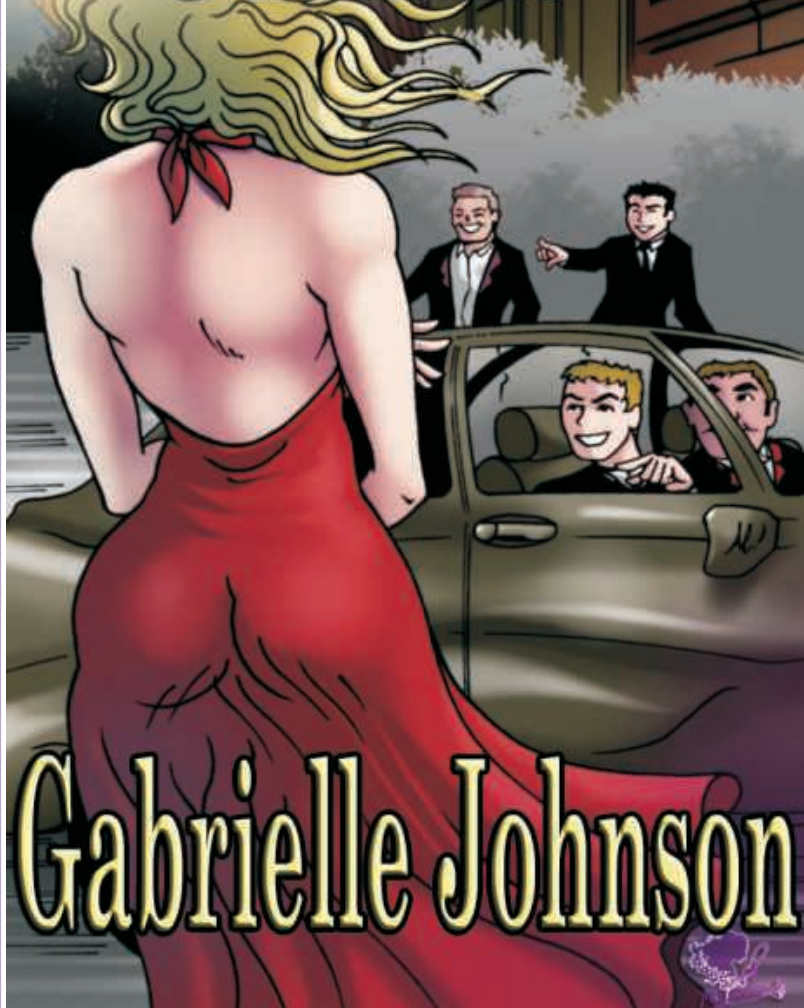


Impersonator

A Romance



Gabrielle Johnson

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IMPERSONATOR

A Romance

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

“But I ain’t had anything to eat all day!” moaned Ray Sparks.

“You can’t stop on a winning streak,” I laughed at him. It wasn’t me with a bagful of chips that I still had to cash out.

“You listen to your cousin,” said Moroney. We always call him by his last name, sometimes just the first five letters.

“You don’t come to Vegas to eat!” said Dave, slapping Ray behind the ear.

“Room service ...” said Moroney, putting the two checks he had for his winnings in his back pocket.

Yes, he'd cleaned out two of the five-dollar slots and had even won on his next machine. But he had lost six in a row and we'd persuaded him to call it a night before he lost it all. Yeah, start again the next day, he'd finally agreed, when he wasn't as wound up as before. Besides he couldn't even see the screens any more to read the directions.

"Hey," I yelled to a guy in the casino uniform, just drawing the doors on a show room. He was standing in front of a big, pink poster with black and white photographs of girls in various poses and skimpy burlesque costumes.

"I gotta close for the show, mac," said the guy.

"Where can we get a steak at this time?" I asked him. "Anywhere in this place?"

One reason for us stopping was that the place was really dead. I was down a couple of hundred in blackjack but there were only two of us and the dealer left at the table. The other guy didn't seem to speak much English. Yeah, the whole place was dead. I expected we'd have to leave to find real food.

"You could come in here," the guy said doubtfully. "But you'd have to sit at the bar or in the back tables. You wouldn't see much of the show!"

"Cover charge? Tickets?" I asked him.

The guy glanced around and considered for a moment. "Let's say ten each and I'll order for you guys," the hustler said, nodding at me.

I didn't care about putting forty in the guy's pocket. All I wanted was a New York cut with all the trimmings. Trust Moron to try for spaghetti, Caesar salad and maybe a little meat sauce.

“Four steaks,” I told our new friend, pulling Moron into the club as Sparkie and Dave began to berate my idiotic friend with all the money. “All the trimmings, and Jack Daniels on the rocks!”

The hustler had us in the club, the doors locked in seconds, the forty bucks not in sight.

So, the seats were pretty far back, but the waitress arrived with drinks in a minute, bringing us a basket of bread and sauces that filled Sparkie’s mouth and stopped him from complaining about busting a winning streak for a few minutes.

The switch from canned music to live music was very abrupt. A curtain swept back and a line of squealing girls came dancing across a rounded stage, the guys sitting in a big semi-circle smiling and clapping, I think it was the guys and not a soundtrack. Like all Vegas showgirls, they were gorgeous, with long hair and wicked figures. One or two must have been ex-models as well as they were really tall for girls.

“The one on the end is mine,” muttered Dave, as the girls pirouetted and the end girl laughed as she swirled her long, blonde hair around, her enormous earrings floating about her as well as she came up to microphone where another blonde woman, older, stockier, had appeared.

“You’ll see a lot more of Brooke later in the show,” said the older woman, putting glasses up to her eyes to read what appeared to be a playbill in her long, brightly lacquered, red-tipped fingers.

“Our own Diana Ross,” was a black girl, who did a few words from *Baby Love* before flouncing off.

“Cher, naturally,” was the dark-haired girl with legs that didn’t seem to stop. She tossed her long,

straight hair and strutted off, with far more to show than the real Cher ever had.

Christina naturally had to show us her sexy tush while Britney had cute, little girl pigtails and ribbons.

Barbra serenaded “the luckiest people in the world” and then it was time for the ‘Ladies of the Chorus’.

Oh, man, could those girls dance. They did everything from Spanish, to Can-Can, to belly-dancing and finally, to Rockette high kicks. I really liked the little blonde one on the end. She just had such a sexy way of moving. So she didn’t have huge gazoombas like others did, bouncing all over the place, to yips and applause from the audience. And it was a surprisingly large group for a Tuesday, I thought, when all the rest of the casino was so sparsely attended.

“You can have her, Seth,” said Ray Sparks, who was a very distant cousin of mine. We’d only found that out in high school after going through grade school together. “I want that girl in the middle, the one who popped out! Come on, baby! You can do that over me any time!”

“You do know where you are, don’t you?” asked the older waitress as she brought us fresh drinks and breadsticks before taking more drinks to the guys in the audience in front of us. That was when I counted and saw only about half a dozen girls besides the waitresses.

“Just keep the drinks coming and I won’t care at all where I am,” Dave grinned at her as the music ended. The girls were applauded, skipping off daintily as they waved to us, bright smiles on their

heavily madeup faces, the little blonde doing a sexy shimmer and back kick as she went off last of all. Oh, yes, I could really go for that girl. I liked them short and sassy.

“Where did all these people come from?” asked Charmian, gasping for breath as we whipped the dresses from our thin bodies and slung them onto the trolley. Earrings, panties and high heels followed as we had to slip on new fringed costumes over the tape that protected our private parts from being exposed.

“I bet Hugo’s packing them in with his own cover charge,” said Diane with an outraged sniff that she used all the time.

“More drinks and tips,” murmured Caroline, turning so that I could fasten the back of her skimpy costume, she arranging her boobs in the shaped parts for women’s breasts. She turned me as well. I barely got my arms through the thin straps over my mostly bare shoulders before she was pulling my little breasts tightly against me.

We scrambled to get into our new, green high heels, pin the feathers into our hair that made us look so tall, and put on all the glittering earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings and anklets that we could.

“The older guys in the middle are mine!” whispered Miranda. “They didn’t take their eyes off my breasts once!”

“How could they?” asked Nadine. “That’s the fifth show in a row you’ve popped out, Mirrie! And they’ve been here every time. They know where to sit!”

“Shush,” warned Charmian. “Ready to giggle and wobble, girls!”

Of course we were. We were chorus girls and we could giggle girlishly and wiggle all over the stage at a moment’s notice. Cheryl finished her opening monologue, only using the f-word half a dozen times. Must be a good audience. The less they laughed at Cheryl’s jokes the more f-bombs she unleashed on them.

I clung to Caroline’s waist as Miranda was clinging to mine as we danced back in front of the crowd. There were even people at the back tables! Sylvia looked as if she was actually serving dinner to some of the guys back there. It was hard to tell how many with the dark tiles surrounding that area.

I wiggled after Caroline to the left of the center that Charmian had taken. Miranda moved inside me, which wasn’t supposed to happen, but I didn’t argue. I just smiled and went further to my left until I was on the very outside, Vera next to Miranda as she always was.

I pushed my arms together so that my breasts would have an even more pronounced cleavage and kept my legs together as well as I shimmied with the rest of the girls. I should have known what kind of night it was going to be as I felt a hand on my leg. Looking down in alarm, I saw one of the men almost lying over the table jammed against the stage, grabbing me and waving a bill at me.

We did do a strip later on when we got down to g-strings, that's all, and we loved to have the men in the audience tip us then but this was way too soon.

The idiot was insistent and so I dipped down to him, smiling still in my most girlish fashion. "We do that later," I whispered coyly to him as the other girls were turning, pirouetting and showing off their lovely figures as they pouted over their shoulders at their admirers.

The guy wouldn't, couldn't be stopped. It was a hundred dollar bill, no, two one-hundred dollar bills that he wanted to stuff between my breasts. And, of course, he wanted to kiss them as well.

My girl, I was thinking of her as that, handled the drunk really well. He wasn't going to be stopped from kissing her breasts and so she let him, smiling at him as if she loved it, her nipples surrounded by wet spots on the pink bikini top as I thought of it. She thanked the guy with a smile, planting a red, lipstick mark in the middle of his forehead before sliding back in her heels, high-kicking and making even the drunk fall back before he was hit.

His yipping, hollering companions were laughing as they hauled him to their side of the table. They were waving bills at the girls as well but the dancers stepped back from the edge and avoided getting in range of being trapped again.

"The girls will do their pole dancing and stripping later in the program," said Cheryl Rivers, no, she was nothing like the real comedienne her name im-

plied, “and you gentlemen will be able to show your appreciation then in a tangible fashion.”

“I want my girl out here now!” the drunk began to shout. “I want the little one, right here, on my pole!”

His friends tried to shush the guy up as Cheryl Rivers glared at him. She introduced Diana Ross in a long, sequined dress that swirled about her when she sashayed about the stage. I laughed when the drunk called her to come over but she stayed well away from him. Several people behind him began peppering him with napkins and ice cubes, I think. He was quickly on his feet, facing away from the stage, ready to fight, but his friends hauled him down and held him in his seat.

Our steaks arrived and they were great. So were the Diana Ross impressions while Cher was a little off. I couldn't really tell about Brittney or Christina as I don't know them that well. They seemed all right to me.

The music changed and all these poles came up from the floor and the chorus girls came strutting out in different costumes to do pole-dancing. My little blonde girl was in a schoolgirl outfit, her mini so short that her black garter belt and stockings were exposed as she eased up to the pole like the other girls did, licking it as a girl would lick you-know-what.

All the girls were doing the same thing, the nurse, the maid, the secretary, the meter maid and so on. But I only had eyes for my little girl. As she slid down, the pole between her legs, I was definitely aroused! I was getting a hard-on for a girl I didn't know at all. As her long, pink tongue ran slowly over the poll, I almost had an ejaculation on the spot.

And she was so serious! That increased the sensuality of her movements tenfold to me. She snapped her stockings and lifted her legs high, stroking them before she kicked off her high heels. Then she began so slowly to take off her stockings as she sat there. Guys were waving bills all over the place as the little quartet of musicians played music to strip by. These girls knew exactly how to do that, taking off tops and skirts to reveal panties and bras which meant that the audience close to the stage could reach them with the money they wanted to slip into the girls' g-strings and bras.

My girl made a mistake. She wasn't watching the drunk as well as she should have. She had her back to the audience as she unhooked her bra and that was when he struck. I don't know how he got over the tables and shelving and onto the stage but he did.

My girl was shrieking and squealing as the drunk grabbed her by her breasts and began to pull her to the back of the stage. Gods! The front of his pants were undone and his manhood was flapping in the air! I don't know why I ran at the stage as no-one else was. The drunk's friends were laughing and standing, taking chairs in their hands, to defend the space around them where the drunk was rolling with the screaming girl, trying to pull her g-string down and rape her.

I shoved the guy who tried to fence me off with his chair, right into his partner and they went down. I vaulted up beside the drunk, who was kissing the girl's small, naked breasts as he forced her down with the sheer weight of his body. I grabbed his hair and pulled. Hair came out in between my fingers

but he held onto her, she weeping and pummelling him with the tiny, girlish fists.



It seemed like the only way at the time. I kicked him right between his legs. He stiffened. I suppose that I didn't have to kick him again but I did.

Then, I could grab the big guy's arms, roll him over the footlights and onto the tables where drinks went flying. I put out my hand to push the lovely, little girl back but her g-string was broken. I touched then something that no man who admires a pretty girl would ever expect to touch.

"Look out!" I screamed at my stunned rescuer who was holding onto my penis. My hand shook as I pointed with a gleaming, pink-tipped finger at the figure looming behind him, a chair in his hands.

My knight in shining armor moved his head enough and stopped caressing between my legs long enough to deflect the downward descending chair. I know I was squealing and so were all the other girls as I was hauled out of the fray, completely nude, the oaf having torn off all my carefully positioned taping.

A bare-breasted Caroline was squealing as well as she helped me to my feet, through the curtains, just as Leanne, the Cher in our show, all six three of her, bounded forward in a black, white-trimmed lace Teddy and began kicking and rolling the drunk, who was spewing everywhere by then, off the stage.

The club, of course, was in an uproar as Caroline laughed at me, tweaked my breasts and hugged me, her almost naked body as smooth and girlie as mine.

The other girls save for Cheryl and Leanne huddled into the dressing room. “Do we change for the next routine?” squeaked Vera in the little-girl voice she was trying to master. We were all helping her but she sounded like she was five years’ old.

“I think the show’s over for tonight,” laughed Carrie, but it wasn’t.

“Schoolgirls for Brittney’s routine,” Cheryl came back, barking in her male voice, smacking Charmian on her fleshy, girlish rump.

“My clothes,” I gasped, meaning my schoolgirl outfit, “are all over the stage!”

“Then you can stay here, Barbie Doll,” Cheryl sneered at me. “What were you doing out there? Flashing your tits at a looney and then your family jewels? He was too drunk to lay anyone! You should have ...”

“He wasn’t that drunk!” I squealed at her.

“You were feeling his crotch?” Cheryl taunted me grossly.

“He was shoving it in my face!” I screamed, shaking all over.

“You’re supposed to be tucked,” Cheryl went on, not having seen that I was and that my g-string had ended up stuck on the drunk as he had broken it and the tape about me, giving me a nasty mark right across my upper thigh.

“I was,” I said, trying to stop trembling and calm down.

“We’re going on again?” asked Charmian, tossing her long, loose hair back, which Caroline caught for her and began to twist and pin so that she could be a prim, little schoolgirl again.

“Why not?” demanded Cheryl. “They,” she indicated the audience part of the club, “paid for a show and a show they should get.”

“They did,” said Caroline smugly. “They all saw Barbara’s jewels!”

“That’s what they’d expect to see in a female impersonator show,” snapped Cheryl. “Come on, Charmian, Carrie, Vera, Miranda. You girls get out there and Barbie, you’re Leanne’s bride for the big finale. You get ready for that!”

I wanted to remind her that it was Vera’s turn and she was looking forward to it, but Cheryl was on one of her organizing rants and it didn’t do to cross her. Four, little schoolgirls tripped out of the dressing room while Diane, Nadine, and Cherry commiserated with me. They told me about drunks attacking them and stripping them, as I dressed in white lace and white silk lingerie and got ready to be Leanne’s bride.

Where are the bouncers, I thought as a chair caught me a glancing blow, thanks to the naked queen I was holding pushing me away from it as she squealed in this really girlie voice at me to watch out.

I football-tackled the partly drunk guy. We both slid off the stage into Moroney’s arms and he cushioned our fall. Some other guys helped us then, and this one really tall girl, still in her Cher makeup and hair. Man, the perfume that wafted off her as she frogmarched the guy who had started it all to the doors and threw him out, right in front of security

who put in an appearance, as usual, right when it was all over.

“Did, did you see that girl?” I asked Dave who was watching Cher in fascination. She flicked her hair back constantly as she told the security, in Cher’s voice, what had gone on.

“Hi, sugar,” she said then to Dave, looking down on him and stroking his face as he looked at her statuesque breasts with awe.

“You, you were great!” stammered Dave. “You really are her, Cher, I mean!”

“How lovely of you to say so!” said the tall, willowy girl, in high heels, stockings and a corset, the shoulder straps down by her elbows. “You deserve a reward.” And with that, she bent over Dave, kissing him passionately while he put his arms around her, around her wiggling tush, I should say.

“I think I’m in love!” Dave said as Cher broke free as quickly as she had kissed him and sashayed through the audience, stopping here and there to sit in a guy’s lap, grope some of them, kiss others, who all looked inordinately pleased with themselves.

The chairs were upright. The band had returned from wherever they’d hidden out and Cher was entertaining the front seats, letting guys put the bills they’d been waving into her bouncing cleavage, letting them caress or kiss her, there or on her still, deeply colored lips.

“Did you see the girl I rescued?” I asked Dave as he had his eyes on Cher as a waitress tried to get us back to our table.

“She was gorgeous, as well,” said Dave dreamily.

“She had a cock!” I had to tell him and the waitress overheard me and laughed.

“So she should,” said the waitress archly, stunning us all. “This is a female impersonator show that you’re watching.” It was just at that moment that the Brittney impersonator came out with all of her schoolgirl friends, squealing and wiggling, putting down chairs then on which to seat the ‘volunteers’ that Cher found for them.

A female impersonator show! The words didn’t seem right as the girls on stage treated the men just as if they were boy friends, wiggling and squirming on them and dancing with them, even kissing them which many of the guys seemed to like.

“The girl I helped ...” I gasped at the waitress, Sylvia was on her name tag. I stared at her and she winked at me.

“Barbie isn’t out there but she should be,” Sylvia said. “I guess after being manhandled like that she’s having to sit this one out.”

“You should have taken her place,” Ray Sparks said, leering at the waitress.

