. Angels were on their shoulders when they met Megan and Sophia and your generosity and understanding is God sent."

Taking another breath, Rose continued, "It is obvious that they most probably could not function as 'typical' males, even gay males in society. I think that you have a plan or at least a suggestion as to where to proceed to from here?"

Janet nodded in agreement and looked at Bert for leadership. Making a show of rising and pondering his

choice of spirits from the selection on the picnic table, Bert added a healthy jigger of 'Wild Turkey' to the ice in his glass followed by a splash of water from a carafe' on the table. He finally turned and faced the concerned mothers.

-----  
"I never, in my wildest dreams would have thought that I would make the following suggestion."

Bert took a sip of his drink and continued, "I have discussed the boys in detail with a Dr. Carol Henderson. Dr. Henderson is a behavioral psychologist at Mercy Hospital and has suggested that the boys be evaluated for possible gender reassignment."

Both mothers sagged at Bert's statement.

Holding a hand up to forestall interruption, Bert continued, "While I think that professional evaluation would be helpful, I don't believe that our 'lads' want to be 'girl-girls'. I think that they are true blue sissies that enjoy the trappings of girlydom, but would not take the big step of radical surgery."

Confused by Bert's statement, Janet asked, "Are you saying that they just want to dress and play at being female?"

Head bowed and intently studying the ice cubes in his glass, Bert gathered his response to Janet's question. "I believe that the boys are very happy and very naive homosexuals. Their sexual experience, from what I can gather, has been limited to contact with each other and while they have lived here, their sexual horizons have not been broadened. I think that

Megan and Sophia could give you a more informed sketch of where such a lifestyle could lead when it involves individuals as unprepared as Nathan and Alex."

Megan felt strangely uncomfortable as the two mothers glanced at her and Sophia. Sofia merely nodded in affirmation of Bert's assessment. Neither of his girl's reactions escaped Bert's observation.

-----  
"Exactly where are you going with this conversation?" asked Rose.

Squaring his shoulders, Bert assumed his most authoritarian stance, "I am proposing that you allow Dr. Henderson to interview the boys in depth. She has told me that she has a colleague, who is psychiatrist at Mercy and would donate her time in evaluating the boys. No one suspects any mental disorders, but it is important for the next step."

"That next step being?" asked Janet, hanging on every word.

"From what Dr. Henderson told me, a basic hormonal treatment. Introducing female hormones into the bloodstream of the boys, to be exact," Bert added.

"Isn't that dangerous?" questioned Rose.

"Unsupervised, yes it can be very dangerous," answered Bert. ""But, with proper medical oversight most of the changes brought about by hormone introduction can be undone, not all, but the most of them."

Rose and Janet looked at each other with a great deal of concern.

"When would such a program start" asked Janet?

Shrugging, Bert said, "Not until both doctors agreed that it would be probably beneficial and only then when both you and the boys agreed to the treatment."

Hesitantly beginning, Rose said, "I think that we could ask the boy's in what direction they would like to go."

Janet nodded vigorously.

Continuing, Rose added, "If the boy's want follow that path, I don't think Janet or I could add much financial assistance towards this goal. This is asking a lot of you Bert, if they wish to start this sexual therapy, you would have to bear the financial and the moral responsibility of the outcome. Are you prepared for this task?"

Megan watched her man intently; this was a side of him that she was unfamiliar with. A man charged with making life altering decisions for others, especially non-family others.

Bert stood erect and facing the two mothers, "I have given this matter a great deal of thought and have sought advice from medical and social professionals. I do not see any advantage for the boys remaining in their gilded half life as my house servants. My thoughts concerning the boys center around them finding a comfortable gender niche', if possible and continuing their education in those gender roles. If they cannot adapt in some manner towards some sort of 'societal norm' of financial independence, they will be doomed to living a life as someone's plaything."

Janet stood and facing Bert, "Thank you for your evaluation. Rose and I would like to meet privately with our son's and discuss your offer. I would like to clarify one matter before we meet with the boy's."

Taking a deep breath, Janet resumed, "I am to understand that you are undertaking the total financial obligation of your 'transformation' proposal and that the boy's will have shelter in your household during the process?"

Bert merely nodded.

-----  
That Thanksgiving holiday, Rose and Janet gathered with the Mortenson household for the traditional dinner. Both Rose and Janet had their divorces finalized and had brought their newly acquired male escorts with them. Megan was sporting a very shiny engagement ring and was overseeing dinner preparations with her assistants, Natalie and Alexius doing the heavy lifting.

Sophia had had a tearful departure from the Mortenson household some two month previous. She had accepted Alicia James offer of 'physical therapist' at Ms. James' Finishing School. Sophia had also accepted Alicia's offer to be her primary bed warmer.

Both Natalie and Alexius had undergone corrective cosmetic surgeries. Alexius had a very pert nose and Natalie was neck scarf free. Both girls were dressed in light wool slacks and silk blouses. While their hormone regime' was producing results, they depended upon strategic padding to fill out their meager frames.

-----  
Rose and Janet's escorts, Bob and Morgan were sipping beer with Bert.

Bob, taking a quick swig from his stein, looked at Bert and said, "I was more than a little concerned when Rose told me about Natalie and Alexius. I didn't know what kind of freak show I might be letting myself into."



But, after seeing the 'girls' in action, so to speak, they impress me as 'girls', I am prepared to let matters ride until I am proven mistaken."

Morgan sat silently, looking for a reaction from Bert.

Pausing, Bert carefully framed his response, "Bob, and you too Morgan, what we are dealing with here are two medically described cases of sexual identity crises."

Morgan arched an eyebrow at Bert's pontification, but remained silent. "I know it smacks of liberal social science gobbledygook, but if you could have seen those two 'former' boys when they arrived here, you both would be absolutely convinced of the diagnosis.

"I don't know, Bert. But, to me it's just a case of two little fags wanting to dress up," muttered Morgan.

"Oh, they are fags all right," answered Bert. "But, my Christian upbringing dictates that they are also God's children. And, if you take the time to get to know them, they are two of the most sincere and innocent children that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting."

Bob looked at Bert and asked, "You claim to be a Christian and yet you condone homosexuality?"

