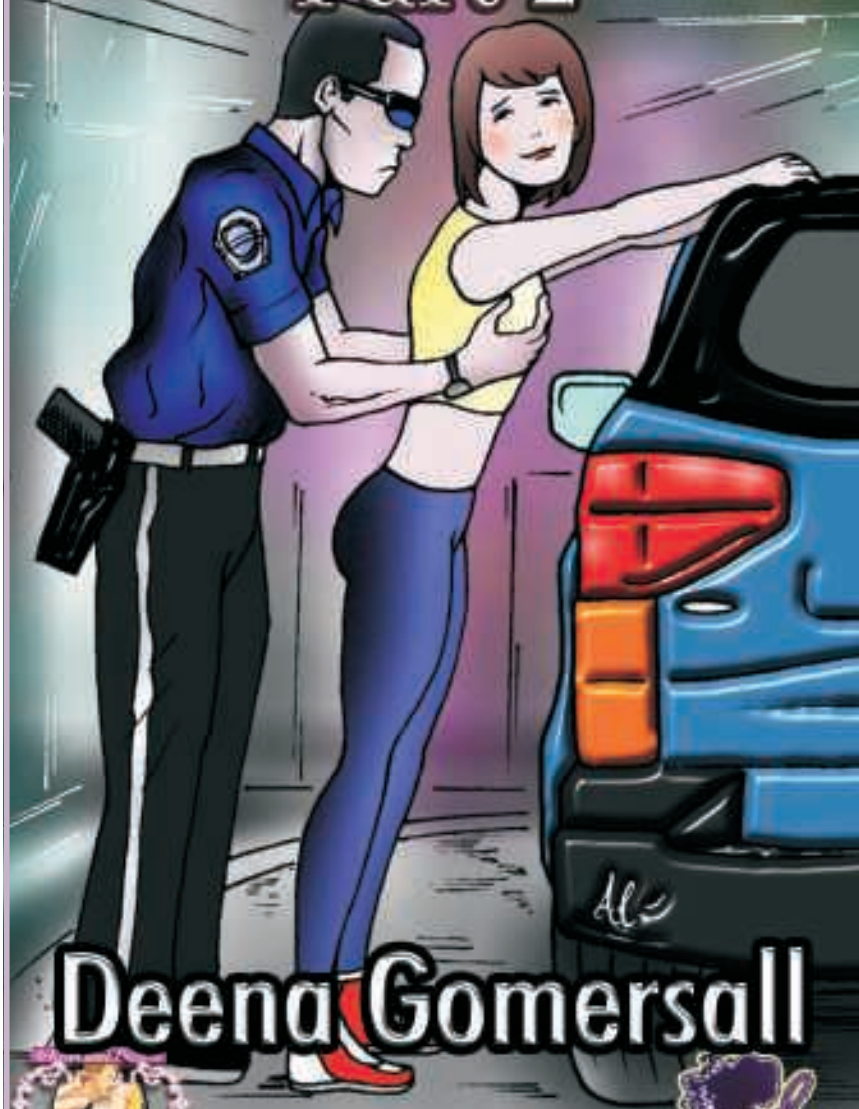


The Ghost Within Me

Part 2



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Ghost Within Me

part 2

By Deena Gomersall

Chapter Six

Tony sat on a chair, staring into a full-length mirror that he had just bought on Jodie's recommendation. He stared but the image that stared back at him was not his own, it was the face of someone much younger than his own thirty-two years of age and it was the face of someone of the opposite sex. It was the face of a pretty girl with flawless skin and long dark hair.

It had been twelve days since Jodie's birthday, the very first time she had altered his face. On that occasion he had freaked out and demanded that she put a stop to the process of his transformation. Two days later he had allowed her to try again and the transformation had been greater. Now, as he sat looking at his reflection, she had altered him a further four times.

Tony was trying to figure out why he was allowing this to happen. Jodie was dead, robbed of her life and her youth. Yes, he felt sorry for her, especially after she had revealed the misery that had been her life and he was trying to give her a bit of her life back... but was there some fundamental fascination in seeing his face look so young, so feminine... so pretty?

He was dressed in a white jumper with the words 'Guprey' written in large red silken letters across the chest and wine-coloured trousers, nothing elaborately feminine. Jodie had insisted on him putting on some eyeliner and mascara just to bring out the eyes, and he had gone along with her request.

"You like what you see, don't you, Babes?" Jodie's voice sounded inside his head.

He had allowed the young ghost into his body ten times now and still he could not get used to the weird sensation he experienced each time it happened. "It's totally weird seeing myself looking like a young girl," he answered.

"I can't wait to see if I can morph you into my former likeness. Mrs Marchant told me I just have to, like, picture myself in my head as I start the morphing process."

"That would be even weirder, knowing that I had your face," Tony responded.

"But you will let me try won't you, Babe? You did promise me you would."

"I was drunk," Tony retorted. It was true, he had been drunk, and indeed he had been drinking far heavier recently than he had ever done before. Maybe he thought drinking would help him cope with what he was allowing to happen to him.

He had even been a little drunk when he had gone to the gym to play squash with his friend Chris the night before. Chris had asked his friend what had

been going on since they last met. Tony had not gone to play squash the previous Friday, still feeling weirded out from the changes Jodie had done to his face and some parts of his body, so there were things to catch up on now.

Tony updated Chris on how he and his former girlfriend, Jan, had slept together but he was careful to steer clear from saying too much about being haunted, preferring to play down the subject as much as possible. He certainly had no intention of telling Chris how the ghost was changing his face to look like a girl's or that he had been wearing female clothing. He knew, for sure, that would be enough for Chris to demand that his friend visit a shrink.

“Jan? Jan Crosby? No Way dude! You’ve gone back to her?” Chris had gasped.

“Yeah man, her. I’m not planning on getting it back on with her, mate. But with all the trauma of being demoted at work and Chad Myers taking over my job, I just needed an outlet,” Tony had replied.

“Well, maybe it could be good for you, get you away from your haunted house, too,” Chris then poked. “Are you planning on seeing Jan again?”

“She’s texted me a couple of times. Jodie wants me to see her ag...” Tony had immediately realised his mistake in mentioning Jodie and broke off what he had been saying.

“Jodie! Who’s Jodie? Oh, wait up, Buddy, isn’t Jodie the name you gave to your in-house ghost?” Chris questioned.

Tony had to think fast. “No, mate, you’re getting mixed up. Jodie is my cousin from upstate. I was talking to her about it on the phone and she thought seeing chicks again was a good thing and it would save me being alone at Christmas.”

Chris had looked at his friend disbelievingly. He was sure Tony had told him that his ghost had told him her name was Jodie. Plus, he had known Tony nearly all of his life but had never heard tell of a cousin called Jodie before. He decided not to pursue it further, however.

“So, you will be seeing Jan Crosby over Christmas next week? That’s good for you, buddy. I’ll be taking Mazy out, things seem to be going nicely with us at the moment. Don’t get me wrong, I still miss Suzie, but things kinda got screwed up there between us.”

“I’m sorry,” Tony apologised, knowing that he had some part in Chris and his longtime girlfriend ending things.

“Nah, don’t apologise. Like I told you, things just were going wrong anyway. If you aren’t seeing Jan all next week, come and have a drink with Mazy and me for Christmas, buddy. Otherwise, as next Friday is Christmas day and this place won’t be open, I’ll catch you the week after.”

With that, the two friends departed. Tony had no intentions of spending the whole of Christmas with Jan Crosby.

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“So, are you, like, welching on letting me try giving you my face? It’s not that hideous you know.”

Jodie’s voice broke Tony from his thoughts.

“What! No, not at all. I was just saying how weird it would be... and you aren’t hideous at all, from how I can see your image, you were very beautiful.”

Tony couldn’t see Jodie smile from inside him but he almost felt a warm glow.

“Oh, thanks, Babes, that’s so sweet of you to say. I was a bit of a stunner,” she told him.

“Well, you don’t think I would let any old minger into my body, do you?” Tony replied, chuckling.

There followed a pause without Tony picking up anything from his ‘lodge’ and then Jodie spoke again.

“Hey Babes, I’ve just had a terrific idea.”

Tony groaned; this could not be good. “What is it, Jodie? What could this fantastic idea possibly be?”

“I never said it was a *fantastic* idea, I said it was a *terrific* one. Come on, it’s Saturday, let’s play. All rest and no play makes Toni a dull girl.”

“So just what do you have in mind?”

“Easy Peezy. You are dressed; you have some makeup on, let’s go out for a walk, it’s a nice day,” Jodie suggested.

“What like this, looking like a girl? You are joking!”

“Like hell I am. Why not? It’s not like anyone is going to see you, the great Macho Tony Bartram wearing girl’s clothes. You look just like an ordinary girl. It’ll be fun.”

“Fun for whom? No, I’m not leaving the house like this,” Tony protested.

“What? You’re chicken? Chicken; Chicken; Cluck Cluck Cluck.”

“No I’m not. I just don’t see the point. How can it do anything at all for you, it’s not like you can gain any exercise from it,” Tony protested indignantly.

“But *you* can. Walk some of that weight off, Fatty.”

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It was ten minutes later, after Tony had found some 'sensible' shoes' that Tony was fearfully walking down the high street. In his head he knew nobody could mistake him for anything other than what he looked and yet he was sure everyone was looking at him and noticing he was a man wearing female clothes. It took passing several people who never so much as turned their heads before he started to settle his nerves.

Jodie suggested they walk to a local Mall where they could do some Christmas shop browsing and maybe pick some meals up... healthy ones.

"Oh wow! We just gotta buy that dress for ourselves, it looks fab. We would be, like, knockout in that, don't you think, Tony? Hey, we need to give you a girl's name for the times when you are altered."

Tony looked around to ensure nobody was near before replying in a hissy whisper. "I thought you already had... I notice you pronounce my name with a feminine infection."

"Nah, that's too close, it should be a name that helps you feel feminine like... Tanya. That's it. You are Tanya. Oh, and if you are concerned about talking to me out in public, in case someone thinks you are like a total nut job, just think your reply instead of saying it then nobody can hear you."

"What... like this?"

"Yeah, that's it, Tanya. See, I can hear your thoughts."

After two hours of shop browsing and shopping, Jodie spoke in a more saddened voice. "Oh, I would, like, totally kill for just one of those," she lamented.

"One of what?"

They were standing near to a newsagent and tobacconist shop. “For a cigarette, Babes. Would you like buy a pack and smoke one for me?”

“A cigarette? No way, no chance. I’ve never smoked one of those foul things in my life and I’m not about to start to.”

“Aw, com’on. Just one for me... your other half,” Jodie pleaded.

“No. You get cancer from those things. You keep harping on about how I should get fitter and healthier and then you suggest I cover my lungs in nicotine tar.”

“Aw!” Jodie pouted sulkily. “I’d, like, die for one right now.”

Tony was not having any of it and decided to move away from Jodie’s temptation.

Back home they cooked a meal together with Jodie giving Tony advice. He had asked her to change him back and he had put on his own clothes. Jodie stayed inside him so that she could taste what they had cooked. Afterwards she left his body and they talked about how Tony had felt in public, as he poured himself a beer.

“It wasn’t too bad, but I didn’t like the creepy looks I kept on getting from some of the boys who passed us... and older men, or some of the calls and suggestions. I never realised how intimidating it can be for young girls.

“Yep, a lot of guys are creepy, loutish assholes,” Jodie answered as Tony’s cell phone buzzed. “Who’s that, Babes?”

Tony groaned. “It’s Jan, again. What’s wrong with her? I told her to give me some space. She is so over-bearing.”

“Well, you did say to her give it a couple of weeks and, like, technically it’s two weeks today that you laid her. Give her a ring and meet up; I totes wouldn’t mind sharing your moment of orgasmic bliss again... even if it does only last about a minute. It’s the only way I’m ever going to feel sexual release.” Jodie suggested. “And, it is Christmas next week, it’ll be good for you.”

Tony considered it. He had told Chris he would be seeing Jan over Christmas. Could it harm? He pressed answer. “Hello! Oh, Hi Jan, I was just thinking about you.”

The following day being Sunday, Tony had the day to himself, or rather himself and Jodie. He had gotten up feeling low and miserable. Talk about Christmas the day before had made him reflect on happier times, Christmas with his family; Mom, Dad and his two sisters Caroline and Bethany. They had been good times, Christmas had always been magical... before his dad spoiled everything by seeing other women behind his mother’s back.

Jodie had hoped to persuade him to let her into his body early and try to entice him to have another girly day, but, seeing how he looked, she knew better than to even try badgering him on such things.

She wasn’t even able to read what was getting him down and, not being in his body, she couldn’t read his mind... so she kept her distance.

Tony was also reflecting on all that had befallen him since he had moved into the apartment on Cowper Street a little over six weeks ago. In that short space of time his best friend was thinking he had gone insane, he had been demoted at work and given a job that he really didn’t like. He had discovered that his home was being haunted, he had visited a rotting corpse, he had a ghost inhabiting him and he was allowing it to make him look like a girl and wear girls clothing.

And the thing which was really getting him down was his trying to understand what was in his own mind, get a grip on his own feelings. He had been captivated at seeing himself looking twelve years younger and of the opposite sex. He had found a strange, forbidden delight in wearing the female clothing and he had experienced excitement at going out as 'Tanya' as Jodie was now calling him, and being perceived as female.

Why was that? What was wrong with him? He had never had such inclinations before Jodie had come into his life. By early evening Tony had drunk a number of cans of beer and consumed almost half a bottle of vodka. Feeling merry with drink, now Jodie felt she could approach him.

"Hey, Babes, Wanna talk about what is eating at you?" she asked.

"You! You are," Tony replied blatantly.

Jodie was shocked and dismayed by Tony's response. "What have I done wrong, Babe? Tell me and I, like, will totally apologise."

"You've changed my life... you have. Why me? Why did you have to come to me?" he asked her in a near inebriated state.

"Actually, it was, like, you came to me. But what have I done wrong to you?"

"Changing my features, making me dress as a girl, making me show myself off in public dressed as a girl."

"No Tony, if I've done something wrong I will, like, apologise, but I haven't made you do anything. I could do nothing to you without you allowing it, Babes. You allowed me to come into you, you gave me permission to alter you. And, before you say otherwise, you enjoyed yourself dressed up and going out

as a girl. I know you did because when I am inside you I can, like, totally feel a part of you.”

“But that’s just it. I shouldn’t, should I? I’m a guy, a straight, hetero-fucking-sexual guy.”

“But why not? Who are you harming? You are giving me a new lease of life and at the same time you are experiencing something that very few others can experience.”

There followed an awkward silence before Jodie spoke again. “You are just feeling frightened that it may change you, but we won’t let it. Have fun, enjoy it. Our secret that nobody else will ever know about.” Jodie waited, biding her time and then spoke again.

“Come on, the best way to cheer you up is facing your fears. Let’s make you Tanya again. It will do you good to like have some fun.” Jodie, as Tony had already found out, could be quite persuasive, even more so when Tony was drunk and his defences were down. He swayed as he got to his feet, placing a half-drunk can on the table and followed the ghost to his bedroom.

“If you insist, I guess I’ve nothing better to do.”

It was an hour later. Jodie had entered Tony’s body and from there instigated the changes to his face and body parts. With his body she would not risk doing anything over elaborate but as she had done before, she gave Tony a shapelier pair of legs, slimmer arms and more delicate hands. She had helped him with some makeup and suggested something to wear.

Tony looked at his reflection in his new, big mirror. If anything, he looked even younger than he had done previously. His face could pass as a sixteen-year-old’s or even a mature fifteen-year-old.

He lifted his bottle of vodka, took one more look at his reflection, and took a swig.

In his boozed-up state, Tony was easily manipulated to suggestion by Jodie, who was becoming a little bit intoxicated herself from the fumes in his body. Together they walked to the local convenience store.

Tony was impeded by two youths who thought they would try their luck in scoring with an evidently inebriated girl.

“Hey babe, you wanna come to a party we are having at mine?” one asked, putting his arm around Tony’s shoulder.

“Fuck off back to school. Junior, I go for men, not kids with tiny brains and even tinier willies.” The insult did the trick and the youths left with their tails between their legs and their egos deflated.

Tony was aghast that he would come out with such a thing as ‘he went for men’ but was also amused. He and Jodie giggled about it as they made their way home from the store.

Rather than disappear inside on their return, the much drunk Tony went back into the apartment only to pick up his bottle of vodka, then return outside again, sitting on a bench on the sidewalk not far from the apartment, legs stretched akimbo.

“Cross your legs, you hussy,” Jodie giggled, “you are showing right up your skirt.”

Tony crossed one shapely leg, clad in black pantyhose, over the other knee and pulled at the hem of the short black skirt he was wearing. “You need to show me how... you know, how to do it all. I haven’t had any lessons in being a girl,” Tony replied loudly from his mouth and then carefully fed the tip end of the cigarette he was holding, between his lips, taking a drag on it.

Jodie had managed to persuade the sozzled Tony into buying cigarettes whilst they were at the conve-

nience store. “Sure, Babe, I’ll show you all you need to know in how to be a woman,” Jodie replied merrily.

They were interrupted by the click clack sound of stiletto heeled shoes. A middle-aged woman approached from the left, looked disdainfully at Tony as he sat there, legs crossed, skirt ridden up to the top of his thigh and with smoke escaping his painted lips. He was holding a lit cigarette in one hand and a near empty bottle in the other.

“You, young girl... yes you. Have you no shame?” the woman demanded to know as she stood before Tony, glaring.

Tony just stared at her drunk and dumbstruck.

“You should be behaving like a young lady, not some street tart, smoking and drinking. Are you even old enough to drink? I should phone a law enforcement officer. We don’t want the likes of you on our streets.”

“Go fuck all the way off, you old crock, just cos, like, YOU haven’t got a life.” The words spat out of Tony’s mouth.

“Really! You little madam. How dare you?”

“How dare *you*? Like telling me what I should and shouldn’t do, go, like, totally do one.”

Tony watched the woman march away, set-faced, as he gaped in surprise. He was surprised because, although the words had come out of his mouth, he had not said them.

“Omigod... I mean, did you just hear that? Like I just totally spoke for you. I, like, mean, right out of your mouth. That is so fucking awesome!” Jodie gushed.

“How the hell did you just do that?” Tony asked in complete bewilderment.

“I dunno exactly, Babes. Maybe we are just getting even more connected,” Jodie suggested gleefully.

Even though he was drunk, Tony knew he wasn't in favour of Jodie having any control of what he said or did with his body. That was rather worrying.

“Hey, come on, Tanya. We better get ourselves back indoors before the old crow calls the ‘law enforcement officers’ and the cops come,” Jodie then suggested.

Tony could see the wisdom of that and he knew the old battle axe would certainly lodge a complaint with the ‘law enforcement officers’.

Once indoors, Tony crashed onto his two-seat sofa, still with Jodie's voice ringing in his head.

“I was unsure if I would be able to do anything like that, but I can, just like Mrs Marchant said I would. Do you know what this means, Babes? I think I have, like, enough power to take you all the way. I mean like fully change your body... not just your arms, hands and legs... but, like, all of you. How amazeballs would that be?”

