

THE MAKING OF A TRANSSEXUAL

By Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE MAKING OF A TRANSSEXUAL

By Deena Gomersall.

Chapter One: BEST OF FRIENDS

I was born and brought up on the West side of town. I was popular with the other boys in the neighborhood because they admired my daring, cavalier attitude, zest for life and sense of fun. I was also attractive to all of the girls, though when I was younger, I didn't have much time for them and thought them as stupid.

From the age of seven, my best friend was a boy called Carl. We both shared much of the same interests and understood each other, went to the same school; even sat next to each other in class. Carl lived just down the street from where I lived with my parents.

If there was one major difference between Carl and me, it was that he didn't like fighting. As such, he unconsciously invited bullies to have a go at him. Me? I was a good fighter and often found myself fighting Carl's battles for him.

Eventually, most of the roughs realized that, if they started trouble with Carl, they would also have to deal with me so they left him alone; Carl even joined the street gang that I was in.

We still had trouble from guys outside of our group, though,

As we grew up, Carl got further involved in some of the more boyish things that we got up to, though he always seemed to follow me and leave me to do things for him. Some of the guys said that he was a sissy because he never acted as rough as the rest of us. I would stick up for him and tell those who badmouthed him to lay off, that he was quieter than the rest of us... but he definitely was not a sissy.

Into our teens we were constant companions and, while getting ourselves into mischief like all boys do, we also got involved with other activities. We played football, went to the local youth club and enrolled at a sports center. We played games of squash or just messed about in the gym pumping iron and such.

By the time I was fifteen, my view on girls was changing. I began to be attracted to them and a number of girls began to hang around with the gang. Naturally, we began to pair off and began going out with the girls we had paired up with, away from the rest of the group.

Carl had a fair share of female admirers but always seemed shy around them. He was okay when he was among a mixed group of girls and boys. It was just when he was with a couple of guys and couple of girls that he would seem uncomfortable. Often I would join one of the other guys out on a double date; I would only see Carl when the gang hung out together or on the occasions that Carl and I had arranged to go off together, just the two of us.

But, so it was that we began to drift away from each others regular company; me hanging out with some of the more regular gang members and Carl discovering his own new social outlets, joining other groups of people in whatever interests they had.

By the time of my eighteenth birthday, I hadn't seen Carl in over four and a half months. I had repeatedly told myself to make contact with him, but just never got around to doing it, ...then again, he never contacted me, either.

Well, now I had an excuse. I was having a birthday bash with the other guys and Chrissie, my steady date. No way did I intend to leave my old bud out of such an important occasion, even if we *had* drifted apart a bit.

I knew that Carl had moved out from his parents place and gotten his own apartment about a half-mile across town. I went across over there to invite him along. I hadn't been there before and I hoped that I had written down the right address from his Mom. I was relieved when I heard Carl's familiar voice ask "Who is it?" from the other side of the door.

"Hey, old buddy, it's me, Don," I answered.

"Don! Oh, erm, hold up one moment," came his reply.

He sounded surprised and I could hear the sound of him rushing about inside the place; I guess he'll never change. He always liked things to be spotless. Carl was houseproud. I guessed he would be quickly cleaning up anything out of place before allowing me in. Finally I heard the turn of the key and, as the door swung open, there stood Carl.

"Don. It's great to see you, mate. Come on in, make yourself at home," he offered.

I let out a low whistle as I entered the light, airy, spacious pad he was living in. It was spotlessly clean, not a thing out of place, as I had expected.

"Hey, neat, man. What's it like having your own place?"

"Fine, just fine. I love having the privacy and being able to do my own thing, though it does get damn lonely once in a while," he confessed.

"Small price to pay for being out of your old man's hair, eh?" I said as I sat down on the soft leather, heavily-padded sofa.

"Yeah, I guess; but the quiet and the loneliness can be pretty depressing sometimes. You fancy a drink of tea or something? I'll put the kettle on."

"Don't suppose you have any cold beer in, do you buddy?"

"No, sorry. I don't usually drink when I'm at home, other than the odd glass of wine," he replied.

"Well, tea'll be just fine then."

As Carl made his way over to the sink, I settled back into the sofa and immediately felt something stick into my back. I reached behind myself and drew out whatever it was from behind the cushion. A lacy black brassiere was revealed and I grinned to myself.

As Carl returned carrying two cups of tea on a silver serving plate, I shot him a knowing look. "But you're not *too* lonely on evenings, apparently," I suggested.

"What do you mean?"

I revealed the bra I had found and shot him a wink and a broad grin, "So, who is she then? Anyone I know, or did you meet her at one of them groups you go to?"

Carl turned deep red and asked me to hand him the bra.

"Hey, there's no need for you to get all embarrassed on my account, you know. Don't forget, me and you are best mates. I think it's great that you've found yourself a steady girlfriend at last."

"Er, she's just someone. You...you don't know her," Carl replied in an edgy voice.

"All right pal, I won't press any further. I wasn't trying steal her from you or anything. Hey, you don't know! I'm going steady with Christine Baker now. Remember her? The girl with the long, shapely legs and big...you know?"

Carl eased up a little. "Oh, yes, I remember her...the one you always said was all tits and arse with legs up to her neck."

I laughed. "Yep, the very same. Anyway, let me get to the point of my being here. You may have forgotten, old buddy, but I come of age on Friday and me and the boys are having a night out. I'd be offended as hell if you weren't there. Oh, and feel free to bring your girlfriend, too."

"I'd love to come Don, but I don't think that Carol will. She's really shy among strangers and in crowds."

"That's a pity, but I expect you to introduce her to me some time," I told him.

I stayed there for another hour or so, catching up on what he had been up to the past few months, before setting off back home.

My birthday went well and, as you would expect, we all had plenty to drink. The other guys were pleased to see Carl after his lengthy absence and were happy for him as a result of my telling them he now had a girl in his life. It had crossed a few of their minds that he may be a bit of a fag seeing as he had never been known to have any kind of relationship with a girl before. As the night folded and everyone began to drift off back home, I approached Carl who had gotten himself slightly the worse for drink.

"Hey, pal, thanks for coming along. It's been great to see you out with all the boys again. Don't be a stranger, man. Keep in touch. I'm sure that mystery girl will let you loose once in a while."

As I was speaking, Carl was rolling himself a cigarette. He giggled a bit at what I said. "Ha ha, she...she's not en...entirely unknown to you. You've, you've all sheen her be...before," he replied drunkenly.

Rather than asking him where, my attention was drawn to the cigarette he was rolling.

"How long you been doing your own, man?" I questioned.

"Oh, 'bout six months now," he replied.

“So, what you rolling in there, mate?”

“Aw, just a bit of weed man, ain't nuthin' much.”

“Carl, you pillock. What the hell you doin' smoking weed? Christ man, you know that stuff ain't no good for you. I...I ought to land you one right here and now.”

“Back off, man,” Carl protested. “You, you ain't my minder or nuthin'. What I do hashn't nothin' to do with you.”

“I'm not your minder, huh? You never said anything like that all the times I was getting my butt kicked defending you. All the times that I've stuck up for you! That's the thanks I get?”

“Hey, I'm shorry Don. I wasn't thinkin'. I guess I've jus'...”

“You know my feelings on drugs, Carl. Tobacco is as strong as I go. Who got you started on that stuff anyway? Was it Carol?”

“Er, no. She does smoke the stuff, but it was some of the crowd that attend one of the clubs I've joined.”

I gave Carl a hard look. “Well mate, it's your body, but if I were you, I would keep away from it,” I told him.

Not long afterwards I reached my own place. I was still living with my parents but I was free to come and go as I liked. My folks had already turned into bed by the time I got home; I had soon crashed out myself, not long after hitting the sack.

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On my way home from work the following day, I decided to drop by Carl's place and make sure that he had gotten home safely. My bus route passed close by to where he lived and I knew that he didn't work on Saturdays.

Once again I found myself beating upon his door for what seemed like ages before he came and asked who was there. He sounded put-out when I said it was me. “Oh, just hold on Don. I'm not sure where I've placed my key,” he told me.

I waited for around seven or eight minutes, sitting on his step, wondering why he kept himself behind locked doors when, finally, I heard the key turn. As Carl's face peered around the door, I saw that his clothes were disheveled and his hair all mussed up. I began to wonder if he'd slept through the day with a hangover...or maybe Carol had called around and I had disturbed them.

“Have I come at a bad time, mate?” I asked. “I just thought that I would check that you got home okay. I can call back at another time.”

“No, no, it's all right, honest. I wasn't doing anything special. Come on in, I'll put the kettle on.”

As I entered, the room looked its normal tidy state. There was no bras to be seen this time as I sat myself on the sofa.

“Yeah. I called a cab,” Carl informed me as he prepared two cups. “Got home about 2:30, great night though. I really enjoyed it.”

Soon he was handing me a cup of tea and I looked upwards to thank him.

“Cheers! Hey! What's that?” I suddenly asked.

“What's what?” Carl asked, looking a bit startled.

“Did someone land you one last night?” I asked as I stood up to take a closer look at the slight black and bluish coloring by the side of his left eye. “Hell, that isn't a bruise. What is it?”

Carl suddenly looked horrified and started to turn red. Walking over to a wall mirror, he looked at himself and began rubbing at the mark. When he returned, the mark had vanished and he had a sheepish look. Smiling nervously, he just said, “Oh, it wasn't anything.”

“It was some kind of mark or smudge,” I stated earnestly. I began to wonder to myself and was just about to ask him if it was some kind of makeup when he spoke out.

“Don, look; I'd better explain to you. Like you were saying on Tuesday, you and I have never kept secrets from one another. I er, I don't have a girlfriend called Carol.”

I held my breath and looked at him questioningly, searching his dark eyes for an explanation.

“That, that bra you found...well, uh, it was...it was mine.”

I just stood there and stared at the person who had been my best friend all my life; the one person I really thought I knew better than anyone else. “Are you telling me that you are one of those guys who get their kicks by dressing in female clothes?” I asked. Carl's shamefaced silence provided me with the answer.

“Oh Carl!...for fuck's sake. First you're smoking weed and now you tell me you get turned on by parading around in stockings and garter belts.”

“Don't hate me for it, Don. It's just a harmless pastime. I don't hurt or offend anybody.”

“Hey, man, you've really changed. You've always been on the quiet side but, but...hell, Carl. I'd better go. What you do in your own time is your business, not mine...but, fuck; sort yourself out man, willya?”

I got up to leave and tried to avoid the pained look in Carl's eyes.

“You, you won't go telling everyone about me, will you?” he almost pleaded.

“No,” I returned sharply. “I owe that much at least to my former best mate,” I said coldly as I closed the door behind me and headed up the path away from his apartment.

Chapter Two: NEW LODGINGS

Right or wrong, I kept clear of Carl's house after that. I couldn't really explain it, but the mere thought of what he was doing just made me feel...well. Anyway, I knew I just wouldn't feel the same in his company anymore.

I hung out with the rest of the gang and continued to see Chrissie. Six months passed. During that time I couldn't help thinking about Carl every now and then, even feeling guilt-ridden about keeping away for so long. After all, we had been the closest of pals for over eleven years. That couldn't just be wiped away.

There came a night when my folks had turned in early and I had been out with Chrissie. Well, one thing led to another; we were both feeling horny as hell and I sneaked her up into my room.

Of course, Dad discovered Chrissie's coat and purse downstairs, then began making investigations. Coming into my room, he saw Chrissie and me in bed together.

To say he blew his top would be a severe understatement; he went ape shit. Once he dispatched Chrissie, he gave me the full broadside.

"How *dare* you treat mine and your Mother's home in such a disgusting way?" he demanded to know.

"Whatever happened to it being my home too, Dad?" I asked.

"You may pay board, but that does not entitle you to use my home like some, some...brothel!"

"Hey, wait. Chrissie isn't some call girl or something, Dad. She's real decent," I snapped back.

"You kids today don't *know* the meaning of decency. In my day, you didn't sleep with a woman until you had said your vows and made her your wife. Now, everyone just seems to sleep with everyone else. You have no morals at all. It's sinful."

"Oh, come off it, Dad. Even in your so-called 'time', people slept out of wedlock. Didn't 'free love' start in the Sixties?"

"Don't get smart-mouthed with me. It doesn't change the fact that I will *not* tolerate you using my home for such immoral purposes, do you hear me?"

"I'm eighteen now, Dad. I'll sleep with whoever I wish; but I won't stay anyplace where I have to abide by such ridiculous rules. I personally do *not* think that I have done anything wrong. If you *do*, then fine, I'm outta here...I'll go find somewhere else to live."

"Well, that's fine by me. Go get your bags packed and be out of here as soon as possible."

Damn! I was in a bad mood for the rest of that day at work. I was eighteen years old, I shouldn't have to stand for being treated like a kid anymore. Still, I *had* put my foot in it a little. I mean...where was I going to go? If I had at least a few weeks to hunt for a place, it wouldn't have been so bad.

I reasoned that Dad was angry at me right now but by the time I got home he'd have settled down some. I felt sure he would let me stay until I found alternative accommodations. I intended to get my own place just as much as he wanted me to.

I called around at Chrissie's after work only to have *her* old man turn me away at the door telling me I was a bad influence. Dad had phoned, telling him what we'd been up to last night, hadn't he? Shit! Things were getting bad.

Mom would have talked Dad into letting me hang about for a while had it not been for me blowing my top over him having phoned Chrissie's Dad. Well, that was that; we had a blazing argument and I found myself out at the front door with a couple of bags and a back pack. Damn!

My first move was to go around all of the guys who had their own pads but nobody seemed to want the inconvenience of having me staying with them and they made up all kinds of lame excuses. I sure learned who my friends were.

Then I trailed around some of the hostels or cheap apartment blocks but the hostels required ID and various forms while the landlords of the apartments were asking for three weeks pay up front. I didn't *have* that much money.

I was getting really tired and my arms were killing me lugging the two bags around everywhere. I was contemplating sleeping in the park or the bus station overnight when I suddenly thought of Carl. How could I have forgotten him? He would surely put me up for a couple of nights; just until I found somewhere else.

Carl was out when I arrived. I knew because there were no lights on. Tired and exhausted, I sat upon one of my bags on the front door step awaiting his return.

"Don. DON!"

The calling of my name woke me from sleep; I must have dozed off. I shivered from the cold and looked up to see Carl staring inquisitively at me.

"Carl! What time is it?" I asked dozily.

"A quarter after eleven. Don, what are you doing here?"

"Look Carl, I have to ask a favor. I've been kicked out by my old man. Is it all right if I shack up here for a few days just 'til I get somewhere more permanent?"

A slight smile spread over his face and then his expression changed. "You sure you can stand to share a place with a pervert?"

"Gee buddy, I deserved that; and I'm real sorry for the last time. I did keep my word, though.. I never told anyone."

"Man, that was big of you. So; how *do* you feel about sharing a place with me and Carol?"

I looked at him inquisitively.

"You know, the *other* me. I relax better as a woman when I get home from work; it's the only way to relieve all the stress of the day. I look forward to unwinding in female clothes and I have no intention of doing anything different just because I have company."

"You mean, you'd dress as a girl...in, in female clothes, while I'm here?" I asked incredulously, wondering just what he would look like as a girl. Just like all the other sissy drag queens, I supposed: outrageous-looking men with makeup plastered all over their faces and ill-fitting clothes.

"I have no hang-ups about it, that's the way I am now. If you don't think you could cope seeing me like that, then find somewhere else to bed down."

"You mean...I can stay?"

Carl's face softened. "If you wouldn't get too embarrassed, I guess I *do* owe you a few favors. Beside, like I said to you, it does get lonely sometimes."

Carl unlocked the door and I carried my bags inside, happy in the thought that I would get a decent night's sleep. I was led up to a guest bedroom and shown which drawers I could use. The bed was already made up.

Carl returned downstairs to brew some tea. I swear, he lives on that stuff. I found that the other drawers and a built-in closet all contained feminine clothes. Oh well, I guess I could live with that.

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In spite what Carl had threatened about my seeing him in his alter-ego, I didn't. I would be the first up to go to work and out of the place before he came down. I didn't know if he wore a nightie to bed or was used to pulling on a dress as soon as he returned home from work, but, whether to spare embarrassment for both of us or not, he didn't do either.

Carl would fix a meal for us both; then, after helping with the washing-up, I would go out. He either stayed in or went out after I had gone.

If Carl was going to his club, I was normally in bed before he returned, or at least in my room. Two weeks passed without my ever seeing him in his feminine state.

This was a relief, as to see Carl all poned up would ruin the image of my best friend; of the person outside my family I had only ever really known. Yet, I couldn't help feeling that I was imposing on him and preventing him from doing what he enjoyed doing, what he normally did and had a right to do in his own home.

Over a tasty meal during the third week (Carl was a real good cook!), I raised the subject.

"Look man, I'm starting to feel real bad. I've been trying to get lodgings but they are real hard to find, especially with me working six days a week; I don't have much time to spend looking."

"Don't worry about it, Don. You're okay living here as long as you need to, you know that. Besides, the extra money comes in useful."

"Yeah, maybe, but I'm holding you back, aren't I? I mean, I do try to keep out of your way but..."

"Holding me back?" he questioned. "Back from what?"

"You know, your thing...your dressing up."

"Oh, you mean Carol," he replied with a wry smile. "No, not really. I've still being doing it; though maybe I haven't seen her as often as usual."

"Well that's just it, I feel like I'm imposing. I thought you said you were going to disregard me and dress up anyhow?"

"Yes, I did say that," he said as he took a cigarette out of his packet and handed me one. "I realized that I would embarrass you. I don't want to make you feel uneasy or uncomfortable."

"You have every right to do as you want in your own home; and I don't suppose I would mind *too* much. In fact, I would like to meet her," I lied.

"You would!?" Carl replied, his delicate face lighting up, "Nah, you're just saying that."

"No, really mate," I insisted, "But I suppose you would feel awkward dressed up in front of me, wouldn't you?"

"No, not at all. I've accepted what I am. In fact, I go out regularly dressed as Carol."

"You mean to say you go outside? Dressed in women's things? In *public*?" I asked incredulously, "Don't you feel embarrassed? Don't people laugh at you or the cops pull you in?"

Carl smiled broadly. "It's not an offense. Just wait there, Don. I'll let you meet her and you can judge for yourself."

In a flash he left the room and ran upstairs. Now I really did feel awkward and was wishing I had not said anything. I suspected that I would feel more embarrassed on behalf of my buddy than for myself.

I began to make a mental picture of him with big pink blotches on his cheeks and thickly smeared red lipstick on his lips; gigantic false eye lashes and a gaudily-colored, curly wig.

I pictured him bulging out of tight-fitting clothes or dresses that were far too big, wobbling on outrageously high heels and showing off skinny legs with knobby man-nish knees covered in dense hair.

Eventually, I settled down a little and became much less apprehensive, mainly due to the length of time he was taking; over a half hour had gone by. I had expected him down in a few minutes. I was lighting up a second cigarette when I heard the stairs creaking slightly. He was coming back down and my heart started racing wildly all over again. I didn't want this, I didn't want to see my friend looking ridiculous and I stared at the floor.

"Well, what'ya think?" a soft, almost girlish, voice asked. I slowly lifted my eyes and looked towards the door.

"JESUS!" I heard my own voice gasp.

Framed within the doorway was a young-looking, very attractive brunette. She had masses of long, wavy hair tumbling down to fall softly over each narrow shoulder. Her eyes looked wide and sexy with long, curled lashes. There were several shades of blue shadow delicately blended together on each lid. Her cheek bones appeared to be high

but her cheeks were slightly sunken. Glossy, pouting, red lips smiled at me nervously. Upon her ears were two sets of large, hooped earrings.

The silky black, formfitting body suit she wore had an elasticized collar that was stretched over each delicate shoulder; the top of her shoulders being bare. Well-shaped “breasts” protruded from underneath the silky material. Her narrow waist was emphasized by a 5-in. wide glossy black belt; below that hung a skirt of deep blue satin of several ruffled layers that made it look like cascading water.

The hem of the skirt fell to just above her far-from-knobby knees, revealing a pair of shapely, smooth-looking legs adorned in shiny black, opaque pantyhose. On her feet she wore trendy modern sandal-style shoes with three ¼-inch thick, black suede straps across the foot and a fourth that crisscrossed around her shapely ankle. Her heels were 3½" blocks.

Long, slender, hairless arms fell timidly by her sides; a wide golden bracelet adorned the left wrist. I noticed she had long, tapering, glossy red fingernails upon fingers that wore several, small stoned rings.

“So, what do you think?” she asked again, nervously.

“Carl!” I gasped.

An enchanting, beautiful smile parted her pretty red lips and practically melted my heart. “No, actually, it's Carol,” she corrected.

I was totally mesmerized. At some point, I found myself sitting besides her on the sofa. I could only think of this person as female she sat nearby me with her long, shapely legs crossed delicately at the knee.

For quite some time we just talked about how Carl had first started his “hobby”.

All the time she/he spoke, my senses were dizzied by the heady perfume she was wearing. “No wonder you dare walk around dressed. Nobody would *ever* guess that you aren't what you appear to be. But aren't you concerned about getting hit on by guys?” I asked.

“Not really. Those I don't like, I know how to get rid of; those I do, I flirt with a little.”

“You flirt with them! But, what if they pursued it? You know? I mean, it isn't just some game. Don't you think you're living dangerously?”

Carl, or rather Carol, began to blush and didn't say more. A terrible thought came to my head...perhaps Carl is homosexual, or at least bisexual. I felt embarrassed and didn't pursue it. I did learn from him, however, that the club he went to was for people like himself, transvestites. I had never realized it was such a big thing, as common as it was. I certainly didn't expect them to have their own clubs and meeting places.

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As the days passed, I began to see more and more of Carol than Carl and I became more comfortable with her presence. I also began to learn a whole lot more about transvestitism. I learned that there were societies, magazines, books—both fictional

and non-fictional—and shops all across the country, indeed all over the world, catering to their needs. There were chains of shops that sold outsized dresses and shoes to specifically fit males. There were false breasts as well as medications to grow your own! I was truly amazed.

Other than our time together in the apartment, Carl and I continued to do our own things and go our separate ways. I would hang out with the rest of the guys at our regular haunts or go out with Chrissie; Carl would go to his club or socialize with some of his new friends when not at home and dressing up.

Chrissie's father, Les, did his best to prevent me from seeing her. One evening, when I had arranged to take her out, he suddenly produced a surprise party for her. I was left with nothing to do for the evening. Carl was upstairs getting ready to go out.

"I thought you were meeting Chrissie tonight?" he called down from upstairs. His question was followed by a pungent smell of perfume.

"No, she's got something else on tonight. She's just phoned and canceled our date," I called back.

"So what are your plans now for the evening, then? You gonna go meet the rest of the boys?"

"No, everyone's arranged to go their separate ways tonight. I guess I'll just stay in and watch the TV."

Soon after, I heard Carl descending the stairs, midway through his transformation. He was wearing a bra with some kind of plastic inserts in the cups. He had on pantyhose and a mid-thigh length half-slip. Although his face was made-up, he wasn't wearing his wig which created quite an odd vision.

"Hey, Don, if you haven't anywhere to go, then how about joining me at the Paradise Club?"

I looked at him and burst out laughing. "Oh yeah, *highly* likely."

"No, I'm serious. Why not come? It's a really good evening out."

I saw from Carl's expression that he wasn't joking.

"What! You really serious? There is no fucking way that I am *ever* going to dress up as a woman. It may suit *you*, pal, but *I'm* straight."

Carl looked both annoyed and hurt by my outburst. "Thanks a lot, Don. I was just trying to get you out somewhere rather than you staying in."

"Listen, I'm sorry if I sounded rude, Carl, but, well, you have those soft features and slim frame that help you make a convincing looking girl. But look at me! Can you picture me wearing makeup with this mush?"

"Actually I wasn't expecting you to go as a girl or anything like that. I just thought we'd go together."

"But won't everyone regard me as your boyfriend or something? I don't want anyone assuming that I'm queer."

“Don't be silly. They all know that I have *far* better taste,” Carl joked. “But really, I know nearly everyone that goes there. I'll introduce you as a friend and nobody will consider you gay nor will they try to chat you up. Believe me, they can tell who is straight and who's not. You do get some nice-looking chicks in there sometimes, too.”

Don't ask me why or even how, but I finally agreed to go along with him. I had never been comfortable around homosexuals and yet, here I was, going to a club that was full of them. I knew that I would freak out if anyone tried to touch me up or get fresh with me. I would end up decking them, I felt sure.

Carl had finished his dressing and was now in a lacy black top and a short red leather skirt that revealed most of his nylon-encased legs. He looked a knockout!

“How the hell do you dare wear such revealing clothes?” I challenged.

“If you got it, flaunt it,” he laughed. Carl sure had it.

I looked totally the opposite in a pair of stone-washed jeans and a plain shirt.

“Well, ready to go then?” I asked, feeling unsure if I was supposed to take his arm or not. There was a compulsion to; then I thought, “No way, Carl's a guy!” and walked out in front.

Carl slid into the seat of his Cavalier with me in the passenger seat. As he did so, the already short skirt he was wearing slid even further up his hairless, shapely legs; I couldn't help but look. Carl noticed and smiled, his pearly white teeth flashing through his bright red painted lips.

I briefly wondered how on earth he was going to drive in his stiletto-heeled sandals but, as we pulled away, I could tell that he was well-practiced driving in such footwear.

In town, as we stopped at lights, groups of young men passing by looked in through the windscreen with obvious attraction for the beautiful driver. I found myself glowing with pride in that it was me, not them, who was her companion.

The Paradise Club was nothing like what I'd imagined. There were three separate rooms. One was a lounge with plush carpeting and large comfortable chairs in groups of four around highly polished tables. A smaller room had a bar and, to one side, about half a dozen less luxurious tables with six chairs to each table. Then there was the main room.

This was a wide, spacious room with covered seats around cloth-adorned tables.

Taking up one third of the floor space was a dance floor with lots of colored disco lights flashing from a metal framework above. A music was run from one corner, the DJ having two decks, lights and a stack of CD's and audio tapes. The whole place was alive and buzzing to vibrant sounds when we got in and a number of couples were already dancing on the floor.

Seated around the room were groups of men, women and mixed couples. I reckoned that some of the “women” would in fact be men but it was difficult to pick those out. There were more groups of women sitting together than anything and I suspected that the really attractive ones would be wives or girlfriends.

Similarly, small groups of “women” dancing together would be both male and female, I reasoned. There were some men dancing with what did look to be real women. I couldn't understand why a straight couple would frequent a place like this, so I assumed, they were in fact, two guys.

The coloring of the walls, carpeting and drapes was all mauves, purples, light pinks and lilacs, which to me was a bit off-putting but, in general, the place looked very plush.

While I was busy casting my eye around the room and its clientele, I was aware of Carl wandering around greeting everyone. He seemed to know everybody there, while I just felt like a fish out of water.

“Carol, darling. You look positively divine this evening,” I heard one plump “woman” greet Carl. I assumed that “she” just had to be a man. Squeezed into a tight, glittering dress with what looked like a short, straight auburn wig perched upon her head, cut straight from just below the ears to the back of her head and outrageously long eye lashes. “She” was the perfect image of what I had expected Carl to look like that first time.

After the person had departed, I turned to Carl. “A man, right?” I asked knowingly. Carl nodded.

“Yeah, I thought as much. I can suss them out easily.”

“Really?” Carl inquired with a grin. “I'll tell you what then. Most haven't arrived yet, but let's just walk around and you tell me who you think is male and who is female.”

Well, that taught me! Out of the forty-three people wearing dresses in the room, I guessed about twenty-six to be real women, even though the balance seemed wrong. In reality, thirty-one were men. I had even figured four real women to be male, so I had guessed seventeen wrongly.

As the club began to fill up, some real “stunners” began to come in. By now, I had learnt to watch out for certain things in order to sex them, such as size of hands, Adam's apple and such like. I was doing much better at my little guessing game, though there were still some that looked every bit like glamorous females.

There was also some real dolls in there that were one hundred per cent women. I was fancying my chances of chatting one or two of them up until I discovered that they were the wives or girlfriends of the queens...or whatever you want to call them. What a waste, I thought. Babes like them would much prefer *real* men.

There were many inquiries put to Carl as to who I was and he introduced me by saying that I was just a longtime friend of his. I found, to my discomfort, that I was getting a few admiring glances from the queens.

Transvestites, I found, come in all shapes and sizes. There were slender ones, fat ones, petite ones, tall ones, some well over six foot, and short ones, all doing their best to look pretty and feminine, or, in some cases, just outrageous.

I couldn't believe it when I was told that one of them was a body builder! He covered his bulky muscles by wearing loose-fitting clothes. One was a professional quarterback. He always chose to wear trouser suits with large, flared bottoms, though in

soft materials. He did this, I was told, to cover his hirsute legs. Being in the public eye, he could hardly go shaving his legs just to display them each Thursday night. He did, though, always wear delicate, high-heeled sandals on his feet.

There were rich people, poor people who got their “stuff” from goodwill shops, Judges, Politicians, Garage Mechanics, Miners, Steel workers, Truckers, Businessmen, you name it.

As the night went on, I relaxed into the surroundings and got to know a few of the people. Some were obviously gay by their voice and mannerisms; I tended to distance myself from those, but others were totally straight and really nice to talk to.

Carl, or Carol, as everyone called him, went with two others in dresses for a dance. One guy in a long red gown invited me for a dance, which, of course, I very hastily declined.

“May I sit here?” someone asked from behind me.

The “someone” was an attractive-looking woman which, my instincts told me, was actually a man. He/she was wearing a floral patterned dress which fell to about the knee; he wore patterned nylons and white sandals. He also wore expensive-looking, dangling jeweled earrings, two necklaces and a string of beads. His face was tastefully made-up.

I must have looked uncomfortable.

“Don't worry,” he laughed, in a soft, yet manly voice, “I'm not trying to pick you up.”

I nodded to one of the seats. “Thank you,” he said as he pulled out the offered seat and placed himself upon it, “By the way, I'm Mike...or, as I am at the moment, Michelle,” he said, offering me his hand.

I reddened and looked hesitant. “Do I shake it or kiss it? I asked in genuine uncertainty.

He laughed softly again. “Let's shake, shall we, or my wife may get jealous.”

I blushed.

Mike, or Michelle rather, began to ask me why I didn't relax more. “I have watched you turn down quite a few dances. They ask anybody who is available for a dance you know; they're not trying to pick you up. If you look around, you'll see quite a few men dancing with the trannies. Those guys are mostly straight and just come here for some fun and to unwind,” he told me.

I got to like Michelle. He was one of those you can just easily take to, a real easygoing guy; much like Carl. I asked him how he had gotten into it and what his wife thought of it all. He told me he had a compulsion to wear women's clothes since eleven years old, but he had no desire at all to be a woman. His wife had slowly adapted after he had come clean and they both now agreed that it spiced up their love life. At that moment, Carl returned. He, of course, already knew Michelle.

“I'll go back and join my wife or she'll be thinking I've ditched her,” Michelle laughed. “I'm sure June would love to give you a dance later in the evening...if you still can't bring yourself to dance with one of us trannies.”

He gestured with a limp wrist as he said that which made Carl laugh and me smile.

“He's an all-right guy,” I said to Carl after he had gone.

“Yeah, most of them are. Like us or loath us, transvestites can be as manly as any man, yet as tender and compassionate as any woman. If more guys were like us, there would be far less violence in the world.”

That gave me something to think about; there was nobody I knew that was more harmless than Carl.

I got talking to a few more before the end of the evening and was having a conversation with a group of three Trannies—which was what they called themselves—when I set my eyes on the most stunning person I had ever seen in my life.

Her brunette hair was styled about her angelic face, falling softly to her shoulders. She wore a sparkling, black Lurex mini dress that came to mid-thigh, revealing long, shapely legs meshed in sheer black nylon. She smiled upon seeing me staring at her and I felt my heart go Pop! I was entranced.

It was her eyes more than anything else that grabbed me, sultry, seductive, twinkling eyes. I suddenly wondered to myself if she could possibly be a *guy*, taking into account where we were.

No, no way. She was the most feminine thing I had ever seen. My eyes left hers and traced their way down her low-cut dress. I could see feminine cleavage...she had breasts, real breasts...I just knew she was the real thing.

She slowly turned and walked seductively back toward her seat on high heels, moving as slinkily as a cat. My heart was captured.

Carl asked me if I would like to dance with him for the last one. He felt guilty that I was being left out but I knew I would feel really awkward dancing slow with my best friend. Then some other guy came up and asked Carl, leading him by his hand onto the dance floor. I thought of the offer to dance with June, Michelle's wife, but saw that he was already dancing with her himself.

I looked around for my dream girl but couldn't see her. Most of the seats were unoccupied as almost everyone was having the last dance and I suspected she must be amongst them. I just hoped that she was not with some husband or boyfriend. I wanted her for me. With nothing to do, other than ask one of the older, fatter, more masculine-looking trannies that had been ignored, I waited for the dance to end. The last dance was a slow one and I was both shocked and dismayed when I noticed Carl.

He and the guy were dancing very close together and Carl had his slender arms wrapped around the guy's waist, occasionally squeezing his butt!

“How can he dance like that...so close to another guy?” I wondered to myself with a shudder. I felt dismayed to see my best friend behaving in such a way.