Smiling, Bert replied, "A good question, Bob. But, if you read the New Testament, there is very little if nothing written concerning homosexuality. The Old Testament has a sentence or two more about the subject. The problem of religious interpretation of homosexuality is in the reader or the interpreter interjecting their personal biases into fragments of text. And to further answer your charge, no, I do not condone homosexuality. What showed up on my doorstep is what I am dealing with. These children are absolutely no threat whatsoever to any child or adult for that matter."

Morgan was shaking his head, "I am quite a bit of difficulty with this. Maybe it's a lifetime of ingrained prejudices, but I am very uncomfortable with the situation."

Bert leaned back on his barstool and gazing at Morgan, "If you have plans upon Janet my friend, I would at least try to repress your misgivings about Alexius. If you find that you can't deal with the situation, please don't make it a 'her' or me confrontation, you'll lose. The same goes for you Bob. Rose is very attached to young Natalie".

Bob asked, "Bert, how did you do come to this situation? I know something of your background; I am a mason for Three Block Construction. I am aware that you are something of an insider in Lake County Republican politics. Isn't this a very, shall we say, delicate situation?"

"I agonized over that very question, Bob," replied Bert. "I rationalized my actions by reminding myself that I do not have in intention of seeking public office or engaging in state wide or national party forums. I try to keep as low a profile as possible. Anyway, my contributions to the Lake County Party consist primarily of advice upon local fiscal policy."

Just then Natalie appeared in the doorway announced, "Dinner is ready gentlemen." Morgan drained his glass and looking at Bert, "I will take your advice Bert. I do have designs concerning Janet."

-----

That evening, after the football games were over and the guests had left, Bert called for a 'family' meeting in the bar. Bert was very content. He had his Megan all to himself although he had been forced to improve some of his oral skills. He also had two handsome 'daughters'. He thought of Natalie and Alexius as his daughters, after all he had overseen their transformation to those roles.

"Girls," began Bert. Megan knew that Bert was talking to Natalie and Alexius; otherwise he would have used the honorific 'ladies' if he were include her in the group.

"Girls," repeated Bert, "I have arranged for you to attend Lake County Technical College, starting the spring semester."

Natalie and Alexius turned and stared at each other, Megan clapped with glee.

"I have arranged for the both of you to be enrolled as female students, continued Bert. "On the desk in my study are two piles of forms and course catalogues. Fill out the forms using your current first names and your real surnames. Thumb through the catalogues and decide upon a basic course of instruction that you may wish to pursue. Please do not hesitate to ask my advice."

Natalie and Alexius both jumped upon Bert and smothered his face with kisses. Megan sat back on her stool and gave a 'thumbs up' to Bert accompanied by a huge smile.

-----  
Later, in bed, Megan had assumed a total 'surrender' position. On her back with Bert gently sliding in and out of her and her hands, palm upwards by her head. She liked to assume this posture when discussing the day's affairs with Bert. She had discovered that a great deal of personal interaction could be accomplished when her tongue was not pointedly engaged.

"How did you manage to get the girls enrolled as female students" she asked?

Bert snickered, "The President of the college, Ms. Jordan, is gay. This is not common knowledge, so keep it to your self. I just gave her a brief description of our situation here at Mortenson household and she was entranced. "Can they pass?" she kept asking. I told her that I doubted that she could pick them out of a crowd."

Megan wrapped her arms around Bert's neck, "Lover, you never cease to amaze me. Do you think that they can pass in school?"

Bert grunted as he tried flexing his cock in Megan vagina, "It really doesn't matter sweets. In this day and age, do you really believe that a couple of cross dressing homosexuals will create a major disruption on any college campus, even a technical college?"

Megan giggled, "No, I suppose not. But, we are going to have to be ready to handle a lot of emotional fallout from the girls finally entering the real world."

Megan tightened her grip on Bert's waist with her legs, "You're getting better at bouncing 'Mr. Mortenson' around inside me. Ooh, that was a good one. Keep it up buster, or else it will back to your tongue."

-----  
Natalie and Alexius were re-enrolled at Ms. James School for a month and a half of intense dance and deportment. Bert decided that they werestill a bit clumsy, even for awkward girls and that working on their bodily grace and deportment would beneficial for their confidence.

On the first day back at Ms. James', they were surprised to find that 'Mistress' Sophia was to be their deportment instructress. When Sophia learned that the 'boys' were starting college that spring semester, she redoubled her efforts into getting them prepared for life in the 'real' world.

Endless repetitions on how bend down, walking up and down stairs, walking with elbows in and not slouching. When Sophia was done tormenting the 'boys', Alicia James would take over in the dance studio with excruciating workouts in classical ballet. By Christmas, Bert and Megan were noticing marked improvements in the girl's movements and overall gracefulness.

-----  
Bert decided that this was to be a 'special' Christmas. He huddled with Megan and they decided to host a Christmas dinner, inviting the girl's mothers and their boy friends. Bert decreed that all of his 'ladies', Megan included, would be in dresses for the occasion. Morgan had called Bert to ask if could bring his nephew along. Explaining that the young man could not make it home for the holidays and he hoped that Bert wouldn't mind if Jason came along. Bert had notified the girl's mothers that the affair would be coat and tie and he reminded Janet to remind Morgan that his nephew would be expected to follow the gatherings dress code.

On Christmas day, the caterer's arrived with the Christmas dinner and all of the trimmings. The hired wait staff of five were busily setting up the steam trays for the side dishes and carving the ham and the Cornish hens. Finally, with the shrimp and champagne on ice, Bert lined up the wait staff and gave each a card with a one hundred dollar bill and dismissed them. He told the help that his party would serve themselves and that they could retrieve the equipment at their convenience and most all, to have a Merry Christmas. Bert then began his plan for Janet's and Rose's Christmas gift.

-----  
Gathering his feminine household about him, Bert told Megan that she was to supervise serving dinner and that Natalie and Alexius would serve. All three of the 'ladies' were dressed in their obligatory LBD's and looked quite attractive. Bert wanted to demonstrate Natalie's and Alexius' new found gracefulness and to challenge Morgan and Bob to dispute the 'girls' femininity. 'This nephew of Morgan's will be the perfect test subject,' thought Bert. 'Unless the asshole told him about Nathan and Alex.'

