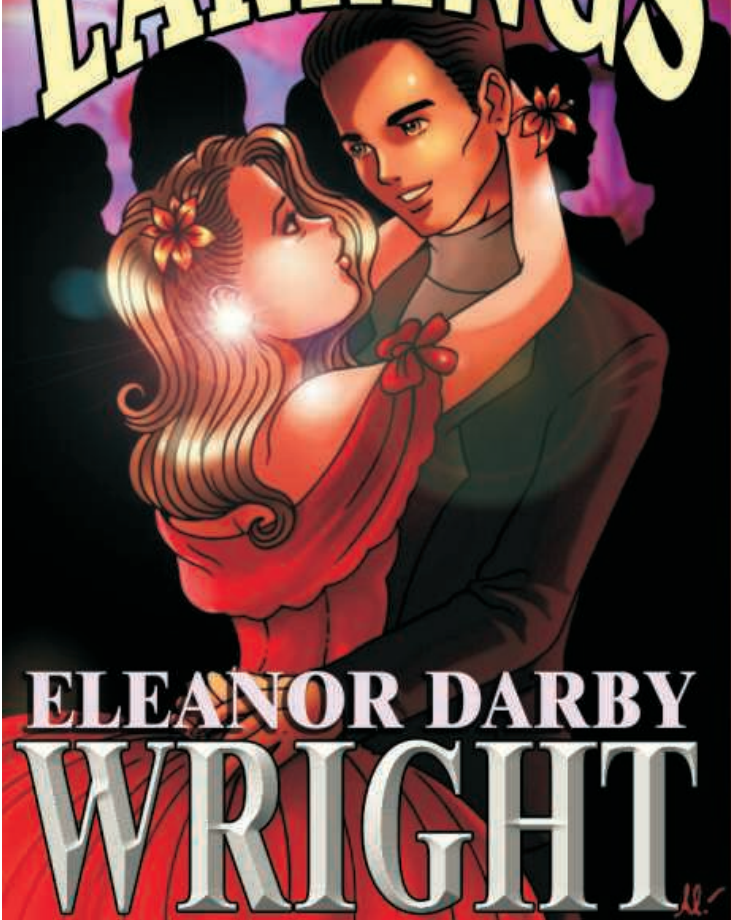


# ALL BECAUSE OF EARRINGS



ELEANOR DARBY  
WRIGHT

Copyright © 2012, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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

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

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# ALL BECAUSE OF EARRINGS

**by Eleanor Darby Wright**

It didn't begin all at once. Even when it was well underway, and everyone was deeply involved, no-one knew where it was going to end.

It was all so innocent at the start. Just a bunch of boys and girls lying together on a grassy hillside, sort of sleeping off lunch and the couple of drinks that most of us had had at the local watering hole. We weren't that used to drinking in the afternoon and some guys had brought a few cases along as well that were quietly being consumed.

So, maybe it was the liquor after all. And the hot sun beating down on everyone from the brilliant,

clear-blue sky. I remember that the air was so warm that we boys took off our jackets, then our shirts and lay back. It was far too tiring for any necking and petting or anything strenuous like that. Still, pairs had got together and were doing gentle things like tickling each other's faces with blades of grass.

"Oh, look at Brian's pretty earrings!" giggled Amy, her long, pointed fingers covering her pert, pretty face.

A few heads bobbed up, some very slowly.

Tracey was just putting her necklace about the sleeping Brian's neck. He already had been painted with her lipstick and her pearl earrings were at his ears.

"Ow!" said Brian, frowning and sitting up abruptly as if he had been stung, clutching at his ear.

"Shush, shush," whispered Tracey. "I just gave you one of my earrings. Let me loosen it off a little."

Brian smiled and pouted his lips for a kiss which Tracey obliged him with, the other girls putting fingers on their lips so that none of us guys could call out and warn Brian what was going on.

I was half awake with Andrea cuddling to me when Shirley waved for Andrea's purse. Robbie was snoring just a little, flat on his back. Shirley was grinning as she took off her earrings.

"Rob doesn't have pierced ears," I murmured to Andrea, in First Year History like me.

"Shush," hissed Andrea. Then she smiled at me. "But you do, David, don't you?"

She took off one of the golden tassels that she had been wearing all day and that I thought must be tantalizing her. She waved to Shirley and got her purse back, taking out studs which she transferred to her ears

where the tassels had come off. Guess who got the long, golden tassels then? If you guessed that it was me, you were right.

Robbie had large golden hoops right through his ears while Ken had flowers at his. The others had all kinds of earrings, Marty looking terrific in Stacey's huge, golden dangles.

Robbie must have had more to drink than the rest of us because he didn't move as Andrea went over to join Shirley and Angela. They worked totally on that boy's face, putting not only lipstick on him but they gently blushed his cheeks, painted his eyes and his face, even powdered him.

Robbie had long hair. Well, we were all students and it was more because we couldn't afford the cost of a haircut that we had pretty unkempt hair more than anything. Well, Robbie's might have been a little longer. Anyway, it looked much nicer when the girls braided it and Robbie had two cute, little braids in ribbons at his neck. Shirley was trying to curl the bangs at his forehead when Robbie shifted and the girls all went quiet as Robbie sat up.

"What the ...?" he began and reached for his ears.

"Don't," said Shirley, kissing him then lightly, taking his hands. "It's just my earrings at your ears."

Robbie yawned. I don't know how he didn't feel the ribbons and braids at his neck. He did see Gordon then and the girls working on his makeup. He began to laugh, his voice so incongruous coming from his little girl's face, and the girls shushed him.

Brian was fast asleep again and Tracey was gesturing to the other girls as to whether to take off her bra or

not. "No," I said to Andrea whose hand was over her mouth as she was trying so hard not to laugh.

My vote didn't count and so Brian, a real sleeping beauty in vivid red lipstick and gorgeously made up eyes, had Tracey's bra, its tabs reset to fit him, about his chest and stuffed with tissues to make the mounds stand up from his pecs of which he was so proud. Served him right for going to sleep bare-chested, I thought.

"Hey! What have you done to my hair?" asked Robbie suddenly and all the girls around him exploded with laughter.

"Oh, don't touch it!" pleaded Shirley. "You're going to ruin it and you look so cute! Andi, can I borrow your makeup mirror for a moment?"

Well, Robbie was a good sport, much better than I would have been in the same situation. Soon, he was laughing with the girls as well. "*I feel pretty, oh so pretty, oh so pretty and witty and why!*" he warbled to the girls who instantly began to sing with him and who finished, "*And I pity any boy who isn't a girl tonight!*"

"We should make up all the boys!" said Tracey then. "Let them know what it's like to have to wear all the stuff that we do on our faces."

"Not me," I said, standing up then, Andrea's tasselled earring swinging about my neck. I went about three paces downhill before I pitched over as someone wrapped their hands about my legs.

I slid a little way further down. Tracey was quite contrite as she asked how I was. I had made quite a thump as the hillside was fairly steep. "I, I'm okay," I said, rubbing my head as I lay with my feet uphill and my head down.

“Oh good,” said Tracey, swinging her foot across me then and she sat on my chest, her open blouse showing her shapely breasts bouncing free as she wasn’t wearing her bra. “Andi! Come and help me. We’ve got a live one here!”

Well, I tried to wriggle her off but she was a tall girl, Tracey Everton, and I was a smaller guy. Then, when Andrea, a trifle concerned, joined her, I had little chance. “Now don’t be a spoilsport, David Evans, as you always are,” said Tracey. “Your boy friend doesn’t join in these socials very often, does he?”

“He’s not my boy friend,” said Andrea with a laugh as she took out a bottle of something and poured it on her hands and then on to me. “I just let him pick me up when we came out the pub.”

It was true but there was a tone to the way that Andrea spoke, sort of like, he’s better than nothing but when I see a more interesting guy, I’m away. That was the story of my life with girls.

“Be still, David,” Andrea said then. “Or this line on your eyes isn’t going to be very straight!”

I didn’t care if it was. But Tracey sat on me as Shirley and Robbie, two astonishingly female heads at first looking over me, came to see how I was. They helped Tracey to hold me down as Andrea worked on my face.

“I think that she’s the prettiest of them all!” said Tracey when Andrea stopped for a moment and then looked down at me in surprise.

“Well, if we did something with that grotty hair,” she said doubtfully.

Andrea didn’t offer me her mirror as I was allowed to sit up. I looked up at the other guys on the hill. It

was an amazing sight. I think all of the other guys must have got a touch of sunstroke or something.

Not only were the girls laughing and having fun making up all the guys but the guys were encouraging them to make them prettier than each other. Frank had a purple bra with white stars about his chest and was submitting to Erica combing and pinning his hair until it looked as if he had a ponytail. Then he put on the purple top that Erica had been wearing, she was in his shirt as Frank looked like he had breasts. Worse, he actually looked like a girl in his jeans and runners and purple top with makeup on his face and a ponytail.

“The winner!” yelled Erica. “E-yuck.” The last came as Frank, the new girl, raised his arms and showed off the hair underneath his arms. Everyone began laughing then, including Frank, with his shapely breasts.

“French girls don’t shave their pits!” Frank yelled at all the other girls and ‘girls’ yelling at him. “So I am Brigitte and I don’t like you smooth-skinned American beauties!” He pouted then, an arm posed like a girl on his hip.

“He means you,” said Tracey then to me with a grin.

“Why don’t we have a beauty contest?” said Andrea then. “We each do what we can to make our boy friends into our girl friends!”

“Yes!” said several of the girls and Robbie as well as I almost died. I didn’t like the way that Andrea was now looking at me.

“What’s the prize for the winner?” asked Tracey, moving in on a smiling Brian who was grinning and probably not knowing how pretty and girlish he was, particularly in Tracey’s black bra.

“They get to drive back the bus back to University Hall,” said one of the girls, Maureen I think it was, a serious girl with glasses increasing that impression of her.

“Free beer from you all for a week,” said Brian, sitting up then and everyone gaped at him, and the pink barette that Tracey had put over his ear to pin back his hair and show off his classy earring.

“Only while you’re still in your lovely bra,” sneered Robbie. Everyone laughed and began adding more conditions.

“So,” said Tracey with a laugh, holding up her hands and everyone quietened down. “It’s a week of free beer and we collect a tenner from everyone, right? Anything left over goes to the girl friend who makes her guy look the prettiest, right?”

I went cold all over as everyone but me agreed. I, of course, was ignored as I usually was. I shuddered and couldn’t object as Tracey said, “Well, that’s unanimous. Now we can’t all be using Andrea’s makeup for this, can we? So, at the bottom of the hill that way,” she pointed over the top of the ridge, “is a pub and an E-zee Mart. I saw it when we brought the bus to the bottom of the hill.” She looked at her watch. “I say seven o’clock. Whose turn is it to drive the bus? Marty? Well, as long as Stacey goes with you! We meet at the bar, the Black Bull, I think it is, and we’ll get some of the locals to be the judges. The prettiest girl is ‘Miss Information!’”

“We can all do anything we want to our boy friends to let us win?” asked Andrea.

There was a lot of calling and noise then. I was one saying that it should just be our faces that were judged.

Everyone was calling out so many different suggestions that Tracey threw her hands in the air.

“All right!” Tracey yelled. “Anything goes! Satisfied?”

“Oh yes!” yelled out over half the girls and one or two boys like Robbie, rolling over as Shirley tickled him and laughed at him and what she was going to do to him. I think that Robbie actually was still quite drunk.

“Anything goes!” yelled Tracey again. “Everyone heading to the store, follow me!”

Which we all did, save for Marty and Stacey who were lying down and necking in earnest. “We’ll catch you guys,” waved Stacey, the feminine face beside her smiling as two girls seemed to be kissing each other in the grass.

Andrea linked her arm through mine. “Now, I’m really glad I let you pick me up today,” she said to me, as I gulped in fear at the look on her face. “We are going to win this thing, Davina my girl, for sure!”

\*\*\*\*\*

There were more shops and stores just around the corner from the bar and store, including several women’s stores, the local woman passing by told us. We came down the public footpath and onto the road that showed us the Black Bull pub and opposite it, the E-zee Mart. Several couples were already heading there eagerly while Andrea and I chatted to the passerby who stopped on her bicycle and looked open-mouthed at me, then at Robbie, his chest tented with Shirley’s bra that he had coaxed from her.

“Why,” the woman asked, “are you ... It’s not some kind of deviate outing, is it?”

Andrea hooted with laughter then and tried to explain that we were university students. We had been on a dig for a few days and this was the last day. We were celebrating and the boys all went to sleep ...

The woman laughed then. “And so now you’re having a contest to see which boy makes the prettiest girl,” the woman said. “My husband was the prettiest in his day and that’s why I married him! Good luck, girls!” she called and I didn’t know who she was calling to. “I’ll stop by at *Anne’s Lingerie* and the dress shop and let them know you are coming!”

She peddled off furiously. “How much money have you got?” asked Andrea then, her arm about me as mine was about her. “How much is on your credit card?”

I swallowed hard. “Let’s not get into this too much, Andrea,” I said to her.

“How much are you spending?” Andrea called to Shirley then who was coming after us, propping up Robbie who wanted to get amorous with her.

“I don’t care,” said Shirley with a grin. “Two, three hundred at least. But my darling girl deserves it!”

“Oh, yes, I do,” chortled Robbie beside her.

In the distance, looking back, I saw other people, the celebrants of the completion of the dig piling down, off the hill, some coming our way and some heading in the other direction to the store or the bar. We were in the lead going towards an invisible village.

The huge trees and bushes hid the crossroads and the houses from our view but when we came up to the

stop sign, there was a proper sidewalk and houses. There was a gas station and beyond that a line of stores with residences above. And everywhere were trees and bushes, little lanes or driveways leading off unexpectedly, the houses behind them disguised.

"There's the dress shop," said Andrea, pointing at the line of shops. I felt my mouth go dry as I saw the sign, *Anne's Lingerie*, at one end of the shops and *Bridal and Everyday Dress Shop* at the other end.

"Oh, yes," said Andrea, beginning to skip down the sidewalk, holding my hand and wanting me to do it as well, I guess. "How would you like to be a bride, Davina? That would make you Miss Information, for sure!"

If you could have seen my face under the makeup that Andrea had put on me, I would have been scarlet with embarrassment and shame at her suggestion.

"Oh, come on, spoilsport!" said Andrea, pouting at me. "Don't be a drag on the party we're going to have!" Then she considered what she had said. "Actually," she said, a dimple on her cheek as she smiled. "You should be a drag, really, shouldn't you? We should make you into a proper drag queen tonight, shouldn't we?"

I protested as Andrea held on to my hand and tugged me into following her across the road and up the steps to the dress shop. There was a bride in a long white dress on a mannequin in the window.

"You could be her," said Andrea with a laugh, pointing to the red-haired model with a white hat and a veil.

"No," I was saying as Andrea pulled me into the shop after her. Oh no, I thought in panic, wishing I

could have gone to the washroom in the gas station and tidied myself up. An older, grey-haired lady was putting dresses onto a movable rack according to sizes.

“Oh, hello, my dears,” she said with a huge smile which I was sure was meant for me and the predicament I was in. “Jane came by and told me I’d be getting some business this afternoon. I suppose that you students don’t want to spend too much and so I’ve been pulling some of my less costly dresses onto this rack, in larger sizes of course. But you, young man,” she said to me as I shivered inside, “you’ll be able to get into tens, I think, which means you can choose anything that you see.”

“See, Davina, darling,” said Andrea, gushing in a way that I had never seen her before. “You can be a bride if you would like to be. Davina can try on the wedding dress in your front window, can’t she?”

The grey-haired woman hesitated then. Thank goodness, I thought. No, of course, she wouldn’t want a bunch of guys trying on all the dresses she had for sale.

“Well, have you shaved?” the proprietor asked me then. “And what do you have on underneath?” She indicated my jeans.

“I don’t think that Davina shaves very often,” said Andrea then with a laugh, her cool hand on my hot face as she stroked my smooth face.

“Oh, I didn’t mean there, my dear,” said the older woman. “I meant all over, legs, body hair, under the arms. And one should wear a long slip, panties and a waist shaper, of course, if you really are serious about wearing the wedding dress.”

Both Andrea and I stared at the older woman in amazement and it was her turn to be a little embarrassed.

“Oh, you weren’t serious,” she said then, her face a little pink. “And here I was thinking that you had done something like this before. He looks so pretty the way that you’ve made him up, doesn’t he, dear?” she went on to Andrea. “He would indeed make a lovely bride.”

The shop bell rang again. Shirley and Robbie almost fell into the shop after us and the woman went to greet them as Andrea pulled me after her. She took a little black dress from a rack beside a mannequin and held it against me. I reeled back.

“Hold still,” commanded Andrea. “Yes, this would look good on you, Davina. But the manager is right. You shouldn’t wear this with hairy armpits and I have seen yours today, you know.”

The manager had shown Shirley and a grinning, playacting Robbie to the rack she had been preparing. She came back, beaming, as she saw the dress that Andrea was holding against my shivering body.

“Oh, that’s such a good choice,” the older woman said to Andrea.

“It might be,” said Andrea doubtfully, “but you were right, Mrs, Mrs, um?”

“Mrs Harvey,” beamed the older woman.

“Yes, Mrs Harvey,” said Andrea. “But this is going to be a contest and I have to show Davina off at her best. I can’t have her appearing in this with hairy armpits and stockings, can I?”

“Oh no, dear, you can’t!” said Mrs Harvey. “Just a moment, if you will, my dear.” She scampered over to

her till as more of our crowd, Gordon, and Frank, who introduced himself to Mrs Harvey as Brigitte, came in with Erica, Angela and some other girls. 'Brigitte' was strutting about in Erica's bra and top, while Ken was in his pretty, flowered earrings, his hair parted down the middle like a girl's.

"Mrs Jenkins in the lingerie shop," said Mrs Harvey, coming over to Andrea then. "She has bathroom showers in the back of her place. Some people go in there in quite a mess and want to try on all kinds of things she has there. She'll help you out with the proper undergarments as well for your Davina. I'll set this black dress aside for you but when you come back, I won't be at all surprised if you don't want to try on the bridal dress!"

"Come on," said Andrea to me then as I felt goose bumps coming out all over me.

"This is going a little too far," I told Andrea as we left the dress shop for the lingerie store.

"Where are they going?" I heard Frank's loud voice asking then as Mrs Harvey went to serve her new customers eagerly.

There were more couples stringing along the little road to the corner. Tracey and Brian were bringing up the rear with packages that they must have bought at the E-zee Mart. Tracey waved to us and Andrea waved back eagerly as she opened the door to the lingerie shop.

Again there was no-one in the store but an older woman. She was much different from Mrs Harvey, however. Her hair was stylish in a long, grey and white pageboy. Her makeup made her look elegant in her black suit. She was slim but had a definite womanly

shape as she gestured to us without a word to the back of her store.