“Yeah, whatever, girl.” Tony responded now feeling heavily drowsy from his drinking.,

“Shall I try it? Shall I see if I can?” Jodie continued in excitement.

“Yeah, do whatever... just let me get some rest,” Tony replied without fully thinking about what he was saying. All he cared about right then was getting some sleep and stopping his head from spinning.

“Yay!” Jodie shouted.

Chapter Seven

Tony woke up literally with a shriek! Although he had a hangover and a pounding head, none of that

registered immediately. Somehow he had taken himself to bed, not that he remembered, and had shed out of every stitch of clothing. And that was how he had woken to find himself, laid on the bed totally naked.

Don't get me wrong, his body had become a bit flabby but not enough to make him shriek upon seeing it. What had made him cry out was the sight of two large, womanly breasts upon his chest. And he shrieked again when he saw that his penis was gone and in its place was a vagina! All of this was showcased on a slim, curvy, feminine body.

Tony knew immediately what must have happened, who must have been responsible.

"Jodie! What the fuck have you done to me?" he asked in a voice that sounded so wrong to him, a very feminine voice.

"I suggested seeing if I could like, go all the way and stuff in changing you and you said I could, so, I did," Jodie replied nonchalantly from inside his head.

"I did? No, I wouldn't have. Look at me. I feel so weird. I sound so weird." As he sat up, Tony instinctively cupped his hands under the round firm breasts to stop them moving about. "Ugh! That feels so wrong."

"What, you went gay all of a sudden? You don't like the feel of a woman's titties anymore?"

"Well, of course I do, but on women, not on ME! And this voice... Change me back!" he commanded, almost panicky.

"Calm down, Babes, you are just, like, so tragic. If at some point we are going to try changing you into me, then no way do I want my head perched on top of a manly body. I mean, like, ew! It's just like feminising your face, you'll get used to it."

“No I won’t. This it totally different... I’ve got a woman’s body... and all the parts. It’s just all so creepy and disturbing. Wait, what day is it today?” Tony tried to rack his brain for a moment, “Shit, its Monday. What time is it?”

“Well, your wall clock says it’s a little after twelve babes.”

“Oh, fucking hell! I’m in big trouble, I should be at work. This day is becoming a disaster. Oh, my head!”

As Tony’s stress levels rose and his heart beat blood into his brain faster, Tony realised the banging headache that he had.

“Geez, even I can feel your head pounding. Go take some tablets, Tanya,” Jodie suggested.

“I’m not fucking called Tanya. Stop calling me that. I’ve had it with all of this feminising shit. And if you are now going to go and sulk for a week or so go do it, but this is way too much.”

“Okay, grumpy drawers, keep your knickers on... or rather, you should go put some on. I’m not going anywhere, Babes. I live here, and we are on the brink of a major breakthrough. I get that you have woken up with a hangover and moody as heck. I understand it may have been a shock but you gave permission, then fell asleep,” Jodie told him. “And go get some paracetamol or something; we’ll feel much better when you do.”

“I have to go to work; Blake is going to kill me for sure,” Tony said, crossing to his bathroom very much in need to pee, holding his breasts and feeling strange even by the way he was walking.

“You’re already late and in no fit state to go into work,” Jodie protested.

“No fit state! Tell me about it,” Tony responded, using his hands to emphasise his body, his breasts now

fully exposed. "That's why you need to come out of me and let me become myself again."

"I didn't mean 'fit state' like that, I mean you are hungover. Get some..."

Jodie was cut off by Tony's cell phone ringing. Tony went over to pick it up and saw the caller ID was his workplace.

"Shit." Tony pressed the answer button. "Hello!"

"HELLO? Who's this?" Blake demanded to know, "Whoever you are, young lady, go tell your lover he is suspended until further notice." The phone went dead, leaving Tony feeling shaky. He had forgotten about his voice. No doubt, now Blake believed the reason he hadn't gone into work was because he'd had a girl sleeping over.

Tony walked over by his window and slumped morosely into a sitting position, his back against the wall, no longer caring that his breasts were fully exposed. He was going to lose his job for sure. His wages were already cut, his bank balance was dwindling, and all, just a few days before Christmas. "Oh boy, I'm screwed. Shame you are dead, I think I could do with you pulling some tricks in order to keep paying for this place," he said despondently.

"If I could, I would." Jodie answered despondently. "I'm sorry, Tony; again it's me that has gotten you into this. I should just go and leave you in peace forever."

"No, don't you dare do that. You are all I have left. We'll figure something. Maybe I can find some other job... though I doubt Blake is going to be giving me any great reference now."

"Thank you for saying that, Babes, that means a lot. Now go get an aspirin or whatever, we've got a banging headache."

A couple of aspirin later and some welcome relief on the toilet, Tony had something else to complain about. "This is total crap... that I have to sit on the toilet just to piss," he moaned.

"We girls have to do that all the time... and don't forget to mop, Babes."

Tony had been so sullen that even thinking about re-requesting Jodie to come out of his body so that he could change back to himself had not entered his head. Indeed he seemed to welcome the comfort of Jodie being with him.

Jodie was happy to stay there, not having anything better to do and enjoying his life force and energy. Rather than suggesting or making a move to leave him, she instead made a suggestion.

"It's pretty cold today, Babes, and you are naked. Why don't we go get some clothes on and make some food? How's your head? I can't feel the pounding now."

"It's okay now, thanks," Tony answered gloomily, getting up from where he had been sitting for the past hour and returning his hands to cover his breasts.

"What are ya being so shy for? It's just us two girls here and I have seen plenty of naked breasts before," Jodie said with a laugh.

"I'm not a girl and, although I too have seen many naked breasts before, I'm not used to having a pair of my own bouncing and swinging around on me," Tony protested in his strange feminine voice.

"Okay, chill. Let's get a bra on and they will be kept in control."

"A bra! Why a bra? Why not let me have my male body back."

“If you demanded it, then I would have to, but why waste the opportunity? You have never experienced being totally a girl before. You can hardly count snoring your head off while sleeping as experience, nor sitting sulking in a corner.”

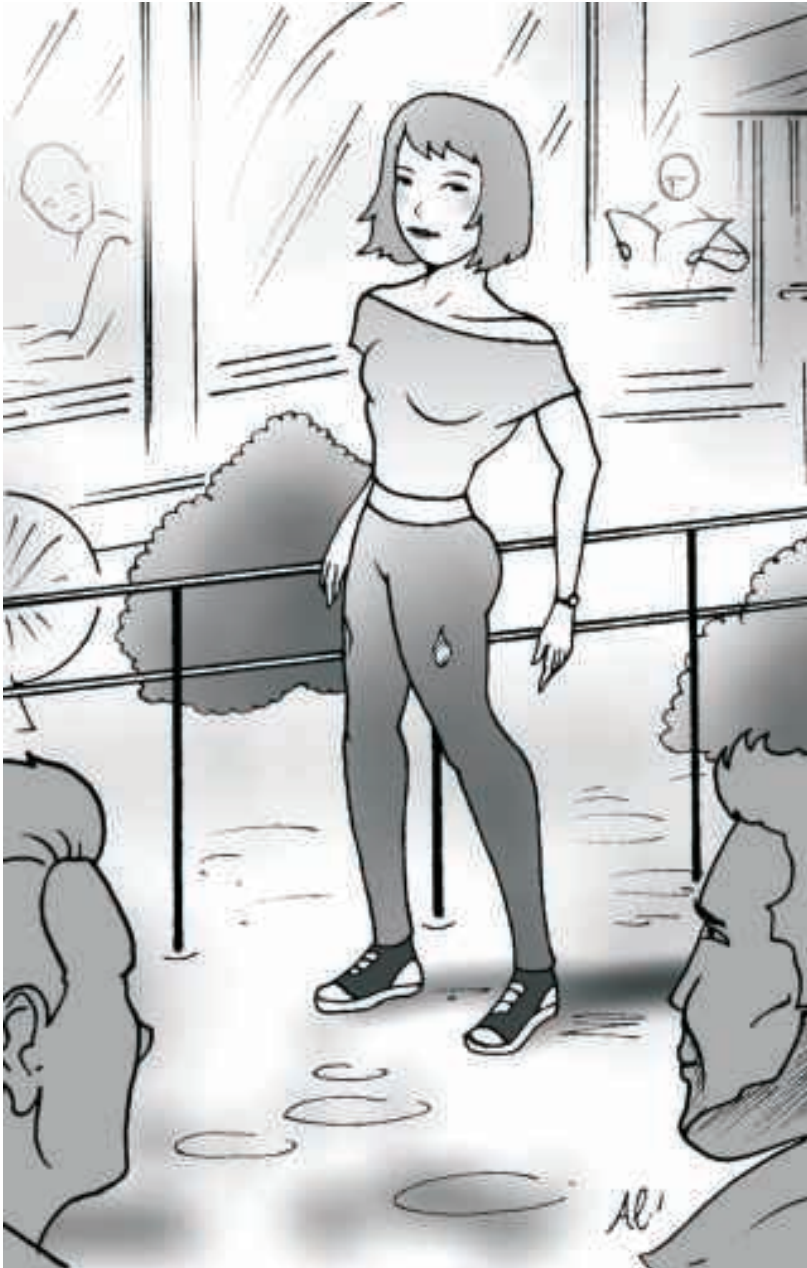
Tony didn't really want to accept that what Jodie said made sense but it did. Also, inside him was a strange curiosity to just experience what life was actually like being a girl.

The experience of putting on a bra, this time, was a whole lot different. Before, he had fastened the bra in front, then twisted the fasteners to the back. This time, to do that, he had to go underneath two large breasts that obstructed his view and, after twisting the cups to the front, there was the problem of how to get the cups over the bottom of his breasts so that they could sit in the cups. Jodie intervened, suggesting that now, with a girlier body, he may just be able to reach around and fasten the bra in the back. Then it would be easier for the new assets to just drop into the cups.

Tony was to have another totally new experiences while he had the full body of a girl. He had worn panties before, but this time when he put a pair on, they felt totally different on him, not least in that without his male parts they lay flat and snugly to his body. They sat differently on his body now that he had wider hips and, against even smoother and hairless skin, they felt even softer and silkier than ever.

The panties didn't stay in place long as Tony again needed to go to the toilet. Again he had to sit down to urinate rather than just pulling his cock out as normal and aiming his jet into the pan. He presumed he must have needed to go through the previous night too but it had never occurred to him in his drunken state.

As he scrunched up a pad of toilet paper, Tony examined for the first time what now was between his legs. It was weird not having his cock and balls dan-



gling there anymore and he felt a sense of loss. Now he had a bush of wiry hair that didn't quite mask the slit he had between his legs and the pink lips just inside. He found himself flushed with embarrassment that he should now possess such a feminine feature on his body.

Once fully dressed, for the second day running, Tony went out for a walk towards the Mall, Jodie coming along for the ride. This time he wore a jumper, stonewashed jeans and a pair of sneakers. Good old Mrs March, whoever she was, hadn't purchased everything girly for him the other day so there were the jeans which had big gaping holes in the knees, a pair of blue denim shorts, a pair of leggings and several fairly unisex tops plus the sneakers and a pair of flat strappy sandals.

He had told Jodie he wanted to go out without makeup but she eventually talked him into a touch of mascara and a neutral lipstick. Again Tony looked upon the pretty face of a girl who didn't really look much older than sixteen, half his age.

Although dressed a little less sexy than the previous day, Tony still received admiring looks and whistles. This time he had a very real pair of C+ cup boobs tenting out his top and the jeans showed off, very nicely, his large, rounded butt and curvy hips.

"Remind me again why we are walking down to the Mall, on a Sunday, when most of the shops will be closed anyway?" Tony asked in thought as he went on his way.

"Well, one thing is practice in walking; you, like, really need some lessons in that, Babes. As feminine as you are, you walk like an all-in wrestler, plus we need some fresh fruit as it's something you never buy, some more milk and either a lighter or a box of matches."

"Why the hell do we need a lighter or matches?" Tony queried.

“Well, to light cigs up with, duh!”

“But I don’t smoke. I told you that yesterday.”

“But you did smoke last night, we bought a packet in Jakes convenience store, don’t you remember? There are still eighteen left.”

“What! You are kidding me, right? I thought my mouth tasted like an ashtray this morning but I thought it was just from being dry-throated through drinking too much, and, allegedly, snoring!”

“You do snore, pretty badly, Babes, if I’m honest. You keep me awake through the night.”

“You told me you never sleep,” Tony countered.

“Well, yeah... that’s the reason why, Babes.”

“Anyway, those smokes can stay in the packet; I’m not ruining my body.”

“Not unless it’s by greasy junk food, eh!”

“Whatever!”

Arriving at the Mall Tony went around the relevant open shops where he needed to purchase things, ignoring a group of young men who called out to him and harassed him along his way for a while.

Jodie suggested they go in and browse around two thrift shops and Tony left, with a lacy top and two short skirts plus several CDs of the type of music Jodie enjoyed listening to, protesting that he couldn’t afford such stuff now that he was suspended from work.

“Chill, Tanya, stop being so vexed. I told you I still, like, have money in my own bank. We can transfer it into your account if you are so bothered.”

“And skirts, why did you talk me into buying more skirts? I’m happy to let you in, once in a while... but

that's it. Once in a while,. The majority of the time will be me being me. Okay?"

Tony was ranting and Jodie just decided to keep quiet and stop winding him up until he calmed down.

"Oh, Just in case you hadn't thought about it, what about looking for a nice Christmas present for Jan?" she dared suggesting.

The following day Tony didn't know what to do with himself. He was back as himself at least. Normally he would be at work, working his final day before the Christmas break. He moped around the apartment for most of the morning, tidying things that didn't need tidying.

Jodie had gone off in the early hours of the morning but she had returned an hour or so ago.

"I'm bored," Tony complained.

"Then why don't you search for jobs, Babes? Write yourself an up-to-date résumé, do something to get work, maybe just in a, like, temporary job until your asshole boss un-suspends you."

"I should, but I really can't be bothered with anything like that today. I'm fed up, I feel depressed. I need something to cheer me up."

"Well if you're fed up and want something exciting, let me make you into Tanya again," Jodie suggested.

"No, no, Jodie. Like I told you yesterday, this... this being turned into a female, it's got to be just once in a while," Tony rounded on the young ghost. "If I allowed it today, that's three days in a row. It's too much. I'm a man, I do not want to lose being that, lose my sexual identity."

"Oh, come on, Babes. If you really are a man then you should be man enough to not let it affect your masculinity. It's just a bit of fun and, in the process,

it'll give you a better understanding of women. It's giving me back some semblance of life, which I am, like, eternally grateful for.

And anyway, Babes, you are like totally going to feel all man tomorrow when you have your hot date with Jan... remember?"

Tony groaned. "Oh, yeah, I had tried to forget that."

There was really nothing else that Tony could even think of doing to pass the day but he remained reluctant. "If I let you change me, I am not walking down to the mall again, okay?" he protested.

"So let's, like, do something else. There are thousands of things a young hot babe can do. Get in your car and go for a drive. We can go to the sea coast; out to the countryside... what ever takes your fancy, Babes, you are free to do whatever you want right now."

Jodie finally won Tony over. She went into him, causing him the sensation that he was now getting used to but, in changing his body to female, things were an entirely new experience. He had been fast asleep and drunk the day before. This time, along with other changes he had already experienced, he felt the utterly weird sensation of breasts growing out from his chest. And, more so, his penis retracting into his body and a vagina developing.

The experience just about freaked him out and it took him a while to settle.

He had, more or less, the same face that Jodie usually created, an all-too-young looking but very pretty face with very little evidence of himself. In fact, the only real evidence of his entire body, other than a couple of moles and a scar on his left leg, were the large tattoos he had on his arms.

Jodie had him look in the mirror. “Look at the state of our hair! We totally need to do something about that, Babes. I can make it grow but it just comes out like a mess, it needs thinning out and styling,” she stated as she pulled locks of thick unkempt hair from Tony’s head that had fallen on either side of his face like a thick curtain.

A hundred strokes with a brush later and Jodie was satisfied that it was passable.

“We need to dress lightly today, Tanya. For late December, the weather forecast predicts it’s going to be a hot sunny day,” Jodie suggested, “Not much hope of a white Christmas.”

It took an awful lot of persuasion, something that Jodie was very good at, for Tony to finally accept what she was suggesting for him to wear. The panties were acceptable; the very short, printed dress was something else. It was colourful with an elaborate pattern, short sleeved... and low-cut! Showing off, to him, a vast amount of cleavage from his twin charms

“This is way too low, I feel like a hooker,” Tony protested.

“Its fine, I used to wear dresses like that all of the time,” Jodie tried calming him.

“Yeah, you were a hooker and you slowly got used to having breasts as you grew and developed. This is all new to me... and it will have every male eyeball in the state looking at me.”

“So, let ‘em look, be proud of your assets, girlfriend. I bet you always looked when you saw a nice full cleavage on a girl, didn’t ya?”

“Well, yeah, of course. I’m a red-blooded all-American male.”

“And did your staring at them cause the girl any real harm, other than maybe a bit of discomfort or

embarrassment? But you wouldn't have cared about their feelings and they would have just moved on. You need to see the perspective from the other side, Babes. The experience will do you good."

Tony knew all too well he couldn't win an argument with the streetwise young ghost and so he just accepted the dress.

"Shouldn't I be wearing a bra? Not that I have any great desire to wear bras," Tony then asked.

"Not with that dress, Hon. It will cup and hold your breasts securely without one."

"But the material of the dress is rubbing on my nipples," Tony complained as he sat down to put on the shoes that Jodie had suggested.

The shoes were strappy and had a two and a half inch block heel and an ankle strap. Jodie suggested the shoes would keep his feet cool.

It wasn't until he was in the car that he found he was unaccustomed to driving whilst wearing high block heels to operate the pedals and it gave him a degree of difficulty when using the accelerator or operating the breaks.

"I should pull in somewhere and take off these damn shoes," he moaned.

"Well at least wait until we get out of the city and out into the open," Jodie suggested

"There are some quiet side roads a little further ahead; I can turn into one of those," Tony responded. "I need to get out of these heels or we will have an accident."

Tony looked into his rearview mirror before indicating a left turn and then saw a police patrol car right behind him. As Tony turned left, so did the police car. Not a good time to pull in, he thought, so he

continued down the road, stopping at a set of lights. As he came to a halt, the police car drew alongside and Tony could see the driver within, looking across at him.

The lights changed and Tony continued down the road only to hear a couple of high-pitched wails from the police car's siren and the lights flashed on top of the car. He looked across and saw the officer signaling for him to pull over.

"Oh, shit! Why is he pulling me over?" Tony said, exasperated. Tony felt his heart pounding as he steered into the curb and stopped.

The police car pulled in behind him. The officer exited and Tony watched him approaching through his mirror and, on his arrival, Tony wound his window down.

"Morning, Miss," The officer greeted.

"How can I help you, Officer?" Tony asked in his softer, higher, more feminine voice.