With Bert seated at the head of the expanded dinner table, Megan seated the guests. One family on one side and the other opposite, leaving her place at the other end of the table opposite Bert sacrosanct. Natalie and Alexius served the guests, conscious of Bob and Morgan's scrutiny.---

Alexius was especially attentive in serving Jason while a watching Janet almost burst with pride at her 'daughters' confidence and gracefulness. Watching Alexius hover about his nephew, Morgan smiled and nodded to Alexius and thought, 'Sweetheart, I may have a very nice Christmas present for you.' Dinner concluded with compliments to Bert's choice of caterer and a round of toasts. Bert rose from his chair and invited the men to the bar for beverages that were bit more substantial than the dinner wine they had been consuming.

-----  
The women were clearing the table and loading the dishwasher. Alexius and Natalie were at the sink washing the pots and pans. In a few minutes the kitchen was in order and Megan returned with champagne and Irish Cream Liqueur.

"If would like anything other than what I brought, just ask. We probably have some around," remarked Megan to the gathered women.

Rose genteelly cleared her throat and quietly asked, "Girls, if you don't mind, I would like to hear about your experiences at Ms. James' school."

Janet added a, "Me too."

Natalie squared her shoulders and began, "Really, all that we did was learn to be 'ladies'. I mean, Ms. James had us take classes that taught about make up and how to apply it without looking like a hooker or a clown. We learned about selecting clothing that flattered us and how to dress discreetly, but with 'taste'. "And then we walked and danced and bent over picking up items, everything that real girls do almost naturally."

"And hours of voice training; softening tones, proper inflection and pronunciation," added Alexius. "We must have spent twenty hours on purses. The different kinds, what necessities we must always carry and how to memorize where everything is in them, despite the clutter," continued Natalie.

-----  
Alexius didn't want to tell their mother's how Ms. Sophia taught the about carrying a spare pair of panties. They had just arrived for classes and Ms. Sophia called them into her office. "I just want to inspect your purses, ladies. They are the most important item you carry with you through the day. A quick look will tell me how much of our instruction you are absorbing," said Sophia calmly.

The girls placed their shoulder bags on Sophia's desk and she proceeded to carefully remove every item from each of the bags. "Very good, girls, almost perfect," purred Sophia. "You both forgot a very important item. It's not your fault, because we always omit it from the lessons. Can you guess what it could be?"

Both girls nervously shook their heads, their beribboned braids bouncing off of their shoulders.

"I thought not," smiled Sophia. "This requires a demonstration that will brand this item forever in your consciousness."

Rising from behind her desk, Sophia ordered the girls to face each other about five feet apart. "Now keeping your knees locked straight, bend over and place the palms of your hands behind your knees."

Walking behind each of the girls, Sophia lifted the short hems of their school uniform skirts and gently placed them over the smalls of their backs.

"Your hormone treatment is progressing nicely," observed Sophia. "Your butts are rounding out nicely and a cute little layer of fat is settling on your hips, very nice, indeed."

Slowly caressing each burgeoning globe, each being nicely framed in nylon tricot bikini panties. Starting with Alexius, Sophia hand slowly worked its way down the crease in her buttocks and came to rest upon the small knob created by the flange of the girl's firmly emplaced butt plug.

"I understand that your hormone treatments are mostly administered by suppository?" questioned Sophia.

Both girls nodded in affirmation.

"Do you have those suppositories in place now?" she continued. Again, bouncing braided heads confirmed her inquiry. "Alexius dear, please do not move. I am not going to hurt you. Most likely, you are going to enjoy this little demonstration much more that I will by giving it," murmured Sophia.

Sophia placed her middle and index fingers together on the flange of Alexius' butt plug and started to rotate it. The 'medical' plug was somewhat longer than their daily wear plug and as it was rotated Alexius' sphincter

tightened on the narrow stem and the bulb was exploring all sorts of new and interesting places in the recesses of her rectum. Alexius gave a short, sharp squeal and Sophia instantly directed the bulb of the plug to the angle that produced Alexius' outburst. Squealing and moaning, Alexius felt a large glob of moisture starting to soak the anus area of her panties. The penis restraint she was confined in had the head of her cock pointed directly at her anus and when she discharged from Sophia's milking it created a large wet spot exactly where she would be sitting upon for the rest of the day.

"My, my; such a large 'manly' wad from such a petite little girl. Where did you get all of this 'spunk' from my dear," purred Sophia? "Remain in your position, little girl," commanded Sophia. "Our dear Natalie also needs to gain from experience."

'Damn, damn, damn,' thought Alexius. 'I will be in soppy, sticky panties for the rest of the day.'

Sophia walked around to face the bent over Alexius. "Dear, your 'manly' load of cum has soiled my fingers. Please lick them clean." Sophia placed her fingers on Alexius' lips and the girl opened her mouth and accepted the sticky digits and started to suck and lick them. Natalie was watching Alexius in bent over horror at the sight of her bedmates bright red face and sucking lips.

Finally, Sophia was satisfied with Alexius' oral efforts and slowly moved behind the now trembling Natalie.

'Panties,' thought Alexius. 'This is all about carrying a spare pair of panties in your bag.'

After a series of sharp breathes and accompanying moans, Natalie achieved equality in soiled panties with Alexius. After Natalie had cleaned Sophia's fingers to her mistresses' satisfaction, both girls were allowed to rise.

"You are late for your first class," said a bemused Sophia. "I will write a note for you to give to your instructress and you will have to clean your desk chairs before you leave that class. I have never seen messier bottoms on any young lady at this institution."

-----  
As the memory faded, Alexius squirmed to reassure herself that her butt plug was firmly in place. Alexius liked Mistress Sophia, but she had learned to never, never turn her back on Sophia.

Rose spoke first, "So this Ms. James School is just a dance and deportment school?"

"A very intense Dance and Deportment School", murmured Natalie.

Janet changed the subject. "What do you girls think about going to Lake County Tech?"