“Oh, I used to be out there,” said Sylvia seriously, “but my legs can’t stand the pounding. No, all these are good for these days are wrapping around handsome studs like you guys!”

The look on Ray’s face was priceless. “Another round?” asked Sylvia before sashaying off, stopping to let guys at other tables caress her as they passed empty glasses to her and gave her new drink orders.

Ray had nodded in confusion and so we were sort of stuck. The ‘girls’ came to a showy end, applauding their ‘volunteers’ who seemed really loath

to go from the stage! One guy didn't want to let Christina back, she with all long blond hair, with other 'girls' in pink wigs and not much else.

"Get the bill," I said to Ray as the waitress circulated with drinks. It was exorbitant. I wanted to pay it and get out of there as a huge finale was beginning. Sylvia sat on Ray's lap as we worked out who was paying for what and the tip.

"Thanks, guys!" Sylvia said. "You should stay for this one," she added, smiling at me. "Looks like your girl is going to be in this one. There she is! Barbara, our Barbie Doll! That's her, the bride!"

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe the gorgeous woman stepping forward as the whole group did a medley of wedding songs. The girls looked so cute in their bridesmaid dresses but it was Barbara, the guy I'd saved, when his panties had been torn from him, that was the shocker. She sashayed onto the stage with the Cher impersonator, in a man's tux that she was bursting out of, hugging and kissing the top of Barbie's blonde tresses, while Barbie looked so demure and girlie as she looked up at the very tall Cher.

"My Sonny," said Cher, laughing just like the real woman. "My, how you've changed!" She kissed Barbie as if she was a man and Barbie, of course, kissed her back as if she was a woman. My groin was aching as I looked at the tableau on the stage, the 'bridesmaids' bringing up more volunteers to help them in celebrating the marriage of Sonny and Cher.

"Of course it's a fairy story!" said Cheryl Rivers with the last line of it all, the show over and the per-

formers coming down off the stage to make a receiving line, as if it really was a wedding.

“Thank you so much for coming to the performance,” I heard girlish voices saying, as everyone had to file past, chat and hug one of the performers at least. Autographs were given on pamphlets like the poster we’d seen being hauled into the club at the beginning.

“You were fantastic, as usual,” I heard one guy saying as he hugged one of the chorus girls. She put her arms about him and smiled as his wife, yes, his wife, took their picture, even one of the husband kissing the bridesmaid.

“I liked that,” said the chorus girl cutely, hugging the guy. He hugged her, until his wife finally took him angrily by the arm and pulled him after her, into the exit line from the club.

We tried to slide on by, but Cher wouldn’t let Dave gulp and walk by. “My man!” she squealed. She was still in female makeup despite the suit and dickie she was trying to hold against her.

“It’s my turn to be the bride tomorrow,” she said with a smile to Dave, flinging her arms about his neck, kissing him as strongly as before, Dave’s mouth disappearing into hers as she covered him in lipstick.

“Thank you, thank you,” the bride was saying as guys wanted to hug her, kiss her soft cheek and have their photographs taken with her. “You are so kind. Come back tomorrow and we’ll do that routine properly. Sure I’ll kiss you now. Mmm, that was so nice. Thank you, thank you.”

The crowd was thinning as she turned, a fixed smile on her face, and looked up at me. “My white

knight!” she exclaimed in a lilting, feminine voice. She had to be a girl. She looked, she sounded and she smelled so girlish! “Come to claim your prize for rescuing a damsel in distress.”

“No,” I said, aware of Ray beside me, staring at Barbara, the bride. She was so girly close up, her makeup so feminine, her eyes so vivid and her lips so inviting. Her eyes questioned me as she swished her lovely bridal gown against me. “We got into the wrong club by mistake,” I said with a shudder. “We didn’t realize ...”

I froze as well, my manicured, feminine hand resting lightly on his forearm. Oh, the poor sap. He hadn’t known I was a female impersonator when he’d come to rescue me, when he’d tried to pull the drunk’s hands off me and when the two of them had torn my g-string right, breaking it. I should charge him for it, shouldn’t I?

“But now you do know,” I said to him with a smile. It sometime happened in the club. Someone wandered in, chatted to us, and didn’t realize at all that we weren’t real girls. We did, after all, work very hard on trying to make the illusion that we were real girls true! “I’m a female impersonator,” I said with a smile at my rescuer. “And I really do thank you for saving me from a fate worse than death!”

I just meant to brush my lips on his as a thank-you response but the moment I touched him, tingles ran all through me. When my lips touched his, I went giddy in excitement at the way our mouths met and clung together. He was kissing me

back as forcefully as I was kissing him, which I had to do as he was holding me so tightly against him, rocking my bouncy breasts against him.

“Hey, hey, hey!” said the friend with my saviour. “Leave some for me, Seth.”

Seth? What a nice, strong, biblical name, I thought. Then I remembered what this guy had said about being in the wrong place.

She swished her lovely dress against me and smiled as she brushed her mouth against mine. It was all too much then as I held this lovely, femininely fragrant girl to me. I really did want to kiss her. I drew her against me and it was exactly as I knew it would be. She was so dainty. She melted into my arms as I put mine about her. Her body was pressed against mine and I was kissing a real girl intently. She kissed me back, reacting in every way like a girl when a man kisses her.

I kissed and kissed her, hearing someone beside me saying something. But I was in heaven and didn't want to stop kissing Barbie. I pressed against her more tightly and she seemed to do the same to me. My hands caressed her lovely dress. It was only when Ray pulled on my arm that I realized what I was doing and came down to earth with an enormous jolt.

I so embarrassed myself, thrusting my body so feverishly against this guy who had been the one to

stand up for me against a drunk. It was more than a little reward that I gave him as I kissed and kissed him and pressed against him, quite lost in all the wonderful feminine feelings that overwhelmed me. It was quite like the first boy who had ever kissed me at the dance I went to dressed as a girl. Oh, but Keith had known what I was and was just funning himself with me. This Seth wasn't funning. He was as stunned as I was at what surged between us.

I wanted to kiss him a lot more but this other guy with him pushed Seth, and the man I wanted let me go. He let me go and this smarmy, all-hands and no brains guy, took me over, my body shivering and trembling but not from his touch at all. No matter, he thought he was the one making me quiver in agony. He was the one to try to thrust against me, just like the drunk had before. I pushed him away from me but it was too late, my white knight was gone. All I was left with was the odious court jester.

The girls crowded around me in my lovely dress to wave to all the guys who'd been there for the show.

"Wasn't that the guy who came to your rescue?" asked Diane. I nodded, feeling so lonely all of a sudden and so depressed. The court jester was still looking back and making rude gestures at me, amusing some of the men he was with. But of Seth, there was no sight at all. He wasn't staying around to look at the female impersonator whom he had set on fire with his touch.

"You looked like you and he were really going to get married!" teased Diane as she helped me with my bridal train.

"Don't!" I begged her.

“This is Vegas after all,” Diane went on, taking off her wig and looking so strange with the mannish short hair she had that she desperately wanted to grow out like the rest of us. “Open, twenty-four hour weddings, drive-in, conducted by Elvis himself!”

We’d laughed over that, the other day, on a stroll down the Strip, just girls out together, looking over the shops and stuff, being hit on constantly by guys, none of them suspecting at all what it was that Diane and I had in our panties. Elvis, or a reasonable facsimile, had taken each of us in his arms in turn and asked us if we would like to be married. He’d said that he wanted to marry each of us.

“You must be a Mormon!” I’d said to him sweetly as he was fondling my bra strap. “Pity that we’re not!”

Ooo, but if that guy who had kissed me, my white knight, had asked me to marry him ... Ooo, I would have thought about it. Yes, I would. Even if he had only just wanted to get in my panties, I would have really thought about it and probably let him. It had, after all, been a long time since I had a boy friend or even a one night stand.

“Let’s go out tonight and get laid,” said Diane then. “I know this guy and he has a friend ...”

I couldn’t believe how I was feeling. It wasn’t as if I’d kissed a girl. She’d been a guy! They all were! Dave hadn’t been fondling a real girl in that Cher, who’d been letting him slobber all over her chest the last time I saw him. And look at the girl I’d saved.

She'd wasted no time in giving Ray just what she had given me just moments before!

Drag queens were just like real girls, I decided. They gave it away until they got some sucker hooked; then they'd take you for every penny you had. I was well out of that no-win situation.

"That was a female impersonator show!" said Moron, grimacing at all of us. "Goshdarnit, Seth. You got lipstick all over your mouth! You didn't have to kiss that little queen like that, did you?"

"She kissed me!" I said hotly, knowing it wasn't true. She'd kissed me, yes, but only after I had kissed her as I would any girl and, boy, had the fireworks ever engulfed me, lighting me up like the Fourth of July.

"You and Ray had your arms around her like she was Judy from the supermarket," Moron protested, referring to a girl with the best rack in town back home. "And it wasn't she who kissed you, Seth!" He laughed in his usual sneering fashion, poking my arm while I tried to think up an indignant lie to reply. "It was he who kissed you, big boy!"

"And can she ever kiss," said Ray enthusiastically, jumping on Moron's back as he came whooping through the casino as we headed to the hotel elevators and our rooms. "Hey, guys, aren't we going to play any more? It's only three o'clock!"

"I'm headed for bed," I told him as Dave came wobbling after us, trying to wipe the lipstick kisses off his cheeks and neck. "We got three more days here!"

But Ray wanted to go back to the slots where he'd been winning. "Just take a hundred or two with you," I told him. "And when it's gone, it's gone. But

you should come back to bed as the streak is over for today! Start a new one tomorrow!”

“I really liked that Cher,” said Dave dreamily.

Ray and Moron really teased him then as if Dave hadn’t realized that Cher in the show was really a guy.

“Still,” said Dave with a laugh. “She was really sweet, like a real girl, wasn’t she?”

“She was just acting!” sneered Moron. “Like that girl who was the bride that Seth was liplocked to for so long! Oh, that wasn’t acting, was it, Seth? You were really getting it on with her, weren’t you?”

“Oh, zip it, Moronic,” I groused at him. “We got a good meal, saw a little action and made some money tonight for a change. Things are looking up for this Vegas trip!”

And I wouldn’t think about that cute, little impersonator, either, and how she’d cuddled so obligingly into my arms. But the more I lay restlessly beside a sleeping Ray Sparks, who didn’t go out after all, the more I tried not to think about her, the more I did. And the more I wished that I’d asked her how I could get in touch with her in Vegas. But the only answer I could think of for that was to go back to the show. And I didn’t think I could get any of the guys to go back with me, not to a drag show two nights in a row.

I got up at noon as usual and there was no milk. Caroline’s boy friend must be in her closed-door bedroom with her. He was the kind of guy who

proved his maleness by doing things like drinking directly from a container of milk and emptying it before he belched.

We girls of course never did things like that. We were really ladylike, despite the fact that we were all female impersonators. At least there wasn't a trail of underwear, male and female, up to Caroline's door as there often was.

I didn't put on any makeup, just brushed my hair back and used a rubber band to hold back the pony tail that Carrie said made me look like I was sixteen years old, jailbait. It was nice of her but I was twenty-two as she well knew, and legal for anything in Vegas. We all were.

I slipped on a short, denim skirt, high-heeled boots and a leather jacket over the red, sequined top I'd worn the day before. I tapped on Carrie's door. "Matinee today!" I called in through the door that I held ajar, someone in there snoring in a heavy, masculine way. "Going to get milk. Be back in fifteen. And I'm going to hog the bath if you're not up by then!"

We hated matinees. I didn't expect Carrie to crawl out until one thirty and then it would be a whirlwind rush for her to get ready, me called on to help her in every way, as we had to be in the dressing room at two for the two thirty show (which was always late because some girls were bound to sleep in or forget and come in such a rush at the end).

I couldn't drink my coffee or eat my cereals without milk. And since cereals would see me through until five usually, I wasn't going to eat them dry!

Yes, I took the car for the three block drive to the Seven-Eleven. We might only be two blocks away

from the Strip', but it was a rough area to walk in. Even kids staying in the cheap motels across the street from us were roughed up by the gangs working our area. And for girls like us. Well, it just wasn't worth the hassle of walking down the street in a dress. If ordinary guys got robbed walking in pairs, what chance would a fake girl like me have had?

"Get me a coffee," Dave said as we filled up the car with gas and so I hopped over to the Seven-Eleven next door.

I saw this big, black kid and his pals stand up as I jogged past. I think one of them yelled after me. But I ignored him. There weren't many people in the fast-food place. The clerk was looking out of the window behind him and then back at me. I should have guessed that something was up but I was more interested in coffee, wanting to wake up after such a restless night as I'd had.

I poured the extra large double-doubles and took them over to the clerk, just as this ponytailed, blonde girl in a denim skirt and leather jacket came in. "Hey, Jeff," she said right away to the clerk, right past me. "Call the cops! That guy filling up his car next door is being roused by a gang!"

The clerk didn't turn around. "I got a customer," he whined as I looked over his shoulder and saw Dave fighting with the three guys I'd passed.

"That's my pal!" I yelled, heading for the door immediately.

“Don’t ...” the girl said, her blue eyes really wide as she stared at me, her hand flying to her mouth as she backed out of my way.

I don’t know what I must have looked like, grabbing a broom out of cleaning kit on the sidewalk in front of the store and roaring at the guys pounding on Dave. I smacked the first guy who turned to me really hard and the knife in his hand flew away. I drove the handle right into the next guy’s gut and the third took one look at me and started running.

The other two scrambled up, the one with the knife going for it until I took a two-handed swing at him that would have messed up his face and scattered his brains if it had landed where I aimed. As it was, I got his shoulder and really hurt him. He ran off screaming a whole string of foul-mouthed epithets.

“You okay, Dave?” I asked him as then two guys came out of the gas station and told us we shouldn’t have stood up to the punks. We should just have given them our wallets and we wouldn’t have been knifed.

We yelled at the guys, paid them and went back to the coffees still where I’d put them. “Did you call the cops?” I asked the clerk who shook his head.

“You, you took care of it,” he murmured as I dumped my change on the counter to pay for the coffees. I looked around for the girl and she was hiding behind some shelves as well.

I went over to where I could see the blonde ponytail moving. “Thanks, miss,” I said to the girl who almost covered away from me. “You helped me save my friend from a worse beating, at least.”

“You’re, you’re welcome,” the girl whispered, staring at me. It hit me all at once as I stared at her.

“Hey! It’s you, Barbie,” I said. “From the show last night!”

The ponytail bobbed in a quick nod as frightened, femininely outlined eyes looked over at the clerk behind the counter. “I, I thanked you for that,” the female impersonator I’d rescued the night before whispered again.

“Yeah,” I said, tongue-tied, admiring what I was looking at, the long legs and high-heeled boots. I guessed an impersonator like her would have to wear drag all day long, wouldn’t she, with the titties that she had. Then, I flushed as I remembered kissing her, um, him, and thinking about it all night long after that. Her pink tongue flickered nervously over her pink lipsticked mouth. I imagined for a moment that she was thinking about it as well and how disturbing it had been.

What else was I supposed to say as Seth, my rescuer from the night before, studied me from head to toe? Oh, I wished that I’d put my makeup on properly, brushed and styled my hair and worn stockings at least and a proper dress or skirt. Then I wanted to hit myself on the head! What was I thinking of, Barbara ‘Barbie Doll’ Mason, I asked myself.

Why was I thinking such thoughts about this guy who’d kissed me so wonderfully the night before? He’d made me feel so feminine all over and he was studying me again, obviously looking for masculine signs on me to show that I wasn’t what I pretended

to be. I was so nervous that I licked my lips as I do when I'm embarrassed as I was then.

"You should get the coffee back to your friend," I murmured to him.

"Shouldn't we be calling the cops about this?" Seth asked me, offering to pay for the milk and bread I was buying.

"It happens a lot around here," I told him. "I don't carry a lot of cash or credit cards when I'm coming here."

"At mid-day, on a weekend?" asked Seth in amazement.

"It's a tough place, Vegas, off the Strip," I told him. "I brought my car though I only live a couple of blocks over."

"Wow," said Seth, insisting on the clerk taking his money and not mine. He held the door for me, like a real gentleman for a lady, making me feel all femmy as I swished out to my car, parked beside his.

"Those guys don't know you?" Seth asked me suddenly as I got into my car, aware of his eyes and his friend's watching me slide in as femininely gracefully as I could. Stupid bitch! I told myself. You don't have to do that. They already know that you're a queen, not a real girl, at all.

"I had nothing to do with you being attacked," I told him. "I don't think they'd know me at all. I wouldn't know them."

Seth nodded. "Well, see you around," he said.

I shivered inside. "See you," I whispered regretfully, backing away from the store first.

“Why does that girl look so familiar?” asked Dave, the ice bag I’d also bought for him against his head.

“She isn’t a girl,” I said to him. Dave looked at me, all strange, his tongue hanging out. “Remember the club we were in last night?”

“That was a drag queen?” gasped Dave. “But what’s she doing in girl’s clothes during the day?”

“I think that’s the way the queens are here in Vegas,” I said to my buddy. “Now, before you ask me, yes, I am turning here and following her to see she gets home safe. She only lives blocks from here. Look, there she goes, and nobody around the front of those condos; and her address is three hundred and twelve.”

“Gosh,” said Dave as we watched Barbie sashay up to her condo, open her purse, take out her key and push open the door with really feminine grace. She turned and waved to us, giving us a lovely smile but the front door shut quite firmly before we drove around the block and headed downtown to where Ray wanted to begin play for a new day.

“She makes a really good-looking girl,” Dave said as I drove along, waiting to be teased about my drag queen ‘girl friend’. “She didn’t say anything about Cher, did she? You don’t think they’d be living together, do you?”

Of course, Seth and his friend were only seeing that I got home safely, I said to myself, but, oh, I had an attack of the shivers. I knew that they must have been studying me as I walked across the road with my package, watching to see that I held it in front of me like a girl and that I did everything I had to do like a girl, even the way that I waved to them to thank them for being such gentlemen.

I should have told them when I was performing again. Oh, but Seth wouldn't be there. I was sure of that. Thinking of his name set my pulse racing again as I remembered how he'd rescued me, my white knight, and then how he'd held me as if I had been a real bride in a dress. He'd kissed me as if I had been his bride, and not just the once. He'd come back for seconds, his hands so gently pushing me into him, as if I really was his lady.

"What are you daydreaming about?" asked Caroline as she came staggering out of her bedroom in just her nightie, not even panties on to hide her male genitals. It wasn't as if I hadn't seen her like that many times before but what if Seth had come in and we'd have been settling down to a cup of coffee together. Carrie could really have spoiled it for me.

"That tall, good-looking guy who rescued you from the drunk last night? You should have slipped him your phone number you know," Carrie added, right out of the blue, as if she could read my thoughts. "You could have spent the night in the fabulous Royal Nevada Inn last night and just had

to walk down to work at two o'clock, an adoring swain to kiss you all the way to the stage door."