As the dance came to an end and people began filing out, I saw that there was what appeared to be 70% more “women” than men saying their goodnights on the sidewalk outside the Paradise. A few were climbing into cabs, some getting into private cars.

It seemed obvious that many of the “females” necking with the guys were, in fact, males. In some cases, two “females” were kissing. Was it a man and woman or two trannies? Who knew?

“I thought you said that most transvestites were hetero?” I asked turning to Carl.

“Yes, most are, but there are those who are either gay or bi, too.”

“Seems like a whole lot of them to me.” I replied.

“Just snogging doesn't make you gay. They are out having fun. Necking with a guy just makes them feel more feminine and attractive; most wouldn't dream of having sex. The guys understand that too, it's harmless.

I wanted to ask Carl if he had ever necked with a guy but just couldn't bring myself to.

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After we arrived back at the apartment, we made a hot drink. Not long afterwards, we departed to our own rooms. In spite of the fact that Carl had to take off all his girly clothes and clean the makeup from his face, I knew that he would be fast asleep long before I was that night.

I lay awake just thinking about the night, the people there and how much like women some of them looked. How did they feel when dressed like that in front of others? What kind of a kick did they get from creating the image of a woman? And why would they want to? My thoughts turned to Carl dancing that last dance, my lifelong friend being intimately close to some guy. I thought about the beautiful mystery girl...would I ever see her again? I couldn't get her face free from my mind: her red pouting lips, those soft sultry eyes.

I thought about the other people. Most of those I had spoken to were decent types, very much like myself, actually, except for their little “hobby”, of course.

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Over the next couple of weeks, Carl went to his club a further three times while I went out with either Chrissie or the guys. Each time that Carl left to go, I would think of the people he would be seeing. I wondered if the mystery girl might be there and I tried to describe her to Carl but he couldn't place her. I also wondered if my friend would be dancing with some guy again that night.

I came home one particular Friday night in a real foul mood, earlier than I normally returned. Carl was in, half-lying upon the couch in a nightgown and negligee, wearing makeup and with his finger and toe nails painted a bright crimson.

“You're home early, is there anything wrong?” he inquired.

“Nothing that concerns you much,” I spat, “And Jesus Christ, can't you cover yourself up a bit, you fucking faggot.”

I could have bit my tongue off as a pained expression immediately cast itself over Carl's pretty face.

"Oh, damn man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that, it's just me."

"Just letting out your true feelings," Carl replied.

"No, that's not it at all. I suppose I'm just angry and looking for someone to take it out on."

Carl didn't look pacified, but his expression did alter slightly.

"So, do you want to talk about it?"

I sat down at the edge of the sofa near Carl's outstretched foot. "You know Hutch? Well, I just found out tonight that he's been screwing Chrissie behind my back, the bastard."

"Gee, I'm sorry to hear that, What you gonna do?"

"Do! I've already done it, I laid the slimy toad flat out."

"What about Chrissie? I know that you really cared about her."

"She's forgotten, man. I could never continue with her now, knowing what's she's been doing behind my back...with Hutch, of all people. Do you know what really chokes me though? What *really* sickens me off? All the guys knew what was going on. They all knew and nobody said anything. I'll bet they've all been laughing behind my back, my so-called mates, the lousy bastards."

Full of my own self-pity, I leaned forwards and clasped my head in my hands. I felt Carl shift position and move near to me.

"Don, they aren't worth it, none of them. I could have told you that a long time back. You knew for yourself just what they were like."

I felt Carl's arm go around my shoulder to comfort me and I recoiled, feeling threatened. I glanced at Carl who looked momentarily shocked by my action. I knew he was just being his gentle, compassionate self and if I hadn't have learnt about his secret life I wouldn't have thought twice about it.

"I'm sorry Carl; no offense, I'm just a bit uptight." I

Carl smiled at my awkwardness and obviously forced gesture.

"I'm going to turn in, mate." I continued. "What I need most is a good night's sleep."

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Over the evening meal the following day, Carl asked me my plans for the evening.

"I don't really know. Nothing, I suppose," I answered. "I certainly don't want anything to do with that pack of sewer rats."

"So you're still feeling miffed with them all, eh!"

"Of course I am, wouldn't you be? They all knew that Hutch was having it away with my girl and not one of them said a word. Well, stuff them! I don't need friends like that."

"Well, it's only a suggestion, but you could come with me, if you wish."

"I didn't think there was anything on at the club tonight?" I replied.

"No, there isn't, but that doesn't usually stop me from going out on Saturdays, does it? I'm going over to Mike and June's to watch some videos. There'll be about nine of us."

"Mike?" I questioned.

"Yes, you remember, from the Paradise club. Mike...or rather, Michelle."

Yes, now I remembered. "Who's going?" I asked, "Will they all be trannies?"

"Let's see, there'll be Mike and June, Debbie, Mandi, Jackie plus Carol and her boyfriend."

"And no doubt Mike will be Michelle?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And the others, they are all guys dressed, too?"

"Yes, but..."

"And what about you? Are you getting dressed up?"

"Yes, I had planned to."

"This Carol with her boyfriend, is she the only real girl other than June?"

"Well actually, Carol is a guy, but..."

"Well that's just swell then. You're asking me to socialize with a crowd of people who are mostly men dressed as women. There is just one woman, married, whose husband will also be wearing a dress and the only other regular guy there is a homosexual with a crossdressing boyfriend."

"Suit yourself, Don. I'll know better than to invite you the next time," Carl snapped.

"Well, you do have to agree that I would be well out of place, wouldn't I?"

"Just suit yourself. I only asked because I thought you'd said you got on well with Mike and you met Debbie at the Paradise, too. All the others are really nice people...even if they are, as you say, a bunch of sissy faggots."

"I'd just feel out of place, that's all."

"That's cool with me, pal. You just stay indoors and mope, tonight and every night. Me, I'm going out to have some fun with my 'queer' friends, friends that I love and can trust, friends I know I can rely on through thick and thin."

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Carl was looking great again as we climbed into his car. Dressed in a plain black shift dress with brown opaque panty hose and heels, he was attired tonight for visiting with friends rather than clubbing.

Okay, so I was going to feel out of place. In fairness, like Carl had said, I *did* get on with Mike or Michelle and I really *had* enjoyed myself, in spite of all my apprehensions, at the Paradise Club. Just because I was not like they were, that didn't mean that I couldn't get on with them. And Carl had been right when he'd said that these people,

no matter what their fetishes or sexual preference, were all better people than any of *my* so-called friends had proven themselves to be.

Mike, or Michelle rather, was attractively dressed and made-up again. He greeted me warmly, saying that it was nice to see me again. Of the others that were there, Debbie was...should I say prettiest-looking? Well, let's just say he was the most convincing. I discovered that he and Carl went out together quite regularly dressed as girls. I did, of course, know that Carl went out "dressed" sometimes three times a week, but I never knew where he went or who with.

Linda, I suppose, was also attractive but had slightly masculine features.

Mandi was a little on the chubby side, wore a short, pageboy-style wig, very little makeup, just a touch of mascara and light-colored lipstick. He wore a small black top with narrow shoulder straps, a wide, flared black and white striped skirt, dark nylons on smooth, hair-free legs and black high-heeled pumps.

The last was Jackie. He just looked like a man wearing a wig. I was put off by him the most; he just looked too in-between, if you take my meaning. He wore a blonde wig, white clip-on earrings, a heavy set of white beads, a long-sleeved mini-dress with large white polka dots and an eyeful of long, nylon-clad legs. He seemed something of an eccentric.

Michelle poured me a beer while informing me that June had gone out to hire the videos. Carol and Phil, who I hadn't yet met, had gone out to pick up pizzas for everyone as the delivery boy had gone off sick.

Mike and June's house was large and spacious, expensively furnished and one of those places where you hardly dared walk on the carpet in case of making a muddy mark. All of the "girls" had slipped out of their heels and were mincing about in their stocking feet. I was too embarrassed to remove my own footwear because I knew I had holes in my socks.

Their home was in the better part of town and both Mike and June ran a car each plus one "spare" in the garage. Although I had seen June when Mike/Michelle had pointed her out at the club and when he was dancing with her, I had not yet spoken to her. She arrived back about ten minutes after our arrival.

I found that she was as charming as she was attractive, blonde-haired in a short, modern bob. She wore supple makeup and a very short dress that was low-cut to reveal the cleavage of a well-shaped pair of firm breasts. Her long, shapely legs seemed to go on forever and were encased in glossy black nylon. I very nearly ejaculated just by thinking of her wrapping those delightful limbs around my waist. Gee, control yourself Don!

"Ah, yes, Donald. Carol has mentioned that you are living with her," June said to me on being introduced.

Her!! I was taken aback by Carl being referred to as female. Still, I supposed that was how I thought of these crossdressers too. Well, the convincing ones, anyway. Still, it seemed really odd to hear my buddy of so many years being referred to as...*her!*

"Oh, has...e...she?" I stumbled. "Yes, er...Carol and I go way back...though, er...totally platonic, of course."

June smiled. "Are you okay for drinks, Donald?"

"Yes, I have one, thank you, and please, call me Don. Everyone does."

As we settled down and everyone had been introduced to me, Carol and Phil arrived back with eight boxes of pizzas.

I was surprised that, in spite of Carol being attractive with long shiny blonde hair, she/he had to be about twenty years older than Phil. I judged him to be about eighteen. He was an athletically built, handsome lad and I wondered why he needed to shack up with a near middle-aged transvestite? Surely he should have had no trouble pulling some of the best chicks in town.

Whatever his "girlfriend" was wearing in her bra was very convincing; they seemed to jiggle and sway as she moved around. I'd heard Carl talk before about some kind of silicone-filled prosthesis some trannies used and I wondered if these were they.

The videos were all either crossdressing-based or movies about sex changes. "Just One Of The girls"; "New Girl"; and the last one which was called "Switch". I do admit I did rather enjoy that one; I always fancied Ellen Barkin, anyway. There was plenty to drink and Carl plus one or two others smoked roll-ups. I really do wish he'd keep off those things.

For much of the time, Carol and Phil sat together, fondling one another and having the odd kiss. He would stroke her stokinged legs and she would fondle his crotch, sometimes he would feel her lifelike breasts. They certainly appeared to love each other, in spite of the age difference.

I preferred to try and think of Carol as being a real woman because I'd have felt a bit revolted thinking that it was two *guys* kissing each other; in fact, thinking of all of them as women was the best way for me to accept them.

Between the second film and the last we had a bit of a recess from watching; it gave us time to replenish our glasses and visit the bathroom. By now, Carol and Phil were locked together on the settee while Carl, Michelle and Mindi were chatting together in the kitchen.

I remained in the room with Debbie, Jackie, Linda and June discussing the last film we'd watched.

"Have you ever considered dressing-up, Donald?" June suddenly came right out and asked.

"Me! No way, I'm quite happy being me, just dressing as a guy," I quickly replied. June's harmless question peaked the interest of the other.

"So be it. I'll never miss what I've never done, will I?"

"You know, a lot of real women are attracted to men who have a gentler nature and not afraid to show their feminine side," June chimed in again. "That women are more turned-on by big strong men with hairy bodies and bulging muscles isn't true in the

majority of cases. You are not one of those hideous men, are you, Donald, the kind that think they are too macho to show a soft, caring personality."

I didn't want to be regarded as being "hideous" so I just answered "No."

"Then why not show your gentler, feminine side? Being macho is usually just a cover for inadequate males, anyway. All men possess a softer, feminine nature, but so many of them act tough just to conceal it. They live a lie and thus miss out on a lot of fun. Out of his female clothes there is nobody that could call my hubby a sissy. He runs his own business with a rod of iron and his word is final. He is very powerful in the business world, yet he looks to his feminine side in order to relax.

"I don't honestly think that I would make much of a woman," I told them, "My features are too hard and my body too well-proportioned. If I couldn't look totally convincing, there is no way I would want to get into it."

"Bullshit!" Jackie spoke out. "Look at me. I'm hardly the calendar girl, dear; but I don't care what I look like. It's what I *feel* like that counts."

"You ought to see Peter Stainton who goes to the Paradise sometimes," Debbie chipped in. "He's a body builder, so don't say *you're* too muscular as an excuse because when he's dressed he looks really feminine."

By this time Carl had come out of the kitchen with Michelle and was listening with interest at the debate going on.

"You know, actually you have really good bone structure and delightful cheek bones. You really could make an attractive girl; I'd bet on it...if telling you what I believe isn't too insulting to your masculine pride," June then said.

I laughed out loud. "No, I don't think I agree with you on that, nor do I intend to let you try and prove it," I said, "I was very unsure about mixing with this kind of company right from when Carl...or Carol, invited me. In truth, I have found that you are not at all what I had made you out to be. I have enjoyed your company. But, from talking to you, I have learnt that dressing as women is something that you all wanted to do from a very early age. I have never shared that compulsion."

"I think that most of the girls here can tell you that it was some event or other in their lives that first led them into trying on dresses rather than just some burning desire; not until then did they discover the comfort, the enjoyment, of crossdressing. The human mind is a complex thing and perhaps no one really knows or understands themselves fully; the kind of things we really enjoy or even people. Often it has to be discovered by others *for* us," June told me.

Maybe this topic could have continued on but Michelle, seeing that I was being pressured, ended the subject.

"What say we put on the last film, if we have all refreshed ourselves?" he suggested.

With that, we all once again became seated. The room lights were dimmed while we sat and watched "Switch".

It was into the small hours when we got to saying our good nights on the front doorstep of the Hodgson's house. Carl and I both thanked them for their hospitality; the drinks, the pizzas and, of course, the movies.

I had enjoyed the evening in spite of the broadside I had received, and told Carl so. "Don't worry about what June and the others were saying; they were only trying to get you involved in the issue," he told me.

"I didn't mind it," I replied, though in truth my masculine ego had been slightly dented by the fact that they had thought I could make a convincing woman. I believed that a real man should not be *able* to be convincing. I therefore took it that they did not look at me as being a "real" man.



Chapter Three: TROUBLE AT THE PARADISE

Thursday night had come around and, after two nights indoors, I actually asked Carl if he was going to the Paradise Club and, if so, could I go along with him again.

Now that I had met several of his friends in more of a social setting, I felt that I would mix in with them easier; I might not feel so isolated and out-of-place as I did last time. I also hoped to see my mystery girl.

"Sure Don, it'd be great to have you come along. I'm sure all of those you met at Mike and June's would enjoy your company again," he told me.

And so I went for my second visit to the club. While Carl dressed in all his feminine finery, I made more of a concerted effort to look smart myself. Not that I had anything that came near to resembling a suit, but I did put on a clean white shirt with a tie and jacket that I had. I really wanted to look decent in case the girl was there again. She wasn't.

I did however, have a reasonably good time and all my new friends made a bit of a fuss over me. June embarrassed me by joking, "Donald. I thought you would have made an effort to dress a little more femininely when coming here!" I did my best to ignore her comment.

I learnt two things that particular evening...well, three, I suppose. One was that although I accepted that Carl and the others could be very convincing in an attractive sense, I also learnt that TV's could be very feminine, even glamorous. I came to this conclusion by meeting someone new.

"She" was a Korean with a petite figure, her own long, soft black hair and a beautiful face. But, it was more than just that; she was elegant; her every movement bespoke of feminine grace and her voice was soft and sensuous. She wore large hooped earrings and a full-length dress of black satin with white dots. The shoulders of the dress were puffed up and frilly, the hem tapered very narrowly with many flaring tiers and ruffles.

Her name was Mitsouku and she was actually married to an Asian businessman. I didn't even realize that these people could legally marry.

My other discovery caused me concern. I was introduced to another quite pretty TV called Lucy; he/she was sitting, eating a meal when Michelle led me over. With long, blonde hair, heavy makeup and a long silk gown, Lucy also looked very feminine. But her dress was low-cut and, as she bent forward to eat every so often, I was left with no doubt at all that he had breasts! They were not falsies, as I could see they were definitely growing out from his chest. They were real! I'm sure he noticed my look of surprise so I made a hasty exit.

"Carl!" I called, upon seeing my friend, "one of the TV's—well, at least Michelle *said* he was a he—well, anyway, he had breasts! I mean *real* ones!"

"So?" came Carl's unexpectedly impassive reply.

"So what is he...or she? I mean, well, is she a she or a he or, is he/she one of those hermaphrodites?"

"Not in the true sense, no. There are quite a few trannies who develop female breasts for a more convincing look and feel but still prefer to keep their masculinity."

"But how?" I asked in bewilderment.

"In exactly the same way they would get them if they had a sex change. The actual surgery is only to create an artificial vagina. The breasts are grown by taking hormones or by having implants."

"So then, he is a he with tits but still has his dick? Man, that's weird!"

"Actually, it is the best of both worlds, as I see it. They are often referred to as 'Shemales' and there are thousands just like Lucy all over the world. To tell you the truth, I have considered it myself."

"Don't you dare!" I stormed, "Just remember, you are a guy. Guys do *not* have *tits*."

"So is Lucy and one or two others that come in here. But don't you start telling me what I should or shouldn't do, Don! It's *my* life and I'll do as I want."

"But, but, look. I have fully accepted your dressing and acting like a woman. I just could never feel the same way about you again if you had women's tits. I couldn't get around that, it would spook me!"

"Well, that's *your* problem, Hon. I'm serious, I really would like to have my own breasts one day. It would make me feel so much more feminine," Carl stated, almost dreamily.

"Are you telling me that you would like to be a real woman ? Is that how you feel? You would want to go all the way and change your sex?"

"Good heavens no, Don. I'm happy being male, but I do like to escape into femininity, get as close to feeling like a woman as I possibly can without losing my masculine identity. I can have breasts and still remain male."

I intended to ask him how he would hide them for work or how he'd explain them to some girlfriend, but I never did, simply because a horrible thought suddenly popped into my head.

My mystery girl! The one I was unable to get out of my mind. I had been really happy when I saw that she was indeed a real girl rather than some tranny...but I had made that assumption simply on her having real, visible breasts. Now, I could no longer be sure. "Oh, please please, don't be a man and ruin my fantasy!" I thought to myself.

The reality that she possible could be a man sobered my mood. I began to get drunk.

About halfway through the night, I saw a rather masculine-looking "girl" by the door. I mean, yes, "she" was definitely a *he*...but not the normal-looking, soft-featured tranny; He looked rugged, but in an attractive sort of way. He wore a straight, shoulder-length, dark brown wig. White blouse with a string of beads, a straight black, knee-length skirt, dark nylons and medium-heeled black leather shoes. He/she was quite heavysset and wore light makeup which helped soften his otherwise masculine features.

“Well, he sure wouldn't get away with walking around town,” I laughed drunkenly, speaking in a voice loud enough for him to hear me.

“That's Lindsey, one of the doormen,” I was told.

“What! You mean a bouncer?” I laughed even louder. “Don't go telling me that even the *bouncers* wear knickers in here.”

“Keep your voice down, Don,” Carl hissed.

“Why? Will he, will he hit me with his powder puff?” I roared whilst sensing I was laughing on my own. The rest of my company were not finding my remarks amusing. I was too drunk to care what they thought.

Then some trashy, sissy TV got up dancing by himself. He wore a collar-length blonde wig and a kind of black Lurex, all-in-one romper-type suit and high heels on his feet. As he was sashaying about, I was thinking that he looked a right proper poof, but, just for the fun of it, I got up and started dancing with him. He smiled at me and began cavorting all the more. Hell, I was having fun and didn't give a toss.

When I rejoined the table again, I was met with several disapproving, glaring faces from my assembly of sissy friends.

“I think you may have had one too many, Don. Come on, I'll drive you back home,” Carl said quietly to me.

“Fuck off, Carl. I'll *tell* you when I've had enough. I've come here to enjoy myself and to see the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world...except, she isn't here.”

Just then, my attention was drawn to two trannies on the dance floor. They looked just like a couple of pretty teenage girls at first glance. Both wore masses of blue eye shadow and bright red lipstick. One wore a long auburn wig and the other a long blonde one; both wore colorful designer mini-dresses. The blonde was wearing white pantyhose and black sandals while the other was bare-legged and wore red high-heeled pumps. Neither looked older than about eighteen.

As they danced, they began to gyrate closely together, rubbing their bodies against each others. Then, the blonde put her arms around the other's neck and they began kissing, using their tongues.

“Ugh! The queer bastards, they ought to be locked away,” I said very loudly. My new outburst attracted glares, not only from my table but from all the surrounding tables, too. With a look of utter condemnation, June spoke to me.

“This is *their* club, Donald. It is where people like them come to enjoy themselves so as not to offend male chauvinist pigs like you. You are on *their* patch.”

I was about to offer some drunken reply when I heard a voice behind me.

“I'm sorry sir, I am going to have to ask you to leave.”

I turned around to see the “bouncer”.

“Oh no! Help me!” I mocked. “It's...who is it...? Lindsey the drag queen, come to throw me out.”

“If that's the way you'd like it, sir. Either that or just leave the premises quietly.”

"You have *got* to be joking, you fairy faggot! I would tear you apart if you so much as tried. I would throttle you with your own pantyhose if you even dared to scratch me."

The next thing I was aware of, I had been pulled out of my seat with my arm twisted up my back in a head lock. I was quickly marched to the door and shoved outside. Once outside, I was free from the hold and I suddenly rushed at the man.

"You bastard. No Nancy is going to do that to *me*," I yelled.

I then felt two thuds; one to my stomach which doubled me up, then a crashing blow to my jaw. I staggered, then fell in a dizzy heap; my head spinning like a top.

I heard vague voices asking if I was all right. There were several apologies being made on my behalf. Then I was being helped up by several hands, which turned out to be Michelle, Carl and Mandi.

"If you can help me get him over to the car, I'll take him straight home," Carl said, "I'm dreadfully sorry about this, Lindsey. He isn't normally like that."

"No harm done, Carol, he's probably just had too much to drink. Do take care driving. Goodnight, sir."

I felt several people escorting me over to Carl's car and my being pushed and placed in the back. Carl didn't speak a word all the way home; I guessed he was pretty pissed off with me. I sat slouched for the duration, nursing my throbbing jaw.

When the car finally pulled to a halt, Carl shot me a look. "Do you reckon you can get out by yourself...or will your big mouth get in the way?" he said with a look of complete displeasure.

"Yeah, sure," I replied.

Once inside, I didn't hang about but made a beeline straight for my room. I was feeling guilty, stupid, sick and sore. I was also feeling humiliation that a guy in a dress had put me down so easily.

oo0oo

I awoke the following morning with a splitting headache, swollen cheekbone and a black eye. I made my way downstairs tentatively and I saw Carl; he shot me a glance.

"Any coffee going, mate?" I inquired.

"You have a bloody nerve, asking for coffee." he spat back.

"I guess you are still mad at me, then?"

"Mad at you! Now, *there* is an understatement, you prat. I take you along with me to a place that I enjoy going to and, in the company of all my friends and what do you do? Humiliate me, offend them, call everyone else in the place queers and faggots, then get yourself thrown out; forcing me to have to come out with you. I don't think I could ever face them again."

"Look, I'm really sorry. I'll make amends, I promise."

"Save it Don, just find yourself somewhere else to stay."

"Oh, come on Carl, be reasonable."

"To hell with being reasonable. You were only supposed to be staying here a few days, anyway, weren't you? Just while you found somewhere else."

Carl then left the room, preventing me from trying to talk him into letting me stay. I walked to the mirror to check on my swollen cheekbone and the bruising that had appeared around my eye. Upstairs, I could hear Carl getting ready for work. He came back down ten minutes later.

"Aren't you getting yourself ready for work?" he asked me as he entered the room again.

"Nah, I'm going to give it a miss today, my head is still reeling. That bouncer at the club packs a wallop, doesn't he?"

"Yeah, real surprising, isn't it? We aren't all dainty little fairies, are we? You're lucky he was in a good mood."

I didn't answer.

"You see," he continued, "all kinds of men enjoy the feel of soft clothing, enjoy shedding the weight of masculinity for a few hours, without fear or hang-ups. Perhaps it is only those that try and make out that they are something they are not that really have something to fear. Anyway, if you aren't going into work today, perhaps you'll have time to search for a new pad."

Carl left the apartment still miffed at me. Maybe I *should* have gone looking for somewhere new to live...but who would have taken me in? At that moment, I resembled a beaten-up boxer. Anyway, I really liked it where I was. I felt sure that Carl would calm down eventually.

oo0oo

Carl returned home from work that evening, and, as he stepped in through the door, he glanced around. "I don't believe it!" he exclaimed.

"You don't believe what?" I asked.

"Well, I fully expected with you being home all day long that I would walk into a tip like I do every Saturday."

I had taken the initiative and cleaned up the house. Normally, I made the mess and Carl cleaned it up. It was usually he that washed up the meal plates, too, but I thought I had best show willing today.

"Yep," I announced proudly. "I've vacuumed the carpet, tidied around and...I've even got a dinner waiting in the oven for you."

"I certainly don't believe *that*. You can't cook!"

"You'd never have expected me to do housework either, would you?"

"Are you trying to get around me? I'll bet you never went looking for other accommodation, did you?"

"Well...no..., but how can I go looking for somewhere to live like this? I look a right sort," I replied, indicating my bruised and swollen face.

"You *are* a right sort. I'm still pissed with you about last night, Don. As it happens, I have phoned most of them up today to apologize again. They have told me to just forget it and they accept that you just got drunk. I think they would even forgive you if you apologized to them."

"Yeah, I will Carl, I promise. I'm real mad with myself, too. I know that they are all probably the most decent people I've ever been friends with and I value them accepting me, especially after how the lads in the gang turned out to be.

"Maybe I was just reacting because they are so different to how I am or what I'm used to. I guess it makes me feel a little awkward about myself. I don't know, maybe I was just trying to put on a show of masculinity, revealing that I was not like any of them. The masculinity thing sure didn't work though, did it?" I added, feeling my face.

"It's a shame that you *aren't* more like us...if you were, I'd be able to conceal that shiner that you have."

"How do you mean?"

"With makeup, silly. I couldn't do it without you looking like you were wearing makeup but, if you *did* wear it, I could blend in some colors to conceal it."

I pulled a look on my face, then moved off of the subject by telling Carl that I ought to be getting the meal out from the oven.

Carl began making himself ready for going out straight after the meal. I was feeling fed up with myself, especially having been indoors all day long; I really felt like getting out of the house and I was also keen to try and repair some of the damage that I had done. Going up to Carl's bedroom, I knocked on the door, then went inside.

Carl was seated on the edge of his bed, pulling tan-colored stockings up his legs.

"You going out then?" I asked needlessly.

"Yes, I'm meeting with a few friends at Debbie's tonight. Hey! I meant to say, you've done great today...but I couldn't ask you to perform miracles, could I and ask you to put the dishes away?"

"Would that change your mind about chucking me out?"

"Don't go putting it that way, Don. Just try and see things from my point of view. I never did fit in with your gang; I made my own friends, my own social life...with people like me. Like I didn't fit in with yours, you obviously don't fit in with mine. Last night, your behavior was humiliating and could have damaged some of my friendships."

"Well, I was going to ask...could I come along with you tonight? You know, apologize to everyone...heal some of the damage...I'll still wash up when I get back."

Carl was applying his makeup as he continued speaking to me. "No offense, Don, but not tonight mate; just let the dust settle a bit. Besides, just turning up and apologizing isn't really enough. Words come cheaply, you insulted them calling them queers and fags. You called them as you felt them to be. I think you would have to do more

than merely apologize to prove that you didn't mean what you said and that you really are sincerely sorry."

"But how do I do that?"

"I'm not really sure. I'll talk to them tonight to begin with but...well, I'm not sure someone's home is the right place anyway. Perhaps the club, in front of everyone, would be better."

I was sitting on Carl's bed avidly watching him applying the cosmetics to his face. It seemed incredible how he managed to turn his softly masculine features into such beautiful feminine ones; he really was skilled at it.

Carl noticed that I was observing him. "Want me to try a bit on you?" he asked suddenly, catching me off-guard.

"No way, mate. I was just engrossed at how good you are."

"Well, thanks for the compliment, but don't underestimate your own features or the magic of makeup. Tell you what. I said I could cover over that bruised eye of yours...so let me prove it to you. To look proper though, I would have to work on both eyes."

"No, I don't think so Carl. I'm prepared to just believe you."

"No, let me try," Carl responded with sudden enthusiasm, "You'll be amazed...and it'll come right off again."

"But you'd have to make my eyes up...not just conceal the bruise."

"So? Who's here besides us to see it?"

I knew I needed to get into Carl's good books again if I wanted to remain sharing his apartment. I really didn't want to allow him to do this thing but, finally, I relented just to make him happy.

He covered the top part of my face with some cream stuff, gently rubbing it in with his fingers, then he used several brushes and sponges. I felt him pulling down my eyelids and stroking something over them several times. Then I felt a sharp point being traced along the edge of my eyes and my eyebrows being softly brushed. The only thing I recognized was his using a mascara brush on me and asking me to hold my eyes half-closed. Finally done, he looked critically at me.

"Well? What's it like? I anxiously asked. "I told you so, didn't I...I look ridiculous."

"Well, actually, I've concealed the shiner, but it has come out way better than I ever imagined. I never realized what gorgeous eyes or brow line you have before."

I felt myself blush deeply at his comment, "Give over, Carl", I said, sharing his joke. He didn't smile though, he just looked serious.

"Don, please, may I finish you off? I really would like to see the full effect," he asked.

"No, that's enough. I suppose I had better take a quick look myself...even though I don't think I'll like seeing makeup on my face. Then I'm washing it off!"

"Please, Don, I beg. I just *have* to see the overall result...I'll let you stay here, I promise. What'd be the harm? I've already done the top half."

I didn't like this one little bit. I was either going to look grotesque or look good. I was more afraid of looking good as I knew that it would severely dent my machismo...but I did want to stay living here, too.

Carl applied more of the cream stuff, traced around my lips with a fine pointed brush. Then, rather than put lipstick on from a stick, he used another brush and a pot of color. The brush tickled my lips as he kept telling me to purse or open my mouth. With a huge fluffy brush, he dabbed powder onto my cheeks, pulled a few hairs from my eyebrows...which made me yelp, then stood back and looked again.

"WOW!" was all that he said at first, looking intently at me. Then, shaking himself, he said, "Go on then, take a look in the mirror."

"No, I don't want to," I protested.

"You're afraid of what you'll see, aren't you?"

"Yes, maybe I am," I blasted back. "I've sat and let you do as you wanted but, now that you're finished, I want it all cleaned off."

"And you will never know. You will always wonder but you will never know. The opportunity is now. Take a look!" he coaxed.

I made to make a swift glance in the mirror just to please him but froze as I caught my reflection. Instead of turning away as intended, I turned to fully face the mirror. I couldn't believe it, I looked pretty. I looked like a girl, damn it. I looked prettier than Carl! I just sat there, mesmerized and looking at myself.

"Don't move," Carl shouted as he rushed over to an open cupboard at the top of his closet and began rummaging for something. He returned and briefly turned me to face him. I tried to murmur something but was halted by his pulling something soft that tickled, over my short blonde hair. I realized that he had pulled a long blonde wig onto my head. I could see the lengths of hair falling down each side of my face.

I then felt him snapping an earring to my right ear. As shocked as I was at having such a feminine thing clipped to my lobe, I didn't prevent him from doing the same thing to my left ear. He then turned me back to the mirror.

My brain wasn't working, I couldn't take in what I was seeing. There, in the mirror, was the reflection of a very attractive teenage girl of about eighteen or nineteen, looking back at me. I felt embarrassed by the fact that this was me as there wasn't the least trace of masculinity in my face, or the fact that I could be made to look like a very pretty girl.

"See!" Carl yelled in triumph, "I told you...you look better than I do."

"I know," I replied despondently, "I know I do."

oo0oo

I remained in an inanimate state while Carl finished getting himself dressed. I should really have pulled the wig off in disgust...and the earrings too; scrubbed all of the paint from my face...but I could not prevent myself from just staring in disbelief.

“Well, I really need to be going now, Don,” Carl announced suddenly, breaking the spell that was enchanting me. “I’ll be home around half-past eleven.”

“Yeah...all right.”

Seeing me still in a state of obvious awe at my appearance, Carl smiled and added, “Don't forget the washing-up, honey. Bye.”

“Yeah, see you later,” I replied, not taking in his having called me ‘honey’.

For whatever reason, and I honestly did not know, I did not fall over myself to remove the painted feminine image from my face; in fact, I decided to keep the makeup on...even the wig and earrings...in spite of their pinching my earlobes, while I went and washed up.

It was such an attractive face, like a great work of art, that I didn't want to destroy it immediately. I even kept my girlish appearance after the washing-up was all done and put away as I sat to watch television.

I could taste the lipstick, I could catch the occasional glimpse of my long dark eye-lashes in my field of vision. I felt the earrings swing with each turn of my head and I consciously played with the long soft locks of hair, stroking them down against my cheek. I delighted in previously unknown sensations and struggled to come to terms with them.

Then I had the weirdest urge. I wasn't getting into the television, there was nothing of interest on and my mind was mostly on the image of my face. I had been cooped up all day and I really felt a need to go outside, get some fresh air and stretch my legs...but I had the greatest desire to go out in the make up and wig; put my new, feminine appearance to the test. I really fancied feeling the sensation of the breeze blowing through the long, shoulder-length hair I now had.