"I think it is going to be fun, but very scary," responded Alexius. "After all, Nathan and I are still just boys in dresses."

Megan snorted, "That may be true, but you two are the most convincing sissies that I have ever seen. And, I have seen lot's of girly boy wannabe's."

"Megan's right, dears," interjected Janet. "You may be biological boys, but watching you tonight, you both are all girl. I don't see a problem, unless you bring it onto yourselves."

Natalie looked up at Rose, "Mom, do you like me better as a girl?"

Rose deflated, "Honey, I would love you if you were a Buddhist Monk. But, you do make a lovely daughter."

Janet caught Natalie's eye and nodded in agreement. Breaking the momentary silence in the kitchen, Jason announced that Bert would appreciate the ladies joining the men in the bar.

-----  
As the ladies filed into the bar, Jason maneuvered Alexius to a stool next to his. Natalie was taken by surprise at being separated, even briefly, from her playmate. Bert caught Jason's maneuver immediately and glanced at Morgan who merely smiled and nodded. Bert began to think that this being a 'father figure' business was much more complicated than he supposed. Jason was intently whispering into Alexius' ear with the sissy blushing whispering back. Natalie was very put off. Arms folded beneath her breasts, she pointedly tried to ignore her roomies intimate conversation.

Tapping his whiskey filled glass with an old fashioned manual ice crusher; Bert attempted to get everyone's attention. "Ladies, gentlemen; I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for making this a most memorable Christmas dinner. The bar is open and Merry Christmas."

The assembled applauded Bert's brevity.

-----  
Natalie spent an eternity preparing for bed. Dressed in her sexiest baby doll nightie and with a dab of her most expensive perfume, she slid between the satin sheets and offered a perfunctory good night kiss to Alexius and rolled over with her back to Alexius.

Surprised, Alexius put her arm around Natalie's shoulder. "What's wrong, Nate? Don't you feel good?" asked Alexius.

Sniffing, Natalie blubbered, "You spent all evening talking to that Jason. You didn't even toast me a 'Merry Christmas'. Our first Christmas together and you ignored me."

A large light illuminated Alexius' brain. "Oh Nate, I was so overwhelmed by Jason's attention. I'm so sorry that I ignored you. Please forgive me. After all, Jason left with 'Uncle' Morgan and I am here for you."

Alexius then explored down Natalie's front and into her miniscule panties and encountered the ridged and impenetrable, hard plastic restraint.

"Nate, you didn't release yourself. What's going on?" exclaimed Alexius. Natalie snorted,

"Alex, you are going to have to play with yourself tonight. I have a headache."

-----  
The stream of the shower was drumming off of her shower cap, but Natalie heard Alexius' plaintiff plea, "Can I come in, please?"

Natalie opened the shower door allowing Alex access. Alexius entered the shower dressed only in a shower cap and sporting her morning 'stiffie'. Natalie gave the forlorn Alex a perfunctory good morning kiss and immediately grabbed his penis and started to slowly stroke it. Nate's own cock was painfully trying get erect within its plastic prison. Leaning close to Alex he kissed him hard and worked his tongue into Alex's receptive mouth.

Hugging Alex tightly, but not missing a stroke, Nate whispered, "Go into the bedroom and get my key."

Disengaging from Nate's hand, Alex did a quick twirl under the shower head and dripped his way into the bedroom with his raging hard on leading the way. Returning with Natalie's key, Alex dropped to his knees on the water slick tile floor of the shower and fumbled with the small lock that kept Natalie's surprise hidden away. Finally, the simple locking device sprang open and Alex quickly removed the device from Natalie's privates.

Nate's cock sprang into full glory almost instantly. The bright red head of Nate's cock waved invitingly in front of Alex's nose and Alex's own cock was throbbing incessantly. Starting to rise, Alex felt Nate's hand on his head.

Natalie looked down at the upturned face of her lover and said, "You ignored me last night at dinner. I know that you were overwhelmed by Jason, but that's no excuse. To make amends, I want you to give me one of your very special deep throat BJ's. Also, I want you to keep both hands on my butt while you are doing it. I don't want you wanking yourself while you should be concentrating on your job. Now, get to it Alexius."

Alexius did 'get to it', salivating heavily, Alexius swallowed Natalie's not to formidable penis past her gag reflex and into her throat. With her nose repeatedly nudging the small patch of neatly trimmed hair above the root of Natalie's cock, Alexius felt Natalie's member contract and expand and she pulled her head back so that only half of Natalie's cock was in her mouth and then she came and came.

When she was finally spent, Natalie placed her hand under Alexius' chin and bade her to rise. Nate looked lovingly into Alex's face and saw the remnants of his cum being washed away by the streaming water. He forced his tongue between Alex's inviting lips and tasted his own cum still covering the inside of Alex's mouth. Natalie then returned her hand to her lover's cock and resumed her slow stroke. Feeling Alex's cock about to explode, Natalie dropped to her knee's and took the out of control penis into her mouth and felt the warm salty splash of Alex's discharge hit the roof of her mouth and settle onto her tongue. The boys embraced tightly, their newly revived little peckers fencing while their tongues lapped the remains of their discharges off of each others lips.

-----  
Aloud knock at the door startled Natalie and Alexius out of their intense embrace and Megan's voice was demanding. "I want you two in the kitchen in a half an hour. You will be douched, plugged and dressed for your household duties. After breakfast we are going shopping. There are some very interesting sales in the stores today and we have Bert's super platinum charge card to play with, within reason, of course. After breakfast is taken care of, we will be off."

-----  
Later that morning after the girls had left for nirvana, Bert received a phone call from Morgan Gardener.

"Yes, Morgan. What can I do for you," asked Bert?

A chuckle came over the land line. "I wanted to call you and give you a little inside information," said Morgan.

"What sort of information. Asked Bert?

A short pause and Morgan replied, "About my nephew Jason."

"A fine young man from first impressions," remarked Bert. "But, I fear that he may have created some minor

emotional problems for my 'girls'. "

Morgan did not beat around the bush, "Yes, I noticed Natalie's jealousy and I have to admit that I was caught off guard by how well Jason and Alexius go on. Janet is very concerned about Natalie, how did she seem this morning?"