I had to laugh at Carrie and her fantasies. "As if that's ever going to happen," I giggled at her.

"Oh, you can do that now, Barbie!" shouted Carrie, giggling as well, as she got coffee for both of us and a bowl for her cereals as well. I was so pleased that she had noticed that I could giggle girlishly so much better than before. Practice makes perfect! "That was just perfect!" Cher went on, reading my mind again. "I've got this joke about the gay bandit that I have to tell Donny if he ever wakes and you can try it out on him. He always says you laugh like a guy, doesn't he?"

"Are we leaving him in here while we're off performing?" I asked Carrie. "You do know what day it is, don't you?"

"Sugar!" said Carrie in most unladylike fashion. She got up and wiggled over to the bedroom. "Donny!" I could hear her saying over and over again. "You've got to get up, honey! I've got to work!"

Then, she squealed as I knew she would and I could hear her giggling and, inevitably, I heard what I had expected.

"Just a quickie, darling, as I have to go, and you have to get out of here!" Caroline said. Then, all the sounds I could hear from the open door were the sounds of her and Donny slapping against one another, grunting in desire, and the bed squeaking and bouncing on the floor as they got it on.

If we stayed in this beat-up condo, we were going to have to get some carpeting for the floor, I thought for the umpteenth time as I heard Caroline gurgling as if she was enjoying an incredible ice cream cone.

Of course, I wasn't so crass as to go over to the door and watch the two of them at it. No, I headed to the bathroom and had a quick shower, bouncing out in panties, my hair in a tight bun, right into Donny's arms.

Naturally, he wanted to caress my breasts, kiss me and stroke my tush, slapping me as I wriggled free of him and dashed into my own room, closing the door as I prepared properly to go to the club.

"Leave my boy friend alone!" I heard Carrie calling, laughing, before the bathroom door closed on both of them.

We were only five minutes late for check-in, thanks to Caroline having to stand out on the street and almost get it on with Donny right there, with some of the neighbors looking on. Since they knew, we'd made no secret of it, that we were female impersonators, I think we attracted more of an audience than we should have.

Half a dozen guys and girls waved to us as we drove off in my car and headed into the Royal Nevada. Eddie, the parking guy, waved us on into the concrete tower that abutted the main hotel. There was the sign for our show, with a picture of a slimmer, girlier Cheryl Rivers smiling away.

We couldn't use 'Divas' or 'Drag' in the title for our show as Frank Marino had dibs on those for his show at the Imperial Palace. No, we were Cheryl Rivers' "Vegas Queens: an intimate female impersonator revue."

And so it was Cheryl who was steamed at us, and at Vera, Charmian, and Dolly, our Diana Ross, who weren't there at all, and weren't up when Cheryl phoned them.

It wasn't anywhere near the crowd of the night before. I was sort of disappointed when I looked over the gathering. Yes, there were the familiar faces down in front as we girls swirled our long dresses and did a Spanish wiggle for the men, and it was all men that were there, before flicking our heavy skirts away for the Can-Can.

No, Seth wasn't there and I felt cheated a little bit. He'd watched me cross the street, he and his buddy, watching me sway in my mini-skirt and high heels. I had waved to him and now he wasn't there as I did my part in the show. My smile was pasted on as I dropped my frilly dress and linked up with the other girls to do our version of the Rockettes.

I squealed with all the others as we waved and ran off, Cheryl saying most suggestively that they'd see a whole lot more of us later in the show.

"Looking for your boy friend?" Caroline asked me as we changed, bare-breasted, our bras and panties for the next routine.

"How did you know?" I asked lightly, pulling a face and trying not to show Carrie that I had really been doing that.

"Manny," said Caroline with a smirk, referring to the bartender who was kind of sweet to me, "was trying to get your attention but you didn't look at him once, you darling prickteaser!"

"I don't do that!" I said haughtily. "Not in the afternoon anyway!"

That enabled Caroline to give off one of her famous giggles. She slapped me on my thigh as I turned and let her fasten my bra for me. She straightened the wig I wore, too, around the earrings that brushed my shoulders.

“Maybe he’s an evening guy,” Carlie said with a smile as we wiggled our tushes as Charmian crossly told us to and joined the line for our next appearance in front of the stunned audience.

“Sure to be,” I said. “I’ll see if he has a friend for you.”

No, Donny wasn’t that reliable. He had real girl friends somewhere else in Vegas but he didn’t mind ‘moonlighting’ as he called it with any one of us when his other ladies were otherwise engaged. And no, I’d never let him have me though Carrie said that he was just what she needed from time to time, a regular guy. I didn’t contradict her about that.

And no, neither Seth nor his buddies were at either of our evening shows. I guess he had his story to tell about decadent Las Vegas and had probably left anyway as the weekend drew to a close.

I could have taken Manny home with us but I wasn’t in the mood for being groped as Manny liked to do to us girls, while we had to satisfy him orally with our clothes on as if we were real girls. Manny really thought that girls like us could give head so much better than ‘regular’ girls because we were guys ourselves and knew how guys really wanted it. So, of course, we all agreed with him. It kept him coming back and he wasn’t going out with real girls any more, he told us proudly, his arms around us, goosing us, laughing with us, until Dolly finally took him off with her.

Carrie was on the phone and was lined up for another night with Donny. “He wouldn’t mind a threesome,” she said to me as she hung up. We had to stop and pick him up at the Sahara where he’d just

struck out with a redhead and friend, or so Carrie said.

“Not tonight, I have a headache,” I said automatically, as I slowed and waited for the couple of hoods we saw to vanish down the block before we headed back to pick up Donny.

Donny really thought that I would be part of a threesome with him and his ‘girl friend’, Carrie.

“Does she really mean it?” Donny asked Carrie who was leaning into the back seat to do all sorts of kissyface with a guy who wanted to go down on her friend, me, as much as her.

“Is she expecting a better offer?” asked Donny, sniffing at himself. “Or is it on account of me having you last night and not inviting her in?”

“On account of the man who got away,” laughed Carrie.

Donny still tried it on with me, getting out of the car on the same side as me, grabbing me and trying to kiss me, as if that would have convinced me to make love to a romantic lush like he was.

I pushed him off me and onto Caroline who lip-locked him right away and, of course, a bird in the hand, Donny quite forgot about me as he mauled my roommate right there in front of our condo. Luckily, there weren’t any gang members on the deserted street.

“But of course,” I said, retreating to my bedroom, where I could stop smiling and think how stupid I’d been, expecting that just because he’d kissed me so well, Seth would be interested in me, a female impersonator. He was probably making out with some

really nice girl. I shivered as I hated her whoever she was.

I closed the curtains as Carrie called to me not to come out for a while. I knew what that meant. She'd be sitting in Donny's lap, her legs about him, a breast in his mouth as she bounced in his lap, her manhood flapping about on Donny's stomach, her panties about her thighs, her garter belt straining. I'd seen it often with Caroline as she couldn't hold back, ever, and had to have it from whoever she was home with as soon as our door closed.

Even my babydoll nightie didn't make me feel any better or any more feminine as it usually did. I heard the noise and giggling moving next door and settled down for a good night's sleep. But all I could think of was Seth and how he shouldn't have turned me on if he wasn't going to follow through. He knew where I lived, so it was all his fault, wasn't it, that I felt so abandoned as I did, as I did when I broke up with my first boy friend?

"We're not going near that effing drag show again," Ray said when Dave said we could always get a steak there as we had the night before. Ray was in a bad mood. The winning streak had left him and he'd lost big, doubling bets to re-coup his losses, annoyed when I told him he was just making it worse and we should stop, maybe see a show or something.

"Didn't I see you going ape over that little blonde that Seth rescued?" asked Dave, winking at me as Ray cursed as another twenty dollars was bagged by

the machine he was feeding. Ray had proclaimed that the dealers were cheating him and so we'd changed casinos twice that afternoon and evening just for him, ending up at the MGM.

"He only had eyes for Seth," said Ray nastily. "I think that bridal gown made the little faggot think he really was going to get laid in the Honeymoon Suite!"

"I wouldn't have minded a go at that Cher," said Dave, with yet another wink at me. I think the antipathy between my cousin and Dave had been growing with the more bad-tempered Ray became over losing. "Hey, Ray. There's a Crazy Horse show here! Naked girls, real, naked girls. I'll let my shot at Cher go if you lighten up and come with us to look at some shaved pussy!"

But Ray was in too much of a snit to do that. Moroney wanted to see naked girls and Dave wanted to do anything that Ray didn't want to do.

"One of us should stay with Ray," I said as Ray stalked off to the tables where a dealer was teaching a pair of older women how to play.

"He's your cousin," said Moron grumpily. "If I were you, Seth, I'd come with us."

After the scene that Ray made at the tables because he didn't know the game that was being played as he thought he did, I wished I'd gone with the others but the doors were locked. A pit boss sidled up to me and asked me if I thought I could look after my friend. The warning was loud and clear.

"You don't have to babysit me," snarled Ray, heading towards the lion enclosure and the Hold 'Em poker tables which were really reduced in number from the previous night and from what we'd

seen coming in. He wanted me to stake him, knowing I'd been playing conservatively all day and was a couple of hundred up.

Ray cursed me for the miserly gift of two hundred and stalked off to the New York, New York casinos across the street. So, there I was, on my own. My mind almost instantly focussed on Barbie. She'd been lurking there at the back of my mind, smiling at me, blonde hair in a bridal veil, as she thanked me for rescuing her. She swayed against me, expecting me to want to kiss her, I was sure, and so I had. I stared at the photos of naked show girls from the Crazy Horse and thought of her in her act as a chorus girl. None of the photos looked as pretty as her.

I was thinking of her as I walked back through the MGM to the monorail. We'd be leaving the following evening and be back at work, wrecked more than likely, by Tuesday afternoon. I'd seen a Seven Eleven from the train as we were headed north to the Sahara and so I recalled that I knew where Barbie lived.

Sanity intruded on my thoughts. What was I thinking? She was a drag queen, wasn't she? A drag queen was a guy. She was a guy, my little Barbara, the blonde cutie I'd rescued by first breaking her g-string and touching her emerging penis.

So, it was a very bad idea to go and see if I could find her, see if I could get her to kiss me again and see if it still seemed the same as it was when I'd kissed the lovely bride in my arms. I recalled her wonderful, girlie fragrance and the soft curves of her girlish body pressed against me.

I parked the car I'd finally got out of the Royal car park on her street, telling myself what a dumb

idea it was. Dumb, dumb, dumb and double dumb. But then she arrived in her car, pulling into the space to the side of her condo, getting out with this tall, good-looking guy who was trying to hold her in his arms.

I almost drove off right away but another woman got out of the car and grabbed the guy, kissing him, mauling him, pressing her body against him as a smiling Barbie swished away from the pair of love-birds. She almost dashed ahead to open the door to the condo, leaving the other couple to begin making out passionately on the pathway before they even got to the door itself.

I saw a light go on in the condo. I saw Barbie come to a window and close the curtains, smiling and laughing over her shoulder, her blonde hair now all loose and swishing about her head. She was laughing at whatever it was that the other girl said to her.

Now what do you do, stupid? I asked myself. I sat there and then the lights went on in the window next to Barbie's. There was the other girl and the guy, arms wrapped around one another, pausing to kiss. Finally, the other blonde girl got up, it must have been from the bed, smiling at whoever was pulling on her waist, standing to show me a most impressive rack, as she pulled curtains across her window as well.

Gods, this is absolutely crazy, I thought as I stole up the steps at the front of the condo, the bedrooms over my head. I could hear someone, no, more than one, working the springs on a bed, female groaning and moaning filling my ears as I stood there. I felt like a peeping tom, or a hearing-alert tom, as some girl was squealing then in what I recognized as the

moment of ecstasy that girls reach when an orgasm is upon them.



It couldn't be Barbie, could it, I reasoned, thinking of the way she'd run off into the house. The couple had been slower, mauling each other, his hands up her slit skirt, showing off her garter belt as he pulled her into him as if he had a hard-on and was determined that she feel it as well.

Just walk away, the sane part of my obsessed mind said. But you'll never have this chance again, a little voice said to me. I wasn't thinking. I wasn't. The groaning and squealing was coming so much faster above me. I pressed on the doorbell. And regretted it. What was I going to say to the guy when he broke off whatever he was into and came to the door?

"Can Barbie Doll come out to play?" went through my mind, along with, "Can I borrow a cup of sugar?" Oh, but no-one was coming, I realized, as the lovemaking went on and on, the guy saying something and the girl squealing even more and screaming, "Yes! Yes!"

I had stepped back to the walkway when suddenly the door opened and I was encased in light from whatever light switch Barbie had pushed.

"Seth!" I heard her say quite clearly as I looked up at her with a gorgeous pink, silky robe about her, her hair in two little pig tails, held by pink ribbons. I think that she was in a nightie as well that was showing below her robe.

I'd thought it was one of two people, one of Carrie's old boy friends in town and looking for a quickie, or one of the girls from the show who

needed help. The pinhole didn't help but the dark figure was stepping away from the door and that's when I saw a familiar-looking car across the street under the streetlight.

The lock was still on the screen door as I opened our front door and switched on the outside floodlight. It came to me then that I could hear Donny and Carlie going at one another in her bedroom. I was so used to it that I'd paid it no mind as I'd tiptoed over to the door to see if it was Vera again. She was often locked out by her jealous wife if she took her boy friend, Gus, home as she seemed to be focussed on doing as we left for the night.

"Seth!" I gasped as I saw who it was caught in the light.

He stared at me, his mouth open as he looked at my robe, my nightie and my little-girl braids that kept my perm intact.

"Do, do you want to come in?" I asked stupidly as Seth just stood there, looking me over.

My question seemed to puzzle him. He shook his head and looked up at where the noises of coitus reached us from Carrie's bedroom.

I unlocked the door and opened it to him. "That's just Caroline, who shares the condo with me, and her man," I said to him. "I ignore them unless they get too loud. Do you want to come in?"

There, perhaps he didn't hear me the first time. Seth staggered up the steps, passed me, staring at my makeup-free face I'm sure, wondering what had happened to the pretty girl he had kissed. I closed and locked the doors behind him, thinking about why he was here, and a warm feeling spread all through me as I looked at his nervous face. I knew

that he hadn't just abandoned me as I thought he had.

"Up the stairs," I murmured, following him and so he emerged into the living area, the kitchen area in dim light where I turned it on.

"I, I was leaving tomorrow," Seth said, staring at me.

"Just here for a weekend," I said to him, shivering as I smiled, not knowing why.

"I, I just needed to say good-bye," Seth said to me lamely.

"I'm so glad you came by to do that," I murmured to him, keeping my arms folded in front of him.

"Yes, well," Seth said. He gulped and backed away as if he was going to run away.

"Would you like a drink?" I asked him. "I don't usually have one when I come in after we've done three shows in one day. I'm usually so tired. I just want to go to bed and sleep."

"I, I understand," said Seth, still edging a little towards the top of the stairs that led to the front door.

"Wine or whiskey?" I asked him.

Seth actually had to think about it. It's not so hard, I wanted to scream at him but then he said, "C-coffee, if you have some."

"It will be a few minutes," I murmured to him. I fixed the percolator and he stood there awkwardly in the middle of the room. It came to me that Seth probably had never been in a room, all by himself, with a female impersonator before. I swished in my nightie and silk robe over to the sofa, sat and

crossed my smooth, hairless legs and patted the cushion beside me.

“Come and sit,” I said to him. “This is the third time we’ve met and you know about the third time for anything.”

“It, it’s the charm,” said Seth, joining me on the sofa, but sitting far away. Oh yes, this guy was really reviewing his options now that he was actually here with me. I had no idea what he thought would happen when he came calling in the middle of the night, which wasn’t late for me, but he wouldn’t know that. Clearly, though, he hadn’t thought out why and how he was going to say good-bye to me.

“You remember my name?” I asked him as he was still staring at me, looking at my lower legs and my fluffy, pink, open-toed and heeled mule slippers. No man would ever have been caught dead in them, I thought, not unless you were a man like me.

“Barbie,” said Seth with a shiver. “Barbie Doll?”

“My stage name,” I said to him with a smile. “To the world at large, I’m Barbara. And I have a driving licence with my picture and name on it, before you ask. Some jurisdictions are much more liberal than others. Of course, I don’t tell them that I’m a female impersonator. I tell them that I’m transgendered.”

Seth gulped again and then asked the obvious question. “W-What’s the difference?”

The percolator stopped and the noises in the other bedroom eased, but that older bed of Carrie’s was still squeaking as if it was bouncing still but way more slowly.

“Cream and sugar?” I whispered to Seth. He glanced fearfully at Carrie’s door before nodding. I

love the feel of my ruffled nightie about my legs as my robe holds it tight to me. I had panties on but no bra as this nightie had cups for the real woman who bought it. So it was just right for me at night as well. I turned from the percolator and Seth was right there, having followed me so quietly that I hadn't heard him.

"Seth," I murmured, starting to shake as he took the cups and put them back on the counter. He towered over me as I swayed against him, knowing what he was going to do and wanting him so much to do it. I lifted my face and his mouth descended on mine. It was just like the first time we'd kissed.

And there I was, in a long gown, sort of, just as I had been wearing when I was a bride. I felt my breasts rising in anticipation of his caress; and then he touched my back and pulled me to him. I should have pushed him away, as I had Donny, but I couldn't. There was an almost instantaneous upsurge of feeling inside me, a joyous surge of femininity overpowering me again.

My lips clung to his. I had to raise my arms about his neck, nestling into him, my breasts in his chest. Seth must have felt them, must have known how aroused I was, as if I was a woman. Yet he did nothing to stop me caressing him with my body, my hips and thighs so much on fire as his hands dropped to my tush and he caressed my panties beneath my nightie. I moved my lips beneath his and he devoured me, refusing to let me go. His hands aroused me wherever he touched, our kissing continuous even when I opened my mouth and let his tongue take possession of me.

The creaking from Carrie's room stopped. I took hold of Seth's hand then and scurried with him into

my room, slipping the bolt on the door as we girls could when we had a guest in our rooms.

Seth seemed to be in a daze as I drew him onto the bed after me and lay back in my frilled pillows. "Caroline can't come in," I whispered to him. "We'll hear her in a little while in round two with Donny."

"There, there was a Caroline in the chorus," murmured Seth, big-eyed as he tentatively lay against me.

"Yes," I told him. "She's a female impersonator like me."

I have to give Seth top marks for bravery. I shifted, my clothes rustling so femininely about me. I extended my lips to him again, his stiff lips. But as I touched him, he began to tremble as I was also trembling femininely, joyously, inside. His arms went about me and I exulted with loving, womanly feelings as I kissed him gently, easing my lips from side to side. Then, Seth rolled over on me and I felt the long, glorious maleness of him all against me from tip to toe. And yes, there was the maleness, too, pressing against me but I was sure that it wasn't going to do more than embarrass him and hurry him away from our glorious petting session if I mentioned it.