With a pounding heart, I searched through Carl's closet and found a ladies three-quarter-length winter coat. I put this on over my T-shirt and jeans, pulled the collar up round my neck so that just my face was on view. Then, tentatively but excitedly, I stepped outside.

I was nervous at first and worried about anyone seeing me. I intended just to walk the block but, once I had been forced to pass several people who had come from nowhere, I built up my confidence and continued to walk. My adrenaline was running high and I was getting a real buzz from it.

My “hair” was trapped under the coat so, pulling down the collar, I reached backwards and pulled it free so that it fell about my shoulders and blew gently in the wind. It felt much better.

My supposed short walk lasted for one and a half hours. The more I walked, the braver I got and the more of an anxious rush I derived from it. During this time I was aware of several guys taking glances at me, but I had already realized that they were admiring ones rather than perceiving that I was a guy.

With pounding heart and baited breath, I walked right past three youths. One grinned and in a loud voice, so as to impress his friends, said, “Hi there babe, whatchoo doin' later tonight?”

I knew this type of a jerk only too well and knew he was trying more to give out a macho image than to pick me up. I was not in the least afraid of any of them so I just played it casually and smiled at him. It seemed to make his night.

"Didja see that? Didja? She smiled at me, man. Hey, she fancies me. I think I'm in love," I heard him say as I continued by.

"A doll like her wouldn't look twice at a dick head like you, Wolfie," one of his buddies informed him.

"She *did*, I tell ya, honest."

I walked on with a smug smile on my face, feeling rather pleased with myself. I then began to develop even weirder thoughts. If I could attract guys just by wearing a wig and some makeup on my face, how would they react if I was fully dressed as a girl? I thought. I wondered, what would it feel like to walk about wearing a dress, nylons and heels; feeling the wind blowing against my uncovered legs?

I suddenly came back to my senses and felt totally ashamed

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I had removed the wig and earrings, washed off all traces of the makeup and gone to bed before Carl came home. It did not stop me from continuing to have strange thoughts, though. I just could not keep them out of my head.

Over our breakfast the following day, I inquired as to how Carl's night had gone but steered well clear of confessing to him that I had ventured out of doors wearing the makeup and wig the night before.

"I've told all that were there that you are sorry about Thursday night; though I still think it would be better if you apologized in person," Carl replied.

"Yes, I planned to do that last night, remember?" I reminded him.

"Maybe. I still think it needs a few days to let things settle. I am going to the Paradise tonight; you can come with me if you absolutely promise to behave yourself...because any repetition of the other night and I promise you, you are out of here."

"Okay boss, I've got the message. I promise; absolutely," I told him.

"By the way, are you planning on going in to work today?" Carl asked.

"Yes, I guess I had better. The swelling is going down quite well and the bruising is fading."

"Well then, don't forget to remove all that eye liner. Black eye or not, I can still see some traces of it," Carl warned me.

oo0oo

I felt apprehensive about going back to the Paradise Club. Normally, I never gave a shit what anyone thought of me, but I knew I had made an idiot of myself and dearly wanted to put things right. I really *did* like these people. No matter what their hang-

ups were, they were the truest, most honest people I had ever associated with...and I had abused them.

My first hurdle was with Lindsey, the doorman. I still found it funny, a rough, tough bouncer wearing skirts and heels, but I sure as hell wasn't going to tell him that. He spotted me immediately.

"Good evening, sir. I trust you are here to enjoy yourself tonight...and to allow others to do the same?"

"Er, yes. Look, I'm really sorry for the other night, there will not be a repeat, I promise."

"Glad to hear it, sir. It would be a shame for your right cheek to swell up just as the left is going nicely down."

"Uh, yes, quite. Sorry again." I offered my hand in a friendly gesture. For a man who dresses as a woman, Lindsey's skin was rough and he had a vice-like grip.

Once inside, apprehensively I sat down amongst some of Carl's friends that I had come to know and who had been in our company when I had made an ass of myself. I apologized to them all and received mumbles and gestures of the hand in way of acceptance. There were no friendly smiles of forgiveness, but at least they had accepted my apology.

Then came a time that June caught me by myself. She, I had already come to realize, was a very confident, self-assured woman who always spoke her mind.

"Well, Donald, you made a proper fool of yourself on Thursday and made a number of very unsavory comments. Sure, everyone has forgiven you because that is what they are like. Whether they have accepted your apology or not is quite another matter."

"Why shouldn't they have?" I questioned.

"Oh, really, Donald! You may well have been intoxicated but you do not come out with such comments unless they were in your mind to begin with. They will all forgive you, I'm sure, and even be friendly disposed towards you, but they will now always see you as someone who thinks of himself as a big strong macho type and views them as effeminate freaks."

"But how can I change that? How can I persuade them to think otherwise? The damage is now done."

"Yes, it is. The only way that they could ever fully accept you amongst them would be for you to fit in with them, darling." She smiled as she said that and, without further ado, got up and headed back to her table.

Carl was smoking joints again; along with Mandi and Debbie, when I re-joined him shortly afterwards. I looked at him with disapproval.

"Do you really need to smoke those things? You know they are harmful," I told him.

"Don't go lecturing me, Don, especially after the other night. These things just make me feel good, relaxed; unlike alcohol which can make some people very abusive and aggressive. There is more harm done by drunken people than those who are stoned on drugs and there are more people that die from alcohol abuse or the effects of

alcohol than anyone taking mild drugs. These won't turn me into some junkie, not if I don't go mad with them. Light one up and try one...it'll make you feel better than the booze, I promise."

I turned his offer down, then looked around the room. I wasn't intending to have much to drink anyway.

I had gone to the rest room for a piss and was on my way back when I saw several guys around a table. These were all guys, dressed as guys, who sometimes frequented the club. I knew, from being told, that some were likely to be straight and just come into the club for a good time while others were gay and came in to chat up the trans-nies.

Carl had already informed me that the majority of crossdressers were hetero but I supposed that the gay guys would be able to identify the homosexual TV's; or at least get to dance with a guy in a skirt, even snog with them like I had seen happening on my first visit.

The guys I were looking at were persistent in trying to chat up Carl, Debbie and Jackie. Eventually; even though I knew none of them wanted to, I watched as the three "girls" got up to dance with the men.

Surprisingly, I found myself feeling jealous. I had come here with Carl and some other guy was dancing with him. Not that I saw it like that, I suppose; I just felt protective towards Carl's masculine honor. I felt like going over and thumping the prick's lights out but, no, I couldn't do that. I had already caused enough damage and Carl wouldn't thank me for it. He'd just throw me out of the house.

"Oh well!" I thought, as I walked up to the bar. I remained there for some time; having a drink and watching Carl and the others dancing.

"Hi there," came a husky voice behind where I was leaning.

I turned around and there she was! My mystery girl; she looked ravishing.

"Hi yourself," I stammered.

"I've seen you here before, haven't I?" the soft, husky voice asked me.

"Probably, yes. I have been here...once or twice."

"And does it always take you this long to ask a girl what she wants to drink?"

"Uh, no.., sorry, what would you like..."

"A gin and tonic, please," she said, cutting me off.

I ordered her drink and she took it, then smiled at me. "Well, cheers. I may see you later; perhaps for a dance? Ciao."

She turned and walked away, leaving me in a trance-like state.

"Looks to me like you are smitten with her?" It was Mandi who had come up behind me.

"Yeah...she's gorgeous."

"So; we aren't *all* bad or perverse?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Chantelle, the one you was just talking to, she's a guy like me. Well, I say 'like me'; she's actually much more woman than man with a lovely pair of real knockers...which I'm sure you noticed. But, down where it counts, she is still a he."

Whether this was a way of getting his own back for the previous Thursday or not, I didn't rightly know, but Mandi's words left me feeling crushed; as though the bottom had just fallen out of my world.

To make my feelings worse, when I again looked out onto the dance floor, Carl was still dancing with one of the guys. He now also had his arms around the man's neck and was kissing him.

"Oh no! Carl, not you as well. Not you, mate," I thought disconsolately.

My whole life seemed to be getting crushed as I returned to the now-empty table where I had been sitting. I was feeling disillusioned; everyone was now on the dance floor and the only two that seemed normal to me anymore—if two people in frocks dancing together could be classed as normal—were Michelle and June.

Carl and Debbie returned to the table with their dance partners. "Carol, you're a great dancer," the guy who had been dancing with him, was telling Carl. "You must promise me that I can have the last dance."

"Yes, yes, okay Terry, you can have the last dance," Carl laughingly replied before giving the man a peck on the lips.

I felt sick and disgusted.

The guy walked off. Debbie went off with his new man to fetch drinks from the bar while Carl sat himself down. He turned to me with a smile. "Well Don, are you enjoying yourself a bit more tonight?"

"Well it seems *you* certainly are," I spat back.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"You! Kissing him. That! For fuck's sake Carl, you're a guy. What on earth has happened to you? I thought I knew you, having been friends for so long; you're not like they are."

"How the hell do *you* know what I'm like? You hardly ever paid attention to anyone other than yourself when we were growing up."

Carl's blast cut me up. He had never talked to me like that; never dared. I felt sick in my stomach now knowing what he was and what he did...I couldn't take it.

"Yeah, well, I'm going off home," I told him, grabbing my jacket.

He momentarily seemed to soften as if he was sorry for what he had just said.

"Here, you'd better take the car keys. I'm sure I'll get a lift from someone," he offered, reaching into his purse.

"Who would that be...your boyfriend?" I replied sourly, "Don't bother mate, I'll get a cab...or walk!"

I turned and left the club. I could sense Carl watching me sadly as I went.

oo0oo

Things were strained between the two of us the following morning. After a long period of silence, Carl finally broke the ice.

"I suppose you will be keen to leave here then?"

"Yes, I guess so. I plan to look for somewhere today."

"You don't *have* to leave, you know." he said softly.

"I think it would be for the best, don't you? We've both changed, man. We don't fit in each others lifestyle anymore."

"What you're meaning is, you're frightened that this raving homosexual might make a pass at you?"

"No. I know you wouldn't do that, but..."

"But you can't live with a man who prefers men to women? A person's sexual preference does not change the person inside. You know, I thought you'd have learnt that."

"Well, yes, I have."

"And still you're going to hot tail it out of here as if your very life depended on it?"

I nodded.

"Oh! and just to change the subject...in case you are interested. Someone was asking your whereabouts after you left last night."

"Who?"

"A very sexy piece called Chantelle. She was wanting the last dance with, how did she put it, 'the most handsome man in the club.' She said she'd been dying to snog with you."

I didn't know why but, what Carl told me caused me to get an instant erection, even though I now knew that Chantelle was a guy. I felt my heart leap as I imagined our dancing close-up and my kissing her on the dance floor; then I began to rationalize things.

"Chantelle happens to be a he," I stated.

"Yes, I know," Carl replied. "She is also the one that you have been crazy about ever since you first clapped eyes on her. You find her attractive, you think that she has a knockout figure; yet suddenly, just because you learn that she has a dick, you don't find her so attractive.

"Hell, Don, she's 98% female; she has real tits...*great* tits, her mind is female. The only thing that scares you off is a small piece of flesh between her legs. That is the only difference. Hell, get real Don, start accepting people for being people. This body of ours is only a shell...the body doesn't count...it's what's inside it."

"But the body does count. That little 'piece of flesh' is her *penis*, for Chrissakes. Someone has to be sexually attractive for me to want to snog with them."

"Has to be sexually attractive,' you say? And all that you could see of Chantelle was attractive to you. The only part which is putting you off is a small section of her that you haven't even seen."

The debate was getting nowhere and I was just getting confused with everything.

oo0oo

What on earth was happening to me? I couldn't get Chantelle, a *man*, out of my head. Each time that Carl went to the Paradise Club, I found myself asking him if she had been there. He told me that she was inquiring over me still.

I was still living with Carl; we had settled on a kind of peace treaty. It was very hard to find good accommodation and, in a way, I was loath to leave. I had started going down to the local bar for a drink when Carl went out. I still hadn't made contact with any of the gang members, nor had any desire to. It was a fact that Carl and his friends were now the only friends I had, and even they were still uneasy with me, after my outburst. I hadn't seen any of them for three weeks now.

Then, one evening on arriving home from work, Carl asked me if I would like to go with him to the club. "You can't keep moping around here," he told me. "I know there is no action down at Brannigan's, so come along to the Paradise with me."

"No, I don't think so. I'm sure your friends would prefer it if I kept away from the place. I'm not one of them."

"Well, believe it or not, they keep asking about you and if you'll be coming in. You badly insulted them and it does take time to heal; I'm sure they would like to see you though...and then, there is Chantelle, too."

"Oh, yes. Chantelle the man," I added.

"Chantelle, the beautiful she-male who, not all that long ago, you happened to be crazy about. Even now, you keep asking about her. We've gone through all this before Don. It's only your male ego that's holding you back."

"That and the sense between right and wrong. But tell me, you get into girlie stuff and kiss guys, right? Do you feel more like a man or a woman when you do?"

Carl thought about the question. "I honestly don't know as it has never crossed my mind. It's just me with someone who I fancy. I suppose on thinking about it, I feel more like a woman. I'm obviously dressed that way already and I guess I respond more in a feminine way, Why?"

"What is it like...kissing someone the same sex as you, then?" I asked.

"I'm not too experienced with kissing girls, but it's not that much different. There is more of a masculine taste, I suppose...and the smell of after shave rather than perfume, but the kiss itself is just the same." Then, as if reading my mind, he added, "In Chantelle's case, you would taste the taste of femininity; her lipstick...her feminine scent."

Just why, I will never know, but I ended up going to the Paradise with him. If the truth be told, I knew I was still attracted to Chantelle...or her vision, anyway. I wanted to try and understand my own feelings.

The usual crowd was there and they were all pleased to see me, though I had the feeling that their friendship and acceptance wasn't like it had been before. As such, I felt unable to fully join in with the fun and chatter they were engaged in.

Then I noticed Chantelle further down the room sitting with two "women" and one man. I felt my heart leap at seeing her. I was excited and yet, at the same time, I felt envious of the man. Who was he? Was he with her? I knew I was feeling jealous. I also knew I should not feel jealous unless I really had some kind of feelings for her.

Half an hour later, Debbie returned from the bar and informed me that Chantelle had asked if I would like to join her at her table. Prompted by Carl and the rest, I did.

To cut a long story short, we chatted, a little nervously on my part.

I remained at her table for the rest of the night and found her to be really good company. We drank, talked, then returned back to the dance floor. I wasn't drunk—I didn't want to make that mistake again—but I'd had enough to make me a little more carefree. Coupled with the drink, I confess; on a brief return to Carl's table, I had a few pulls on one of his roll-ups.

"It'll help you relax, lessen your inhibitions," he had told me. I certainly felt I needed *something* and accepted the offer. For the first time in my life, I was smoking a reefer. I really didn't want to spoil the night by being my normal, constrained self.

So, there I was, once more leading Chantelle onto the dance floor. She was a stunning beauty all in black; black flaring low-cut dress, black nylons and black leather high-heeled pumps. Her heady perfume filled my senses.

She put her slender, delicate arms around me as we danced slowly, drawing herself close up to me. Finally, we were so tightly compressed together, she must have been able to feel the beat of my racing heart as she lay her head upon my shoulder. She certainly must have been able to feel my arousal.

As we moved slowly across the dance floor, she looked up and asked, "Are you and Carol any kind of item?"

I laughed softly. "No. Carol and I are just very good friends from way back. We share the same apartment but there is definitely nothing romantic about us." I laughed again. "Carl and me? That's a really absurd notion."

"And do you need to go back there tonight?" she asked. "I mean, Carol wouldn't be offended or anything?"

Uncertainty and panic crossed my mind. I was being handed an invitation, on a plate, by a gorgeous woman; to sleep with her, but a woman I knew to be a man, or, at least one who had a penis. She was mine for the taking...but *could* I?

"I...er, I don't know, I have work in the morning."

"So leave from my place, with a nice, cooked breakfast inside you," she said, still looking up at me; her beautiful eyes bewitching me. Her lovely smile turned into a

parted mouth that yearned to be kissed. I looked at her sweet glossy red lips and found myself, without a will of my own, smothering them with mine.

A brief thought that clouded my mind, that I was kissing a man, was washed away by a flood of passion. I was captured. As we held each other closely, I was aware that my penis was now straining in my pants and she was gently stroking it as we continued moving to the music.

Carl was genuinely thrilled when I told him that I wouldn't be coming home as I was staying the night at Chantelle's place.

Chantelle's place was homely and neat, not that I had much opportunity to look around as she was back to necking with me the instant we got through the door. Tearing herself away, she poured a couple of drinks before leading me up to her bedroom. For a time, we just kissed and caressed one another on top of the bed. I had so instilled into my mind that she was all-woman that I let down all my barriers. There just seemed nothing masculine about her.

After half an hour in this way, we were both as horny as hell. She got up, took off her dress and shoes and stood before me in just her black slip, pantyhose and briefs plus a black silk scarf she had been wearing around her neck. I watched as she sat on the edge of the bed to draw down her hose and panties before reaching between her legs to release her male member.

Seeing her maleness between her legs instantly killed my ardor, destroyed the illusion. She came to my side to kiss me again. I tried to put out of my mind the thing that so repulsed me; temporarily erasing it from my mind as I stroked my hand over her long, smooth legs. I vainly tried to return to my arousal, but the spell had been broken.

"Wh...what do we do?" I asked, not wanting to hurt or offend her by revealing that I had been turned off. From her waist upward, she was still the beautiful girl of my dreams.

"What?" she asked with a smile. "Whatever you *want* to do, darling. I'll give you oral first; if you wish. Then you can penetrate me."

"You mean...through your...rear?"

"Of course, sweetheart. I'm not equipped for anything at the front. You *are* all right with that, aren't you? I mean, you *have* had gay sex before?"

I shook my head dumbly.

"Oh, great! So, do you find my body repulsive?" she asked, suddenly sounding concerned.

I told her that I didn't, least ways not her female parts.

Learning that I was totally heterosexual, she was incredibly understanding of my plight and pulled her panties back on to conceal herself.

"D...do you want me to just give you mouth?" she asked.

I explained that I didn't really; I was so confused I didn't know *what* I wanted. She still didn't get upset about it.

"Well, will you at least share my bed with me tonight, just to sleep?" she asked.

I couldn't give her any more refusals, so I nodded my agreement.

We got ourselves inside the sheets, laying apart from one another. "Can I give you a goodnight kiss?" she whispered.

I accepted; after all, we had already kissed. Now that she was under the covers, she was just my beautiful woman again. Indeed, the goodnight kiss turned into heavy petting. By fondling her warm, well-shaped breasts, I again began to feel aroused. I denied myself going any further, though, in case I got cold feet again and disappointed her.

I still received my cooked breakfast the following morning along with a tender kiss. She looked the vision of loveliness in her black satin wrap as I enjoyed the ham, egg and mushrooms on my plate. At the door, she kissed me good-bye as I left for work; it was almost as if she was my beautiful wife and I was her husband. In a way, I wished it could have been that way.

"So what now then? Should we see each other again?" I asked.

"I'm sure we will, but I think you ought to work out your sexual needs and preferences before we see each other again intimately."

"I'm really sorry," I told her genuinely.

"Don't be, I understand. You may find that you *can* accept someone like me...if you do, get in touch. For now, you had better go or you'll be late for work," she told me before giving me a brief but sensitive kiss good-bye on my lips. I felt that kiss for the rest of the day.

oo0oo

Carl wanted to know everything and he looked disappointed when I told him of my failings.

"I feel such a jerk, Carl. She is such a wonderful person. If she was female, I'd fall in love and marry her, enjoy each morning like I did today. It felt wonderful having someone so close and loving towards me, seeing me off to work."

"So...you are in love with the person; she seems to be the same way as you. What's your problem?"

"Me. *I'm* my problem. I just cannot bring myself to have that kind of sex," I told him, feeling agitated.

Carl asked if I would like one of his roll ups to help me calm down. As upset and confused about things as I was, I accepted one and soon began to relax.

"Well, I'm not going out tonight, but I am taking Carol out...I need to unwind," Carl told me.

This meant that he was going to dress up as his female alter-ego for the evening, something he didn't tend to do as much since I had been living there.

A difference, as opposed to when he made himself ready to go out for an evening, was that this time he applied his makeup downstairs rather than in his bedroom. I watched him closely as I had done the time before, fascinated by his skill.

"Do you fancy a bit of lipstick to make you feel better?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"I don't know why you are so hung up about it. You looked really good the other week."

"Yeah, perhaps *too* good; it freaked me a little."

Come on, go for it.

I suppose that the relaxing effect of the reefer I was smoking played its part. Whatever, I found myself agreeing once again to Carl making up my face...in fact I was actually anxious to see my feminine reflection once more.

Carl had me go upstairs and shave closely; which I did while he finished getting ready himself.

Before too long, I was back downstairs and Carl was working the same magic he had done before. I felt the creams and the powders being put on and blended in, the mascara and the lipstick being applied...why the hell was I letting him do all this to me..? I was a straight guy!

Soon, the same blonde wig was being fixed to the top of my head and earrings clipped to my lobes. The swing of the earrings and the soft fall of the wig made me feel strangely feminine; I wasn't sure if I liked the feeling or not.

"You look gorgeous," Carl complimented. I looked in the mirror and there, once more, was the pretty blonde girl.

"You look stunning," he enthused once more, "But I can't see how you will relax as easily as I will this evening."

"How do you mean?" I asked. I shouldn't have.

"Well, I intend to curl up in soft feminine silks, satins and nylon. You may look pretty but you can't *feel* pretty. How can you relax in all that heavy, uncomfortable male stuff?"

"It's not uncomfortable to *me*," I defended.

"Yes it is, and I should know. Don't forget that I wear the same stuff as you do all day long...but you have never tried feminine clothes, so you are unable to make comparisons."

"No, I can't, nor do I have a desire to."

"Just try it once...it can't harm."

"Yes it can, it can harm me. I would feel embarrassed and sissified."

"What! From me seeing you? I'd be wearing the same things so I would hardly be in a position to mock you. Try it, just the once. If you don't feel comfortable wearing it or having me see you wearing it, take it right back off and I'll never pester you again. But please...just for me...I'd love to see the full effect."

A few beers, another of Carl's roll ups, plus his constant nagging, had me, unbelievably, consenting to put on women's clothing. I was on such a high by then that I secretly really wanted to see what I would look like, though I wasn't prepared to tell Carl that.

The next thirty minutes were the strangest of my life. I felt my cheeks burning as Carl fit a black satin brassiere around my chest. I felt even more embarrassed and ridiculous when he filled out the sunken cups with shaped pieces of foam.

The most embarrassing thing of all was the pantyhose. I mean, they were not like a necessary item like skirts, bras or panties, they were to glamorize the legs, to make a person feel more feminine and they were so....delicate.

After I had finally been encouraged to put them on, my drug-heightened senses made them feel all the more appealing to the touch.

A full satin slip was followed by a red shift dress which fell to an inch above the knee; the shortness of the dress exposing the lower half of my nylon-encased legs. Finally, a pair of plain black shoes with sturdy 2½ inch heels were fitted to my feet. Although the heel was nowhere near as narrow as Carl's stilettos, they still made me wobbly and feel off-balance.

I was then presented in front of the mirror to see a reflection of a coy, nervous-looking but undoubtedly pretty girl who would have looked very feminine and attractive had it not been for her posture being all wrong and her hairy legs.

I did have to agree with Carl though, in that the clothes felt remarkably comfortable to wear. I semi-reluctantly agreed to stay dressed for the entire evening; though it was hard to fully relax as I felt nervous and strange.

I began to wonder what the hell my old friends would think of me now if they saw me dressed this way. I could hardly believe what I was doing myself! But, on reflection, who gave a shit what that bunch of creeps thought? My friends now were the people I had met through Carl, the trannies, and I knew they would be more complimentary than mocking.

As the time for turning-in approached we both got out of our female attire and cleansed our faces. I had been dressed as a woman all evening. Unbelievable! I had joined my old friend in sampling his secret life.

"So, how did you enjoy your first evening en femme?" Carl asked me, "Relaxing and shedding your masculine bondage for once?"

"It was all right, I have to agree," I admitted awkwardly.

"I can lend you a full-length satin nightie for bed; if you'd like?" he offered.

"Er, no thanks. I prefer to sleep in my birthday suit, and that's all." I pointed out.

Chapter Four: DRESSING FOR PLEASURE

I neither wanted to nor felt like talking about my night in women's clothing the following morning. As well as being rather embarrassed about it, I was also rather sick. I was spewing my guts up for most of the day.

I believed my queasy stomach was a direct result from the cocktail of beer and drugs I'd had together with the nervousness I felt about dressing up in front of Carl. However, the sickness lasted with me for the next three days, long enough for me to almost clean out my insides.

Even though Chantelle and I had parted friendly enough, I kept away from the Paradise Club for a while. As soon as I felt well enough, though, I did join Carl in a visit over to Mike and June's for another party.

I was a little more accepted this time by the hosts and their guests and Carl did me a big favor by not mentioning my being dressed up...I wasn't ready for such a disclosure.

In spite of all my own warnings to Carl, I found myself accepting several reefers through the course of the night; I was beginning to enjoy the buzz I got from them.

Then, six days after the party, Carl and I were again staying home together. After smoking a reefer each and drinking three cans of beer after our evening meal, I was again asked if I would like to dress up for the evening.

I didn't take long in accepting the proposal as I really did want to. I had grown to like the feeling of feminine clothing.

The mold had been set now; I had worn makeup twice and dressed fully once, so I couldn't try kidding Carl that I was too big and macho for such things. Anyway, the reefer and drinks had eased any qualms I may have had.

I deemed it pointless at this stage, to deny myself the enjoyment I would derive from the activity...even though I still had no desire for it to become a regular habit or for me to become a full-fledged transvestite like Carl.

Even so, after my second night in female attire—this time without as much nerves and no sickness—I somehow accepted Carl's idea that, for the next few weeks on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, we'd have a “girls night in”.

On these nights, Carl began referring to me as Donna. At first I was far from happy about that, feeling that the name was debasing and emasculating me. Finally, however, I decided it was better than him calling me “Don” when I was all dressed up.

Slowly, I began to appreciate, more and more, the feeling of the female clothes and the high I enjoyed from just casting off my male image and allowing myself to feel totally feminine for those few hours.

Carl painstakingly showed me what all the cosmetics were and how they were applied. By our third week, we had taken to doing each other's makeup. It was more practice for me and easier than working on my own face with a mirror.

Then one day after Carl returned home from work, he suggested changing the order of things so that we dressed first, then cooked the evening meal between us. We would then be able to settle down for the rest of the evening.

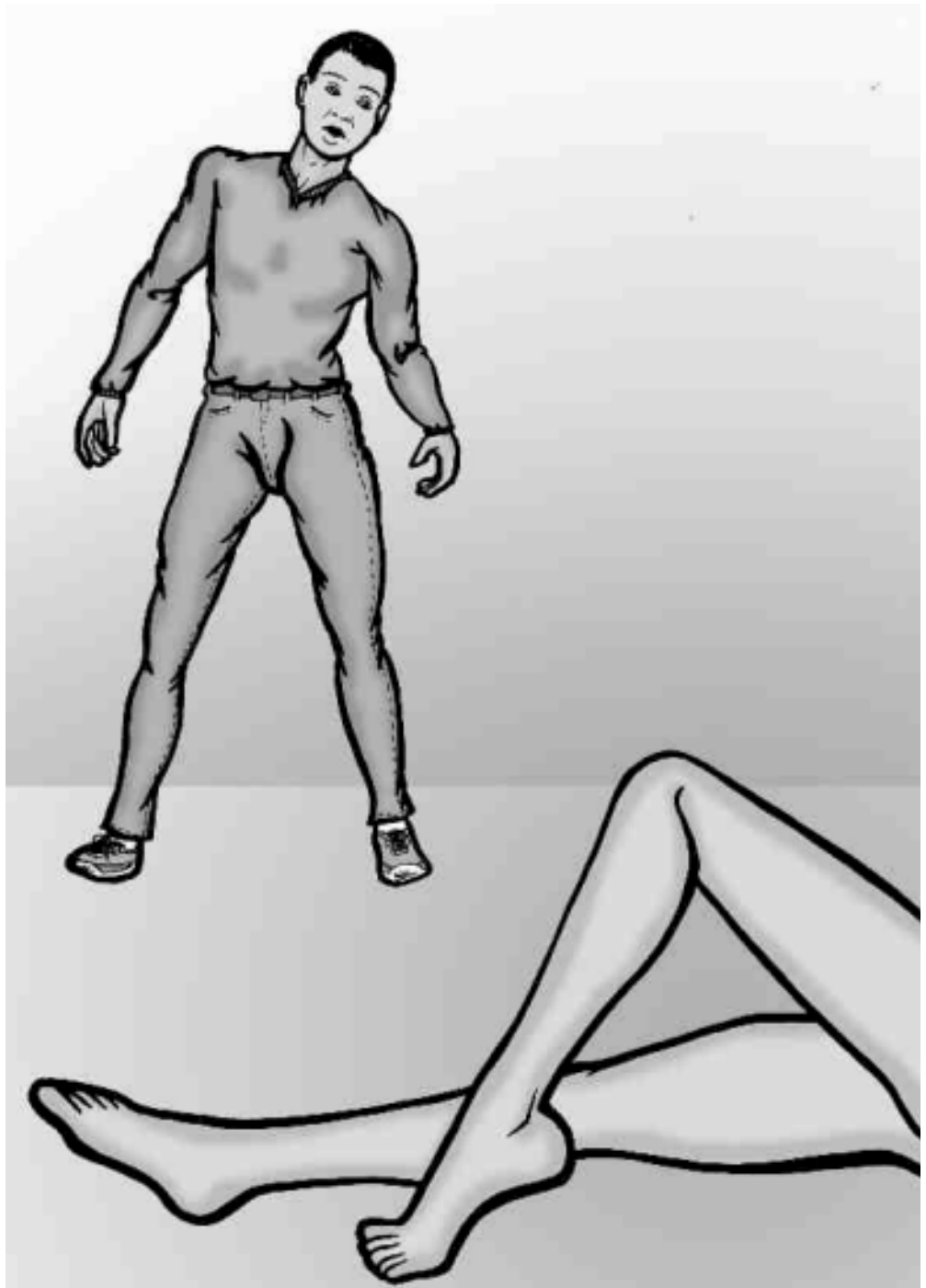
I readily went along with the idea. I'd had a hard day at work and had really gotten into dressing by now so as to unwind in soft, sensual female wear.

The only problem was, the evening just seemed to go by too fast. By the time we had cooked, eaten and put the dishes away, there were only a few hours remaining and I always felt reluctant to remove my female attire at the end of it. Crossdressing was starting to get a hold of me, and I was very aware of that fact. Occasionally I felt repulsed by what I was doing and how I was dressed but, rather than repel, I just closed my mind to it.

Carl had gone for a shower first and I was to follow while he went into the bedroom to choose clothing. "Donna," he called out to me, "why not rid yourself of that nasty, unfeminine hair while you are showering?"

I knew he was talking about my body hair but I felt rather uneasy about the notion.

The mere fact that I was gaining an erection at the thought of doing such a thing, however, told me that the idea of having smooth, hairless legs and body appealed to me. I lifted down Carl's wet and dry Ladyshave and began reading the instructions.



Carl was still pulling clothes out of the closet; he was undressed, bar a pair of black pants-briefs. Once he had assembled both his and my attire, he began the rudiments of making his face up. He began by applying what I now knew as foundation to his face and steadily blending it in to give his skin an even coloring and a base for the rest of his makeup. He then used a small brush to line his eyes, very finely, along both the top and the bottom lids.

Meanwhile, I was feeling sexually thrilled as I saw all the course, masculine hair from my legs disappearing down the drain. As it went, my legs were left looking smooth and shiny from the water. They looked different, almost as if they were not my own. They were paler and longer, even somewhat shapelier.

I continued from the top of my thighs to my ankles and, for the briefest of moments, I even contemplated treating my arms. I rejected that idea, however. I still had to be a male the following morning and I often worked in T-shirts or with my shirt sleeves rolled up.

Wrapping a robe around myself, I went into Carl's bedroom where I began drying my hair. Carl came over to me and began spreading the beige foundation over my face and neck with a soft sponge. I combed my hair back and as flat as I could, while still damp, as he did the makeup job on me.

He continued by applying eye liner, mascara and eye shadow as well as brushing and darkening my eyebrows with a pencil.

I then began to work on his eyes. He remained perfectly still while I brushed two shades of shadow onto his lids and blended them together, stroking outwards with a sponge. I applied his mascara and painted his lips a rich red; there was an undeniable sense of achievement in making a really good job of applying cosmetics, turning a masculine face into that of a glamorous female.

Carl's transformation was, as always, completed with his long, wavy, brunette wig which fell well past his shoulder blades. He put on a gold bracelet and hooked dangling earrings onto his pierced lobes. Once again, he had become the beautiful image of Carol.

Carol, as I now always referred to her once she was made-up, then installed some padding into her bra.

"That's something I still can't get over," I began telling Carol, "Chantelle...her breasts are so real, so soft and warm...just like a real woman's."

"Of course they are...because they *are* real breasts. They are not just some falsies, they are made of her own fatty deposits and skin just the same as any real girl's. They respond just like a real girl's."