"No noticeable tension at breakfast, but I gave Megan the cure all for feminine vapors, my credit card and a generous limit," replied Bert.

Morgan laughed and continued, "The main reason that I called is give you a heads up. My manly nephew Jason is gay. Yes sir, the boy is as queer as the proverbial three dollar bill."

A long pause, then Bert replied, "Wow, I would have never guessed from first impressions."

Morgan snorted, "You think that you are surprised, when my sister, the boy's mother told me, I was floored and more than a little distressed. I had to do a lot of hard thinking about Jason. After all, I've known the boy for his entire life and he never demonstrated any of the stereotypical gay lifestyle things that most men believe instantly expose gays."

'Maybe Jason should have tried on a few dresses,' thought Bert irreverently. "Does Jason know that Alexius is a boy," asked Bert?

Another chuckle from Morgan, "You know, I don't think so. Alexius was introduced to Jason by Janet as her daughter, never thinking that any kind of spark would be ignited. I must admit that I they was surprised by Jason's attentiveness to Alexius last night. It could have been overt politeness to Janet, but I think there is more to it than that. I want add, I didn't intend to create any turmoil within your household and will try and call off Jason from further contact with Alexius, if you wish."

Another long pause, "No, don't do that Morgan. I certainly appreciate your concern and can see that you are wrestling with this confused gender business. Taking a deep breath, Bert continued, "If my two little sissies are to proceed on the path they are following, then they will have to deal with all of the emotional baggage young women pile upon themselves."

In a serious tone, Morgan added, "Bert, please do not hesitate to call on my help should you think you may need it in dealing with Jason and your girls."

"Thank you, Morgan. I certainly appreciate your heads up about Jason. But, for the time being, I think I will let events run themselves and wait and see where things go from here. I will keep you informed if any romance buds from this Christmas dinner. Good Bye, for now and thanks again."

Hanging up, Bert began to laugh, 'Gay boy courts straight uncles' girlfriends' sissy boy daughter thinking that the daughter is a girl. Wheels within wheels, I am going to have to be very careful that no one gets hurt and I have no idea where to start.'

-----  
Paging through the Course Catalogue for Lake County Tech, Bert was trying to formulate suggestions for a course of study for the 'girls'. Pondering the multitude of the areas of study that were offered, Bert tried to imagine himself in Nate's and Alex's position and nearly had a brain meltdown.

'If I were a sissy boy in a dress going to a technical school, what would I like to study,' wondered Bert? Choking on that thought and his very unusual ten AM beer, Bert decided to approach the problem from a



more familiar angle.

'If I were to hire a young woman at the office, what would I look for in training or educational background?'

After two more beers, Bert decided that a traditional upgrade of their high school education would probably suffice for most job interviews. After all, most employers were happy if their applicants could read and understand what they had read and would be ecstatic if they could compose a complete sentence. After pondering the 'girls' future course of education, Bert decided that their must be a college football bowl game somewhere on television and his attention would better served by watching it.

-----

Late into the third quarter of the football game that Bert was watching, the trio of shoppers returned. Natalie burst into the bar and asked Bert to help retrieve the bounty from the car.

"There were so many sales," Natalie exclaimed.

Bert's stomach churned at the thought of his Visa bill in February. Going into the garage, Bert was stunned. The GMC Denali SUV was crammed with packages.

"Don't just stand there Bert. Take the packages and bags to the 'girls' room. I just bought a few things for myself and we did buy you something," commanded Megan.

Bert noticed that after the girls initial trip into the 'boys' bedroom from the garage that they had stopped unloading items from the SUV and were studiously re-examining every item that they had brought in. It took Bert nearly a half an hour to unload the vehicle all the while the 'ladies' were discussing their shopping shrewdness or were lamenting their decisions with exaggerated buyer's remorse.

"That's the last of it," declared Bert as he laid the last of the bags and packages upon the 'boys' bed.

Then, Megan rummaged about in her large handbag and retrieved a folded newspaper and handed it to Bert. "See, sweetheart, we didn't forget you." Beaming, Megan handed the newspaper to Bert.

"The Sporting News", thank you, dear," exclaimed Bert. Noting that it was last week's edition, Bert decided to suck it up. After all he had no choice in the matter.

-----

Switching to a more substantial blended Scotch whisky, Bert awaited the inevitable fashion show. The 'girls' showing off their newly acquired finery was becoming derisor as post shopping activity. Mustering a smattering of interest, Bert braced for the inevitable. Even Bert was surprised as his 'wards' presented themselves as well dressed, even haughty young ladies.

Megan came around to the back of the bar and perched upon a stool next to Bert. She was smiling immensely, Cheshire cat manner. "You should be a very proud daddy," she whispered to Bert. "You're girls are almost ready to step out into the world."

Bert merely nodded, wondering if this was a ten or twenty thousand dollar 'almost'.

Alexius and Natalie made their final appearance in very seductive baby doll nighties and came around the back of the bar and sat upon Bert's

knees.

"Uncle Bert, what do you think," asked Natalie?

Bert sighed and replied, "I'm thinking fifteen to twenty from the state and an instant death sentence from Megan. You two are too dangerous for me."

The two 'girls' giggled, and Natalie, being the closest to Megan, leaned over and kissed her full upon the lips. Taken aback, Megan was becoming aroused.

'God help me, I may have to bed these two delectable sissy's,' thought Megan.

Climbing off of Bert's knees, the two 'boys' bid "goodnight to Bert and Megan and returned to their bedroom.

Bert sat on his barstool and just shook his head in mild disbelief.

Megan came over to him and whispered into his ear, "I'm very horny, sailor and you have the only uncased cock in the house." Bert nodded chuckling, "OK, babe. Let's go play house."

-----  
Natalie and Alexius were lying on their stomachs, side by side on their bed, perusing the Lake County Tech course catalogue.

"I think that that you should take beginning welding, sweetest," cooed Natalie into Alex's ear.

Giggling, Alexius, replied, "Should I get a tattoo of an arrow through a heart with 'Natalie' in Gothic script beneath it?"

"Oh yes, but have it put onto your very curvy ass," breathed Natalie.