Barbie's womanly fragrance overcame me as I kissed her forcibly again, she accepting it and not trying to stop me at all as I took possession of her soft, lovely mouth. She snuggled her so feminine body beneath me, she not objecting to me touching

and caressing her as I did the length of her satiny robe.

I reached the end of it and there were her smooth legs beneath the womanly robe and the ruffled nightie. I caressed her legs, knowing that Barbie would stop me but she didn't. She just pressed my head more firmly against her lips; and I couldn't believe the sensations that ran through me as our lips united so firmly together.

This was just how I wished girls would kiss me but most had me back off, telling me that I was much too intense. Barbie didn't say that at all. She kissed me so delightfully, pulling me into taking possession of her while she was a cushion for everything that I wanted to put into a kiss.

I lifted the skirts of her robe and dress and she didn't stop me. Shudders went through me as I caressed her lovely, girlish thighs and touched the panties at her hips which she didn't stop me doing even as she quivered and wrapped her long, pretty legs about me as I pressed down on her tented, aroused breasts.

I had to get air. I slid my kiss to her ear, her ear-ring studs and onto her neck, so smooth and lovely. I kissed the top of her nightie, the strap so thin and then worked down to her breasts. She gasped and shook beneath me but she didn't try to stop or slow me down at all.

"Do you mind?" I asked her as Barbie shivered against me as my mouth brushed the top of her breasts. Her hair swished as she shook it and hugged me about my neck even more tightly.

Barbie quaked as I slid the straps of the nightie down along with her robe and exposed her breasts.

Her nipples were so large and engorged. I feasted on them and she writhed beneath me, relaxing her hands about my neck, caressing and playing with my hair, which I so loved a girl to do.

I undid her robe and slid the nightie down her body, kissing her so soft and fragrant skin. I think she said something about going too far but I kissed her lips again. There was a surge of desire over me that I knew I was definitely going to go too far. I'm sure Carrie and her boy friend must have heard us as we had heard them because the bed was creaking and groaning while Barbie was gasping and giving out these little, girlish squeals even as I eased her out of her clothing and then out of her panties. And yes, Barbie was a female impersonator, a wonderful, almost perfect image of a girl and that was what I couldn't leave alone.

I hadn't really thought about how I was going to love Barbara but she raised her legs about me and my manhood naturally found a home inside her. I penetrated her tush and she went crazy just as some women I've known do. She bounced and bucked, drawing me tighter and tighter into her, urging me to make love to her as I would have any woman.

Barbie was a woman. She held her panties over whatever was in front of her and let me have complete control of her body as I drove and drove into her, ecstasy rising in me as she began to moan and convulse. She started to come before me, shrieking in pleasure at what I was forcing into her. I came to a climax and, ye gods, I felt her little stick through the panties covering them against my stomach. They were suddenly as wet as they would have been if she

had kept them on around her and I had climaxed against her, as I had thought that I would.

But this was so much better, to be inside Barbie, to be pumping away, my senses so pleased as I couldn't stop filling her, despite how agitated she was, rolling from side to side, bucking up into me, making me take her harder and harder. She squealed as she writhed and was emptying herself into the panties she had carefully positioned between us. I pressed down on her, not wanting to pull out of her. She didn't mind as many girls do when you keep on pressing after you've fired away. She couldn't stop kissing and loving me and thanking me for doing that to her, for making her into a woman.

That was the oddest thing. I was making her into a woman? I trembled against her and kissed her quivering breasts, stroked her shuddering tush and enjoyed emptying myself into her. I was jerking against her as well, preparing myself for doing it again to her. No, I wasn't making her into a woman. Barbie was a woman. She was. I knew she was. She was the one who didn't seem to know it yet.

I was squealing in joy as Seth bonked, boffed, effing had me, ravished me, had carnal relations with me, did me, effed me, I can't say that horrible word, but it was what he did to me. He made love to me. Yes, that's the way I like to say it. And then, wonder of wonders, the poor sap wanted to do it to me all over again.

And I couldn't let go of him. I couldn't say, 'No', to him, could I? Not feeling so wonderfully female as I did. I pressed on his tush and it was all the incentive he needed. He was growing and roaring inside me again. And my nerves were jangling all over. Seth wanted to kiss me as he had before and it was just the same, only so much better as he was inside me, penetrating me, exploring me with his hands, tweaking my breasts and the bed was creaking so wonderfully as he had me as he might have had a woman. I couldn't help it that I convulsed and had an orgasm that I'd never had before with any of my boy friends, not even with Keith, my first!

It took him so much longer to come. I think it was because I scared him with the way that the orgasm took me. Only when my shivering arms caressed him and caressed him and my legs squeezed his ribs tightly did Seth fill me again as I covered him with kisses on any part of his body that I could reach.

"That was pretty sensational!" Seth breathed in my ear, collapsing on me, as I wrapped my legs about him and kissed his neck and face, working my way to his wonderful lips. "I, I thought I had hurt you there. I didn't, did I?"

I had to giggle. "It wouldn't have mattered if you had," I whispered to him.

We kissed some more, his mouth so tantalizing. "But you were convulsing!" Seth murmured in concern.

"That was my orgasm," I had to whisper to him as I deliberately wiggled my body against him, beneath him, making my nipples caress his.

“Oh,” gasped Seth. “That’s what it was? You have orgasms like a, like a ...” He couldn’t finish that off as I was kissing him so outrageously then. I caressed his chest and he started fondling my breasts as we rolled together urgently, the desire for him really upon me again. “Do you want to do that again?”

What a silly question! I wanted to do it again and again and again. I wanted to feel that way, so delightfully womanly, so subjugated by a loving man, for the rest of my life. Kissing his lips and caressing his naked body with mine was only a foretaste of what I wanted to feel.

I lifted my legs higher so that Seth could penetrate me more deeply and drew my nightie from where I’d pitched it over my head in the bed. I covered my manhood with it so that all Seth should have to feel was me as a woman. He hadn’t really withdrawn from me and so, as we kissed passionately, I felt him growing again. Soon he was re-entering me, and my emotions spiked once more as ecstasy beckoned.

It took so much longer, so much pleasurable touching and groping and loving before eventually I felt something different arousing itself in me. I clutched at Seth and he got the message and, boy, did he ever drive hard and ruthlessly into me, twisting my breasts in his own passion and desire for me.

Yes, I orgasmed again. So there isn’t a word like that. But that’s what I did, for longer than I had thought was womanly possible. Seth’s climax slid right past me as I kept on going and going and all he could do was hold onto me and caress me as I reached a state of bliss that I’d never known.

I thought that Barbie was never going to stop writhing and shivering. She did all at once, her arms so tight about my neck relaxing. Her lovely eyes opened, so startled to be looking into my face.

“So it wasn’t just the kiss between us,” I murmured to her. She smiled delightfully at me and we had to kiss again.

“You are some lover,” Barbie whispered to me, wriggling beneath me, saying she was going to get her legs into a more comfortable position. I guess high in the air, beside my ears where I could just turn my head and kiss them was too uncomfortable to hold forever.

“You are some woman,” I told her fervently, believing what I said. I hadn’t thought about her being a female impersonator, not even when I felt the jiggling going on beneath the nightie that lay between our abdomens. And it was then, in thinking about that, that I realized what I’d done. I’d made love to a man. I’d made another man have orgasms like a woman. Was I a stud or was I not? I thought bleakly.

“Hey,” Barbie said beneath me, shaking my thighs with hers. “Don’t, don’t regret it, please, Seth. I try so hard to be womanly, to make men be attracted to me. You, you mustn’t feel ashamed that ...”

“I’m not ashamed about what I’ve done to you, Barbara,” I snapped at her, rolling slightly off her, letting her legs finally ease together. And then, because I know that it wasn’t totally true, I had to say, “not much, any way.”

Barbie stroked my arm. "Other men have made love to me," she whispered uncertainly.

"How many?" I asked her. Her lovely eyes opened wide in surprise and I could see how blue and lovely they were. "No, you don't have to answer that," I said to her. "That was a pretty crass question."

"About six have got as far as we did tonight," Barbie said, shivering then. I couldn't help it as she did look so unhappy just for a moment. I put my arm back around her and hugged her to me, her breasts so warm and bouncy against me.

"Just six guys made you have orgasms like you just did?" I had to say.

Barbie shook her long hair beside me. "No," she whispered. "You, Seth, you," and then she hesitated before going on. "You, Seth, you're the only one who's ever done that to me, made me feel this way. Just you."

I lay back stunned. Barbie lay beside me, obviously thinking it over as well. Her fragrance began to grow on me. I had to move back against her. I had to kiss her as I had, a picture of the bride coming into my mind. She had kissed me so sweetly that I'd become obsessed with her and had to find out if she felt as I did when we kissed. Well, that question had been answered, hadn't it? Our kisses were as sweet as they had been the day, no, the night before.

"I guess we shouldn't waste this time together in your bed, should we?" I asked her when I freed my mouth from her clinging lips for a short time. I eased over her, kissing her breasts as I separated her legs once more and felt my manhood jerking and dancing against her lovely thighs. I felt her stiffening

as well. "Let's see how many orgasms we can get you to have in one night, shall we, my darling Barbie?"

Four. I had four, incredible orgasms with Seth making love to me, a fifth when, after I had bathed with him the following day, I had a quickie twice with him. He'd then drawn me down on the bed in my dress and stockings and had me, even though I was giggling to him that he was going to make me late for the first show. Oh, but the way that he made me feel. I wasn't a female impersonator at all in his arms. I was a woman, his woman. Seth's desire for me as a woman was something almost tangible, something I could grasp and hold onto.

Caroline's eyes almost popped out of her head when she saw who it was that I came out of the bedroom with and marched to the door to say a passionate goodbye to.

"I'll be seeing you soon, Barbara," said Seth to me before his lips locked to mine again. He had had more pink lipstick on him than I normally had in a day.

"Yes, I'd love that," I whispered to him, kissing him back, feeling the excitement rising inside me again. I was sure that I had a boy friend now. Me, I had a boy friend again. I was a girl and I should have a boy friend, shouldn't I? And I did.

I was sure that Seth would be at one of the shows that night as I'd told him that I was off on Tuesday. We all were. We usually spent the day doing womanly things like shopping and visiting the

sights like tourists. I could have a whole day with Seth, I thought with pleasure. A whole day as boy friend and girl friend! And then there would be the night-time as well! I kissed him so passionately for a last time and hardly had the strength to push him out the door and turn to Caroline, smiling broadly, as she held up my make-up bag to me, along with the car keys.

“I told you he was in love with you,” Carrie said as we scampered about, me stripping away my nightie and robe and getting into a bra and panties. I ran around the condo, pulling on pantyhose, as it was quicker than garter belt and stockings. It meant that I could wear a short mini-skirt as well and a tight top that showed off my female attributes so well. I was doing my makeup as I hopped about the condo picking up shoes, sunglasses, and a coat before rushing out the door and off to my car.

“And his bonking you,” laughed Caroline, waiting patiently for me to get in and properly position myself so that I could drive in my high heels and not have my panties showing, either, to anyone who came and drove beside us, “is going to make us so late! You know what Cheryl is going to say, don’t you?”

“Who cares what Queen Cheryl has to say?” I said airily. “When was the last time she had a man?”

The answer to that was pretty often because Cheryl Rivers was one of those drag queens who liked other drag queens. She was pretty soft on Miranda lately who didn’t mind reciprocating. Whenever the girls had a double-date with some real frog prince and his brother, they always asked Miranda to go with them as Miranda had that repu-

tation that she would do anything, even and including a troll. Miranda just pouted at such calumnies and always said, "I just like men, darling."

I drove gaily into the Royal Nevada and knew that I liked men as well, something many of them had accused me of not doing.

As soon as we walked into the dressing room, Caroline had to announce it to the world. "We're late because Barbie has a boy friend!" she squealed across the room. I was used to having all eyes on me, being a performer. I wasn't used to having all the other girls squeal at me and ask me all the questions they asked each other about the men they slept with. Most of the questions embarrassed me, totally. And no, I didn't know what size Seth's penis was and neither did I care.

Queen Cheryl wasn't there to ream us out for being late. So Carrie and I were able to tuck properly, taping ourselves while the other 'girls' made all kinds of ribald comments about they could see what our boy friends liked the most about us. We had to smile and be good sports about the joshing as we sometimes did the same thing to Vera and Miranda, the most, as they were the ones to play the field.

Charmian had a steady boy friend who worked in Vegas as a croupier and so never came into the show. She was the closest thing to a married woman that we knew and so we were always teasing her about her domestic bliss. Carrie and I did our heavy makeup, fitted our breasts into the bikini-like tops. We were almost ready when a frowning, downcast Cheryl came in and merely told us to line up for the opening number. Then, she left us without even a quibble about my legs not being waxed softly enough or my tuck not being pulled back enough,

the little things she always carped to us about, besides being late.

“What’s the matter with her?” asked Carrie in an affected, drag queen manner that we recognized but all groaned at.

“She’s been like that since we got in,” said Charmian, shaking her blonde wig about her, checking that her pinning was secure. “I think it must be Miranda, her girl friend. Cheryl’s unhappy because Miranda’s got a new man as well as Barbie. We should set her up with Manny again.”

“Hey!” said Miranda into the general laughter. “I resent that. I don’t have one new man. I have two!”

Miranda went on then about twin brothers she’d met at the Paris Casino, who had thought she was a showgirl and wanted to share her. Well, they had got more than their little hearts could stand, according to Miranda. “I had one in me while the other was recovering and reloading! Then they’d change over,” she said. “My jaw muscles are still aching just at the thought of how many times they had me blow them!”

And, lo and behold, there were twin brothers in the front row of both performances that day, kissing and stroking Miranda and putting all kinds of money into her bikini and panties as we did our pole dances, squealing like little girls. But of Seth, there was no sign, not in the evening and then late night shows. And it had been him I was thinking of all the time that I flipped my skirts and showed off my panties to the mouth-open audience. Oh, yes, I was femmy, femmier than I had been in an age. Carrie whispered to me that she knew why, but my inspiration wasn’t there to see me turning on every man

in the place, save for the twins, who only had eyes for Miranda's skinny bones and rounded implants.

Seth's no-show was overridden, however, by the stunning news that Cheryl Rivers had for us at the end of the last show. It was the last show, the last show for us impersonators in Las Vegas. Cheryl and all of us were canned. We were pink-slipped because we didn't make enough money for the company that owned the Royal Nevada Inn and the show that Cheryl had put together.

We were all thunderstruck as we changed out of our sparkling, female costumes and put on our dresses and outside shoes to leave the Royal Nevada. "Better take anything that's yours home with you tonight," Cheryl told us all, her voice as husky as I had ever heard it. "You won't be able to get back in here tomorrow. They'll send the final checks on to you girls at your last address."

"What are we supposed to do now?" asked Miranda at last, speaking for us all. "What are you doing now, Cheryl?"

"Don't know," said Cheryl and she actually began crying. "But don't worry about me, you kids. I'll find a place in Frisco or Miami, someplace. It's you girls I'm so sorry for. They wanted me to cut just the chorus line, to save money, but what kind of a show would it have been without my favorite girls? I argued and they canned me as well. Sorry Leanne," that to our Cher impersonator. "They must have wanted me to stand up to them and now they won't let me re-consider!"

So there it was. I was frozen through and through, in mind as well as body. I had no job! Panic swept over me as I thought about what I

would have to do to find another. I knew that there was nothing else in Vegas as several girls who'd been with us had left and tried for other impersonator spots. But all had had to leave town, often with handouts from all of us still left in Cheryl's show. Maybe a specialty act like 'Diana Ross' could catch on at the Imperial Palace with *Divas in Drag*, but there was nothing for girls like us, unless we wanted really scuzzy, escort work, which I didn't.

Caroline dumped all her stuff in the back of the car, slamming the door shut behind her after enduring the taunts of several men along the walkway who must have seen our last show that night. Normally, she would have answered them back, sa-shayed towards them, and sometimes even hooked one as a partner, at least for drinks at a bar.

"This is a crock!" Carrie said viciously as we headed back to the condo that we had taken a six month lease upon. We still had three months to go. "Oh, goddesses, look at those guys!"

There, in front of the condo, a fight was going on between two rival gangs. I pulled over as the cop cars came swooping around the corner. We sat and watched as the cops cleaned up the mess, the ambulance arrived and then there was yellow tape all around the entrance to our condo since some kid had been knifed right in front of our door. When you are what we are, dressed as we were, after a show, we didn't want to make ourselves known to macho policemen, who could be really rough if they were fooled by us in the least.

But our sitting there, blonde girls watching the show, caught the attention of one of the cops. He smiled and looked me over, making me squirm as he told me the story of the fight. I had decided that I

should talk to him at least. I got out of the car as gracefully as I could and asked him if we could go into our condo.

Another cop came over then and said something to the first one whose manner changed right away. "That place is occupied by female impersonators," the first cop said. He'd been so nice and admiring, as he looked over my figure. Now, he glared furiously at me and at Carrie's blonde hair as well, poking out of the car window. "You wouldn't just be visiting the place, would you?"

So we couldn't even get into our own place, to talk about, and sleep off, the bombshell that Cheryl had dropped upon us. We had to spend more of the little money that we had on finding a place to stay for the night. None of the other girls could help us, especially not Miranda who had two men to accommodate and didn't want to share right then but maybe later. I had to pay, as Caroline as usual had nothing until we were paid, having bought that new sequinned dance dress, I recalled, that some boy friend before Donny had encouraged her to buy.

We didn't even have nighties to sleep in at the motel we finally managed to find open and willing to rent a room to us. It seemed like we were half way to Arizona before we got there. Then, Carrie went on a crying jag for a little while at the thought of what was going to happen to us, as if it was the end of the world.

Well, it could easily be the end of our 'show business' careers and what was there then for us? It wasn't as if there were jobs anywhere that advertised for female impersonators. I shivered and wondered about Sylvia who had become a waitress in

our showroom. I wondered if she would help us out if that was what girls like Carrie and me had to do.

So, I lay in her bed with Carrie, both of us in just our panties, our breasts bare, and hugged and comforted her. I resisted her passes at me, as she thought that sex would heal some of the hurt, the rejection she was feeling. I didn't want that complication on top of everything. I wasn't a tranny-lover, not like that, not like Cheryl Rivers was.

No, in my female clothing, it had always been men I wanted as lovers, men I wouldn't have let get near me when I was in male clothing. Funny, it was women who attracted me then. I wasn't a virgin with that gender by any means. They all seemed to love how soft and hairless I was even though nearly all left me for the exact opposite in body type to me.