"Yes, I know they are real but it just seems so...well, incredible for a guy to have such real, such feminine breasts when he was not born a girl."

"That's what *I* would like, too, instead of these fake things. I would adore the feel and the weight of having my own real breasts on my chest...I'd feel so feminine."

“And you'd look so odd in your male clothes at work,” I added as I began to pull on a tight fitting Lycra dress that molded itself around my own false protrusions of femininity, my bottom and my thighs.

Carol had already slipped into a red dress similar to mine and had rolled on a pair of smoke-colored pantyhose. She came across to help me fit a broad, black plastic belt around my waist.

I had, by this time, already put on my own pair of sheer white pantyhose with a diamond design up the outside of the legs. The new sensation of sheer nylon on my now hair-free legs was a real thrill to me; doubling the usual sensuous silky feel.

I picked up a pair of large, dangly clasp earrings and clipped them in place.

I checked myself in the mirror. Perfect. Don had disappeared and Donna had taken over once more. I looked every bit as female as Carol and it was no longer of concern to me what I was doing or that I had lost all trace of my masculinity.

Once we were both complete, we click-clacked into the kitchen on our heels and set about cooking our meal. I had a minor disaster when sauce splashed up the front of the white dress I was wearing from the pan on the stove. It was a caution not to get dressed before cooking.

“It's going to be an apron for you from now on, my girl,” Carol teased.

There was no other dress that fit me as well as the white, stretchy Lycra one, so Carol actually took off her own red dress for me to wear and redressed herself in a short-sleeved, low-cut black mini dress. I actually liked her red dress better than the white one she had given me; it was very soft and comfortable and its color enhanced my face, making me appear softer and more feminine than ever. Carol agreed.

“You know, that dress is really *you*. I guess it's another one that you've claimed off of me,” she said.

After eating and clearing up, we settled in the sitting room to watch a couple of videos we had hired. We lit up a joint and sat on the sofa together.

Sharing a packet of biscuits as we started to watch the second film, we each got more settled. The film turned out to be a real suspense thriller and we soon became absorbed in it.

I was sitting on the outside of the sofa, leaning against the arm as I watched. I lifted my legs up onto the seat to get more comfortable, making it so that my knees were pointing toward the arm rest. My legs were folded and the lower leg tucked up under my thighs, my feet facing backwards towards Carol. I'd slipped out of my shoes so as not to damage the covers.

I sat this way for some time, happily munching on chocolate cookies and totally absorbed in the film. Carol leaned across me to get herself a biscuit and repositioned herself a little closer toward me.

We were both engrossed at a particularly suspenseful part, waiting with baited breath to see what might happen. A sudden shocking part of the film caused us both to tense up and Carol clutched my stockinged foot as if to reassure herself, leaving it there as the suspenseful part passed. I never realized until I felt her fingers gently

massaging my foot through its nylon covering; I didn't complain because I quite enjoyed the feeling...it was nice and relaxing.

The gentle massaging developed into actual stroking of my silky-clad foot along with the occasional caress. It felt wonderful and I could feel myself becoming erect.

I heard Carol's breathing alter as she transferred her hand to softly stroke up my smooth, hairless legs and I realized that my own breathing was becoming heavier. Finally, I turned to ask her what she thought she was playing at. In the dimness of the room, I could see her pretty face illuminated by the flickering light of the TV set. I saw that her attention was fully on me, she leaned into me, pushing her left arm around my back while her right hand continued to stroke further up my legs.

I was aroused, there was no uncertainty about that. I was fully erect. My breathing was now labored as Carol's eyes continued to look straight into mine, shining brightly from the light of the set. As I looked back into her eyes, my protests were forgotten and I felt her hand pass underneath the hem of my dress and caress my stiffened member; her eyes never once leaving mine.

Somehow our lips met. Her lips were soft, warm and inviting.

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To say that I was embarrassed the following morning would be a gross understatement. I couldn't even recall large chunks of what had actually happened, but I did know that we'd had sex of a sort.

Me...making love to my lifelong friend! How could I ever have allowed that to happen? I had never before been attracted to him, even though, as Carol, I did find he made a remarkably attractive girl. But, not only had I made out with my best friend, I had made out with a *male*. I groaned in self-disgust and tried to avoid eye contact with him for as long as I could. I was successful with this during the morning, but the evening was a different matter.

"Are you trying to avoid me, Don?" He asked sadly, "I don't think you should feel ashamed or concerned about last night. We were just two people, becoming aroused with one another who found mutual stimulation."

I looked up at him, shamefaced.

"Come on Don. Don't go getting hung-up about it. It doesn't mean we are engaged or anything, we're still just good friends. Maybe we'll never do anything like that together again but, if we do, it's because we both want to.

"There is one positive thing about all of this. If you can be intimate with me, then you should certainly be able to be intimate with Chantelle. She's twice the woman I am.

"But, it's wrong, two men having sex together," I mumbled.

"Be honest...did you enjoy it?" he asked.

I nodded in shame.

"Then what, exactly, is wrong about it?"

"If I did the same with Chantelle...not that I'm ever likely to, but, *if* I did...would you be jealous?"

"Why on earth should I be? We shared a night of intimacy; I don't own you because of it. We're both free agents. The one thing about my lifestyle is that I am free to sleep with who ever I choose...or what sex I choose."

"So, you have slept with men before?"

"Sure I have; but we've already touched on this subject before. I have no hang-ups about it. Sex is sex, no matter what the gender. Up until your coming here, Debbie and I often went into town, dressed to the nines, for the sole purpose of pulling guys."

"How could you? I wouldn't have the nerve even if I had the desire to. Making out with a guy who looks like a convincing woman is one thing, but with a guy who looks like a guy? Ugh, that is something else."

oo0oo

For the next six days, I became apprehensive about dressing up again, not that I could fully conceal what I had been doing because my legs were still smooth with just a minuscule amount of hair returning. Even my skin was feeling softer.

It didn't stop Carl, of course. Two nights after our night of passion, he was getting dressed to go to the club. I went into his room while he was changing into Carol.

He had put on a white silk bra and French knicker set, garter belt and white stockings. So far, he only had foundation on his face and was still without his wig. I actually hated seeing him like this; neither fully male nor fully female, but sort of in-between. I wouldn't notice as much on the times we both dressed and I was doing his makeup, but, when I wasn't busy with myself, his in-between image was obvious.

On the sixth day, he asked me whether I had gotten over my embarrassment and if I fancied dressing. To be honest, I was badly missing the silky feel of the clothes and my own portrayal of a pretty girl, but I told him no.

"Stop denying yourself, Don, and don't worry so much about what others may think." He emphasised his words by putting on a black basque that he had just bought; black silk panties and sheer black, seamed stockings. Doing his makeup, fixing his wig and stepping into four-inch heels before going out into the garden, to lay out on the lounge.

"Carl! Come back inside, you shameless hussy," I laughingly yelled, even though I felt embarrassed by what he was doing; the garden was not concealed.

Too late the warning. A couple of middle aged guys passed by, their eyes almost popping out on stalks. Carl just struck a sexy pose and stroked his hand seductively up his stockinged leg. I chuckled but again called for him to come back in. I had no doubt in my mind that the two men would now be sporting huge erections, believing my friend to be a girl.

Carl tripped back inside, clacking on his heels. "There, dear...what harm did that cause, other than making two men their day."

"But I wonder if they would be as excited if they knew your true sex?" I asked.

"But they don't and what they don't know can't hurt them. All they saw was a sexy, scantily-clad woman...and they loved it."

"You are shameless...but I like that lacy thing you're wearing, what is it? It looks sexy."

"What, the basque? I have another one in white. Want to try it? It holds your shape in nicely, though the white one doesn't have garters like this one. It's still nice though."

Carl came back inside to bring the garment to show me. It was mesmerizing to me in a strange way that I could not explain.

Very soon my resolve not to dress again had gone. I got my makeup on and positioned my wig on my head. I then allowed Carl to help me put on the basque. The underwiring had a strange effect and it pushed up all the loose flesh from my chest...more than I realized I had, and stuffed it into the half-cups, forming something that loosely resembled smallish breasts and cleavage. Carl then enhanced it with a bit of padding.

"Be careful with that, Carl," I warned. "My nipples are feeling a bit sore, I think they must have been getting rubbed by those foam inserts I was using."

Carl made no comment as he inserted the padding gently.

I loved the feeling of the basque even if it was rather tight and constrictive. I didn't like being only half-dressed though, so I finished by putting on my diamond-patterned white pantyhose, the now-washed white Lycra dress and the broad black belt which tightened much easier around my waist...two holes easier, in fact.

It being a work-free Saturday for me, I had, if I wished, all day to relax in my feminine finery. I rolled up two joints and passed one over to Carol, then settled into a stuffed chair to enjoy the feminine feeling of women's clothes once more upon my body.

As we both began to get a high from the cigarettes and the booze we were drinking, Carl suggested that we go into the town center for the day. "To tell you the truth, I'm happy just relaxing here being dressed. I want to just enjoy the stress-free occasion," I told him.

Carl laughed. "Well, just listen to her. Remember how you went on at me when you discovered I dressed? Now it seems that you are just as hooked, baby. I wasn't suggesting that we change. Let's go as two girls.

That caused an immediate reaction. "Oh no, no way Carl! I could never do that. I would just die of shame walking out in public as a girl. People would know...they would read me."

"No, they wouldn't. The problem you have is that you think you are so goddamn macho-looking that you couldn't possibly pass as a girl. Well, think again, because you look totally convincing. If you were only man enough to admit it, you know you do."

"But what about walking? Feminine gestures? I just couldn't! I walk like a man."

"Perhaps you haven't been noticing, Donna darling, but most of our sweet, feminine girls nowadays stride about like storm troopers. You will pass, believe me. Dress femininely, think femininely and the rest will just follow."

Maybe it would, but, no matter how convincing I might have been, the one thing I didn't have...was the nerve.

Disregarding my repeated protests, Carl gave me a pair of black suede ankle boots with two-inch kitten heels that looked very modern and feminine. I bent down to pull them over my stockinged feet; they looked really smart and felt wonderfully comfortable. My dear friend then gave me a short, lightweight, red blouson jacket to wear.

"Come on, you'll simply love it. The buzz you get from walking out dressed is something not to be missed. The feel of freedom when you walk, the air around your legs, the click of your heels; the thrill of being taken and treated as a real woman. Come on baby, let's go for it."

"No Carol, I can't...really."

"Yes, you can. You're the brave, fearless one of the two of us, remember?"

"But not going out dressed as a girl. I can't...I daren't"

"You can...and you know that you *want* to."

I had to light up another joint just to calm down. "Do you *really* think I can pass?" I had to ask for the sixth time, "I'm shit scared of doing this."

"Yes, come on, I promise you...the only looks you'll get will be from guys admiring you."

Jesus! The meaning of the saying "scared to death" was rewritten when I took my very first steps out through the front door and presented my feminine self to the world. Desperately, I tried to walk behind Carol to hide myself. My nervousness alone should have attracted unwanted attention. I walked as if I was freezing over while my legs just felt like Jell-O. Never had I ever been so aware of how I was dressed.

And yet, bit by bit, as had happened that first time I went out in wig and makeup—which Carl still didn't know about—the longer I was out, the more people that passed us by without looking accusingly or suspiciously at us, the less nervous I began to feel.

Once most of the fear had gone, I felt great; just like Carol had said I would. The freedom and the breeze around my legs and blowing up my skirt was a brilliant new feeling. I did blush furiously each time boys whistled at us and I became edgy in case they came over to us. I had little doubt, had it not been for my nervousness, that Carol would be flirting with them.

As we began going into various stores, I put on a pair of shades, just in case there was anyone in there that might recognize me. It was just a little extra precaution.

Back out on the busy main street I relaxed a little easier, even becoming a little comfortable with my "role".

We went inside one large department store to look at the new ladies fashions. The unshakable Carol even went into changing booths to try on a few. I declined her suggestion for me to join her. I was truly amazed at how the wimpish Carl that all the gang had known had far more nerve than I ever had. He was truly made for this role in life.

As the day started to get warmer, I followed Carol's lead and removed my jacket; slinging it over my shoulder. This caused me the new embarrassment of my evidently protruding 'breasts'. We called into a coffee bar for a light snack and a drink without receiving any obvious looks at all. I was glad of this because my nerves were jangling again.

I began to feel a thrill knowing that I had passed close scrutiny and became quite giddy and lighthearted; which I suppose was partially due to nerves. We began chatting and laughing away like two real girls.

Several times I caught older men glancing at our legs, the dirty old devils. By now, I was thinking, "If it gives them a cheap thrill, then let them look."

We shopped for something for our evening meal before returning to the car for the drive back home. As we steered into our street, I saw a youngish man coming out from our driveway.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Dunno, I can't see him properly yet. Oh, it's Micky. I wonder what he wants?" she added, sounding her horn.

I felt flustered as the man stopped and turned around. I wanted him to go away, not called back. I didn't want some strange guy seeing me in a dress. "Who's Micky?" I asked nervously.

"Some guy I dated once or twice a few months back," Carol told me nonchalantly.

As the stranger began to walk back, I grew more tense. "Give me the apartment keys and I'll go and let myself in," I said slightly panicky as we turned into the drive.

"Don't worry about Micky. Even if he knew your real sex; he's gay."

"I don't care *what* he thinks...I feel foolish." I said.

Carol gave me the keys and I got out of the car and to the door in double quick time...only to find that the key didn't turn. She had given me the wrong one. I turned and glared at a grinning Carol as her friend reached the drive.

"Hi Micky, what brings you around here?" She greeted as she got out of the car.

"I was just in the area and I thought I would look you up." he replied, passing his attention between Carol and myself.

"Let me introduce you." Carol suddenly chirped up, "This is my old friend, Donna." I was mortified as he gave me a warm smile and a hello.

"Micky, be a darling and carry our heavy bags inside, would you? Donna seems to have the wrong keys."

The man gathered our light bags from the trunk and carried them to the door where I was helplessly standing. I could feel his eyes studying me.

"So, you are a lifetime friend of the gorgeous Carol, are you?" he asked me.

"Yes, I was," I replied in as feminine a voice as I could muster.

Carol joined us and immediately tucked her hands inside the man's jacket, giving his chest a loving stroke. "So, what are you doing with yourself these days, honey?" she asked.

"Well, a friend of mine has just won a job contract on the far side of town. He lives out of the area and I've been helping him."

"You are going to come inside for a coffee and tell us all about it, aren't you?" she asked as I remained standing at the door, trying to look pretty but just feeling stupid. I was discreetly shaking my head to try and give Micky a clue.

Ignoring me, he replied, "Yes, I'd love to. I'll carry your heavy bags indoors for you."

As Carol put the coffee percolator on, I pleaded exhaustion to her. "Excuse me if I don't join you, but I'm feeling whacked. I think I'll go take a lie-down. Anyway, three's a crowd and I'm sure you two have a lot of catching up to do."

"Oh, please, Donna, don't go making yourself scarce on *my* account," Micky responded.

I smiled sweetly at him. "No, really, I am tired and my feet hurt a good bit."

As I went into the kitchen I could hear them talking together.

"The friend I mentioned, Paul, is only here for a few more days. I have been trying to get him out for an evening and sample the night life around here. I don't suppose you would like to join us and grace us with your presence?"

"What! On my own, with two randy men!"

"Well, no. I was rather thinking that your friend Donna could come, too, and make it a double date."

"It's a great idea, Micky, but I'm not sure that Donna would want to."

"Do you mind me asking, is she, er...like you?" he asked.

"Yes, she is."

"Wow! That's amazing. She looks so convincing, really stunning...not that you *aren't*, of course."

"Thanks, but yes, I agree, she is. What about your friend Paul?"

"Paul? I guess he's straight because he's married. But, it's a date just for company. I'd really appreciate it. So, what's with the two of you, are you like...a couple?"

"No, really. We're just good, longtime friends."

At this point, I brought their coffees in and shot Carol a look of daggers while not letting on that I had overheard them.

"There you both go. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off for that lie down."

Picking up my own cup, I quickly retired upstairs.

I hadn't really been tired but, slipping off the ankle boots and laying down on my bed, I must have just nodded off. When I awoke, Micky had gone. I returned back downstairs, still wearing my now crumpled dress and other female attire. It was the longest period I had ever been dressed en femme.

"Enjoy your nap?" Carol asked me, still in her own female clothing.

I nodded. "Has he gone? What was all that crap I overheard about going on a double date?"

"Yes, with Micky and this guy he is working with, Paul. How do you fancy it?"

"Is there any need to ask? You go if you wish but I'm staying right here. There is *no* way on earth that I am going to date a guy. Okay, I admit, I have been getting some enjoyment when dressing; but I am not gay. Got that? I am definitely not gay, nor am I going to do anything connected to being gay. If you want a twosome, then phone Debbie."

"Aw, come on Donna, I already said you would. I've promised Micky now."

"My name is Don...and you had no right to make such promises without my consent."

"You are still dressed dear...but look, this Paul guy is married. It's only to provide company for a meal out...he'll be paying for everything. When was the last time you got an entirely free night out?"

"Married or not, you know men just as well as I do. Given the chance..."

"So, don't give him the chance. Come on, don't be a spoilsport. You did enjoy today, didn't you? The experience of walking around town as a girl, being taken for a girl... accepted as one. The experience of living as a girl for a whole day, outside? Well, believe me, there is no better feminine experience to really make you feel like a girl than going out on a date with a guy."

"No. I don't know about this; I'd be a shambles again. It was hard enough going out dressed up outside during the day."

"Have a joint, relax, and you'll be fine. And, as we will already be in the company of two guys, nobody else will bother us. Debbie and I have gone into town on an evening loads of times; we've never been in any danger and it's loads of fun."

"No, no way...I can't do this."

Chapter Five: BLIND DATE

Just what was it about Carl? I had never realized just how persuasive he was all the years we'd known each other. Since moving in with him he had manipulated my every move. I suppose his offer for me to use his car all the following week to drive to work had something to do with it, but I was still far from happy about agreeing to do this. I just knew it was wrong. Even with a joint and a couple of shots of whiskey, I was feeling extremely jittery.

I never really got out of my day's female attire. I just had a wash down, swapped my white dress for the red one (which was now agreed to be officially mine). I demanded that Carl write it down on paper; then I fixed up my makeup again and was spritzed with perfume by Carol.

Oh! There were two new inclusions to my dress. First, Carol insisted on attaching false finger nails to my own and painting them a bright red; with the addition of one or two dress rings, my hands looked very feminine. She also produced a pair of stiletto-heeled pumps with what seemed to me to be like towering heels...three and a half inches. I found it hard not to topple right over sideways but mercifully, probably because of my practice in the kitten heels during the day, I soon learnt how to adjust my balance. Walking remained very arduous, however.

One thing that was hard to get used to was the flashes of red before my eyes every time I used my hands.

Carol wore her black dress and nude pantyhose again, hooped earrings and heels to match her dress.

Boy was I nervous! The first hurdle was tottering out to the car. I now saw what she meant by "clicking of heels" as mine made that easily recognizable, ultra-feminine sound as I walked along the concrete driveway. How weird that just the sound of myself walking could make me feel so feminine.

The next hurdle was having to leave the safety of the car after parking it as close as possible to the restaurant we were going to...even though we were actually meeting the men in a bar a little further up the road first.

Walking down a neon-lit city street in a tight-fitting dress that showed off an expanse of white nylon-clad leg accompanied by the click-clacking of spiked heels was totally strange, nerve-wracking and exciting all at the same time.

As it was, amongst the many young men, couples and mixed groups of people, there were lots of other single young girls, all dressed for a night out, so Carol and I melted right in.

Entering a well-lit bar dressed as a sexy young girl made my heart leave home and sink into the pit of my stomach; my legs were starting to go on me and I had butterflies fluttering within.

We both looked around the room for Micky but couldn't pick him out in the packed, smoke-filled bar. "Oh God, don't say he hasn't come," I muttered as I saw lots of men's heads turning to look at us.

Carol was far more relaxed, but even she looked desperately around for her friend. "Come on, let's just get a drink at the bar. It's better than just standing here exhibiting ourselves," she told me.

I could not believe what I was doing. I was in a bar full of men, dressed as a provocative girl with makeup, wig, lacquered nails, reeking of perfume. I was aware that if anyone read that we were men, they could be forgiven for thinking I was a gay transvestite out on the pull.

We walked over to the bar, my face drawn with dread, Carol's one of semi-calmed nervousness. It was an entirely new thing for me to have to order a lady's alcoholic drink. I looked dismally at the small size of the cocktail, believing it would be gone in a gulp.

We remained standing at the bar while again surveying the room. Then a wave of panic passed through me as a man came over to my side and looked directly at my "breasts".

"What's two pretty li'l things like yorn doing all alone? Can I git you both a drink?"

Suddenly, a smiling Carol grasped my trembling hand, making me jump. "There they are, over there," she said. "Thanks Mister but we're spoken for."

I looked over to a far corner of the room and saw Micky waving to us. I broke into a huge smile of relief. I had never been so glad to see anyone as much in my life. So relieved was I that I began waving back excitedly.

I turned and looked apologetically at the man before making my way with Carol over to where the guys were.

Paul, my date—which really sounds a weird thing to say—was quite a bit older than me. I made him out to be possibly early thirties. He had dark wavy hair combed back, a rather rough complexion and wore a white shirt, tie, pinstripe pants and a blouson type brown leather jacket...real trendy.

In spite of his appearance he had, I supposed, rather rugged good looks...for a man. I was a bit taken-aback to find, as he stood gentlemanly, until Carol and I were seated, that he was a good five inches shorter than me. It wasn't until later that I realized my heels made a lot of the difference in height. Without them, I was still two inches taller.

Micky made all the introduction and both men then left their seats to bring Carol and I a fresh drink. I was feeling a little more at ease now that we were with the two men and we'd settled a little more into the place. It still seemed totally incongruous, though, that I was out on a date with a man while dressed as a woman.

On their return, I found myself sitting opposite Paul while Micky sat facing Carol. We were soon separated by different conversations as Paul engaged me in talk while Carol and Paul reminisced on old times.

Paul told me all about himself while, occasionally, asking things about me. At first, I tried to bring Carol and Micky back into the talk, but eventually I found myself just listening to all he was saying or answering a few questions about myself.

Obviously, I had to change certain details about my life, such as that I worked as a secretary rather than being a garage mechanic; the way I had left home and that Carl

and I had come to know each other by attending a mixed school together (Paul knowing Carol's secret).

After another round of drinks, we left for the restaurant. I was again seated facing Paul and by the side of Micky while Carol was diagonal from me. Paul was a real gent and did all the ordering for me and poured my wine. It was strange having someone else doing all the work for me.

Carol and Micky were obviously enjoying renewing their old acquaintance.

Trying to ignore them, I tried to keep up an interesting conversation with my own date. My drinks at the bar, the wine with dinner and a roll up I was now having all began to have an effect, I started looking more intently at Paul's face, searching for his most attractive features.

He had quite nice eyes, and a nice smile. Hey! This was a guy...what was I doing?

Carol asked me if I was going with her to the rest room to freshen up, which I did. Once there, as we began retracing our lipsticks, she asked me what I thought of Paul.

"He's okay, I suppose...a bit short though," I complained.

We were both feeling a bit tipsy by now and, on our return to the dining area, which was now less than half-full, we began to clown about a bit and strike sexy poses for the two men.

Carol then hitched the hem of her already short dress to the top of her thigh which caused the restaurant owner to politely ask us to settle down a bit. We all left the place shortly afterwards, in high spirits, laughing and giggling.

Carol and I had planned to return home after our meal but Paul suggested that we move to a disco as the night was still young. As you do when you are having a good time and have had a few to drink, we both said yes.

On entering the disco, we found ourselves a table. We ordered drinks and listened to the pulsating music while continuing our conversations.

The subject was raised during our discourse about Carol really being a man; it was Paul that mentioned it.

"I know you're really a guy, but I just find it so hard to believe; you look so convincing," he said. He then went on to add that Carol looked twice as feminine as his own wife who didn't understand him and that his marriage was in difficulty...you know; the sort of stuff you've heard before.

"A guy as womanly as you is twice as sexy as a woman like her," he stated with drunken gestures. "I can understand Micky's attraction. I could really go for you myself; it wouldn't matter to me what sex you were. Your image is that of a beautiful young woman. But, how come Donna isn't attracted to the male you?"

"Ah! Well, you see, Donna is a beautiful man herself," Carol disclosed, causing a shocked expression on Paul's face. For me, it caused total embarrassment.

I fully expected him to be put right off me now but, going by the sudden bulge in his pants, he was all the more excited by me. Where he'd found it hard to believe that

Carol was a man, he found it totally unbelievable that *I* was. I just remained quiet and highly embarrassed.

Sometime later, Micky led Carol out for a dance, leaving me alone with Paul, who was now the worse for drink.

"You are such a very beautiful woman, you should have been born one," he said drunkenly.

"I don't think so; all this is just for kicks. I am really all man and quite happy to be so," I told him. I had wanted to tell him that in my deepest, most masculine voice for emphasis, but I realized that such a thing would bring attention from those around me. As it was, I don't think he believed me, anyway.

"So, do you live as a female all of the time?" he asked.

"No," I firmly stated as I watched Carol and Micky gyrating around the dance floor.

"But I thought you said you worked as a secretary? I just presumed that you were living full-time as a woman."

"Whoops! This man isn't *that* drunk," I thought to myself.

"Erm, I'm a male secretary, an office clerk really," I told him lamely.

I still think you make one hell of a damn fine woman. You must have a lot of female hormones in you."

This was becoming embarrassing and was badly deflating my machismo. I was twice as manly as this jerk...and had probably scored with twice as many chicks as him.

Just then the music changed to slow smooch. "Come on, Donna, will you give me a dance?" he asked.

"No, I can't. I'm not a dancer at all," I replied in alarm.

My words were to no avail. "Come on, anyone can do a slow waltz. I have enjoyed your company so much, a dance would make the evening complete."

He began tugging at my arm, whether I wanted to get up or not. He was not going to respect my decision so it was a case of ignoring him, punching his lights out, either way causing embarrassing attention to me, or, getting up. I got up.

He led me by my hand and I soon found myself dancing up close with him. I felt more humiliated than I could ever recall but I tried to play out the part as best I could. Paul adjusted my arms so that they were draped over his shoulders; his hands around my waist.

I glanced over to Carol for inspiration but she was busy, tightly holding onto Micky. The way we were, even though I towered over Paul, it made me feel very passive. As if he was the dominant one of us, he controlled me around the floor.

I couldn't avoid my nylon-clad thighs occasionally rubbing against his legs and, when he drew me in closer still, I realized the effect I was having on him. I could feel his rock-hard erection against my groin.

Paul drew me in for a kiss but I managed to turn my head away, commenting, "I wonder if Carol is still up dancing?" Finally, mercifully, the dance ended and we returned to our seats.

I could not believe it when I heard Carol inviting Micky to come home with her...and bring Paul with him.

"You two do as you wish," I said.

Paul seemed to get the message from that; if not, at least he didn't pursue it.

Micky then suggested ordering a cab to get us home, leaving our cars parked where they were until morning. I sighed in relief when Paul said to make it *two* cabs so that he could get back to where he was lodging. I had been worried in case he wanted to follow us home for a night cap.

We took the first taxi that came; Carol and Micky climbing into the back together. I could tell, as I waited to get into the front, that Paul was hovering around in the hope of getting a goodnight kiss from me. I curtly walked to the passenger side door out of his reach before saying, "Thanks for a great night, Paul. Maybe again, sometime. Goodnight." The dejected look on his face made me feel guilty and remained in my mind all the way back home. Hell, he was a married man anyway...what else could he expect?

As we traveled back home, Carol and Micky were at it in the back seat, passionately kissing and fondling each other. I really didn't know how my old friend could bring himself to kiss another man. It just seemed morally wrong to me.

On arriving back at the apartment, Carol began chastising me about Paul. "Okay, I can understand you not wanting him to come home with you, but after all the money that he paid out this evening, surely you could at least have given him a goodnight kiss?"

"No, I couldn't," I tried to explain, "I cannot kiss another man. it would just feel so, so...vulgar to me. The deal was for me to go out as his date, be company for him. I did that, even enjoyed it to some extent, but I never agreed to get passionate with him."

"What is so 'passionate' about kissing a guy on the lips in way of appreciation? And before you say you 'can't kiss a guy', you can...and *have*...or maybe you have forgotten the other night?"

I reddened. "But, but that was different. You looked every bit like a real woman and so it was easy for me to imagine that you really were a female."

"And *you* really look like a girl tonight. What would be wrong with you using this imagination of yours in reverse...that you were a real woman out on the town with her date? Poor Paul, he looked so miserable."

I didn't want to argue anymore so I went indoors to put the kettle on. Meanwhile, the two love birds came in and continued their petting and kissing in the hallway. As they caressed each other, Carol slid her right leg along the outside of Micky's leg and rubbed it up and down seductively. She looked so sexy, so vampish, that she even had me getting horny just watching. How did she do it? She seemed to have no morals or principles, no hang ups at all.

Their love play continued in the room as they sat on the sofa together. As I brought in the three coffees, Carol was crossing her legs, placing her left over her right and tucking it in between Micky's legs. While she was doing this, she was nibbling at his neck and unbuttoning his shirt; stroking her fingers through the hair on his chest. I realized that the person I thought I knew more than anyone, I really didn't know anything about at all.

They were both steamy as hell and fairly soon he was actually carrying her upstairs and laying her upon the bed. The coffee I had brought in was forgotten about. I could only imagine what went on that night, but judging from the moans and groans that emanated from the room, neither of them got much sleep.

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Carl and I didn't mention the night out the following day. Micky had left the apartment early, leaving only hickeys on Carl's neck as testament to all that had happened the night before...that Carol and I had gone out on a double date with men.

Back in my own male clothes, the effects of the drugs and booze having worn off, I was left greatly embarrassed with the memory of the whole thing. I cringed just thinking about what I had done.

Micky and Paul asked us both out again before their job was complete and Paul moved back home. I declined the offer but Carl went. I had not worn anything female for the past few days as I tried to assess what was motivating me, how deep I was getting into this thing and my true feelings about it all. Where was it all leading? Where would it end?

However, when Carl had gone on his date with Micky and Paul; I decided to dress up just so that I could relax easier while watching TV. Carl needn't know that I had dressed as I planned to be in bed before his return.

It was the first time I had dressed on my own initiative or desire. Normally, I only dressed on being encouraged or pestered to do so by Carl. I wondered, was I really getting hooked on this thing?

My one problem, as I tried to dress myself, was that the bra rubbed against my nipples as I put it on and caused me some discomfort. I had actually been noticing how sore they were becoming for a while, but, putting on a bra for the first time in several days, I really noticed it. In fact, I had to swap my lacy cupped bra for a plain cotton one.

Back in front of the TV, enjoying the feel of my freshly depilated, nylon-meshed legs, I lit myself a joint—I'm afraid I was also getting into another bad habit—and spread out upon the sofa. I recalled the night of passion between Carol and I. I had to admit to having really enjoyed it...especially as I no longer had a steady girlfriend. My thoughts then went on to Chantelle. If only she was here with me right now.

As the effects of the reefer began working, I began to create Chantelle in my mind, laying right besides me. In reality, I compensated for her absence by feeling and caress my own feminized body.

I stroked my silky legs and fondled my makeshift breasts with my hands, only to realize that I actually did have some degree of sensation there. I then felt between my legs and rubbed my groin through my skirt, panties and pantyhose. As my ardor grew and my breathing became labored, I placed my hand up underneath my skirt, taking hold of my member through the silky panties and rubbing all the more vigorously.

Soon I was on a high, my legs thrusting outwards, rubbing against the sofa cushions. As I neared climax, my thoughts mysteriously changed. Rather than pretending that I was with Chantelle and playing her role along with mine, I was still either her or myself, but with a man, a man who was making love to me. I spread my legs even wider, rubbed even harder. Then, with a groan of delight, I climaxed.

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That evening remained an embarrassment to me. Even though I had been alone, I was afraid of its meaning and avoided dressing up again. I went back to Square One. Carl would go out, either with his friend Debbie or to the club, while I stayed in.

I considered going to see some of the gang members, getting back in with them, trying to get back to my old ways and putting all this crossdressing behind me. I'd even forgive Hutch. Hell, it was all in the past and there were lots more loose girls to be picked up that hung around with the gang.

Yet, in spite of my plans, I found that I was badly missing dressing-up now. Thanks to Carl, I had sampled the delights of crossdressing and I now knew I could never be the same again, I knew that I still had the desire and probably always would have.

Then, one evening, Carl was going out but didn't tell me where. I just gathered he was on a date with some guy. I watched him as he made himself ready; strolling about in his underwear, his face already made-up and his wig in place...how sexy he looked! He wore a black satin and lace basque with garter straps, black fishnet stockings attached to them, and high-heeled pumps.

He caught me looking and did a twirl. "Well, how do I look?" he asked.

"You look great. Shame you've got to cover it all up with a dress," I told him.

"Only for as short a time as possible," he laughed. "Don't you miss dressing, Don? I know that you found things hard to deal with after Paul, but you shouldn't let it stop you from enjoying yourself."