Alex was running his hand over Natalie's butt crevasse, indenting the filmy panty nylon and playing with stub of the butt plug still embedded in the sissies' rectum.

"Stop that," insisted Natalie. "I don't have a liner in my panties and I don't want to cum in my panties, just yet."

Giggling, Natalie said, "How about 'Basic Diesel Mechanics' for you, my lovely studette?"

Laughing, Alex rolled onto his side facing Nate and embracing the sissy, worked his tongue over his/her face.

Clutching each other tightly, this was part of a nearly nightly routine. Still imprisoned in their plastic restraints the game was to see who could last the longest before one begged the other to release him. Natalie was on top, her hips grinding into Alexius' in a 'dry hump', her little cock was screaming to be released. Alexius had her legs wrapped around Natalie's waist and was humping with abandon; her cock was also demanding more attention. The boys were lost to the world with their plastic penis prisons rubbing through their thin panties against each other.

"Uncle," cried Alexius and Natalie immediately rolled off of her. Both lads bounced out of bed and rushed to their common dresser and retrieved the keys to their restraints from the top drawer.

Bouncing on the balls of her feet, Natalie was impatiently awaiting Alexius' to stop fumbling with her key

and open her penis restraint. Finally, it clicked open and Natalie sank to her knees and pulled down Nate's panties and tried to spear the tiny keyhole of the wiggling lock that kept her playmate from her. With two pairs panties discarded onto the carpet the boys leapt back onto the bed and with practiced agility assumed a sixty nine position and lustily engaged each other's cocks. They left their butt plugs in place; they very much liked the little intruders.

-----  
"I didn't think that you 'liked' girls," matter of factly stated Morgan. Playing with his drink, Jason was disinterestedly watching the light January snow fall.

"Normally, I don't," replied Jason. "At the dinner, I was initially trying just to be politely attentive. But, there was something about Alexius that just commanded my attention. I don't have a clue as to what it was." Tipping his glass towards his uncle, Jason continued, "I salute your powers of observation. So, tell me what is so special about the Mortensen girls that require such special permission about contacting them?"

Leaning back in his chair, Morgan clipped the end of his fifty ring Honduran Maduro Churchill. "This goes no further than this table," said Morgan as he looked his nephew very intently into his eyes. "Alexius and Natalie are boys," smirked Morgan.

Jason's jaw nearly clanged off of the table top.

"No shit," lamely replied Jason.

"That's right, no shit," replied Morgan.

"Never in a million years would I have guessed that the 'girls' were TV's," pattered Jason.

"TV's, what the hell are TV's," demanded Morgan? "You know, transvestites, people that like to dress in the opposite sexes clothing" replied Jason.

Pondering this description, Morgan said, "I think that they are more than just boys parading around in dresses."

Pausing, Jason confronted his uncle, "Morgan, what is Bert's roll in all of this?"

Leaning across the table, Morgan said in a low voice, "You met Megan at the Christmas dinner. There used to be two of them. I mean, Bert had a menage a trios going. Sophia, the one you didn't meet, was Megan's very close girlfriend and she had left for 'greener' pastures sometime in October last."

A leering smile crept across Jason's face, "And?" "Well, apparently Megan and Sophia picked up the two boys in a gay bar over a year ago after some gay-lesbian organization type meeting," continued Morgan.

Confused, Jason asked, "Picked them up in a bar? Why would they do that?"

"I don't know," replied Morgan. "The 'Good Samaritan' syndrome or the hand of God; your guess is as good as mine. Anyway, the boys are the sons of Janet and Rose and when they fell into Bert's household, the mothers agreed to Bert becoming their de facto guardian."

It was Jason's turn to sit back in his chair. "Wow," he said. "So, in order to see Alexius, I have to get Bert's approval?"

Morgan nodded. "A piece of information in your favor," murmured Morgan, "Bert knows that you are gay."

Don't play games with this man, nephew. He can and will chew you up and spit you out. I don't understand why, but, those two sissies are the apple of his eye."

Perplexed, Jason sat upright in his chair and looking at his uncle, "Morgan, you wouldn't happen to have Bert's business phone number, would you?"

"Better yet," smiled Morgan, handing Jason Bert's business card.

-----  
Alex maneuvered the pick up truck into the snow covered driveway and he and Nate jumped out of the truck and made for the front door of the Mortensen residence. The two girly boys were returning from classes at Lake County Tech and were daintily avoiding the drifted snow. Both were dressed in embroidered jeans, sweaters and short, fuzzy very girly jackets. "God, I'm glad that Uncle Bert is addicted to his snow thrower and we don't have to shovel. It's coming down like mad," said Alexius. "It's almost four, we got to get supper started and the placed straightened up before Megan get's home," added Natalie. Throwing their backpacks onto their bed, the girls attacked the remaining breakfast dishes and quickly decided upon a supper menu.

Natalie was taking a cooking course and was lording over Alexius with her six weeks of specialized education. "Natalie, I know how to take things out of the freezer and get them ready for the microwave," snapped Alexius. "OK, Alex, I'm sorry. I'll go check and see if we got any e-mail," replied a very contrite Natalie. Fiddling with the PC in their bedroom, Natalie heard Bert squish his way into the driveway.

"Alex," she shouted, "Uncle Bert's home, please get a beer for him. A German beer, he'll want to be fortified for his hobby."

-----  
Bert stamped his feet in the foyer and called out, "Girls, I need a beer. A good Deutscher lager for manly work. Alex was already on her way from the bar with a bottle of 'Beck's', no glass.

"Sehr gut, leibchen," said Bert, chucking the sissy gently under her chin.

The simple act of bringing her uncle a beer gave Alexius a glow that worked its way down to her painted toes. Blushing uncontrollably, Alexius hurried back to the kitchen and dinner preparations.

Bert had cleared enough of the driveway for Megan to easily maneuver her SUV into the garage without incident.

"I hate winter," Megan exclaimed to no one in particular. "The traffic is a mess and it's so, so messy," she muttered as she took off her coat and laid it on the couch in the living room.

Returning from the bar with a glass of white wine, Megan sat down at the kitchen table and eyed to two busy sissies.