"I'm just wondering if you are old enough to be driving this vehicle unaccompanied by someone twenty-one years of age or older, Missy. So, how old are you?"

Tony went with the age that Jodie now would have been, knowing that would make him of legal age.

"I'm twenty years old, sir."

"And have you got any documentation on you to prove that, Miss?"

Of course Tony had nothing for this young female image that he was presenting. "Um, no, sorry, Officer. I am not carrying my birth certificate."

"I see. What's your name, Miss?"

Tony had to think fast to the officer's questions. "Tanya Bartram," he replied, using the femme name that Jodie had given him and his own surname. He could hardly tell the officer he was Tony Bartram

"And is this your own vehicle you are driving, Miss Bartram?"

Tony's heart sank and he could see, looking down, the rise and fall of his breasts as he breathed heavier from fear. He had his driver's licence and lots of other documents in his glove compartment... but they were for a thirty-two year old male by the name of Tony Bartram, and that was definitely not who he was right now.

"It's um, it's my cousin's, Tony Bartram, and he lets me drive it sometimes."

"And do you have his consent written down on a piece of paper, Miss?"

"No."

The officer looked at Tony with doubt written all over his face. This was so annoying, this was his own car, he was thirty-two years old... and yet, he was having to lie about those facts and, in the process, make himself seem suspicious.

"Would you mind stepping out from your vehicle, little lady?" the officer then asked, shaking Tony up even more.

When Tony got out, he found that the broad-chested officer towered over him. He was a man probably in his mid-forties, who, Tony guessed, wasn't too bad looking; though why he should be considering that, he wasn't sure. One thing he was sure of, although the officer was wearing mirrored shades, he was doing an awful lot of looking down at Tony's new cleavage.

The officer put through a call to his station, giving the car's registration and the name given as the owner.

"Now here's how it is. I'm figuring that you are a minor, maybe fifteen or sixteen, you are driving unaccompanied by an adult; you don't have your own licence or a permit from your older nephew to say that you can drive his car..."

Just then the officer received a message back from his station to verify that the car was registered to a Mr. Tony Bartram and that the address given was correct. The car had not been reported stolen.

"Well, the details you gave us check out, Miss, but as we are unable to get hold of Mr Bartram we cannot say whether he gave you permission or not to drive his car. And whether he did or not, in this state, as it is illegal for a minor under the age of eighteen to drive a vehicle unaccompanied by an adult. Your cousin would be in the wrong even if he had given you permission."

Tony was in enough trouble as it was, having been suspended from his job. He didn't want further trouble landing on his doorstep from the police. By making a statement his "cousin" had given him permission to drive his own car, he would definitely be getting in trouble with the police. So he had to lie again in order to save his own self.

"Um, mo, he wasn't aware that I was driving his car today, Sir. He's out job hunting. I'm sorry, Sir," Tony had to confess, head hung low.

"Out job hunting but not using his own car to do so? Well, you have no proof that you are eighteen or over and you are driving a vehicle without the owner's consent. So it seems you are in a heap of trouble either way, little lady," the officer stated

Tony had a deeply worried look on his pretty face. If things went further, he had no proof of this identity, no birth certificate, nothing.

“If I gave you until mid-afternoon, could you come to the police station with your birth certificate, showing that you are twenty years of age?” the officer then asked.

“No sir, I cannot,” Tony had to reply, his head held low as he was basically confirming to the officer his belief that Tony was under the age of eighteen.

“Look Miss, I ain’t heartless. I got Christmas spirit same as everyone else,” the officer said, his eyes again focused on the mounds of Tony’s breasts. “I’m pretty sure we can come to some kind of arrangement so that things aren’t taken further.”

Jodie had remained silent throughout the ordeal, not wanting to confuse him or put him off his stride, but she knew the signs all too well and now hissed in Tony’s head.

“Tony, just go with whatever he suggests. It’s your only way out.”

Tony wasn’t entirely sure what Jodie was alluding to from her suggestion, but he had a pretty good guess. He could almost see lust in the officer’s face and he had heard enough tales of ‘roguish’ cops.

“What kind of arrangement are you proposing, Officer?” he asked quietly, timidly.

“Well, however old you are you have a pretty well-formed rack there, Miss. Exposing them in such a way is almost illegal, I would say. I think I ought to check out the goods to ensure you aren’t carrying any concealed weapons,” the cop smirked.

Yes. It was confirmed. Tony didn’t want to, but he didn’t want to get into a lot of trouble either, and getting into trouble seemed unavoidable now... unless.

Tony tried to press a smile and, as well as he could under the circumstances, a flirtatious look. “I assure you I’m not but if you need to look, Officer...” he replied

coquettishly.

The cop took one last, studious look at Tony, then put his hands on Tony's shoulders and slipped the dress down over them, down his upper arms, then still further until Tony's new breasts bounced out freely from the dress' confines. Now Tony really wished he had worn a bra.

Tony felt his face starting to burn as the officer's large hands cupped each breast and began to massage them and roll them. Tony just stood as though frozen in fear, not moving as the officer continued to fondle his assets. Then the cop lowered his head and took one perky nipple between his lips and began to suck. The action sent shock waves through Tony's whole system.

Addressing the other nipple in the same way, the officer then had a final grope before restoring Tony's dress up onto his shoulders.

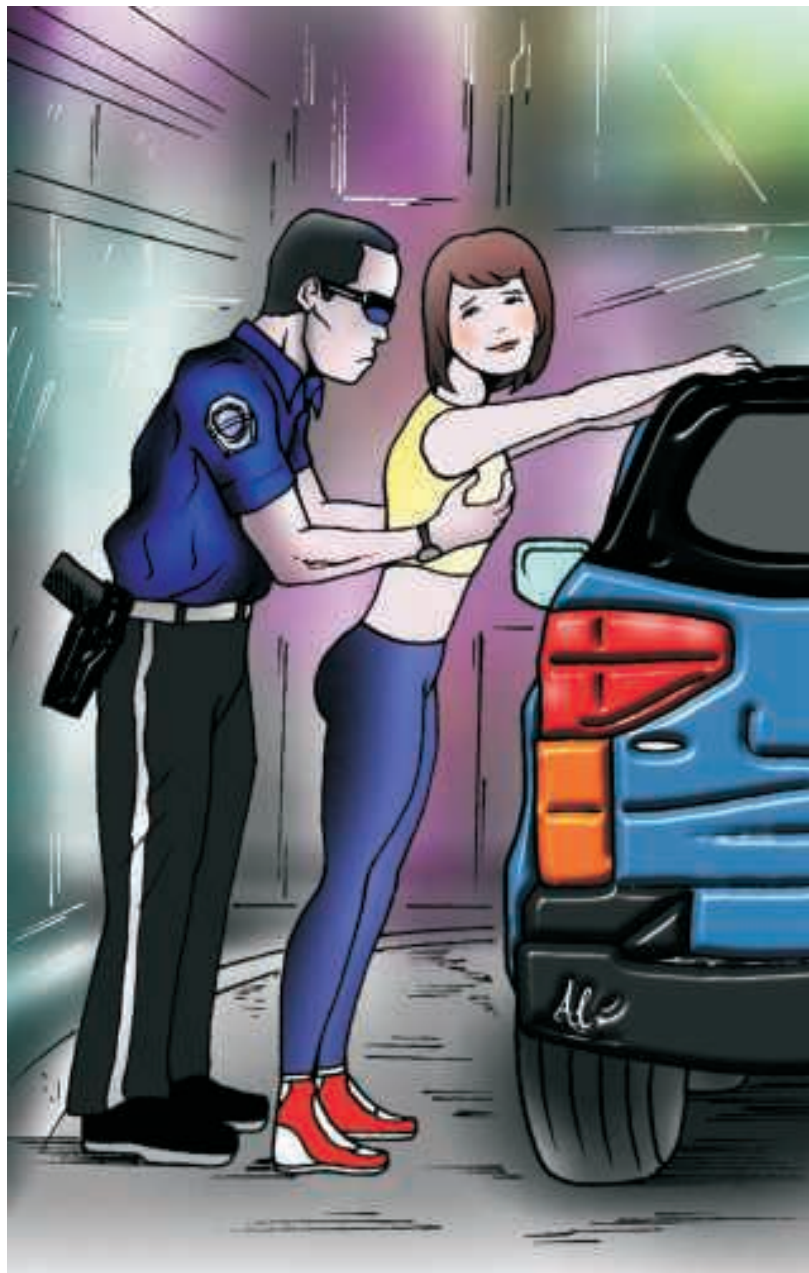
"Don't seem to find anything suspicious there, Miss. Off you go back in your car. Next time you use it, ensure you have a companion of age, proper permit and consent to drive it from the owner. Good day, Miss Bartram and Merry Christmas."

As the officer walked back to his car Tony poked his tongue out at him before realising that was right out of character for him whilst much more befitting a young or teenaged girl.

Tony did not breathe easily again until he saw the police car pulling away. He was abashed at what had happened to him but even more disconcerting was the fact that the molesting, whilst feeling violative, had not been wholly unpleasant and had given him some kind of sexual reaction, almost a thrill, had it not been for the nature of the fondling.

"Does a pig like that seriously get off on doing that kind of stuff to young girls?" he asked aloud.

"Seemingly, though whether it's just to give him a thrill, stoke up his ego or make him feel all big and powerful, I don't really know. You did well there though, girl. Had you not gritted your teeth and gone with the flow, you could have got into a lot of trouble as your real self."



“Maybe or I could have just reported my car as being stolen after he was gone,” Tony suggested.

“In which case there would be a report put out on you and you would, like, be arrested as the car thief and held, totally unable to prove who you are,” Jodie countered.

“Anyway, how did you like your tits being groped by strong male hands, Tanya?”

Tony hesitated. “Well...” He didn’t reply anywhere near as fast as he should have been able to.

“You kind of enjoyed it, didn’t you?”

“No, it was totally gross.”

“Nonsense. I like know the manner of it was not the best but you got a thrill, especially when he sucked on your nipple. Right? Don’t forget, I feel your senses.”

“Well, maybe,” Tony protested his innocence, “but only because it was a new and unexpected experience,” he tried to argue. We shouldn’t do any more of this total body changing. It nearly got me into a lot of trouble and I shouldn’t be getting some sort of sordid sexual thrill from a man. I’m a man myself, for pity’s sake, a heterosexual male.”

“Chillax, Babes, you’ll get your chance to prove your manliness tomorrow night with Jan,” Jodie said teasingly.

“Wow! I can barely wait. Can I drive home now? I’ve been quite put off from having a day out,” Tony responded.

It was Christmas Eve the following day and even had he not been suspended, Tony would not have been working today or for the next ten days as the company was closing down over the Christmas and New Year period.

It all seemed wrong to Tony, he still woke up at the same time that he had every morning, even though he hadn't set his alarm. Now he had a twenty-four hour day in front of him and had almost no plans at all... and the plans he did have, going on a date with Jan, he really wasn't overly enthusiastic about.

"You need to get yourself showered and shaved, totally put on your best casual outfit and put yourself into the mindset of winning and dining a hot chick, even if, like, that hot chick is a whiny clingy bitch," Jodie tried to tell him as he prepared breakfast.

"And today is all about you and your masculinity. After yesterday you, like, need a break from all things feminine and stuff."

"I'll go along with that," Tony replied. "And, you won't be hitching a ride inside me?"

"No... well, not until this evening, anyway. I'm looking forward to you spurting your love juice inside her again but try making things last this time, Babes. Ease her slowly into it, plenty of foreplay, seein' as you, like, wilt the moment you shoot your shit. You guys have no idea how much you can leave us gals unsatisfied and frustrated. This time I'm going to be in your head, like, totally telling you all that you need to do to her to really get her screaming."

Tony had rather hoped he might have some alone time with Jan this time around seeing as Jodie had already gotten to have her experience. With Jodie, that was never going to happen. He did smile, though, at the thought of her being on the inside giving him tips about how to really satisfy Jan from a girl's perspective.

That evening Tony dressed in a white fleece designer sweater and a pair of Joe Blog blue jeans along with a pair of tan brogues. Joop cologne finished him off. He didn't really want to give the impression that he was making a special effort and have Jan thinking they were a solid item. Dressing up was all Jodie's idea and influence.

And to be fair, when Jan showed up, she did look quite stunning herself. She had definitely made an effort. She'd had her hair styled and wore tasteful makeup. Her red one-shoulder dress that flared out from her narrow waist looked tasteful on her, the hem coming to her knees and revealing her shapely legs, encased

in tan nylons from there down. On her feet she wore matching red stiletto heels.

“Hi Tony sweetie, Merry Christmas! Mwah mwah, I have been missing you so much since our last time, it’s seemed like an eternity,” she told him, kissing him on both sides of the cheeks and then a more lingering one on the lips.

“It’s just been a little over two weeks, honey,” Tony told her.

“Two weeks too long. Have you missed me, sweetie pooh?”

“Of course I have, baby. You look real swell tonight... gorgeous in fact. Like I said, though, I’m on this big project at work; it could take another month before we wrap it up entirely,” he lied, not wanting her to know he had been demoted and could probably meet her much more often... if he wanted to.

Jan beamed at the compliment but pouted that Tony’s work was keeping them from seeing each other more often and rekindling their flame together.

“What are you doing tomorrow, honey? It’s Christmas day and you shouldn’t be alone on Christmas day. Come over to mine, let’s share Christmas together in each other’s arms. I can do you a lovely Christmas dinner You should see the size of the turkey I bought,” Jan suggested.

“Oh honey, I can’t. I have plans already tomorrow; I’m spending Christmas day with my family,” Tony lied. “Shall we go inside and eat?” he then suggested, taking her arm and leading her inside the swanky restaurant where they had arranged to meet.

This time, after their date, Jan suggested that they go back to her home rather than Tony’s apartment. Tony was all for it as he had regretted taking her back to his the last time, somewhere that Jan could find her way back to. Hopefully, on the first occasion she hadn’t taken too much notice of the location.

He was surprised when he entered Jan’s new home. She had certainly done well for herself since last they were together and her four-bedroom home was very nicely decorated and expen-

sively furnished. It was also decorated with all of the Christmas trimmings and a Christmas tree sparkling with fairy lights.

“Make yourself right at home, sweetheart. It’s just little me living in this big ol’ house, all on my lonesome, Tonikins, but if we do get married I’d like you to call it your home, too,” Jan told him with a smile as she helped him off with his shoes.

Tony heard Jodie making fake sick noises inside his head as he settled onto an ultra soft sofa and accepted a glass of wine from his date. Jan sat closely by him, crossing her leg at the knee so that her foot lay against Tony’s leg.

“This is just wonderful, isn’t it? My big handsome man and my lovely comfortable home at Christmas. Can you imagine our children running around playing with Christmas toys at this magical time of the year, sweetheart?”

Tony gave a little cough. “Yes, yes, I guess in time, eh?” he replied.

Jan let her shoe dangle from her foot for a minute before losing it and running her nylon-clad toes up Tony’s leg as she leaned in to kiss him.

“Whoa... Hello? You’ve started up your engines early, Tonikins. I can feel you getting hard,” Jodie exclaimed mockingly inside his head.

“Shut up Jodie, you are putting me off,” Tony replied in thought as he tried to concentrate on smooching with Jan.

It wasn’t long before the two transferred to the master bedroom... and what a bed. There was a gold, quilted duvet spread across a bed the size that could have held three passionate couples.

“Take it slowly, Tony. Remember we are in for the long haul tonight. Slowly seduce her, tease her... make her scream for it.”

Tony hardly believed Jan needed much seducing. But after two days living with a female body, he was desperately needing to prove to himself that he was still all man.

Under Jodie's constant guidance, Tony slowly helped Jan slip out of her clothing. He slipped out of his jeans and sweater but kept his boxers on as he then started to slowly caress Jan's almost nude body until only her panties remained.

Tony gently massaged Jan's large full breasts, tweaking one nipple whilst gently sucking on the other so as to start warming her up. Little kisses to her mouth and then small sucks to her neck had her breathing more rapidly.

Tony kissed the lobes of her neck whilst caressing the soft skin of her body. Jan tried pulling at the band on Tony's jockeys but he denied her. Instead he again kissed her neck, her throat and all the way to her belly button as a loose hand again tweaked her nipples. Jan gasped as he slid his finger up and down her slit, slowly stroking the delicate folds of skin, then returned to kissing and lightly biting her neck as his left hand went behind her neck and massaged and caressed the nape where wispy hair grew.

More body kisses followed as his finger tips found and gently rubbed on Jan's clit. She was squirming as he gently flicked at its hood. He ran his fingers more roughly down her frame; his finger nails lightly scratching her skin. He caressed her hips and thighs, down to the back of her knees.

He wanted nothing more than to penetrate her for his own satisfaction but Jodie was not finished with the foreplay. Jan's nipples were now hyper sensitive and this time when he tweaked the nipples, she moaned audibly.

"Please fuck me, darling... please," she begged.

This time Tony did slip out of his boxers, aided by Jan, and she grasped for his erect cock which sent a shudder through him, but then he denied himself again as he had her release her grip. He slid down the bed so as to tongue her soaking, aching pussy, gliding his tongue along the labia and up to her swollen clit where he flicked it with his tongue.

He gently parted the lips as he dipped his tongue inside. Jan stroked and clawed her nails down his back and then Tony returned to cover Jan's soft mouth with his, their tongues entwined. Holding onto Jan's delicate shoulders, Tony raised himself up and allowed his erection to find its target. Jan was so wet, so lu-

bricated, that he slid his penis in easily. Then the true lovemaking started as Jan raised her hips to meet his thrusts, wrapping her legs around his waist to secure him.

They broke only briefly for Tony to pull a sheath on—he had remembered this time—and to turn Jan around, onto her knees and to take her from behind. Eventually Jan cried out as she had her main orgasm and just seconds later Tony released his own hot cum into the sheath.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck... That was... so intense, darling, the best fuck ever!” Jan told him amidst a flurry of kisses to his mouth, “That really was the best ever! I love you so much.”

A satisfied Jodie, within, had the final word. “And that is, like, how to pleasure a girl. If only you had cum as many times as she did we could all be. like, happy.”

Not having drunk too much alcohol, Tony was able to drive home after lying with Jan, snuggling and caressing while he recuperated. Jan begged him to stay and sleep with her, to see in Christmas day with her. He could have done but he was keen not to let things develop too much between them, even though she had looked gorgeous that evening and she really did have a wonderful home. He may have been interested, he could have done a lot worse for himself, but he was not the settling down type

“No baby, I really do need to go. Like I told you, I’m visiting my family for Christmas. I’m trying to mend a few bridges with them and I want to get an early start,” he lied.

Before he departed from Jan’s home, she gave him a wrapped Christmas present. He reached into his own pocket for the gift box that was there, containing a matching set of necklace and earrings in sterling silver that he had bought at the mall, with Jodie’s recommendation.

Along the way home, Jodie emerged from inside of him. “That was, like, total fun, but that’s twice that we’ve done it with a girl. Next time it has to be my turn and you have to have sex with a man, as a woman.”