"I do miss it," I admitted, "especially when I see you dressed up and wonder what it's like wearing certain things. Like those stockings, for instance. They look so sexy. What are fishnets like to wear? I've only ever worn those white pantyhose."

"If you're game, I've got some more stockings upstairs and a basque and garter combination. They aren't fishnets, but you haven't even tried stockings yet, have you? You would love the taut pull of garter straps."

My penis was hardening and I knew that I *did* want to try them. Soon, I was upstairs stripping off and Carl was pulling out this pretty white silk basque with dangling white garters, As I removed my shirt, Carl's eyes fell upon my naked chest.

I followed his gaze down to the puffy little swellings underneath each nipple. Turning red, I looked back at Carl.

"I don't know what is causing it. My chest has been as itchy as Hell lately.

Carl smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, dear. It does happen sometimes. I think it's just different brassiere materials that cause a reaction. In fact, mine are like yours at the moment. Look."

With that, he pulled the straps of his own basque down over his shoulders, took the padding out of the cups, then peeled down the lacy front to reveal his own chest. Sure enough, he had the same swelling as I had; roughly the same amount. "It goes on its own accord," he added.

Feeling relieved, I put on the boned basque and Carl fastened it in the back for me. I could feel the garter straps dangling enticingly against my naked thighs. Carl took notice that, although, as far as he knew, I had not been dressing, my legs were still void of any hair stubble.

"Still keeping yourself feminine, I see," he teased.

Ignoring him, I pulled one of the gray stockings onto my foot and worked it up my leg. Carl advised me on how to attach the stocking top to the garter buttons. I repeated the process with the other leg. Once both stockings were secured, Carl adjusted the tension of the garter straps.

The pull of the elastic garters on the stockings felt divine. I was soon quickly making up my face, putting my wig on and stepping into a pair of 3½ inch-heeled black court shoes; feeling wonderfully feminine.

"How do you like the feel of stockings then?" Carl asked.

"Hmm, lovely," I breathed. I looked at Carol, looking attractive in just her underwear.

"Carol, " I said faintly.

"Yes, Donna?"

"Would you do something for me? I know it sounds crazy, but that night you brought Micky home...you rubbed the inside of your leg up against his. Well, it looked so...well, would you do it to me?" I asked nervously.

Without replying, Carol came up to me, put her slender arms around me and drew her leg up so that it gently rubbed against mine. I felt my penis stiffen immediately as I attempted to do the same to her; adoring the feel of nylon rubbing on nylon.

I heard Carol's breathing become deeper as we both rubbed more furiously together, her hands caressing my back, playing with the lace and straps of my basque. I put my hand to her thigh and stroked it. As our bodies pressed closer together, so did our lips.

"Hey, what about your date?" I mumbled through the kiss.

"What date?" Carol replied breathlessly, "I didn't fancy him anyway. Come on, let's go upstairs."

oo0oo

This time, unlike the morning that followed our previous night of love making, I felt no after shame about what I had done. I had shared a mutual night of passion with someone I cared for very much and who was attractive to me. What was so wrong with *that*?

As Carl and I saw each other for the first time the following day, we smiled at each other with affection. We had both enjoyed the previous night, but neither of us looked at it as being anything other than what it was—a night of love shared by two people. We had not suddenly become lovers overnight nor did either of us think we were now committed to the each other.

The only thing I couldn't really work out was which of us had taken the male and which the female role? Maybe we both played the same role, like lesbian lovers...both being the female. I didn't know and, I didn't really care.

One thing that I did realize though, was that, if I could now make love, of a kind, with my friend, without guilt, I should also be able to make love with the real desire of my life. I could make it with Chantelle.

My life changed once more after that second passionate fling with Carol. I really began to enjoy, once again, the role of being feminine. I don't know why. I just accepted it; I was thrilled by it, even though I knew full well that the Don of old would have been disgusted by all the dressing-up in women's things.

I also seemed to be changing in personality, too. Was it because of the dressing? I didn't know but, whatever the reason, I seemed to be hooked. I was now beginning to dress each evening on coming home from work...just like Carl did. Each evening two males would enter the apartment and, within half an hour to an hour, two enticingly attractive females would be cooking a meal, dining, then relaxing.

Carl tried getting me to go dressed to his friends' houses or at least to the Paradise Club. I had not ventured outside dressed since the date with Paul. I felt as though I wanted to but I was still scared and knew I would feel embarrassed dressed in front of those that knew me to be male and who had only ever seen me in male clothes, even though they also would be dressed.

"You know, if you *really* want to build bridges and fully regain the friendship of the group after your insulting outburst, there's no better way to do it than becoming one of them by dressing," Carl told me one day.

"Yeah, I realize that mate, but I would just feel so embarrassed with them all knowing me," I replied.

"Well, it's been ages since you've seen them anyway. We are having a cheese and wine party at Mike and June's tomorrow. Just come along as you are...everyone's wondering what has happened to you."

It was true, I hadn't been out for a long time. The old me never stayed indoors, never watched television, yet here I was, bedecked in a dress and nylons, laying out on the sofa each and every evening, watching my favorite soaps instead of cruising the streets in leather and jeans, looking for some action. I *had* to get out of this routine.

I made myself ready within a quarter of an hour whilst Carl took his usual forever. He came downstairs with his hair full of curlers. Neither of us had been to the hair-dressers for months so our hair was becoming long. He had begun brushing his hair in a short, feminine style instead of wearing wigs.

"Oh, come on, Carl. What gives?" I protested on seeing that he was far from ready, "We're going to be late!"

"Stop complaining. These can come out soon. It won't take long after that to pull a dress and pantyhose on. Then I can brush my hair out and put my makeup on. You *do* want me to be attractive for you, don't you?"

I shot him a look, but saw that he was only teasing me.

Soon, he was finished and ready, wearing a figure-hugging black velvet mini-dress that was off the shoulder and had a very short hem. He wore dark, glossy nylons with his four-inch heeled pumps and had his own natural hair tumbling onto his bare shoulders. I mentally wished that I had the nerve to go out looking as sexy and daring as he did.

June welcomed us both at the door; making a fuss of me and saying that I shouldn't make myself a stranger. My time away from them all seemed to have healed my stupid remarks.

Mike was still upstairs finishing off becoming Michelle. Mandi was already in the lounge, in her usual dark page boy wig plus a short, flared dress that had hitched up her legs, revealing the tops of her stockings as she sat cross-legged on the settee. I found myself taking secret peeks at her exposed, long shapely limbs as we sat ourselves down in armchairs.

"Carol, how are you dear? And Don, we haven't seen you in absolute ages, darling," she greeted as we sat opposite her.

Debbie was the next to arrive, giving June, Mandi and Carol kisses on the cheek and me a rather limp handshake. I had always regarded Debbie as the most convincing and pretty of Carol's friends. I eyed her up in the red patterned silk blouse, the short black skirt which hugged femininely curved hips, shiny black pantyhose and black heels she wore.

I was admiring her legs and found myself following her with my eyes everywhere she walked. Damn, what was happening to my mind? I had been eyeing-up two femininely clad men with obvious attraction since arriving. It caused me concern, especially after succumbing to Carol several times now.

I knew that Debbie was gay as she and Carol often went out together to pick up guys. How would I react if she made a play for me? I knew, not very long ago, I'd have mashed her into a pulp. Now, to be honest, I doubted that I would resist. I did have one saving grace in that I was attracted to Debbie solely because she did look so sexy and feminine...but why were my feelings changing about feminized men?

Within half an hour, there were twelve people gathered in the house, all cross-dressed, with the exception of Phil, Carol's boyfriend, June and myself.

I was cutting into a wedge of cheese while Michelle reached past me for some butter, catching me in my chest with his elbow. I winced audibly with the sudden pain from the light blow and June caught sight of my discomfort. I saw her talking to Carol a little later on and felt sure she was talking about me, asking if I was all right.

I saw Carol apparently explaining something. June suddenly appeared to understand and turned briefly to look at me. I took it that Carol had informed her about our joint reaction to some brassieres. That embarrassed me as it also meant she had told her that I was now dressing in the seclusion of the apartment.

As we sat down, talking, eating and drinking, my dear friend suddenly decided to speak up about me to the company; causing me deep humiliation.

"I thought that you may all like to know that, at last, I have got Don to dress up..almost every evening now," she announced.

A chorus of excited voices began to rise up.

"I had hoped that he might have treated you all tonight by coming here dressed; he makes a surprisingly beautiful and convincing girl, but he felt he would be too embarrassed."

"Oh, Don, you simply must." "We'd all love to see how good you look." "There is no need to feel embarrassed among friends," came the assembly of voices.

"Really Donald, you *must* portray yourself before us. It would be *such* fun!"



“Oh, yes. Go on, we could help you dress,” Debbie joined excitedly, putting her manicured hand upon my thigh and giving it a comforting squeeze.

I turned a deep red. “No, really. I'm sorry but I just couldn't...not just now...perhaps soon. Carol was out of order by telling you my secret before I was ready to disclose it,” I quickly replied, trying to postpone such an embarrassing ordeal.

“Well, only if you promise to do it soon. I am so pleased that you are now experiencing for yourself the delights of crossdressing. It makes us all feel so much closer to you. You do promise?” the second Carol asked.

I didn't want to be put on the spot without at least a fight so I answered, “Well, if you really feel that I would be more akin to you all if I dressed up, then perhaps Phil should also dress. If he will, I will,” I replied, putting the emphasis rather unfairly on Carol's boyfriend who, although he was gay, never crossdressed.

Now it was Phil's turn to go red and Carol desperately tried to defend him.

“Oh, come on, Phil...it's only for one night. It'll be a huge laugh...all girls together,” Mandi said.

“Yes, come on Phil. That way we get Don to carry out his promise,” came Michelle.

Phil was squirming and trying his best to wriggle out of the situation. I had scored a direct hit in scuppering their silly plans...or so I thought. The others however, kept on badgering both Phil and I until Phil finally said, “Oh, very well...I'll try it...but only for one evening.”

My heart sank and I glared at Phil. The spineless wimp; he could have held out.

“That's excellent!” June said with glee, “We shall hold the both of you to it. We will all have a night out at the Paradise Club with our two newest female members.”

“Hold on!” I protested, “I didn't say I'd go to the club dressed.”

June looked dismayed but then quickly put in, “Okay, then we shall have another party right here next weekend. Let's say Saturday.”

“Great,” said Debbie, “and why not make it that the least convincing has to go to the Paradise dressed up. That will ensure they make the effort.”

Any further protests from me were drowned out by a chorus of approvals to the idea. I spent the rest of the evening planning on how I would murder Carl when we got back home.

Chapter Six: DEEPER AND DEEPER

Saturday arrived. I don't think I had ever wanted to see a particular day less than that Saturday. I had worked the morning at the garage and had delayed returning home for as long as possible. Of course, Carl took charge of me almost as soon as I stepped in through the door, ordering me upstairs to take a hot, perfumed bath and telling me to shave my whole body and thoroughly wash and condition my lengthening hair.

Once the tasks were carried out, he instructed me to keep my hair damp while we had a light meal. "Carl, I don't really want to do this," I pleaded.

"Don't be silly. Hell, it's not as if you haven't ever gone out dressed before. In fact, the time that you did, you went out to a bar full of strangers and dated a man that you had never seen before."

"Yeah; you got me into that one as well. At least on that occasion nobody knew that I wasn't female except Micky, and later, thanks to your big mouth, Paul. Sure, I felt embarrassed but I also looked like what I appeared to be. This time everyone knows me and they all know I'm male and have never seen me female."

"And none of them are going to think any the worse of you. In fact, they will all be delighted that you are dressing as one of us now."

"Well I'm not going to wear anything too feminine. Nylons are out to start with and I'm wearing flat low-heeled shoes."

"Remember the competition," Carl reminded as he carefully scrutinized my smooth, hairless legs which looked really shapely and feminine now that they were devoid of masculine hair.

"Hmm, I do suppose you have a good pair of legs, they should look feminine enough without nylons if you insist. I'll look for a pair of smaller-heeled shoes."

I hadn't expected him to be so accepting of my protests and demands; in fact, in a way, I had rather hoped for him to challenge me, make me dress more femininely, thereby taking away some of the guilt.

After cleaning away the meal things, Carl began on me in earnest. He gave me a pair of pink satin panties and matching, half-cupped bra with underwiring. I tried telling him that the bra was too low to hold any padding but was amazed when he informed me that he didn't intend for me to wear anything in the bra cups.

"This bra should pull up any loose flesh on your chest and gather it into the cups," he told me as he fastened the bra from the front. He squeezed the flesh of my chest inwards and upwards, under the underwiring. To my surprise and embarrassment, I seemed to project breasts that filled the half cups and even rounded out a little.

I hadn't realized I had so much spare flesh on me.

Carl's manipulations around my "breasts" started to cause my nipples to tingle which was another strange feeling. It was slightly painful yet had a degree of pleasantness about it.

A black satin slip then covered over the bra and panties. Only then did I notice that I had the illusion of having a cleavage caused by the gathering and pushing together of the flesh; it showed beneath the “V” neck of the slip. The appearance of cleavage on my chest was quite daunting, giving me a real weird feeling.

Carol gave me a new red dress to wear. It was low-cut so as to keep the cleavage on show, had narrow shoulder straps, a gathered waist and tight skirt falling to just above the knees with a slit up the back.

I was then handed a bottle of red nail varnish. “For your finger and toe nails,” Carol casually told me.

I was momentarily caught off-guard by her instructions. The only time that I had worn nail varnish, Carl had done it for me and had painted it onto false nails.

“You're going to have to learn to apply it yourself,” I was told.

“So where are the false nails?” I asked.

“Just paint your own.” I was instructed.

This caused me to glance at my nails. On her instructions, I had been keeping them clean and she would file them for me rather than let me clip them. Before I moved in with Carl, I didn't even clip them but would just chew them down to my finger tips.

Carol constantly nagged me to look after my nails due to the damage I was doing to them at the garage, from all the grease and engine oil that got underneath them.

For the first time, I noticed just how long they were getting; they were also a bit too oval to be considered manly. I reddened as I began wondering if any of my workmates had yet noticed them.

“And why my toe nails?” I asked in a nervous little voice. As far as I was concerned, only women painted their nails, and only very feminine, sexy women painted their toe nails.

“Oh Donna, you are so slow tonight. You are not wearing nylons so, you have to do *something* to keep your feet looking attractive. You want to wear lower heels, but the only kind I have are open-toed.”

I was astounded, once I had finished coating my finger nails a bright red, with just how feminine they looked; both in appearance and length. Also, I couldn't get used to padding about the apartment, barefooted, constantly seeing ten red-tipped toes every time I glanced down.

Carl sat me down and put some gel or something into my still damp hair and massaged it in before putting a hair dryer to it and teasing it outwards with a brush. He then set about my face, taking far longer than he had ever done before.

Once finished, he brought me the shoes that he had selected. Okay, fair enough, they were low heeled as I had requested, but they were also ultra-feminine, white leather sandals with lots of delicate white spaghetti strapping, including one strap that fastened around my ankle. The next-to-nothing sandals showed off my painted toe nails, making me wish I had opted for a pair of high-heeled pumps instead.

My look into a mirror was a complete shock. I was stunning! Carl had somehow made my hair look both longer and thicker; it was full of volume and brushed both backwards and outwards from my face. My eyes had been delicately lined in black pencil, my eyebrows darkened and shaped and I had long, luscious lashes. My lips were full and pouting in a lovely, rich red color that just begged to be kissed. The worse thing about it all was that this was all me...! My hair, my nails, my cleavage...there was nothing false!

oo0oo

Horror of horrors. I was scared enough about them all seeing me totally en femme, but I had not expected to see them all. The house was packed. There must have been fifty or more people, many of whom I knew from the Paradise Club and a few I had never even seen before, all here to attend what was billed as my "coming-out party".

I could have just burrowed through the floor but everyone was so amazed and truly complimentary on how not only convincing I was, but beautiful. I couldn't help but be flattered by the compliments. What was truly off-putting was how everyone now automatically referred to me as "she" and "her".

"Oh, Carol, she's absolutely ravishing!" "My, she even paints her toe nails!" "Where have you been keeping her, Carol?" were typical of the comments I was receiving. One trannie, totally unknown to me, even suggested I must have been dressing for years to look so good.

It wasn't until I was knocking back a cold beer and drawing on a joint to soothe my frazzled nerves that I noticed that neither Phil or Carol were there. Maybe Phil was, but I had failed to recognize him. Even so, where was Carol?

Almost as in answer there came a knock on the door and in walked the two of them. I nearly dropped my glass from my hand. Phil was in his normal male clothes.

"Don! you look incredible!" Carol complimented, rushing over to embrace me.

"Thanks, but wasn't there *two* of us supposed to be going in for this?" I replied, rather temperamentally.

"Oh, don't get your panties in a twist, darling. We're not backing out, we just wanted to see what the competition was like first."

"What do you mean?" I asked."

"Remember? The loser goes to the Paradise Club dressed. We have all been making bets on which of you would make the most attractive and convincing girl. Looking at you, I can see we are going to have our work cut out for us. Come on, Phil, let's see what I can do with you."

I looked at Phil whose head hung low in embarrassment as Carol and one or two others ushered him up the stairs. I could really feel for him because I knew first hand just how he was feeling.

As Phil was led off, I stood talking to June and a couple of others who all recommended that I should dress up and go out more often as I made a real good cross-dresser. As they spoke, I saw that one of the new faces in the room was looking at me.

She was a blonde with long, wavy hair that fell to mid-back. She was sitting on a settee wearing a black dress with white polka dots. Her long legs were encased in sheer dark nylons and her feet shod in black high heels.

She struck me as being very attractive. I occasionally stole a look at “her”. Each time that I did so, I found her gaze was still on me.

I had to feel sorry for Phil. He had never worn women's clothes. At least I'd had a few months practice beforehand. For him, this was all new. Even worse for him, there were about five others of the group upstairs with Carol, helping him to get ready.

On one occasion, when I needed to use the upstairs bathroom, I glanced into the room they were in to see Carol leaning over him, applying his lipstick. He was seated tentatively on the edge of the bed in a silk and lace white slip, his longish hair brushed back behind his ears.

I continued to the bathroom, leaving them to it. They were still attending to his makeup when I passed by again. Carol, this time, was applying blush to his cheeks while Mandi fixed false nails in place.

Back downstairs, I went to the table to select a few hors d'oeuvre's and sensed someone standing just behind me, also selecting a few pastries.

“Hi, I'm Gloria,” greeted the soft voice.

I turned to see it was the long blonde-haired TV that had been looking at me.

“Oh! hello, I'm...er, Don,” I returned.

“Don! That's not a very flattering name for someone as pretty as yourself.”

I blushed, not being used to being called pretty. “Well, erhm, I am also known as Donna,” I replied in an embarrassed voice.

“Not very imaginative, but it does suit you better than Don does; Donna. I saw you once at the Paradise Club...or, at least your other self., though I wouldn't have recognized you as you are now had I not known that you were Carol's friend who was coming out.

“No, actually, I am not ‘coming out’; I've been kind of forced into dressing up for this evening. I'm not really a transv..”

I was suddenly cut off by a loud cheer; Phil was making his entrance.

He was wearing a wig of long brunette hair that fell in gentle waves to his shoulder tops accompanied by dangling earrings that glittered through the wig. His face was moderately made-up with blue shadow, mascara, blush and a deep pink lipstick.

He endured being fussed over for a few minutes as he put on a nervous smile. He looked decidedly uncomfortable. Carol then took his arm and pulled him away.

“This is look number one. We have another look for her. Come on, Philippa,” she announced to everyone.

“Foul! Not fair,” “my” Carol cried out, “Donna only has the one look; you shouldn't be allowed to use two images for Phil.”

"All's fair in love and war, sweetie," retorted the other Carol, "We had a difference of opinion upstairs so decided to try both," she finished as she led Phil back up the steps.

Carol's outburst; calling me Donna, plus my admission to Gloria, soon had everyone at the party referring to me by my femme name. I was getting way too far over my head.

I got seated next to June and Michelle while we waited for Phil's second return. June couldn't stop enthusing on how good I looked.

"Thanks, but I'm not sure that I *want* to be able to look so pretty and convincing. I can hardly refer to myself as a good male specimen if I can be transformed so easily into a very passable female," I responded.

Before long, another chorus of calls and whistles went up as Phil made his second entry. His cosmetics had been slightly altered this time by using a brownish-red lipstick and light brown shadow. His dark wig had been replaced with a blonde one of straight locks formed into a long pageboy style. A long satin coat now covered the clothes he wore.

Everyone was in agreement that the blonde and brown look suited his face better. "My" Carol again jumped into the fray by announcing that my hair and finger nails were all my own and that should be taken into consideration when judging. "Thanks, mate," I thought to myself as I turned bright red with embarrassment.

"And what about Donna's delightful boobs...they look like hers as well?" A voice called out, making me blush even deeper. The voice belonged to Gloria.

"Yes, tell us. What *is* the story of your lovely new assets, Donald...I mean Donna?" June inquired quietly.

"They are not real," I protested, feeling my face burning, "It's some kind of bra that Carol gave me which pushes up all the loose skin in my chest to create an illusion of having breasts."

"Oh really! June replied, not looking overly convinced by what I had told her, "Perhaps you ought to diet if you have so much spare flesh."

I'm not sure whether I should have felt flattered or not, but I was easily voted the more convincing between Phil and myself...even his girlfriend voted for me. Phil wasn't at all disappointed.

Everyone really began to loosen up after that; the alcohol flowed and some of us had a joint. Phil remained dressed for the rest of the evening, but by now his initial embarrassment had worn off and he seemed as though he was enjoying himself. I caught sight of him, several times, running his hand up and down his smooth legs, enjoying the feel of his nylons or pulling down the hem of his skirt decorously if it had ridden too high up the thigh.

I became quite intoxicated towards the end, as most of the others were as well. Some of the guests were now dancing, some just talking. Others, like Carol and Phil, were necking, their feminized bodies rubbing against each other's.

Somewhere along the line, Gloria came and sat down beside me and we began chatting. I never realized that she was gently stroking my leg nor did I even realize I was getting turned on by it until our lips met in a passionate French kiss.

I do recall suddenly pulling away and pointing out to her that, although I found her very attractive, she was, nevertheless, a guy. My protests were immediately frozen by her telling me that *everyone* knew that Carol and I had made out...so what was the difference?

Initially, I felt deep anger and embarrassment that Carol had disclosed such a personal thing, but, as Gloria's lips found mine again, in my inebriated state, I thought, "Oh, what the hell!" After all, I *was* enjoying it; her lips were very soft, warm and sweet. Everyone, apparently, knew about Carol and I now, anyway.

oo0oo

I can't remember getting back home that night, nor getting into bed, but in the morning, there I was. I had one hell of a stinking headache, my throat was dry and I was desperate for a piss. As I painfully made my way to the bathroom, I had to stride over the clothes I had worn the night before, which were haphazardly strewn across my floor.

I had a moment of panic whilst I fought to remember what day it was. Realizing that it was a Sunday and that I didn't have to go into work, I sighed with relief, took a couple of aspirin and returned to the warmth and comfort of my sheets. A moment's dizziness hit me as I lay my head back down upon the pillow before falling back to sleep.

When Carl called me some time later, I was amazed to find that it was 2:30 in the afternoon; I still felt very groggy.

"What happened last night?" I asked, clutching my head.

"How much do you remember?" I was asked.

"Nothing, mate...well, I remember going to the party...and Phil getting dressed. Oh shit!...and everyone calling me Donna!" I suddenly felt deeply humiliated. "I...didn't do anything stupid...did I?"

"No, not exactly. Do you remember Mandi's friend?" Carl asked.

"Mandi's friend? No...what did they call her or him?"

"Gloria."

I began to remember. "Oh yeah, the one with the long blonde hair."

"She's the one. You got quite friendly there."

"What do you mean, 'friendly'?" I asked in slight panic. "I didn't kiss him/her, did I?"

"Kiss her! You practically *ate* her; you two were snogging for hours."

My face was now burning with deep shame. "And she is a trannie, I suppose?" I asked, hoping for a negative answer.

"That she is, my sweet little homosexual," Carl teased.

"Don't, Carl," I begged, "Oh, damn. Why did I ever get into all this crap or start smoking your goddamn drugs so that I don't know what the fuck I'm doing? I'm getting out of all this, Carl...the clothes, the dressing up...all of it. I'm not a trannie and I'm *definitely* not gay." "Well, if you say so, but not before Tuesday," Carl replied.

"Tuesday? Why, what's Tuesday?"

"You promised you'd go with Phil, dressed, to the Paradise Club."

"What! I never did, you're joking! I remember, I *won* that competition.

"Yes, you won. But after a while of being dressed, Phil began to enjoy himself and he said he was quite prepared to hold up his part of the deal and go to the club dressed. You said, as it was you that was voted 'most convincing', if *he* could go, so could *you*."

"Oh, damn it Carl, I can't."

"Sure you can. Everyone's expecting you to...and what's the difference anyhow? Everyone has seen you now, anyway, and they all think you look great. Anyway, Chantelle might be there. You haven't seen her since you spent the night with her."

"That's because I haven't been to the Paradise Club since."

"Exactly. She'll be thinking you're avoiding her. Do you realize it's nearly three months, and I *know* you still think a lot about her. You've lost a lot of your inhibitions since you saw her last...I mean, you dress yourself now, you have been on a date with a man and we've been together. If you can make it with *me*, you certainly can with *her*...don't deny yourself, mate."

"Yeah, you're right, I *do* still think about her but, well I mean, going steady with someone that I know to be a man...that is really heavy. And what if she no longer wants to know me with it being so long?"

"You can but try," Carl replied. "And, if you go along dressed as a woman she will see that you have lost a lot of your initial fears...that you are now more acceptant of our kind."

oo0oo

I couldn't cope with anything to do with femininity all of Sunday and Monday at work; not that I could escape it. I was now really conscious of my longer, oval nails and found myself being protective of them as I worked on car engines or changed wheels. I was also consciously trying to hide my hands from the other guys in the garage.

As Tuesday evening came around, Carl had me soaking my nails in a warm, soapy solution to clean the grease and grime from them. He even suggested that maybe I ought to change jobs as I might ruin them. I treated that silly remark with the contempt it deserved.

Carl helped me dress; from somewhere, he had obtained a new outfit for me. I complained about my painful chest as I stripped to the waist. The area surrounding my

nipples had risen into two small, prominent, little lumps now. They lifted my nipples, which were more pointed, out from my chest.

"Are *yours* this bad?" I asked. "If this swelling doesn't go down soon, I am going straight to the doctor's."

Carl looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. "What do you plan to tell him when he asks you what you think may be causing it? That maybe it's because you wear a bra? Just keep on rubbing that cream in, it will help. Anyway, I have a lovely pink satin bra for you tonight, so you should have no discomfort.

The bra was fastened around my chest and padded out. I was then given matching panties and a garter belt. I was apprehensive about wearing stockings to go out in, but, when I had drawn them up my legs and fastened them, I had to admit, they were delightful.

They were dark, sheer nylon with a glossy finish that made my legs look like a million dollars. I was also given a red satin slip with a red Lurex dress to wear. My shoes were very petite and feminine, having 3½" Stiletto heels and the instep cut away. A slender strap attached to the heel fastened around my ankle to keep the dainty shoes firmly on my feet. To finish, I was given a black leather purse with a long silver chain so I could carry it on my shoulder.

Once my hair was all brushed out, my makeup on and my nails painted, I was ready for going. I looked and felt 100% female.

Carol saw us arriving at the door of the club. She was looking very attractive in a blue crinoline, low-cut dress that had a billowing skirt, white stockings and white open-toed sandals with a three-inch heel and ankle straps.

"Donna! You look better every time I see you," she gushed. I felt rather embarrassed by all her flattery of my female image while. At the same time, I was wondering if it made "my" Carol feel jealous of all the attention I was receiving...after all, she *was* the first of us to dress and always looked stunning, yet it was me getting all the praise of late.

Phil was already there and looked very convincing. He was all smiles and seemed to blend in with everyone as if he was just one of the regular girls. This crossdressing thing seemed made for him.

After a few drinks, I began to unwind. One thing I noticed from the onset was that all those who had not been at Michelle and June's party all failed to recognize me. This included Lindsey the doorman, who looked at me once or twice without a hint of knowing who I was.

This again rang true when I noticed Chantelle arrive at the club. My heart did a flip when I saw her, but sank as I began feeling very conscious about how I was dressed. I rather hoped she would continue to not recognize me for the rest of the evening.

My heart sank even lower when I saw a guy, dressed in normal male clothing, take two drinks across and sit at her table.

Halfway through the night, I found that we were both heading for the ladies room. I decided to speak. "Hello Chantelle, remember me?" I asked, feeling rather unsteady on my heels.

She looked at me in puzzlement for several seconds before recognition began to slowly show on her bewildered face.

"Don! It's you! God, I don't believe it!"

I blushed deeply as I raised a nervous smile.

"My God, look at you! You've certainly changed since I last saw you."

We entered the rest room together as I filled her in on all that had transpired in my life since our last meeting.

"Anyway, so here I am. What do you think?" I concluded.

"Definitely convincing," she replied, still with a look of surprise.

"Last time we were together, you told me I should sort myself out and understand what I wanted. Well, I have. I have never gotten you out of my mind. I am deeply attracted to you and it doesn't matter to me anymore whether you are a male or female."

"That's sweet Don, but that was three months ago. I *am* flattered that you think so much about me but you never showed up again nor once phoned me. I'm dating someone else now...Roy. He's here tonight. And...Don, I'm sorry, but I go for the more macho kind of guy...that's why I was attracted to you. But...but, look at you now...you just look so damn convincing. I would love to stay friends, though. Join us at the table if you have the time. You really *do* look super."

I was gutted. Goddamn, I had never wanted to get into dresses and high heels anyway...and now it had messed me up with someone I really fancied.

I consoled myself with drink for the rest of the evening. Needless to say, I didn't have the heart to go to Chantelle's table, so I remained among my friends. I steered clear of drinking enough to get me stupid or aggressive like the time before. How could I, in a dress, nylons and heels!? I hardly looked tough or aggressive.

I did drink enough, though, as to accept an invitation to dance from a guy who walked over.

Anyway, I got dancing with this guy, Larry they called him, and what with the usual cocktail of drink, drugs and depression, I let myself get carried away a bit, to the point of smooching with him and even doing a bit of necking on the dance floor.

My actions did get to Chantelle, in one way. She noticed me with Larry and was saddened by what she saw. Originally with me, she had seen a tough, masculine type of guy. She was the boy imitating a girl while I was the *real* man. But now, I was imitating the girl and Larry was the man. She was sad because she saw me losing my masculinity.

I hadn't expected it to also affect Carol, though. Everyone at our table was shocked and surprised by my action even though nobody mentioned it on my return. But, when we got home early in the morning, I realized that Carol was acting a bit huffy.

“So. Looks like you have definitely crossed the line,” she stated as she kicked off her heels.

“What do you mean?” I asked innocently.

“Well, kissing a man that's dressed as a woman is one thing, even if you are also dressed as one. But, kissing a man who appears as a man while *you* appear as a woman! Well!”

I suddenly felt deeply humiliated and my cheeks burnt hot.

“It's a bit late for that now,” she stated.

“Do you feel appalled with me? Disgusted?” I asked.

“No, not really. I don't know. In a way, I guess it's a bit of a turn-on for me to see my former macho, heterosexual mate, dressed as a girl, kissing a guy...I also felt a bit jealous.”

Carol's last statement caught me a bit off-guard. I looked at her pretty and sincere face and seemed to be naturally drawn to it. Within seconds, we were kissing and petting passionately, both of us becoming highly aroused. There was no time to get up to the bedroom, so Carol just pulled off the dress and slip she was wearing. In just her bra, panties, garter belt and stockings, she began caressing me all over my body.

Soon I was urgently following her lead, pulling off my Lurex dress and satin slip as we passionately fondled one another. Carol had soon unhooked my bra and I found her kissing and massaging the small fleshy prominences upon my chest.

I was amazed to see my nipples pucker and elongate and even more surprised at the actual size and jelly-like feel of the twin mounds. But I couldn't dwell on it for too long because the sensations emanating from my nipples were sending me into convulsions of ecstasy and my male organ was becoming rigid.

I soon found myself on my back, knees upwards, with Carol sucking earnestly upon my rock-hard penis. I tried without success to hold back but, to my shame and embarrassment, my hot release spurted uncontrollably into her mouth.

I thought that she would choke, puke up or be disgusted with me, but she loved it and swallowed it all down. She even licked me clean, tantalizing me with her tongue.

I felt guilty. I had been given full enjoyment and really felt that I should reciprocate in some way. I closed my mind to what I was doing and allowed Carol's own hot member to enter my mouth. It felt strange, tasted strange, but I just got on with the job until Carol, in turn, shot into my mouth.

I was not as experienced as Carol; I thought that I would gag until I began to swallow the salty fluid. This was indeed a whole new experience for me and, to be honest, nowhere near as bad as I had always thought it would be.

That night we slept cuddled up to each other in Carol's bed. My whole world was changing, *had* changed. How far would it all end up going?

Chapter Seven: MAJOR CHANGES

Waking up feeling embarrassed over events from the previous night was beginning to be an all-too-regular feature of my life. Wednesday morning was no exception.