"I do charge for the depilatories that you use and the towels and supplies," Anne Jenkins, as the small brooch on her suit proclaimed her. "An average man will take just one bottle of the rose-scented cream," she said to Andrea, showing her the bottles, "while the very hairy man will need a second. That will make your bill fifty-five dollars. Are you sure you want to do this?"

Andrea hugged my arm and almost bounced into the bathroom. "Of course we do!" she said.

"Did, did, did you hear what she said?" I asked Andrea as she locked the door behind us. "An average man, she said," I went on as Andrea ignored me and started the shower running.

"Well, you're less than average in hair, I think," said Andrea with a laugh, missing out on the incongruity of a woman in a lingerie shop having such showers available and then referring to men as if they used her shop all the time for body hair removal.

Andrea took my jacket and hung it up and then helped me out of my t-shirt. "I don't want to," I began but she flipped the buckle on my jeans and was taking them from me as I just stood there, shivering and feeling so stupid.

"You won't be the only one," Andrea scolded me then. She began to lather me then across my chest and the little hair that I had. My armpits got the same treatment and by then my jeans had hit the floor.

A tap on the door and Anne Jenkins was there. "Your friends say that this is a complete role reversal," Anne said with a smile to Andrea, ignoring the partly

nude me. "Here are some panties for your friend. The gaff ones are meant to be tight and hold everything in. If they don't fit, have your friend sit in cold water for a minute or so, and then they will fit properly. The second pairs are just for you to have nicer panties on the outside then, something frilly, scented like a woman and nice to look at."

"What are we getting into?" I croaked at Andrea as the door closed on us then and I could hear Frank's voice and Tracey's as well, outside. "That woman ..."

"Knows just what we want!" said an excited Andrea. "Oh, do hurry up, Davina. We're at the head of the line and there's lots more girls who want to use this after us." She slathered my legs then with the rose scented stuff as I shivered, standing there in just my underpants.

Andrea took off my shoes and socks for me and looked at my feet critically, putting the cream all over my toes. Then she wanted to see my fingers and my arms. I was covered with the stuff then, all over the backs of my hands and my knuckles.

"Don't you think that girls have to do this as well as you?" asked Andrea as I complained about what I would look like. "Anyway, you'll all be the same after today. Gosh, we'll all be the same, won't we? Don't you feel just the least bit excited about that, babe? You and me, we'll be the same!"

Not likely, I thought, but Andrea seemed so excited. I wanted to get out of that bathroom fast and so I had to get the guck off me. She turned her back, really, as I took off my underpants and slathered myself across my abdomen as she insisted. A lot of the stuff got on my pubic hair and so I got into the shower to get the stuff off me. I needed cloths to get the stuff off, it held

on so much and then, when I started to wipe myself off, the hair that had grown on me came off as well, rolling up in little dark balls.

Andrea didn't keep her back turned as I washed myself in the shower. She got a cloth, peeled back the curtain and helped me. I felt so embarrassed as she wiped down my legs and all the hair there just disappeared. Worse, my pubic hair was coming away in clumps.

"Oh, good," said Andrea. "I hate a man who's all bushy there."

I was flabbergasted as she stroked my tush and praised me on being so smooth. Then, I had to put on the gaff and the panties and did I ever feel foolish as I put them on, my front not bulging at all as it did normally.

Andrea insisted then that I wash my hair and clean the makeup of my face that she and Tracey had put on me. "We can do better," she insisted and turned me to face her.

"Hey!" I called out, jumping back as she splashed the last of the bottle of hair remover on my eyebrows and on the sides of my face.

"Hold still or it's going to look awful!" snapped Andrea. She wrapped my head in a towel then, put a robe from the back of the door about me and shoved me out into the lingerie shop.

Ken grinned at me and, without asking me at all about how terrible it was, took my place in the bathroom, his real girl friend, Linda, going in with him, a robe over her arm and a big smile on her face.

Andrea hustled me to where it said 'Fitting Rooms' as several of the boys and girls awaiting turns in the

bathrooms looked at us with stares, smirks, with interest and with disdain, while I felt like such an idiot.

Anne Jenkins had hangers for my clothes which she handled at arm's length as if they had come out of a pigpen. She had a tape measure about her neck and as soon as the door to the cubicle she had ready for me was closed, she started measuring me.

"Sale or rental?" she asked Andrea again.

"Apart from the cost, is there any diff?" asked Andrea.

"Oh my, yes," said Anne Jenkins with a thin smile, slipping the robe from me so that I stood there, hairless, humiliated, in front of two women in women's panties with a towel about my head and cream on my eyebrows. "Choice for one, perfect fit for another, and then, rental has been made to fit another. But it is much cheaper of course if this is just a passing fancy."

"Is this just a passing fancy, Davina?" asked Andrea then.

"Oh yes," I said with nervous twitches that brought a smile to Anne Jenkins' face.

"Don't leave that depilatory on long," said Anne then. "Otherwise, the changes you are making could be permanent. Did you have a dress on hold at Mrs Harvey's?"

"A black cocktail dress, a ten," said Andrea.

Anne Jenkins looked me over then. "A ten?" she asked. "Oh, I think that we can do much better than that, my dear!"

\*\*\*\*\*

By 'doing better', Anne Jenkins meant putting me in a smaller dress. Well, she succeeded. She succeeded because I could scarcely breathe in the corset that she put on me. I protested when she started with the black thing. She just looked at Andrea and my supposed girl friend berated me again for the bad sport and party-pooper that I was turning out to be.

"We don't have to do this," I protested. "I'm not gay, Andrea."

"Who said that you were?" asked Andrea then. "Do you think all the guys on the dig are gay? You think Tom Johnson is gay?"

Tom Johnson was the young lecturer who had been in charge of the archaeological dig. All the girls thought he was something special and we guys admired him as well as he was very careful around the girls. He was supposed to have a fiancée in another department of the university but Brian, over a drink, once had confided in me that Johnson only told everybody that to keep the girls away. He didn't want to get involved with a student.

"No," I said and Andrea grinned.

"So what do you think is going on in all the other cubicles and out in the main parts of the shops around here?" asked Andrea. "If you stop now, you'll be the only guy not looking like a pretty girl tonight for the wrap-up party at the Black Bull. Then, darling Davina, you will really stand out as a loser and a wimp, afraid of people laughing at you. Well, we won't be if we finish this thing. Winning it or not, we'll be laughing

about it together in the days ahead, all of us, from Tracey to Gordon."

So I caved in. It never occurred to me that the same sort of blackmail was being worked on any number of the guys. I wonder how many of them heard, "Well, if David Evans isn't afraid of appearing in public dressed as a pretty girl, why are you?" I shuddered though and wondered how things had got so out of hand so quickly after just putting on a girl's earrings as I kissed her on a warm summer's day.

"The stockings you have to buy," said Anne Jenkins as she ripped open a package and rolled them up before taking my leg and showing me how to roll the stocking up my smooth leg and then attach it to the dangling garters from the corset I had around me.

"Oh, pretty," said Andrea as the brownish stocking slid over my leg. "Yes, Mrs Harvey was so right. It's much better to put stockings on hairless legs, isn't it? It's so much more feminine!"

"And Davina does have pretty legs," said Anne Jenkins thoughtfully as I felt such pressure at my groin as I attached the second stocking, standing to do it, looking down at what were women's legs to me. There were these mounds on my chest as well. Anne Jenkins had said to Andrea that many women lost breasts and needed prostheses and so the round, padded, pink satin things she put into the breast part of the corset would suit me just as they suited real, breastless women.

I had to wear a black, silky slip and then put on the size six dress, my chest and back bare as the tiny black straps matched and went with the corset straps over my shoulders.

“Oh, very pretty,” murmured Anne Jenkins, looking at me, opening a box of shoes. I should have known that they would be women’s high heels. I sat with the dress about me and felt so silly and so embarrassed. I had to stand and sit. I had to learn not to wobble and how to cross my legs. I had to practice walking and it was so difficult. I felt all the eyes on me as Andrea took me out of the cubicle and allowed George Stevens and two girls who were dressing him to take our places.

All through the lingerie shop were girls in jeans and shirts painting the faces of girls in pretty dresses. Some had their hair arranged and had pretty bows or barettes in their hair. All had to sit daintily, with crossed legs, arms in, or the girls corrected them. I had to sit down and Andrea was joined by Angela and the two began to paint my face again. I hadn’t been able to look in a mirror to see myself.

I felt such a fool, sitting there. I felt such shame for all of us, all of my class and what we were allowing the girls to do to us. We had just been going to have a windup party at the end of the three week dig. That was all. Now look at us all and just because Tracey had put her earrings on Brian and the other girls had thought that was funny. I didn’t think making all of us wear women’s underwear and makeup like women was very funny. The girls were laughing at us all as well and then getting serious when anyone objected. I heard ‘party pooper’ enough times to start getting an inkling into what was being done to us all.

“I have this wig,” said Anne Jenkins then, appearing with a long, mainly blonde pageboy. I didn’t realize that she meant it for me at first but Andrea squealed. “Oh, it’s so perfect for Davina!” she said.

"I think so," said the elegant Anne Jenkins, folding her arms as she looked down on me. "That wedding dress that Nancy Harvey has been trying to sell for a year is a six. I suggested to her that if Davina wins your contest tonight, we should put it up as a prize for her. Otherwise, it will be gift certificates from us both."

"That seems such a marvellous gift," enthused Andrea, painting my lips a pale sort of pink.

"Wait till you all get our bills for services, rentals and purchases," said Anne Jenkins dryly. "And we're all coming to the Black Bull tonight, the whole village, I think. I hope you will have a parade so that we can all see how well our handiwork has been done."

She said that as Andrea put the hair about me and then the women looking at me gasped. "Well, I did think so," said Anne Jenkins.

"What's the matter?" I asked, uncrossing my legs and starting to stand.

"Just a second," said Andrea, then, breaking out of the astonished gape that had stilled her face. "Earrings and a necklace."

"And bracelets," chimed in Angela.

"And the right perfume," said Anne Jenkins.

I shuddered as hooped earrings were put at my ears, the hair on my shoulders, curving under my chin and touching my back so light and feathery and, yes, feminine. I felt that way as I stood, wobbled and took Andrea's hand and she led me to the long mirrors by the door.

Everyone seemed to be looking at me as I went by. "Oh gods," I heard Brian say then but I couldn't see which 'girl' was him. "Do I look like her?"

“No,” I heard Tracey say then as she bent over a red-haired girl in a long, silver evening gown. “You’re much prettier than she is.”

I stood in front of the mirror but it must have been angled as I couldn’t see myself. I moved slowly in the mincing step I was trying to make and so did the pretty, blonde-haired girl in the mirror. I looked behind me to see where she was and then I looked back, only to see Andrea’s hand clutching the girl’s. It hit me in a rush, then, well, a panic more like it, ‘she’, the gorgeous, shapely blonde in the mirror was me, David Evans.

“What, what have you done to me?” I croaked as I shuddered and my dress floated about me, making me so aware of all the feminine finery I was wearing. I smelled a fragrance on me as well, the scent that Anne Jenkins said that she sold to all her first-timers. I shuddered as I thought about the fact that she must mean that there were other men around like me, dressed as women.

Of course there were. I was in a room full of them.

“Davina will need a stole or a coat for that dress,” said Anne Jenkins, her arms folded and coming to smile at last at me in the long mirror. “Are you girls getting transported back to the Black Bull?”

Tracey made the call then and got Marty to bring Stacey and the bus from the bar’s parking lot, where they were waiting, down to the Arden shopping area for us. Then it was a shocked Marty’s turn to be transformed. I shuddered at the look Marty gave me as he came into the lingerie shop.

"I'm not doing that," he said, pointing at Brian then, standing in high heels and towering over the girls but looking like a fashion model anyway.

"Oh, yes, you are," laughed Stacey. "I'm not going to be the only one without a girl friend tonight. My boy friend is not going to be a party-poopers or a wet blanket! It's our party time!"

"But, but who'll drive the bus?" asked Marty, being led to the bathrooms first.

"I can, Tracey can, Jen can," said Stacey while Anne Jenkins went for a clean robe and more bottles of depilatories.

All my money went as did Andrea's on what had been done to me. Both Andrea's and my credit card absorbed the rest at the two stores that we visited and then Andrea bought me a little black jacket to wear over my bare shoulders. I couldn't see spending three hundred dollars on an item I would never wear again. Well, I supposed that Andrea could wear it.

While we waited for Marty to be transformed into Marcia, Andrea had me sit like a girl again, took my hands and gave me the first manicure I had ever had. All the girls had to do it then. Some guys had long enough fingernails to have them shaped and painted. Others like me had to purchase acrylics. Tracey had a few pairs bought at the E-zee Mart and some other girls had them, too. Andrea glued them to me and painted them and so each time I looked at my hands, all I could see were these girlish hands. I felt so odd, so feminine all over and was it any wonder.

Jen was finally the one who backed the bus up to the front of the door.

“Oh God,” I heard a male voice say as the ‘girls’ were lined up in Anne’s Lingerie and I looked down a line at people I didn’t know. They looked at me, their lipsticked mouths open, fidgeting with their dresses and paddings, eyes so vivid and staring, not a few without panic on their faces as there was on mine.

“Everyone back there,” Tracey yelled to the real girls, grinning and laughing at the back of the shop. “You bring all the male clothing with you and put it in the storage area under the bus with our packs from the dig. We can sort it all out later when we get to the Black Bull. Now, everyone has to have a pretty girl to escort in which means some, like Jen and Stacey, will share. All right, Davina,” there were lots of whoops then from the real girls and I felt a shudder and nausea pass through me. “You’re at the front; so you can lead the ladies of History First Year onto the bus.”

Andrea opened the door and there was Nancy Harvey and several other people chatting to her waiting for us, I’m sure.

“Oh Goddess,” said Andrea with a smirk as I moved and a dress moved with me about my legs. A girlish dress moved about me and Nancy Harvey smiled at me and pointed at me, saying something that shocked the other four people watching me lead a parade to the front of the bus.

I didn’t stumble. I probably should have. I shouldn’t have sashayed like a girl as Andrea had been showing me. I just got my foot on the first step of the bus when there was a loud, piercing whistle, the kind that men do, that I have done, when a pretty girl walks by. It came from a young man at the gas station filling his car. He just didn’t do it once. He did it again and the people over there turned and looked at us. They were

smiling. I think I saw some of them laughing then. I got onto the bus quickly and hurried to the seat I normally sat in.

I felt so awful as I sat down and then I had to stand and do it again so that my dress wasn't pulled all out of shape. Me, a man, I was doing girlish things and, all around me, nervously, blonde girls, brunettes, red-haired girls and in-betweens were doing the same thing.

"It ain't so bad," I heard Robbie's voice say then. "We're all in this together, boys, ain't we?"

"Can it, Rob," I heard Lewis Badgett say then. At least, it was Lewis Badgett's voice but it came from a girl who must have been Christina Aguilera's twin sister. "This has all gone too far. Let's just get on back into town and get this all over with."

The tall figure of Brian, it had to be him, he was the tallest of us all, swept into the bus then, his headpiece touching the roof. "Oops!" he said cheerily. "Oh, Louisa," he went on campily, moving his wrist and arm like a girl, well, like a drag queen, I suppose. "You left the front seat for me. Oh, darling, you shouldn't have!"

I stared at Brian as I am sure the what, eighteen other guys on the bus were doing as well. Is that what we were supposed to be doing, I asked myself, and I think the others were thinking that as well? Were we supposed to be putting it on and acting, overacting, as if we were women?

Tracey came bounding up the steps then and touched a grinning Jen on the arm. Other girls began to crowd on, eagerly pressing forward and looking for the right 'girl' to sit next to. "Now, listen up, ladies,"

Tracey said. "Some ground rules, ladies. For one night at the Black Bull, the manager says it's okay, you are not, any of you, to use the men's room. You are all ladies and will be treated that way.

"Now, we have the meeting room on the main floor at the back but we have to go in and out through the main bar. I think Mr Johnson is already there and probably Professor Dunley as well. We'll let Andrea go in and explain our party to him. There'll be dinner served right away and then the room will be cleared for dancing. Now, for goodness sakes, ladies, keep your voices down. You, Roberta, and you, Brittany," she pointed at Brian then which got a laugh, from the real girls at least, "whisper! If you want anything said to everyone, whisper to your escort while you are a lady and she'll tell us all what you want. All right, Jen, you take us up to the Bull and then you get to take Davina into the party."

I couldn't help shivering. Across from me, Marty tried to say something and Stacey shushed him immediately. "No, Marcia," she said. "Whisper, darling, like the girl that you are. What did you want me to ask Kendra?"

Yes, all of our names were feminized. Well, not all, Gordon wasn't Gordona or anything like that. No, he was Marilyn which suited the hair and the makeup he was wearing.

We were at the Bull in a flash and Andrea shot off to do what Tracey wanted her to. Brian, alias Brittany, got up and flounced out of the bus with Tracey there to smile up at him and slip her arm through his.

I looked around in panic. The bus was parked in front where a parking strip had been cleared for it. Beyond, however, the parking lot looked to be full. Even

the bicycle rack was full. Just as Kendra, in her flowered earrings went carefully down the steps in her high heels, I saw cars drawing up. Nancy Harvey and her friends were getting out. Then Anne Jenkins came walking across the lot, a tall man with his arm about her. She was looking up at him and talking most animatedly, pointing so femininely from the arms across her chest at the bus and us.

There was such a lump in my throat as I followed Marcia down the aisle of the bus and Jen stepped in front of me to assist me off the bus.

"Wow," she said, staring at me. "Is it, is it, David Evans? Yes, Davina, that's you, isn't it?"

"Yes," I whispered. Oh, and Jen took me by the arm then, making me put mine under hers as if I was the girl and she was the guy.

"Lean on me a little," whispered Jen then. "That's it, just little steps. One foot right in front of the other. It will make your hips sway just like a girl. Oh, wow, maybe I shouldn't be telling you that, Davina. You look so cute as a girl, you know, that I think I'm blowing the competition for Marcia. Not that she stands a chance beside a cutie like you, anyway."

Jen finished with a laugh. I couldn't. I was terrified as I followed the swaying Marcia and knew that an equally dainty figure, Stephanie, was behind me, on Amy's arm. A tall man, a local, grinned at each of the girls that went by him. He stopped for a moment as I approached and went, "Wow, that's not a guy!"

Jen looked haughtily at the guy as I froze in mid-step. The door closed for a moment and I saw myself and Stephanie, a few yards behind me. Oh, goddess, as Andrea had said, we weren't boys at all! We

had undergone a complete transformation! We were girls, pretty girls. We had gone far too far to win a silly game that we didn't even know we were going to be playing until just that afternoon.