“No way am I getting fucked by a dude,” Tony countered.

“But you would be a girl so it, like, wouldn’t be gay sex. Remember how that cop playing with your titties turned you on?. Don’t even like try lying to me, it did. Tell me you aren’t even just a little bit curious about what it would be like to have sex with a man as a woman and I’ll never mention it again, but you have to be honest.

Tony reddened. “I may have felt something that felt... nice from that cop but I also felt violated and having a man’s hands on my breasts just seemed so wrong. It would feel even more wrong if I had his big hard penis inside me.”

“Honestly, you would love sex as a girl; it’s so much more intense and longer lasting. I know you enjoyed having sex with Jan tonight but Jan would have had three times the enjoyment that you had, she would have had multiple orgasms. When you were leaving her bed, thinking you’d had your satisfaction, your fill, she would have been ready to go at it again. You really need that same experience.”

“No I *don’t* need that experience. I’m content fucking girls, just having my one big orgasm, which does it for me. I would hate having some big hairy, smelly dude pushing his prick into me. It’s just not happening.”

“So, what? You’re not even going to, like, consider it? I thought we had agreed. I thought you had said you would do anything for me,” Jodie replied in saddened shock.

“I never agreed to anything of the kind. You suggested it. I’m a straight guy, Jodie. I’m heterosexual. I like being the guy when I am having sex, I do not want any dude pushing his big obnoxious cock inside me.”

“Oh, well, that’s just so mean and, like, totally selfish, isn’t it? How can I ever get to, like, have the fun of being fucked again then?” Jodie snapped.

“You can’t. You lost that ability when you fell down that shaft in a drugged-up haze and I am not being selfish. If I was, I wouldn’t have allowed you to share in my pleasure this evening, let alone all the other things I do for you.”

Jodie glared at Tony, his comment stung her. She made a gesture of folding her arms, pouted heavily and refused to talk to him for the rest of the way home. As Tony parked his car, Jodie floated out of it and into the house. She was not to be seen again for the remainder of that night.

Chapter Eight

The following day, once again, Tony didn't know what to do with himself. So far, though, he'd always had the company of his ghost. This time she wasn't there and he was totally alone and bored silly. And, stupid as it was, he really *was* missing his family. Christmas really had always been a magical time when he was growing up.

He was also concerned that he had badly upset the over-sensitive Jodie once again by refusing her latest request. It was highly likely she was going to do her 'disappearing act' once again, but this time her request of him was a step too far. It was one thing—a major thing to be sure—letting her turn him into a female, but sex with a man?

His mind was still his. He was straight; he simply did not find men attractive, period, even with a girl's feminine sexy body. No, he had to be very strict with this one and not allow her to emotionally blackmail or manipulate him. The very idea of having sex with a man was unthinkable.

By the afternoon Tony had become fed up of sitting around twiddling his thumbs and he got in his car for a drive. He was missing Jodie's company more than anything and a bit concerned that she was going to stay away; the last time had been eleven days. He had never spent Christmas Day alone before.

He decided he should at least see Christmas Day in with a drink so he went to a bar where he had a couple of stiff drinks and sat brooding about his woes and all that had happened to turn his life upside down over the last six and a half weeks while all around him people were in merry mood, laughing and celebrating.

Returning home, Tony was pleasantly surprised to see that Jodie was floating about in his living room. He tried not to show his glee.

“Oh, you’re back. Where have you been?” he asked.

“Merry Christmas to you too. Well, like, I’ve been to Mrs. Marchant’s again. We’ve been, like, totally talking and stuff and I think she may have a solution to that thing I asked you yesterday which you were not excited about.”

“I very much doubt that the incredible Mrs. Marchant has come up with an idea where I would allow a man to fuck me,” Tony told her flatly.

“Well, just listen to what I have to say, babes, without like totally flying off the handle. You don’t need to know anything about what’s going on. You could not experience it at all, be, like, totally unaware. I could get my fun and you wouldn’t be affected.”

“How on earth is that supposed to happen? You can’t feel anything without being in my body and, as it’s my body, I’m going to feel and experience anything you do.”

“Well, if you gave me permission, I could put you to sleep,” Jodie proposed to him cautiously.

Tony looked confused. “I don’t understand you. How do you mean ‘put me to sleep’?”

“Well, it would be a little bit like turning off a light by a switch, babes. If you gave me permission I could take over control of your body while you were, like, in a sleeping state. You know how I found I could actually talk through your voice? Well, I can also like operate you, move you around and shit.”

Tony was absolutely horrified by the idea. “You are asking me to give up control of my body? Let you take charge of it? No chance in hell, Jodie. You could have me doing anything... and you could even take over me. So that I’m the one trapped inside my own body with no control... you having total power. You could regain your life with my body.”

Jodie looked truly hurt by Tony's suggestion. "Do you really think I would be mean enough to do such a thing to you? I would do no more than we both agreed for me to do," she told him solemnly.

"No, Jodie. Having my body changed into a female for you is one thing; losing control of my body is unthinkable," Tony continued to press.

"So much for your promises to me after I left that time. I'm thankful for all that you have done for me, really I am, but if you cannot trust my word, if you cannot do something that I really crave for and which you wouldn't need to know about, if you have such a low opinion of me that you think I would try to take over you, then I think our time together is finished."

Jodie spoke with such feeling that Tony was convinced she meant every word. "But what could you do? Where could you go? You live here, remember?"

"You, in your kindness, have, like, given me the feeling of life again. Maybe, in hindsight, that was a mistake for now I yearn to totally feel and experience all of the things I loved in life again. I thought you and I could like share all of those experiences together... things I could not do as myself, things you could never do as yourself, live life together; two entities as one. But I was mistaken.

"What can I do? You gave me the answer to that. I will go to Mrs Marchant and ask her to report my dead body. Being a known psychic, they will take her word that I reached out to her and told her where I was. They will remove me, bury me and, I trust, free my soul from this earth. Goodbye Tony and thank you for all that you have done. You have been amazing,"

Tony watched as her shape started to fade away right in front of his eye. "No, Jodie. Wait!"

"Are you, like, going to get dressed at all today?" Jodie asked.

Tony was walking around the apartment in just a pair of pink cotton panties with a darker pink check print. "I told you, if I am going to do any of this, then I need to get totally comfortable with

my body being feminine,” he answered in his strangely female voice.

Jodie had taken him up a notch; he had huge round breasts that weighed heavily on him and he had rounded hips leading to a small waist. His thighs were fleshier whilst shapelier; his legs were longer and shapelier. Smooth silky, straight hair fell down his back onto his narrow shoulder blades.

“You don’t need to put your back out though. At least put a bra on to harness those things,” Jodie advised.

The two had come to an agreement of sorts. So long as he knew nothing about it, Tony would agree to allow Jodie the use of his body, for sex. A deep part of him cried out that allowing this was wrong but he also knew he couldn’t just let Jodie go out of his life.

But before it happened, he had to try getting used to having a sexy, shapely female body and have at least a few days in preparing himself. He had agreed to be female for the entire day.

“If I had my way, it would be you fucking me and giving me pleasure but we know that can’t happen,” Jodie told him.

“Can’t you possess Jan? That way you would feel the sex and I would know it was really you I was screwing,” Tony suggested as he went to the bedroom to find the matching bra. He was only half-joking.

“If I could, I would, like, totally do it. I can only do something by agreement with the body owner. Only demons can possess people against their will.”

Tony thought on Jodie’s words. So far she had always asked before doing anything to him. But now she was asking him to hand over control which was the worrying bit.

If she was malicious she could totally take over him. She’d already said she thought she could turn his body to her likeness. But, he trusted her... didn’t he? It was still quite a scary thought, though. After all, he had only known her a very short length of time.

“Honestly I never would, on the memory of my Nan,” Jodie answered him, having read his mind, making him blush that she had heard his thoughts.

Tony put the bra on and immediately felt relief. He had a new respect for females and what they had to endure every minute of their life, having breasts.

“How does this Mrs Marchant know all the things that she tells you?” he then inquired.

“Just talking to other mediums and shit, and ghosts. She’s had the ability since she was fourteen and she has been, like, in touch with some well-long dead people who themselves have learned a trick or two over the centuries.”

Tony was finding a new interest in all of this and he and Jodie talked on the subject after he had eaten his evening meal until late into the night. Eventually he decided to turn in.

“I’d like you to turn me back now if you will, please,” he asked politely.

“Why don’t you try sleeping as a girl? I mean you have already done that once but you were like totally hammered and weren’t aware,” Jodie asked before leaving him.

“Strangely enough, I do recall that. It was when I woke and found myself with the body of the opposite sex. Did I ever tell you what a shock that was?”

“Did I ever tell you that you had agreed for me to change you?” Jodie reminded as she emerged from him and his body went through the awful feeling of metamorphosis again.

“Well anyway, there are two good reasons why I don’t fancy spending the night sleeping as a female. For one, I still find it hard trying to lay comfortably with tits on my chest,” he informed his ghostly friend. “Two, I don’t want to be going for a piss in the middle of the night and be searching for a non-existent cock and then have to go through the ass pain of sitting just to relieve myself,” he moaned.

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The following morning after he had breakfast, Jodie was surprised when he actually suggested to her to turn him into a female again.

“Are you like starting to like being a girl, you little diva?” Jodie teased him.

“Of course not but if we are going to stick to our agreement and make this thing work the best for both of us, like I say, I just want to feel more comfortable having a female body. The best way to do that is for me to get used to one,” Tony replied.

He didn't tell her that there was an undeniable thrill about seeing his own body totally female but then he didn't have to because she had already picked up his thoughts and feelings on the subject when inside his body.

As with the day before, Tony stayed half-naked at first, saying he felt like a sissy putting on dresses and other female clothing.

“Omigod! Are you, like, being totes serious, Babes? You are okay with having big boobies, a pussy and hips on your bod but you feel awkward about wearing women's clothing?”

“One step at a time, Jodie,” Tony answered and then surprised her again. “Once you have changed me, I'm going to put makeup on my face to see if I can do it by myself. Just watch and correct me if I'm making a mistake,” he requested.

“You're the boss, Tanya Babes, I won't say a word. But if you are, like, putting on your face though, maybe we ought to go out somewhere this evening? I mean, we missed Christmas Day but we should at least celebrate a bit of Christmas, don't you agree?” she suggested.

Being Christmas, the sports centre was closed and so there would be no meeting Chris for a game of squash as usual. Of course he could just go out as his male self, maybe taking Jodie along for the ride. That way, if there was nobody else to talk to, then he could at least chat to her in thought.

But there was something suddenly appealing to him. He remembered his sisters in their teens and early twenties, past girlfriends including Jenny; at Christmas it was a big deal to them to make themselves look extra nice, get dressed up for the occasion. Men didn't bother that much, he never really had but it might be nice. It could give him a good feeling to experience the pleasure of being a girl making that special effort.

“Okay then, let's do it. Let's get me dressed up all nice and special and go out and celebrate Christmas,” he suddenly stated, taking Jodie totally by surprise.

“What? Wow! Are you being serious, Babes? Really! I mean, you are talking about going out as a girl, right?”

“Yes. Why not? Things have been crap for me lately. It's time to go out, celebrate and unwind. I may even get some drinks bought for me. That will be a novelty in itself.”

Jodie needed no further words of encouragement and she was going into his body within seconds. No sooner had Tony gotten over the feeling of her entering him than he felt his body morphing into his female alter ego.

He walked to the makeup counter as his face began changing and distorting. That was such a weird thing to look at but soon he had an almost identical face and body to the one he'd had the previous day.

Jodie suggested that he go glamorous with his makeup, sultry dark eyes, red lips, and an air of smouldering sexiness. He began putting on the makeup in the stages he was now familiar with. Concealer, base, foundation, contouring, powder. Then he was about to start on his eyes. “How am I doing so far?” he asked.

“Not too badly, Babes, I may have to correct a few flaws though if we are, like, going out.”

“Jodie, I keep meaning to ask, each time you have changed me, especially my face, I always look similar, same shaped face, same hair colour and length. Is that all you can do or can you give more variation, like give me a totally different face and hair colour?”

“Well, I’ve not really tried to be different but I guess so.” Jodie then went quiet. An idea was going through her head and it excited her.

“Ton... I mean Tanya. You know, like, its Christmas, Babes? Have you considered giving me a Christmas present?” she asked.

Tony laughed. “What kind of Christmas present can anyone give to a ghost? I mean, what could you possibly do with a present?”

“It doesn’t have to be that kind of present.” There was a brief period of silence before she spoke again. “We are going out, right? And you said yourself we should make you special. Would you... would you let me do what we have talked about before?”

“You are being very mysterious, Jodie. Its quite unnerving. What do you want me to do?”

“Let me try... let me try for tonight to change you, into me, into how I looked.”

Now it was Tony’s turn for a prolonged silence. He wasn’t kicking the idea right out, which was one thing, Jodie supposed.

“Well?” asked Jodie, anxiously, trying to read his mind.

The idea was suddenly very appealing to Tony. He would be able to see, in the flesh... his flesh, just what his ghost had truly looked like.

“Yes. Yes, okay. If you think you can do it, then let’s give it a try.”

“Really?” Jodie was ecstatic. She hadn’t expected Tony to be so willing; she thought she was really going to have to nag at him. She was going to spend Christmas as herself. “Okay, first off, clear off your makeup because what you were putting on won’t suit me,” she told him.

Tony did as she requested and then, although already a woman, he felt the familiar feeling of transformation. He never really liked the feeling but for the first time he was now totally absorbed with seeing Jodie for the first time.

He thought he felt himself becoming smaller, less tall, but a little more strongly built. He felt 'his' breasts becoming a little smaller, which was a relief, and he felt his face changing. Then it was over.

"Come on, buster, let's get to the mirror," Jodie said excitedly. "It's been ages since I last saw my face."

Tony was a little more hesitant. He felt his heart beating with excitement. There was something thrilling about knowing he had now become the resemblance of Jodie, the ghost he had come to know so well but had never really saw her true face, just a cloudy image.

He walked tentatively to the large mirror. Tony had thought before how beautiful Jodie appeared to look as a ghost but now her face was flesh and blood.

As he looked into the mirror he saw for the first time what he couldn't see in her spirit form, the most gorgeous, piercing, ice blue eyes he had ever seen. She had high cheekbones, a small, slightly upturned nose, and full sensual pouty lips. She was breathtakingly stunning.

"Oh, my word, I never realised just how beautiful you are, Jodie," he said almost in a whisper, his voice coming out very sexily and feminine.

"No, Tanya, *we* are beautiful. Remember, we are as one now, you are me and I am you. Isn't it exciting how much we can do as each other, how many new experiences we can have?" she replied. "Come on, Babes, let's get our face on and go out and have some fun."

By the time they were finished applying the makeup and looking at the finished results, Tony was stunned on a whole new level. The makeup really brought Jodie's face out and emphasised her beauty.

"I can't believe how stunningly gorgeous you...*we* look. You should have been a beauty queen, a Miss World, but instead you wasted your life on drugs, drink and prostitution."

“Alright Tanya, let’s not go there,” Jodie responded, almost sadly.

“I’m sorry. But what a waste! You truly are the most dazzlingly beautiful girl I think I have ever seen.”

“Lucky you then, getting to share this hot beautiful bitch,” Jodie laughed.

Now that Jodie’s face was fully made-up, Tony was able to stand back and see the rest of Jodie’s body. Her shoulders were quite wide yet delicate; her breasts were probably a C+ cup but round and firm, slightly upturned with large sensitive nipples surrounded by dark areoles. A trim waist and wide hips lead down to long, very shapely legs. Jodie was perfection.

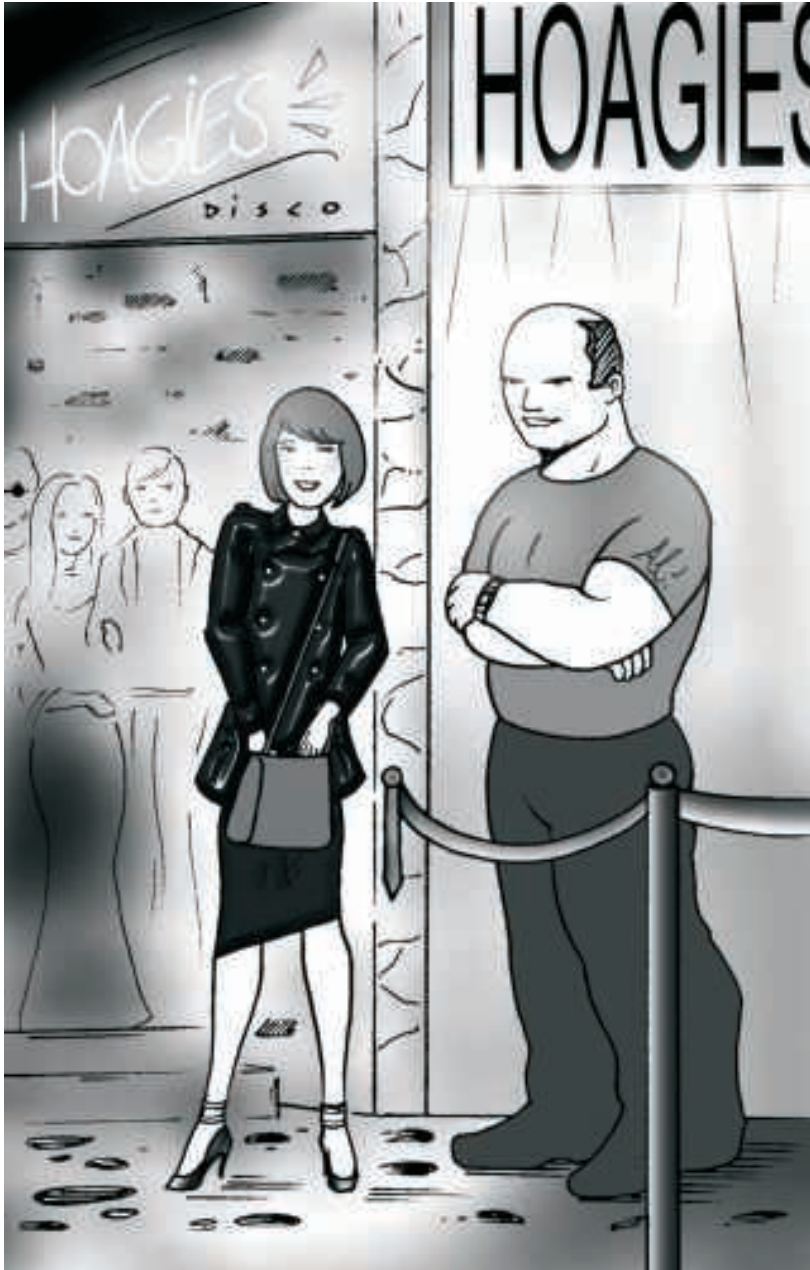
“I’m, like, glad that you approve but if we are going to go out and party at all tonight, Babes, we need to stop looking at our self and put some clothes on,” Jodie urged the beauty struck Tony.