I lay in bed and groaned as I turned over all the events in my mind. It wasn't so much what Carl and I had done together, but more my kissing the stranger at the Paradise Club. I mean, it hadn't even been as if I could claim I had been attracted to how feminine he looked, how pretty he was or of the sexy clothes he wore. This had been a *man*, *dressed* like a man; he had short hair, a mustache and he smelled like a man.

As I lay there, I contemplated rebelling against all that I had gotten into. I thought about standing up and shouting, "No more, I've had enough of this." I wanted to return to the way I was before...but, how *could* I go back? The old Don never would have pranced about in women's clothes and would certainly never have even contemplated kissing a man...or sucking a cock.

I thought back to Carl's words. I *had* crossed the line, I had now become a transvestite; it was in my soul. I had to admit that I now enjoyed dressing-up and the feel of silky clothes, the excitement of going out dressed and the thrill I got from seeing myself looking like a sexy, attractive woman.

I also now had to admit that I must have some homosexual tendencies even though it wasn't like I could be out in public and think, "Oh, he's attractive." or "Hmm, I fancy him." Indeed it was more of a continuation of how I always reacted after drugs and booze.

Unable to successfully rationalize these things, I merely had to accept them. There seemed no point cursing what I had gotten into or my vowing never to dress up again; that could never wipe clean what had happened or change things. It would merely deny me something which I now derived immense pleasure from doing. I was not overly concerned about accepting that I had become a transvestite. I found it harder to accept that I might have leanings toward being gay. I knew that I wasn't gay, really. I still preferred women and liked my partner to be feminine.

If I could have my way, I would prefer having a female lover who had no hang ups about me dressing occasionally, but where do you find a special woman like that? No, the nearest I could get would be a transsexual...but they usually preferred male partners. I could settle for a really convincing TV, but they would still have male sex organs, so I was basically back to the homosexual scene.

A call from Carl, who was downstairs, broke my thoughts. I was left still confused and unsure of where my life was leading me, but today, I had to get up and go to work.

Carl acted as if nothing untoward had happened. He gave me a smile, asked how my head was, then announced that he was leaving for work.

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At work I was tampering with a car engine when Rick, one of the other mechanics, began speaking to me.

"What's that on your face, son?" he asked.

"Uh, what?" I asked dumbly.

"Come over into the light a second," he said. "It looks as if you have traces of makeup on your face or something."

"Leave it out, Rick," I snapped, becoming panicky and embarrassed, "As if!"

"Yes, you have. Let's take a closer look," he persisted.

"Look, fuck off, Rick. Stop being bloody stupid. It'll just be a splash of oil or grease," I told him, becoming angry and wishing him to go away.

"No it's not. You've got eye liner or something on your lower lashes...and there's some blue on your lids."

Shit! I felt like crawling out of the garage, felt like Carl must have that time I went round to his place and found out about him. I was dead set against coming out and announcing I wore women's clothes like he had done with me, though. Damn, if I hadn't laid in bed thinking for so long, Carl would have noticed the stuff on my face before he went out.

"Yeah, okay Rick, you got me," I replied at length, "But keep this to yourself, all right? I went to a party with my new girlfriend last night. It was a charity thing and the guys had to dress as girls and the girls as guys, that's all. I only did it because she kept nagging me."

"Fuck me, I can't imagine you in stockings and high heels," Rick laughed, "bet you made a real ugly girl."

That remark annoyed me, knowing how good I could look. I wanted to tell him that, but thought better of it.

"Yeah, I guess I did, but it was all in fun anyway. But cut this crap about me wearing stockings and high heels, okay? I did not wear anything dainty or girlish. I just wore this old baggy dress and kept my socks on with a pair of running shoes. I did use some padding as tits, though.

"So you must have worn a bra?" he asked gleefully.

"Hell, do I look like some kind of pervert? I just stuck two lumps of foam inside the dress. Listen, keep your mouth shut about this, all right? I don't want it getting out all over the garage."

Rick nodded with a smirk. I seemed to have wriggled out of a tight and embarrassing situation but it still left me feeling uneasy.

oo0oo

The die had been cast as far as going out dressed was now concerned. Once done, you just keep on doing it; I went to the Paradise Club, as Donna, several times over the following two weeks. Why not? I enjoyed the feeling of being out in slinky clothes, pretending to be, and taken as, a female; doing feminine things like going to the bathroom to repair my makeup.

It was really relaxing for me and it helped me unwind to cast off the daily burden of having to play the aggressive, dominant male. I now, though, kept my drinking to a minimum, sipping at ladies cocktails which I was developing a taste for. I refused any more dances with trannie chasers, gay men who went out after transvestites, limiting myself to just dancing in groups of my friends.

Gloria came into the club one evening and seemed quite keen to try and pick up from where we had left off at the party. I was hesitant, not wanting to reject her but not wanting to get involved either.

I would search for my own special female or, as a second choice, a post-op TS. If nothing turned up, so as to keep some kind of romance in my life, perhaps Gloria would still be there for me. In regard to Carol, even though we had made out three times now, I still valued our friendship and I didn't want to spoil that by getting too deeply involved with her sexually. I think she felt the same.

I approached Carl one day after taking a shower. I was becoming increasingly worried about my chest. Those little puffy swellings under my nipples were now two-thirds larger than they had been when I last expressed concern about them and they were getting kind of conical in shape with elongated, rubbery nipples at their summit. The soreness wasn't as bad; they were now more irritatingly tingly.

"Look Carl, mate, I'm dead worried. That cream is obviously not working, the swelling is getting far worse...it almost looks like I have a small pair of tits now and they are also starting to protrude through my work clothes. You can see my nipples sticking out of my shirt and they tingle incessantly.

"I'll tell you what. I'll have a word with my doctor and see if he can prescribe something for it. Mine haven't gone down either, but I'm not complaining. If it's just the wearing of bras that causes it, then why not just stop wearing them?"

"What, and look all flat chested in our best dresses! We may as well just stop dressing until they go down."

"That could be ages. I'll see what the doctor thinks first. He knows I'm a cross-dresser so I can ask him outright."

"I don't know how you can be so open with everyone about it. I'd be far too embarrassed."

"Oh! That reminds me. Now that you are getting more confident about going to the Paradise Club dressed up, you know that concert and dance on Wednesday that the younger ones are going to? Well, Debbie has had something come up and can no longer make it. Fancy going in her place?"

"I don't know, Carl. Going to a trannie club is one thing, but going to a club full of normal youngsters...I don't know."

"It'd be no different from the time we went to that bar on our double date with Micky and Paul. In fact, it's better 'cause it will be darker. Branch out a bit, there are some really cool groups and there will be seven of us in the party, including Phil. He's planning on going dressed, and without Carol. She feels too old for that kind of stuff."

I really fancied it, I hadn't gone to a pop concert since moving in with Carl. I would have felt better just going as myself but, when I put that to Carl, he just said, "You either go as Donna or not at all, this is an all-girl's night out."

As usual, I was persuaded to go. Well, not exactly "persuaded"; I really fancied going, dancing to live groups again and just going somewhere different than the Paradise Club.

Our party consisted of Carol, Mandi, Jackie and Dianne, Phil or Philippa as they were now calling him, Mitsouku, the very glamorous Asian I hadn't seen in ages and, to my great surprise and slight discomfort, Chantelle. I made the eighth member of the group.

I learnt that I would not be wearing anything from my small, feminine wardrobe, nor would I be borrowing anything of Carol's. We were going out to a dance club, therefore we had to dress in more appropriate young fashion clothes. I was informed that Dianne, one of the youngest of our group, would lend me one of her nightclub outfits and Debbie offered Philippa the one she had been planning to wear.

Early Wednesday evening, Mandi, Jackie and Dianne descended on our apartment. We planned to set off from there together; linking up with the rest who were leaving from the other Carol's place, where they were helping Phil with his outfit.

Carol was half-dressed while I was still in a toweling robe, with only my nails and makeup done. The outfit I had been given was skimpy to say the least. I had a black glitter tank top, shiny black opaque tights and red quilted hot pants, which meant my midriff was exposed. I was given a pair of black suede flat-heeled slip-ons to wear for dancing.

The heavier material of the tights covered my legs in a deep glossy black made me wish I hadn't bothered shaving them. My shoulders were practically bare other than the delicate straps of the low-cut top which just managed to cover my "bust". My arms were bare, so that had meant shaving them, too.

To complete my outfit, I was given a little silver heart pendant to wear around my neck and a pair of clip-on earrings. Mandi remarked on how she wished my ears were pierced as she had a pair of large hoop earrings that would have looked great with the outfit. Jackie added that, with my having an exposed middle, I should have a navel ring.

Carol looked brilliant. A skimpy black Lycra top was just about concealed with a blue Lurex vest and trendy-looking blue suede, tight-fitting pants. On her feet, she wore black suede ankle boots with three-inch stiletto heels.

She, too, wore a locket which was attached to a black suede choker. She wore her hair piled up on top of her head with the back tumbling loosely down her back and a long wisp of hair on each side of her face, between her cheek and ears.

All set for the off, the five of us piled into a taxi like a group of excited, giggling girls. As arranged, we met up with Mitsouku, Chantelle and Philippa outside the club. Philippa looked stunning, wearing a simple red mini-dress, black pantyhose and knee-high, black high-heeled boots. He looked just like a sexy, teenage chick and he carried

himself and acted remarkably femininely. Chantelle came over and paid compliment on how good I looked.

As we all piled in past rugged-looking doormen one or two of the girls “Oooh'd” and “Ahh'd” at their size and build. One—I think it was Dianne—joked on how good they would be in bed. From that point on, I knew that the party I was in was out for fun. I just hoped I could stay their pace and not get too embarrassed.

The dance floor was packed as soon as the first group struck up. Half of our number, Carol included, got straight up to dance. As the night wore on, I loosened up a bit and joined them on the dance floor. Boys kept on cutting in and dancing with one or another of us, but whenever a guy tried to dance with me, I just turned to face whoever else in our group was not dancing with a guy.

As this task became harder to do, myself, Mitsouku, Mandi and Chantelle all returned back to our table.

It was Mandi who pointed out Philippa dancing with a man. He was really getting into it, swaying his hips and enjoying himself. It was strange because, although Phil was gay, he would always keep the male role in what he did. It was a shock therefore when, a bit later, we saw him necking with his dance partner during a slow waltz.

“Ooops, we'd better not tell Carol about it or she'll kill him,” Mandi stated with a laugh. We all thought it was hilarious.

The four of us were constantly being pestered to dance by the young men and, eventually, Mandi and Mitsouku were led out onto the floor, leaving Chantelle and I together.

She asked how my crossdressing was going as I ordered drinks for the two of us. I replied honestly that I was enjoying it as we both declined more offers to get up and dance.

“Come on, let's dance together,” Chantelle suggested. “If we are on the dance floor, we won't get disturbed so much.”

We carried on our conversation as we danced facing one another. “You know...er, Donna, you make a really convincing girl. I liked you before for being the person that you are as well as fancying you for your looks. Like I told you, I can't be turned on by a guy in a dress, but that doesn't mean I can't still *like* you. I would like to think that we can remain good friends...girlfriends. Maybe even go out for a drink together as girlfriends.”

I still had strong desires for the beautiful Chantelle and still held hope for her. Her words killed off that hope, but I realized I liked her for herself, too; on top of being attracted to her. I knew that I would value being close friends with her, just like I did with Carol; and told her so. We agreed to keep a platonic relationship and just be close friends.

By time the disco had finished, it was 2:30 am. We slowly gathered together, having to pry a few of our number away from guys they had picked up. We then phoned for taxis. Phil and Dianne both still lived with their parents and, as it was too late for

them to go to a house to get changed and cleaned up then get home, Carol offered to put them up in our apartment for the night.

Before departing, Chantelle brought out a small Instamatic camera from her purse and took photos of all the group together.

It was five after three when we reached the apartment and a further twenty minutes before finishing making beds up for Philippa and Dianne. After cleaning off my makeup, getting out of my clothes and into bed, the cold light of early morning was already filtering through my window.

Damn. That disco was a bad idea. I had enjoyed it but now cursed it as my alarm sounded, shattering the silence and making my tired eyes fight to open properly. I wanted nothing more than to just go back to sleep; I'd barely had three hours.

I *had* to go in, however; Thursday was pay check day. I clambered out of bed, got dressed and made my way downstairs. Groans similar to mine were being emitted by Carl, Phil and Dianne as we fought to get washed, shaved, brush our teeth and have a quick cup of coffee. I stared hard into the mirror to make doubly sure I had left no traces of makeup.

At work, I was helping Graham fit a new set of tires, yawning my head off.

"Bloody hell, Don! Don't say you are wearing nail varnish as well now? he suddenly laughed.

I looked in horror at my hands as my heart sank; I still had on the pale pink enamel from the night before.

"Hey, lads...look here, Don's got nail polish on today," Graham called out mockingly. Graham was a real arsehole, he loved rubbing people up and taking the piss. Of all the people to see me! Soon, the other five mechanics were around me.

"What's the excuse this time?" Rick asked, "Another charity bash?"

"Nah! It'll be from living with that poofter friend of his," Graham replied. "I reckon that Don here has turned. Is that right, sweetie?" Graham pursed his lips at me. I felt like slugging him right there but I was too humiliated. Everyone was laughing at me.

"Looks to me as though you are getting a nice pair of jugs as well, ducky," chipped in Barry, the nerd of the team. He normally wouldn't dare say boo to a ghost. "Let's cop a feel," he added.

I became aware of the small peaks pushing out from under my coveralls. I had been wearing a tight T-shirt of late to try and compress the embarrassing mounds. This morning, I had been too tired to think of it.

In deep humiliation, I looked around at all the grinning faces, turned and just fled from the garage. I had never run away from anything in my life before. As I did, I felt tears streaming down my face. I was actually crying! I hadn't cried since I was ten year old when I badly trapped a finger in a heavy door and it had taken my nail off. Now, I just felt so upset that I couldn't help myself.

Returning back to the apartment, I put the kettle on and made myself a strong drink of tea in the hope of settling down. I was literally shaking. Carl had long since

gotten me in the habit of tea drinking. Eventually, with my nerves still shattered, the only thing I could think of doing was to go upstairs and dress.

I was all made-up and in a dress, hose and heels when Carl returned home. As he was normally the first in and we usually didn't dress until after the first hour of arriving home, he knew something was wrong.

I tried to relate what had happened, including when Rick had seen makeup on me previously. As I spoke, I became upset again. My emotions were shot and I couldn't stop my tears. Carl came over to comfort me...ME! who had always been the one to look out for him...ME!, the supposed stronger one of the two of us.

"I cannot go back to work there, Carl, I just can't. I'm sorry but I couldn't face the humiliation and the mockery."

"No, of course you can't. You should give in your notice," Carl told me with total support and understanding.

"But what should I do about paying my way? How do I pay my keep or my share of the food?" I asked.

"Don't worry about that right now. We'll sort something out," Carl told me. "You ought to be able to claim social benefits and anyway, my job pays enough to keep us both in food. Don't worry about it."

"You're a true friend, Carl, but I can't be living off your earnings."

"Well, I suppose all this is really my fault. I got you into crossdressing in the first place. But, if you do feel uncomfortable, you can always keep house while I'm at work."

Along with the embarrassment, there was another reason I was glad not to be going back to the garage. For some reason, of late, the skin of my hands had been getting softer, causing me to get blisters easily.

oo0oo

Carl was up and gone before I arose on Friday morning. Well, there wasn't a whole lot for me to get up for. After I'd fixed some breakfast, still in my robe, I phoned Harry: the boss of the garage, giving him my immediate notice. He already knew what had happened and asked me to reconsider quitting.

"Listen, son, it's up to you what you get up to in your spare time," he told me, "I run a busy garage and you're a damn good mechanic. Don't let other people get on top of you, especially Graham. He's a trouble causer and I'd sooner finish him than lose you."

I thanked Harry for his kind words but I knew my pride could never allow me to work with a set of guys who, from then on, would consider me a sissy and laugh behind my back. I also felt too humiliated to go back there.

Harry was reluctant, but said he would post what was due to me, including vacation money.

With nothing else to do, I went upstairs to dress as Donna and do my makeup, immediately feeling better. It never even occurred to me to dress as Don. After another cup of coffee, I began to clean the apartment as I had agreed.

By the time Carl came home, the place was spic and span, the meal in the oven was ready to put out and I was neatly attired in a sleeveless denim shirt, red tartan kilt, ribbed black tights and lace-up ankle boots with chunky, stacked three-inch heels. With my now natural lengthy hair combed and brushed out and wearing light makeup, I looked like a pretty teenage girl.

Carl was visibly thrilled with my housekeeping and came over to give me a kiss on the cheek. I knew the kiss was a thank-you gesture, but I felt a little bit odd because of it.

Being dressed as a girl with him as a guy, getting a kiss for good housekeeping made me feel like I was his wife or mistress. I felt much better after we had both eaten and he too had dressed and become Carol.

Over the next few weeks, I dressed as a female each waking day. Doing the housework was just accepted as my duty by both Carl and myself. I went out only on Tuesdays and, being short of money, Carl would always pay for my drinks. The rest of the week I would remain indoors as Donna; it never really occurred to me to spend a day as Don. I would, however, always go out to buy the groceries as my male self. I had neither the nerve or inclination to go out dressed, in daylight, alone.

I managed to sign on for social security payments which, while being nowhere near my weekly wage, did put some money in my pocket...or rather, my purse, and I was now able to offer Carl something toward the weekly costs.

Towards the end of my third week of unemployment, I once again started feeling nauseous each morning. My chest area was still very sensitive and it throbbed mad-deningly. I was now becoming truly worried about the size of the swellings as they were almost the size and appearance of a young girl's pubescent breasts.

I was equally concerned with the major turnabout of my life. Not so long before, I had been a tough, womanizing gang leader and Carl was a gentle-natured, quiet kind of guy who I protected. Then, I discovered my lifelong friend was gay and wore dresses. Now, suddenly, he seemed to be the stronger of the two of us and was protective of *me*.

I was out of work and was now dressing more regularly than Carl did! Now, in all honesty, I could only regard myself as bisexual. Carl was the homeowner and breadwinner while I was like a kept housewife.

Whenever I stopped to consider all the changes and my fall in stature, I often become tearful—totally opposite to the old me; I had never been emotional.

Then one evening, while at my lowest ebb, I chose to talk over some of my fears with Carol. "I'm really going to have to see a doctor, Carol," I began. "Whether I have to

come clean about my crossdressing activities or not, *something* has to be done about my chest...there may be something seriously wrong with me."

"Well, if that's the case, then there is something seriously wrong with me, too," Carol replied, revealing her own small, conical protrusions.

"Maybe it's something we've both picked up? Why not come with me and we'll get it sorted out together," I suggested.

"There's no need for that. It's something we're sharing together, but I know what it is."

I looked at her with a blank expression.

"It's caused by hormones, Donna, female hormones. I have been putting it in our food and drink every day for the last five months," She said, shamefaced.

"YOU WHAT!" I screamed. "You've been feeding me female hormones? How *dare* you? Why?"

"Well, remember when you realized that some of the TV's like Carol and Chantelle had real breasts? I told you then that I wouldn't mind having my own..."

"Yes, I remember you having said it...I just don't recall saying it myself," I fumed, trying to temper my anger.

"No, but...well," she stumbled, "you did seem to be getting into it yourself. Well, the first night I gave you a dose was when you dressed up for the very first time. I had already got hold of some hormones to start taking myself. Talking to you about the others made my mind up that I really wanted my own pair.

"When I put you in your first dress I...I suppose I felt a bit mischievous and, well, I put some into your drink, too. I was like doing it for a kick...a one-off thing. But I was tempted to do it again the following evening, and then again. I think I just wanted the thrill of seeing your early buddings. I planned to take you off it; but the more you grew, the more I dared myself to go further...I'm truly sorry!"

"You're *sorry*? You had absolutely no right, no right at all to change my body without my consent...or *is* it just my body? Have the hormones affected my way of thinking as well...made me more acceptant of wearing female clothes...making me feel less of a man to the point that I burst into tears when a set of sad dickheads start goading me, instead of just splattering them."

"Yes, I guess they would make you feel more feminine, more passive and emotional."

"And possibly more receptive to men? Thanks mate, great friend...thanks for utterly destroying my life."

I sat and buried my head into my hands, trembling with anger and fear. Then the truth really started hitting me. "So, I really *am* growing tits? These, these *aren't* just some kind of lump...they are real...real, budding, female breasts? I'm going to have a pair of women's tits growing out from my chest! Oh, my God."

Carl nodded sheepishly.

“Will they stop growing? Can I get back to how I was?” I gasped, “When did you last give me a dose? Is it too late to stop any further growth?”

“Actually, Donna, er, right up to last night and...I’ve actually been strengthening the dose for the past few days,” Carol confessed.

“Oh no, God, no...I'm turning into a fucking woman!” I wailed. I ran upstairs crying uncontrollably. I was scared, scared of the truth, scared of the changes that were happening to me and scared of the future...of what I was becoming. Eventually, I fell into an exhausted sleep on top of my bed.

oo0oo

A major surprise for Carl was his coming home the following evening to find me dressed in a silk blouse, red cotton miniskirt and a pair of casual loafers.

“Don...na, I...I expected you to have your bags packed and either be gone or ready for going,” he said.

“What, before eating?” I asked, giving him a glance.

Carl didn't know whether to take my remark lightly or not.

“Just where am I supposed to go, Carl?” I asked, “I have no alternate accommodations at the moment.

Over dinner, feeling a little more rational than the previous evening, I asked him details about the hormones, about their full effect, what changes they would make in me...everything. Carl admitted that, at this stage, if I stopped taking them, the swelling would eventually go down and eventually my chest would return to normal.

“I'm honestly sorry, Donna. I know I should have told you, or better still, never started giving you them in the first place. I thought they would just add to the fun and realism in our crossdressing and be an added stimulus during sex...as well as aiding in our looking and feeling sexy and feminine. It was after you lost your job that I decided to double your dosage, seeing that there would now be no workmates to see your developing breasts.”

“Oh! I see, that was clever of you,” I said casually, “and did you also double your own dosage?”

Carl shook his head negatively.

“So, it's *you* that wants tits but *me* that receives the extra hormones.”

“Well, I had to be more gradual. I just thought, with you out of work and all...sorry again!”

We dropped the subject for the time being even though I spent the rest of the evening contemplating it. Toward bedtime, I turned to Carol.

“The hormones you've been giving me...where are they?”

Carol showed me the small purple pills that had Permethrin written on them.

“So, I take it that you haven't dared give me my dosage for today?” I asked.

“No, honestly, I wouldn't...”

I suddenly flipped one of the pills into my mouth; much to my friend's surprise.

"Well, you got me dressing practically full-time as a woman now and as a result of that, I am now out of work. Under your promptings, I haven't had my hair cut in the last nine months. I have to wear it in a pony tail. Now that it's down to my shoulders and I'm halfway to growing tits...well, I may as well go the whole hog and experience what it's really like to have breasts. I suppose there is a sense of excitement about it. And now that I know exactly what is happening to me, I guess the idea *is* rather erotic."

Chapter Eight: DON...OR DONNA?

From that time on, my whole life really started changing. Out of work as I was, I was no longer getting the exercise that I needed, so I began doing exercises in the apartment. The only thing I had to work with was an aerobics program on TV to tone up women's bodies. Still, it was better than nothing, wasn't it? Religiously following the dosage of Carl's Permethrin pills saw my body continue to alter; I even continued to take the double dose he had been giving me for some reason. The nausea I suffered eventually passed, so did the irritating tingling of my nipples. My breast growth was becoming more noticeable week by week.

It wasn't just my breasts, though, that the hormones were developing. My hips were widening, too and I could feel the thicker fatty deposits that not only rounded the hips but made my butt rounder and plumper, too. My butt was particularly noticeable when I sat on it or walked, feeling it wiggle from side to side. Also, my skin was changing texture; it felt smoother and silkier, more noticeable on my cheeks, hands and legs, which I now kept constantly hair-free.

I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit that these changes caused me concern. They did; but the more I changed, the more my mind became feminized which in turn caused me to want to see even greater results. It was like driving the wrong way down a one-way street without being able to turn around and drive back...I *had* to go right on to the end.

I guess I now understood what Carl had meant. I didn't want to become too feminine; I wanted a way back, back to the way I was if and when I desired it. Yet I was so captivated with the changes, so fascinated that my formerly muscular body could become so soft and shapely, that I continued on. I intend to go only so far, though. I wouldn't allow this thing to take over my life. It was merely an experience.

Carl was often amused at coming home and seeing me in glossy tights, pink sweat socks rolled down and Lycra body, doing my exercises and repeating, "I must, I must, I must improve my bust," while imitating every movement of the aerobic lessons.

Seven weeks after losing my job, my former work mates would never have recognized me, were they to pass me by on the sidewalk. My clearer, smoother skin had a healthy glow which gave me an extra dimension of prettiness. I continued to wear makeup daily and the mascara had made my lashes, which I now curled, darker and more lush.

Carol had plucked and shaped my eyebrows into a delicately shaped arch. My long hair was now even finer and Carol had talked me into dying it a more yellowy blonde which did a lot to improve my feminine appearance. My hair now fell two inches over the top of my shoulders and I wore it loose and down. As for my breasts, they now tightly filled an A-cup bra.

I enjoyed looking, and to an extent, feeling, feminine but I was now increasingly concerned with just how feminine I was becoming. I had also liked being a man and I intended to bring this femininity trip to a halt before I passed the point of no return. First though, I needed a job so as to secure my independence and I planned to start looking immediately.

oo0oo

After more than two weeks of constant job searching I had drawn nothing but blanks. I had been used to doing heavy manual work and those were the kind of jobs I was still looking for. However, with the hormones breaking down my body mass and musculature and the exercises I was doing, I looked both thinner and weaker than formerly.

To my chagrin, I was told on applying for jobs that I was not what they were looking for. At one time I would have rolled through an interview for manual work; now I guess I just looked too petite and sissy.

Other jobs were equally out of the question as I had no developed skills other than car mechanic which I had done right from leaving school. I had always loved engines.

I drowned my sorrows at the Paradise Club, dressed in my original white dress with a pair of black pantyhose. So much for getting out of crossdressing. By now, I would have felt improperly dressed at the club wearing male clothing.

Carol and Phil...or Philippa as she now preferred to be called, who was dressing as a female now every time she went out, had recently had a major argument. I was told they had now broken up. Apparently the guy Philippa had been kissing that night at the disco had carried on seeing her on the side, insisting she remained en femme for their dates. Carol found out and dumped her.

All my friends at the club told me that they would listen out for any jobs that were going. I didn't tell them that I was really needing a job as a means to ending my life of dressing. They had all come to appreciate me in my female persona and I knew they would be unhappy were I to stop being Donna.

The time came when I had been out of work for fifteen weeks.

I knew I wasn't helping the situation by continuing to dress and make myself up as a girl each day but the soft clothes eased the tension and all the built-up stress within me. Anyway, I really needed to wear a bra now just to support my growing breasts. They were now developed enough as to jiggle about when I walked, which, without a bra, caused me discomfort.

I also needed to get out every once in a while just to give myself breathing space, but the only place I had to go was the Paradise Club or to one or other of the girl's houses. It was the accepted thing for me now, on such occasions, to turn up dressed.

But enough was enough. Job or not, I had to stop things. As a last act of rebellion against my crossdressing and in an attempt to save my fading masculinity, one morning, after Carl had left, I got out of bed, removed my nylon nightgown and went to retrieve my old, long unworn male clothes. I made a silent vow to stop taking the hormones and start dressing as a guy once again.

A quarter of an hour later I sat on the edge of my bed crying. Nothing, nothing I had in male clothes fit me anymore. Everything just hung on me. My shirts, my pants and jeans...even my boots and running shoes felt odd upon my feet after wearing delicate pumps and strappy sandals. T-shirts just looked ridiculous with my boobs tenting out

in front. My underwear was absolutely useless, tight against my hips and bottom whilst sagging at the crotch.

Reluctantly, I changed into a pair of red satin and lace panties to conceal my genitals, then covered my body with a red satin dressing gown of Carol's.

Looking into the full-length closet mirror, it was obvious how much I had changed. Seven and a half months of hormone-taking had altered my body tremendously. I now had long, smooth, rounded legs ending in wide, rounded hips, a narrow waist and flawless silky skin. My B-cup breasts were now nicely rounded with a slight upturn rather than being conical. The aureole around each nipple was wide and dark while the nipple itself was thicker, longer and rubbery. I sighed, "Just look at me! Why did I *ever* allow things to go this far?"

When Carl came home from work, I was a wreck. I told him I intended going back to being a man. It would be a long road beginning with stopping the hormones, but I *was* going back. Carl offered no resistance nor did he ask why; he just accepted my decision with a slight shrug.

"If that's what you want to do, Donna...er, Don, it's up to you. I'm going to keep taking them. I like what I'm developing but you have your own choice. Do you plan to stop dressing altogether?"

"Yes, I have to if I ever want to be normal again, but not immediately. I can't, nothing in my male wardrobe fits me any more. Being unemployed, I don't have the money to buy anything new," I informed him.

"Once my body starts returning to normal and I start building some muscle again, I'll get my hair cut. Hopefully, I'll be able to live as a man again. I'm looking forward to it—that and sleeping with genetic females once more.

Carl merely looked at me without comment.

"Carl, these tits...they *will* go down, won't they?"

"Yes, I guess so. They aren't *too* big yet."

"And my penis...I mean, it's shrunk, man. Will it grow back to its normal length again?"

"I guess, though I honestly don't know. I mean, once the estrogen levels fall and you start producing normal levels of testosterone, you should get back your maleness, yes."

oo0oo

Two weeks later, I was again looking at my reflection in the mirror. I was dressed kind of half and half, well, no...in truth I just looked like a pretty girl. I was wearing a pair of tight-fitting, black PVC pants with nude pantyhose underneath, black suede sandals with chunky block heels and wide straps plus a loose-fitting gray cotton shirt. The shirt was opened to my waist revealing the white lacy bra I was wearing. It was to the bra that I was now looking.

Since stopping the daily intake of hormones, I had been constantly looking for reduction in breast growth and hips or lengthening of my shriveled penis. I gazed now at the fleshy breasts pushing out of the B-cup bra; they had never spilled out from the side like this before, nor formed so much cleavage between the cups.

"Hey, Carol," I called to my friend who was getting ready for going out, "would you say that my breasts look bigger than they did a few weeks ago?"

"They appear to be," she answered truthfully.

"But how come?" I gasped in alarm, "I've stopped taking the pills for weeks now."

"Well, I suppose it's from all the female hormones still in your system. Don't forget you were taking twice the required dose. I suppose they will go on working and developing until they clear and only then will you start reducing."

"Well how long is that likely to be?"

"I don't know, Donna. Maybe a couple of months or so, I can't say."

"Well you *should* know. It's you that got me started on them," I snapped. "And stop calling me Donna!"

"Sorry, it's just that you still look and dress like Donna. *Shouldn't* I call you that until you look more like Don again?"

"NO! I don't know. Hell, Carol; I just want out of all this. I don't want to have to go a few more months. I want my old body back, and a job...and a girlfriend...my life!" I ran into my bedroom, which I had a tendency to do these days, and flung myself on the bed with tears streaming down my pretty face.

oo0oo

The hormones in my system continued to kick in. Because of my prominent breasts and girlish figure, I had little option but to continue dressing to suit the sex I appeared to be. I actively tried to wear less feminine things, keeping to things like girls slacks when I could and either flat or low-heeled shoes. Makeup was worn sparingly; I didn't need to plaster the stuff on now, anyway, as my face had taken on more feminine features.

It had been a while since I'd had anything to do with sex. I would feel randy now and again, though, especially when my nipples started up. I would then get "desires" in my crotch area.

As Carl hadn't the same intentions of giving up as I had, he would still go out to the club or with Debbie somewhere. One such evening he met a guy and brought him back to the apartment without warning. Being unaware, I came bursting through from the kitchen to find Carol sprawled across the sofa on top of the guy. They were in such a passionate clinch that they didn't even notice me.

I developed an instant erection from seeing them together and the man fondling Carol's shapely breasts. I needed to go upstairs to relieve myself. As I did, I got to wondering if my excitement stemmed from seeing the two of them together or a feminized male making out with a masculine male.



I talked to Carl about my sexual frustrations the following morning. I told him I missed having sex, of any sort. I knew that Carol would give me sex, but I needed to be in the right situation for her, be in the right mood. I also knew that there wouldn't be many women out there willing to jump into bed with a feminine man who had tits.

"How about one of the TV's, Gloria for instance?" Carl suggested. "Or is it that you got turned on by seeing me with a man and imagined yourself in my place?"

Could Carl have been right? *Had I*

been turned on at seeing Carol with her date, of his fondling her new tits? I had wondered on other occasions how she felt on making out with a man, how feminine did she feel.

I had to ask myself: did I want a man, did I want to play the female role? I didn't want to accept that the idea may be appealing to me or admit I may have developed some homosexual desires...even though, realistically, that would still be the case if I went to bed with the likes of Gloria.

Carl's words had struck a chord. I knew, inside my head that I *did* have a nagging desire to play the role of a flirtatious woman, picking up and seducing some guy, before all of this was over, just for the experience of having a man love me as if I was a desirable woman. Of course, such a man would need to know my secret beforehand.