"Just open the door," snarled Jen at the man standing there gawking at us. He did so with a huge grin and even bowed to us as Jen pulled me past him.

"Oh, look!" a woman in the crowded bar said. "Here's two more. Oh, aren't these the prettiest little queens of them all!"

Jen laughed at that. "How come no-one ever says that about me when I enter a bar?" she asked the gaping crowd. I shook all over and had to look down as there were eyes, eyes everywhere on me.

Then, they started applauding and I had to walk on Jen's arm right through the bar, people standing up at tables to get a better look. Anne Jenkins and the man with her smiled at me and Anne said, "Good luck, Davina," to me and then "Good luck, Stephanie," to the couple behind.

Professor Dunley and Assistant Professor Tom Johnson were standing in front of the glass doors to a room beyond. Andrea was talking volubly to them and smiling. The university professors weren't smiling. They looked stunned and nervous. Andrea said something then and pointed to me. I felt a flush steal all over me as I knew the men were looking at me, evaluating me and the way that I looked. Both of them knew me as David Evans. I just wanted to turn around and run for it. But that would mean back through that packed barroom.

I looked down at my black dress swinging out in front at me, at the black, pointed women's shoes at my

feet and yes at my black boobs which were phoney but didn't look like it. Inside the room, the long table was ready and the real girls, all in jeans and shirts, I realized, were standing over pretty girls as they sat down, and were pinning flowers on their dresses.

I shuddered as Jen held my chair for me and reminded me to brush the skirts beneath me and to sit like a girl. "Cross your legs, Davina," Jen reminded me in a whisper as she took my jacket and exposed my chest and the bra straps as well as shoulder straps of the dress I was wearing.

"This is so stupid!" Stephanie, Steven Woodley, said beside me as Amy shushed him, grinned and bent over Stephanie to pin the orchid that was intended for her that night if she did but know it to Stephanie's what. Her bosom? Her chest? Her bust, I suppose was the right answer. It looked very nice there.

"Thanks, Jen," said Andrea then, coming over and taking the corsage from Jen who most reluctantly gave it up. I suppose there were three extra girls in the room and there was an empty seat on the other side of Marcia from Stacey. I tried to smile at Andrea but the smirk on her face was too much. I could only shudder as she undid the box, reached over and pinned my flower right between where my breasts would be if I really was a girl. Then, she bent over and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"I am so proud of you, Davina," she said. "I thought tonight was going to be such a drag with you and it is, isn't it? But this is so much better, isn't it?"

"No," I said in a whisper as she sat down beside me then and put her hand on my lap.

“All right, ladies, everyone,” said Tracey then, moving up to the table and putting her arm about Brittany’s shoulders, stroking them. “Professor Dunley, Professor Johnson, Ralph, Tom, if you could sit here beside Brittany, Tom, and you beside Roberta, down there, Ralph.

“Well, the dig is finally over. Professor Johnson took every relic and sample back to the Primcult lab in the University and it’s now up to the second years, some of us, if we make it,” there was nervous laughter at that, boyish and girlish, and a lot of shushing, which made the girls laugh even more, “to explain to the world what we found and why it was all important. Now is our time to party and to let off a little steam. But before that, there are the formalities. Professor Dunley?”

Professor Ralph Dunley looked about to explode. He looked around the room at the thirty-nine of us students and then lifted a hand in a gesture to the other male-dressed figure in the room to go on.

“Well, ladies and well, ladies,” said Tom Johnson, giving us all a crooked smile. The girls all laughed at that. I couldn’t look at him any more as his eyes swept around the long table. “Each year on these digs, I have been led to believe, the last day party has been a hum-dinger and full of surprises. Well, I think that this year, you have surpassed every other year in the surprise department.”

The girls all laughed and began to clap Professor Johnson. They had to turn to all the other ladies like me, of course, and encourage us to clap as well. I saw many of the girls had sparkling eyes as they looked to where Tom Johnson was speaking from. Well, they all liked him. Any one of them would have gone home

with him if he asked them, I was sure. I turned my head to look at him and the eye contact was there immediately.

Oh, I couldn't look at him. I had looked at him at the door coming in and his eyes had been on me all the time as Dunley had looked at Jen and then at Stephanie and Amy behind us. I shuddered and looked away quickly.

"Now, I will turn it back to you, Tracey," said Tom Johnson pleasantly then. "And we shall all hear how we are to proceed."

Tracey looked to Professor Dunley but he shook his grey, balding head immediately and looked down. Robbie, no, Roberta, had to take his hand then and startle the man as Roberta stroked it and whispered something to him, the earrings at Roberta's ears swinging wildly as she pouted and arched a little like a girl. Dunley's mouth opened and yet he managed to look sick at the same time.

Shirley immediately seized Roberta's hand and slapped it lightly. "Bad girl," I heard her say clearly while Dunley looked fit to be tied.

"You can serve now," said Tracey to a red-haired waitress at the door, who shot away immediately to call on others. "First, dinner," said Tracey, "and Stacey, you're in charge of the dinner music CDs." Tracey pointed to a sound system on the far wall. "Then, we shall clear the banquet table, serve drinks, white wine only for the ladies in dresses." That meant all the boys. No wonder the girls had all gone to jeans for the so-called party. "Our deejay, a regular here, will take over then for the dance and before we leave, we shall invite some of the locals from here to be the judges and present Miss Information with the fabulous prizes the

local stores we supported today have provided us with."

"What about the free beer?" asked Brittany loudly and there was a lot of laughter then, hushed by the girls.

"Who is that?" mocked Tracey then. "Oh, it is Brittany, my date for the evening." She rolled her eyes. "Yes, girls, she has her panties on tonight. I checked." That brought cheers and whoops from several of the girls while Brian, I mean Brittany, seemed to flush even as she looked back defiantly, through coal black eye-lashes that must be false, at the girls around her. "What would ladies want with beer when they could have pretty dresses? No, the prize money tonight will be put towards gift certificates to Nancy Harvey's *Bridal and Everyday Dress Shop* and to Anne Jenkins's *Anne's Lingerie!*"

Just then the door opened and the waitress who had been in the room to start with came in with a man in a cook's hat. The two of them began serving soup right away and though Tracey said something else, I think it was to enjoy the party, I didn't catch it at all. I hoped she'd said that she was only kidding. At least, the winner should be able to treat all his friends to beer to commiserate after this silly, stupid evening, shouldn't they?

Tracey was right about the wine. Our waitress served us with white wine and brought more bottles to the table as the dinner began. "You only eat half of anything in a bowl or on a plate," hissed Andrea at me and I seemed to see every girl at the table receiving that message. I shivered and looked around. And, yes, Tom Johnson was there, staring at me again.

It was only after the meal was done and all the dishes cleared away that the trouble began. I mean, how can you have a dance in which all of us present were dressed like girls? Who was supposed to lead?



Well, the girls in pants and jeans insisted that they lead, which wasn't so bad when Kenny Zee, the deejay, played waltzes and slow stuff to get the party moving. But when he switched to rock and roll, the girls in pants made sure that we girls in dresses had to be the ones who were swung and twirled and our dresses, of course, had to swish about us. We all left no doubt to the bemused professors and the few girls who had no partners that we were all in female underwear as well as dresses.

Well, the girls seemed to be having fun doing that but I saw Stephanie's face and I think that it mirrored mine. Any time now, I was sure one of the boys was going to explode and tell the girls that this was no frigging joke any more. What a relief that would be when we could all tell the girls where to go and get back to being ourselves again. Some of the girls, the real ones, I think, were getting bored with it all as well, just like Brittany and Stephanie. I could see that Jen and Stacey, sharing Marcia, were getting bored of treating us all like women and not being treated that way themselves while Erica looked at the still prancing 'Marilyn' as if he was from another planet.

No, that wasn't the trouble, however. The trouble was the motorcycle club that drove up, having heard like everyone else what was going on at the Black Bull. And they decided to crash the party.

"Oh, this is a private party!" proclaimed Tracey, leaving off jitterbugging with Brittany to head off the men in leather jackets coming into the room.

"But you ain't got any men here," said the tall, young, dark-haired guy who came in with several other grinning guys. "Can't be a party with all girls and no guys!"

"I'm sorry!" said Tracey. "This is our private party!" She went to push the first guy out the door as several more young men came to look in as well.

Andrea had been twirling me like crazy and she put her arm protectively about me but Jen and Shirley then did what I least expected. I thought they were heading to the door to support Tracey but they weren't

"Oh, let them in," said Jen, walking up to one of the taller guys and putting her arms about his shoulders. "I want to dance as well!"

"Yes," said Shirley, going up to a smaller, blonde guy, who winked at her. "I'm tired of dancing with girls. Let's let them all in!"

Tracey tried calling "No!" but the deejay put on some funky music then, laughing away at us all and inviting the guys to come in and grab a girl in a pretty dress, and suddenly we were invaded. In no time, half a dozen girls were dancing with men and then some more men came into the room. The only girls not dancing then were girls like me, disguised boys. If the men who came in knew that, and they did, we learned later, they didn't care at all. Stephanie was whirled off in a man's arms and Roberta followed.

More guys came in and Andrea let me go. Yes, she let me go and walked over to a guy and began dancing. I was scared stiff, certain that these guys were here to insult us university types and pick a fight. I wanted to get away but I couldn't as another guy took me by the arm. "Oh man," he said to me, crushing me against him, even though I pushed on him and shuddered as he grabbed me and swung me, deliberately swishing my skirt around my legs. "Are you ever cute? And you smell so nice! I could dance with you, girl, for the rest of the night!"

Well, he didn't get a chance to as I was whirled and twirled by man after man, all of them seeming to want to dance with me. I felt hysterical and knew how a girl must feel if she were in this situation as many of them must have been in their lives. Within minutes, our private room was full, with more and more guys coming in.

Tracey was arguing with some manager who was just shrugging his shoulders and doing nothing while Brittany was being hugged and, yes, kissed by some tall guy who must have been a basketball player. Brittany didn't look so campy any more. No, she looked downright scared. She was shivering as much as me. Some of the girls, those like me, were heading off to the Ladies' Room just outside, the one that we had been told to use and I knew why.

Stephanie grabbed my arm. "Come, come with me to the bathroom," she whispered, clutching my arm and so we grabbed the purses we were supposed to carry when we went out. Oh, it wasn't as curiously weird as it had been before to walk like a girl in high heels and a dress. All the men we passed tried to paw us and get us to dance with them.

"We have to freshen up," I told one, smiling, shivering inside, shame welling up in me as I knew that at any moment we were going to be discovered and the fight would be on.

I saw Anne Jenkins in the sort of lobby outside our room and she looked furious. She waved to me when she saw me, hand-in-hand with Stephanie heading into the Ladies' Room. The man beside her was frowning and talking into a cellphone as Anne was talking furiously to him.

We went through the door and heard some funny kind of sounds. Our high heels clicked and our dresses rustled as we went the few feet along a narrow wall and suddenly we were in the main part of the Ladies' Room.

I tried to back away immediately but Stephanie had to look. And that enabled the biker nearest to grab me while another moved and lunged at a shrieking Stephanie.

"More meat," laughed the guy with the Fu Manchu moustache, leering at my terrified face. Beyond, I saw a horrible sight. One of the bikers was sitting on the counter of sinks and his pecker was out. He was holding Kendra's head, keeping the hair of her wig over her back, as she was being forced to suck on his growing erection.

"That's it, girl, that's it!" he crooned to Kendra who looked to be in tears as a second man held her arms over her back. He had pushed her dress skirts up over her back and exposed her dark stockings and garter belt. Kendra's panties were pulled down and the grinning, mustached biker's pecker was penetrating Kendra's tush rhythmically, pushing her mouth steadily back and forth on the other guy's manhood.

"Oh, the little ones!" the guy in Kendra's tush yelled. "Bring them over here, Dirk! That cutie in the black dress I've been wanting to frig since I saw her on the floor."

"I got dibs on this one!" called out the blonde guy who was struggling with Stephanie. In even greater horror, I saw that at least two of the stalls were occupied and from one, girlish legs in high heels protruded and there were all kinds of grunts and moans coming from that area.

“A kiss first, darling,” sneered the Fu Manchu at me, slobbering all over my neck as he pulled me to him. “Then we’ll make you into a loving, little girl as well!”

I don’t know what came over me. Stephanie says that I did it deliberately. I’d like to think that I did but I think it was just an accident of the panic I was in. Fu Manchu suddenly contorted in pain in front of me as I pierced his foot, he was just in runners, with my high heel. I did feel something like a crunch as I did it. I heard much later from Tom Johnson that one of the bikers was in hospital with multiple fractures in his foot and he might never walk again. I was glad when I heard that.

I wasn’t glad at the time. I was petrified. Fu Manchu was screaming and my heel was stuck into his foot. I was gasping in terror. I think I was saying, “I’m sorry,” as I pulled my foot out of the bloody mess that his foot was becoming. But I had to jerk my high heel and my stockinged knee came up as Fu pushed on me and I caught him right in his male parts.

The guy being sucked by Kendra started laughing then while the guy holding Kendra tried to grab me. I backed down the passage to the main door and the guy on the counter yelled out, “Get her!” as Fu Manchu slid to the floor, his face in agony as he grabbed his leg and looked at his foot.

I got to the door, thudding my heels on the stone floor and got the door open. The blonde guy who’d grabbed Stephanie came flying after me and grabbed me, right in front of Anne Jenkins while the waitress who had served us was saying, “I told you so,” to the tall man on the cellphone.

"You there," said the tall man as Tom Johnson, Andrea and Tracey came out of the party room where music was blaring out headbanger music. "Stop! I have units on the way here!"

The blonde man sneered at the taller, older man. "Butt out, Jack!" he snarled. "You never get between a man and the tush he's gonna have if you wanna live till tomorrow."

He pulled on me towards the Ladies' Room and I screamed, "Stephanie and Kendra are in there and his friends!" as I tried to hang onto the door. Blondie was snarling at me and then suddenly he wasn't. A fist smacked him in the face and then Tom Johnson was pulling me away from Blondie.

Blondie got up and some of his friends came piling out of our party. The landlord with a heavy truncheon or night stick like the police have joined the fray, swinging about and the men started ducking. Then some local men came rushing from the main bar. I saw Anne Jenkins deliberately trip one of the bikers who tried to run for the exit and suddenly we could all hear the sirens outside and see the flashing blue lights at the smoked glass exit door.

Tom Johnson held me out of the fight that was going on. I saw Tracey beating on someone and then the men who I had seen using Kendra came bursting out of the Ladies' Room. Tom cold-cocked one of them. More came out but there were policemen and policewomen pouring in through the bar.

A very efficient, tall policewoman marched straight into the Ladies' Room and I heard her night stick smack on the wall like a loaded pistol and then the door closed. A policeman opened it, only to be greeted by four bikers, hands on their heads, coming out, yell-

ing, "Don't shoot!" though I didn't see a gun anywhere.

I shivered as they came out but not Fu Manchu. Then I realized that Tom Johnson had his arm about me and he was consoling me, leaning me into him just as if I was a woman. And I was letting him do that. Oh, my senses whirled at that as the moment I realized what he was doing and that I was liking what he was doing, he seemed to realize what he was doing as well. Hastily, he put his hand down and I straightened so that I wasn't leaning against him.

Naturally, Anne Jenkins saw me and she gave me a knowing smile as if she knew just how I had felt. I flushed and shuddered as I saw all the people there, some looking at me and some holding onto the guys who had ruined our party.

The woman policeman came into the hallway. "Are you hurt?" she asked me then.

I shook my head, feeling the blonde wig float about my face and earrings.

"Good," she said as paramedics came in then. "Dave, Laura," she said to the people with the stretcher. "Rape kits on all the girls in here and I want the clothes from the guy on the floor with the busted foot. Manny," she said to one of the cops who was staring at me as if he had never seen a man in a dress before.

"All the guys who came out of here," she indicated the four in a line and turned to me and I pointed out the others. "Bag all their clothes and get forensics on them."

Anne Jenkins grabbed the big man and they came forward then, Anne beckoning to me and so we all entered the Ladies' Room.

"That's her!" screamed Fu Manchu. "That's the bitch who did this to me!"

"Shut up," said the policewoman levelly. "If you open your mouth again, Darryl, I'm going to have you gagged. Understand?"

"Holly," said Anne Jenkins then, looking so elegant in her grey and black dress and high heels. "You do understand the problem here. It requires very delicate handling."

"I understand it very well," said Holly. She indicated the blubbing Kendra who was being consoled by a whispering Marilyn, Roberta, Paulette and Brigitte, no longer Frank putting on his French accent as if he was a woman. "But rape is rape and we do know how to treat these girls privately. I've already talked to Judge Cronin and he'll do the right thing this time and hold all these jokers, like Darryl, without bail for trial."

"These girls," said Anne.

"I know," said Holly, staring at the other woman in the eye. "The word has been put out. Sheriff?" she asked as the older man with Anne nodded.

"No point embarrassing the university," said the man with Anne. "No press on this."

I had to speak then, even though I didn't know how to do it without sounding so silly, a man in dress. "Excuse me," I whispered. "Where is Stephanie?"

"Stephanie?" asked Holly.

"The smallest girl," said Anne Jenkins then in concern. "Auburn hair, in the orange and black dress, very passable. She came in here at the same time as Davina."

I had to shudder then at the use of a female name for me. Holly got onto her intercom then and called all the police officers about the Black Bull. There seemed like a hundred of them with all the calls firing back.

"The bikers didn't all come on bikes," said Tom Johnson from behind me then, making me shiver as I had tried not to be aware of him. He sounded so close, as close as the Sheriff was to Anne Jenkins but the Sheriff had his arm about Anne. "One of them was saying he wished he had come over in the van."

"Got it," said someone after Holly said that. "That's the one, Al. The one that's rocking."

So, Stephanie was rescued but she was the first one whisked off to a hospital or clinic.

"No, I don't need to go to hospital," whispered Kendra when Holly tried to organize the downcast looking feminine figures in front of her. "Nothing happened to me. I just want to get back into my own clothes and back to university. I don't want to party any more."

It was the same story from Brigitte, Marilyn, Paulette and the most subdued Roberta I had seen in days. Strangely enough, Roberta took up her purse and put it on the counter in front of her and began to repair her makeup and the other girls shivered, looked at themselves and began to do the same.

"Each of you has been raped," said Holly.

"No, no," said Roberta then, looking very frightened. "I wasn't raped. Who told you that?"

"Then you must have had consensual sex with at least two men," said Holly while the others of us stared at her aghast. Fu Manchu on the floor began to laugh.

"No, no," began Roberta in terror again.