"What are we going to do?" asked Caroline, trying to stroke me as if physical contact with another impersonator made her feel better. I stroked her back, but gently, not wishing to arouse her sexuality at all. It was absurd, in some ways, as Carrie felt just like a woman as I must feel to her.

It would have been like making love to a woman if I did do her, or if she did me. But that thought, of 'she' doing me, was too off-putting. I could hold, hug and console the woman beside me, being a woman myself, but that was all the consolation I could offer 'her'.

"We'll get into the condo tomorrow," I told Carrie. "We'll both get on the phones to everyone we know and see if we can find new shows that we can audition for. There's usually something in the boonies for ex-Las Vegas showgirls like us."

I'd come out of a travelling impersonator show in which my 'salary' depended entirely on the men I could get to drink with me in the bar after the show itself. Caroline's reply to my call had been like a gift from the goddess when she'd told me that a dancer had left their revue. She'd recommended me to Cheryl Rivers who'd said she'd look me over for her Vegas show.

The cachet of 'Direct from Las Vegas' worked just as well in drag shows as it did for real girls in real vaudeville or burlesque.

"I don't think you're going to see your boy friend again," said Carrie, teasing me as she gently caressed my breast. I shivered but retreated a little across the bed and she stopped that, eventually just holding me, two girls together, entwined together, our breasts occasionally touching as we hugged one another.

"No," I agreed with her, feeling her smooth, girlish skin everywhere against mine as we cuddled together. It was amazing how hurt I was by such a statement. But that's the story of my life, and many impersonators like me, I suppose. A guy, Seth, wanted to experiment with me, live a little bit on the wild side. Obviously, I looked like a woman to him. Something about me attracted him to me.

I hoped it was that Seth thought me womanly. He'd say anything to me, of course, to get into my panties, his fantasies about me fulfilled, and now he was gone, while I was building all kinds of sand castles in the air as I thought of how wonderful it would be, and how wonderfully girlish, to have a real boy friend, to be just like a real girl.

But even if Seth had snuck back to the condo that night, he wouldn't have got in, would he? Oh, if only that cop had been nicer, I could have pretended that I was really a girl and left a message about how Seth, my boy friend, could have contacted me. If I'd said it to him as it was, I was sure that he would have arrested me. Probably, he would have charged me with soliciting him as a prostitute.

It happened all the time, or so girls I knew, impersonators on the edge of the show, said to all of us. We were so lucky to be in a show, to have someone to look out for us, we were sometimes told so enviously, by girls like us who couldn't dance or talk or sing well enough as girls. I wondered what such near chorus line girls did for jobs and money, and shivered against a drowsy Caroline, not really wanting an answer to my inner musings.

I wondered if Seth would really have come for a second date with me, ever. Or would he be relieved that I wasn't there at the condo, if he even got there. No, he hadn't come to the shows, had he? He would never have come back to the condo. I shuddered as I thought about what I had gone through in my life and how I envied girls so much who had regular boy friends.

I'd not been long enough with him to even talk about it with Seth, for him to make a commitment to me, anyway, to tell me that I was his girl friend. I'd have said it to him and meant it for sure. I knew what lovely, feminine feelings would have passed through me if Seth had said that I was his girl friend and he was taking me out, as a woman, fully clothed and perfumed and made up as one.

No, it wasn't as bad as Keith deserting me at the prom, me in a long dress and blonde wig, and then

him letting all these other guys know about me, as he'd intended all along. How they'd tormented me,



dancing with me, making me kiss them in terror as I thought that they meant what they said about going to the mike and telling everyone about me.

Not that they had to do that. Everyone knew, thanks to Keith, whom I had thought was my friend, yes, even my boy friend, I recalled with a shudder. Even the girls knew but only when Steph had sneered at me had everyone started laughing at me. Even running from the dance hadn't been the worst of it all as I couldn't find a taxi. Ultimately, I had to wait for a bus, my blonde hair blowing about my face, my bright red dress clinging to me as all the kids I had known since junior school laughed and jeered as they went by in their cars.

They screamed at 'Maxine', calling me by the feminization of my real name, which everyone who passed me did. No, I wasn't 'Christine' as I had been in Keith's arms in those first, wonderful, starry-eyed dances as a girl at my prom. How was I to know what the person I thought was my best friend, was going to do to me? I'd gone down on Keith because he wanted me to, so badly. He was in love with Christine, he'd told me. But, all the time, he'd been planning how to shame the drag queen who was servicing him and primping 'herself' into a caricature of a sexy woman as Keith wanted her to be.

I had to stop linking Keith to everything that had happened to me since I had left home. I should just think of Seth, I thought with a tremble, as a more pleasant, flawed memory that I could hold onto if I wanted. I shivered as I recalled all the things from that high school dance that had happened to me there and afterwards as Carrie sleepily tried to get me to kiss her. So, finally, I had to move back to the other twin bed, leaving her sulking and waking

enough to want to call Donny as if he could possibly come to us that early into the morning.

“This is a crime scene,” the cop said to me, indicating Barbara’s house. “Can’t you see the tape around the place?”

“Was, was anyone hurt there?” I managed to ask while the beefy cop frowned at me.

“Some kid knifed in a gang fight,” said the cop, looking at me suspiciously. He pointed to the entranceway to Barbara’s condo. “That the place you want to get in?” he asked suspiciously. Cops are always suspicious, I thought.

“Yes,” I gasped in relief. “My girl friend ...”

The cop sneered and laughed at the same time. “Ain’t no girls in that place,” he said, staring at me as if he was studying me to remember what I looked like when he checked me out on a police computer somewhere. “Just a pair of deviates who took off when my partner told them they could shake their pretty asses all they liked but they weren’t walking over the crime scene in high heels and mini-skirts like they were wearing.”

“D-Deviates,” I stammered.

“Fooled you, did she?” the cop laughed at me. “They were pretty enough to fool anyone at first glance with all that blonde hair but, when I asked them if they were men, they took off in their car. We haven’t seen the bitches since.”

“I, I must be on the wrong street,” I said. “These condos all look so much the same to me. I think

there were more on the other side of the road, not like here.”

I didn't care if the cop didn't believe me. He had my picture. He'd looked at my driving licence and had seen that I was from out of state. He 'advised' me to keep out of trouble and hadn't detained me further.

I never felt as miserable as I did then, driving around, having to avoid where Barbara lived. Why, oh, why, had I been so cautious and not given her my phone number? I should have asked for hers.

Then I thought about how we had made love the night, well, the early morning, before. And I felt a little sick. It was those wide, girlish lips that enticed me into kissing her, enticing me like pillows to keep on clinging to her. And how could I not have caressed her when I was enduring such passion and pleasure as I kissed her.

Barbara hadn't lied to me at all. Yes, she definitely was a female impersonator. Yes, she did have male equipment beneath her silky panties. And I couldn't think of her except in female terms. I thought of her as a 'she' and not as a man at all. But it hadn't seemed to matter as we clung together in a kiss. She positioned herself so that I could enter her tush, making her wriggle and fling herself closer against me just as if she was a woman. It had been such a surprise to find what I could do to her face-to-face, to feel her excitement and arousal as we came together, again and then again. Despite the little thing wiggling around under the panties she put in place between us, I didn't once feel that I was making love to a man at all.

Barbara was so gorgeously fragrant as a woman. She had womanly breasts and she hadn't stopped me at all from the way I had attended to them as if I was some rutting, horny buck, which is a fair description of how I acted with her. And if I was a buck, she was entirely a doe. She wiggled and shivered like a woman beneath me, hugging my waist and ribs with her legs, letting me kiss them anytime and anywhere, writhing in feminine passion and delight, loving to put her arms about my head and guide my lips to her mouth that I couldn't get enough of kissing.

But she, Barbie, was a female impersonator. I think that's what had held me back as I left. Then there was the other girl there as well, staring at me in surprise. Only when I was in my car did it occur to me that she, the other girl, was in the show and so must be a female impersonator and a man as well, despite the lovely breasts she had, just like Barbara's.

There was, strangely, a little relief at the thought that I was not going to be making love to a man again. I wouldn't have to explain to anyone that my girl friend was a female impersonator in a Las Vegas show. Not that I ever would. Gods, how Ray and Moron would snicker and sneer at me. I'd never hear the end of it. And the guys back home, the ones like Drew, who hadn't even come with us and was the biggest leech of us all. No, I shuddered. Thank goodness it was all over and I'd never do it again, never make love to Barbara again.

Oh, yes, the female impersonator show! Why hadn't I thought of her before in those lovely costumes she wore, the bridal gown that had turned all my senses to mush as I had kissed Barbie tenta-

tively. She had pressed her lips so into mine so sweetly and I couldn't get enough of her then, or even now. I could contact her there, at the show, couldn't I? My heart gave a little jump at the thought of that. Idiot, I thought to myself. You finally get out of a ticklish situation that the other guys would never understand and you immediately begin thinking of ways to get back in.

But I couldn't see her again that night, with cops keeping everyone out of the place that everybody knew was occupied by female impersonators. That was certain. I wouldn't see Barbara again. I headed back to the Royal wondering why I was feeling so disappointed and regretful. I should have gone to her show, despite the streak that I'd started but even Moron wanted me to keep on going. I shuddered, thinking of the cheque for fifty thousand dollars plus that I had in my pocket.

Dave had backed me up when, at two in the morning, my head pounding, no-one but the dealer and us playing. I'd said that was it and I wasn't going to gamble again. I'd dragged the other guys into making thousands of their own as they followed me at the roulette table. Now I could actually get some sleep after the excitement of the day, all the gambling I'd done, even the slot machines favoring me when we'd taken a break for eating and bathrooms.

Ray was barely awake when I got back to our room after trying to sneak in on Barbie as I had the night before. "She threw you out, huh?" he asked, not even opening his eyes.

I didn't answer and got into bed as the snoring started across the room from me. I thought I'd sleep quickly, it being so late, but all I could think about was Barbara. I remembered how she'd smiled as

she'd stood on tiptoe, not having high heels or slippers on her feet, to meet my kiss with her so wonderful lips, kissing me back as I wanted a woman to do.

I'd released her pigtails and Barbie had smiled up at me. She'd shaken her scented hair so femininely in my face then, hugging me so intensely, guiding me into her bed with her, spreading her legs right away, being the perfectly placed woman for her loving man, me. She at least, knew how it had to be between a man and a woman like her. She taught me how to make love to her. I guessed that she'd done it before with a man. Well, a pretty girl like her would have, wouldn't she?

That made me restless, thinking of Barbie with other men, their hands like mine, caressing her between her legs, sliding gently up her thighs, feeling her writhe and become so aroused and excited with what I was doing. No, I didn't sleep that night, without Barbie, at all. And we didn't get the morning to do anything else but pack and get on the road as Dave informed us that he had to be back by four as Annabel, his wife, was in hospital. The doctors wanted to induce her early. So, we had to get him back and fast.

"And I'd been so looking forward to your girl friend introducing me to Leeann for a night of different sexual practices," Dave whispered to me.

The look on my face made him stare at me in surprise. "You didn't bug out to take up with her, that little blonde cutie?" Dave asked me. "If she was coming on to me the way that she was to you, Seth, I wouldn't have cared that she was a female impersonator! Really, Seth, I wouldn't. Those girls really

know how to give a guy a fabulous time in bed, you know.”

I wasn't going to admit to Dave that he was right about something. But the wrongness of what he was saying in the situation we were in, burned me. All I muttered to him was, “Man, you're married! And you're going to be a father!”

Dave smiled at me. “But Annabel doesn't like oral or anal at all, Seth, my boy. You find a girl who does and you should marry her. I bet Cher,” Leeann was her real name, “would do both of those things for me wholeheartedly and do them to me as well if I wanted them. Gee, we should have gone back to that show last night, shouldn't we, and got a room over at the Royal we could all have shared. Would have been better than winning all the cash that you did for us all today, Seth, my friend.”

Ray and Moroney joined us from the front desk, clapping each other on the back at the checks they had to cash in the winnings from this last day.

“I am coming back to Vegas with you, my man,” Ray said to me, putting his arm about me. “I've never left Vegas before with money in my pocket, more than I came with.”

“Best weekend ever?” asked Moroney. Ray nodded and laughed.

“Coulda, shoulda, been improved,” whispered Dave to me. “Let's make it just the two of us next time, Seth. Just you and me and a couple of special girls!”

I knew what Dave meant. I shook my head as if I was disgusted with him but didn't say anything to the others as we went out. There was our car, loaded for us as we expected. The valet gave me the

keys. I passed them to Dave to drive first. If I'd driven, I'd have gone past Barbara's condo to see if she was back and that would have made Dave think that I was agreeing with him that I was just like him. What would he call himself, bisexual or just perverted? I shuddered. No, I didn't want to be that. I didn't want anyone to say that about me.

A vision of Barbie Doll in her nightie, on tiptoe, eager to kiss me, to ignite the sweet feeling that overwhelmed me each time we kissed, came to my mind. And I felt so awful, so bereft as we turned out on the Boulevard. Dave drove us out of Vegas and towards home.

So, what could I do? I had friends, a business and another life. What went on in Vegas would have to stay in Vegas ... till the next time. And the next time, I was going to come in alone, take a room at the Royal. Barbara could be with me every night I was there. Yes, with the fifty thousand I had, I could take a little holiday, couldn't I?

We got into the condo the next morning, the yellow, police tape gone. "Fighting over you, queenie?" said a man standing in front of another condo in his vest, talking to another guy. They looked at us girls, in tank tops and short skirts, big heels, and loaded down with costumes and garbage bags of female stuff that we'd brought back from the show. No point asking them seductively to help us, was there?

"It's a good job that we're going to have to move from here," I declared angrily to Caroline as we stood after dumping our dresses on the beds, and

then looking at one another across the breakfast table. We looked so neat and clean in our minis and tops, I thought. We looked real. Well, Caroline did and when I glanced at the mirror, I was as shapely as she was, femininely shapely, that is. "If we meet that guy out there on a dark night ..."

"Or gang members," whispered Caroline, her vividly madeup eyes so wide as she shivered in distress. "Oh yes, Barbie, we have to move!"

All right for her to say, I thought sourly, even though she was agreeing with me. I knew what it all meant, of course. I would have to be the one to pay off the rest of the rent money for three months, hating myself for being so prissy about things like that, but I had got into the habit of leaving no bills behind me as I moved in and out of places. No, I couldn't do a 'flit' as Carrie proposed we do.

"We paid too much in the first place, for what we got, for the rent," said Carrie, tossing her lovely, long hair. It was an old argument. We'd been lucky, or so we thought, to find someone who would lease to girls like us, female impersonators. Yes, our IDs for renting the place confirmed that that was what I was. Carrie's first name was Harold, I learned, but I told no-one about that. She didn't tell anyone that I was a Maxwell Taylor, either.

My parents had aimed me at an army career, of course. Well, that had all come crashing down when they heard about my prom, and saw the pictures the professional photographer had taken of me, Christine Jorgensen, as I had called myself. I had been thinking that it was a joke that no-one would get, as I posed all alone, hand on my thin waist, accentuating the dress, the most incredible dress in the world, I thought then.

I thought I looked so ‘real’ as I posed so girlishly, smiling all the time, with Keith’s arms around me and then with him kissing me, my eyes closed in passion, his hands in one shot resting very clearly on my tush, mine about his neck, a habit I hadn’t broken, ever. I’d even kissed Seth like that as well, hadn’t I?

It was Keith who had found me dressing in the basement. He’d consoled me when I was so scared of him and how he’d tell on me, but he hadn’t. Then, he’d come around when he’d seen my parents going off to the bar. It hadn’t taken him much to persuade me to dress in my mother’s clothes and make up as she might have.

I’d had to do a modelling show for Keith that was so thrilling. He’d come to me then, me still in a dress, a gleam in his eye and kissed me. Oh, I’d been in heaven when he did that. He made me promise to tell him when my parents were away again. Well, they went to the coast to visit Gran for a weekend. Keith came over and we did more than kiss once I was in my mother’s nightie and night came. Keith said he wasn’t going home. I knew what was going to happen as I weakly, not meaning it at all, tried to protest.

“It’s what boy and girl friends do when their parents are away,” Keith had whispered into my ear, pressing me down in Mum’s pillows, telling me how great I looked in a nightie. “So I’ll be the boy and you’ll be the girl. Now, you know what every boy really wants from his girl, don’t you, Christine?”

That was my introduction to blow jobs and pleasing Keith. Yes, for a long time, I pleased Keith and he began to experiment with me as well. Oh, how terrible it was when he mounted me doggie-style

and forced his way into me as I begged him to stop.



But he enjoyed it so much. He did me again and again and told me that it was just like making love to a real girl. So, I couldn't stop then, ever, could I?

When Keith asked me to go to the Prom with him, I'd just stared at him and said it wasn't possible, or something like that. And then he'd said that he was going to take me as a girl to the Prom. He was going to pay for my dress and get me a new wig, my very own, and not one of his mother's or mine.

Oh, Keith really did deserve the wonderful kisses I gave him. That was when he showed me as well that we could have face-to-face sex if I'd lift my legs high about him in the new stockings I loved to wear. Oh, how I'd loved it when he came inside me that way and kissed me so passionately. I was a girl, Keith's girl. I was in heaven thinking of being his girl at the Prom, being Cinderella for one night in my life at least.

But that disaster, the worst of my life, leading to me being kicked out and disowned by my parents, had helped me in the end as I had nothing standing in my way of joining up with other drag queens. I learned that's what I was. I spent all of my leisure time in drag, even going out with Marcella and learning what men wanted, as Keith had said that they would, from me. And I gave it away for a little while so easily, before it palled on me. I wanted more from a man than just getting him off with sex acts. I wanted what any sentimental, romantic girl of my age would have wanted. I wanted Mr Right, a knight in shining armor.

Thank goodness, when Seth had appeared in the condo doorway, that I had my own room and, if I hadn't balled a man in over a year, I knew just what to do and what he would love me to do to him, a

cherry, as Carrie would have called him. A cherry is a man making love to a girl like me, I'd learned on my travels, for the first time. It had been so wonderful to have a room of my own, in a condo in Vegas. Seth wouldn't know how hard it had been, as a girl with all her identification showing her as a male, to get into a great place like this.

Part of the reason why we were able to get into such a great condo was that I had a good credit rating, even if it wasn't in the name of Barbara 'Barbie Doll' Mason. Still, Maxwell Taylor had good credit and I was going to keep it, using all my savings if I had to. And no, I wasn't saving for anything special, like the big snip. It was just the way I was. I think almost all my clothes had been cast-offs from women or other impersonators. I'd probably own that lovely beaded dress that had made Carrie so broke some day in the future, if we stuck together through this show-closing catastrophe.

