

Sisters



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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By Jessica Matthews

Nothing of what followed was intentional. Nothing bore any relation to the life I'd lived before. I was living a bit "hand to mouth," working or not working when I pleased, but I was happy bumbling along like a latter-day hippie nomad. Life was good.

Not anymore; I'm a woman now. I wasn't always a woman. I wasn't born female either but that didn't stop me. I think getting breasts was liberating, although if you'd suggested that to me back then, I'd have laughed or run away.

I'm slim, blonde and wear the best heels and dresses. I have my own car and a wonderful partner. He lets me get away with most things and pays for all of them. I live with my sister and if my partner knows what we get up to, he keeps sensibly quiet.

All in all, it's a good life and I've stashed a nest egg away to protect me for the future. I'm not expecting problems but a wise girl thinks ahead.

It all began when a friend called me to go on the road with a touring version of “The Birdcage.” You know the story. It’s about a gay transvestite who performs in a club that he owns with his partner. Their life gets interrupted when they have to pretend to be a real couple for a wedding.

Never mind the plotting; it was the logistics of the production which changed my life. They were desperate for an organiser and someone to carry things as the show went from one small theatre to another for a run of Wednesday to Saturday before moving on to the next town.

It was hard work and strange at first. I soon fell into a routine and began to enjoy it all. The logistics soon fell into place. The actors were another matter, with squabbles and ego trips, changing as each week seemed to bring a cast change or two. I guess some of the actors got better offers and moved to other companies.

If you don’t know the plot there are plenty of places you can find it outlined. Our production was heavy on the musical numbers and the song and dance scenes, some of which weren’t in the stage productions or the movie.

We did good business. The female impersonators in the chorus line doubled as the domestic staff as the story unfolded. I don’t know how they did it, but the guys in the chorus looked and acted as if they were real girls. They kept the show on the road anyway.

I guess that they frightened me a little at first. I knew that they weren’t real girls but the way they bickered amongst themselves and the shameless way they flirted with the audience made it hard to believe.

My problems started when the chorus line fell apart.

“You’ve got to help us out next week.” Edward Leighton, the director, confronted me as I was packing the truck with our scenery and costumes ready to move on. “Jessica has had to go. She fell out with everyone and there’s been no time to get someone to take her place.”

“But I can’t dance,” I protested. “I went to stage school when I was a kid but I never wanted it to be my career.”

“That doesn’t matter,” he replied. “Wear the costume, stand at the back, wiggle a little, and you’ll be fine. It’s only for a week until we get someone to stand in.”

“Will there be a costume for me?”

“Don’t worry, you can wear Jessica’s. She isn’t as small as you but you’ll need padding anyway.” His hands outlined where I needed the padding. “And get your ears pierced; big earrings are provided.”

What I wasn’t managing so well at first was the costume and makeup. The costume had been made for someone with a different set of measurements and a different shape. I used the same padding but it didn’t feel right. Neither did the earrings when they told me to leave some in all the time.

The rest of the chorus line helped me with the makeup; otherwise I’d have looked like a complete clown in lipstick. I think they thought it was fun to watch me struggle on stage. Jessica’s wig was awful

too. Maybe it was because I had too much hair to squash under it; I'd always worn my hair long.

The wig was meant to be a stage dancer's blonde but it hadn't been cared for and no matter how we tried, we couldn't get it to look half decent. I was always afraid of it falling off.

I consoled myself. I tried to hide at the back of the stage and avoid the spotlights. I didn't have any lines; I only had to be there and that was bad enough.

"How do you do this every night?" I asked the chorus in general.

"I love it; it's a fantasy come true." Jody the principal dancer was the only one to reply. "I always wanted to be a female impersonator. I tried the clubs but I still had to work in a burger bar. When this came along, I jumped at it."

"This is better?" I asked in amazement.

"Sure it is," he replied, sounding amazed that anyone could ask. "I get dressed and made-up every night. What more could a boy ask?"

What indeed!

So there I was, standing at the back of the stage for the whole week and then another. At first I was very self-conscious. I tried to move in time to the music and learned the routines. By the end of the third week, I was managing that part quite well and even bought different earrings to wear during the day when I was out of drag and a better wig.

That was a real change!

At the start of the third week, we'd lost another of the chorus line and the replacement was due just in time for one rehearsal before we were to go on. The management weren't too worried. It was a small town theatre and they didn't expect much profit, so we were told to get on with it.

I asked for my replacement. That was met with silence. They expected *me* to get on with it too. I didn't really mind. I wasn't doing anything else and I was getting to enjoy being on stage far more than I ever expected.

When another of the girls in the chorus left, I really feared the worst.

"How could we go on?" I asked the office manager when she called me from their central office. "We can't go on losing cast members and still keep touring. We need a replacement and we need some rehearsal time."