"Look," said Holly. "We know that we are all men here, aren't we?" She turned and looked at me. "You too?" she asked. I felt so weird and clumsy and silly as I nodded and agreed that I was a man.

"These men," she kicked Fu Manchu in the leg then and he screamed, "have this little racket of attacking transvestite and cross-dresser parties anywhere they occur. They do whatever they please with their victims then, secure in the knowledge that they're never going to be charged with any crime. You are all university educated, I understand. I hope you'll stand up to these men and the poor little drag queens they go to visit next weekend. What you endured is nothing to what some other poor boys have endured for days in confinement with this group of serial rapists."

I'm sure that we all turned white beneath our makeup then. "I can't testify in court," said Brigitte then and the other 'girls' all nodded as well. "I can't!"

"It might not come to that," said Holly brightly. "I'm going to arrange for rides over to the clinic for all you girls," there she said it again just like that, "and I am going to come over myself. Laura and I will do the forensics on you and we'll see after that about the trials. Maybe Darryl here will just want to confess and spare you girls the trial, particularly after he got beaten up by a girl. Imagine what life is going to be like for Darryl in jail this time around."

The expression on Darryl's face was awful and very satisfying. He looked so scared. "I need you as well,"

said Holly to me, "to make statements for the record. Can you do that, Sheriff, while I get all the forensic work with the girls and this place squared away?"

"I'll do that," said the tall man with his arm still about Anne Jenkins. "Then this girl can get back to her party. I think Anne really is looking forward to the presentations which she is certain this beautiful girl is going to win!"

I stepped back in consternation, right into Tom Johnson. "I, I think the party is over," I whispered then. The music had stopped and Holly was going to the door and bringing in the paramedics. They scowled at the man on the floor and looked with interest at the girls prettying themselves in the mirror.

"How did that one get Stephanie out of here?" I asked, moving away from Tom to speak to Gordon, Frank, Ken and Paul, though they looked so different from the way that I knew them. Despite their ordeal, all looked more vivid and colorful as they pouted their lips and made them so girlish again.

"There's a crash bar, emergency exit past the last stall," said Marilyn breathily, as if she was still Marilyn and not Gordon, the geeky guy who was interested in all things about the French Revolution. "Slash and Torpedo went out that way but the others knew they were caught and gave up even before the police came in."

"Let's all get out of here," said Tom Johnson nervously. So we girls picked up our purses and clicked like typewriters as we came out of the bathroom right into a huge crowd of our girls and the locals who were waiting for us. The applause and the clapping and the shouts and whistles were stunning. I shuddered all over as women and men came up to me and hugged me and said that they were so sorry such a thing

should happen in their village of Arden. So, blushing and shaking, feeling so humiliated and yet buoyed a little with all the clear good wishes, we went back into the party room to find that we had been invaded again.

The disc jockey was gone and an older man was choosing different music and the locals wanted us to continue with our party. The manager laid his night stick on the table and asked Brittany to start the dance with him. Brian, Brittany, didn't know what to do, particularly as another guy asked Tracey to dance and several local couples began to dance as well.

"Oh, god," I heard. Kendra was trembling in the arms of a really good-looking boy who had come in with his arms about two heavily made-up real girls, or so I supposed at the time.

"Let's just take a quick twirl," I heard the sheriff who was supposed to be deposing me say and he and Anne Jenkins whirled off on the dance floor. I think all of the girls, real and not-so-real, were then asked to dance and I felt an arm tighten about me.

"Can't let the prettiest girl in the room stand here all alone," said Professor Tom Johnson. I was swept out to dance as well, my arms on Tom's shoulders, my dress swirling as he made me go backwards like a woman. I held on so that I wouldn't make a fool of myself while the weirdest of feelings kept passing through me. I shuddered as I realized how much I liked dancing closely with Tom Johnson, he smiling crookedly at me.

"I feel all weird as well," he said quietly. "But I do wish you would smile. I've never danced before with a girl who didn't like me enough to smile at me."

"Oh," I blushed. "But I'm not a girl."

“When you’re in my arms like this,” whispered a smiling Tom Johnson at me, “in a lovely dress, stockings and the other things you have on, Davina, you are definitely a girl to me. So, please, smile.”

I was so flustered. I swirled on the floor, in and out of smiling girls, even Kendra, recovering obviously. Holly was standing in the doorway, looking most impatiently at us all. One piece of music extended into another and I looked at Tom who smiled at me and kept on dancing with me. I managed a smile.

“See,” Professor Tom Johnson said to me. “I knew Davina was really a girl.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Well, it looks like we are going to have the parade and the presentation after all,” said Tracey and the whole place began to cheer, the locals more loudly than Andrea, Shirley and the other real girls.

“Good luck,” said Tom Johnson to me, having danced with me again, rescuing me from a string of local men who seemed to think that I was some kind of glamor girl. I shivered and shuddered as I linked up with Andrea and the deejay played what he called ‘rollicking’ music for us to parade to.

I don’t know how Kendra was able to stand it, having been pulled out of the room to be examined by a medical team that Holly had brought in. They had interviewed all the girls in the Ladies’ Room and the best news of all was when a loud roar from outside just before Tracey declared the parade on again announced that Stephanie had returned.

Stephanie didn't want to take part in the parade. I noticed that it was Professor Dunley who was there and basically in charge of Stephanie. When Amy tried to persuade her, Dunley waved her away with a big frown. It was a pity because she looked really pretty with her hair re-done and pinned back behind her ears. Someone had done her makeup again completely and she didn't look so slutty with thick eye makeup as she had in Amy's hands.

Only when I was paraded by her did I see that Dunley had his hand on her shoulder while Stephanie had her arm about him as they watched the parade. Stephanie even smiled at me and mouthed 'Luck' to me in the plum-colored lipstick that she was also wearing. She did look so cute and I have to say, so feminine, that she must have won. She got a huge round of applause when she came to the front of the room and Anne Jenkins and Nancy Harvey gave her the gift certificates that they had for all of us.

"For you or your girl friend," Anne had said to Paulette who had been most embarrassed, or so she said, to have a gift certificate for the next time she was in drag. Nancy said almost the same thing as they called up each of us girls one at a time and suddenly it was down to just three of us. Then, Brigitte was called, Marilyn and I stood there as Andrea hugged me and I was named the first 'Miss Information'.

"And you have to come back next year," said Nancy Harvey, putting a tiara of all things in my hair, pinning it safely on one side as Anne Jenkins did the other. "And crown the second Miss Information. And here is the dress we want to see you in then, Davina."

Then two old lady friends of Nancy's came in with the bridal dress on a mannequin and on rollers. Oh

how the crowd was cheering and applauding and I was given the dress. Anne Jenkins procured the veil and put it over my hair and everyone was smiling and cheering and, I was sure, laughing at me, as I stood there, cameras firing off everywhere. I tried to be a good sport and smile in the makeup sash about me, my 'crown', the tiara, and the gift envelopes instead of flowers. Then, the proprietor, in other words the owner of the bar, came in with flowers then to present to me from his staff and him.

I had to smile and hold flowers then as the owner kissed my cheek and then Andrea did the same and so did Nancy Harvey. I think all of the girls in our History group wanted to kiss me and have their photographs taken with me. We had to have pictures of all the contestants and Brittany had to rush forward, barely able to move in the long, tight evening gown and kiss me gently on the lips just like all the other real girls had done.

"More, more!" chanted some of the others. Brigitte was pushed forward, and Roberta, and so I got to kiss everyone in the group, my insides churning, and then the locals wanted part of the action. I had my picture taken with a hundred people or more, the men all putting their arms about me, hugging me, kissing my cheek while their wives looked on and egged them on.

I got so many compliments. "It should have been Stephanie," I said to Andrea who came and 'squired' me through the other parts of the pub where everyone applauded as I walked in.

"Oh, she would never have been able to stand up to all this adulation," laughed Andrea, holding on to me and leading me from room to room to show me off to everyone in the pub. "Anyway, she's gone now with

Ralph Dunley and Tom Johnson in Ralph's car. She had a pretty rough night, we heard. But you put one of the other guys in hospital! And with a high heel!"

What was Andrea doing, referring to Stephanie as 'she', all the time. We had all been good sports but it was all over. Only it wasn't as the waitress, Barbara, was there to direct us into another bar where they wanted to see me, Miss Information, and tell me how sorry they were for the idiots who had crashed our private party. So many said that we should be allowed to do whatever we wanted in the privacy of our own rented rooms. That made me shiver as I had to think that they had missed the point. We weren't some cross-dresser group that had to have their civil rights protected. This was all a joke of our girl friends and classmates that had got out of hand, wasn't it?

It was so humiliating and shaming but the people there wouldn't let it be. They wouldn't say an unkind word. They wouldn't allow us to say anything about it being a joke. They complimented all of us girls, cheering Brittany when she came to fetch me from the Snug where a bunch of old men had the nerve to ask me to kiss them on their bald heads and put on more lipstick when I didn't leave a large enough mark.

Marilyn joined me with Alison, Brigitte and Kendra, all of whom I couldn't believe, as they had no qualms about kissing the old men, sitting in their laps and letting their pictures be taken kissing the old goats on the cheek. In Brittany's case, that meant putting her arms about the old men in a big show and giving them all great big kisses on the lips which had them all demanding more. She had quite a lineup on the floor after that for the end of the dance which Andrea and I had to start off.

Then, everyone who hadn't danced with me and tried to make me feel like a girl had to dance with me. I mean, it was so exciting in one way. I had never been such a center of attention before, as anything. I had never won medals or even performed in public with a school band. Now, I was a beauty queen! Well, I felt like that with my sash, my tiara, my swishy dress, my veil down my back, my flowers and prizes, as soon as I came back to the main room where my new bridal dress was on display.



I don't remember much of that but I know that I felt like a girl. After Andrea, I don't think that I danced with any girls again. It was just one man after another, all wanting to tell me how cute, how pretty, how lovely, how glamorous, how beautiful, how gorgeous, how dainty, how delicate, how delightful I was as a girl. And I was supposed to say thank you and smile at such compliments. Well, I did and I let my nervous reactions all go away as I was whirled around the dance floor so many times and complimented so much on what a good dancer I was as a woman.

"And the last dance is for lovers," announced the old deejay just as Tom Johnson who was supposed to be gone with Dunley and Stephanie grabbed my arm.

"Weren't you gone?" I asked him stupidly as the music and the lights really slowed and dimmed.

"I'm so glad you noticed," said Tom with a grin and I felt the heat rise inside me then as Tom took my arm and put it about his neck and then did the same with my other one. "Every dance has to end like this," Tom said with that funny grin, pressing me against him and slowing our moving to a sway of my skirts about him. "Look at all your friends enjoying their last moments as girls."

And they were. Brittany had found a tall guy and was as tightly wrapped in his arms as I was in Tom's. Then the last note drew out and Brittany and the tall guy were kissing for real! "It's a tradition here at the Black Bull," whispered Tom in my ear then. "The last dance is the first kiss they say here!"

I looked up at him in alarm and he kissed me, right on my lips and held me tight. I suppose I should have said, "Ow, no, gross, don't touch me!" I should have stepped on his foot as I had the Fu Manchu biker. But I

didn't do any of those things because I really liked kissing Tom Johnson. He was such a good kisser. He didn't slobber on me or start doing any crazy things. He just put his lips on mine and, when I moved a little, he moved his lips as well, keeping the pressure on me. He seemed to be enjoying kissing me just as much as I was enjoying kissing him.

Well, sanity prevailed as there was a huge 'Whoopie!' from somewhere in the room and we all broke apart, our arms about our boy friends and looking at them very nervously.

Anne Jenkins was smiling as she turned from the Sheriff and caught my arm as I shook in disbelief at what I had just been doing with Tom. He looked pretty stunned as well. "You have to talk to Arthur about what happened earlier tonight. Come on, Arthur," said Anne reasonably to the man who clearly wanted to smooch with her again. "Take Davina's statement and then get it over to Holly and Judge Cronin. Then, yes, you can come on over."

I meekly followed Arthur, the Sheriff, who sighed and led me into the manager's office, several women looking after us and making suggestive remarks to Arthur about where he was going with me.

"I'll be telling Anne on you," said one middle-aged woman, sparkling with diamond necklaces and earrings.

"It's police business," said Arthur testily, showing me into the office as if I was a girl. "Anne just reminded me that I have to get Davina's statement in writing!"

Arthur was really slow at writing down what I had said about the men in the Ladies' Room. I didn't lie. In

writing, though, it looked so horrible. What had Marilyn and Brigitte been doing in the bathrooms? I hadn't heard any screams. Even Kendra hadn't made any real protests when Stephanie and I had gone in. Maybe I had got it all wrong, I thought in consternation, as I read over the document. About the only thing that I could be sure of was that I had injured Fu Manchu to prevent him from grabbing me and treating me as the other girls were being treated.

"Did, did the other girls say that they were raped?" I asked the Sheriff and he looked at me in surprise.

"I think so," he said. He frowned by what he saw on-line. He called Holly then and they began to talk. "They say it was consensual?" he gasped. "I don't believe it. I've got Davina's statement here." He read it over the phone to her. There was a long pause then. "She said that she was enjoying taking two men at a time!" he screamed down the phone. "No, we've definitely got them on charges with the little girl, Stephanie. Don't let them talk to the girls at all.

"Look, I'm coming over and I am going to offer them the best deal that they're going to get, while the girls are in shock. Yes, that's the way I'm putting it to them. Hang tight, Holly. It's time the Sheriff of Shakespeare County did the work that he should have been doing from the start. Yes, you know Anne. She's been trying to boot me out of this dance all night long. Should have listened to her. She's always got good advice."

We finally got out of the office and went through the deserted bar. The waitress who had served us so well earlier was talking to Anne who nodded. "Well, I'll take her to my house," she said. "I've used the sofa before."

“What’s up?” asked Arthur. “Where’s the bus that was out front?”

“Gone back to the university,” said Anne Jenkins. “I was just asking Barbara if she has room at her bed and breakfast and she doesn’t. Your young man,” she said to me, “had to go. It was why he came back, something about having the only key to put the bus away after it’s parked. The girls all wanted to get back as well but your ladies, Davina, wanted to wait for you, no matter how long it took.”

“But it’s only two o’clock!” said the Sheriff.

“Two thirty,” said Anne Jenkins with a smile. She looked at me, in my pageant finery, clutching my women’s purse. “What a night, Davina! One you’ll always remember, I think.”

Well, I would that. “My clothes were on the bus,” I murmured, my heart sinking as I realized that I was stranded and worse, I was stranded as a girl.

“Yes,” said Anne Jenkins. “Your young man left me money to get you a room at Barb Quincy’s but she’s let them all out tonight, wonder of wonders. She’s empty tomorrow but not tonight. Well, you can come home with me, Davina. I only have one bedroom but I do have a big bed if you want to share and a couch which is very comfy if you don’t. I sleep on it all the time.”

“But what about me?” asked Arthur testily. “I’m coming over when this is finished.”

“Of course you are, darling,” said Anne Jenkins, getting up and putting her hand on Arthur’s tie, pulling his head down until she could kiss him most tenderly. Arthur wasn’t tender and he wanted a lot more than Anne gave him.

"You go and do that, Arthur," she said, "but, at this time of night, Davina stays with me and, if you don't like it, you can go home to your wife."

"No," said Arthur, glaring at Anne as she patted his chest and his cheek.

"That's a good little boy," said Anne. "I'll join you on the couch after we get Davina to bed and asleep. She's a big girl and won't mind what we get up to!"

"I should get a cab and ride back to the university," I said to Anne as Arthur clumped away and we went out into the chilly air, my legs and my chest feeling so bare. It was like being out with no clothing on at all.

"You don't want to do that," said Anne. "You arriving as you are and trying to get into the dorm as you are." She laughed and I felt even more chilled all over. "I called your young man and he said it was a riot going back on the bus. What the girls and boys were saying to each other and the names they were calling each other was something to overhear, I guess. I gather that Tracey, that was the bossy girl, wasn't it, and the tall boyish girl, Brittany?"

"Brian," I said with a shiver and Anne smiled over the top of her car as she let me in. I had to sit down backwards and lift my legs in, in front of me, my stockings so smooth and sparkly in the strange, evening lights they had in the country.

"I think that Brittany and Tracey almost came to blows," said Anne. "And those girls have to get their dresses back to the stores by eleven," she said with another grin. "Actually, Tom is going to round up all the clothing and panties, stockings, jewellery, shoes and what have you, and bring it back to us tomorrow. I bet there will be a lot of yelling, cursing and putdowns all

over your school tomorrow when the hangovers start. Those girls like Kendra and Marilyn aren't going to look so good in the cold light of day."

"Did you ask Mr Johnson to bring me my real clothes?" I asked in a panic as we just zipped around the corner and there we were, parking at the back of *Anne's Lingerie*, not a light showing anywhere in the village.

"Mr Johnson?" laughed Anne Jenkins. "Now, don't be that formal with me, Davina, after what I saw on the dance floor for last dance!"

I was so glad that she couldn't see how I was shaking and coloring in embarrassment as I thought of what she must have seen. My high heels clacked on the wooden steps that led to her store and she opened the door and took me in, past the locked door to the store and up into a small, cozy, little flat that definitely was a woman's.

"Now," said Anne Jenkins. "You have no clothes, Davina, do you?" I had to nod to that as I finally took off the sash and the tiara and put them on the little table in what must be a breakfast nook. My flowers were long gone in the manager's office at the Black Bull.

"I don't," I said uneasily.

"You will kick up a fuss at my suggestion but you will see the sense in the end," said Anne then with a little smile as she dimmed the light she had put on. "You can't crease that dress of Nancy's, not too badly, anyway. And you're wearing all the stuff that you rented from me. Well, I want you to take a quick shower to get some of the guck off you, Davina. All of us women have to do it, and I'll show you how, but then, then I want you to put on a nightie tonight to sleep in. No,

I'm not trying to challenge you; so take that look off your face. I just want to keep my bedclothes clean and sweet-smelling and really, Davina, it won't hurt you for one night to sleep in a nightdress and panties."

Anne turned on the light in the bathroom and opened up a jar of makeup remover. She put it on her own face and looked like a gargoyle for a few moments as she rubbed reds and blacks together and then she took damp tissues and began to clear her face. Her eyebrows were still thin and dark while her eyelashes were dark and full.

"These are tattooed on," she said to me, batting her eyelashes. "Oh, your hair!" She went into her little bedroom then and came back with two plastic heads, one empty and the other, a streaky, short, brown and blonde page boy.

"You can sleep in this, Davina," said Anne with a lovely smile. Even removing her heavy, attractive makeup didn't change her elegance and femininity at all. "Unless you think your ordinary hair is pretty enough for the nightie. It's exactly the same as the one I'm going to be wearing."