"How was your day?" She asked?

Natalie just smiled and replied, "It was justanother day at school. I never thought that I could enjoy school somuch." Alexius just nodded in agreement.

"You guy's didn't like high school much, did you," asked Megan?

Sighing, Alexius said, "It was lonely, all we had was each other." With that said Alexius reached out and clasped Natalie's hand.

Finally determined to dig, Megan asked, "We're you picked on a lot?"

"No," whispered Natalie in her soft contralto, "we had a protector."

"A protector," exclaimed Megan, "you guy's had a gay boyfriend?"

Wistfully, Alexius leaned against the sink, "There was this guy, a jock I only talked with him once and just for a few seconds. He told me that if Nate and I were ever bothered to let him know and he would take care of it."

"A secret admirer," asked Megan?

"No, nothing like that, he had a younger, geeky, brother following him through school and apparently transferred his protective feelings to all of the underdogs at school," replied Natalie.

"Yah, even in his Junior year, he was the toughest kid in school," volunteered Alexius. "I don't know why, but both of us fell under his protection. Nobody said a mean word to us all through school. But nobody included us in their circles, either."

Remembering how uncomfortable it was for her in high school, Megan replied, "You are very lucky girls, to have a disinterested protector."

Do you know where this guy is now?" Frowning, Natalie said, "I think that he had a scholarship to play football and I think it was to Wisconsin, in Madison, I think."

-----  
"If you don't mind me asking," Questioned Alexius, "how did you meet Uncle Bert?"

Megan related the auto accident story to the girls and they laughed in disbelief. "Miss Sophia was the one who suggested that you guys and Uncle Bert get together," responded an amazed Natalie?

"Oh yes," replied Megan. "Sophia thought that she could tame and emasculate any man. WAS she ever mistaken! The first time we and Bert ever had sex; he had Sophia on her knees with her very cute butt up in air and was taking her doggy style. Most women find that position very humiliating."

Natalie and Alexius looked at each other in near disbelief.

"And while he was pumping away in her pussy, he had me sticking two of my fingers up her rectum and told me to move them like I was walking my fingers over a table top," laughed Megan. "Oh yes, our Uncle Bert is a kinda kinky lover."

"You love him very much, don't you Megan," smiled Alexius? Sighing, Megan took a sip a wine and continued, "He was the first male that I ever had a conversation with that lasted more than three sentences. Secretly, I was very happy that Sophia took

a new lover. I wanted Bert all to myself."

"Alex and I are glad that Miss Sophia moved, too," stated Natalie. "I think that she has a mean streak in her that she was afraid to show with Uncle Bert around."

"You're right Natalie," replied Megan, "Sophia's is a very domineering personality. She made all of the decisions while we lived together in college. I think the only miscalculation she ever made about a person was about Bert. After our first night with Bert, she would have run for the hills but for me. I was entranced with Bert and didn't want to leave."

"Nate and I love Uncle Bert, too," blurted Alexius. "Only differently from the way that you love him. He's really our first real Dad. Our real fathers were beaters. Both of our Mom's got beaten up by our fathers on pretty regular basis. Dr. Henderson tried to explain the reasons to me once, all about sexual insecurity and stuff. All I know is that ever since you and Miss Sophia brought us here, it is the first time in my life that I don't jump when the front door opens and start heading for the back door and escape."

Tears started to flow down Megan's cheeks and she rose to embrace the two sissies in a clutching, teary three way hug. Walking into the kitchen, Bert stopped dead at the entryway. Watching the group hug, all he could think of was that the hormones were raging tonight and that he didn't need to know what was going on and he quietly backed out of the entry.

"Natalie, Alexius please come to bar," shouted Bert.

-----  
Wiping their tears, the two boys hurried to Uncle Bert's inner sanctum. Bert smiled

at the two girly boys standing in front of him sniffing and Raccoon eyed with smudged mascara.

"Girls, I wanted to advise that I am going to have two guests in later this evening. You know one of them, Jason, Morgan's nephew and a friend of Jason's. I wanted you to know so that you would have time to prepare yourselves. I'm sure that Jason requested this meeting to talk about you two. You are NOT invited to sit in on our conversation, but you WILL be available to perform your household duties and I expect you both to be presentable for guests."

Two pairs of eyes widen and the sissies bolted from the bar when Bert waved his dismissal.

Alexius was sitting at the vanity, trying to hide her excitement and not put on too much make-up. The girls had decided upon slightly above the knee skirts, sweaters and hose for a dressy touch. Natalie was anxious, but reassured that Uncle Bert was in control of the MEETING , or whatever with the two men guests.

'Thank God, Uncle Bert vetoed Miss Sophia's maid uniform suggestion, ' thought Alexius. 'I would die if I had to parade around in a short, frilly French Maid's costume.'

"Nate, do you think that those little waist nipper corsets would be appropriate," asked Alex?

"Uhm, good idea Alex, but we will have to hurry," answered Natalie.

Peeling off their pull over sweaters, the boys hurriedly wrapped the corsets around each other's torso and tightened them viciously.

Just as Alexius was pulling her sweater back on, the door bell rang. "They're here," squealed Alexius excitedly and the two sissies made for the front door.

Two well dressed young men were standing on the front stoop when Alexius opened the door. They were bundled against the twenty degree weather and both wore top coats and hats.

"Alexius, I so glad to see you again," said Jason, shaking Alexius' shaking hand.

The men ducked through the door while Alexius closed it behind them and turned to take their hats and coats.

"Alexius, I want to introduce a very good friend of mine, Bob Jackson. Bob, this is Alexius, the girl I was telling you about," continued Jason.

Almost dropping the hats and coats in her arms, Alexius made an attempt at shaking Bob's hand. Natalie arrived on the scene, just in time to assist Alexius with the garments.

"Uncle Bert will see you now," Natalie announced, and she took the hats and coats from Alexius. "Alexius will show you the way to the bar."

Bob's eye's followed Natalie for a moment before he turned and followed Jason and Alexius to the bar, feeling in an oddly nineteenth atmosphere. Entering the bar, Bert was seated on is stool behind the polished Honduran mahogany counter with his single malt Scotch Whiskey drink in front of him.