Like other impersonators I'd been with when they were fired, Carrie and I did what they'd done. We both did our hair, coloring and perming our crowning glories in different styles, Caroline becoming more like Marilyn Monroe than Marilyn had ever been. Of course, we had to change our nail polish, mine to blushing pink, while Carrie went to a vivid red, which I thought would be too provocative to the guys who were noticing us now.

And no, Seth didn't show.

We got on the phones and talked to people worlds away, or so it seemed. "Don't think of coming here," lisped Paula, who'd I'd known as Paul and working as a boy dancer in a travelling show when I first met him. Now, she was busty and had worked as a girl in real burlesque until one of her 'hus-

bands' had ratted her out after an argument. We were so vulnerable, we impersonators to that. That's why I'd loved being in Vegas, having a place of our own, boy friends, if only for a day.

"It's really depressing here in Florida," Paula told us. "Unemployment insurance is the only thing keeping the wolf from the door. I can't even afford to get snipped or have my face re-done since Cesar went home."

Paula had been so certain that Cesar was going to be the one to pay for her change into womanhood, especially her newly reconstructed face, after she was castrated and given a female looking vagina, allowing her to re-start her career as a Broadway show dancer, even if it was touring all the time. "I'd love to be in *Cats*," she told me as we'd become Dresden shepherdesses for shepherds, Ralph and Willie, who seemed so attentive to us girls on stage yet had eyes for no-one else but each other off stage.

"Or I'd love to do one of those Riverdance, Irish dancing shows," Paula had said dreamily to me, having the reddish, curly hair for it as well. I'd seen her do everything, even that with Ralph, in our little show. She'd been a ballerina and an adagio dancer, looking so queenly when she did flamenco as well. I thought the audiences loved her. For her not to be able to find work, the situation really had to be really dire down East.

It was no better anywhere, it seemed, as Carrie and I called every name in our date books and more, as more were recommended to us.

And still Seth didn't put in an appearance as the feeling of helplessness grew.

Miranda arrived close to midnight, her twins in tow, who thought it would be wonderful to have a threesome, even a foursome, with Carrie or me.

“The others have heard about the show closing,” said Miranda, dancing around the living room in her swishy dress, doing ballerina swirls, swirling her dress over the twins’ heads so that they could fool with her panties, letting them kiss her tush as she bumped and ground into their faces while her beaux smiled up at her, so thin and girlie. “So they want the rent paid up and they’ve got my bags.”

I’d thought she was living with other impersonators but, if ‘they’ knew flighty Miranda as well as all the chorus did, they were probably the ones trying to squeeze money out of Miranda. Might as well have tried a stone, I thought.

I didn’t want to play. I was feeling too low. I had the sofa while Miranda and one twin, Sebastian, I think, had my bed. The other had Carrie, but then, they swapped in the night. Miranda was calling the guy she was with ‘Conrad’ as she wiggled in his lap and had morning coffee with me.

The phone rang and I was certain it was Seth. Yes, it must be him. If it wasn’t, it must be an impersonator from the show in trouble and wanting a place to crash. No, I didn’t think any of us would see a penny of the settlements that the hotel had promised. Soon, we’d all be so dispersed that they’d never find us anyway. Nice way to save money, I thought, would be to double up.

I, a man, was brave enough to slide out on the brightly lit stage in my frilly dress every night, in full female clothing, vamping and seductively feminine to men who gaped at me as a woman as I often dis-

robed and showed them the little buds growing on my chest that the pills I took were doing to me. I, a known drag queen, wasn't brave enough, however, to charge into the manager's office at the Royal Nevada in a miniskirt and full makeup, swinging my long, blonde hair about femininely and wearing the most upthrusting bra that I could. No, I just couldn't go in and demand that they pay me, a female impersonator, moneys owed. I knew that the others, despite what they said at times, were no braver than me.

It irritated me a lot, much later on when I matured more as a 'woman', that we 'girls' didn't think of all the embarrassment an attack by a dozen drag queens would inflict on a big casino and its management. But then, there in Vegas with Caroline and Miranda and the others, no, I couldn't appear in a news item, protesting about money, not even looking like Ann-Margret when she was first in Hollywood, with friends like Marilyn, Cher and Diana Ross around 'her'. I didn't want to be pointed out and laughed at. I thought that there was such a thing as too much publicity and that was probably why I was always going to be where I was, scratching a living, so to speak, from this hobby that had possessed me since I was a little boy.

It was Cheryl on the phone to talk to Miranda. "In Frisco?" Miranda asked. "Oh, I'd love to spend the winter on the West Coast!"

Nibbling on Cheryl's tiny manhood, I thought sourly, jealous feelings rising up inside me as I heard Miranda discussing some show that Cheryl was going to put together for the re-opening of a drag revue in San Francisco. "But I don't know how to get out there," I heard Miranda say. "They won't

let me get my clothes until I pay them what I owe them.” She laughed then. “No, the twins are at college! And no, Cheryl, don’t suggest it. I’m not a prostitute.”

I was disgusted as she twined herself about a grinning Conrad and he pulled her into her lap and was having her once again, right there, in front of me, her breasts bouncing and shivering all over the place as she tried to have a conversation with Cheryl while her boy friend was committing a sex act on her, her tush bouncing on his pole as I tried to drink my morning coffee.

The phone landed in my hands more by luck than judgement as Miranda said that Cheryl wanted to speak to Carrie or me and Carrie was still effing Sebastian, in her crude use of the word I try so hard not to use. So what are you doing, I wanted to ask her as Miranda gyrated her body, joining in enthusiastically to whatever Conrad was doing to her.

“Cheryl?” I asked.

“Miranda there with her twins?” Cheryl asked in disgust.

“Yes,” I said.

“You heard what I was asking her to do?” said Cheryl Rivers, her voice not quite as gravelly as it had been in her last performance. “It’s a new Cheryl Rivers Show and I need dancers. You interested? Caroline?”

“Yes,” I said. “I think we both are.”

“Bring Miranda with you,” said Cheryl shortly. “Figure out for me who she owes and tell them to bill me at Josephine’s in Frisco. I need you here like last night if you can get on the road.”

I knew she'd flown, in all likelihood, but the idea of travelling on an airplane as a woman made me shiver. No, I didn't want to go through some scanning machine in the woman's line and having some woman popping out, screaming that I wasn't a woman and hauling me in to be strip-searched.

"What about our money here?" I asked Cheryl. "I've got three months rent due on a lease."

"That's your problem," said Cheryl. "You want a job as a dancer, you get here, Barbie Doll, in Frisco, with Miranda, and Caroline too, if she wants to leave Donny or whoever she's shagging now. I don't care about her. I do want you here but I can replace anyone in the chorus, you know."

"All right," I said, thinking of the starvation diet I'd be on for a while with the money I would be paying for two rents for three months. The slimming effect would be good for me, I told myself sarcastically. "I'll get the others organized. See you tomorrow if not tonight."

And still there was no sign of Seth all through that day.

I felt so angry and depressed then when I left Vegas with an excited Caroline and a sad, weepy Miranda, she already missing the loving of two good men, or so she said. We drove over to Miranda's former digs where she and Diane had been living with other 'showgirls', who, by their Adam's apples and drawls, I could tell were not showgirls of any kind. I didn't want to ask them what jobs they had as I probably already knew the answer to that one.

We picked up Miranda's clothes and left Vegas, me feeling so blue and disappointed. No, as Carrie had said to me, I wasn't ever going to be seeing Seth

again, not ever. But this was just too abrupt a parting! I should have been able to spread my hurt over several days, even a month, as I had when Mark, the last man I'd called my boy friend, had dumped me.

I'd pined for Mark all across Ohio as I was traveling with a show again. It was only when we got to Chicago for a longer gig that I found out that he'd gone off with Amy, one of my friends, who'd lied to me and told me she was heading into hospital for the big snip. I learned that that was a lie as she confessed and apologized to me when she came back, begging to be in the show again, Mark on the lam somewhere with all her clothing, her car and her money.

I really did try to get back to normal back home. For You-Know-Who's sake, I even went bowling with cousin Ray Sparks and his friends.

"So tell me," Ray said as we watched his friends stylishly release the ball with all kinds of backspin but miss the headpin pocket time after time. They complained about the alley, the polish, the way the pins were set, the floorboard not being perfectly aligned; in other words, they sounded just like Ray when he was on a losing streak.

"Did you really have a girl in Vegas?" Ray asked me, setting my teeth on edge. I was about to blame Dave myself, figuring he'd told all about me meeting Barbie in the Seven-Eleven. He'd have to, in order to explain where he got the bruises on his back and stomach. Yes, Dave had told on me.

“Or was it one of those girls in the cards they slapped into our hands along the Boulevard?” asked Ray, smiling slyly at the memory. We hadn’t gone on the Strip much but, when we had, there was always someone there trying to give us these pictures, like baseball cards, of pretty, mostly naked girls, with phone numbers of agencies to call to take up with them. It was all so sleazy. I’d tried to drop them in a proper waste bin outside but I’d seen a lot of the photos scattered all along the busiest streets, particularly around Planet Hollywood where Moroney really wanted to go.

“Would you have gone with one of those girls?” I asked Ray and he shook his head.

“You never get the girl in the picture,” he said to me, nudging me as it was my turn to bowl for his team. I made a strike, my second in a row which really impressed him.

“Can’t do anything wrong lately, can you?” asked Ray. “But doesn’t it feel great to be on a winning streak in Vegas? I was high, you know, really high, on that first day we were there. Say, it wasn’t that pretty female impersonator that you went out to see, was it?”

“You got a strange mind, cousin,” I said to him, shaking my head, feeling the most absurd of regrets as I thought about Barbie and how I missed her. I missed her even in the Thunder Dome Alleys as I helped Ray’s team not to lose too badly in their league.

“I wouldn’t have blamed you if you had been with that sweet thing,” laughed Ray at me. “She was one sweet piece of ass, wasn’t she? I tried it on with her, you know, after you went through that kissing scene

with her, Seth. Man, did she ever get off on you. She was trembling all over and looking after you as if you were water in the desert when you stalked off. I wouldn't have kicked her out of bed, I tell you. But she didn't want me. I mean, he didn't want me, cuz, not after the crazy way she was snuggling up against you and you were devouring her lovely mouth."

"Don't remind me," I said to him harshly. "Dave and Moroney seem like they're never going to let me forget it, either."

"I mean, I think she might have been a real girl, don't you?" Ray went on, needling me as he always did, trying to make me mad. Then, he seemed to be happy or something close to it.

Ray wanted to know what I was going to do with the money I'd brought back from Vegas. Listening to him going on about how great it had been to be gambling, day and night as we had been, I'd made up my mind but I couldn't tell him.

I was going to let my sister's kid run the laundromat I owned. I'd let Mel try his hand at being manager of the paint store. He practically ran it anyway and my other sister, Rachel, could do without me again for a week or so while I went out to see about 'a new business' I might buy into. I had good people in the other small businesses, the apartment buildings that I had stakes in. I was going to go on a real holiday to Las Vegas, all by myself. And I had fifty thousand dollars to pamper myself with, and a certain Barbie Doll.

And thinking of her, Barbie, made the pit in my stomach grow even more and more. I was going to

throw up and soon if I didn't stop thinking of her and making love to her lovely, feminine body.

I was going to have a room, no, a suite, all to myself. I was going to invite Barbara to come and live with me for a few days and get to know me. Yes, and we might have sex together. No, we would definitely have sex, lots of it. Who was I kidding? And I would either get her out of my system or, or, or, I would have a hell of a problem, wouldn't I?

I didn't tell anyone where I was going. They had my cell to call me on in an emergency as I struck out for Vegas on my own. I took a suite at the Royal for a week, my heart pounding as it hadn't done since I was a teenager and chasing Linda Bertelli, the greatest girl in school, thinking I had a real chance to take her to Prom. She went with the football quarterback, of course. And I felt like a reject and a loser for years after that.

It had taken the success of the first real estate company I started to give me back pride in myself. Despite the business success I'd had, my pride was still very fragile, especially and ever since I'd 'rescued' Barbie and, later, had kissed her in that lovely bridal gown. I should never have done that. I could still taste that first kiss even a month from when I had first met her. Ye gods, I could still feel the feminine way she'd moved into my arms and against me and the pleasure I'd felt, holding her, drinking in her fragrance, feeling her lovely lips sliding over mine.

I was in Vegas early and I couldn't stand it very much longer. I went over to the condo where I'd snuck in the last but one time I was there. I parked and looked at the couple of hoods leaning against the corner of the building. I'm not the bravest guy in the world but I can take care of myself in a fight. I

went to the back of the rental car and looked for the car jack. I held it openly in my hand and the two punks sauntered away, one giving me the middle finger. I wished then that I'd come back earlier. I was actually worried as I thought of Barbara being confronted by guys like that. My mouth was really dry; and yet I was hot as I went up to the right door and pushed on the bell.

The Spanish woman with the toddler in her arms barely spoke English. But I did understand that Barbara didn't live there any more. She was grinning at me and saying something that was about a 'puta', I think it was that, which I think meant prostitute in Spanish, except she was using the masculine form of the word. I paled in dismay as I sort of worked out what she was saying by her arm gestures.

I understood 'hombre' but the Latina was adding a lot as she acted out what a drag queen must be in her opinion. It wasn't a good opinion, I gathered, as I beat a hasty retreat back to the car, my hotel, and a long wait until I could go down to the rooms where 'Barbie Doll' and her friends had performed so well, concluding the act with the girl I wanted to kiss so much, dressed as a blushing bride. Oh, gosh, would I like to see her dressed like that again and feel and hear the lovely woman's dress swishing against me.

I went down at showtime to the 'Buckingham Room'. I hadn't noticed the name the last time, the place where Barbara and the female impersonators had performed. I ignored the pictures of partly naked women on the posters outside the door. I wanted the real thing. I was in a fever of excitement, I really was, as I expected to see Barbara and see the surprise on her face when I bounded down to-

wards her as she did her schoolgirlish pole dance and put a couple of hundred dollar bills in her panties.

So, I couldn't believe it when the show started and there wasn't anything I remembered on stage from before. It wasn't a female impersonator show at all! It was a burlesque and the girls were girls, to my great disappointment. There wasn't even a band! It was all recorded music and one girl at a time performed, miming to suggestive lyrics, some of the time. Geez, the girls in the Cheryl Rivers Show had been ten times as good as this pap that was being served up.

I sat there and shuddered. The sparse audience wasn't just a few people because it was female impersonators, as I had thought going in, no, it was just lousy, canned entertainment.

How was I ever going to contact Barbara again? I didn't even know if she was even in Las Vegas. Her condo, rented out to someone else, seemed to indicate that she wasn't there at all. I sat there as other guys were smiling at a girl miming to Christina Aguilera about the joys of burlesque. I knew I was screwed.

I'd never find that girl again whom I had made love to so wonderfully in her condo bedroom. I'd been so dazed when I left as all I could think about was that I'd made love to another man. I hadn't thought then how exciting and marvellous it had been. I'd never been so frisky myself, so aroused and so pleased. I could almost feel her soft, warm body against me. Shouldn't you be relieved that she's not here, a small voice inside me mocked me as I sat there in such a feeble excuse for an erotic club. I got up and started to leave.

There were several waiters, waitresses, bartenders at the bar watching me as I left and that was when I noticed Sylvia. Yes, that was the waitress who'd said that she'd been on the stage as a female impersonator but her legs wouldn't let her do it any more. She'd sat in Ray's lap and Ray hadn't pushed her off. As I recalled, he'd groped her a lot and she'd kissed him really passionately, gave him some kind of lap dance and thanked him for the big tip. There been a lot of ribaldry over that phrase, of course.

"Sylvia!" I gasped as I went by her, stopping for a moment. I didn't care what was behind me on the stage.

Sylvia stared at me and I could see that she didn't know me at all.

"Which is your section?" I asked her and she waved her hand vaguely at the back section on the other side of the club from where I'd been sitting. I moved over to one of the many open tables and sat down. Sylvia sashayed over to me in a white, sequinned, skimpy dress that barely covered her panties.

"You remember serving me when I was here in Vegas before?" I asked her as she put down a two-sided drinks and snacks menu in front of me.

"Of course, darling," Sylvia said, but I could see that she didn't recognize me at all.

"We came in late, four of us, and had steak suppers over on the other side," I said to her and she nodded.

"And what would you like to drink?" she asked me, having to lean close, with the loudness of the sleazy music. Her breasts moved so naturally in her black bra as she smiled at me glancing at her chest.

“It was the night that some drunk reached over and pulled Barbie Doll down on the stage,” I said to her, forcing my eyes to look up into Sylvia’s heavily madeup face, “and there was a huge fight!”

Sylvia’s thickly lipsticked mouth made a huge O in surprise. She remembered that night.

“And Barbara was Leanne’s, Cher’s, bride at the end of it all,” I said.

“Yes, well, that doesn’t go on here any more,” said Sylvia, showing me her really impressive breasts once more as she leaned even closer over me. “I can bring you a drink, though.”

“A Jack Daniels and one for yourself,” I said to her, flipping a couple of twenties to her.

“We’re not supposed to ...” Sylvia said, glancing around. “It’s new management and I’m lucky to have a job!”

“Bring me the drink, Sylvia,” I said. “And come and talk to me about being a female impersonator in Vegas.” Yes, in a club like this, she would definitely be lucky to have a job as a woman.

Sylvia looked at me in shock. She sashayed most suggestively then back to the bar where an older man stroked her hand as he took the order from her. He put a white wine on the tray as well as the whiskey and Sylvia looked at him uncertainly. He waved her over to me. She did a really nice sashay as she came back to me, a fixed smile on her face.

“Manny says it’s all right for me to talk to you for a moment,” Sylvia said, sitting down primly on the other side of the glass table from me. Her panties were pink and only concealed from me when she crossed her lovely thighs.

“So, no more giving me a lap dance as we work out the bill?” I asked her and Sylvia began to giggle.

“No,” she said and tasted her wine. “Did I really do that for you? A handsome guy like you, I think I would have remembered.”

I noticed that Sylvia didn’t say anything about being a female impersonator or even tell me how outraged she was that I didn’t think she was a woman.

“You did it for my cousin,” I said to her, smiling, trying to charm her, a female impersonator, but it didn’t seem to be working. “I was the one who ran down to the front and pulled the drunk off Barbara. I was in the thick of the fight and Barbie kissed me, well, she kissed a lot of guys when she was in the bridal parade.”

“Oh, that was you!” shrieked Sylvia, leaning forward and exposing her lovely melons again.

“What happened to that show?” I asked her. “I came down from my room and thought I’d just check it out.”

“They closed it the next day,” said Sylvia, rolling her eyes most expressively, “and brought in this dreck just two days later.”

“I thought the Vegas Queens was a far superior show!” I said to her, leaning forward as well so that she could hear me.

“Too many performers!” said Sylvia with a smile. “Not enough profit in it!”