Somehow, not only white panties but a clean white bra and clean inserts also appeared in the bathroom. Oops, Anne ran a bath and filled it with scented bath salts, but I wouldn't mind, right? Oh, Anne, I knew I was being manipulated. I'm sure she must have had pyjamas somewhere in her store but they weren't offered to me. Besides, I still had the golden glow in my mind. I was still the center of attention. I was the queen of the party and everyone wanted to hug and kiss me. I slipped out of my bra and panties, taking off the stockings from the garters that were so enervating for a boy like me.

I took off my waist-cinch, bodyshaper, corset, whatever it was called and then I took off my hair. I looked so ridiculous in just my earrings and necklace. I washed my face with makeup remover. I used the liquid pads to get the mascara from my eyelashes and the eyeliner from my eyes. I don't think I did a very good job as I still had darkly outlined eyes in the morning.

But that was long away. Anne called to me not to run off the bathwater. As soon as I was in my new bra and panties and the nightie, Anne came in, stripped off, showing me her firm, little breasts and rounded, tight tush. She took off her panties, smiling at me as I looked at her vagina and she got into the same bath water that I had used.

"Oh, it's so nice to have a girl in the place," said Anne from the bath. "It's men I usually have here."

"Like Arthur?" I asked her unsteadily. "Is he divorced or ...?"

"Oh no," said Anne with a smile. "His wife just doesn't like sex very much. Well, she doesn't like sex with Arthur much. No imagination, if you ask me, and so when he's starting to get frisky, as Flora calls it, she sends him round to me. She knows that I never say 'No' to any of the husbands in the village."

I felt a little sick but there was a stirring in my groin. Well, I was a young, fairly randy guy even if I wasn't dressed like one. "What, what a r-reputation to have!" I said.

"Yes," agreed Anne, standing up, all nude and womanly, dark hair at the crack between her thighs unlike the silvery grey hair that retained its pageboy shape as she began to dry herself. "Of course, having two men in here, and Mrs Downes has her telescope to

see whom I bring in each night, I'll be the talk of the village tomorrow. I might even make people forget the party you were at and the fact that you were voted the prettiest girl and rightfully so."

Yes, she brushed by me and stroked me, this older, shapely woman. "I think, Anne," I told her unsteadily as I dried my hair. "I think that you are trying to seduce me."

"Not just trying," murmured Anne Jenkins then. "Succeeding, I hope."

She kissed me, her soft breasts right against me in the thin, frilly nightie, and I kissed her back. Well, it had been a long time since I had made love to a woman, any woman. I flipped away the towel and put my arms about Anne.

"Oh, put on the sleep wig, darling," said Anne to me. "I used to so love making love to girls at one time. Now, I don't get the opportunity very often."

A lesbian? The thought ran through my head as I did as I was told. My trembling fingers put the sleep wig on my head. Anne, in a nightie the twin to mine, was hugging me and inviting me to share her bed. So, I let her take my hand and lead me into her bedroom and the open bed. The nightie was the worst part of it all as it swirled about my bare legs, just the touch of it reminding me what I had endured for the whole day.

Anne was smiling as she showed me how to get into bed and keep the nightie about me. It basically meant sitting first and then moving my legs in a lady-like fashion. Anne turned off the light then and I felt her smooth legs and her thin nightie about her. She touched my shoulder and I moved to her and we kissed.

It wasn't the same shattering type of kiss that I had received from Tom Johnson. Well, he was a man and so no wonder I had been so disturbed, I thought. But kissing Anne Jenkins was nice. She might have been an older woman but she was nice and firm, from her lips to her breasts that pushed against the padded bra that I had slipped on simply because she had put it there for me. Obviously, she wanted the illusion that I was some kind of female. Well, a lesbian would, and even though I felt kind of silly, geez, I was going to get laid, wasn't I?

I put my arms tentatively about Anne and she moved into me, putting my hands to her breasts as she kissed me most passionately. I tweaked her hard nipples and she closed her legs over mine. It was amazing how erotic that was to have our bare, smooth legs caressing one another with just the slimmest of nighties between us.

Anne was the first to lift my nightie up, her soft hands caressing my legs and I could feel my manhood inside the stiffish panties she had had me wear springing to attention. Anne wanted to take my panties down and I didn't mind at all. I lifted her nightie and she groaned with pleasure as she directed my hands to caressing her legs as she rolled feverishly back and forth against me.

She let me kiss her breasts which were round and smooth, sort of soft but hardened by my fondling and caressing. Then I kissed her and she threw back her head and murmured, "Oh yes! Oh yes!" She slipped the nightie over her shoulders and down her body and so I had a naked woman in bed with me.

Anne took my engorged manhood in her hand and held it a little from her womanhood, squeezing me and

making me spurt a little on her and then she put my manhood against her. Now, I've only made love to a few girls and some of them were really freaky when I entered them. Well, when you're the first, I guess that they're all tight. I was sort of expecting with Anne, though, that it would be like it was with Penny Williams, the girl all the other girls called a slut. Penny would sleep with anyone. She slept with me and going into her was so easy and she was so intense and excited when we did it. It was every boy's dream about what sex should be like.

With Anne, it was like having sex with one of the scared virgins, as I thought of them, whom I had made love with after school parties. Anne was so small and so tight and I don't think I was totally into her. Then I thought that she must be wearing some kind of female condom or UDI. I tried to cop a feel but she wouldn't let me. She rolled on her back and I was on top as she encouraged me to ride and ride her. Her legs went about me and her little tush and her pussy were gyrating. It didn't take me long and I was flooding her and she was moaning and muttering, "Oh yes, yes!" again and again, pulling my face down into hers to kiss and kiss her as I gushed all over her and myself.

Then, as our passion eased, yes, I was pretty much aroused as well as was Anne, I tried to pull out of her as well and I got stuck. Yes, I got stuck inside Anne. And the funniest thing was that when I told her, she just laughed and hung onto me.

"Well, you'll have to do me again then, won't you?" she whispered archly to me, gently stroking the bra straps of the padded bra against me. She began to wiggle and writhe against me and my erection grew again. I had to adjust myself then as it didn't feel like any-

thing I had felt before. I didn't seem to be bending inside her as I had with Penny Williams. I seemed to be wriggling myself against a rigidly hard passageway wall that was blocking me from going deeper.

But Anne kissed me so much and her breasts were so pleasurable to kiss that I was quite able to grow in the tight space that I had. She seemed to love it and when I came, she seemed to orgasm as well, wiggling about all over the place and telling me how much she loved what I was doing to her.

Well, I had been stuck before but then as we wrestled together, something happened. Anne said, "Oops! Oh, hold on a moment, Davina!" but I couldn't. I pulled back and I got the greatest shock of my life as I pulled Anne's vagina right off her. It was stuck to me.

Anne turned away and strings trailed across her thighs as she put on the light and when I looked down at her, there was this penis, rising just as mine had been and male testicles between her legs. She was groaning as she massaged them and then she smiled at me.

"You, you're a man!" I screamed at her. Anne put her hand up around my neck and kissed me on the mouth.

"Of course I am, darling," she said, flicking my hair back over my shoulders. "And so are you."

"What the frig!" I began as she reached down and began to slide my penis out of some kind of pouch in which it was trapped.

"All our wrestling broke the attachment on my artificial vagina," Anne said with a smile. "First time that's happened in a long while. Oh well, I can't fix it right away and I'm not going down to the store to get an-

other. Arthur, if or when he comes, will have to do it the old-fashioned way when he gets here."

"You're a guy," I croaked, sliding across the bed in my nightie.

"Don't say it as if it was a bad word," said Anne Jenkins, slipping her nightie over her head and taking the thing that I had been making love to over to a clothes hamper and putting it in. "And actually, I am not a guy."

"You, you," I spluttered and she got back into the bed and slid up to me as if we were going to go on making love together.

"Yes, I haven't found the time to have certain appendages removed from me," said Anne Jenkins. "If you want to find out what a woman is like who was like me and has been surgically operated on, you should have gone to bed with Nancy Harvey. She used to be Richard, once upon a time. My, how long ago that was and how times have changed."

I slid out of the bed, away from her caresses. I went into the only other room in the apartment and looked at myself in her long mirror. Oh, my face! My eyebrows were so thin! The dark hair was curved all about me. My nightie bulged at my chest! Even without makeup, well, there was some on my eyelashes and along the line of my eyes, I looked like a girl. I was flushed, my cheeks so pink and then this other woman came behind me, putting on a pretty peignoir, swishing as she opened the fridge and took out a bottle of cold wine.

"You look, Davina, like you could do with a drink," Anne Jenkins said, sitting at the table and crossing her legs. Her toenails were all dark red, I noticed. I crossed

my arms because I was cold. She got up instantly and I had a negligee about me, over the nightie.

“You, you, fooled me!” I said to her. “Deliberately!”

“You weren’t to know!” said Anne Jenkins, sitting down again femininely and pouring wine into two wineglasses, one of which she passed on to me. “You could have gone back to your university friends tomorrow and told them all how you slept with me all night and how many times we made it together.”

“I can’t tell,” I began, choked. The white wine was cool and dry, not too sweet, the best I had had on this crazy weekend.

“Well, you could,” said Anne with that knowing smile that she had. “I would support you. I would tell all your friends what a great lover you were and ask when or if you would be coming back.”

“I can’t say anything about,” I said, stopping and indicating the bedroom behind us.

“Cross your legs, Davina,” said the supposed woman across from me. “I prefer my young men to be on their best feminine behaviour all the time. No, I am not going to explain to your friends what happened in our bedroom, Davina. My friends will probably want to know. I will have to tell them about the string that snapped or came open. And about you getting stuck! That’s not supposed to happen. It’s never happened with Arthur since I started using it.”

I stared at Anne Jenkins in horror. I couldn’t believe the matter-of-fact way that she was talking to me. She was a man like me and yet she sat there, legs crossed. She was chatting to me as if I was one of her girl friends.

Anne was going on about Arthur and how he was always willing to try something new but he would have to do her the old-fashioned way. She opened a drawer in the kitchen counter that she could reach from the table then. She took out a bunch of condoms, some of which she tossed to me. I shuddered as I looked at the descriptions on them which I recognized. Well, I had used them before, one of them, anyway.

“You like to be a Roughrider or a Silky?” asked Anne with a smile. “Arthur knows me. He’ll put on the Roughrider if I just leave a bunch on the table for when he comes in.”

“He’s still going to be coming in?” I gasped, looking at the clock.

“Oh yes,” said Anne with a smile. “Do you mind, if we’re not going to have sex again, sleeping out here?” she indicated the bed she had made on the sofa. “It will be so much easier for Arthur. He has a key. He won’t disturb you and I can get a couple of hours sleep before he comes.”

I stared at Anne. How could she think that I was going to have sex with her again? I wanted to tell her that I wasn’t gay but she was going on about Tom Johnson and Ralph Dunley then. “You could have either of those men, you know, Davina,” she said. “Did you see the looks on their faces when you and Stephanie walked through the bar? They both looked like they had been walloped by something big and hard. And Arthur told me that your Professor, that Ralph, and Stephanie, had taken a room at the Farside in Westville, as a ‘Mr and Mrs Dunley’ if you can believe.”

“Professor Dunley only wanted to console Steph-, Steven, after the ordeal he went through tonight,” I

told her stiffly. "He, he, Steven, that is, thinks that Professor Dunley is a great teacher."

"I bet he is," said Anne with that wry smile again. "I bet that Stephanie does as well. Want to bet who the first couple back here to buy clothing for the new girl will be? I'll give you long odds on Brittany and Roberta and short odds on Brigitte, Kendra, Paulette, Marilyn for sure, and of course, Davina!"

"You've got it all wrong," I said, my heart racing a mile a minute. "I'm only here because I have no male clothing and the bus went without me."

"Yes, why did they do that?" asked Anne, her smile turning to laughter. "Even that Andrea who turned you into such a sexpot! She seemed to think that you had other actions to fulfill and there was no point in waiting for you!"

It probably wasn't true, I thought. "I, I want to sleep," I said nervously.

"Sure you don't want another round," said Anne, mocking me. "I'm just warmed up! I will go down to the shop and get an artificial vagina, just for you, if you like!"

I couldn't do that. Visions of Anne Jenkins with a penis and testicles came unbidden to my mind. Oh no, I couldn't do that again! I couldn't make love to a man!

"You can be the one to wear it this time," said Anne Jenkins mockingly. I jumped to my feet, cursing her.

Anne got up, slowly, smiling. "Sorry, sorry, sorry!" she said then. "I forgot who you really are, Davina. Your credit card said David Evans, didn't it? I forgot where I was. I forgot that I'm not in one of our club meetings right now."

“Club meetings?” I asked her as she went over to the sofa bed and plumped the pillows.

“We have a lot of tranny clubs meeting here,” said Anne then and my mind reeled at what she was saying. “Nancy is the organizer. You should talk to her. She will know which club you would fit into best.”

“I’m not, not a tranny!” I said hotly to her as I had to lift the skirts of my nightie and negligee to walk the little distance to the bed I was to sleep in.

“Pity,” said Anne Jenkins with that slow, mocking smile she had. “All right, Davina, since you refuse me, I’m off to bed for a few hours. Sleep well.”

How could I sleep well in a nightie and a wig about my head? I tossed and turned and finally did manage to drift off. I was sort of dreaming of the events of the whole day, thinking of Tom and the kiss he had given me. I could almost feel him on my lips, pressing down on me, his body beside mine. That’s when I woke up and a man was on top of me kissing me. I shrieked and pushed and he went flying off me onto the floor.

Anne had the light on in the bedroom and came rushing into the living room of her apartment. “Arthur?” she said. “Are you all right?”

I was sitting up in the sofa, clutching bed clothes about me like a maiden in distress, I’m sure. Beside me, Arthur the Sheriff rose, rubbing his head.

“I thought you would have the sofa,” he mumbled to Anne who was smiling at him from the bedroom. The light behind her shone right through her nightie, showing that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her womanly figure was quite clear. She put out her hand then and Arthur went to her right away.

"I should have known," Arthur said. "You wear different perfumes."

Anne put her arms up about Arthur's neck. He put his hands about her thin waist. They swayed in a passionate kiss before Anne finally led Arthur into her bedroom, smiling demurely to him as he whispered something to her about what he had been doing.

"Later, darling," Anne whispered, her hands working I could see on the belt to Arthur's pants. She closed the door on me with a little, feminine wave. I got to lay back in the dark, trembling at the imprint still of a man's mouth on mine.

I tried to sleep again but it was difficult with all the noises and creakings that came from the other room. They went on and on. I had to put a pillow over my head to try to drown them out. I don't know how long they went on but I know that I lay there for over an hour with two men in the room next to me, making love in some way, the bed starting to creak yet again and a feminine voice saying, "Oh, yes!" as I remembered it from before, and the creakings became quicker and quicker.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke and it was light. Anne and Arthur were at the top door to her apartment, he pressing her into the door frame and kissing her, his hand about her lifted leg, caressing her nightie against her.

"Darling, you have to go," Anne said then with a very girlish giggle, "or else we'll have to go back to bed."

Arthur said something then which I think meant that he was going to take Anne back to her bed. "It's all right with me," murmured Anne then, caressing Arthur's hair and head, kissing his ear. "But you know what a mood Flora will be in if you're not there."

Arthur said something angrily.

"Come round again tonight," said Anne quietly and they went into another passionate embrace which I thought would never end. But it did. They kissed and hugged, mauling one another, before, finally, Arthur left, feeling across Anne's breasts and her tush before he went, leaving her again giggling like a little girl.

"You're awake?" Anne Jenkins said to me then as she drew back the curtains and light flooded into her apartment.

"Yes," I whispered, shivering a little as I pushed back the covers from the bed.

"Umm," said Anne, smiling as she looked at me.

"What's the matter?" I asked in a panic as I stood up.

"You should see how you look this morning, getting out of bed," said Anne Jenkins then. "You're as pretty as ever, Davina. I know a lot of men who say that they would never go to bed with a tranny like me but I know that they would with you."

"I'm not a tranny," I began again hotly, shuddering as the nightie shivered all about my body. I felt so weird again. I shook my head but I had to push the dark, sleep wig away from my face where strands of hair criss-crossed it.

"You could fool me," said Anne.

"It was you who fooled me!" I told her angrily.

Anne smiled at me. "But you liked it, didn't you?" she said coyly. "I was the woman and I know these things. If you hadn't been so aroused and got me so hot as well, I'd still be in my vagina and you would still think that you'd made love to an old woman with a small, tight vagina, wouldn't you?"

"I can't talk about this," I said angrily.

"No," agreed Anne. "It's after eleven already and your young man," I flushed at that but didn't rise to the bait, "your young man," she repeated with a smile, "is supposed to be back with whatever help he could get and bring back all our rental items. In the meantime, we have a problem and that is what you are to wear, Davina."

I stared at her. "Any old t-shirt and jeans," I began.

"I don't have such things in this place," said Anne, "and I believe all of your clothes went off with the bus last night, didn't they? What do you bet that your young man will accidentally forget to bring them for you today? I bet that he does. I bet that he wants to get another eyeful of you in a pretty girl's dress and in that blonde wig you'll be wanting to purchase from me."

"You must be crazy!" I said, shuddering inside.

"Well, you have two choices, Davina," said Anne, "in how you are going to greet Tom Johnson today. You could keep on that nightie and negligee which will really arouse him, I'm sure, or you can change into another dress from Nancy's. It's all we have here today. And I think you will want to wear a little makeup and a wig if you have to wear a dress, won't you?"

"I can't," I began.

"It's all we've got till Tom arrives," said Anne with a smile. "Now, I am going to run a bath for you and go

down to the shop. I do sometimes have early customers on a Sunday, with rental returns, but Nancy or one of her friends will look after the place for me for a while."

So I bathed and had to change into women's clothing again, quivering all the time as Anne talked to me about what I was putting on and what women's things I had to wear to make me look most like a woman and take advantage of what I naturally had.

I felt so tingly as I put on a woman's corset again and Anne padded the chest. She padded the panties that I wore as well and then I had to put on stockings and attach them to the frilly garter belt that she had me wear.

"A girl needs to have something frilly," Anne said to me as I quivered as I smoothed the stockings over my smooth legs. I knew she was saying things like that to tease me and so I tried to ignore her. She had gone to her own closet and brought me a white blouse then and a straight black skirt that I could put on with my high heels from the night before.

I had to do my makeup while Anne went down to the store to serve customers. She had been much quicker than I to bathe, dress and makeup.

I looked at myself without the sleep wig and shuddered at what Andrea had done to my eyebrows. I wondered how my friends looked now, the day after, if they looked as weird as me. I should get my hair cut, I thought. I put on lipstick and arched my eyebrows a little as Andrea had said I should and, even without any wig, I looked like a girl, sitting there in my tight skirt and blouse.