"Don't worry." This reply did little to calm my nerves. "We're sending another guy who knows all the routines. He toured the show last year."

"But he doesn't know how *we're* doing it."

"I'm sure he'll fit right in. Give him a week and see how it goes."

We had a couple of days before the show opened. It was a little theatre in nowhere you've ever heard of but there was a professional pride in giving them the best show we could. I rehearsed with the first replacement. He wasn't too bad but looked a bit lumpy in the costumes.

That was on the Monday afternoon. I called a halt and asked for a final dress rehearsal the next afternoon before we opened on the Wednesday evening. I dismissed my worries. After all, the big nights came at the weekends, so Wednesday's and Thursday's shows weren't too important.

"Is this the Birdcage company?" A small voice came from the auditorium. "Am I in the right place?"

"If you're our guardian angel, you've arrived in the nick of time," I replied, squinting as I tried to look beyond the lights to see who was asking.

"I'm a replacement for the chorus." He came onto the stage, a guy a little taller and heavier than I was, dressed in all denim, with a long ponytail hanging over his shoulder.

I welcomed him and filled him in on where we were up to in our preparations.

"Don't worry," he said. "I toured this show last year. I'll pick it up as fast as I can."

"I hope you look good in the costume." I tried to sound jocular. "They're not a pretty lot close-up."

"But they told me you were in the chorus as well as directing." He smiled. "I'm sure you'll look amazingly convincing as a girl."

"That might be stretching the truth." I couldn't help admiring his confidence and charm.

"The guys in the dressing room can show you where everything is, and where we're staying," I said. "I'll join you all there later. I hope you fit the costume that's been left."

“I’m sure it’s going to be fine,” he said, turning to walk backstage. “I brought a few things of my own too.” I was liking this guy. His willingness to pitch in put me at ease.

As he disappeared into the wings, I realised that I hadn’t even asked his name.

I wasn’t really prepared for the next rehearsal. I’d called it mainly because I wanted to see how all the boys looked in costume and makeup. I needed to organise them so that the prettiest was front centre stage. I knew that wasn’t me so I was on the right of the line. I figured that was where I could see the others best.

“Can I help you, Miss?” I asked as a girl in a red coat walked through the front row of the auditorium.

I heard her giggle lightly as she waved her hand and slowly came up onto the stage.

“Hi everyone.” She took off her coat, revealing the glittery costume that the girls wore for most of the show. “I’m the new chorus boy. You can call me Rosalind.”

I couldn’t see her well through the dazzling lights in the auditorium, but the voice was soft, a little husky, but sounding feminine. I stepped back and went up the aisle to get a better view.

“But you’re a girl,” I exclaimed when I got up to her.

She was dressed in a shift dress which did nothing to hide her curves. Her makeup was immaculate and her hair hung over her shoulders in shining brunette waves.

“That’s not what my birth certificate says.” She grinned at me. “But you’re welcome to see what’s between my legs if you’re brave enough.”

I took her hand and shook it gently. I noted the long red fingernails and the rings. Her bangles rattled together as her arm moved.

“You met me last night but I wasn’t dressed then.” Rosalind giggled again and batted her long eyelashes at me as she looked me up and down.

“But you’re beautiful.” I looked at her properly for the first time; I could hardly believe that this was the little guy who’d arrived the day before.

“You don’t make a bad looking girl yourself.”

I was in full makeup and wearing a costume very similar to hers but the way her body language screamed “girl” was very different from mine. I half-felt jealous, which was a strange sensation for me to have.

I tried to shelve my curiosity as I ran the rehearsal. There were a few missed cues and a few stumbles with the dialogue but with our experienced leads vamping through the mistakes, we got there in the end.

“I’m going to enjoy working with you all,” Rosalind said to the company at the end of the session. “You’ve so much to teach me.”

She knew how to say the right things.

On Saturday night when we finished our last show of the week, there was the usual feeling of anti-climax. We'd done reasonably well at the box office but everyone knew that we had only one more week before the tour ended.

We all went to change before the ritual gathering in the pub next to the theatre. I was there first. As the acting tour manager, it was my duty to buy the first round for everyone. Gradually they came in and soon the tables we had commandeered were full of noisy chatter.

I don't know what made me look up. At the second I realised that we were missing someone, the most gorgeous girl came up to the table. I did a double-take. I didn't recognise her at first, then it dawned on me; this was how she really wanted to appear.

"Rosalind," I gasped, looking her up and down. "Didn't you want to get changed first?"

I could have kicked myself as soon as the words were out of my mouth. Of course she had changed from her stage costume but she'd opted for something more feminine and much sexier.

"I'm getting to prefer being a girl these days; it helps me stay in character for next week's shows," she said sitting down as a glass of white wine was passed to her. "I hope you don't mind me coming dressed like this."