"Uncle Bert, the gentlemen are here," announced Alexius as the group entered the bar.

"Thank you, Alexius, you may go now," said Bert.

'Nice looking suits,' thought Bert, 'a good touch.' "Welcome to my home, gentlemen. May I offer you a beverage," began Bert.

Jason smiled and offered his hand, "Good to see you again, sir. May I introduce my good friend, Robert Jackson."

After a short go around of hand shaking and mild compliments, Jason asked for a 'Wild Turkey' on the rocks. Bob, normally a wine drinker, looked Bert in the eye and understood that it was whiskey evening for men discussing serious business. Just as the men were starting to touch their glasses for the first toast of the evening, Megan entered the bar.

"I apologize for intruding, gentlemen. I did want to meet Jason's friend in case your discussions ran past my bed time," said Megan.

'Quite an eyeful,' thought Bob. 'This 'Uncle Bert' runs a very attractive household.'

After being introduced to Bob, Megan again apologized for her intrusion and left the room quickly.

The men made small talk for over a period of time. Bert inquiring into their occupations, interests and a mild inquiry into their individual histories.

Refreshing everyone's drink for the second time, Bert decided it was time to discuss the 'boys'.

"Gentlemen, Jason's Uncle Morgan has advised me that you desire to 'escort' my wards, unchaperoned, to

various 'entertainments' of your choosing in the Chicago area," intoned Bert, in his best Victorian manner.

'Wow,' thought Bob, 'Wuthering Heights, or what?'

Jason coughed, knowing that Bert was playing with them, replied, "Sir, my friend Robert and I have only the highest regard for the integrity of your 'nieces'. Our intent is honorable and we pledge not to take any undue advantage of your 'niece's'."

Bob was following this mental fencing with a good of interest and added, "Mr. Mortensen, speaking for myself, I do not have any intention of dishonoring either of your girls."

"Remember your oath, Mr. Jackson," warned Bert, somewhat melodramatically, "I have employee's that would relish righting a perceived act of dishonor."

Smiling, Bob quipped, "Please remind said employee's that I am more comfortable on top."

Bert faced clouded over before he broke out in loud guffaws and smiling at Bob, he added, "I will inform them of your preferences. After dinner, we will discuss your interests."

-----  
"A night cap, gentlemen and we will discuss the ground rules," chuckled Bert.

Capping the whiskey bottle, Bert looked at both young men, "Fellow's, I know that you are both gay and believe me, my 'niece's' are truly gay. There is one thing that I insist upon. That is absolutely no anal sex with them. They can corn hole you to their hearts desire, if that's your thing, but understand me completely, I do not want them violated, willingly or otherwise. I do have the 'said employee's'."

Jason reacted, "Bert, I have discussed Alexius at length with Morgan and I feel that I understand what you are attempting and I am greatly impressed with your efforts. I have also passed this information, in general, along to Bob who also understands the fragility of Natalie and Alexius. Please believe me when I promise that we would do absolutely nothing to harm either of the girls."

Bert leaned back and surveyed the two potential suitors, "You gentlemen have my permission to 'entice' my 'niece's' within the rule of what we have discussed. Remember, they are both quite naive and confused about where they fit into this world, so please be very careful. I think this agreement calls for a night caps night cap." The men then shook hands and made the obligatory toasts on ree further night caps.

Natalie and Alexius were sitting at the kitchen table with Megan sipping caffeine free soft drinks while Bert was interrogating Jason and Bob. Natalie was nervously rotating her bottom on the seat of her chair moving the butt plug around in her rectum, unconsciously hoping for a release. "Stop that," reprimanded Megan. "You should be anxious when you are introduced to Bob. Keep that up young lady and I will confiscate your key for a week."

Alexius looked at Megan, "What can they doing in there?"

Megan snorted, "They're doing what men do best, bullshitting each other and getting drunk. You can't let them out of your sight. Gay or straight, they are men and by definition, idiots."

Just then, Bert appeared at the kitchen entry, "Ladies you have gentlemen callers who wish to say good night."



And I heard that remark, sweetest. You are absolutely correct."

A wind of perfume and skirts passed beneath Bert's nose as Alexius and Natalie rushed towards the bar.

Alexius won the race to bar entry and Jason rose, staggering slightly and wrapped an arm around Alexius' narrow shoulders and looking at Natalie, "Miss Natalie, may I present Robert Jackson. Bob is my very good friend and he has a request to make of both of you."

Rising unsteadily from his bar stool, Bob Jackson elevated himself to his full six feet and taking a deep breath, "Having gained your 'uncle's' approval, Jason and I would like to invite the both of you to dinner and other entertainments in Chicago this coming Saturday night."

Repressing a belch, Bob quickly sat down. Alexius and Natalie were giddy with excitement, this the first 'date' that either one of them had ever been asked on. Natalie nodded dumbly and Alexius joined in with her own nod and the date was set.

Jason staggered once again and asked, "Ladies, could you direct me to the nearest bathroom?"

With directions memorized, Jason fled the bar and consummated his conversation with the porcelain sage.

Bob remained sitting at the bar and asked Natalie, "Sweetheart, would you please call a cab for us. I don't think driving tonight would be appropriate."

Alexius saw Bert leaning in the doorway, smirking.

"What did you do to them, Uncle Bert," whispered Alexius?

Smiling down at the concerned sissy, Bert replied, "They're not whiskey drinkers, sweetheart. Have a good time Saturday, I'm going to bed and annoy Megan and be sure the boys get their cab."

The cab finally arrived and the girls toted the two would be Lotharios to the cab, giving the driver both men's addresses and a fifty dollar bill for fare and bade an unnoticed farewell to their new boyfriends. Still shivering from their exposure to the near zero outside temperature, the girls hastily cleaned the small mess in the bar and made for their bedroom. Both girls opted for long, cotton-wool blend night gowns and didn't remove their penile restraints. After a series of hugs and cuddles, they drifted off to sleep.

Megan was riding Bert's cock in a slow, intensely gratifying motion when Bert contentedly lying on his back, asked, "Sweetheart, how much do you think Saturday is going to cost me?"

END