I followed over the lines on my eyelashes and did the mascara as Andrea had done to me. I put on some

of the light colored eye shadow and some blusher on my cheeks but they didn't look right. I wiped them off with Anne's makeup remover and then just lightly powdered my face. I had an attack of nerves as I put on Anne's blonde pageboy wig that I had worn the previous day. But there I was in the mirror. I wasn't David Evans any more. I was Davina, the beauty queen.

"So, I was right," said Anne Jenkins, coming up then and just nodding to me as if it was an everyday thing to see me as I was, completely dressed once more as a girl.

"Kendra and Paulette are here," said Anne with a smile, "wanting to trade in the gift certificates on a whole bunch of items. Here," she had gone for a group of pamphlets from her desk and she gave one to me, "I've invited them to be here for the week that we have in July. It's whole week in nothing but women's clothes with seminars on everything from voice training to cosmetics. It's a Shakespeare Festival really and we have actor and actress training all week long.

"The whole village takes part, opening up its homes for accommodating the older and younger actresses who will be here. You should come, at least to the ball we have at the end. It would give you an occasion to wear that dress that Nancy gave you for winning your parade. I bet your Tom Johnson will come if he knows you are going to be here in that dress."

The Shakespeare Society, said the pamphlet, was putting on a week of preparation for the production of *Romeo and Juliet*. The Grand Ball at the end of the week would be a celebration of all the hard work put in by the actresses in all the play scenes. Only in Shakespeare's time, all the actress parts were played by men.

And all of the scenes put on during the week would be entirely authentic, the pamphlet proclaimed.

There were pictures of actresses in the arms of various men, while beneath they were identified only by male names. "The whole village goes along with this?" I gasped at Anne.

"Of course," said Anne. "But nobody wants actors staying with them. They only want actresses. The whole village wants the girl or girls they are sponsoring to win the part of Juliet this year. It's always a week of fabulous fun and parties. All the contestants start off a little shy but by the end of the week our actresses can play any part as a woman that they like."

A second list was only in one of the pamphlets. It was a list of the workshops. The one that caught my eye was, "Making love as a woman". Anne smiled as she saw me ogling the list of workshops.

"Always a big draw," Anne said, "and come to participate. It's a real hands on workshop and you have to switch partners as well, as actresses do. I'd suggest that you do the other one as well, 'Men and Trannies', which would take care of some of the phobias you were feeling last night. It's perfectly all right to be attracted to a pretty tranny like you, you know. I still am though I much prefer to be made love to by a real man. But a pretty tranny is supposed to look like a woman; so there is nothing wrong if you are a man and you are attracted. And if the tranny is attracted on her side, well, what's wrong with that. Your young man should take that workshop with you!"

I shuddered and tossed the pamphlet back on the desk. "I don't think that I am ready for all this," I told Anne Jenkins. She laughed at me.

“I think you are closer than you know,” she said. “Anyway, I have to go and talk to Kendra and Paulette about their purchases. Would you like to come down and say hello to your friends? They’re still dressed just as prettily as you.”

No, I didn’t want to appear in front of my old school mates in women’s clothing. I didn’t want to see them dressed like women, either. I shook my head and stayed in Anne’s apartment while she went down to deal with her customers. From her front window, however, I could see across to the gas station.

A little car pulled out from Anne’s and went across and stopped and two girls got out. A couple of guys in another car drifted out of the store with pops and started to talk to the girls. One of the girls wore a tight black sweater and a wide grey plaid skirt while the other was in yellow dress, with a yellow bow in her long dark hair.

Only those weren’t girls, I knew. That was Kendra in long, silvery earrings and the other, swinging from side to side and being all coy, was Paulette. One of the guys in jeans casually put his arm about Kendra and the other took Paulette’s hand in his. Soon, the car filled up with gas, one of the guys drove it over and parked it while Kendra put her credit card back into her purse.

Then the girls got into the boys’ car and it eased away from the station. I had to go down then to talk to Anne Jenkins. She was talking to a middle-aged woman who was hanging up the dresses that Kendra and Paulette had worn the day before. She glanced at me, smiled knowingly as I froze but then she went off to Nancy’s shop with the dresses.

“That was Kendra and Paulette at the gas station,” I blurted it out at Anne Jenkins. “They just went off with a couple of boys!”

“Yes, Tom and Rick Delaney,” said Anne with a slight frown. “You know, darling, if you are going to be wearing a skirt as attractively as you do, we really have to work on your voice, you know!”

“Kendra and Paulette!” I snapped at her.

“The Delaneys know all about them,” said Anne with a smile. “There’s no deception going on there, on either side. There were so many people at the Black Bull last night that the brothers never got close to the girls, I suspect. They’ve been hanging around the gas station all morning, so I’ve seen, waiting to see if any of the girls would come back. That’s why we had to give Kendra and Paulette the same treatment as they had yesterday. Don’t worry about them. Tom and Rick know how to give a girl a tremendous time. I’ll vouch for that!”

“I can’t believe this place!” I sneered then at her, shaking my head and the long hair drifted all about my face.

“Neither can I, at times,” said Anne, opening a package that contained stack after stack of panties that she began to set in groups on the counter in front of her. “Arthur was telling me that he had to drop the charges against some of the guys in the Ladies’ Room at the Black Bull last night. It appears that it was the girls who enticed the men into the room and who started all the necking and the sex play. Of course, the guys did give them some pills like E and that was when your friend, Kendra, turned into a raging nympho, as one guy called her. She was the one to initiate taking two men at once.”

"But Stephanie," I said with a shudder.

"Oh, they have three guys for raping her and two for attempting to rape you," said Anne, "and there are all the drug charges. They've all got priors and some of them are going to go away for a long, long time. They're all ratting everyone out all over the county and beyond to try and get out of the raps they face. I suspect nearly all will be let go in the end as Kendra, like your other friends, doesn't want to appear in court."

"Stephanie?" I asked her.

"Holly is over to talk to her today at the hotel where she spent the night as Mrs Dunley," said Anne with a wry smile as she gave me a set of bra and pantie sets and directed me where I was to put them.

"That doesn't mean anything," I said to Anne.

Anne looked at me and shook her head. "We'll see," she said. "Well, here's Holly, anyway."

I blushed at the deputy who came in and stared at me, still in women's clothing when the party 'joke' was over. "Arthur said you were here," she said. "I want to talk to you about the statement that you made."

"Take my room," said Anne, "as I see I am going to have more customers today. You both know the way."

I went up the stairs first in my high heels and tight skirt, feeling so strange as the woman deputy came up after me. I went into Anne's living room and looked back down the street. Yes, that was the pickup that Tom Johnson had driven around the site of the dig we were on and that must be Tracey's car following him up to Nancy's and Anne's shops.

"We both know the way?" asked Holly, going for a coffee cup. "I guess that means that you spent the last night here with Anne."

"Yes," I said and then wondered if I should say anything about Arthur being there, her boss. But if I let it stand, she would think that Anne and I, well, that we had done together what we had done.

"She's quite a girl, Anne Jenkins, isn't she?" asked Holly then, picking up the pamphlet from the Shakespeare Society, still on the table. "She'll want you to go to this, I'll bet."

"No," I said nervously, sitting then and crossing my legs while opposite me, in her pants, Holly didn't.

"You would make a perfect Juliet," said Holly with a smile. "And you have to make sure that you get the right guy to be Romeo because when they talk about authentic performances here, they mean authentic performances."

I gasped at her. "Oh, they couldn't!" I gasped.

"No," laughed Holly. "I just wanted to see your face. I should tell you though that the last few Romeos and Juliets have all been lovers by the end of the week. And that's the truth."

I stared at her. "And you don't stop this, this ...!" Words failed me. I shuddered and thought how stupid anything I said would appear to be with me sitting there in women's clothing right down to my scented skin.

"No law is broken," said Holly, looking me over then and making me feel every stitch of woman's clothing I was wearing. "And by rights, I ought to be arresting you, shouldn't I, for the excessive damage that you did to Darryl Hambeck with your high heel, Davina."

“He was after me!” I exclaimed.

“Given the way that your friends Kenneth Robinson, Paul Grey, Francis Pettigrew, Robert MacPherson and Gordon Dubrovski treated the men they lured into the Ladies’ Room, why should Darryl have expected you to be any different?” said Holly. “He wants to countersue but he also has an offer to you. No charge of attempted rape and he won’t make you appear in court as a woman.”

“He couldn’t do that!” I burst out again.

“Likely he could,” said Holly then. “He has a right to confront his accuser as his lawyer said to me. And if his accuser is a woman dressed as a man, then she should be dressed that way in court. Clever but it won’t get anywhere when it actually comes to trial. You can dress anyway you please.”

“But he’ll get all kinds of publicity,” I said miserably.

“You will,” said Holly succinctly. “You will be the one in the press photos, you can bet on that. There were enough pictures of you taken at the Black Bull that somebody will try to cash in. Fancy going back to university with all of that in the local press?”

“Oh no,” I said, appalled.

“Anyway, the Sheriff wants to protect you,” Holly said with a cryptic smile. “As he does all the girlies who get into trouble in this county. I think we both know why, don’t we? And I don’t disagree with him, in this case. It will do no good to Arden’s reputation or its economy,” She tapped the pamphlet that was still in front of her.

“In fact,” she went on, “it might make someone want to enquire a little more into this and all the

money that's raised around here that no-one pays taxes on in supporting Anne Jenkins' clubs, socials, weeks, dances, balls, cotillions and you name it. It's quite the underground business round here, the transwomen support groups."

"I don't know what that means," I said, terrified, as I sat there in my skirt with this woman treating me as if she was the man and I a woman who knew next to nothing.

I agreed in the end that I would make no charges against Darryl and he wouldn't against me. "I think you got the better end of the deal," said Holly as she left, smiling at me. "I don't think he's going to be walking right in the next few years."

I waited in Anne's flat as the Deputy went away and it didn't take long for Anne to come up for me. "He isn't going to go away," she said bluntly to me. "He asked if I had seen you and so I asked him if he had brought clothes for you. He hadn't thought about it at all. He's checked my receipts twice and then he saw Holly come down the stairs. Of course, she let on where you were."

Funny but neither of us had to say that we were talking about Tom Johnson. We both knew it right away. "He doesn't have my clothes?" I asked with a tremble.

"Well, he does, in a way," said Anne with a sly grin. "He does have this beautiful bridal dress with a lovely wig and all the proper undies that Nancy and I presented as a prize. Ah, didn't know about the undies, did you? You will look so pretty in them on your wedding night!"

“Oh, Anne,” I sobbed to her. “Please don’t joke with me any more.”

“No,” agreed Anne. “Well, even if I kick him out of the shop, I don’t think that he’s going to go anyway. So, why don’t you come down and tell him yourself to leave you alone?”

I stared at her for a moment but Anne Jenkins looked very serious as she had when we, Andrea and I, had gone into her shop for the first time. I shuddered as I thought that it was just a day ago and someone was saying, “Oh, look at Brian in Tracey’s earrings!”

Now, here I was, still in women’s underclothes, in a skirt and top, stockings and makeup, high heels and girl’s jewellery, going down the stairs from Anne’s apartment, carrying a purse, no less, of Anne’s. It had makeup and perfume in it that she said was mine now as she couldn’t sell it opened and she would never use it. I didn’t believe her at all, right then. I didn’t believe her that Holly was a lesbian, either, and she had been checking me out.

My heart was definitely fluttering with nervousness as I slowly went down the stairs and into the store, mincing in my high heels as Anne and Andrea had taught me. Tom was with that friend of Nancy’s, checking items of female underwear with her from a copy of a list that Anne must have given her. He turned when the woman clerk looked up and smiled at me.

Tom just gaped as he stared at me. Tracey then came bounding over from wherever she had been hiding among the clothing racks.

“Oh, David, is that you?” she asked. “Oh, man, do you ever look like a girl!” I started blushing. I didn’t

dare to look towards Tom and the female clerk helping him.

"I, I don't have any other clothes," I half-whispered to her in the voice that Anne had said wasn't 'half bad', whatever that was. "My pack was on the bus and the bag from here. I'm sort of trapped until I can get someone to lend or buy a t-shirt and jeans for me. Runners would be a help as well."

"I'm tapped out," said Tracey, staring at me. "But you're not thinking of going back to the dorm, are you?"

"I, I have to," I said, miserable that she should be looking at me so studiously as if she was trying to remember every detail about me to relate to someone else, probably her sorority sisters back on campus.

"No, it's murder for you guys whom we dressed as girls back there," said Tracey miserably. "Poor Brittany, I mean Brian. The campus security arrested him, you know, after he punched out one of his tormentors. Then the Second and Third Year Sciences came off their floor and Kendra put on such a show for them. The girls were horrible as well. The bus ride was so awful.

"Amy and Stacey were the worst, running off and inviting everyone to get up and come and see what they'd done to their boy friends, only they called them their girl friends now. It was completely out of hand. Brittany tried to laugh it off with Roberta but the guys who were up wouldn't give it up. They wouldn't let girls, they said, into the boys' rooms and then Brigitte went into the girls' dorm with Erica and the girls' monitors got upset and called security.



“It took all night to settle it down and then the boys took it up again today. Some of your guys, though, must have guessed what was going to happen because they left all the stuff they rented and took off. If it wasn’t for Mr Johnson getting Kendra and Paulette to organize all the stuff and getting me to help as well, Andrea was a total jerk, we’d all be worse in debt than we are.

“We stopped by to pick up Steve’s stuff, and, you know what, he isn’t going to turn his stuff in. He was right there in the motel in Westville, all dolled up like last night, holding hands with Mr Dunley as if he was a girl and Professor Dunley gave us a check to cover all Stephanie’s costs. Can you believe that he was calling Steve, Stephanie, and she was smiling at him and enjoying every second of it?”

“I don’t believe it,” I said in my half-whisper. I felt Tracey’s eyes on my straight skirt then and the stockings that I was wearing. Then she looked at me hard again and her eyes seemed fixed on the lipstick on my mouth.

Tracey looked at Tom Johnson and her eyes narrowed. “Where would be the nearest place to get some male clothing for our young friend here?” asked Tom Johnson then.

“Westville?” said the woman turning to Anne in enquiry.

“Yes,” said Anne, “but there’s only a work clothes place there. If you want a proper pants you have to go right into the University Shopping Mall. That’s where your husband gets his suits, isn’t it, Danielle?”

“I don’t think he’s bought pants for himself in ages,” said the older woman to Anne. “I don’t think that he knows how to any more.”

I shook nervously as Anne and Danielle laughed at their wit while Tom and Tracey looked at me nervously and sort of smiled. “Now, what Danielle means is that she does all the buying of clothes for her husband and herself,” said Anne then pleasantly and the others still thought she was a woman, I could tell. “That’s all we meant.” I didn’t believe any more any-

thing that Anne said about anyone and their sexual orientation. I looked at Danielle who winked conspiratorially at me. I shivered even more inside as I thought about the stupidly-named village and the even stupider residents.

“Don’t go back to the dorm today,” said Tracey to me then. “You’ll be harassed, David, Davina, whoever you are. You really will. Everybody knows about you. Your picture is all over the place. Don’t go on Facebook or You Tube. You won’t believe what the girls I thought were my friends have been posting. Just stay away and it might all die down. Get someone else, like Mr Johnson, to clean out your place for you.”

“I have to sign up for my classes for next year,” I mumbled.

“Brian’s not coming back, nor Gordon, Rob, Allan Lee, James,” said Tracey unhappily. “And it’s all my fault!” She sounded so tragic then. “I should never have put my earrings on Brian in the first place! Then we all got so carried away!”

“Too much liquor,” said Anne Jenkins. “Lowers the inhibitions. Then the mob mentality. I bet you told the guys they were poor sports and party poopers, I heard that in here, for not going along with what all the others were doing.”

“I did that,” said Tracey, looking as if she had caused the disaster that seemed to have befallen my group in school all by herself.

“It wasn’t just you,” I told her. “We could all have stopped so much earlier. We could have said ‘No’.”

“Oh, I don’t think you could have,” said Tracey then seriously. Oh, the tremors that went through me

then as I knew what she meant and she tried to back-track from what she had said.

"I'll go over to Westville," said Mr Johnson then, "and Tracey, you can go and try to make up with Brian. I think he's still dressed as Brittany in the holding cell and he'd much appreciate his own clothes when you pick him up. I know that Marty, Marcia that was Marty, wasn't it, took the two packs in after the security took Brittany in. Go on, Tracey, before you say anything more condescending and hurtful to Davina than you already have."

So much for me being so fearful of meeting Tom Johnson. He took off as well as soon as he saw me in a skirt and top. He and Tracey both left and I was left standing there with Anne Jenkins and her friend.

"He left," I said to her, trembling as both women looked at me and were smiling.

"What I heard," said Anne Jenkins, "was that he said that he was coming back."

"I don't think you should go back to the University by the sound of it," said Danielle then.

"But I've nowhere else to go!" I said, the tremors inside me making my earrings and long hair shiver. Why was I being so silly as to keep on wearing things like padding to make it appear that I really had breasts? I was the one, not the village of Arden, that was so stupid.

"There's several Bed and Breakfasts in the village," said Danielle then. She turned to Anne Jenkins.

"Barbara and Celia's place is the best but they were full yesterday, I heard."

"Barbara works at the Black Bull," said Anne with a smile. She looked to me. "I tried to get you in last night

if you remember but she said her house was full but it was almost empty for tonight. I should give Barbara a call."

"All my stuff is in town!" I said and the women stared at me.

"Voice lessons for sure," said Danielle. Then as I reddened, she went on. "But I really love it actually. Now that we've all worked so hard on our menfolk to preserve the illusions of femininity, it's almost a joy to hear a boyish voice coming out of such a pretty girl's mouth."

I looked to Anne then, shuddering at all the implications of what Danielle was saying but Anne chose not to enlighten me until after Danielle had again gathered up the dresses that needed to be returned to Nancy's and had left.

"You really want to know?" asked Anne Jenkins with surprisingly good humour. "Well, Danielle used to be a man and no, she wasn't Danny or Dan. Charles Something-or-other, I think. After her sex change, she married a real guy and, of course, he was a latent. Big disappointment. Well, they are divorced and Danielle has a new boy friend, a trucker actually whom she'll be off at supper time to meet at the Black Bull. It's the best restaurant by far around here, by the way. Anyway, she and her first husband still make out on occasion. Danielle has helped Audrey to come out of the closet all the way. They go shopping on weekends as girl friends in the city. No-one has a clue that one of them is still a man. And Audrey never buys pants or anything masculine for himself any more."

"You might as well tell me more about Holly," I told her miserably.

"I already told you that Holly is a lesbian," Anne said in surprise.