The thought stayed with me and developed. It became like an obsession to think about being with a man.

If I really was returning to masculinity again and dropping my female persona for good, then such an act would only be a swan song, like ending my female self with a bang, no pun intended!

The more that the thought played in my mind the more it appealed to me. I had to do it now or I would never have the chance again. I decided to talk to Carl about it.

"Carl, I've been thinking about what we discussed yesterday, about men and me. How do you fancy a girls night out on the town this weekend?" I asked him.

Carl gave a big grin. "So, the beautiful Donna wants to get laid before being laid to rest?" he answered. The truth of his comment caused me to blush.

oo0oo

Well, I had asked for it and Carol, being Carol, went the whole hog. We each took a long soak in the bath on Saturday afternoon and shaved ourselves closely. I had long since mastered the art of shaving my legs without a single nick. When I was done, they just looked smooth and silky.

My hair fell onto the back of my shoulder blades and I was again wearing it in a pony tail until I could get it cut; Carol's hair was midway down her back by now. She would also keep hers in a long pony tail when at work, even though everyone there knew she was a crossdresser and accepted her. She had no hang ups at all about what she did.

After our baths, we both put our hair in hot curlers and finished off by power-drying to give our hair loads of volume and a feminine wave. As this occasion we were actually going out planning to "pull", we dressed appropriately.

We wore matching mini-dresses, the hems not even reaching mid-thigh. The dresses were Jersey wool and molded to our curves; the backs were low-cut, revealing an expanse of flesh.

Our smooth, shapely legs were adorned in sheer pantyhose in a "nearly black" color while our feet were slipped into four-inch stiletto-heeled black leather pumps.

What with the low-cut back and the extra short hem of the dress I wore, I felt almost nude and extremely conscious of how the dress revealed my twin charms in its molding tightness; because of the low back of the dress we both had to go braless. Because of being braless, my breasts were free to jiggle and sway with every movement.

As the time to leave neared, I began to get cold feet, I was scared, frankly.

"I *can't* go through with this, Carol," I pleaded. "I feel so undressed and conspicuous in this dress and I don't think I have the nerve to act flirtatiously with a man, I'd feel so..."

"Don't you *dare* back out now...you look ravishing. *Look* at you! You look like a voluptuous super babe."

Somehow, Carol ushered me out to the car. I still couldn't believe I was actually going to go through with such a thing. As we approached the first bar, I was devoid of any courage. I just could not bring myself to walk in there dressed like a sexy girl...upon high heels, no less.

"Well *I'm* going in, Donna. You can either come with me or stay out here on the street. Looking the way you do, you may even pull a few tricks."

That was enough to have me tripping into the bar behind Carol.

The bar was only half-full and we were on full display. I could feel all the greedy male eyes lusting over my body and I felt as though my legs were on display in their sheer, slinky nylons.

A stiff drink or two worked wonders, fortunately; it wasn't long before we were being hit upon. Carol, who had played this game many times, advised me to flirt a little if I began being chatted up, but not to latch on to anyone in particular.

"Let's just play the field. Looking as good as we do, we can afford to.

"No we can't, Carol...I'd die of shame!"

"No you won't, they'll just accept you. In fact, feminized males, especially really convincing ones, turn these guys on."

"So how do you know who's gay and who's bi then?"

"Just by chatting to them. Follow my lead and you'll see."

I was very uneasy at first but, after another of what turned out to be many drinks bought for me by a number of different guys that night, I became more relaxed and less inhibited.

Two young men came across to speak to us towards the end of the evening. Carol didn't seem to want to know them but I quite liked them; they weren't rough and vulgar as many of the others so far. They were both smartly dressed in collar and tie as if they were businessmen.

One of them, a tall, fair haired man with deep blue eyes, began chatting to Carol. The other, a younger man, maybe in his early twenties, with dark, well-groomed hair and deep hazel eyes introduced himself to me as Brian.

"I haven't seen you in here before. I'm certain of that because you are the most attractive woman that I have ever seen," he complimented, causing me to blush.

"You look even more stunning when you blush. May I ask your name?" he added.

"You're a real charmer, aren't you?" I replied, fluttering my long lashes unintentionally. "My name is Donna. I'm pleased to meet you, Brian."

As I entered into conversation with Brian, I forced Carol to have his friend hanging around her; they stayed in our company for the rest of the evening.

It was obvious that Carol was not interested in her guy even though I considered Darren to be quite handsome. She tried making signs to me, but I was a little too merry from the drinks I'd had to take much notice.

As the barman called time and everyone began to leave, I found I had to cling onto Brian's arm for support; the drink was giving me problems with balancing in high heels.

Out on the sidewalk, the two men lingered around us, hoping to arrange another time. Darren took the lead in this.

"I've enjoyed your company tonight, Carol. Perhaps I could see you again sometime?"

“Only if you dream about me, honey,” she replied rather tersely. “Come on, Donna, let's get back to the car.”

Brian was looking at me with his big brown eyes. “What about you? Do you feel the same way, Donna?” he asked.

“Are you coming or not?” Carol called again, heading off towards the bar's parking lot.

“Yeah, I'll be along in just a minute. I'll catch you up,” I replied.

“I've enjoyed it. Thanks for the drinks,” I told Brian.

Before I knew it, he was slipping his arm around me and drawing me into him for what became a lingering kiss. As my mouth participated, I stumbled a little until I found myself with my back to the wall, my legs spread-eagled with Brian standing between them.

I put my arms around his neck for a deeper kiss. I sensed his hardness against my groin while his tongue slipped inside my mouth.

“I...I'd better go, she'll be waiting,” I mumbled as I briefly broke from the kiss, my breathing heavy.

Back at the car, Carol was waiting behind the wheel. She started up the engine as soon as I climbed in...even before I could fasten my safety belt.

“What was the matter with you? Darren wasn't *that* bad,” I said.

“I thought that you were looking to get laid,” she replied. “Those two guys are straight...they believed we were girls. How the hell are we supposed to go back to their place or ours when they think we have the real equipment. If you hadn't hung around Brian, we could have picked up some bisexuals.”

“Sorry, I didn't know, but I really liked Brian,” came my inebriated apology.

Carol cast me an odd look, then just carried on driving.

oo0oo

I woke the following morning with a thumping headache. As my senses whirled around, I tried to recall all that I couldn't or didn't dare remember from the previous night.

“Come on, sleepyhead, you'd better get up...you have a visitor.” Carol shouted as she entered my room. “Wha! What time is it?” I asked.

“Eleven-thirty. Come on...get up. I have some black coffee waiting for you downstairs.”

I struggled out of bed and pushed my feet into my slippers. Pulling my robe over my nightgown, I glanced into the mirror at the total wreck I saw. My hair was all tussled and my makeup, which I had slept in, was mussed. After cleaning my face and piling my hair up, securing it with bobby pins, I began downstairs wondering who on earth was calling for me at this hour.

Seated at the kitchen table was a man drinking coffee. I did a double-take, recognizing him as the guy from the previous night...what was his name.? Brian.

"Oh God," I moaned out aloud upon seeing him. I was feeling totally embarrassed about looking such a mess.

"You apparently gave him our address last night dear," Carol hissed into my ear.

"Oh...yeah". It was all coming back to me now.

"I hope you aren't feeling *too* hung over, Donna," Brian said cheerily.

"What if I am? It's still early," I snapped.

"Whoops, she's a real grump first thing on a morning, isn't she?" Brian said to Carol.

"Yes, she is. I'll leave you two to talk," Carol announced, exiting the room.

I found the coffee that Carol had made and sat down opposite Brian, running my fingers through my tangled hair, pushing it out of my face.

"I'm sorry for dropping in on you unexpectedly and catching you like this," Brian apologized.

"That's okay...I guess. I apologize for being a bit sharp."

"Well, it's just that I really enjoyed your company last night and I wanted to know if you would join me for a meal this evening?"

"This evening? Oh, I don't know, it's a bit short notice," I replied.

"Well, I called to ask you now because I have a business meeting out of town and I didn't have your phone number. I thought that I would ask you as soon as I could to give you time to think about it."

I was still surprised by the invitation and really didn't know what to say. "What time do you get back?" I asked.

"About 4:30."

"Well, I'll think about it after I've had time to recover and I'll ring you when you get back home, okay?"

"Don't worry if I haven't arrived; I have an answering machine. Just give me a yes or a number. If it's yes, I'll come and pick you up around eight."

With that said, Brian drained his cup, telling me he had to rush and adding he really hoped to hear from me. I stood in the kitchen, totally confused, as he went out through the door.

"What do you make of that?" I asked Carol as I filled her in on all that had been said.

"Well, I think he must really like you."

"Yeah, that seems obvious, but what do I do? I mean, if I don't go, he'll likely keep on pestering me, won't he?"

"That's why you should never give out an address or phone number."

"I didn't realize that I had. I was a bit drunk last night...but what should I do?"

"Go out with him. You were all for pulling someone last night. Now that you have, you're dithering about it."

"Yes, but Darren won't be there. It'll just be me and him...and you said I should get someone who's bisexual."

"You're going out with him, not to bed with him. He is not going to know your 'little secret' tonight any more than he did last night. Do you like him?"

"Yes, er, I guess so, but..."

"Then just go, Hon, have a free night out. You were saying that you didn't get out much and that you wanted to stop dressing with a bang."

"I don't know about this. I mean...alone, with some guy?"

"How many girls have you taken out alone? What's the difference?"

oo0oo

I honestly don't know *how* I get myself into these situations!

Wearing a sleeveless, red satin shift dress, red high heels and nude pantyhose, I threaded a pair of dangly earrings and fixed my lipstick. I really liked how Carol had done my hair, bringing it all up from back and styling it into a chignon.

I was terribly nervous about going on my first ever date with a guy...well, discounting Paul. That hadn't been like this and I had been with Carol that time. Having a man call for you at a set time, escort you out to his car, open the door for you, taking you to a place he has booked, making all the decisions and doing all the paying while you just sit back and look pretty—that's going on a *date*.

We had a delightful Italian meal with several glasses of wine afterwards. I felt a little uncomfortable each time that Brian put a friendly arm around my shoulder but, other than that, he was perfectly charming and I found him to be a very interesting conversationalist.

Brian wanted to go on to a dance after our meal but I declined, saying that I had work in the morning. Well, I did have *housework*! He accepted my apology and drove me back to the apartment at around 11:30 PM.

Now I had a problem. The previous evening I had been stoned from the amount of drink I'd had; now, although we'd had a few glasses of wine, I felt relatively sober. I knew he would be expecting a goodnight kiss like the night before. Now, without drink, being an hetero male, once again it didn't seem right.

Brian sat in the car and leaned in towards me. I pursed my lips hoping to give him a quick peck but, as I leaned towards him, he pulled me close and closed his lips onto my open mouth.

In spite of my shock and discomfort, his kiss caused my nipples to tingle treacherously and, as he placed his hand upon my glossy thigh, stroking lightly up my leg, I even started to become aroused.

Slipping my arm around his neck, more for comfort than for anything else, I returned the kiss and, as our lips rolled together, our tongues penetrated, tasting each other.

Finally pulling away, I thanked him for the evening. I declined to make another date, telling him that I would contact him. I didn't want to be getting too deeply into anything at a time when I was planning to quit my masquerade.

oo0oo

Since I hadn't contacted Brian in over a week, he eventually began to phone me. After five such calls he finally gave up. I felt sad about it and even a bit guilty because he was nice...I just couldn't get involved.

Chapter Nine: WORKING GIRL

The call to my friends asking them to watch out for any job vacancies finally paid dividends...or so I thought. June phoned me, telling me that a business friend of hers had mentioned her company needed someone urgently.

My smile at the good news faded as I realized I still had a problem.

"Oh gosh. Thanks for all your help and trouble June, but I can't go to it. I still look way too feminine and I have no male clothes that fit yet."

"That's just as well. Go as you are and wear a nice dress or a blouse and skirt combo. It'll be okay. You'll definitely get the job. She's a good friend of mine. It's at 3:00 prompt, this afternoon."

"What? Does she know about me?" I asked.

"No, nor does she know about Mike...just go." June quickly gave me the address, allowing me no time for questions as she hurriedly said, "Bye," and put the receiver down. I realized that she hadn't even said what kind of a job it was. If this woman doesn't know about me, then how could I turn up dressed? Unless she thought I was a real female!

I went along, more out of curiosity than anything. If the job really was mine for the taking, well, I *did* need it, both to tide me over and to buy new clothes for my change back.

I was shown to a door by a pretty receptionist. The plate read, "Ms Andrea Dobson. Personnel". Upon knocking, I was bid to enter from inside.

Seated at a large desk was a woman in her mid-thirties. She removed her large, pink framed spectacles to reveal an attractive face. She was casually dressed in a loose blue top, black skirt and black nylons that encased remarkably shapely legs. Her hair was heaped untidily atop of her head. She offered me a slender hand that bore long, well manicured, red fingernails.

"You shall be Donna Hutchinson?"

"That's correct." I replied a little nervously.

"Please, take a seat. I am Andrea Dobson, head of personnel. I know your friend June really well. She tells me that you have been searching for employment?"

"Yes, I have."

"Has she told you everything about the job I'm offering?"

"Not really. To be honest, I don't even know what kind of job it is," I admitted.

"It's secretarial work; answering the telephone, a bit of typing, faxing and filing...that sort of thing. It also involves working on a computer data base. I know from June that you don't have experience in that kind of work, but you needn't worry as a crash course will be given to you.

"We need someone as we are a very busy and prospective company. Our usual secretary has gone on maternity leave. As we do not have the time to advertise and sift through applicants, I looked to my business friends for contacts.

"June paid a high tribute to you and I know I can trust her.

The salary was indeed good but I was being put right on the spot. Secretarial work? Me? Well, a job is a job, especially when the money is good. I found myself saying yes as I didn't want to pass up such a golden opportunity. I was given some forms to sign before I became an employee of Vertack International.

Still in a daze, I found myself sitting in front of a desk with a computer keyboard and monitor staring at me. A pretty young girl called Polly was giving me instructions.

I returned home still in a daze by the suddenness of it all. I had, in just one afternoon, taken on work as a *secretary*.

"Where've you been?" Carol asked. "It's seven thirty. The dinner, which I had to make, has been in the oven for hours."

"I'm sorry, I didn't expect to be so long. You'll never guess. June phoned me, giving me a job lead, I've been for the interview and I've already started training."

Carol was stunned but delighted for me.

"Where is it? What are you doing?" she asked before her expression suddenly changed. "But...you went dressed as Donna...so, you must be working as a girl?"

"That's right. The company is Vertack International and I'm..."

"My God! Don Hutchinson...secretary! I can't believe it of you."

"*Donna* Hutchinson, actually. They believe I'm a genetic female. I can't believe I'm doing such a feminine job, either."

"So. How long are you going to be doing this...as a girl? I thought you were planning on doing away with your female alter-ego, were you not? You can't just turn up one day as a girl and the next as a man."

"The job is only short-term; the real secretary is on maternity and I am just filling in. It will be just long enough to get some much-needed money. My changeback may be slightly delayed, but at least when it does come, I shall have a whole new wardrobe of male clothes to wear." I announced optimistically.

oo0oo

I was up before Carl for once as I prepared for my first full day at work. It was strange though, as we both struggled to get ready. Carl was stepping into pants, with a shirt and tie on. I, in panties and bra, selected a skirt to wear. Which of us was it that had been the original crossdresser again?

Getting ready for work took far longer than ever before. I put on makeup, painted my nails, then dressed in a half-slip and tan pantyhose, followed by a skirt, blouse and two-inch heeled sling backs. Add to this the time I took checking my appearance, fluffing out my hair and checking for nonexistent wrinkles.

My day was much the same as the previous day except that I was introduced to the office staff I had not yet seen, consisting mainly of women along with five men in separate offices.

Polly continued as my trainer with another young lady, Julia, taking over when Polly got on with some of her own work. I quickly picked up the main elements of the job, though filing required time to memorize where everything was. The computer file manager was far easier. I was shown the correct manner to speak on the phone, how to greet callers and use the switchboard. to transfer calls to other departments or put them on hold.

Typing was something that needed to be mastered but I was assured I would pick up speed and learn to use more than one finger. I found my nails to be a great burden to me as I stabbed down on the keys. My nails often hit the keys above the ones I wanted.

I had to admit though, for much of the time, I was really enjoying it. It was straightforward, nonphysical with no dirt, grime or heavy lifting involved. I wasn't happy, however, to find that in my position as the "new girl", I had to make tea and coffee for the senior staff.

On my first occasion as drinksmaker, I found that most of the office males were strict, elderly and efficient-looking businessmen, the straight-laced, tweed-suited type. One, man, Warren, was much younger...in his early twenties, but still looking very efficient and businesslike. He wore a well-tailored, pinstriped suit and a checkered tie.

"Your coffee, sir," I announced as I took his drink in for him.

He looked up from his writing, lifted his glasses from his nose and smiled. "Oh, thank you. Set it down there on the coaster."

He continued to watch me as I carried out his instructions.

"So you must be the girl who is standing in for Joanne? I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"It's Donna Hutchinson, sir," I replied in the soft, breathy, girlish voice I had been perfecting for quite some time now.

"Donna...I like that...a pretty name for a pretty girl. Welcome aboard, Donna."

I thanked him and left quickly, feeling his eyes surveying my legs as I left.

Later that day, I was bending down to get a packet of foolscap from the storage cabinet. Warren Clarke had just come out of his office and, with my butt sticking slightly into the air as I bent, it didn't allow much room between the cabinet and a desk that was behind me. Mr. Clarke placed his hands on my rear to edge me over so that he could squeeze past.

That, to a point, was understandable, but his hands seemed to linger and his fingers slightly fondled me before he passed by. That made me feel uneasy. Going to work as a girl in a big office was apparently not going to be without some office harassment.

oo0oo

Carol had a meal ready when I got home, as I was again a little late, having stayed behind to carry on training and catch up on some work overload.

"Well?" she asked, when I returned from my bedroom, after having changed from my work clothes to a more comfortable shift dress and slippers.

"Well what?"

"Well, how long do we still have you as a girl? How long is your job for?"

"Oh. I still don't know yet. I never thought to ask because I've been too busy. I'll ask Andrea tomorrow."

"I'd have thought you'd have made that a priority, seeing as you were so keen to get out of female clothes once and for all. You said you were standing in for someone on maternity leave. Well, usually they work up to the eighth month, then have five or six weeks off after the birth. That's ten weeks. Reckon you can handle it?"

"Carol. I've more or less been living as a girl for the past five months...ever since I quit the garage. I don't think that another two and a half months will kill me. And think of all the money that I can save! A whole new wardrobe of male clothes...maybe my own place...perhaps a bike! Watch out, all you chicks out there, Don's coming back. I even think that my breasts are beginning to shrink...at last!"

oo0oo

During the morning of the following day, I was feeding input into the computer, watched by Polly, when Warren Clarke again came behind me. He placed his hands lightly on my shoulder and asked me if I was finding any difficulty with the job as he massaged his fingers into the lacy black body that I was wearing.

"No, no problem, sir. Polly here is keeping an eye on me," I replied, blushing and feeling uncomfortable once more.

"Please, don't be so formal. We are one big, happy family here. You must call me Warren," he told me, continuing to knead his fingers into my back. "If you need any advise, just call out." After he had gone, I glanced at Polly, looking for her reaction.

She smiled. "I see you are being hit on by the office Romeo. He molests all the girls...he's a real pest. It's a shame really, because he is quite a handsome hunk. I don't know why he has to do such things."

"Perhaps he has an inflated ego or he may just be lonely?" I suggested, "Men act like that for all kinds of reasons. More usually though, it's some kind of inferiority complex."

"You sound to be quite an expert on men. You must understand them well. What's your secret?" Polly laughed.

I blushed, cursing my tongue.

oo0oo

During the afternoon, Andrea stopped to see how I was managing.

"Oh, while you are here, Andrea, could I ask you something that we never got round to discussing the other day? How long will you be requiring me here?"

Andrea smiled at me and sat down by my station.

"Dear me, I never *did* discuss it, did I? We are so pushed here. But, don't worry. Joanne, who you are covering for, is expecting her baby in two months time and she wanted time with her infant after the birth, taking all the vacation leave due to her. We are not expecting her back for at least six months."

"Six months!" I gasped. I hadn't wanted to go that long. Two and a half months, like Carol had suggested, had seemed like ages. Another half-year of living as a girl...full time!

Andrea, of course, misread my reaction.

"I know that six months isn't long, but we are not in the habit of getting rid of good, enthusiastic workers here. If you really shine and show willing, I will guarantee to find you a permanent position within the company after Joanne's return. I know it must be disconcerting to you being possibly unemployed again, but I'm *sure* you will do well here and keep on working for us."

I felt distraught for the rest of the day. I should have been delighted that I was being guaranteed employment, but I was now living full-time as a girl...no change backs. It had been months since I had last worn male clothes. Now, I found it would be a further six months before I did again! Yet I couldn't ditch the job; that wouldn't be fair to either June or Andrea. Besides, I had signed a legal contract that bound me to work until Joanne came back.

I moaned to Carol about it that evening. She said she felt sorry for my plight even though she didn't show it. Then, all of a sudden, she looked at me in alarm.

"Oh, my God!"

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"The hormones...you stopped taking them! You have to start again."

"What! Oh, come on, my breasts are only just starting to go down."

"Yes, exactly...and you have to work there for six months! You will be flat before you finish. They will see the changes."

"I'll just wear my falsies again when I'm too small."

“Oh yeah? And what about the return of all your other secondary male characteristics...your skin, stronger stubble, deeper voice, your hips narrowing...all kinds of things? All that’s changed over the past months will change back.”

“All except me changing back into a male,” I complained.

“But don't you see? You *have* to go back on the hormones, at least just for the time being...say, until two-thirds of the way through your contract; then you can stop again.”

“No Carol. I'm not going back on them,” I said adamantly.

oo0oo

I had been working at Vertack International for two months. I was really proud at how fast I could now type, even with my 2½cm long, manicured fingernails. I was proficient at all the other jobs that a perfect secretary should be able to do. Andrea thought that I had the perfect telephone manner and several clients had asked her “Who is the new girl with the sexy voice?” I had a double life now, No, not switching between male or female—sometimes I would go out with my trannie friends from the Paradise Club and other times I went out with all my new girl friends from the office.

I had, on Carol's incessant nagging, gone back on the hormones after my first week at work. This resulted in even extra growth on my chest, giving me now a full and shapely C-Cup...but I did love them. The hormones caused me to feel very feminine again, sometimes *too* feminine. At times, I would try fighting these feelings; other times, I would just go with the flow and enjoy it.

Brian had made contact again. Since I was stuck with my femininity for at least a further 5½ months, I relented and went out with him. We had been dating, infrequently, for a month and a half, seeing each other once or twice a week.

By now, Warren, the office Romeo, had come onto me numerous times in a manner just short of harassment. He wasn't really a bad guy once you got to know him. I found out from Andrea that he had divorced a several months back, his wife having run off with his best friend. What goes around comes around, I suppose. Anyway, other than his chatting me up, making slight suggestive remarks and giving me the odd pinch or feel, I was able to put up with him.

The day was a busy one, but I now took such days in my stride. I was talking to a customer on the phone as I wore my navy blue, front button cardigan, red mid-thigh skirt, black pantyhose and high heels. My legs were propped up on my desk, my long, shapely legs stretched out before me.

The customer was unhappy about a late order but I calmed him down, reassured him and even managed to sell him a special offer as I spoke. I liked this job and the work. I could do it well and that, alone, gave me a great deal of satisfaction.

oo0oo

The days and weeks continued to fly by. There was now only two weeks left before the original secretary returned to her job. I had become so settled that I had not once

thought of withdrawing from the hormones. They were a part of my morning ritual before leaving for work and again at night; I took them without really thinking any more.

I stood looking at myself in the mirror. How much I had changed! How my life had changed! In my red and white striped bathrobe which was slightly off my shoulders, I glanced at all my feminine curves. My breasts were so round and full...as good as those of any girlfriend I'd ever had; better than most, actually. My hair hung down in soft waves, the ends just touching the tops of my breasts. My hips and buttocks were nicely rounded and my legs looked long and shapely. On the "minus" side, my formerly seven-inch long penis was now just a mere two and half inches.

As I scrutinized, I couldn't really imagine having a male body again, with hard muscle and course body hair. It would no longer seem fitting and I knew that I would badly miss all my delightful feminine curves, especially my breasts. I would also miss work. Were I to quit in two weeks time, I would badly miss all the girls who worked there and I'd miss the job, too. I really liked being a secretary.

I began to get ready to go to work. I put on sheer hose, black miniskirt, a white silk blouse that was transparent enough to see my black lacy bra through and white, kid leather four-inch heels. Carol was also getting ready in her best dress. As her own body filled out in female proportions, she began going into work dressed more and more femininely. They all knew of her crossdressing anyway so, eventually, she began going fully dressed. Everyone just accepted her and called her Carol. So, we were now both living, full-time, as women.

I hadn't been out with Brian for several weeks at this time because he had become jealous to learn that, during one of our office girls nights out, I had been kissing with a boy called Martin.

His friend, Darren, had been in the same club and had seen me. My attitude was that Brian didn't own me. It's just as well that he didn't know of any of the other guys I'd met on our frequent nights out, or he *really* would have had something to complain about.

Arriving at work that day, Andrea called me into her office to tell me the news. "Donna, Joanne will be coming back earlier than planned. She will be returning to the job next Monday."

I felt my heart sink as she told me.

"Have you enjoyed working with us?" she asked. "You have been a real asset to the office."

"Here we go," I thought to myself "Thanks for your good work, Donna. It's been nice to know you."

"It would be a shame just to let you go," she continued. "That's why, like I promised, I have found you alternate work."

My heart suddenly leaped back into place. I can stay, I can stay. I thought, joyously.

"As you may have heard, Warren Clarke has been promoted to assistant manager and we have decided to make you his personal secretary. He asked for you himself."

I felt my heart slip down once again. "What!" I thought. "Oh, never mind. The main thing is I can stay." All idea of my finishing with the company and going back to living as Don Hutchinson were totally forgotten.

"So, Donna, as of next Monday, you have a new, permanent position with us."

I couldn't help but kiss Andrea happily on her cheek and give her a hug.

oo0oo

Working with Warren Clarke was interesting...and difficult. The job was interesting but it was difficult for me to keep Warren at arm's length.

The very first day of my permanent job, I had to wonder if I had made the right decision. I had tried to look smart and presentable; from the money I had been saving to buy a new wardrobe of male clothes, I had gone out and bought a two-piece jacket and A-line skirt suit in navy blue plus new, matching heels. Well, a career girl has to look her best! I had even had my hair cut and permed and dyed a golden blonde and had a second set of holes put into my ear lobes.

I didn't know where all this would leave my return to being a man. Since I was enjoying life, for the moment, I really didn't care.

Anyway, I went into the office for the first day of my new job looking really sassy and I immediately noticed that Warren highly approved. All day long, he seemed to be coming up to me, asking how things were going, did I have any problems and numerous other things. On each occasion he was very, shall we say, "tactile".

On one occasion, I was just leaving the office when the phone rang. Returning to pick up the receiver, I sat on top of the desk to talk rather than going all the way round my desk to sit down.

Warren came to the other side of the desk and inquired as to who the caller was. As he leaned across, he took advantage by placing his hand on my nylon-meshed thigh as if for support. Rather than withdraw and remove his hand when I mouthed the client's name, he kept it there and slowly stroked it up my thigh towards the hem of my short skirt.

I felt annoyed by the action and, without really looking down or stopping talking to the caller, I made to lightly brush his hand away. My hand however, landed on top of his at a point in the conversation where I needed to pay attention to what the caller was saying. With my hand stationed on top of his, Warren smiled and squeezed my fleshy thigh. He'd taken it as sign of my interest in him and, for the next few days, I was pestered by him.

The crunch came at the end of the week when he asked me if I would mind staying for an extra hour to do some filing. I didn't want to lose the job by not showing willing so, I accepted.

"You know, if you like, we can go for a meal after we've finished," he suggested.

"Uh, sorry, I promised a friend that I would go out with her tonight," I apologized.

"Well, how about just one quick drink at the bar around the corner from here? Surely you can manage that?"

"Well, I did promise my friend that I would see her at seven-thirty," I lied. "And I'm already going to be late by working over."

"I'll drop you off wherever you want to be," he persisted.

"No...I don't think so, but thanks anyway."

Warren looked long and hard at me, making me feel just a little uneasy.

"You don't really like me that much, do you?" he asked me outright. "What? Uh, no, er, I mean...I don't dislike you or anything," I replied, taken by surprise by the question.

"So, why are you avoiding having a drink then? All I wanted was to try and get to know you a little better, seeing as we now work together."

"Because, well, because you are so harassing," I replied, finally speaking my mind. "You come on to all the girls...feeling them, molesting them. I mean, I mean, it's sexual harassment. There *are* laws, you know?"

Warren looked hurt as I let loose my salvo. "I'm sorry Donna, really. You're right, of course. I think it's just frustration. I only do it to those I really like though. It's a way of trying to show my interest in them. I guess I am just too shy to ask a girl out."

"Well, you just managed to ask *me* out," I replied.

"Yes, I did, but I was very nervous. I just wanted to make an extra effort with you. I really had to pluck up my courage."

Was this man playing me here? I asked myself; trying to wind me in by having me feel sorry for him?

"So, why the extra effort with me?" I asked, looking at him properly for the very first time. Polly had been right when she had said he was a handsome hunk. He was very handsome...and very hunky!

"With you...? Well, I didn't want to miss my opportunity; I think that you are the prettiest, sexiest girl I have ever laid eyes on. I thought so the very first day that you came...and that's the truth. I asked Andrea if I could have you as my personal secretary as I knew that you only had a couple more weeks left of your temporary contract with us. I thought that if you left here, I may never see you again."

I was now intently listening to what he had to say. He seemed sincere and I was flattered.

"I am really sorry if you felt threatened or insulted by my clumsy way of making an approach. I'm not very good, I'm really shy around girls...though I don't suppose it looks that way, does it?"

"I wanted you to join me tonight just to get to know you better; I have been very lonely for a long time. I don't suppose you will know, but my wife left me nearly a year ago now. Since then, my life has just been an empty shell without a woman to share things with."

"Isn't there any chance of you and her getting back together?" I asked.

"No," he said sadly, "she's living with someone else now, actually...my friend, or rather, ex-friend. She filed for divorce just a few months back and I don't intend to fight it."

"But you still have feelings for her?" I asked.

"I suppose I do though her betrayal and all that she's done since we split has killed off much of the love I had for her. If I only had someone new in my life, I could finally get her out of my system. As you have seen, though, I have a terrible technique in picking up girls."

In spite of myself, I began to feel sorry for Warren. He seemed to be genuine in what he said and I already knew part of his story to be true.

"Well, if we are all finished here, hadn't we better go and get that drink?" I asked.

"I thought you said that you were meeting someone else?"

"Oh, she'll understand. I'll catch her another time...unless you've changed your mind?"

Warren's face lit up. "Me! No, certainly not...come on, let's go before *you* do," he replied eagerly, grabbing his suit jacket from the hanger.

We actually ended up having several drinks, during which time I got to know Warren better. Like he said, although he was a successful businessman, he was rather shy and insecure outside the office. He had obviously lost a lot of confidence because of his marriage breakup and had suffered much hurt.

Now that I understood him better, I found that I really did like him. Beneath his clumsy way of showing interest in a girl, he was really a decent man; he didn't intend to molest or upset girls...it was just how he went about doing things.

He ran me back home, having been a perfect gentleman all evening. As if to confirm to me that it hadn't all just been some masquerade to try and lure me, he never once tried to force himself onto me. When he dropped me off, he merely leaned across and shyly kissed me on the cheek, thanking me for joining him.

I decided to say nothing to Carol about having had a drink with my boss, especially since only a few days earlier I had complained that he was a sex-mad arse hole!

oo0oo

The following Monday, Warren was being especially nice to me; well, not just to me but to all of the girls as if I had made him aware of how uncomfortable he made them and he had seen the error of his ways. He thanked me again for having gone for a drink with him. I sensed he was trying to pluck up courage to ask me out again. As shy and insecure amongst females as he obviously was, I decided to help him out by suggesting to him that we should do it again sometime.

The "sometime" actually developed into becoming a nightly routine after the office closed. It then moved on to our going out for a meal together, occasionally. Carol knew that I had to be seeing someone, so I decided to confess.

"What, your boss, Warren? I thought you said he was a real slime ball?"

"Yes, I did. But now that I'm actually working with him, he isn't so bad. In fact, he's really quite nice."

"You've changed your tune, haven't you? It sounds to me as though you are interested."

"You forget, dear, that we are both male. I intend to live as one again."

"So when's this going to happen?" Carol asked, "When you retire?"

"No. I don't know. I mean, I have always intended going back to living as Don, but I have been living as a girl, in a girl's world, for so long now...and I'm enjoying it. In fact, I am enjoying my life more now than I can ever recall living it as a guy...and I have more, truer friends. But I *am* a man and, if I ever want to have a future...settle down and get married, then I need to go back to being a male."

"Why? You don't have to do anything of the sort. Now that I am living full-time as a female, both at home and at work, I certainly plan to stay this way. It's the way that I feel most comfortable. I'm even considering officially changing my name."