Being Boxing Day the air outside was chilly although so far there had been no snow fall. But Jodie had to try and think sensibly about what to wear. “We need to look sexy and in party dress mode but we don’t want you catching a chill. I’d have liked to wear a small black dress and strappy high-heeled sandals but instead let’s go for a skirt and cotton top. I have a gorgeous black satin skirt in my wardrobe, and a lovely black leather trench coat that will wrap us up.”

Tony suddenly realised that now that he was in the likeness of Jodie he had access to all of the clothes she’d had in the drawers and wardrobe which would fit him in his current ‘configuration’.

It was an hour and half later that he, with Jodie in tow, closed and locked the door and headed for the waiting taxi, wearing four-inch heeled court shoes with double ankle straps that click-clacked on the hard surface of the footpath.

Tony sat himself onto the seat of the taxi, bottom first, then swung his smooth naked legs inside, trying to be as careful and feminine as he could be. It was strange, now that he had Jodie’s image he felt he should do everything as femininely as possible.



Jodie, of course, could read his thoughts and just smiled to herself. It had been a long time since anyone had treated her like a woman.

Tony asked the taxi driver to pull in on a busy street in town known for its pub and club life. Tony had long since stopped thinking about it for himself but Jodie had to be aware that she was still only twenty and therefore she carefully selected bars where the doormen were known to be lax about asking for I.D.

“Let’s go in here,” she suggested as they reached Hoagie’s bar. The two doormen had Christmas revellers coming in and going out all the time, there was a large queue to get in and it was making hard work for them.

“Evening, Miss, you got your I.D. on you?” the young, muscular black doorman asked once it was Tony’s turn. Now that she had discovered she could take over speaking through Tony’s mouth, Jodie took the lead and went rummaging in her purse. “Aw! Damn, I, like, can’t believe it. I could have sworn I put it in my purse before I came out. Shit, and I have friends in there waiting to meet me.”

“You don’t have a driver’s license or birth certificate?”

Jodie got Tony to shake his head. “No, I came by taxi... drunk driving ‘n’ all. If you allowed me I could, like, go get my friends to verify my age, Babes. I am twenty-one, honest.”

The man looked at Tony, taken in by the beautiful image of Jodie, then he saw a crowd gathering behind and getting restless to get in. “No, that’ll be okay, Miss, I believe you. You have a good evening now,” he told them as he waved Tony through. Tony found himself flashing the doorman a sexy smile which he hadn’t initiated.

“Did you just have me give that doorman a smile?”

“Yeah, sure, why not? He just allowed us into the bar; he deserved a little something in return. Besides, he was cute,” Jodie replied.

“And you wondered why I was against giving you the freedom of controlling my body. So, what do we do now? I feel like a

fish out of water. I don't often go alone into bars for drinks when I am me, never mind when I'm a sexy young babe," Tony remarked.

"Right, as you don't want me to take any charge, walk to the bar, lean on it, play with our hair while waiting to be served and just take a casual glance around over your shoulder," Jodie instructed.

The bar was busy and Tony only managed to find a spot after queuing for some time. He then tried doing as instructed. Within a minute there was a man with a full head of curly black hair, trimmed moustache and Van Dyke beard standing by him.

"Are you having trouble getting served, gorgeous?" he asked. He looked at the all-female bar staff. "They are probably jealous of your beauty so they are ignoring you. Some girls can be such bitches. What are you having? I'll get it for you."

Jodie recommended the drink, ensuring Tony didn't go for a cold beer. Within another minute Tony was being given a Bacardi and Coke.

"Um, Thank you. Uh...?"

"Stan, Stan Piroshky, and you are?"

"I'm Tanya. Thanks for the drink, Stan," Tony said with a smile.

"My pleasure. Say, are you alone tonight? I didn't see you come in with anybody."

"I'm early; I'm meeting friends here at 9 o'clock," Jodie replied through Tony.

Stan looked at his watch. "You are early; it's only twenty past eight. Why not come and sit with us at our table until your friends arrive? We are a mixed table," Stan assured in order to put Tony at ease.

Jodie prompted Tony to take up Stan's offer and he followed Stan to a table where there were two other men and two women sitting.

“What are you playing at, Jodie?” Tony asked in thought. “Who are these friends that are coming at nine?”

“Obvs there isn’t anyone. But come nine, that’s our excuse to jump ship. Just go along with me and you’ll be fine. Sit by Stan and cross your leg at the knee with it pointing in the opposite direction of him.”

“Tanya, this is Alan and his wife Mary and then we have Ken and his wife Skyler. Guys, this young lady is Tanya. Please be seated, my dear,” Stan introduced.

Everyone said hello and leaned to take Tony’s hand. Tony had never been in such a situation before and felt a little out of his comfort zone, but everyone was friendly and smiling towards him.

“I have to say, you are absolutely stunning, Tanya,” Skyler informed him.

“And that is such a lovely skirt you are wearing, dear. Where did you get it?” Mary then inquired.

“Oh this thing? I picked it up in Frobisher’s. I have to admit I got it in the sales,” Jodie replied with a laugh as Tony took a back seat in the conversation.

“Jodie, seeing as you can, and you are more comfortable, maybe you ought to do the conversing for us,” Tony suggested through thought to his companion.

Within ten minutes Ken had taken his leave to go to the bar while everyone else chatted and returned with a tray of six drinks, including a fresh Bacardi for Tony. The conversation continued, mostly around Jodie. Tony began to have an idea what a ventriloquists dummy must feel like. Jodie was in her element and easily joined their conversation.

A little later both women and Alan said they were going to stand outside the door of the bar for a smoke, it being a non-smoking establishment. They asked if Tony/Jodie would care to join them and Jodie suggested to Tony it would be good to go out and get a breath of fresh air.

Once outside, Mary handed cigarettes from her packet and asked if Tony would like one. Tony was feeling the chill night's air on his bare legs and was slow to respond.

"Oh! Thanks Mary, I don't mind if I d,." Jodie answered.

"Jodie! You know damn well I don't smoke," Tony screamed mentally but with Jodie accepting the cigarette, he now felt obliged to take it or seem ridiculous for accepting and then refusing.

"Keep your hair on, Tanya babes, it's not like it's gonna harm you long-term."

Tony then saw the doorman who had let them in looking across and smiling at him. "You found your friends then?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks," Tony replied coyly.

It was twelve minutes past nine that Jodie exclaimed that she had spotted her friends.

"Oh, they're here," she said, looking into the crowd of people. "It's been lovely meeting you all, thank you for inviting me to your table." The group all smiled at her, this time each raised themselves up and leaned over to kiss Tony on the cheek. Stan looked disappointed. A bit more small talk and goodbyes and Jodie had Tony move into the crowd out of sight of the table.

Going to another side of the bar, Tony said he needed another drink just to get the taste of cigarette smoke out of his mouth. "That was a dirty trick," he told Jodie. "I feel a bit sick and dizzy after that."

"You'll get used to it, Babes. Oh! I'll have a glass of Pálinka please, Babes," Jodie then told the bar girl who was about to serve her.

"And just what is this Pali-what-you-call-it stuff?" Tony inquired.

"Oh, it's a type of Hungarian fruit brandy, really nice. I used to drink it all the time."

“Let me get you that, darling, seeing it’s Christmas...”

Tony turned to see a sandy-haired young man smiling at him.

“Oh, thank you, Sweets, that’s so kind of you,” Jodie rushed in before Tony could say he could buy the drink himself.

“I’m Carl. I gotta say, you are like the most gorgeous girl I’ve seen in this joint tonight, and that’s not a chat-up line,” Carl continued.

Before Tony could have any say in the matter, he found himself joining a group of five young men, all of them seemingly slobbering at the sight of Jodie. Two Bacardis and a Pálinka, which was 55% proof, had Tony relaxing a little and once again he found himself in the back seat of conversation.

The conversation with Carl and his friends was going to be one of a number from various people throughout the night as lusty men stared at the brunette beauty and females looked jealously or enviously in Tony’s direction.

It was a little after ten when Tony’s cell phone rang. Tony scooped the phone from his purse and saw the caller I.D. It was Chris. “Let me take the call,” Jodie suggested quickly.

“Why? It’s Chris,” Tony protested.

Jodie was aware that a number of alcoholic drinks were making Tony less sharp. She neither wanted him answering as Tony, in his female voice, or even trying to be smart and say he was Tanya.

“Hello?” Jodie answered.

“Oh. Who’s this?” Chris asked in surprise.

“Hi. This is Jodie, Tony’s cousin. He’s just gone to the bathroom and left his phone on the table. Can I help?”

On the other side of the call, Chris was momentarily stunned. He thought Tony hadn’t been truthful about having a cousin Jodie. “Oh, hi... I’m Chris, Tony’s buddy. He has told me about you.”

“Has he now? He’s, like, told me lots of good stuff about you too Nice to hear from ya, Chris.”

Chris felt his face reddening slightly. “Look, I err, well... I called because I didn’t know if Tony would be doing anything over Christmas. I was talking to my girlfriend, Mazy, and we thought about calling and asking if he wanted to join us? Obviously, he has you for company but you are both welcome to join us. We are over at the Grapes on Fifty-second and we’ll be staying out till around 1:00 am.”

Jodie laughed to herself wondering what Chris would think of his friend, turning up in the image of a female ghost he didn’t even believe in, all dolled up.

“That’s super nice of you to invite us but we have plans for the rest of this evening. I’ll tell Tony. I’m sure he would totally like to catch up with you guys.”

The call ended and Tony questioned why she had taken the call as herself.

“Well, like, how would you have answered? ‘Hi Chris, it’s me, Tony. Sorry but my voice has gone all female’ or ‘Hi, this is Tanya’ and then have Chris thinking who the hell is Tanya? He didn’t believe in the existence of Jodie when you were covering a previous mistake. Now he has heard from her in the flesh.”

Tony saw the wisdom of his resident ghost; he already knew she was a smart cookie.

As the night wore on into the early hours and Tony had forgotten how many drinks he’d had bought, he found himself in the company of Carl and his friends again. Jodie was telling them that she was ready to get a taxi and leave.

“I don’t suppose I could get a Christmas kiss for all those drinks I’ve bought you through the night, could I?” Carl cheekily asked, chancing his luck.

Tony was five sheets to the wind but not drunk enough to not know a Christmas kiss would not be something briefly on the lips. “Jodie, if we are going to kiss the guy, and I suppose we

should, can you do that sleep thing on me? I don't want to feel some guy's tongue in my mouth," he asked with a shudder.

Jodie laughed. "What? You want me to put you to sleep and take over? I'll try, never done it before though."

Jodie tried to remember how Mrs Marchant had instructed her and thought deeply.

Tony woke with a start. What was that weight bearing down on him? What was that feeling between his legs? He felt as if someone was buffering into him. He opened his eyes, and saw that there was a black guy looking down at him, sweating. He knew the face. Who was it? And then it dawned on him... it was the doorman at the pub they had gone to. What was he doing looking down at him? He felt something between his legs, like something sliding from within him, then being thrust back in. There was an intense feeling. He heard the voice of Jodie sighing contentedly and then groaning.

The feeling came again and he was aware of something wet around his right nipple. The man was sucking and biting his nipple. It felt... it felt...

As Tony became more aware, he knew that his body was naked. He also knew the black guy's body was naked and he was aware that his body was at a peculiar angle. He realised that he was almost bent double on his back, his legs up in the air with the back of his calves resting on the man's shoulders. He never realised his body was so flexible before. And it was obvious the man had his dick inside him!

It was also obvious from all the moaning noises that Jodie was making that she was so engaged in what was happening that she had not realised that Tony had woken.

The man began passionately kissing Tony's/Jodie's lips as he began hammering his rod harder and harder into Tony's body and tweaking on his nipples as Jodie allowed their tongues to entwine.

And, the worse thing was that Tony was powerless to stop it. He had literally no control over his own body. "**Jodie!**" he tried

crying out but whether she was so into the sex or just choosing to ignore him, he was getting no response.

He was aware of the man's tongue invading his mouth again in a full-on Frenchie; his constant pummelling into Tony's body was sending shock waves through him.

Jodie placed Tony's hands behind the man's thick neck to pull him in and she was lifting their hips to meet the man's thrusts. Then the man steadied himself. Jodie groaned as both she and Tony felt their body orgasm and, simultaneously, there was the feeling of the man's penis twitching before he groaned loudly.

The two bodies stayed locked for moments as they both caressed each other. Tony felt the man growing smaller inside and eventually slipping out as the two bodies then lay side-by-side.

"Wow. That was like... wow!" Jodie exclaimed,

"Was it?" Tony asked in thought.

Jodie's eyes burst open. "Tony! Tony, were you, like, awake just now? Whoopsie!"

Jodie started to rise up off of the bed. "That was fantastic baby, but I really ought to jet. Would you be a complete honey and call a cab for me while I dress?" she said to the man who seemed put out and would have just rather laid there. But reluctantly he got up and Tony sighed with relief when he saw the guy was wearing a sheath.

The taxi arrived within ten minutes during which time Jodie hastily dressed and Tony demanded to have control of his body again. As the cab drew up outside the door, the man put his arm around Tony's waist and, before he could respond, drew him in for a kiss, covering his lips.

"You are one hot babe, maybe we should hook up again sometime, Jodie?"

"Maybe, who knows? Goodnight," Tony hastily responded, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek, thinking it only polite before rushing to the waiting taxi.

Along the way home the taxi driver was very chatty, taking advantage of having such a beauty in his cab. “So, lady, you been anywhere nice this evening?” “Is that man your boyfriend?” “How was your Christmas?” “You get anything nice?” he was asking.

It gave Tony and Jodie no chance to talk whatsoever, not even in thought. They waited until they were back in Tony’s apartment for that.

“What the fuck happened, Jodie?” Tony asked angrily, “I felt every gross dirty detail of... of... *that!*”

“I don’t know! How long were you aware?”

“Long enough... Ugh!” Tony made for the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his mouth. “You were supposed to sleep me while you kissed that young guy. Next thing I know, I’m being fucked by the doorman!”

“I’m, like, totally sorry Tony. I never realised you could ...unsleep... erm, wake up. I got carried away after you were sleeping; we had another two drinks. I went outside for a smoke with these two cute guys and got chatting to the doorman. I thought I could just, like, wake you once we were back here. I’d have had my fun and you would be none the wiser.”

“In other words, you took advantage of me, which is why I had said I didn’t want you taking control. You are irresponsible, Jodie. Goddamn, I thought I was doing something nice for you, allowing you to have a Christmas kiss with that Craig guy...”

“Carl.”

“Craig, Carl. What does it matter? The fact is you took advantage of my good will. That guy you were fucking...”

“Joe.”

“If he hadn’t been wearing a condom, he would have been shooting his shit inside my body. *My* body, Jodie. Oh, my God! Could I have gotten pregnant?”

“I, I don’t think so. I don’t really know. Can you take my clothes off, please?”

“What? I’m damn angry here and all you can think about is my taking your fucking clothes off of my body.”

“Well, if you don’t, they are going to be super tight on you. I want to get out of you and when I do, you will go back to your own size. Your choice, Tony,” Jodie said, sounding upset and as if she wanted to cry.

Tony began pulling his skirt down his legs as he stepped out of the heels. Then his top came off followed by the bra, releasing Jodie’s perfect breasts. No sooner had he done that than Jodie pulled out from him.

She stayed just a few minutes, looking miserable. “I’m sorry, Tony. I really am. I keep on fucking up and upsetting you.” Then she disappeared.

Chapter Nine

The following morning Tony was sitting on his sofa, in silence, brooding, totally still. His mind was full of all kinds of things. He was reliving the night before. He was thinking of how he had woken to find that doorman fucking him, and most of all, his mind kept seeing the image of the beautiful face of Jodie.

He was startled out of his thoughts by her voice. “Am I okay to come in and join you?” she asked, solemnly. Tony just nodded.

She came over and just stood close by him. Neither said anything for a long, agonising, while. Then, Jodie spoke again.

“Will you forgive me, Tony? I didn’t mean for that to happen and I am so sorry for taking advantage. We were like both pissed, the alcohol that you drink affects me, too. I shouldn’t have done what I did but I was merry, I was happy and that doorman was so handsome and ripped.”

Tony remained silent for another minute and then replied without looking at her, still staring forwards. “I guess so.”

Things remained tense and there was an atmosphere for the next couple of hours. Eventually Tony raised himself up off of the sofa. "I guess I should make myself something to eat," was all he said.

What was really bugging Tony, the thing that he was finding so hard to accept was that, deny it all he wanted, he knew deep inside, although he had been forced into a situation he didn't want to be in, that he had felt an intensity like he had never experienced before.

He was too embarrassed to admit he had really enjoyed the feeling of being fucked by a man, having a large hard cock inside of him as well as the sensations he had felt when having his nipples tweaked, kissed and nibbled upon. The orgasm he'd had was twice as powerful as any orgasm he'd ever had before, and it just kept on coming. He was ashamed to admit that he had really enjoyed the totally new feelings of the experience. He was a man. He shouldn't have enjoyed such a thing.

And another thing that was on Tony's mind was how much he had enjoyed being Jodie. Not just being a girl with a fantastic face and body but being the centre of attention, having the power and beauty to turn all heads. When Jodie had made him totally female before, he had felt like a stranger occupying a foreign body, Being Jodie, whether it was because this was her image and she was there inside him, he felt comfortable in it, like it was *his* body.

He stewed for most of the day and Jodie didn't get much out of him so she stayed out of the way. But by evening he wanted answers. He wanted to know if he really felt different when in Jodie's image from when he was just in any other woman's image. He loved the feeling of having his body look like Jodie's body, and he wanted, no, needed, the experience again. He called for his ghost friend.

"Yeah?" Jody responded as she began coming into vision.

"Jodie, I, I'd like you to come into me and, and make me look like you again," Tony asked her in a measured voice.

"What? Like, after last night? I though you would be through with all of that."

“Don’t ask me why, it’s just something that I feel I need for you to do, if you will?”

Jodie looked mystified but complied to the request. Tony closed his eyes as he felt her go into him. Then, seconds later, he felt his body crawling as he transformed.

After the feelings of transformation eased away, Tony walked to where his large mirror was and looked at his full reflection from a distance. He was the beautiful image of the night before once again; he was Jodie in all but for the two large tattoos on his arms.

Then he walked to where the big mirror on the dresser was sitting, the one he now used to do his makeup. Without any word to Jodie, he picked up a large soft-bristled makeup brush and began applying powder.

“You like being me, don’t ya?” Jodie asked, “You like being my image. Shall we get fully made-up and dressed and go out again?”

Tony stopped applying the powder and shook his head at the reflection in the mirror.

“No, no going out. I just want to stay in, all evening, as you... see what it feels like,” Tony finally replied.

Jodie was trying to work out what was in his mind, read his thoughts. Without meaning to Tony again brought his mind to the happenings of the early hours of that morning, when he last was the image of Jodie.

“You enjoyed that sex last night, didn’t you?” Jodie then challenged him.

“No, of course not, it was disgusting,” he denied.