I shrugged and Anne frowned. "Don't do that, darling," she said. "That's not a very girlish thing to do at all. Just a little pout of the lips. There, that's it. That has the same effect."

"How do you know Holly is a lesbian?" I asked Anne again.

"There's no lesbian action for her out here if you can believe it," said Anne with a smile. "All the transies about, coming in and out. Poor Holly gets so frustrated. Well, I've always looked so real and we were talking at a party when I got stood up by my lawyer friend in town. Well, we talked about sex, and she was interested and I mentioned the artificial vagina. I had one on for Cal, then, as I do for Arthur, and Holly wanted to see it.

"Well, one thing led to another and so, when Holly gets a little lonely, we have a vibrator party and I never, ever take my vagina off in front of her. We are just two girls together, you've seen me so you know how that goes. We do all the lovely lesbian things that Holly loves to do to her girl friend. And so I can attest, better than anyone else in town that Holly is a lesbian. And, at times, so am I!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Tom Johnson didn't come back until after five. Anne had actually closed her store. I was helping her to arrange some of her garter belts and corsets on several glass mannequins as suggestively as I knew how. I had my back to the door and I heard it ring as it opened. I

turned to tell whoever it was that *Anne's Lingerie* was closed and that Anne Jenkins would only be a minute when I froze with these frilly garter belts in my hands stretching them out for the way they were to be displayed.

Tom Johnson, our professor, stood just inside the door. He was looking at me very strangely. Then, I realized what he must be looking at and I hastily plopped all of the lingerie I was holding on the display shelf. As my hands came free, I saw my fingernails then and I went hot all over.

I looked up very nervously at Tom, feeling my hair swirl about my face then and I felt the tightness of my skirt restricting me as I stepped back a little. I hadn't wobbled on my high heels all afternoon but I definitely swayed a little then. I knew I was blushing but, hopefully, Tom couldn't see my blushes in all the makeup I had on my face.

"D-Did," I said in my half-whisper, "were you able to get me some proper clothing ... Mr Johnson?"

Tom Johnson stared at me for a moment more, looking me up and down, and taking in that I was wearing stockings and high heels and that my figure wasn't manly at all. "Tom," he said then. "You can call me Tom now, Davina, just as you did for a little while last night."

Oh, how Tom calling me 'Davina' sent chills through me. Well, not chills exactly. More like thrills, I suppose that I should call them. And, he wanted me, a mere student at the lowest of ranks in school, to call him, 'Tom'. I know that he wouldn't have said that to David Evans. I knew because I had tried to ask him some questions about the dig and he had answered them but in a really offhand way. Only after he'd an-

swered them had I realized, when I looked at the notes I had, that all the answers were there in the notes he'd already supplied. I should have read them before I asked. I had been 'Mr Evans' then. I could see the way that he was looking at me in my wig and girl's clothes. I guessed that he thought that I was a real airhead still to be dressed the way that I was.

"Are you hungry?" he asked me suddenly and I had to admit that I was. "I haven't eaten since a very early breakfast," said Tom Johnson at me. "Don't change at all, Davina. I just came past the Black Bull and my mouth was watering all the way over here." All the way? What was that? Thirty seconds by car? Tom walked right over to the counter then and picked up my purse, well, Anne's, that I was 'lending'.

Anne came in, looking as elegant as ever and talking on her cellphone, smiling at whoever she was talking to. "Oh, yes, you two go on," she said. "Barbara is working tonight again at the Bull. If you want to stay over in Arden, she'll have rooms for you at her B and B. You remember the pretty waitress who served us so well when the girls first arrived at the Bull? You can tell her I have a date tonight. Arthur is taking me out to Westville as Flora is under the weather again. So I have to lock up quickly and change into an evening gown for the Police Benevolent Association Summer Ball."

"Who is Flora?" Tom asked me as I went nervously out of the store and into his pickup. If Tom had clothing for me in a package somewhere, I couldn't see it.

"C-Clothes for me?" I stammered nervously at him as I saw my stockinged legs stretching out so lengthily and so femininely in front of me.

"In the suitcase in the back of the truck," said Tom with one of his crooked smiles. "But don't bother about

that now. "Who was Anne Jenkins talking about? Not Flora Winstrom, the Sheriff's wife? I heard that the Sheriff had a very elegant mistress as well as his wife but I never thought that it would be Anne Jenkins! Though, I have to admit that she is attractive. For an older woman, that is. She must have been quite a stunner in looks in her earlier years, mustn't she?"

I was about to babble all that I knew about Anne and Arthur and Holly and Nancy and then I stopped myself. It surely wasn't my job to make all kinds of revelations about the people I had known but two days. But I could admit to what he already knew.

"Flora is the Sheriff's wife," I agreed with him. "And I think that Flora knows all about, about ..."

"That's what I heard," said Tom then as he parked on the far side of the Black Bull, well away from where we had been the night before. The entrance to the restaurant proper was well away from the bar and I didn't recall our parade getting into the room I could see through the windows. Surely, surely, I thought nervously as Tom almost ran around the truck and took the door that I had opened and helped me get down from the car. Surely, no-one would recognize me here.

"Funny little place this Arden is, isn't it?" said Tom with a laugh. "The Hamlet of Arden in the County of Shakespeare. I guess they've laughed about that for years since they named their village in that way.

"Must spice up their lives a lot, mustn't it, to have a little romance going on like that with the Sheriff in the village and a store owner. I hope you didn't mind that I couldn't come back earlier as I was on the phone most of the afternoon with people from the university and with Ralph. Things are really bad, I have to tell you, Davina. Several of us, myself and Ralph included, will

likely be investigated by the university. We were told quite bluntly by Fish," that must be Dr Edward G Fisher, the dean of the faculty, "to stay away until this thing blew over."

I was shivering then as we entered the restaurant and paused by the 'Please wait to be seated' notice. I just hoped that no-one would notice us, especially as I was shaking so much. I was shaking because Tom had put his arm about my waist and one of his hands had taken mine as well. He stood holding me just as if I was a girl and it was then that Barbara, the waitress from the night before, came over with a big smile and led us into the restaurant.

"Oh, it's so good to see you back here!" Barbara said with a big smile. "We were all hoping that you would come again. But I think I should take you over there behind the large dieffenbachia! There are all kinds of people who are going to be coming over to you, otherwise, who will want to tell you how beautiful you were last night, Davina, and ask you about when they will see you next in public."

I shuddered as she led us past several tables and, after the first two or three, I couldn't look any more as it seemed that everyone was looking up, pointing at me and smiling.

"Oh, we have to get out of here," I said huskily to Tom as I slid into the chair that he held for me opposite to where he was going to sit.

"Why?" asked Tom with a big grin. "The royal parade put you off? I just don't think that the people here can believe that a girl as beautiful as you are, Davina, is, well, is ..."

"Is a boy," I finished bitterly for him, crossing my stockings again as I knew I was supposed to.

"I would never call you a boy," said Tom Johnson in mock seriousness but his eyes were glowing at me.

"No, you'd call me a man," I said to Tom and then he began to laugh at me. I trembled at that. I would have told him what I thought he was, a man out with another man in a skirt and stockings of a woman about him. But any reply I could make was cut short by the advent of two girls who came gliding over to our table, sitting down, smoothing skirts beneath them like girls should, crossing their legs just as I had and who smiled flirtatiously at Tom Johnson.

"Hello, Tom," said Paulette, her makeup and reddish hair completely disguising the face of Paul Grey, one of the guys who had been working on the dig with me over the last three weeks.

"Oh, Tom darling," drawled Kendra, otherwise known as Ken Robinson and one of the few people at university I would have called my friend. Well, I had always known he had a few gay mannerisms. He hadn't hidden them. He had laughed at them and wasn't at all averse at chiding people who made fun of him or the way he occasionally spoke. He always had a girl, or two, around him and he was always out on dates. To see him now as Kendra, well, I would have known that he was Ken, was so embarrassing. What was worst, of course, was that both of them knew that it was me, David Evans, whom they were calling 'darling Davina' who was sitting there in a skirt, like then, pretending to be a woman.

But, while I sat there hating it all, at least that was what I was telling myself and what I sort of believed, Kendra and Paulette sat there and totally enjoyed act-

ing like girls. I could sense that Tom was amused by them as well as they were downright giddy as they told about their return to school and the way that they had been received by the boys there.

“We should have gone with Brigitte and Marilyn,” lisped Paulette in the squeaky, sort of girlish voice each of them was using. “They did the right thing. They didn’t even try to go into the boys’ dorms. They went with the girls and nobody had seen them this morning at all. Did they just go to bed as girls, Tom, or did they slip off somewhere else?”

“Oh, I believe the girls’ dorms gained more than two girls last night,” said Tom. “But some of the girls didn’t like that and they have protested to the university administration and security has moved in and tried to find the boys and evict them. But the girls have been clever and haven’t entered the girls under the names you or I would know them by. And the older girls still there are helping them as well to hide the boys from the mockery and abuse that you guys suffered last night and this morning.”

“Is Brittany going to be all right?” asked Kendra anxiously. Even though she looked to my eyes a little boyish, her voice was so girlish that anyone with her would have immediately thought her a girl, I thought.

“Brian will be,” said Tom with a grin. “He and Rob, though, have been escorted off campus and gone home. Apart from the ones in hiding with the girls, History, Year One, has disappeared, save for about ten, twelve, or fourteen girls scattered about the girls’ residences. We have no idea how many are coming back next year.”

“On the bus, nobody was, boys or girls,” said Kendra, shifting her long skirt about her legs. “Oh,

look, Paulette, there're the truckers who offered us a lift last night."

"Ooo, yes," said Paulette. "Look, Billy's waving to us. We have to go, Davina, or some other girl is going to be joining them. And I get the cute one this time, Kendra."

Kendra was smiling as she stood and waved over the hedge of plants supposedly hiding Tom and me. "I do have to go, Davina," she said coyly then, arching her back and neck, stroking her hair most flirtatiously like a young girl in, well, in heat for a man.

"What, what about the Delaney brothers?" I had to ask her and Kendra gave me a bright smile.

"Oh, we quite wasted them this afternoon," Kendra said, her hand on her hips and posing like a model. "But we are going to meet them tonight when their shift ends at the Merico gas station over on the highway. They had to go as the automobile association was towing in some truck and a passenger car for them to repair. I guess they're on time and a half or double time for the work so it's big money for them. More money to spend on us!"

The last was said with a huge smile, a pirouette which made Kendra's dress rise up all about her legs and showed off her black garters and blue, silky panties as she went dancing through the restaurant to whoever she was meeting.

I was trembling after that run-in with my former friends. Tom Johnson looked distinctly uncomfortable then as the 'girls' left us.

"Oh, that Kendra," said Barbara, coming back with our drinks, mine a Shirley Temple as I was underage. "You should see her now, draped all over Mark Solney,

sitting in his lap and kissing him as if she's known him for years. Oh, there's Mark and he wants me. Well, what he wants is a room and that means that Billy will as well. I have to phone Celia and tell her that we have more guests than I thought tonight. I hope Celia hasn't filled the rooms already."

"Who's Celia?" Tom had to ask before Barbara could move off.

"My wife, of course. Oh," said Barbara then with a delighted laugh as Tom stared at her, his mouth open in stunned surprise. I felt like that inside but I managed to smile very slightly and pretend that I knew what she was talking about even though I didn't.

"Oh, but you're not from Arden and so you don't know me," said Barbara then, pushing back her lovely deep reddish, auburn hair from her face and smiling at us. She had such a trim, feminine figure that neither of us could believe what she was saying and were sure that we had it wrong.

"Celia is my wife and runs that part of our business," said Barbara and as we looked uncertainly at her, she smiled even more broadly. "Yes, Davina, I am a woman just like you," she said, patting my hand with her soft, feminine one. "Well, not so like you as I am married to Celia and have been for fifteen wonderful years in which I have never once had to wear the pants in our family."

With a beautiful, feminine laugh then, Barbara was gone and another waitress came hovering by in a minute to take our dinner orders. Tom looked at the blushing girl as quizzically as I did. Neither of us, I think, was quite ready to believe that she was the high school girl that she said she was. We could believe that she had only been at work for two weeks at the Black Bull.

"I don't know if I believe this village," said Tom then, staring at me and making me shiver all over as he did it.

"I, I didn't know a place like this existed, either," I muttered, flushing and uncrossing my legs, ready to run away if Tom said anything hateful to me. I hadn't gone through what the other boys in my class had gone through and I didn't want to. I just wanted to get out to Tom's pickup, get the clothes he had bought for me, slip into the men's bathroom when it was empty and change back into David Evans.

"No," said Tom Johnson suddenly, earnestly. "I really didn't mean to criticize. It's just that I don't think that I can look at any woman in this village and not think that she has some masculine qualities."

"Well, I do," I whispered to him, looking down as I couldn't face the wry grin he was giving me.

He put his hand over mine. I felt a terrific surge inside me. It was so strange to have him touch my hand and caress it gently, his hand so rough. "Actually," Tom Johnson said while I blushed at him and felt my long, blonde hair falling over my face. "You may be the only one in this crazy village of whom that's not true at all. When I look at you sitting there, getting ready to run away from me, I can't see any characteristic about you, Davina, that I would call masculine."

"Oh, please!" I whispered and felt so disconcerted. Our waitress brought the meal we had ordered. My face must have been as red as hers as Tom would not let go of my hand as she served us.

Tom finally let me go. I had been so terribly hungry but I quite lost my appetite as Tom looked at me. I

crossed my legs and he looked under the table from the side and told me what pretty legs I had.

I breathed in tightly and his eyes were on my chest, smiling away at me. "You must tell me how you do that," Tom said as I hugged my elbows in as Andrea had been telling me to do for half a day.

"None of this is real," I hissed at him and Tom gave me one of his wry grins.

"I don't expect that they are," he said, his eyes flicking from left to right and I could feel my bra tightening about me as I sort of tensed my chest muscles on the side that he was looking at.

"My hair," I began with a shiver.

"Is gorgeous," said Tom Johnson. "You should grow your natural hair out like that and have it permed just that way. It really is most delightful on you."

"Please don't say that," I begged him. Tom laughed at me but he did promise not to tell me what a beautiful girl that I was any more.

Of course, he then took every opportunity through the dinner that I couldn't eat to tell me that he wasn't complimenting me at all on being so lovely, gorgeous, pretty, delicate, dainty, feminine, or attractive, either.

The waitress came to us and looked quite worried. "I, I don't know where Barbara is," she said, blushing again. "But she said that I wasn't to charge you for your meal."

"Since my girl friend," said Tom with a smile while I shook all over and snatched my hand from his while he added a laugh, "didn't eat anything to speak of, that is really nice of her. But does her boss agree to that?"

“Mr Chapman?” asked the waitress. I think that her color was so ruddy because that was the way that she naturally looked. She must spend a lot of her time out of doors when she wasn’t at the Black Bull. “Oh, he always agrees with everything Barbara says to him.” She flushed even more then. “You’d, you’d think that they were married the way that he treats her.”

“And where are the husband and wife at this moment?” asked Tom Johnson then while I collected my purse. He put my arm under mine, taking my other hand and putting it on top of his elbow as a girl should to walk with a man.

“Well, they went up to Mr Chapman’s office,” said Molly, the high school girl who was our waitress. “But they haven’t come down in ages. Barbara says that we aren’t to disturb her when she’s in the office as some of the problems she has to solve take a long time to do.”

I am sure that she was blushing then. Molly couldn’t have said all that and been as naïve as she seemed to be.

“She-she couldn’t be so innocent, could she?” I murmured to Tom as he escorted me out of the restaurant and to his pickup. Several couples going in smiled at us and one guy got quite excited.

“Isn’t she ...?” he began and the women shushed him right away.

I was trembling all over again as Tom helped me up into the cab of his pickup, my skirt stretching out. I had to ease it a little up my thighs to get up onto the seat.

“Nice legs,” murmured Tom. “Or rather, I would say that if I was allowed to say it, but I’m not, and so I won’t tell you what lovely stockings you are wearing as well. And black panties?”

"I'm not wearing black panties!" I said hotly to him as he closed the door.

"Looked black to me," said Tom with a frown. I knew that I had blue panties on, the same color as my bra, which Tom could just about see through my blouse. "Certainly dark, anyway."

So I sat there while Mr Johnson came around and got in. I was fuming so about him trying to guess the color of the panties that I wore and thinking that I would be silly enough to play his game. He wanted me to admit that I was wearing panties and what color they were and I was not going to give him the satisfaction.

We started to leave the parking lot and then I remembered about the clothes that he had gone over to Westville to buy for me. "I could have used the Men's Room at the Bull," I told Tom and he looked at me quizzically. "To change my clothes," I reminded him. "The ones that you went to buy for me. I hope that they didn't cost you too much."

"Oh," said Tom in understanding, turning back towards the road into Arden. "No, they didn't cost much at all. But you couldn't change in the Bull, not with the way that everyone was watching every move you made."

I shuddered at that thought. "I need to change," I told him.

"And then what?" asked Tom Johnson. "Back to the university and all the fuss that's going to be made over you there? I talked to Brian and told him to leave, if you must know, and I told Erica, she was in tears about the way her boy friend, Frank Pettigrew, Brigitte right, was being treated. I told Erica to get him out of there

and she corrected me. She said 'her' and that she would get 'her' and the other girls like 'her' out of there tonight. I hope she made it without more incidents.

"It's going to be the biggest story in years for the student presses and it will probably then be in all the local papers. You know, stories about the decadence of the university and the perverts that there are in Liberal Arts. It's going to be a field day for advocates on both sides and Ralph and I are going to be dragged into it all. We don't mind but he has agreed to hide Stephanie for a while. I told him that I would do the same for you, Davina."

"Don't call me that," I whispered as waves of emotion flooded over me as Tom still called me that. We drove past Anne's and Nancy's store and went past the curve in the hill and into a wide bay where several houses were set back from an island of green with swings and children's play toys in the middle of the road. Tom drove in to the narrow roadway which acted as a parking zone and stopped outside a house with a sign for 'Bed and Breakfast' on a notice board above the hedge and picket fence that shielded the house from outsiders.

"Eight," said Tom Johnson. "And just where Anne Jenkins said it was going to be."

He raced around the car and so was able to take the door from me and put his hands about me to lift me out of the cab and onto the ground.

"Mmm," Tom murmured, his hands about my waist much longer than necessary. "You smell all girlie and delightful, Davina. Let's go and find the rooms that Anne booked for us, shall we? It will be much easier for you to change in a room to yourself."

“Oh yes,” I said with a rush of feeling as he let me go and reached over into the bed of his truck and brought down two Luis Vuitton suitcases.

“No,” Tom laughed. “Neither of these is for me. My stuff is in the pack on the back seat. But I didn’t know what would fit you. We can take back everything, the girl said who helped me, just as long as the labels are still intact.”