“You don’t look like you’re going to make much profit with audiences like this,” I said to Sylvia and she nodded.

“So where did the show go to now?” I asked her. “Somewhere else in Vegas?”

“No,” said Sylvia, her next words dashing all my hopes of ever meeting Barbara again. “Everyone was fired. Cheryl Rivers went to Frisco, flew out right away. I think all of the girls who were in that show are out of town. Oh no, Charmian has a guy who works here and she’s working as an escort, I hear. Was she the one you were looking for?”

“Who said I was looking for anyone?” I asked her, feeling suddenly so awkward as this woman, and she could have been, looked at me so knowingly. After all, it could have been an act before with Ray and the other guys about the bar, passing herself off as a female impersonator when she was ‘real’.

I swallowed hard as Sylvia looked at me speculatively. Oh, heck, I thought, my heart starting to beat faster as I knew I was revealing more about myself to another person than I had ever thought that I would.

“Barbara, Barbie Doll,” I finally managed to say to her, feeling myself flushing as I said Barbara’s name. “We kind of had a thing after that show where I rescued her. I said I would look her up again if I got back to Vegas soon and, and, well, here I am. Back in Vegas!”

Sylvia smiled at me. “So you were her guy!” she said, taking pity on me at last. “All the girls,” there was that word again when she meant impersonators, “were talking about her on the last night there was a show. They were saying that Barbie had a boy friend! I never heard that she had one before! And that was you! You broke down the Ice Queen, you did!”

I shivered as she wriggled so femininely with excitement and approval across the table from me. She seemed to think that I had done something special, or Barbara had, in loving me as she had. I gulped and she laughed at me, caressing my hand with her soft one. "I'd better go," she said then, glancing back where one of the bartenders was frowning at her. "My boy friend doesn't like to see me making eyes at another guy, no matter how big a tip I get."

"Where, where, did Barbie go?" I asked her huskily as she stood up and put the wine back onto her tray. "Is she still here?"

Sylvia did a lovely swivel on her high heels. "Sorry, she isn't," she said. My face must have dropped a foot as she sashayed around me towards some other lonely guy holding up an empty glass. Then she took real pity on me. "She's in Frisco," Sylvia whispered as her hair touched my face and her perfumed breasts pressed against my shoulder. "With Cheryl Rivers but I don't know where. Caroline and Miranda are there as well. That's where you'll find her, lover boy!"

Oh, the way that that drag queen walked! I've not seen anything as sexy, until I saw Barbara again, as the way Sylvia sashayed over to the guy who wanted a shooter as well as a refill of his beer. She smiled at him, let him pat her tush without objecting and sauntered past me, giving me a big smile as she went over to the grinning bartender, who was looking at me as he talked to her. He looked surprised then and I felt a little uneasy. I slugged back most of the whiskey, got up and left, trying not to look at anyone.

So, I'd made a wasted trip to Vegas. I was here, not even in a familiar female impersonator club, all alone. I got out of there fast and went to my room, the hollow feeling of loss still upon me. What was I going to do for a week by myself in Vegas? Gamble? Go to shows all by myself? It didn't take me long to decide. I had the telephone book out and I was checking up on flights to San Francisco.

Josephine's was a dive. In a past life, it might have been Joe's Diner, but now it had upgraded. It had a cabaret lounge, and it had entertainment, us, female impersonators, who were also going to double as B-girls, or so Cheryl said as the three of us said that we weren't.

"Then quit," said Cheryl quickly. "We can't afford a band or a dresser or a makeup genie," she added as soon as we got inside, all of us looking pretty ravaged after the all night run into Frisco. "And there's no specialty acts. You girls are going to be miming and strutting by yourselves as well as doing some of the numbers you did in Vegas."

"Do we get a chance to sleep before we rehearse?" asked Miranda and Cheryl laughed at her.

"I told Louis that we'd start tomorrow," Cheryl said. "You'll have to get your music ready, your costumes and your routines. We have to add in Georgina and Amber as well to the line, so someone needs to teach them what to do and help them with costumes!"

We were all distressed at what Cheryl was saying. We'd all brought some stuff with us, but shop-

ping for music and teaching other girls would be time-consuming.

“Well, it is SanFran,” said Miranda as Carrie and I voiced our indignation at the outrageous expectation of getting a show put together in a day. “We can get everything we need here, can’t we?”

“Let’s look at the sound system first,” I said, running my long hair through my fingers, wishing I could have a long bath more than anything else. Where we were going to stay was left entirely up to us as well. It was Vegas all over again. Cheryl was going to be as much help to us girls as she had been there; which meant, she’d do nothing at all but practice her own list of jokes, while we stayed in crappy motels almost out of town.

The sound system would do, but Cheryl wanted us to get new music, Katy Perry, Christina Aguilera and stuff like that, which meant that we had to learn the words to a lot of new music to mimic it well.

Then there were the other girls. “Friends of the management,” Cheryl had said to us when we’d asked about what the girls could do. Amber didn’t make any attempt to even talk like a woman. She wouldn’t have been any kind of dancer even if she was a man. Which, of course, she was, obviously. She’d climbed out of the manager’s lap and strutted after us when Cheryl told us she was going to rehearse. The first thing she was going to learn, I decided, was how to walk gracefully as a woman.

Gina was happy to be in our company. She had a squeaky, little girl way of talking that reminded us of Vera. But that was all. She couldn’t dance like a girl, being very self-conscious of anyone looking at

her. When Carrie tried to get her to dance just in her panties, Gina, no longer 'George' as Amber called her, couldn't do it.

"This is going to be a disaster!" Carrie said to me as we strolled out of the club to find a music shop. Miranda was having a 'private' conversation about the show being put on with Cheryl.

"Want to quit now?" I asked her.

"What? And leave show business?" Carrie asked me, scowling at a couple of guys who had stopped to look us up and down. I didn't think that they were anything else but a couple of regular guys who actually might be attracted to pretty, blonde girls in mini-skirts like us. One of them gave a wry smile to his partner, at Carrie's expression, I had no doubt, but the other shrugged and they went off down a side alley to the main street we were on.

"Actually," said Caroline as we clicked our way up some steps to Garry's Giant CD and DVD Sale, "I've been thinking of doing that, Barbie. I really have."

"What?" I asked her in amazement. I'd known her for so long and, as far as I knew, Caroline loved taking her clothes off and having men look at her naked body. I'd learned so many feminine moves from her and how to protect myself from drunks, just like the one that that idiot Seth had rescued me from in Vegas. That made me shiver of course as thinking of Seth and his wonderful way of kissing me did all the time. "You weren't thinking of, thinking of ..."

"Becoming an escort?" asked Carrie. "Well, why not? This would be the town for it, wouldn't it? Just think how much we could make in a week, Barbie, you and me, doing threesomes for all the convention

dudes who're only here to play with special girls like you and me. Beats Josephine's and Cheryl any day, doesn't it?"

"No," I squeaked in dismay as we walked by a huge poster of Christina and Cher advertizing the music from their movie, *Burlesque*.

"I heard you and your Seth doing it in your bed," said Carrie, taking my hand in hers and smiling brightly as a flock of young 'Garry's Know-It-Alls' descended on us, delighted to find even the most obscure of music for us. Of course, they all had to look down the front of our low-cut tops as they did it. I did notice that Carrie had pulled hers down a little more, the top of her black bra completely exposed. She knew how to smile and simper as well to have the geeks kissing her hand.

"You liked what he was doing to you. I could tell," went on Caroline as I tensed as she could so easily have been overheard by the guys working so hard for us. "Were you face-to-face or doggie-style with him?"

"I don't want to talk about it," I told her, shushing her as the Know-It-All who'd gone off to find an old classic, *Music to Strip By*, came back with it in an old-fashioned LP vinyl cover. I could feel an attack of the shivers coming on as I looked at the cover, at the naked girl and saw the look in the eyes of the young man serving me. Oh, gosh and goddesses, what was 'Willis' thinking of me. Nothing good, I could see, by the impudent look in his eyes.

"Oh, we have to have it in CD," I said to him lightly, girlishly, flirting with him as I always did now whenever I was nervous when I was shopping.

“Caroline should have said that we only play music in that format.”

“Yeah, I heard your friend say that,” said this dark-haired little kid, no bigger than me without my high heels and no, I was not going to date, ever, anyone smaller than me. No, I wanted a man that I could look up to. “They haven’t made a CD of this, this ...” he searched his memory for something positive he could say about the record he had in his hands, “not so far anyway. So, I’m going to make you a copy of this record on CD. And I’ll do you up a play list as well. You girls are performers, aren’t you? Is this for an audition tape?”

“No,” said Caroline, smiling down so sweetly, as equally flirtatious as me, at the young guy. He switched his attention fully on to her when she slithered over and bent femininely to look at the new CD of Britney’s. I guess we’ll be having to learn that one soon. But the guy wasn’t moving to make us a CD, his eyes being trapped by the sight of Carrie’s wobbly breasts.

“See?” said Caroline, after Willis finally scampered off to do our womanly bidding. He turned back to look at us, a foolish grin on his face as he watched us swaying most girlishly and seductively which was so fine in the show but really out of place where we were. “I’ll make a fortune, Barbie,” Carrie went on. “And more if you come into it with me. Imagine what it will be like with guys who really like girls like us.

“I used to think for such a long time, Barbara girl, that you didn’t like sex at all. You never go out with guys, do you, unless we force you to? And then you never brought anyone back to the condo, did you, until that Seth came slithering in. You should

see the change in you since you've been laid, my girl. You need to do it again. And why not get paid for it?"

"First," I said with a shudder, flicking my hair back from my face. Sanfran was so windy and though it made us look kind of sexy to have windblown women's hair, I preferred to be a lot more ladylike. "I don't honestly think that there is as much money in it as you think there is, Caroline. And, second, there are a lot of other things to consider. God, the way some guys are in penetrating girls. You saw what Nadine suffered through with her boy friend. And this is the AIDS capital of the world, isn't it? Or it's close to it? Yeah, leave Cheryl's show if you like. But get a job! You could be a cashier here, couldn't you, and then you could prowl the town on your nights off and find someone you really liked and shack up with him."

"Let's see if you're still singing that tune after a few nights as a B-girl at Josephine's, having to drink with the customers between shows," said Caroline, posing like a model. "I've done all that before many times," she went on, "and I'm not getting any younger, Barbie, and I'm still not making any money."

Oh, yes, I thought gloomily. We had to dance and drink with the customers, didn't we? I'd been spoiled in Vegas. Now it was back to seeing how the other half lived.

The boys who'd found us all the music Cheryl, Miranda, Caroline and I had discussed, didn't want payment for doing the extras like making CDs for us. No, they wanted us to pose with them, kissing the dark-haired kid and his manager while another, from the photography department no less, posed us

like models, asking us to be really sexy with the guys and could I open up my top just a little more?

So I did, knowing that I wasn't blushing as I put my hand on my hip, smiled and was photographed kissing Willis, puckering up to kiss Willis, with my lipstick on his smiling face and blowing kisses to the photographer. Caroline was doing the same with Bob.

"What are you doing with the photos?" I asked the photography nerd, Ron, who set the camera and then ran back to kiss me as if he had never kissed a woman before. He kept telling me to hold it as the camera kept clicking on. I think I lost all my lipstick to the little snake charmer.

"If you come by later today," said an excited, giddy Ron, trying to hug me and feel my tush. "There's going to be a big poster, just like the one of Christina and Cher, in our front window. Only this one is going to be of you girls and all the guys. It's going to be so great! So where are you girls dancing? We should put that in and your names as well!"

"I'm Caroline," said my roommate, joining us with the usual flick of her long, blonde hair. "And that's Barbara, whom everyone calls Barbie Doll." She paused and was grinning really widely then as she finished. "And we'd love you to tell everyone where we'll be for the next few weeks. It's really only a couple of blocks away, Josephine's. Do you know it? We work as dancers and escorts over there!"

What a dive in comparison to Vegas, was the first thought that went through my mind. But then there

was a burst of music and Cheryl Rivers in the floodlight on the dark stage at Josephine's. I hadn't realized that the old queen could sing. She sounded more like Louis Armstrong than Ella Fitzgerald; but it was clearly Cheryl singing because she added words in or broke off to greet people she knew to the 'best female impersonator show in San Francisco'.

There were ironic cheers from the audience, a pretty good crowd considering that it was in the middle of the week. Cheryl went into a patter of foul-mouthed jokes about deviant sex that resembled much of the routine that I'd seen her work in Vegas, making me cringe again as much as I had before.

The guys in the audience, some of them with female-dressed figures clinging to their arms, that obviously weren't women, lapped up the humor and pounded on tables in laughter. No, this wasn't the Las Vegas show; this was a much, much raunchier version of what had gone on there. It was as if the Vegas Queens show had been a sanitized version of what I was hearing here.

Cheryl began an Eric Clapton song about how *I Shot the Sheriff* and two gorgeous blonde honeys came out to join her. I could almost feel the crowd stirring as they looked over Barbie and her obvious, cute feminine shape, the skimpy costume showing almost everything.

Like a guy said, at the table next to me, where in heck could those girls be hiding what they had to have, in such tiny panties? All I could think about was fear that I was going to see a public exhibition as raunchy as the jokes that Cheryl had been relating, ending with double meaning lines like "I shot

up the sheriff,” which she was growling as the audience egged her on.

“Are those really drag queens?” I heard from the other side of me as a drawling genius didn’t seem to be able to tell drags from real women. Well, he wasn’t alone. I couldn’t, either, I thought, as I trembled so much myself just seeing my girl for the first time in such an age.

I resented everyone looking at Barbie Doll. That was how she was introduced as she wiggled her tush at the guys in the front row, smiling and looking so cute. Her mouth was pursed in a kiss as her shoulders moved as she vamped the audience so sexily as I had never seen her do.

I didn’t mind the laughing and cheering at the equally sexy gestures Caroline, what had Barbie called her, oh yes, Carrie, that she made. Barbie doing the same just made me shiver all over. She seemed to be another girl entirely from the beautiful bride I had kissed and still dreamed of kissing again.

The two ‘girls’ did a little high kicking as they had with other impersonators back in Vegas, unrestrained as they had been there, linking arms and hands and smiling away as if they were really enjoying themselves with the girlie things that they did. I know that the audience around me was really enjoying the way they started to take off their bras and panties but they always stopped before actually doing it.

I could imagine that in the little schoolgirl routines, if they did that still, they might not hold back at all. I was dry-mouthed at one time and sweating at another as I watched them going to their knees

and wiggling their partly exposed breasts to the audience. Despite the relief I felt, I could hardly wait for them to come out again when they swished off so femininely, the applause well deserved.

Actually, I could hardly wait for the performance to end and to finally be able to go and introduce myself again to my Barbara. I wondered if she would be as sexy with me as she had been with the big spenders in the front rows. They'd been offering her kisses which I was delighted to see that she refused.

I still had an image of me appearing beside her after so long since I had last seen her and she maybe not recognizing me at first, turning, frowning and saying, "What the heck are you doing here?" But then we would kiss and it would be as if I'd never run out of her bedroom to let her go off to her rehearsal or something like that in Vegas.

Well, I could tell her that this was my third trip to Frisco to look for her. Did she know how many Josephine's, or varieties of that name, that there were in San Francisco? Did she know that her Josephine's wasn't actually in the city itself which is why I didn't find her the first two times I came for a 'holiday' to find 'her', so disappointed when I went home, certain I'd been deliberately misled by Sylvia.

But why shouldn't I go off on 'business trips' and try to 'expand' the businesses I owned? All the businesses I was worrying about had seemed to run even better when I wasn't there. And no-one, or so it seemed to me too, even noticed me when I was there, or I supposed, when I wasn't.

"Oh, have you been away?" one of the girls who actually ran the laundromat had asked me. I didn't know whether to fire her or promote her. Well, if the

books showed, and they did, that she had improved revenues in the time I was away, despite my idiot nephew getting in her way, she unsupervised by me, I figured she deserved her new admin title and the raise I gave her.

How I found Barbara had happened just that afternoon. I'd needed some new music for driving about as much as I was doing, feeling so angry and desperate that Barbara had just disappeared. There was this Giant CD Sale at Garry's and there she was, Barbie with Caroline, on a huge poster. Barbara was laughing at me as she was lifting her lovely leg in the short skirt she wore, looking so sexy as she kissed this nerd, some Ron Know-It-All, who looked like he was in love with her, his hand snaking about her tush. Oh yes, Caroline was doing the same thing with some other guy, his nose almost buried in her breasts.

The poster proclaimed all the services girls from Josephine's received at Garry's Giant Everyday Sales. So I grabbed a Know-It-All and he didn't know where the Josephine's was where those girls were from. I had to work my way up to the Know-a-Little who knew who the Ron was in the poster, even knew his phone number, called him and looked shocked at what he heard.

"You won't believe this," the Know-Less-Than-You-Think gasped at me and then he started laughing. "Well, this is San Francisco, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," I said to him patiently. "You do know it all. Anything else to tell me?"

The guy was pretty annoyed. "Yes sir, of course, sir," he smirked at me. "Those aren't girls at all on

the poster. They're female impersonators. I think we'll be taking that down as soon as I tell the manager."

"Then don't tell him and leave it up," I told him. "It's a great poster and your brand name looks good with those girls. I also think you shouldn't be taken in by someone pulling your leg from another store." He gaped, not having thought of that. "But, please, tell me where that Josephine's is where those girls are supposed to be performing."

Know-nothing didn't want to tell me. I think I would have beaten it out of him if he'd delayed me any more. He did begin to look really frightened as I advanced on him finally. And that's how I got to be sitting here in Josephine's at last for the first performance of the evening, watching a thin girl who looked familiar. I think she was in Vegas as well as Barbie and Caroline. Now she was doing her version of Cher's famous hits. She wasn't at all like the Leanne whom Dave had liked so much. She wasn't as tall, but she was prettier and she was lip-synching which made her singing seem so much more authentic.

There were six girls on the poles to do the school-girl routine that had made us all gasp in Las Vegas and ask, "Those are guys?" I almost laughed as I heard the same words at one table of six guys, in couples holding hands, although they didn't look different from any guys on the street.

A couple of the girls were very wobbly; and so it was Barbara and Caroline who did most of the antics front and center. The other 'girls' teetered on their high heels and swayed in time to the music, stripping off their mini-skirts and tops boyishly and

self-consciously. It was actually cute and wasn't the turnoff that I had thought it would be.

Barbie turned her back to the audience as she had done when the drunk grabbed her in Vegas and did the classic shimmy out of her skirt, making my heart jump at just the sight of that lovely, rounded tush in her thong panties. She stretched and did a back bend as her top came off and then it was time to tease us all with her bra.