“Yes you did, I can tell you did. It totally turned you on, but you daren’t admit that you enjoyed being fucked by a man. I told you you would,” she said smugly.

“No. I shouldn’t. I’m a man, I don’t fancy guys. I like women, and I like screwing women.

“But last night you were being me, you had my looks, my body, and my feelings because I was in control of us. That doesn’t make you any less a man same as me getting a thrill from you screwing Jan doesn’t make me any less of a woman. I already told you, we can enjoy and experience each other’s feelings. Why did you want me to make you into me again?”

“Because you are so damn gorgeous and perfect. Being you, being like how you were, just makes me feel... feel...”

“Sexy? Beautiful? Comfortable?” Jody tried helping.

“Being you makes me feel like I stand out, that I’m special, the sexiest, the most beautiful. It just gives me a great feeling and, yes, I feel more comfortable in this female body than any other time you changed me.”

“Aw! You flatterer. But I’m just me. I never felt any of those things when I was alive. I knew I had good looks, but I never felt special or better than anyone else.”

“You should have.”

Tony sensed Jodie smiling warmly before she spoke.

“Come on then, Tanya. Let’s show you, step-by-step, how I like to do my makeup.”

Jodie had Tony paying special attention to her eyes which were her greatest feature.

Tweezering a few hairs from the brow and keeping them in a well-defined high arch. Jodie liked to make her eyes stand out with heavy eyeliner, using a silver shadow from under the brow line down to the upper lid, then using a bronze and extending it past the eye. She used the eyeliner again to wing out the line in a double flick and applied two layers of mascara onto her already thick lashes.

Applying a light powder in upward strokes made her already high cheek bones stand out even more. Jodie enhanced her already full pouty lips with lipliner and filled in with her favourite red rum colour.

Once the task was done, Tony just gazed into the mirror. He could gaze into that face all day long. "Come on, girl, get some clothes on. Let's look through my wardrobe and see what you like," Jodie prompted.

Tony wasn't quite sure just why he felt the need to be Jodie; it was a compulsion that he found hard to resist. He had been in a state of confusion since the early hours of the morning. He stayed as Jodie for the rest of the day and later he even slept as her, wearing one of Jodie's night dresses. Jodie told him how he should adjust his breasts for better sleeping comfort.

The following morning was to be the same on his awakening. He actually found a kind of thrill waking up in Jodie's body; only it wasn't her body. It was his that had been modified to be like hers.

"Do you want me to come out now so you can be yourself again?" Jodie inquired.

"No not yet, I want to stay like this a little while longer. You were talking about experiences. I want to experience what it is like to be a girl like you over a twenty-four-hour period," Tony replied.

Jodie had no complaints about that. She loved residing in a living body; better still one that was how she used to look.

Tony remained in a dressing robe of Jodie's until after breakfast, then dressed. He chose again from Jodie's wardrobe, selecting a matching pink bra and panties. He pulled on a pair of black pantyhose that had small, black polka dots covering the legs, a loose-fitting soft black leather skirt and a flowery silk blouse with full sleeves. On his feet he wore comfortable soft leather slip-on shoes with a low heel.

"Okay, now let me see if I can get your makeup correct," he then suggested.

Before any makeup was applied, Tony had to brush his hair out in one hundred long strokes. Jody wanted him to part her long glossy hair in the middle the way she used to like it.

The makeup took Tony a long time as Jodie kept on correcting him and having him make repairs as he went along but he had a desire to get it just right, just as she would have done it.

They were relaxing and considering what to have for lunch when there was a knock at the door.

“Who on earth can that be?” Tony asked aloud, “the postman comes in the morning and I’m not expecting anyone else.” He was momentarily concerned about being seen as he was.

“Well go answer it and find out,” Jodie exasperated, “I can’t do it for you.”

“What? Like This? I’m dressed like a girl.”

“Well, I never! Oh, and guess what, Babes, you look like one too. Now, go and see who it is.”

Tony reluctantly went to the door and apprehensively opened it. He then stood in total shock with his mouth agape. There, framed in the doorway was Chris.

“Hi. Let me guess, you must be Jodie?” Chris greeted as he thought to himself how secretive Tony had been to keep from him what a stunning looking cousin he had.

Tony was too shocked to say anything so Jodie jumped to the rescue.

“Hi, and you must be Chris? Tony never said how like handsome you were,” she replied

“Jodie!” Tony cursed, finding his inner voice to reprimand her flirtatiousness.

Chris blushed. “Oh, thanks, that’s a real compliment coming from such a dazzling beauty as yourself. Um, I thought I would try catching up on him. Is he around?” Chris couldn’t help looking up and down Jodie’s body, especially the swell of her breasts and her fantastic legs.

“Like, damn, you’ve totally missed him again, Babes. That’s a real bummer. He said he was, like, going out somewhere and

won't be back until late. Would you like to come in for a while? I can make you a drink."

Chris would have loved to come in and get to know Tony's cousin better, but he knew his friend wouldn't be pleased about him doing so. "Thanks but I guess I should be getting off. Will you tell him I'll see him for squash on Friday?"

"You play squash? I love playing squash, I'll bet you are really good at it; you look like you have like such a strong athletic body. I'll have to play you some time."

Chris's eyes sparkled. "I'd love to. Yeah, let's make that a date sometime." With that, he went off towards his motorbike which he'd parked out on the street.

"Jodie! What the hell was that all about? Flirting with my best friend! You cannot go there. No way," Tony scolded as soon as the door was closed.

"Well, then you should like have the decency to answer a visitor when he calls at your door, Babes." Jodie responded. "Man, I could, like, just jump his bones, he's a real hunk.

"Like, let's go shopping this afternoon, Tanya. I know you can now get into all my old clothes being that you are a resemblance of me, but maybe you should also pick out some clothes that you particularly like," Jodie suggested after they'd had lunch.

"Like let's not, it is still me here, you know," Tony protested. "I know I asked you to change me yesterday and I know I slept all night as you, but that was to try and understand my feelings. I am still Tony Bartram; I am still male and heterosexual. Why would I want to go shopping for girl clothes?"

Jodie was unusually quiet for a while before speaking up and saying something that had been on her mind recently.

"Yes, I know you are Tony, Babes, but I've been thinking. I know you find my looks and body appealing. Why not use my image as your own? My body is younger and sexier, I have a great, healthy body while you are like overweight and older. Being female is so much greater

than being a man. It's so much better, sexier, and you wear more comfortable clothes. Sex as a woman is like way greater."

"Hold on a moment, Jodie. I am sharing your body already so what are you trying to suggest?"

"Well, like, why not live your life as me? I mean, what have you got going for you as yourself? You have just one friend, you are suspended from your job, possibly not returning, you have alienated yourself from your family..."

"I can't believe what you are asking here, Jodie. All that may be true but I am still me and I am a man. You want me to just give up my own life?" Tony protested.

Jodie measured the timing of her reply. "But think of all the advantages, Tony. And it would be so easy to do. You have my looks if I keep you like this; you have all my identity cards and forms as I am not registered as being dead."

Tony was about to respond but Jodie stayed him.

"Think about it before dismissing it. Like I said, as you, you have no family, you are in a job where you are not appreciated, you are thirty-two year old, quite chubby and not greatly healthy, not too bad looking but your life kinda sucks. You are trying to avoid a woman who would want maintenance from you and a gang that wants to kick your head in.

"As me, you would be twelve years younger, a whole lot fitter and with a great body, great looking and have the selection of a much wider range of sexy clothing to wear. You could get another job, better paid, and be able to attract lots of sex. And sex would be so much better; you don't just have to rely on your one thing to give you stimulation. Okay, two if you are gay, but your pussy, your bum, your tits can all give you stimulation. And, no more climaxes that last less than thirty seconds but go on and on and on.

“And. we would BOTH be alive, like sisters or me being like your conscience, but able to share everything. Life would be so much better for both of us. You know I was a beautiful sexy-looking girl. That could be you, permanently,” Jodie put across.

“And what of Tony? The person I really am would be dead. I would no longer exist, my very identity would be no more. Why can’t you just be happy that I had agreed to be you some of the time? That’s a big deal for me, but not enough for you. You want to take over my life, my personality so that you can live again. This is my body, Jodie, not yours. You lost your life, don’t try stealing mine,” Tony challenged back.

There was a pause in the exchange before Jodie spoke again. “You are wrong, you wouldn’t be dead and you wouldn’t cease to exist. You would always be you, knowing who you really are, all of your memories. Or we could flip things on their head... live as me, get a job as me. Let’s go out and party as me, you living in my likeness but, as we do now with me, we could change you to you for periods.”

Tony couldn’t believe he would actually waste thought on such a suggestion, but he did. Somewhere in amongst the insane idea there was a compelling excitement to the proposition. He would be younger, fitter, sexier... in fact, drop dead gorgeous. He would have a longer life expectancy, she could even keep him looking young until his body aged too much to keep the illusion going. But no, she was asking way too much. He would be selling his own identity down the river.

Things went sullen between them before Jodie dared to speak again. “Okay, Babes, I accept that you are not keen on the idea, but how about that shopping trip? I’ll pay on my card. We should like get out of here and get some fresh air and walk our legs a bit. You should feel lucky to have legs, let’s stretch them.”

“Do you mean go out as me?” Tony asked.

“We...ll, you are already made up as me, Babes. And I was thinking about shopping for female clothes, so you may be more comfortable as me,” Jodie replied hopefully.

Tony finally relented and agreed to go shopping as Jodie, as a female. He had just turned down a huge request from her and he didn't want to keep turning down her suggestions as he knew how complex she was and she would go off in a huff. But he did insist on dressing down for the trip, he wanted to feel comfortable and that did not mean wearing a dress or skirt and high heels.

Instead Tony dressed in a black T-shirt with a white motif on the front and a pair of jeans. The jeans had large tears in the knees, not something he ever would have worn as himself but he had to try at least look like and dress like a fashion conscious twenty-year-old girl and knew they were fashionable. He pulled on a pair of soft ankle socks and slipped his feet into a pair of black ballet shoes that had a bow on top.

Tony put his long dark hair up in a high pony tail to try to keep it in control and off of his neck; Jodie insisted that he couldn't go out without any makeup. He had won the battle of the clothing so he compromised and together he and Jodie selected and applied makeup.

Once Jodie's face was fully made up, Tony just stared at the mirror taking in Jodie's... *his* beauty and hoping his ghost wasn't reading his thoughts.

Mrs. Marchant had dropped off Jodie's credit card when she had done the shop for Jodie and she instructed Tony where to find it. She also suggested Tony get a purse from the wardrobe and put the card in there along with her birth certificate and a letter written by him giving Jodie Elliott permission to drive his car, even though, unlike last time, Tony now did look twenty years old.

As Tony was leaving for his car, he was surprised to see Mr. Samuels, his landlord, inspecting the masonry outside the building. “Hi, Mr. Samuels,” he greeted, before coming to a stop as soon as he heard the voice that came out of his mouth. He had totally forgotten he did not appear as himself but as a former tenant.

Mr. Samuels looked over and stared for a moment as if he was thinking. “It’s Miss Elliott, isn’t it? Where have you been hiding? I had no word from you and had to let your apartment to someone else.”

“Yes, I’m, like, totally sorry.” Tony began to reply, trying to imitate Jodie’s style of talk. “My Mom like took sick and I had to rush away to like look after her and shit. I’m staying with her to look after her. I’ve like spoken to the new tenant, Mr. Bartram; I’m just picking up some of the things I left in the apartment.”

“I hope your Mom’s okay and I don’t like bringing it up at an inconvenient time, Miss Elliott, but you do owe a considerable amount of rent. Ten months to be exact,” Mr. Samuels informed Tony.

“Yes, I’m sorry and I will, like, totally pay all that I owe. I’ll leave it with Mr. Bartram if that’s okay. I don’t like to carry that amount about with me.”

The landlord was happy with that agreement and Tony got quickly into his car and headed off towards downtown.

“What the fuck? Why did you tell him I was going to pay all that back rent, you douchebag?” Jodie complained.

“Because you owe it. Don’t you think it’s nice to have a clean slate so that, at some point down the line, he isn’t hiring debt collectors to come looking for you?”

“Well good luck to them ‘cause they will never find me,” Jodie quipped.

The shopping trip lasted three and a half hours. Tony could never work out what took women so long; men just went into a shop, bought what they needed and were out again. For women it was likely to be a whole day affair. Two dresses, two skirts, a pack of panties, two new bras, a multipack of pantyhose, some new makeup and nail enamel, beauty creams, shampoo and conditioner and a new pair of heels were all bought on the trip out.

He paid on Jodie’s card as she had instructed; no way did he want to waste his own money on such items. Jodie prompted him to get a receipt and then they were on their way.

"I'm relieved you had enough money to pay for all of this stuff," Tony said in relief.

"Oh, like, easily, Babes." Jodie responded.

"Well just how much do you have in your account?"

"I'm not totally sure as it's a savings account so it will have been mounting interest; I have a current account card too, somewhere. Go to an ATM and let's take a look," Jodie suggested.

When Tony saw the amount that came up on the screen he was shocked. "How on earth have you managed to get that much money saved?" he asked.

"I told you we would be okay while you are laid off," Jodie answered smugly.

"With all this, why did you never pay your rent when it was due?"

"And why didn't you pay yours? Remember I can read your thoughts. I suppose you had best withdraw what we owe Samuels now that you have involved me in it."

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Whether Jodie liked it or not, Tony was insistent on being himself that evening and also of being himself the following day, a Sunday. He had nothing planned but after two days of being female he just wanted some 'Him Time' for the rest of the week.

"Is that it then? Aren't you going to go female again?" Jodie asked, pouting, early Sunday evening.

"Yes. Of course I will. I promised you I will and, now I have a larger wardrobe of female clothes than I have male clothes! But I still think it is important for me to be me more than my being you," Tony answered as he tried looking at the Sunday newspaper.

"I could try making you look like other types of women," Jodie suggested hopefully. "How about if I made you a busty blonde? A cute college girl, maybe a dark-skinned Jamaican or a

Latino? I could make you an older, sexier woman... a cougar who the guys fall over themselves for.”

Now that he had sampled the feeling of femininity and having the body of a female, the suggestions did have a certain appeal to him to try, but he stayed resolute.

“No, Jodie. It’s time off before I lose who I am. Anyway, I do not want guys falling over themselves for me. I’m a straight guy, remember?”

“I remember how, although it wasn’t planned, you like really enjoyed the feelings of sex with Joe,” Jodie teased.

“Leave that out, Jodie. Don’t go there,” Tony demanded.

“Why? Because you are afraid to admit you enjoyed it so much? There is no shame in it, Tony. It’s not even like it was a gay act. You were female, you were me. Honestly, Babes, you need to, like, totally experience the whole thing, there is nothing quite like it. I now know first hand that it is three times better than a guy’s sex with a girl.”

Tony didn’t respond but inside he knew that that night was eating him up... the guilt and shame he felt that he really had enjoyed the feelings, the sensation... and he enjoyed the feel and sensation of being a woman, equally. That really scared him; he didn’t want to be enjoying such things, thinking such things. He was a man.

Jodie detected his inner turmoil and left him with it. She didn’t want to rock the boat.

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Tony knew that some places in town wouldn’t be open on the Monday as it was just a couple of days off New Year’s Eve but the long Sunday had been boring as hell and he needed to get out. He had almost driven over to Jan’s house after she had called him on Sunday evening.

But he also had something he needed to try and do, if it was open; he wanted to go to the job recruitment centre to see if there

were any decent jobs going. He may get re-instated in the New Year, given his old job back, or at least have the suspension lifted, but he was no longer sure he even wanted to go back to working for Brett after what he had done.

Jodie had wanted to come along with him even though he was adamant he was staying male. He had rejected the idea but, as was usual now, he had allowed her into him as he slept so that she maintained her energy.

He needed a clear head and no distractions. His money in the bank was getting lower and lower and he had to ensure he had money to live. Jodie had offered to use her money but he didn't want to rely on that. He was in luck at the job agency, the premises were open.

What Tony found, however, was that most of the current vacancies were more suitable for females. Okay, there was a sex discrimination policy and prospective employers couldn't obviously discriminate... but he knew there were ways around that and an employer simply saying an applicant just 'wasn't suitable' was one of them.

Other jobs were, to him, way below his qualifications and didn't have anywhere near the hourly rate of pay he would be looking for. Despondently, he walked out of the centre and drove back home.

Jodie was, of course, there to ask him how he had done; it was immediately clear he had not done well.

"Hardly any jobs going. I put in for two but they are more female-based jobs so I guarantee they will go to a woman," he told her dismissively.

"Don't forget, Babes, it's the end of the year. Employees will start recruiting again once the New Year is underway," she tried to encourage. "If you start feeling a need to make money, I can always show you the ropes of being a hooker. You wondered how I had so much money in my bank account. You can make a stash if you put yourself out." She was not really being serious but Tony shuddered at the thought.

Chapter Ten

Tony stared hard at himself in the wall mirror. He felt good and he looked good. He raised his arms sensually above his head and stroked his left hand down his right arm as he watched his breasts rise up on his chest.

Dressed in a lacy black bra and matching lacy panties with a silk gusset, he had felt the need to see himself not as a woman, but as Jodie again... the beautiful, sexy Jodie. Jodie, of course, had been only too willing to comply.

“You were just so goddamn beautiful,” he told her.

“No, Tanya. I have told you before. *We* are,” Jodie responded firmly. “Tanya. I wanna try something with you; I’ve been dying to try it since yesterday but yesterday you didn’t want to play at being a girl.”

“If it’s to try changing me into any other kind of female, whatever race or colour, I’m more happy just as you,” Tony told her.

“No, it’s not that. When you went out to town by yourself, I went off to see Mrs. Marchant.”

“Of course you did, the incredible Mrs. Marchant. How could you possibly stay away? What great wonders has she informed you about now?” Tony asked.

“Let me show you rather than tell you,” Jodie replied.

Tony felt the rather unpleasant feeling he had whenever Jodie exited his body. He didn’t know why she had to leave his body but he now feared the feeling of the formerly comfortable bra and panties on his body cutting into him as he returned to being himself and seeing a rather foolish image of himself wearing the underwear. But he still saw the image of Jodie, only now with a confused look on her lovely face.

“I’m over here,” Jodie called.

Tony turned and saw Jodie floating about six feet away from him. “What? How the fuck? Why haven’t I turned back?”

“How totally cool is that? I can like go into you, change you and come out of you without you changing. That means you don’t need to have me in you if you ever want a private moment or just to like keep secret thoughts from me.”

Tony wasn’t sure how he felt about it. In truth he was a bit concerned. “You ‘can’ change me back now that you have left me, can’t you? It hasn’t broken a spell or whatever you use.”

“No, silly, I would just go back inside you and change you back. “Hey! You were fretting on how to like make money, Babes. Here’s an idea. You could find all the local transsexuals; charge them a grand each for like full-on, totally painless, surgery free, sex change. I just go into their bodies, change them and then come right back out again. Like how’s that for a business prospect?”

Tony still wasn’t happy until he had Jodie go back into him to prove she could change him back, but not before he had scrambled out of his underwear.