I wanted to help and I tried to pick up one suitcase as Tom locked the door of the pickup. He took it effortlessly from my arm with a grin. “You can get the gate and the door,” Tom added then, shepherding me on my noisy high heels in front of him.

I shivered as I held the gate and he waited for me to go ahead of him, complimenting me again on how girlish my walk was. He liked a girl with a sway in her walk, Tom said, but he would never tease me by saying that I looked like that.

I barely touched the knocker on the door and it flew open. “More from Barbara!” the older, grey-haired woman, much like Anne Jenkins in looks, said.

“From Anne Jenkins,” said Tom while I stood there, tongue-tied, and looked at the woman who could have been Anne’s sister, or, I suppose, Anne’s brother. This was Arden after all.

“Celia,” said the woman, putting her arms about me and giving me a hug. “Now I must tell you that things are not all as they seem in the house this evening.”

“Oh no?” asked Tom mildly while I shuddered in anxiety as I knew she was going to reveal that she knew all about me and warn me to keep to my room, that is, if she let me stay.

"There're a couple of girls here, well, I shouldn't really call them girls," Celia went on as she led us to the stairs. "Trollops or sluts are more like what they are. Did you come in from the west? No, you'd be from the Bull and the east, you would, and that means that you didn't see the trucks parked along the Gate. What a racket they make when they set off.

"Well, these girls are entertaining Billy Dyle and Mark Solney in their rooms, going at it for over an hour now. They had the nerve to tell me that when the trucks have to go at nine this evening, the Delaney boys are going to be over for the rest of the night. I told them to take their noise and drinking and laughing over to the Delaney place and the cute one, that Paulette, said it was a great idea. But one of them might be back later, or both, especially as the Delaney boys are paying for the girls' rooms for a week, would you believe!"

We had followed the non-stop talking Celia up the stairs and to the third floor where she opened the door on a gorgeous room, wide, spacious and dominated by a huge double bed.

"This will be all right?" asked Celia proudly, looking out of the windows and into the trees and wooded house lots beyond the house we were in. "Oh, of course it will. Oh look, there's Arthur and my sister, Anne, going for a walk. I must go and talk to them."

"The second room," I murmured to Celia as Tom kicked off his shoes and then stretched out with a sigh of utter contentment on the bed. "Who is supposed to be staying here?"

Celia didn't hear me as she rushed out of the room while I just stood there. "You, you are going to have

this room then?" I asked Tom as he lay back, his head in the pillows, his eyes closed.

"Oh yes," said Tom. "Oh yes, indeed, this is the bed for me tonight. Come and try it, Davina."

"I, I should change," I said stiffly, waves of anxiety passing through me as I saw, in the room's mirrors, the blonde girl in the slim, black skirt, swaying on her high heels in front of the bed.

"Good idea," said Tom then sleepily. "Why don't you open the heavier one first?"

So I tried. It took me forever to drag the case over to a chair and then I had to find the right key to unlock it. "Wh-What's this?" I asked Tom as the suitcase sprang open and it was full of neatly arranged women's dresses, shoes, packages of unopened stockings and underwear and even a woman's blonde wig.

"What's the problem?" asked Tom, yawning on the bed. I think that he was watching me with slitted eyes, I really did.

"Th-This is full of women's dresses," I said, a little surge of excitement rising in me. He couldn't have done this with me in mind, could he, I thought. A tingle of hopeful anticipation ran through me.

"Wrong one," said Tom then, swinging his legs to the side of the bed and stretching as if he was tired. "My sister has a suitcase just like the one that I bought you. Try the other case."

Like an idiot, I went to it. I opened it fairly quickly and there was another suitcase, full of women's underwear, shoes, cosmetic kits and, on top of it all, a beautiful, black, silky nightdress.

“No,” said Tom then, with that lopsided grin of his. “They’re both yours. Yes, that’s the nightie I want you to change into.”

“Mr Johnson,” I began, dropping the nightie as if it was scalding me.

Tom jumped from the bed and strode to me in seconds and suddenly his arms were around me. “Enough of this fooling around,” he said angrily, and then he kissed me. Tom Johnson, my professor, took me in his arms and kissed me just as he had in the last dance of the little ball we had had at the Black Bull.

Tom’s lips took possession of mine and he wasn’t fooling around. He pushed my frozen arms up about his neck and shoulders and kissed me thoroughly, pressing my body firmly into his. I felt his hands on my tush as he pressed me to him. Ye gods! I felt a gun in his pocket or he was indeed very glad to see me.

Well, the world didn’t come to an end because a man kissed me again. Yes, I felt a dull roar inside my mind. I knew how stupid I was being. I was so stupid because I didn’t resist Tom at all. No, I melted into his arms. My own became unfrozen and I stroked Tom’s head, a man’s head, with my shiny red fingernails and smooth, pale hands.

How could I object then when he easily lifted me and the two of us landed on the bed, curled up and pressing against each other? My mouth was attached to Tom’s, trying to be a pillow, a moving pillow, for his wonderful, energetic kisses. And if I accepted his kisses so ardently and returned them, how could I object to his increasing his pleasure by the way that he kissed my neck and my upper chest, opening my blouse and seeing the dark blue of my bra which he immediately began to caress.

“Take off my shirt,” Tom whispered, kissing my eyes so gently and then the top of my head. I wanted to tell him that I wasn’t wearing his shirt but then he started pulling it up from his waist and I got the message.

Fearfully, I undid his shirt for him as he undid my blouse. I helped him out of his shirt while he slid my blouse from me but left me in my corset and the padded bra that was attached to it. My slip was lifted over my head. I felt my earrings and hair swirling about my face but then I was under Tom and he was undoing the belt on his pants.

We kissed feverishly as we assisted each other out of our clothes. Only it wasn’t a fair trade. Tom kept me in my women’s underclothing even though he himself was quickly naked. He held me under him and I squeezed my thighs together as he stroked my stockings and my legs which were so aroused inside my silky hose.

My panties wouldn’t come all the way down with my garters and garter belt still in place. Tom wasn’t interested in releasing me from them. No, he left my panties almost in place, pushing my legs apart and then lifting my legs about his waist as my panties stretched to the breaking point.

Well, after all my kissing and undressing of the man above me on the bed, how could I object to his damp manhood, between my legs? I felt so weak and feminine, effeminate, as I felt a man’s moist penis between my legs and against my tush. I knew what he was going to do to me. And I was thrilled that he wanted to do that to me. Oh, how I rolled and kissed Tom Johnson so much, so hard and he kissed me right back, the thrills of pleasure something that I couldn’t disguise at

all. I was the center of attention, as a woman, and it was so wonderful, so marvellous to be caressed and wanted. His compliments and caresses were music to me.

I loved what Tom was going to do to me. I wanted him to do it. When Tom slid his pole into me, I wanted so much to pleasure him and for him to like me as well. I relaxed and let him enter me deeply. I rocked and wriggled deliberately in his arms and my legs extended straight up into the sky.

“Oh, Oh, Oh!” I squealed as Tom burst into me. I rocked and rocked against him. I felt as if I was a woman and my man, Tom Johnson, was filling me as he should as I was his beautiful girl.

“Oh, say all those wonderful things to me, Tom,” I begged him and my man did. I loved to be called a beautiful woman, so lovely, so gorgeous, my kisses so like honey, everything about me so dainty, so delicate, so womanly.

When Tom flooded me, I squealed so loudly that everyone in the place must have heard me. After all, it wasn't that late. I rocked and rocked on my man's pole and he made such a mess of me. Well, I helped, I suppose. I couldn't get enough of his kisses or his poking me. I let him French kiss me as I had done to other girls and, oh, how weird that felt. I was letting a man treat me entirely like a female and I didn't even contest it at all. Well, how could I?

I couldn't object to little things like French kisses, could I, not when I lifted my tush so high in the air for him to drive into me with the regularity of a quickening steam engine. I pulled him deeply once more into me and I spasmed just as much as Tom did from then on.

“My darling girl,” Tom whispered to me.

“Oh yes, yes, I am, I am,” I murmured back, taking his flapping member eventually into my mouth where I soon aroused Tom to such a peak of production that I thought he would never stop and that he might actually split me apart.



“Oh girl, Davina,” Tom whispered to me. “There are so many things that I want to get you to do for me.”

“Oh yes,” I simpered to my man. “Anything at all, my darling. Anything at all.”

I got into my nightie and if it felt strange, well, I didn't have it on me very long. Beneath the covers, I learned how to lift my tush high in the air and have Tom Johnson fill me and make me his woman in a new way. He caressed my little manhood while his rammed into me and I whimpered as girlishly as I could.

It was amazing how every cliché about men and women in a sexual relationship became true. I was an incredible, little flirt and my man lapped it up from me as I snuggled beneath him. The skies outside turned grey and then black as we feverishly made love as man and, I hoped, woman. Somehow a dam inside me had burst. I wanted Tom Johnson to make love to me, his darling Davina, again and again. I was insatiable. Tom didn't seem to mind, even when I was on my feet, sort of kneeling beside him, my tush going up and down on his manhood as slowly and firmly as I could. He was jerking and rolling in passion even before he collapsed me onto him and kissed me so fervently that I thought that my lips might have come off.

I pitied anyone who might have been in the room below us because the way that we went at it must have been obvious to the people who couldn't have slept. I found out as well that Tom became even more ardent than ever if I squealed like a little girl. I couldn't help that. It was the way that I felt when he took me. It took me into the afternoon of the next day when we walked over to the gas station, arm-in-arm, to get a paper, to recall that I was indeed a boy.

Well, there I was all over the newspaper, 'Miss Information'. "The prettiest boy on campus," the girls proclaimed me, a picture of them all laughing as I was in another photo in my tiara, holding my flowers, the sash about me and smiling as I touched my wedding dress prize.

"And who's the lucky guy to be the groom?" asked the first paper we looked at. There were pictures of Brittany, Roberta, Brigitte, Annette, Kendra, Paulette, Marilyn and Marcia, posed as if they were my bridesmaids. There was Ralph Durley with Stephanie, incorrectly identified as Stephanie's angry father, "Look what they did to me, Daddy!"

Stephanie, of course, looked very feminine, very pretty, her eyes a mass of dark makeup as she leaned her head into her 'daddy' to be comforted by him.

It took me some time to meet Stephanie again and we both surprised each other, I think. I still believe that she was the prettiest of us boys on the hill. Her new figure, like mine, enhanced by Anne's doctor friends, meant that she looked as good in her pink bikini as I did in my black one.

"Oh, Davina!" Stephanie gushed at me as I came to sit beside her in the hotel pool in Miami. "You are the most beautiful girl in the world!"

"I think that you are," I told her and held out my arms to her. We hugged as girls do and then we had to examine each other closely as we were now the wives of such close friends and gifted scholars.

"I just never knew that you were gay like me," said Stephanie brightly.

"I wasn't," I had to tell Stephanie with as big a smile as I could. "I'm not."

Stephanie didn't believe it. Well, she sort of did. She thought that I was one of the transgendered women, whom we'd both met and read about in the last year and a half, who thought that they were really women trapped inside the body of a man. Well, I didn't feel like that. I knew that I wasn't trapped at all. I knew that I was a man and that my body now looked like the body of a woman. Well, it did when I put on my artificial vagina as I had to meet Stephanie.

No, I knew that I was a man, dressed and made to look like a woman. And I knew that I loved it. I reluctantly admitted to being a transvestite if I was pressed. But I knew that I wasn't gay. I knew women still turned me on. Well, if I saw a very pretty woman, I did so want to look like her, walk like her, flirt like her, be her in voice and mannerisms, in hair and in dress and that was what turned me on these days.

But what really turned me on was Tom Johnson and the way that he treated me as if I was a woman. I tried to tell Stephanie all about how it was with Tom and me, that he knew all about me and yet still treated me as a woman, and that was what turned me on so much.

"Oh, that's just like Ralph and me," said the blonde, big-haired girl next to me as we stretched out on our long chairs, our real and perky breasts pointing up into the sky. Her voice was as girlish as mine, and, when I asked her, yes, we had both learned from the same Internet programs. She had lacquer on her toe nails just as I had and not a hair on her smooth body, again just like me.

"You went to see Dr Garell last month," I said cautiously to Stephanie and she nodded and smiled at me, her lips pink while mine were plummier in color as

that seemed to suit me best. My hair was blonde with a lot of darker colors in it. I had had to have it fashioned in a long page boy, feathered about my face, as soon as it was long enough. That was how Tom liked me to be, just as I had been the first time he saw me as a girl.

“The pills just weren’t making me big enough,” Stephanie laughed to me. “Did they work fine on you?”

I nodded at her. The pills that Anne’s doctor friend had put me on had had me blooming in a couple of months. “Are all your family big-breasted?” Dr Cummings had asked me. “Must be because you are changing more rapidly than most girls I see in your bust size.” By girls, of course, she meant transvestites like me.

“Only about half of my family is big-breasted,” I had had to say, straight-faced, to the doctor, though I really couldn’t have said even that for sure.

Dr Cummings got it. “Oh, just the female half,” she had said and smiled at me. “I do like a girl like you with a sense of humor. I know then that all that I am doing to you is going to a good cause and you are going to end up as a credit to all womanhood.”

I didn’t want to be a credit to womanhood. I just wanted to be a credit to my husband, I wanted to tell her. Yes, I was married to Tom Johnson. Anne’s friends, again, knew how to have me registered as transgendered, knew how to have my records changed and how to have me issued a new birth certificate as a girl. I had a passport as a girl, “Davina Elizabeth Johnson”, as soon as I was married to Tom.

“Just fine,” I told Stephanie. “My breasts are all me.”

Stephanie giggled. "Just like your tush and your legs," she said. "I couldn't help noticing along with all the men along the pool here. That's why we have to flash our wedding rings a lot. It won't keep all the Lotharios away but it will keep some."

"You have a very rounded figure yourself," I told the girl who had once been my male classmate.

"Ralph actually doesn't mind," said Stephanie earnestly. "I mean, he is gay. I always knew that in school but I didn't dare approach him. He didn't like me to be too femmy with him at first. He didn't really want me to see Garell but he does like kissing me in public as you'll see and dancing with me. I do try to wear some boyish clothes back home for him but," she giggled again, "since we came on holiday last week, I haven't worn anything but dresses and pretty undies. Now, he's finding my breasts a real turn-on. Is it the same with your Tom?"

"Oh yes," I told Steffi, as she said I could call her, or Steph. She loved to be called by a feminine name of any kind, just like me.

Tom, not having tenure like Ralph, had had to transfer universities after the fracas involving all the 'girls' of my year and so we didn't have a large wedding. But I did get to wear my wedding dress and my veil and have a wonderful reception put on by the 'girls' of Arden. A woman judge I didn't know came in and married us. One of Nancy Harvey's friends it was whose eyes gleamed at all the traditional wording that I had to say about loving, honoring and obeying my husband and worshipping him with my body.

Even I had to blush as I had to repeat all the words that women in the past have had to in marrying a man. I should have been more careful about allowing Anne

Jenkins to arrange the small, 'traditional' wedding that she did for Tom and me. I have never been hugged and kissed so many times before by so many women, of all kinds, as I was then, at the reception at where else, the Black Bull. I think all of the village came by then to see me in my wedding dress. When I finally left on Tom's arm after dancing with all of the men I could, including the Delaney brothers, who wanted me to call on them when I was back from my honeymoon, the whole village was there to shower me with rice and confetti. I was covered before Tom and I could settle in the back seat of the limo and he could kiss me to my heart's content while all the villagers cheered us on.

Well, that was the first time that I wore my artificial vagina for Tom and he was really intrigued by it. He likes me to wear one of the various kinds I have now but that doesn't mean that he just takes me from the front. Well, he does but our sex life is so much more varied than that. Tom quickly found that worshipping him with my body and obeying him were rules that he could count on his new wife to obey implicitly and explicitly.

Tom and Ralph arrived at the side of the pool then with cool drinks for both of us girls. They had suntan lotion to apply to our bodies as well but first, as Steffi had predicted, Ralph had had to kiss her and hug her almost lasciviously while the rest of us poolside looked on with amusement at his almost teenaged insistence on proclaiming Steffi as his possession.

Tom moved onto my chair with me. "Five minutes," he murmured in my ear, my black pendant earrings moving as I shivered just at the touch of his manly body beside me.

It actually only took four before Ralph and Steffi had to leave for their room, she eagerly skipping along beside her husband, being a very clingy little wife and getting Ralph all kinds of envious looks that seemed to puff him up no end.

"You are not to walk beside me and look at me like that," said Tom with a laugh.

"No," I told him meekly. "I will not do that to you, my husband."

Tom had settled back beside me. I shivered as he ran a lazy hand over my bare arm, just incidentally touching my bra, stuffed only with me, my narrow waist and my rounded hip in the same gentle sweep.

We lay together for a moment or two and then he swore. "All right," he said. "You win, my wife."

I batted my eyelashes, thick with mascara and outlined as he likes them, at my lord and master. "I don't know at all what you mean, my husband," I say to him in my most lilting, little girl voice and he groans at me.

I am hauled to my feet and I do an imitation of Steffi and her adoration of Ralph as we leave the pool and almost bolt across the lawn to our chalet. It might be warm outside for our winter vacation with our friends but it was positively hot in our bed as my husband took me and kissed me fervently as I slid his clothes from him with my soft, fevered hands as he likes me to do.

Tom loves to take my bra from me and take my large, sensitive nipples into his mouth, pulling my breasts from side to side as the urge takes him. He slips my bikini bottom from me and ignores my artificial vagina. He wants to be buried in me and I, as his dutiful wife, accommodate his urgent desires to penetrate me

deeply. Well, I know that all the rest that I like done to me will come later anyway.

Well, a couple of hours later, an apologetic, girlish voice on the phone asks us to join her and Ralph for dinner and dancing. Steffi says breathlessly that they won't dash out on us again that night.

"I don't really understand," says my husband as I brush my hair and put on stockings and a garter belt but no panties or a bra as I dress to go out with him. I put on a white dress that clings to my upper figure and flares out over my hips.

"I don't understand," Tom says, "how I can be so lucky to have found a woman like you." Oh, the man knows how to make me purr, and so I dab myself with perfume, lifting my dress to show him that I am putting it in places that he can kiss me as soon as we get back from dinner.

"It all began with a pair of earrings that were hurting a girl called Tracey," I began but then my husband stops my mouth with his kiss and he lifts my dress and his hand caresses me where I want to be caressed.

"Dinner?" I gasp some time later.

"Dessert first," my wonderful husband murmurs, his mouth full of me, and, of course, I have to wiggle beneath him and obey, as a treasured, beautiful, feminine wife should.

\*\*\*\*end\*\*\*\*