"It's okay for you, Carol. You are a self-confessed homosexual. I have always been heterosexual," I told her.

"Oh, I see! And you have never had sex with a man...or ever fancied one? You're trying to tell me that you don't fancy this Warren...or that you have never kissed him?"

"Well...yes, I *have* kissed Warren and okay, I do have some feelings for him, but that still doesn't mean to say that I think it's right. I can get around the psychological barrier because I'm taking the female role. I could never do like you do and make love to a man *as* a man. If I got really close to a guy, went to bed with him, he would find out that I was not as I seemed.

"Kissing Warren, or any guy, isn't too bad because it's like I am the female side of a relationship. Whether I could go to bed with a bisexual guy as a female, I still don't know, but Warren neither knows I'm a guy nor is gay himself."

"Your problem is all in your head. Fair enough, have fun with him, but take my advise. If he's straight and he believes you to be a real woman, make sure you do nothing that might cause him to find out, because it could cost you more than just embarrassment. It could cost your job. When are you seeing him again?"

"Tomorrow night. We're going straight out from work so don't make me anything."

"Well, just remember what I said...and enjoy yourself."

As I had informed Carol, Warren and I went out for a meal directly from work. We continued to enjoy each other's company and I felt comfortable with him. I don't think either of us wanted the evening to end and, when he suggested that we go on to a nightclub, I readily agreed.

A fair consumption of drink, the music and the atmosphere kind of "got to me" as the night wore on.

I then heard Carol's warning words inside my head not to allow him to discover my secret and I realized, almost too late, that he was close to making a very humiliating

discovery. I stayed him with my hand, saying a gentle, "No" and giving him a soft kiss on his lips to appease him.

"We can go back to my place. I could put you up for the night," he told me, his voice heavy with desire.

"No, not tonight," I told him reluctantly, looking into his eyes. I was feeling so aroused that, had there been any way at all, I wouldn't have thought twice about it. Had Warren known I was a guy, I would even have been prepared to have homosexual sex with him, but he didn't. Had I been a real woman, I would have given myself freely to him, but I wasn't.

I began to realize how much I cared for him, how much I really fancied him, that I was highly attracted to another man! I had never believed that could happen to me, yet it *was* happening. I felt disturbed by the disclosure and yet my heart felt as light as a feather.

oo0oo

Now that I had discovered my true feelings for Warren, I would dress sexily for him at work, to keep him interested. I would wear stockings and a garter belt with a skirt short enough to guarantee showing their tops. I wore heady perfume and see-through blouses, keeping the topmost buttons undone so as to show my cleavage. I didn't really need to do all of that, because Warren was infatuated with me anyway.

Where we thought we were keeping our relationship a secret from the other office staff, they'd all figured it out because of my change of dress and Warren's and my regular overtime.

By my fifth week working as Warren's secretary, we were dating three evenings a week: twice during the week and every Saturday evening.

Then came a time when, again, our passions were aroused. On this occasion, perhaps unwisely, I went back home with him.

Home for Warren was a spacious, modern seven-bedroom house set on its own forty acres of land. Even as we arrived, I was regretting my decision. I wanted Warren but I knew I couldn't have him.

I was nervous as he poured out two drinks. I was wondering what I could do or say to edge away from our making love. Bringing the two drinks over to where I sat, Warren kissed me on the lips.

"You know, Donna, I feel as though I am the luckiest guy in the world having you come back here with me tonight," he said lovingly to me.

"Warren, I should have told you back at the club before agreeing to come back here with you tonight..." I began.

"What's wrong? Tell me."

"I can't make love to you, Warren. I'm sorry but...well, it's that time of the month. I should have mentioned it earlier, but I was so aroused back there. Maybe I'd had too much to drink, too."

Warren's face was masked with disappointment.

"Oh well. You're here now anyway. Do you want me to just put you up in a spare room or would you perhaps still be prepared to sleep with me? We could snuggle up together, at least."

I thought about it momentarily, I didn't want to give anything about myself away, but I knew I had on a very tight panty girdle which held my now-greatly shrunken penis almost out of sight.

I raised my head to kiss him tenderly, "I can't deny you that at least," I told him as his kissing became stronger. Soon, he had unbuttoned my dress and slipped it from my frame. I stood before him with heaving breasts that pushed out my lacy black bra, in my stockings and garter belt. Although I could sense my penis trying to show itself, it remained hidden as the long red nails of my fingertips began fumbling to open his fly and the waist belt of his pants.

Both of us breathing heavily, I followed Warren upstairs, kicking off my high heels along the way.

I was mystified when he requested me to walk quietly along the top landing, passing two closed bedroom doors, but I didn't question him.

We were soon in his spacious bedroom with a thick pile carpet into which my stocking feet sank. Unbidden, I quickly slipped in between the slinky, cool, satin sheets.

As Warren got in beside me, we resumed our kissing and I was soon manipulating his penis to an erection with my hand.

Fondling a penis no longer bothered me though it had felt weird and very alien to me the first time. Now, over the months of going out with the girls from work, I had done that sort of thing many times. We may not have been able to have full sex together that night but, nevertheless, I satisfied my boss and lover twice that night with mouth and tongue.

oo0oo

The following morning Warren woke me much earlier than I'd expected. We got washed and dressed, again quietly passing by the two doors, and tip toed downstairs. My curiosity was rising. Warren told me that we could stop for breakfast on our way to work, so we left his house early that morning.

"I think we ought to enter the building separately," I suggested to Warren as I tucked into my cooked breakfast.

"Why? Are you embarrassed about me or something?" he asked.

"No, of course I'm not embarrassed. I just think that maybe it's not such a good thing to let people know we are seeing each other yet...especially arriving together."

"It's okay, I see what you mean. I was only joking. I'll drop you off and you can go in while I'm parking the car at the back of the building," he told me.

oo0oo

Obviously, I had to explain my night away from home to Carol. I also asked her what she thought about the two bedrooms we had to walk quietly past.

"Have you thought that maybe he's still married and his wife was asleep in one of them? Maybe the room he took you into was a spare room."

"No, we definitely went into his room. I mean, you could see that it was used daily and all of his things were in there such as closets full of clothes...just men's clothes. Then there was his briefcase, an alarm clock and such. Still, I'm sure that *someone* must have been in one of the other rooms."

"Okay, well maybe he just lets lodgers."

"Yeah, maybe. That is a possibility."

"Well, there's only one way to find out for sure. Ask him," was Carol's final advice on the matter.

I had a lot of things on my mind that night, deep things which I needed to reason out, questions that I had to ask myself. Carol could tell that I wasn't my normal self and asked me what was the matter. I led her to believe that it was still the rooms that bothered me...but it wasn't. In fact, it was something much more serious than that.

At work the following morning, at a time when I had Warren's office to myself, I made an outside call.

"Hello, could I speak to Dr. McCallister, please?" I asked.

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It was three days later and Warren was taking me out direct from work. He told me that he first needed to collect a few things from his house. We entered and I stood in the lounge while he ran upstairs. As I waited, I began to wander around and ended up in the kitchen where I saw several items of clothing belonging to a woman: a pair of ladies shoes, dress rings and a woman's wrist watch.

We were heading for the theater that night and it was there that I decided to breach the subject.

"Darling, I saw some ladies rings, shoes, a coat and a head scarf back at your place," I told him.

"Uh, you did?" he asked, looking slightly awkward.

"Yes, and the other night, when I slept there...you told me to walk quietly past one of two doors. I thought I could smell ladies perfume in the air. Is there a woman living there?" Warren cleared his throat, reddened, looked at me and said, "Well...yes, to be honest There is."

I tried to smile lightheartedly. "Who is it...your mother or someone?"

"No, she's much younger than my mom, actually...and very pretty, too."

Now I began to feel a little uneasy, wondering if Carol could be right. "Anyone I should be worried about?" I had to ask.

Warren laughed suddenly and put his arm lightly around me.

"Oh, goodness no. I told you that I am clumsy with women. I don't think I could ever cope with two in my life at the same time. And do you think I'd have taken you there if another woman was present?"

I forced a smile and returned his cuddle. "So, who is she then, your daughter?"

"I'll tell you soon enough. Not just yet if you don't mind, but there is really nothing to concern you."

I settled back, only half-pacified; I knew it wasn't his daughter because the clothing, shoes and rings were all adult sized. I had tried to draw him out without any success. I still enjoyed the evening, though.

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Straight from work the following day, I went nervously to my doctor's surgery. This was a very big step for me, and a highly embarrassing one. Doctor McCallister was my family's doctor and had known me since I was a baby. I was now about to walk into his surgery wearing female clothes, looking every bit like a real woman. There was no point in my going dressed as a man. I just no longer looked like one with my long flowing hair, shaped eyebrows, long painted nails and not least, my very real breasts.

My knees felt weak as I tottered into reception atop my high-heeled sling-back sandals. I felt like curling up and dying of shame as the pretty receptionist gave me an odd look.

"Mr. Hutchinson? Uh, please take a seat until the doctor calls you," she told me.

I had to endure ten full minutes of being scrutinized by the health center staff before being buzzed into the doctor's office.

Once inside, nervously, I sat down, squeezing my black nylon-clad legs together and placing my purse on my knee. I tried, in a shaky, trembling voice, to tell my bemused doctor the reason for being there.

He looked me over critically as I sat tensely before him.

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I waited until the weekend to break what I regarded to be shocking news to my best friend. Carol was getting herself ready to go out with Debbie; I had a date with Warren who was picking me up a little later.

"Carol," I called in an anxious voice from the lounge.

"Yep?"

"Have you got a moment to spare? I need to talk to you about something important."

Carol appeared in the door frame, looking lovely as ever. She was wearing a fetching white shift dress with a flowery pattern around the middle, nude hose, white sandals and pearl drop earrings. Her hair, styled very femininely in a back sweep was piled high upon her head before cascading down her back. I praised her on how good she looked.

"Thank you, sweetheart, but is that the reason you called me downstairs?"

"In a way, yes. You have gone to the full limit of living and looking like a real woman, haven't you? You've grown your own breasts, you have shapely hips and long legs, your hair is long, thick and glossy and your nails are perfect. You now dress all of the time in the most feminine, beautiful things and you only ever date men."

"Quite some tribute. Thank you. But, you know, you are all those things now, too."

"Not quite. But what I was thinking...have you ever considered going even further? Taking the one final step?"

"What, you mean a sex change?" she asked incredulously. "No, no way. I adore being a girl, but I like having what is between my legs, too. I'm homosexual, honey. That's the way I like my sex, even if I do usually play the passive role."

"That's just it, though, isn't it? That's why I am not quite like you. I am not really homosexual."

"Really! You could have fooled *me*. Does your boyfriend know about this?"

"No, but that's it again. He thinks that I am all female. I still do not accept that I am homosexual. Okay, I have been in bed with and fondled men...including you. I have even sucked men's cocks but I have never been penetrated and I still do not feel right about having sex with someone who has the same sex organs as I have."

Carol came across and sat down besides me, taking my hand.

"Yes, you have said all those same things before, but I thought that you had changed. Maybe you can never change the way you are, your chemistry. So, what are you saying? Are you still wanting to return to being Don? Sacrifice your job, give up Warren and return to how you were? It will be a long and difficult road back love...it will take a long, long time for your body to change and you will probably need surgery to remove those beautiful breasts of yours."

"Yes, my body is going to have to change and I *will* need surgery. I think I have fallen in love with Warren and I think he loves me. It all sounds crazy, me saying I love another man. That's why I have to do something about it right now."

"So, you think you have found true love with someone who has the same plumbing as you? it scares you because you cannot accept the thought of being homosexual. What if Warren could, though, and he knew the truth about you?"

"I don't know. What I do know is that I either have to be one thing or another with a partner who is the opposite sex as me. I accept that I have become much more female than male now, because of those damn hormones you gave me. I don't know if the hormones can be blamed for my falling in love with a man...but I have. So, the only way around it, as I see it, and avoiding that long road back is to take a few shorter steps forward. I am going to have my sex changed!"

Carol was completely dumbfounded. I suppose it did seem ridiculous. She had always been the effeminate, gay, crossdressing male while I had been the tough, rugged, heterosexual macho man. Yet, *she* wanted to stay male while here *I* was, announcing that I intended to become a woman!

Because of my revelation, Carol was late for her date with Debbie and I had to start rushing to get ready for Warren. I convinced her that I really was serious by telling her that I had already been to see my G.P. He had carried out some initial tests and referred me to a gender-reassignment clinic. The money I had saved from my wages, put aside for my return to manhood, I was now going to use for my operation towards womanhood.

Going private, I had been told, could have me in for my operation as soon as seven weeks time, as soon as all the tests came back positive.

Normally, a TS patient had to have been on hormones and living and dressing as a female for at least one whole year. I had been on hormones for fifteen and a half months and I had lived full time as a woman for almost fourteen months. The gender clinic was especially pleased that I already had a job as my female self and had settled into a female environment.

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Carol had been just dying to tell everyone, beginning with Debbie that same night. Following my request to her, she managed to keep it in. I told her that I wanted to make the announcement myself at the Paradise Club.

Because of my dating Warren, I hadn't been to the Paradise on Tuesdays or Thursdays for ages. Everyone greeted me warmly on my return and said how feminine I was looking. Of course, these days, I took it as a high compliment rather than being offended by it.

I waited until I had a drink in front of me before breaking the news. Who would have thought that a bunch of guys, could make such a lot of screaming and screeching? I seemed to be getting kissed and cuddled by everyone.

Remembering how I had used to be, my first attitude toward them all and the tough image I had projected, nobody could really come to terms with the fact that I was now planning to become a complete woman.

Chantelle was also in the club that night. She was amazed to hear my decision and came right over to me.

"Is it true what I hear, Donna? You are going all the way?"

I nodded. "Oh, darling, I'm so pleased for you, so long as you're sure. You know, you made a great guy... but you'll be a stunning girl. I'm envious as hell. I don't have the nerve." She too, then gave me an embrace.

I also met a new member of the group that night, the "other" Carol's new boyfriend. I found out from her that Philippa never came into the club now. She was still dressing as a woman, still calling herself Philippa and still dating that guy from the disco.

Carol's new boyfriend was called Terry...or Teressa. She had already got him dressing femininely, complete with makeup. He was, as yet, neither happy nor comfortable with it. He complained to me about how Carol was getting him to dress up and how he felt like "a friggin' sissy" and how debased he felt.

I could understand his anxieties, having been through them myself, but I wasn't about to offer him a supportive shoulder.

"Stop being so petty about your image. There's absolutely nothing wrong with showing your feminine side or enjoying the soft, sensuous feel of women's clothes. You aren't such a tough nut as not to be able to enjoy those things, you know. I was twice the man you are...and look at me now!"

The claim I made sounded pretty hollow, coming as it did, from a buxom, shapely woman with a svelte body and shapely legs. He gave me an incredulous stare, but at least I stopped him moaning.

At some point in the evening, the ever-practical, sensible June pulled me to one side and asked me if I had sat and thought everything through, if I had considered all of the pitfalls.

"It's just that, not so very long ago, you were all man and couldn't even understand your best friend's desire to dress. I know since then, you have come along in leaps and bounds, but are you *absolutely* sure, sweetheart?"

I assured June that I was and I told her all about Warren, how he believed I was a real woman and how I wanted to be able to make love to him.

"Oh, Donna, darling, just think it through. It is such a major, irreversible step to take. I have known a great many transvestites over the years through Michael. Most are happy just to remain as they are; others, like you and Carol, grow their own boobs. The few who have gone all the way have all been true transsexuals who believe they have always been women trapped in a male body. What if you have the operation and then you and this Warren split up?"

"It won't change a thing, June. I'm too much of a woman to ever get a woman. I could never get a lesbian lover because of what I have between my legs and I cannot bring myself to have male to male sex. As a real woman, there would be other men out there for me, I have lived long enough as a woman now to know I can survive out there. Thanks for your concern, June dear, but I have thought this thing through."

"Well, here's something else to consider. Even true, lifelong transsexuals are not always happy after the change. In a number of cases, the surgeons fail to keep the delicate nerve endings intact. That means that, once you have lost your penis and can no longer masturbate, all you have is your new vagina. If that, too, is devoid of sensitivity, you cannot achieve orgasm. That is one of the reasons that many post-op Transsexuals commit suicide. It is something you cannot have guaranteed before going under the knife."

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On Wednesday and Friday of that week, Warren and I dated.

On Saturday, I had something new to think about. Brian, the man I had dated before, turned up, out-of-the-blue, with flowers and chocolates for me.

"Brian! What on earth are you doing here?" I asked in surprise. I hadn't heard from him in six months.

I led him into the lounge and we sat down with Brian nervously offering me the gifts.

"Please forgive me for intruding. It's just that...well, I was wondering, hoping, that we might be able to pick up from where we left off. I never got you out of my head, you know? I tried to phone lots of times but..."

"Yes, I know you did Brian; there were some complications involved in my seeing you. Don't take it personally but, well, you had best know that I am now seeing someone else."

There was dejection in Brian's eyes as he looked at me.

"Actually, I had heard. Maybe I shouldn't have...but I have been learning a few things about you. I know that you are going out with someone you work with but, I, I just hoped that I might get a second chance with you. Does your new boyfriend know all that I know about you?"

My expression must have frozen on my face. "What do you mean, Brian? Just what do you think you 'know' about me?"

"Well, for a start, I know that you are really a man."

"Uh! Where have you heard that nonsense?" I bluffed, "Do I *look* like a man?"

"Well, if you did, I can assure you I wouldn't be as crazy about you as I am. A friend of mine has a friend who is dating a young gay boy, a transvestite actually. They call the boy Phil...or Philippa as he now prefers. He told me all about you."

"And..?" I asked, steeling myself.

"Well, when I heard that, I assumed that was probably the reason you finished with me and why you will never find true happiness with any man...for fear of discovery. But like I said, I'm crazy about you...you, the person that I got to know. You and the beautiful image you present. I'm not really concerned with what is between your legs. That's why I wondered if I might still have a chance. I will accept you as you are...with all your 'extra packaging'. Would your new boyfriend accept you if he knew? So, what do you say?"

I was too stunned to say anything, and Brian saw that.

"Don't answer right now, Donna. I have said what I came to say. I will phone you tomorrow. Let me know then."

With that, Brian walked out of the room, leaving my mind in tatters.

What a mess I had gotten myself into. It wasn't as if there was really anyone I could turn to to help me sort things out. God knows that I had changed...a lot, but I was still "inbetween", so to speak. Simply put, what *was* the right thing to do here? Even more pressing than that, what did I *want* to do?

Chapter Ten: DECISION TIME

I couldn't sleep. I just had so much to think about and to consider.

There was still the mystery woman. Why hadn't Warren told me about her when I asked? He had admitted she was young and pretty though. Also, while I firmly believed that he did, Warren had never yet actually told me that he loved me or wanted to spend the rest of his life with me. I was considering a major commitment but I could be dumped after it, dumped as a female unable to enjoy sexual pleasure.

What of Brian? I had liked him when I had dated him. Maybe not as much as the attraction I had for Warren, but then, I never really had much chance to get to know him. I had finished with Brian only because things were starting to get heavy and I was concerned about discovery, yet I had managed to pass that particular hurdle with Warren.

Now, Brian not only knew about me but said he would accept me as I was. That meant I could have a partner and not lose my manhood. If things went wrong between Brian and me or I had a drastic change of heart, I would still be able to revert back to being male. Christ! What should I do?

My question temporarily answered itself when that evening, Warren phoned to cancel our date together. He said that something unavoidable had suddenly come up. As promised, Brian also phoned.

Having no date with Warren now, I agreed to at least meet Brian as there seemed no point in flatly refusing him. I certainly had nothing better doing that evening.

Anyway, I was now feeling suspicious of Warren once more. I still wanted to know who was sleeping there and why he had told me no more than what I already knew; that it was some woman. Why had he canceled our date? Was he taking her out? He had been well known as the office Romeo before I arrived. Then, suddenly, his whole character had changed to the poor, lonely, injured divorcee who was oh-so-shy.

Had Warren been playing me along all the time, just wanting to get inside my panties so as to put another chalk mark on his bed?

My date with Brian went better than I had expected. He was amusing, courteous and very genuine about all that he had told me. I kissed him good night at the end of the date, promising to see him again.

Meanwhile, Warren continued to cancel all our arranged dates for the rest of that week and half of the following, without giving any reasonable explanation. I was annoyed with him and I was becoming more convinced that there was another woman, one that was giving him sex, so I continued seeing Brian.

On Thursday of the following week, Warren took me out but it wasn't all that much fun. He seemed to have his mind on other things...maybe her? I told him that I was planning on staying in the following evening, just in case he decided to plan something. I was still feeling greatly annoyed with him, mainly because, all the way through our date, not once did he try to explain or apologize for canceling all the dates we'd had since the Friday before.

I didn't stop in, however. I went out with Brian again. At least he was being honest and straight forward with me. We had a good night out with plenty to drink, laughter and some dancing, all of which helped to loosen me up. At Brian's suggestion, I went back to his house with him.

Brian was as heterosexual as I had been and didn't have a clue how to do anything with someone like me. I showed him and we had sex all night long; stopping short of my allowing him to penetrate me through my rear.

Although I had never practiced it, I knew from the basics from Carol. Turning onto my stomach, I had Brian lubricate himself before baring down on me. The initially penetration hurt but I knew not to tense up. Eventually, as I became loose and the lubricant worked, it became pleasurable for us both.

He was extremely gentle and tender with me, treating me just like I was a woman. As he tensed and groaned, I felt his release enter me and I felt a kind of pride in myself for having finally overcome such a thing in order to give pleasure to a man.

Yet the nagging that this kind of sex was wrong was still inside my head. Brian may well have been prepared to accept me for how I was, but I knew that I could not spend my life making love like this, knowing that he and I had the same genitalia..

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I still hadn't canceled the operation. I needed to understand myself, the situation I was in and what I most desired for the rest of my life before considering having "it" cut off. Now, though, I was even considering going ahead and making myself a complete woman just for Brian.

"What should I do about my job?" I asked Carol as the time for my operation continued to draw increasingly nearer. "How do I take the time off that I'll need for the surgery and the convalescence?"

"You have mentioned the Paradise Club to Warren haven't you? Just tell him that we are all going on a European vacation. Ask for six weeks. That should clear it," Carol suggested.

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It wasn't going to be easy. I hadn't been out with Warren since our date the previous Thursday. I hadn't as yet officially finished with him, but he did sense strains developing in our relationship. He moped about the office all day on Monday before telling me what was on his mind.

"Is there something wrong between us, Donna? You stopped in on Friday, Saturday and again yesterday. Have I done something to upset you? Is it because I canceled our dates last week?"

"Actually, Warren, I've been busy packing and making some arrangements. I have wanted to ask you something, but I have been hesitant," I began.

"Oh, please don't tell me that you are leaving, moving on somewhere else...please."

"No, of course not. It's just that the club I go to sometimes has arranged a six-week holiday in Europe. It was already booked, but someone had to drop out and I've been invited to take their place...if I can get the time off work, that is."

A look of relief spread across Warren's face. "Is...is that all? When are they going?"

"A week this Saturday. I know it's short notice and that you might not want me off work but..."

"No, no not at all. I'm just relieved that it's nothing more serious...that you're not planning to leave here...leave *me*. I'll miss you, of course, but yes, I'll make it okay for you to go."

"Would you really miss me?" I asked.

"Of course I would, darling. I've already been missing our nights out together. Hey, what say we go out tonight?"

I couldn't deny him; after all, he had just given me leave for my operation. I would just have to phone Brian and cancel for that evening. Life was getting very complicated.

I had already decided not to tell Brian that I was having a sex-change operation. If all went well, then it would be a lovely surprise for him. I told Brian the same story that I had told Warren.

For the next eleven days, I dated both my boyfriends (How had I got into this?) Then, on Friday evening, I cancelled with both of them. I told them I wanted an early night to prepare for the long flight. In reality, I was packing what I would need to take with me, plus I was having last minute cold sweats about what was to happen the following day. Oh boy, was I scared!

Carol ran me over to the hospital the next morning.

A stroke of luck aided my white lie regarding the European vacation. The surgeon who was to operate on me was from Italy. His wife wrote letters to her family over there just about every other day and her brother was a sales rep who traveled across the European mainland.

The doctor suggested that I write letters and seal them in addressed envelopes; they could be put in with his wife's letters. The brother, he assured me, would be prepared to post them back in different countries, thus they would be delivered back, franked and stamped from various European locations. Great idea. I couldn't thank the doctor enough.

All day Saturday I was made to starve while I fasted for the operating theater. Mid-day Sunday, the fateful hour arrived. A nurse came to swab my arm and inject me. That injection served to tell me that this was all a reality, not a dream. It told me exactly what I was in here for and what I would be having done.

Panic and doubt flooded through me as I realized that, if I went to sleep, I would wake up a woman, my manhood gone forever. My life began to rush through my mind: the tough school kid, the athlete, the womanizing leader of a rough street gang. I had never been feminine...I'd never even thought of dressing as a woman before moving in

with Carl. I was making a mistake. I tried to shout "Stop! Stop!" No words came out of my mouth. Everything was fading.

I will not even attempt to write about the following weeks after I awoke. At first I didn't even care what sex I was, I felt so terrible! I felt as though I had been put into a magician's magic box and cut in half...really! I was either in a lot of pain or heavily sedated with pain killers and drugs My mind felt woozy.

Slowly, I began to recover. I was sore and stiff at first. Little by little I grew stronger and accepted that Don was now gone forever. I was a woman now and the more I thought about that fact, the more it excited me. I had to concede, though, that maybe that was partially brought on by the mass of hormones that they were feeding into me.

The day for me to have my bandages removed was both thrilling and horrifying. What I saw was a bloated, black and blue, misshapen, grotesque-looking swelling with a central slit. I felt sure that something had gone horribly wrong, but I was assured by the doctor that it would all go back down. The color would fade and eventually I would have a neat, pretty, womanly mound between my legs.

The overall look was not helped by a pipe of sorts coming out of it from within. I learned that this was a catheter that allowed me to pass waste water.

I also discovered I had a dilator up inside of me. Even when the pain from the operation began to subside, that thing hurt like hell when I had to pull it out for cleaning and when reinserting it. I was informed that the dilator prevented my inner walls from bonding back together.

After a few weeks, I was allowed to go back home where I continued to rest up, having my good friend wait on me hand and foot. The apartment was besieged by all our friends from the Paradise. They all wanted to see the "new me". They were all wonderful, though and helped in any way they could.

I wondered if what I had done might tempt others to follow suit and also have surgery. After all, if big, macho Don Hutchinson could become a woman, so could anybody.

Finally my six weeks were up and Doctor McCallister informed me, "You may well have a desire to try out your new body, but I would give it a few weeks yet. There may still be an amount of internal bleeding."

It must have been strange for Doctor McCallister to warn me not to rush into having sex with a man. It had been hard enough for him to accept that I really wanted to be a woman after all the years he had known me as a very boyish tearaway. I listened to his advice though, blushing myself as he said it.

I was becoming aware, during my weeks of convalescence, that I was badly missing Warren...much more than I was Brian. I did not call him, like I could have (I was supposed to have returned from my nonexistent holiday the previous Saturday). Instead, I decided to surprise him at the office on Monday morning. Depending on how things went, I would make a final choice between him and Brian.

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I was very excited on Monday morning; excited to be returning to work as a real woman and excited to be seeing Warren again.

I dressed in a blue shirtwaist dress decorated with white spots in a slinky nylon material. I put on a pair of black, lacy-topped stockings and a black silk and lace garter belt. I fluffed my long blonde hair out, giving it a liberal spraying and put in two pair of gold hoop earrings, the bottom pair slightly larger than the top.

A touch of blue eyeshadow, mascara and a lick of pink lipstick to match my long elegant nails completed my makeup. I slipped my feet with their painted toe nails into a pair of black, patent leather pumps and I was off. I felt deliciously and utterly female. Why not? I was. I just hoped I wasn't heading for a fall.

Warren was at his desk when I finally got in from greeting all my enthusiastic workmates, making up all kinds of tales about my holiday and feeling very guilty about it.

Warren looked up as I entered. His face went expressionless, then lit up. He waited with a suppressed eagerness until I closed the door before shooting across to where I stood.

"Donna! Darling!" That was as far as he was able to say as our lips pressed together. "Oh, Donna, I have missed you so much," he continued as we broke for air.

"And I have missed you, too," I replied honestly. I then handed him the present I had brought "from France", courtesy of a wine store close by where I lived.

"Donna, I want to ask you something before..."

"No, wait darling, I want to ask *you* something," I interrupted. "While I have been away, I have done a lot of thinking. Warren, I want you to tell me who lives in your house with you. You did promise to tell me...and just why you canceled our dates before my holiday?"

"Yes, you do deserve to know and I was going to tell you. It actually makes saying what I was just about to say a little more difficult, but yes, I will tell you. I have done a lot of thinking myself while you have been gone. The first door on the landing is the bedroom of my resident housekeeper and child minder, Mary."

"Childminder!"

"The next room is where my two sons; Tommy, seven, and Jamie, four, sleep. My wife left them with me when she ran off with my friend.

"The thing that I was wanting to ask, Donna, before you interrupted me, is...will you marry me? Could you accept a ready-made family? I need to ask you now because I really do not want to lose you."

As he spoke, I found that I needed to sit down as my legs threatened to give way. I sat back, my bottom perched on his desk with his legs astride of mine; his hand wandered to my thigh and stroked it as he spoke.

"Children? Marry you?" I rambled after him.

Warren's hand slipped up between the flap of my dress, finally finding and stroking, my lacy stocking top.

"Yes, I know it's a lot to ask...accepting someone else's children. You aren't even forced to want me...we've only been seeing each other a short while, but they're great kids, really."

Not want him! Christ, my new pussy was almost flooding as he continued stroking my stockinged legs and the soft smooth skin between their tops and my panties.

"Sweetheart, of course I will marry you!" I heard my voice saying.

"You will?"

Within an instant, Warren was up on his feet and kissing me passionately. As for me, I had this warm, delicious feeling between my legs that was driving me crazy. I knew that I was not going to have any problems at all with my nerve endings or lack of sensitivity. I wanted to screw with him right there on the office floor but I did heed the doctors warning.

I returned home with Warren that evening to meet Tommy and Jamie as well as Mary the housekeeper, who was an attractive middle-aged woman.

Little Jamie went straight to my heart when he asked, "Are you going to be our new Mommy?"

I cuddled him and gave him a kiss on his forehead as I replied, "Yes dear, I am going to be your new Mommy."

I hadn't even thought of that possibility before. Yes, I had changed my sex for Warren, but I would never have been able to provide him with children. That he had children already supplied the perfect solution. I could tell him that I was incapable of having any of my own due to some kind of injury and I felt sure he would be happy, already having two boys of his own.

We set an engagement party for two weeks time, held at his house. He would invite some of his friends and I some of mine, but only those really convincing girls like Carol. I wouldn't want him getting "ideas" from the sort of friends I had.

Chantelle would be invited and, of course, Michael and June. I knew that Michael would come as himself. He was quite an imposing businessman, someone to be proud of having as a friend. Of course, there would also be Andrea and the rest of the girls from the office. I was getting quite excited.

Warren asked if I wanted to stay over that evening. Boy, did I ever! But I again heeded the doctor's warning about tearing my internal stitching. When I lost my new virginity, I wanted it to be perfect. I even refused his offer to just sleep over, in case I gave in to temptation.

The next couple of weeks just seemed to fly by, although the last few days dragged. During this time, I had to phone Brian and break the news about Warren and me. There was no point in either pretending or lying to him. The poor dear would never get to enjoy my new pussy, or ever even know I had one.

Then the big day arrived. Carol brought along her current boyfriend, James. Polly and Sarah from the office quickly struck up a friendship with two of Warren's friends.

I introduced Michael and June to Andrea Dobson, then felt foolish when I remembered they already knew each other.

The two boys followed me about everywhere I went. They had really taken to me already...as I had to them. Warren had been right when he said they were wonderful.

Tommy made my night when, halfway through the evening, he announced, "You are prettier than our real Mommy." I just know I'm going to get on great with these kids.

Eventually, our party began to break up and Warren and I tried our damndest to eject—as nicely as possible, of course—all the stragglers. I was exhausted but I didn't plan on sleeping when I went to bed...not *this* night!

Mary had long since put the boys to bed and then turned in herself. Warren and I were alone, at last. We quietly tiptoed past the two bedroom doors and went into Warren's.

In seconds flat, we were undressing each other. I know it wasn't our wedding night, but who cared?

I stood in my lacy black basque with its attached garters and my sheer nylons while my new fiancée caressed every inch of my body. Then I stripped him off, lingering over his manhood.

At last, we were both naked. I was able to reveal all of my body now with pride, and we slipped in between the sheets.

Never did I expect the feeling of a man's cock inside of me to be so sensational. I had a moment's hesitancy before his insertion but the feelings that I experienced as he thrust in and out of me, while sucking and fondling my breasts, was just beyond belief. I knew then, for sure, that I had made the right choice by going through with surgery.

So, here I am, one year later, with a new husband. I am now a housewife. We kept Mary on, and I have two children who I think the world of and who treat me just like their real mommy.

From a street tough to a wife and a mother...all because of a friend!

The End.