Once proven, Tony had Jodie return him into her image. For some reason he just felt so good, so relaxed, so comfortable being like that.

They spent the rest of the evening indoors with Tony being Jodie. He wasn’t sure where his life was leading, he wasn’t sure where his future now lay, but for the time being he didn’t even wish to dwell on it.

He drank several glasses of wine and listened to music for the rest of the evening. Strangely, it was all of Jodie’s modern music that he was putting on, songs he normally wasn’t keen on.

Tony had gotten out of bed the following morning not having slept too well. It wasn’t because of his boobs disrupting his sleep. He had again slept as Jodie, but his mind had been over-active. Today was New Year’s Eve, tomorrow would be a new year. A year of change?

Tony had totally dismissed Jodie’s suggestion of living as her but he knew it was doable and it had its merits. Should he? Should he start the New Year being a totally different person, a totally different sex and living a totally different life, or should

he get a grip on the situation and limit the number of times he allowed Jodie to change him into a woman? Or put an end to it altogether and get back to just being himself?

He put a dressing gown over his baby doll nightdress and padded into the kitchen to put the kettle on for a coffee, then wandered over to his wall mirror, the same mirror he had looked in the previous day and thought how beautiful he looked. This time the image was much different. He had not cleaned off his makeup, something that Jodie had berated him about. He now had panda eyes and smears; his hair was all over the places in a thick tangled mess.

“Boy, don’t we look sexy as hell?” Jodie told him. “You have a whole lot to learn about being a woman and beauty requirements. We should be putting on night cream rather than avoiding taking our makeup off. And just look at the state of our hair. It’s New Year’s Eve and I want us to go out tonight, have fun and see the New Year in. We need to go into town and visit a salon.”

“And why can’t we go out and celebrate as myself, Tony Bartram, who doesn’t require this entire last thing at night and first thing in the morning regimen?”

“It’s the end of the year, party time. Wouldn’t it be better to go out looking beautiful and wearing sexy female clothing rather than being dull and boring in male clothes?”

Jodie had a point, it was that special occasion thing again, women making that extra effort to look stunning and appealing. He knew he really did enjoy wearing sexy feminine clothes; it was so much more comfortable and felt so much nicer. He knew in his heart he wanted to go out as Jodie... but then, he would also be seeing the New Year in, not as himself but, as a woman.

Coffee and breakfast later, Jodie had Tony book an appointment in town... virtually the last one anywhere; every woman was wanting to look nice for the evening and every salon was closing earlier than normal so that the staff could get themselves ready too.

This time, rather than wearing a T-shirt, jeans and flats, Jodie wanted him going out looking more lady-like; he would be going into a beauty salon and, maybe, some last minute shopping. Tony

headed for his car and set off for town, he was heading for what, to him, was a woman-only establishment, a Shangri-La for females, taboo for men.

The owner of the salon, Kathy, welcomed him in and had him sit to wait for an available chair. Jodie prompted Tony to pick up a copy of Vogue and look through the pages while they sat and waited.

Once it was Tony's turn, Kathy herself showed him to her chair. Tony was careful to sit appropriately and ensure his black velvet tube skirt didn't ride too far up his legs which were adorned in sheer, glossy black pantyhose. Tony was also wearing a thin purple-coloured, off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved top with a peephole opening front that ran along the top of his breasts. On his feet he wore purple velvet sling backs with a three-inch chunky heel.

Tony settled into the chair and crossed his right leg over the left knee as Kathy began brushing his hair out. "You have a beautiful thick head of hair, young lady, but you should take more care of it," the salon owner admonished lightly, "It really has a lovely texture."

Kathy also talked Tony into getting his nails done too. Tony thought this would just be a coat of nail colour but one of her staff began putting acrylic nail tips onto his nails before cutting down, shaping and then painting them a vibrant red.

When she was done, Tony had silky flowing glossy hair that felt wonderful and clean. It felt like it just floated atop his head and fell onto his shoulders like silk. It did set him back quite a bit, but it was off Jodie's card.

Before returning home Jodie nagged that they do a bit of shopping to find something 'nice' to wear for the evening. Once more her persistent nagging won out.

Early evening and Tony was getting ready for his big night out. New Year's Eve was always a special occasion; in the past he would go out with friends, on the hunt for sexy party girls who were dressed for attraction and putting out. It was how he had gotten together with Jenny last year. Then three months down the

line, she got pregnant. So, strangely enough, this whole thing he was experiencing now had its roots one year ago.

He had met Jenny in a club on New Year's Eve. She had been a cute enough and interesting enough girl for him to continue dating for a while... then she fell pregnant. As she grew and the baby was ever closer to being born, he ran away from that responsibility... right to the apartment where he lived now, where he had met a ghost and the rest was history. Now it was New Year's Eve again, maybe another one that could change his life forever.

Now it was he that was dressing sexily. He tried hard not to admit it because it just seemed so wrong, but in the back of his mind he couldn't help wondering if he may attract some man and experience those feeling of sex again, as a woman.

He looked at the lower half of his reflection in the full-length mirror. He had just adorned his legs in black nylon stockings and fastened the clasps of the garter belt to the stocking tops before pulling sheer lacy black panties up to his crotch. He used to love looking at women wearing stockings and garters and now he was wearing them. Never would he have thought such a time in his life could ever come.

He looked beyond the lacy panties before settling them enticingly over his front and rear and looked at the feminine mound that lay between his legs. Jodie had changed his body a number of times into that of a female but never had he taken any great notice of the pussy she gave him; he had hardly dared, knowing the true owner was there, inside his body, aware of his every action. But now he looked.

How strange it was to see that neat feminine mound with the delicate slit and folds of skin surrounded by short dark pubic hair instead of seeing his own seven-inch cock dangling there.

A last glance before settling the panties over the pussy and his rounded butt and then he went to pick up and put on the dress he would be wearing, a black halter neck, gathered at the waist and the skirt just reaching two inches above the knee.

He stepped into the strappy, three-inch high flute-heeled shoes with ankle straps and looked at his painted toe nails show-

ing through the black fabric of his hose as he fastened the narrow straps around his ankles. He was wearing dress rings on his fingers and Jodie had invited him to wear the necklace that her Nan had given her.

He sprayed himself with a flowery perfume, checked his hair and makeup in the mirror and picked up his clutch purse. Never had he felt so feminine, so special. He pulled his drawn curtain open slightly to see the Uber car waiting outside for him and, with a pounding heart, he was off, off for a night where literally anything could happen.

It could have been so different. Jan had phoned earlier, almost begging that they go out for this special evening. He could have been wearing chinos and a pressed shirt and a sports jacket with casual, lace-up men's shoes. But now he heard, instead, the staccato sound of his high heels, felt the swish of his skirt around his nylon-encased legs, felt the December breeze gently blowing his silky soft hair and the swing of his chandelier earrings on his lobes.

Many of the city centre bars were already full and long queues were waiting to get in. Jodie suggested starting at Hoagie's bar. Joe was on duty outside and, seeing Jodie approaching, he gave a dazzling white toothy smile and waved her in.

The place was jam packed, none of the people Tony had encountered before appeared to be inside... but then, who could tell?

"Com' on, Babes, let's like get to the bar and start our evening rolling," Jodie suggested.

It didn't take long before the single, gorgeous looking female was getting her first drink bought for her. Two hours later, Tony was feeling the alcohol and was in a merry mood.

More and more people were crowding in, the music and the noise of talking was becoming deafening and Tony was being obscured by the crowd.

"Drink up, Tanya honey. Let's see if we can find somewhere a little less crowded. Nobody can notice you anymore," Jodie re-

marked when Tony was down to the end of his seventh drink and nobody was rushing up to buy the next.

Jodie was a little bit merry herself from the alcohol that Tony had consumed.

“Hey! Tanya. I’m going to set you a dare,” she said

“What’s that?” Tony replied and then realised he was speaking out loud instead of in thought. “What’s that?”

“I’m going to dare you, the next place we go to, that you have to use your femininity to attract a guy over to you and flirt with him.”

Tony nodded, rising to the challenge. “Alright then, I will. I’ll show you, I bet you think I won’t, don’t you?” he responded as he moved away from the bar, pushing through the crowds to get to the exit door.

As they reached the outside, Joe saw Tony coming out. He looked disappointed that they were going. “Goodnight Jodie, give me a call sometime,” he shouted, using his hand to imitate a phone.

“I will, honey,” Jodie’s voice came out as she quickly took charge. Jodie then had a quick thought. “Hey Joe, you don’t have a spare cigarette, do you?”

Joe smiled and reached into his pocket to take out a pack. Handing her a cigarette, he ignited his lighter. He would have loved to have asked for a New Year’s kiss but he was on duty and had to stay professional.

“I wish you would stop putting nicotine into my system,” Tony muttered whilst lifting his arm to take a drag from the cigarette.

Tony click-clacked his way around a number of the city streets, getting hit on by young men over and over again as he tried to find a bar that was not crowded. Eventually they saw a smart looking hotel across the road that had a public bar; it was a little off from the main bars and eateries area of the city and so

was quieter, though still with a number of hotel guests and a number of visitors drinking.

The people in this bar seemed a little higher-end and more reserved, all dressed more expensively than those that were in Hoagie's. Tony walked to the smart looking bar and sat himself on a bar stool. He ordered himself a martini and lemonade, the first drink of the night that he was actually paying for.

Tony rested his right arm on the bar and crossed his leg at the knee as he took a sip of his drink.

“Okay, Babes, this looks a nice place and we look gorgeous and sexy. So I'm going to come out of you and leave you to it,” Jodie suddenly told him.

Tony had a look of panic on his face. “You are joking, right? Don't you dare go,” he shot back in panic. “I need you with me. I can't be alone, dressed like this.”

“You'll be fine, Babes. It's all part of the test to see how far you have come in your womanhood. You will find I have helped a little with your libido, so, night for now.”

Tony was going to keep on protesting to stop her from going but even as he felt the familiar feeling of her exiting his body, he heard a man's voice beside him.

“Good evening, Miss. I must say I am surprised to see a young and, if I may add, very attractive girl all by herself on New Years Eve... or are you expecting company?”

Tony was preparing himself to find the courage to turn to the man and say that he was meeting people, even though he was already winning the task Jodie had set him and had successfully attracted a man over, but he stopped, half turned.

The man before him was mid thirties to forty, dressed in an expensive-looking powder blue suit and a white shirt that was open from the top four buttons, revealing a mat of dark chest hair. The reason Tony had stopped was that the man looked like a total hunk.



Tony was trying to figure out where he recognised his face from. Then it dawned on him that the guy resembled Dean Martin, a 50's and 60's Hollywood heartthrob. But he shouldn't be thinking men were hunks or heartthrobs, even though men could admit they found some other men handsome... if it was non-sexual.

“Oh, um, hi. No, I mean, I'm not expecting company, I'm on my own,” Tony replied in a fluster. “But I thought that was no reason for me not to see the New Year in.” Tony pressed a smile the best he could. For some reason his heart was fluttering.

“Then, may I join you?” the man asked, indicating an empty high stool next to the one that Tony was sitting on. “Sadly, I too am on my own on this special evening.”

Tony was nervous. The male side of him felt embarrassed that he was sitting wearing feminine clothing in front of this buff-looking man. He half-expected the man to ask him why he was wearing women's clothes. Another part of him was nervous because the man was causing him to have strange, alien feelings.

“Yes, I guess so. So, may I ask why you are also on your own tonight?” Tony invitingly replied.

“First please allow me to introduce myself; my name is Al. Alberto Manfredi if you want the long complicated version. I'm a businessman so stuck in my job that even on New Years Eve I find myself away from my home in Milan. I have been in America, moving from state to state for the last five months, I have a hotel just outside of town.

“So what, like, are you Italian or something?” Tony asked with a sexy smile, sounding interested.

“Yes, far away from home, alone, on New Years Eve. Sad isn't it? But why is such a gorgeous creature as yourself unattached, Miss...?”

“Oh, sorry ... Tanya Bartram.” Tony replied, daintily offering his hand for a handshake. He was surprised when Al lifted it to his lips and kissed it lightly. It sent a shiver down Tony's spine. He blushed.

“I...I’m just getting over a break up with my boyfriend. He’ll be out tonight somewhere and I thought, why should that SOB have all the fun? I’ll go out and enjoy myself too.” Tony was amazing himself at how easily he was coming up with such a story.

“The crazy man! What lunatic would walk out of a relationship with such an exquisite jewel?”

Tony couldn’t help smiling at the compliment. This man had all the patter. “Thank you,” he said, demurely.

“Two people, each alone on New Years Eve. This has to be fate, no? May I buy you a drink, Tanya? Perhaps we could see in the New Year together?”

Tony was smiling. He had won the bet, he had attracted a man over to him and got him to buy a drink, all without Jodie’s advice and promptings, and the man was so damn handsome! He wished Jodie was there to see for herself.

They sat together for what seemed like ages, just talking. The alcohol was taking more and more affect on Tony and his talk to Al was becoming a little more flirtatious. He couldn’t believe he was doing this.

At one point as they sat, Tony’s knee was brushing Al’s leg from the way they were sitting facing each other. Al opened his legs slightly and Tony’s knee went intimately between them.

“I have to say, you have the most gorgeous, mesmerising eyes I have ever seen,” Al said in a quiet voice.

“Have I?” Tony replied in an equally quiet, breathy voice as he fingered the gold chain of Jodie’s necklace. Al was leaning in closer to where he was sitting. Tony felt his heart pounding.

“Beautiful eyes, beautiful hair, beautiful nose, beautiful lips...” Al was now very close to Tony’s face. Tony found himself closing his eyes and leaning a little more forward. His heart was beating fast, his breathing heavy as he hoped the man would kiss him. He was thinking that if this was going to happen, he would let Al take the lead. Then he felt the soft touch of Al’s lips upon his own.

Tony slightly parted his pink painted lips and felt Al's tongue invade his mouth as their lips crushed together. "Oh! My! God!" Tony thought. He was actually kissing another man. This had nothing to do with Jodie, she wasn't the one making this happen, forcing Tony into doing something against his will, this was himself orchestrating this.

Their lips mushed together for several minutes during which time Tony had placed his hand on the man's leg for balance. He could feel his breasts heaving; he could feel a moist feeling between his legs. "Oh my God, I can't believe I'm doing this!" he thought again.

People were coming to get served at the bar. They broke the kiss, both breathing slightly heavier and drained their glasses.

"Bartender, same again," Al ordered the man behind the bar. Looking at Tony, he suggested, "Shall we find a quieter more secluded spot so that we are not such a spectacle?"

Tony slid from his seat ensuring his dress didn't ride too far up his legs but couldn't help revealing a flash of stocking top. He made sure his feet were securely on the ground before bearing his weight on his heels, then picked up his new drink and followed Al to a corner of the room which was darker. There, once they had settled, they kissed some more, this time more passionately.

At around ten to midnight many of the punters began filing out of the hotel to stand outside. Al took Tony's hand and gently led him to follow.

The night seemed magical, the atmosphere was buzzing, some early bangs from fireworks went off in the distance. The air was chill but not overly so; Al pulled Tony into him and Tony slid his arms around Al's waist under his jacket as they took everything in. Al looked down at Tony. He seemed so tall, then he bent his head and they kissed again.

Al went into his pocket and pulled out a packet of cigarettes, offered one to Tony and Tony accepted it. They stood, smoking, arms around each other, as the seconds ticked away towards midnight.

Then everyone started counting from ten down. Tony felt excited. After the countdown, everyone was shouting “Happy New Year” and bells started tolling from various locations. Tony jumped up and down in his heels, in excitement. Fireworks were going up all around and there were loud explosions filling the air.

Al grabbed Tony so that they faced each other. “Happy New Year, Tanya.”

“Happy New Year, Al,” Tony responded before putting his arms over the man’s broad shoulders and finding his lips in a deep New Year’s kiss.

Once their kiss ended, other men were coming to kiss Tony on his cheek, Al was doing similar to some of the women and women were giving each other hugs. After the fireworks died down, they started going back into the bar and Tony and Al re-took their seats.

Another round of drinks and soon they were kissing again and fondling each other intimately. The barman was passing, collecting glasses, and looked over at them.

“Hey you two, this is a public bar. If you want to be intimate, go to reception and book a room.”

Tony felt his face burning red with embarrassment but looking over at the barman, he could see he was half smiling and not being too serious.

“Should we, my darling Tanya? I already have a room booked about fifteen minutes from here. Or to save you the walk in the chill air, I would be happy to book a room here... it seems a waste to let this romantic night end so soon.”

Tony knew exactly what this meant but his mind was going back to that time he had woken up to find Joe fucking him. He had a burning desire that couldn’t be kept quiet. He looked into Al’s eyes and gently nodded even though he was as nervous as hell.

Al got up and just ten minutes later the couple were walking up a wide carpeted staircase towards the guest bedrooms.

Tony was getting cold feet as they approached their room number. He was a man, an heterosexual man and, going into this room would only lead to one thing. Then, outside the room's door, Al stopped and kissed Tony deftly on the lips before kissing and lightly nibbling his neck. As they kissed again, Tony was once more turned-on and their tongues fought together as Al blindly used the key card to open the door.

Once inside, they gravitated towards the large double bed and Tony, almost instinctively, sat on the end to unfasten his heels and kick them off. Then Al was all over him, kissing him, putting his hand on and squeezing one of Tony's breasts. They pushed themselves up the bed. Tony couldn't help himself, he'd had such a feeling of femininity and of being sexy all night, he found his hand moving towards the obvious bulge in Al's pants and he stroked his hand across it.

He was so turned-on that he was almost beyond caring, but there was one thing he really did have to care about. Neither he nor Jodie knew for sure whether this transformation of himself was just an external one or whether he was female inside and out. If he had all the plumbing, mechanics and the unfertilised eggs of a woman, then he could get pregnant.

"Just one moment, Al," he said breathlessly, pulling away from the kisses. He went to his purse and took out a condom. Al sighed audibly; he was worked up and this was cooling his desire.

"Do we need to?" Al asked almost dejectedly. "Screwing wearing a condom is like eating a bar of chocolate and leaving the wrapper on."

Tony knew what he was saying, but replied, "It's not you that could conceive."

He tried to make it more pleasurable for the man and used it as foreplay by putting the condom on Al himself. It was the first time Tony had ever touched another man's penis. He found it hard to believe he was placing a condom on another man's cock in order to have sex with him.

He had put many a condom on himself. True, he hadn't the time that Jenny conceived, but he was struggling to put one on

Al, his long finger nails being one of the reasons. Finally Al joined in and they put it on together.

Then their lips locked, their tongues swirling around each other's mouths. Tony detected the taste of cigarette smoke on Al but ignored it as his breathing became deeper.

As they both shrugged off clothing, Al had his fingers gently dipping into Tony's pussy and rubbing his clit, sending shock waves through him as he sucked on one of Tony's enlarged nipples. Tony had his slender fingers wrapped around Al's sheathed cock, jerking it and stroking it with his thumb.