It was just as if one of the strip tease artistes from the Crazy Horse, or wherever, had come onto the stage in this backwater joint, 'adjoining' San Francisco. Barbara tantalized us all, before she sank and rolled close to the edge of the stage. I jumped up with the huge bill in my hand but there were a lot of guys in front of me, pushing their fives, tens, ones, into my girl's panties as she threaded the banknotes along her thong, laughing at the donors. She leaned forward and kissed her benefactors and then this big, cheap, fat guy moved from in front of me, having got more of her sweetness than he deserved for his tiny bill.

I wiggled on my knees, making my little breasts bounce over this guy with a ten in his mouth. Of course, he was slipping his tongue into me as I took it from him, smiling and acting as if I was having an orgasm as my lips brushed his. I was really thinking that this was a remarkably good haul since we had taught the regulars who came to our shows what they had to do.

And yes, I counted Ron, Willis and Bob as regulars and gave them special kisses, even letting them caress parts of my anatomy, which they shouldn't, if they brought me a tip as they now knew that they should. Putting money along the cord of my thong or in my panties made them scream and cheer as if they'd won the Super Bowl after they were finished. I rewarded them, letting them caress and kiss me lightly. Goddesses, but I would have been fired in Vegas if I had let anyone do to me, never mind what I did to them, in this new act of mine in Sanfran.

A ten was folded so that a tongue-man could fasten it under my thong and against me. I smiled and kissed him as I seemed to recall him from before. I had to be especially nice and femmy to the regulars, particularly when I was down to just my panties or my thong, their hands all reaching out to touch my perfumed skin.

I rolled back and preened femininely, gasping as I saw the five-hundred dollar bill being held out to me. Oh, not another forger trying to give me Monopoly money went through my head as I looked up, pouting and squeezing my breasts together suggestively to whoever the high roller was.

And all thoughts and reason swept from my brain as I looked up at Seth! He was giving me a most nervous, tentative smile. He told me later that he had been holding it out for a long time and that I'd gone to others and seemed to be ignoring him. But he'd stood there even though I'd seemed to look right through him. I hadn't. I just hadn't seen him at all. He was the last person I'd thought would ever be there, in Josephine's.

The music covered my squealing as I leaned forward automatically to let him put his tip between

my breasts. But my mind wasn't working. The only thought that went through my mind was that Seth was here! Seth was here, seeing me perform my changed, girlie, drag queen act!

Seth was here, watching me, a part of the customers who would be clawing at me and trying to pay me to perform a sex act on them in intermissions or after the shows. My brain couldn't function. But luckily his did. He touched my breasts gently and I almost had an orgasm on the spot, a real one, not like all those I'd faked in the past few months. Seth released me, pushing me back onto the stage, turning and waving to the audience as if he had really won the Super Bowl which, if he didn't know it, he had.

"Was that ...?" asked Caroline as the other girls danced lightly into our dressing room, giggling as Carrie and I emptied all the tips into the jar. We shared with everyone, putting all the money we got into it and sharing every Sunday night. It was a new tradition that we'd started with the other girls who barely knew how to wear a thong, never mind wiggle their new titties in the face of a paying customer.

"Yes, it was Seth," I whispered to her with a shudder, unfolding the huge banknote as Carrie's eyes grew as large as the other girls, trying to change quickly into the Can-Can dresses, garter belts and stockings which was the best dance, the only real dance, we had been able to teach them over the last three months.

“But what about Gary and Arthur?” asked Caroline petulantly.

I shuddered. “Take Miranda,” I murmured to her. “She deserves a treat, doesn’t she?”

“But Barbie,” said a concerned Caroline. “It’s you all the men want to make love to. I never got to the St Mark’s before until your dates took us there.”

“You’ll have to go to the Hopkins without me,” I told Caroline with a shiver, rushing to fasten the dangling black garters from my corset to my black stockings. Oh goddesses, Seth was here! Seth was here in the club! And he was going to see me with all the men who would be bidding on me to be their female escort at the great ball that was taking place somewhere I’d forgotten and didn’t care about at all. Seth was here in the club!

“You can’t do this to me, Barbie,” hissed Caroline at me as she zipped me into the petticoats that we wore, for a while anyway, in the new can-can number that we did. “Gary has been asking you for a date for weeks. You can’t let him down like this!”

“Tell him I’ve got a cold,” I murmured, blotting some of the glossy lipstick from my mouth, swishing my petticoats to make sure none were stuck together, which was so embarrassing for a girl when that happened and she didn’t see it. “Better, tell him that my clinic test came back and it was positive!”

“It isn’t!” gasped Caroline as I put my hands on her hips and pushed her to the front of the line, Gina smiling nervously as she held onto me. Dancing with seven of us in a line, as Miranda was the other end of the line, being as good a dancer, if not better, than me.

Of course, it wasn't. But Gary wasn't to know. And I didn't like his smarmy smiles and wet kisses at all. I didn't find them sexy and a half hour of letting him caress me was, frankly, as much as I could stand. But I couldn't say that to Carrie.

It was so dark past the footlights. I didn't know where Seth was sitting but it wasn't anywhere near where he'd been standing to caress my breasts and tip me. It must be close, however. I slanted all my dancing that way, shaking my petticoats and showing off my garters and panties, squealing as all we girls were supposed to do as we wiggled and shook the lovely petticoats about us.

Here in Sanfran, in the deal Cheryl had made with the owners of Jacqueline's, we had to go out into the audience, sit in men's laps and kiss them. I always got a laugh when I sat in some big queen's lap and kissed 'her'. It always surprised everyone at how I could turn on even someone who was dressed in big hair, as blonde as mine, and wearing twice as much lipstick as me. And that someone was definitely in a sexier dress than mine. But she was a man, after all, and thinking of Seth, Seth is here somewhere, made me feel as if I wasn't!

I shrank back as the girls worked their way through the audience. I shivered as I guessed that Barbie was looking for me by the area that she chose to share her hugs and kisses in. One of the nervous 'boys' in his Can-Can dress got close to me but some other big spender stepped in front of me and took the petticoated boy, turned him around, swished them over the poor girl's blonde hair, and

turned the 'girl' over his knee to spank her tush and her frilly panties.

Other girls were getting the same treatment, I saw, but then as the music changed to a slower rhythm, all the girls went back, squealing, to the stage where they had a strip tease to do. It seemed to be part of every number. When the seven girls stood there, arms about one another in frilly panties and nothing else, it was such a sight.

I doubted anyone wouldn't have called them girls, just looking at them. But then, just before a flash and the lights all went out, they all took down their panties to their knees and proved that they were the loveliest female impersonators in San Francisco.

There was an intermission between shows and an 'amateur' contest, which I didn't find attractive at all. I edged along the bar and suddenly the real girls in the show were coming out in long, swirling evening dresses to meet men who seemed to be their dates after the main show.

A guy in a white bow-tie and tux claimed Barbara, his arm about her waist, caressing her as if he owned her. I felt anger and, surprisingly, disgust rising inside me. I knew I shouldn't, not with what I had done to Barbie, once upon a time. But I backed away from the 'girls' who were being cajoled onto the dance floor where the amateurs and others, all drag queens, I supposed, were dancing as if they were women, smiling at the men who gripped them.

I didn't want to look at men pretending to be women, not at first, but I had to. My eyes passed over glittering sequins, and an abundance of bright colors, several men dancing expertly with their girl-

ish partners, all smiling and talking with animation, pleasure and enjoyment seeming to be part of the encounter.

I didn't see Barbie at all. With a sinking feeling, I knew that she had gone off with that man who had his hand about her slim waist. Well, she hadn't been expecting me, had she? She'd been here in this, this establishment, for a long time. She was bound to have developed some, some friendships, with people who appreciated girls like her. Girls like her. Even the thought of that made the disgust rise in me again. What was I becoming in following after 'her', the man I knew as 'Barbie Doll'? And why should I care about her? This city, after all, was supposed to be full of men like that.

I'd left it too long, I thought in distress. Of course, a girl as pretty as Barbara would have a boy friend by now. She probably had more than one. If I wanted to go out with her, and I shivered as I knew that I still did, despite the way that I felt as I watched the other smiling drag queens on the dance floor, I'd probably have to take a number and get in line.

It was her scent that made me turn. And there she was, standing so prettily in her long, black evening dress and just looking at me. I think that my mouth dropped a foot or more as I saw how delicate, how cute, how lovely, how feminine Barbie was, even as she sat so gracefully across the table from me.

"I don't want you to be here," were the first words that came out of Barbie's mouth. She pulled her gloved hand back as I tentatively reached out to take it in mine. I felt the panic rising inside me as I looked at her so serious face.

“You know what this place is, don’t you?” Barbara asked me as I stared at her lovely face, wanting to hold her, kiss her as I had once upon a time.

“It, it’s a f-female impers- ...” I began but she shook her lovely, blonde hair that crossed her back and swished over her thin, silvery shoulder straps.

“It’s not show business, like Vegas,” Barbara said to me. “Oh, we put on a show, sort of,” she went on, crossing her legs with a feminine rustle of her clothing that turned my knees to jelly. “But we’re all on sale here, or did you know that already?”

“No,” I croaked, having scrambled to sit opposite her, wondering now if she’d wanted me to do that, wondering, in fact, if she was waiting for some man to claim her.

“Best we could do, after Vegas,” said Barbara. “We had to sex up the show a lot as well or we wouldn’t have an audience at all. Watching us, listening to Cheryl, you could tell why, couldn’t you?”

“N-No,” I gasped one more time.

“Just get out of here,” Barbara finally hissed at me. “Get out of here, Seth. Go far away and deal with your infatuation with me with some nice, some real girl. I, I have another show to do. It’s even a little raunchier than the one you just saw. And th-then, I have a date for tonight.”

“White bow tie and tux?” I asked Barbara, suddenly feeling so devoid of emotion about what I was doing and where I was.

“Gary,” said Barbie, her face so still and serious. “I, I shall be his, his escort for the rest of the evening.”

“And he pays you for that?” I asked her.

Barbie couldn't look at me as she nodded.

“The pay is good?” I asked her, more harshly than I had intended.

“Yes,” she said, swishing so enticingly as she stood. “No, Seth, don't stand. Just go away and leave me alone. I'm a different person than I was before Vegas, even as I was in Vegas. I've, I've learned what a girl like me has to do to make a living. I'm booked up all of this week and into next with, with dates. So, go away, Seth, Have a nice life.”

The way Barbie walked away from me made my mouth water. I shook inside as much as her shapely tush shook as she walked over to a man near to the dance floor, smiled up lovingly into his eyes, and kissed him lightly, nodding to him as if in response to some question. Yes, she had solved her problem with me. Or so she thought.

Toning down my stage makeup took me forever as my eyes kept blurring each time I thought about Seth. “I didn't tell you to dump him forever,” Caroline said beside me, primping her hair as she stood in pantyhose and bra, prepping for our tryst with Gary and Arthur.

“He was going to be a pest, anyway,” I said to her, trying not to cry and let her know just what I was really feeling. “Just the way he was in Las Vegas.”

“I wouldn’t have called him a pest,” said Carrie. “Did he say how he managed to find out where you were?”

I shook my long hair, frowning at it. Gary liked it loose. Well, he was going to get it in a French braid, I thought, beginning to plait it over one shoulder as Carrie wiggled into her panties, concealing the ugliness at her crotch.

It took me much longer than Carrie to put on new underwear, new stockings with a garter belt which was one of Gary’s requirements in a girl like me. I had to find a pair of high heels to match my short, clingy black dress and had to fix my earrings, my necklace and my other jewellery.

I was over ten minutes behind Carrie when I minced out of the dressing room. “Night,” I called to Roger, one of the owners of Josephine’s and one of the first dates Caroline had arranged for me.

“In the limo,” Roger said to me, pointing to the long, black car outside the club. “Going up in the world, aren’t we, Bar-bar-a!”

Roger always slowed and stretched out my name when he had to say it, almost as if he was trying to remind me that I was a man and that I should be put in my place. I smiled smugly at him as I sa-shayed out to the car, the driver holding the door for me. Ooo, Gary, I thought, you do know the way to a girl’s heart. Only it wasn’t Gary sitting on the back seat but Seth, studying me as I wiggled into the car, my tush against his as I sat beside him.

“Your date accepted two thousand dollars to let me take his place with you,” Seth said to me. “I’m supposed to match it for having you spend the rest of the night with me.”

“I, I don’t ever get that much, a tenth at most,” I whispered shakily to him.

“Ah,” said Seth. “But I promised the man. You’ll have to take it from me. Um, do you normally take it before or after ...?”

“After,” I hissed at him, glancing up at the shuttered window in front of us. The driver seemed to know where we were going.

“Do you want to go to this ball?” Seth asked me, his arm still in his own lap and not about me which I found astounding. He had always wanted to be touching me when we had been together before. “I bought tickets as well. We’ve missed the dining but the dancing goes on till breakfast if that’s what you want. I promised to take you home after breakfast but that can be anytime, couldn’t it?”

I was tempted to tell my knight in shining armor that his maiden was more than a little tarnished. He was only paying for my time until eleven o’clock in the morning, the time my date’s hotel room would have to be vacated. Of course, it was earlier than that really as my date had to be checked out before the actual witching hour.

“I love dancing with a handsome man,” I said to Seth, looking ahead and not smiling.

“Pity,” murmured Seth and I slowly turned to look at him. “Our driver already has his orders,” Seth said.

I didn’t ask him what they were. It was a complete surprise to me then when the car turned the palatial grounds of the newly built Gold Rush Hotel, so new and expensive that not all of it was open. I turned and stared at Seth.

“It was recommended to me to stay in while I was here,” he confessed immediately. “It’s just a hotel, really.”

It wasn’t just a hotel. And Seth didn’t have just a room. His suite had two bedrooms as well as a living room. It had champagne, delivered complimentary and cold at nearly four o’clock in the morning. The beds were equipped with male and female sleepwear. I gazed in awe at the luxury of the room and, for the first time since I had started doing what Carrie had wanted me to do, I felt that I was an escort, a woman paid to have sex with men, a prostitute.

“I suppose you want me to get into bed with you?” asked Barbara, staring about the sumptuous room that I’d barely looked at before. Yes, it was remarkably overdone, its décor not my style at all.

“Better me than that Gary,” I said to her, standing away from her. “Whatever did you see in him? If I was a woman, I could never kiss a man like that. He drools, for goodness’ sake.”

Barbie shivered and smiled tremulously at me then.

“What is it?” I had to ask her, thinking she was smiling at some mistake I’d made.

“You called me a woman,” whispered Barbie, looking up at me as she swished over to me.

“Well, you are,” I had to say.

“My dates never call me that,” Barbie murmured as she leaned against me and she kissed me.

Yes, she will swear it was different, that I did this and I did that to entice her into my arms. But I didn't. Barbara was the one to come to me and to stand on tiptoe and search for my lips with hers. And it was just as if I was kissing her for the first time again. I felt all my spirits soaring in pleasure and satisfaction as I pressed my lips onto hers. Her arms went about my head. I lifted her up and took her to the marvellous bed which we didn't leave from then on until way into the evening of the next day.

And we slept very little in that enormous, silk-draped bed. I couldn't kiss her enough and she couldn't kiss me enough. I started to take off my clothes and she began as well until I stopped her. I wanted to be the one to undress her, the woman with whom I was in love. Oh, I didn't admit it to her right away but I knew it even as my trembling hands undid her dress and slid it from her lovely, womanly body.

I knew it as I kissed her back into the soft pillows while she murmured that she should take off her makeup. I wanted to take off her bra first and caress the lovely mounds on her chest with my hands, my fingertips and my mouth. She was pulling me down on her so urgently that I didn't get to remove anything more of her clothing as Barbara wanted me to penetrate her. I could tell as I wanted to do it to her as well. She was wiggling her body under me so that I could lift her legs easily about me. Her tongue licked at me and urged me to possess her mouth in masculine fashion.

And then I was inside her and we were one, man and woman. I told her she was my woman and I loved her. Barbie became even more aroused than I remembered from before, bucking and twisting as I

freed her from her bondages and entered her deeply, her panties only a little down onto her thighs, tearing in fact in the rumbling and tumbling of our love play in which I had to be as male as I have never been with a woman before. That was because my delicious, delicate Barbara wanted only to be a woman, to do womanly things for me, to kiss me as a woman should, and to have me treat her in every way as if she was a woman.

Barbara even squealed like a woman when she convulsed beneath me, having her female orgasm as I classified it, not having her explain it to me. I just drove into her even more fiercely than before and she was in complete subjugation to me as a man, her kisses pouring onto me, my face, my body, my nipples and even my manhood in the course of time when I weakened after having her so many times.

She was a real vixen then as Barbie wanted her man to treat her as a woman all through the night. She awakened me enough so that I could keep going on and matching her feminine affectation for continual sex, so much like a woman in that regard. A poor man like me was ultimately worn out by a woman like Barbara. I just couldn't go on longer than six hours, weak old me.

Josephine's is *The Beautie Shoppe* now. My husband, he makes me call him that, bought out Roger and his friends and immediately upgraded the whole place. We have most of the girls from Vegas Queens working there for us now.

Miranda has turned out to have quite a head for managing and organizing. Well, she did have her degree in Business Administration we found out but she won't show us as it's not in her 'real' name. She's the manager of *The Beautie Shoppe* and runs one particular employee of hers a real dog's life. Cheryl is on her knees almost all of the time, she cried to me, begging me not to tell Miranda as she can't live without being on her knees to Miranda anyway.

Miranda has a boy friend, of course, as do a lot of the girls in the show. The escort business is no longer operating out of the old Josephine's but the Impersonators, yes, they deserve a capital 'I', in our shows are not short of male company. We employ male dancers which made girls like Carrie and Diane, Nadine and Vera, very giddy for a long time. Vera still is every male dancer's girl friend, no matter what her wife says.

And Leeann is so happy as well. She was always so nice and protective of me in the club. I hated the way some men treated her because of her size. But she has a new man in her life now, one of my husband's friends, Dave. He's not here all the time but, when he is, what a time he and Leanne have. They're almost as demonstrative as Seth and I are in kissing and cuddling everywhere in public or in private.

I'm not allowed to dance any more. My husband won't let me. And I have to obey him. He is so manly, so wonderful to me. He insisted that we get legally married and he shopped around until he found a judge who let my husband insist that I dress as a bride and marry him 'properly'. And yes, I

promised, me, Barbara Mason, I promised to love, honor and obey my wonderful husband.

No, I am not a female impersonator any more. I haven't had any surgical alterations but my husband says that I must tell everyone that I am Mrs Barbara Kent now, a female. And if I do, he'll prove to me that I am a woman in his bed at night. And if I don't, he'll prove to me that I am a woman in his bed at night.

I am not a female impersonator any more, because Seth won't let me be. So sometimes I tell people that I am Seth's wife. Sometimes I tell them that Seth is my husband. Either way, I prove it to him every night in his bed.

*****end*****