Eventually they manoeuvred themselves into a position where they caressed one another as Tony settled on his back, spreading his legs wide so that Al could get between them and into the missionary position.

With the man bearing down on top of him, they kissed again as Tony felt Al's hard erection brushing against his pussy lips. He was really going to do this... he was going to be fucked by a man, as a woman. Once again Tony thought to himself, "This is not Jody forcing this. This is me; nobody is forcing this on me. *I am doing this.*"

And then he felt Al applying pressure, he felt his pussy lips part and give way to the pressure. He felt himself, for the very first time, being penetrated. Tony let out a soft moan as Al went all the way in. And as Al began his motion, Tony found himself matching it, raising his hips to meet Al's thrusts. He had never experienced such feelings before, not even the short time when he woke as Jodie was screwing Joe.

He found himself grasping his breasts and tweaking the nipples hard, then raising his arms to run his fingers through Al's hair before circling them around his neck. He lifted his legs up and placed them around Al's waist, hooking his feet as if to ensure Al didn't slip out or escape.

Tony was to find out, first hand, what Jodie had meant about repeated orgasms; he'd already cum

and was ready again before he felt Al's body suddenly stiffen. The man gave a groan and Tony sensed his cock twitching inside of him, then he came again as there was the feeling of something warm being shot in spasms inside of him as Al unloaded his hot seed.

Afterwards they lay together, coming down from their exhaustive high, Tony's head nestled in the crock of Al's shoulder, his fingers idly playing with the man's chest hair. He knew that things could never be quite the same for him again. He certainly could not call himself heterosexual with all the memories he would now have of his first lay. He knew there was a change in him; could this bring about re-thinking about Jodie's suggestion of living as her? No. he still could not do that, he could not give up on his own existence.

It was early morning when Tony had redressed, the first of the sun's rays filtering into a twilight sky. The roads were all deadly quiet; it was a new day, a new year as Tony travelled back home in a taxicab.

It was just after 8 am when the taxi drew up outside the block where he lived. "Have a good holiday, Miss," the driver wished as Tony set his feet onto the pavement. Then the click-clacking of his high heels rent the silence of the morning as he went to his door and put the key in the lock. He was shattered and his brain was barely able to function.

Jodie was waiting for him, excitedly, but he politely asked her to wait to hear all the details as he was very tired and wanted to sleep and then hopefully get his thoughts and feelings sorted out. He also had a dull headache from the alcohol he had consumed.

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Later that day when he was properly awake, Jodie just had to know everything that had happened after she removed herself from the hotel. The grin on her face spread more and more as Tony revealed the events of the night.

“Welcome to womanhood, Babes, I told you how good it was, didn't I? Now that you know how good it is, we can have like totally endless fun screwing lots of big hunky men.”

“No, Jodie. It isn't going to work like that,” Tony interjected. “I'm not going to allow myself to become some sex hungry slut. I may do it again, I don't know. Yes it was good. In fact, if I am honest, it felt fantastic, but I am still me... a heterosexual guy and I like girls.”

Jodie didn't respond further, just smiled.

New Year's Day was a quiet time, most everyone coming down from partying after seeing the New Year in. The streets were quiet, everywhere was shut for the federal holiday and Tony had a whole lot going on in his head.

He had honestly admitted to Jodie that he had enjoyed the sex; he had been surprised by just how much, but he was disgusted with himself for having done it. He was supposed to be a regular guy, he had never fancied another guy in his life. Sure he could sometimes look at another man and admit to himself that he was good looking, but without wanting to tear his clothes off. Al, though... Al had made him feel different.

Was he some kind of latent bisexual? Was it because of Jodie's messing with his libido or was it that letting her turn him into a woman had started messing up his brain, changing his sexual chemistry?

He remained contemplative for most of the day and just loitered about his apartment almost in a daze. Jodie watched but didn't try talking to him, deciding to leave him to himself.

By the evening he was feeling bored out of his mind and seriously fed up with his own company. He really didn't know what to do with himself.

Two phone calls had been the only thing to break the monotony. The first was from Jan saying how much she loved and missed him and that he was welcome to call around that evening. The other one was from Chris, wishing him a happy new year

and telling him he would see him the following night for their squash game.

Tony was very tempted to drive over to Jan's but he didn't want to get in too deep with her or give her false hopes. He liked her but he didn't like her enough to be serious with her. "Fuck!" he suddenly shouted out in frustration. "What can I do? I need to get out of this place. I need to do something. I need something to occupy my mind so that I can clear my head. I feel like I'm going nuts."

That was a good time for Jodie to make her presence felt.

"I know you are going through a mentally hard time, Babes. If you are feeling pent up and frustrated, do you want me to transform you?"

"Into a woman, the cause of all my torment? NO! I... I don't know! I don't know what to do anymore. My money is getting low, I may not have a job to go back to next week and my head is all over the place, Jodie."

The young ghost thought for a while, an idea coming to her pretty head... but would Tony be up for it?

"I bet after all that has happened over the last few days, you are feeling like you are coming down after a massive trip. Users usually resolve that by taking the hair of the dog and getting high again... so com'on, let's make you Tanya and do something like totally outrageous, Babes."

"Outrageous? Like what?"

"Well, you are concerned about your money getting low and maybe not having a job. Let me show you how to make money... easy money, in case you are unemployed next week. There is a reason I have a healthy bank balance. Are you up for it?"

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Tony couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe what he was doing, what he planned to do.... And yet, like Jodie had said, after

coming down from a euphoric high after his sex with a man the night before, it was like having another trip.

He was wearing a very short light grey and dark grey panelled dress, his legs were adorned in black net tights that had black vertical stripes running up the legs and he wore high-heeled black strappy sandals with a slingback on his feet.

Jodie had taken him to a red light area of the city, one that was pimp free if you stood on the right streets. Several other girls were loitering around, waiting to pull tricks.

If worse came to worse and he ended up jobless, was this really the way he wanted to make money to pay his bills?

“Just pace yourself up and down the street, Babes,” Jodie was informing the nervous man. “In your description of last night, you never mentioned giving head. You can charge eighty dollars for that alone.”

“I’m not having a man’s cock in my mouth. That’s disgusting!” Tony protested.

Just then a car showed up, slowly crawling the street. The driver passed two other ladies of the night and drew up by where Tony was standing. The window drew down and Tony was surprised to see a nervous-looking young man no older than nineteen behind the wheel.

Tony leaned his arms on the open window and peered in as he felt his already short, tight dress riding up to just under his backside. Jodie was going to take the lead.

“Are you looking for some action, honey?” Tony was aware of Jodie saying through his lips in her sexy voice.

“How much for just a blow job?” the boy asked timidly. Tony felt his heart sink.

“Eighty dollars for you, handsome. Is this your first time?”

“No, erm...” The boy was about to answer, then thought better of it. “Well yeah, actually it is.”

Jodie had Tony open the car door and stretch his long shapely left leg inside, the boy going red as he stared at the goods. Getting fully into the car, Jodie turned to the youth. “Drive around the other side of the block, Honey, then we can have some fun.”

Tony couldn't believe he had fondled a teenage boy's cock to full erection and now had it inside his mouth as he sucked upon it, blew on it and swirled his tongue around it. Jodie prompted him in how to go down deep, then grip with his lips as he pulled back up, either to the dome or just releasing the tip before taking it back into his mouth again, Tony had just done the latter, with the fingers of his right hand still jacking the boy's stiff cock whilst fondling his balls with the left hand when the youth grunted and suddenly spurted cum over Tony's lips and mouth. Tony was able to open his mouth and take the second and third ejaculations before he got covered in the gooeey stuff.

The boy fell back in exhausted euphoria as Tony felt cum trickling down his chin and seeping out of both sides of his mouth. He didn't realise it but Jodie had put a smile on their face.

“Two hundred and forty dollars!” Tony exclaimed sometime later as they made their way home. Two hundred and forty dollars for an hour and a half. That's nearly what I would make in three days at work!”

The first inexperienced boy had given Tony his personal number but Tony doubted he would ever phone him back up.

“You see what I mean, Babes? I'd phone your boss up and tell him to stick his shitty job,” Jodie suggested. “The street is where the money is at.”

The following day Tony should have been going to see his best friend for a game of squash at the gym, but he was reluctant to do so.

“I can’t face him, Jodie. Chris is my best friend, we grew up together. How can I face him in the knowledge that I allowed a man to fuck me? That I gave blow jobs to three other men? I can’t, I’d be too ashamed.”

“Well, he wouldn’t like have a clue what you did, would he? And you’ve just said it yourself, Babes. He’s your best friend and you haven’t seen him in two weeks. You’ve turned down a meetup with him, ignored calls... he’s going to think something is wrong, Babes.”

“I can’t face him,” Tony repeated.

“So you are going to give up on your friendship with him? Let me go then. I can at least tell him something.

And how are YOU going to do that?

“Well obvs, I will need to turn you into me and then I’ll take charge or if you are so concerned, I will sleep you.”

“Oh no... I know you. You like him; you would be getting it on with him,” Tony accused.

“Oh, thanks a bunch, Babes. I’m trying to help you. I swear, as hot as he is, I will not do anything to lead him on,” Jodie tried to assure while feeling offended by the accusation.

It was later still that Tony/Jodie arrived at the gym in Tony’s car. Tony had already written a consent note for Jodie to drive the car just in case there was another incident with the police.

Tony was the first to arrive. He was wearing a black top that had full-length but sheer silky sleeves with a polka dot pattern and black, flared trousers so not to be overdressed. Jodie put Tony to sleep and then awaited the arrival of Chris.

“Hey... you’re Jodie, Tony’s cousin, right?” Chris asked as he came in with a surprised look upon his face.

“That I am, Babes. I’m sorry but Tony has a lot going on at the moment and cannot make it. He couldn’t find his cell phone to call you; I was using his car and said I would drop by here to let you know,” Jodie lied.

“Well, that kinds sucks, I haven’t had a good workout for a few weeks. I was looking forward to giving him a game. I don’t suppose you’d like to play a game, do you, Jodie?” Chris asked, remembering that Jodie had told him she played.

“I haven’t played in years, and I’m not really dressed for it.” Jodie replied.

Chris’s face lit up in hope. “I have a spare tee and some shorts in my bag, they’d be a bit big for you but should be okay... if you wanted to play.” Chris looked down to see that Jodie was wearing a pair of black ballet shoes.

Jodie was totally up for it, not much more could really make her feel like part of the living again. She went into the ladies changing rooms to change. She was sure Tony wouldn’t mind, much. When she returned, Chris looked at her in total surprise but he never said anything as they went to play the game.

It was obvious that there was something on Chris’ mind and it interfered with his concentration, which explained why Jodie beat him. Afterwards when they were dressed in their normal clothes again, Chris asked if Jodie would like a drink at the gym’s bar.

As they sat together, it was obvious that there was something eating away at him.

“Jodie, would you mind my asking?” he began cautiously, “Your tattoos... they are exactly the same ones as Tony has, in the same place.”

Jodie almost choked on the coffee she was drinking. “Well-noticed, babes. Tony and I have always been close and when he got the tattoos eight years back, when I was just fourteen, I really loved them. Two years ago he took me to the tattoo studio where he got them and I asked the tattooist to replicate them on me. Don’t you totally think ,it gives Tony and me a connection?”

Chris was fascinated by the tale and Jodie took a deep breath of relief. She had become so used to seeing Tony's arms when she was in his body she had hardly thought about the implications.

Then Chris had a thought. "Uh, say, Jodie. While you have been living in your cousin's house, have you ever felt anything weird?"

"Weird? Like how do you mean?"

"Seen any ghosts or experienced anything supernatural?"

Jodie burst out laughing. "Seriously? Why do you ask? There isn't any such thing as ghosts."

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"You what? I can't believe you would have nearly made such a stupid mistake! Why did you even have to play squash with him? You were supposed to just explain why I wasn't going," Tony blasted at the end of the night as they drove back home.

"Hey! I beat him for you, which is more than you have been able to do for the past few months, Babes," Jodie countered. "He totally bought my story and it's good that I went 'cause he was feeling miserable 'cause he and his lady friend, who's her face? Mazy, had split up, so he needed company."

Tony eyed Jodie suspiciously. "I hope you didn't try anything with him."

"Geez! I told you I wouldn't. Mind you, I think your friend has a major crush on me," Jodie then replied with a big grin.

Tony had decided he really needed to try sorting himself out after that week of doing so many things he never would have dreamt of doing normally. He thought if he withdrew from letting Jodie change him, he may become more like his old self.

So for the following week, as much as Jodie tried changing his mind, Tony was adamant there would be no transforming, no dressing, he would just be himself.

In order to keep himself occupied, Tony did more job searching and he came across a company that was just opening in the city and therefore would be employing all new staff. Some of the jobs were very much like what he had been doing. Things seemed to be looking up again.

By the following Friday, New Year's Eve and New Year's day were starting to feel like it had all been a dream. He even decided to go to the gym and meet Chris himself for a game.

It was in the changing rooms that Tony realised he was checking his friend out, almost subconsciously. He wondered if his best friend had always been so ripped. Jodie had been correct; he did have a great physique.

"Hey man, how have you been keeping that red hot cousin of yours a secret from me for all of these years? How come I have never seen her before?" Chris asked.

"As I said, she lives upstate, man. We're not really that close but she asked to visit for a while."

"Not close? Close enough for her to want identical tattoos as her cousin Tony," Chris laughed. "Tell you what though, buddy, she's gorgeous. She definitely didn't take after you."

Tony threw a towel at his friend. "Hands off, she's family," he warned with a grin.

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The following day Jodie seemed in high spirits and announced to Tony she would be going to Mrs. Marchant that evening.

"She's going to be doing this big séance, Babe. She does it each New Year at the 10th of the month, and apparently more spirits come through for their loved ones. Myself and a few other ghosts are going to just be there, unseen. I've been told it's really interesting and earth-based spirits get a chance to talk to spirits that found the other side, find out more of what it is like."

Tony wished her a good time while knowing he would be bored without her in the apartment with him.

When Jodie did return in the early hours of the morning, her demeanour had changed; she was quiet and seemed sad.

“Hey, you okay? What’s wrong, didn’t it go well?” Tony asked in concern.

“I guess it went very well, Babes. Lots of spirits came through.” If ghosts were able to cry, Tony thought she seemed on the verge of bursting into tears. He had a sudden nasty feeling that, talking to spirits on the other side, Jodie may be thinking of departing from earth.

“But? I sense something has happened.”

“Oh Tony, my Nan came through for me. She was the only person I ever really loved while I was alive. She wants me to cross to the other side so that we can be together. She said my time down here is up.”

Tony felt a chill run through him like a spear of ice. “And what do you want?”

“I, like, have to go, Babes. You were always right. My life here passed. I cannot keep hold of what is no more. I love my Nan so much. I want to go and join her.”

Tony’s world was rocked. He should be pleased in a way that now he really could just be a normal male again, but he wasn’t. He felt a deep sense of losing someone that he had only known for sixty-two days but who had become such a meaningful part of his life. And also, he was shocked to realise it, but, he would really miss not being able to turn into Tanya, to not be able to explore feeling feminine any further.

“How... how can you go about doing it? Uh, returning?” he asked shakily.

“Now that she has found me, Nan can come down and guide me up, when I’m ready to go.” Jodie looked deeply at Tony. “Thank you, thank you for all that you have done for me, Babes. You don’t know how much it means.”

“You could stay here, Jodie, and live again. I’ll do as you suggested, live as you. That way you gain your life again and we stay together,” Tony frantically put to her.

“No, Tony. Earth is for the living, not the dead. I would only be alive inside you, playing by your rules. It’s time for me to go.” There was silence, then Jodie spoke again. “But if you wanted to, you could still live as me after I am gone. I could change you into me and then come out of your body like we have done before. You have my birth certificate and all my details. Nobody knows I am dead, you continue your life as Miss Jodie Elliott. That way we remain close, you continue my existence for me and, you will gain an extra twelve years of life as a gorgeous young girl. If you wanted to?”



The following morning, Sunday, Chris called his friend Chris and asked if they could meet. Tony explained to Chris that he had landed a new job but it was in another state. He would be moving away.

“Jodie likes it in this town and she has decided to stay here, living in my apartment,” he told his friend.

“Man, I’m going to miss you. You’re my bestie,” Chris responded, embracing his friend. He was sad to lose his friend but also happy in the knowledge that Jodie would continue living nearby.

Tony had made the biggest decision of his life.

That afternoon Tony met Mrs. Marchant for the first time. She was a tall, frail woman with a much wrinkled face and grey hair. Round spectacles sat on the end of her nose. He had gone there as Jodie in the flesh, a first for Mrs Marchant who had only ever seen Jodie in spirit form.

Jodie came out of his body, smiled at Mrs Marchant and looked at Tony. “Always wear Nan’s necklace to remember me by, Tanya,” she said. “And you should keep in touch with Chris. He has this big crush on me, you know... and he is alone again. As you will soon be me permanently, you can no longer have him

as your long-time buddy, but there is no reason to lose your friendship with him,” she encouraged.

There was a long moment, then Tony was suddenly blinded by a dazzling white flash of light. When he was able to see again and all the coloured dots in his vision had disappeared, Jodie was gone. He was Jodie now. Mrs Marchant smiled at him.

It was the weekend after that Tony made contact with Chris again, telling him her cousin had now moved out.

It had been a tough week for her as she had first of all contacted the local authorities, saying she had been told there was a body down a shaft on spare land. The body was found and lifted out and, eventually, Jodie Elliott was properly laid to rest.

Then she had met her landlord and told him the same thing that she had told Chris; that Tony would be moving out of state and she had decided to return to live in the apartment, if that was okay with him. Samuels had received payment in full from both of the tenants. Jodie’s account was clear so he had no problem with her taking back up the tenancy.

Chris asked if she was missing her cousin and feeling lonely in the apartment by herself and Tony replied “Yes,” though really meaning she was badly missing Jodie. Chris then invited her to come round for a drink sometime. Tony accepted.

That week she had also received a letter; a general reply for all applicants for the vacancies for the company that was opening up in the area, inviting her in for interview. She had already e-mailed Brett telling him to stick his job where the sun don’t shine.

And she had then gone out to meet Chris for that drink. She was dressed casually in a light pink fleecy top, a black A-line skirt and black hose and wearing court shoes that had a two and a half-inch heel.

From there Chris had invited her back to his place for a few more drinks, saying he would then run her back to her apartment afterwards.

Chris, casually dressed in a chequered shirt and blue jeans, had looked so darn handsome that, when he leaned over to try kiss Tony, she didn't resist. She had changed, she was female now and she had female desires.

Kissing Chris passionately as he stroked her thigh and knee soon had her feeling very turned-on and feeling a need to have sex with her longtime friend. She idly played with her necklace as she turned toward Chris and ran her hands over his muscular body and deftly began to open his fly. Chris did not run her home that night.

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Eighteen months after Jodie's departure Tony and Chris were sitting together in his house... Tony had discovered she was pregnant with Chris's baby and she couldn't be happier. They made such a lovely couple. This time she would not be running away from her parental responsibilities

THE END.