“Darling, if you come like that, you’ll have our stage manager coming all over his underwear.” One of the chorus boys winked at her.

“It’s only that I don’t get the opportunity to dress nicely very often.” Rosalind looked at me as she spoke.

Somehow as the evening progressed and people drifted away, Rosalind and I were the only ones left. We were chatting together in the corner and we didn’t notice either the time or the fact that we were the only two left. Gradually the conversation became more personal and we exchanged mobile numbers and became Facebook friends.

“I’ve nothing lined up once this tour is over,” I admitted. “My agent says she’s hoping to get me something soon but it seems a bit bleak and there’s a lot of competition.”

“I think I’m going to audition for one of those clubs where they only use female impersonators,” Rosalind said. “I think I need to challenge myself more.”

“I think you look good enough,” I said, suddenly noticing the way he was looking at me.

“Does that mean you’d like to kiss me?” he asked, looking me straight in the eye.

I leaned in close as if magnetically drawn to his lips which were generous and shining. Our lips touched and then we were kissing in a way that said we meant it for real.

I pulled back first, suddenly realising that this was a man that I was kissing. It was a first for me and a shock when I realised what I’d done.

“That wasn’t so bad.” Rosalind smiled at me and took a mirror from her purse. “You’ve made such a mess of my lipstick.”

“I didn’t mean to do that,” I said lamely.

“You can always pretend that you didn’t know that I was a boy.” The hurt in her eye told me that I’d said the wrong thing.

“No,” I spluttered. “I liked it; your lips felt so nice.”

“It’s all right.” She stood and looked at me again. “I thought you liked me.”

Before I could answer, she’d stood and left me wondering how things could go so wrong so quickly. What the hell had just happened?

Rosalind kept her distance from me as we rehearsed for the last time on the tour. She was coldly polite and correct with me for the remainder of the tour. I tried to break the ice but it didn’t make any difference.

The last night came without any real celebration. We were all heading our separate ways and I doubted if our paths would cross in the foreseeable future.

“Hi, it’s Rosalind,” the voice said when I answered my mobile.

When the call came in, I’d been hoping against hope that my agent had found me something.

“It’s good to hear from you.” I forced some enthusiasm into my voice.

“I’ve only just summoned the courage to call you,” she said. “I’d love to see you again. I can’t get you out of my mind. I know I was behaving like a real bitch at the end of the tour and I wanted to say that I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologise,” I replied. “I guess we were all under stress at the end of the run.”

“I was sad when it ended, although I’d only been there for a while.” Rosalind’s voice was softer than I remembered. “I was lucky though. I got a job in a drag revue almost at once.”

“That was what you wanted.”

“I know. I’ve been a girl ever since. You should see me now.”

“That would be good,” I replied. “But I’m struggling right now. I haven’t got anything and I’m waiting tables, hoping that I won’t be evicted anytime soon.”

“That’s awful.” I could hear her gasp. “I could get you a job here, but you’d have to drag up.”

“I’m not a female impersonator,” I replied. “I know I was in the chorus when we were doing Birdcage but I only got that job because I was small and had long hair.”

“I think you’d be able to look really good and convincing if you’d let yourself do it,” she said. “I could help you. I think I owe you for being so horrible.”

“I’ll think about it,” I said, intending to do nothing of the sort, but I didn’t want to upset her.

“Call me if you want me to,” she said.

I think my tone must have said more than my words. We chatted as old friends do. I shared my lack of prospects; Rosalind shared how happy she was with her new situation. We hung up with promises to keep in touch. I thought that was it.

It wasn’t; she called a couple of days later.

“If you’ve nothing to do, why don’t you come and see me tomorrow evening?” she suggested. “Please say you will. I’ve got you a pass into the club and it’s my night off, so we can catch up.”

So I agreed. She gave me the address which was a short drive into the city. I showered and dressed in my usual all black. I didn’t need to shave; I’ve never had much of a beard or moustache. I used to joke that it was a good thing that they’d fallen out of fashion. Please don’t get the wrong impression. Despite not being macho, I’d never thought of myself as anything other than a man.

The club was far grander than I expected. The bouncer stopped me but when I said I was Rosalind’s guest, I was ushered in as if I was important and handed over to a server who showed me to a table at the side with a good view of the stage.

“I’m so pleased to see you.”

Rosalind's voice made me stand and open my arms for the usual hug. Her perfume was wonderful, full of lavender and sweet citrus. Her hair was far longer than I remembered, and far blonder too.

She stood back after the hug and I saw her properly for the first time in some months. She was super slim and curved in all the right places. She was always taller than me and now she towered over me on her heels which were green and sparkling to match her dress. It was short and low-cut. Guess where my eyes went.

"Yes, they're real." She laughed at my surprise. "I got a loan from the management and got the most natural looking implants that I could find."

"They look very natural." I regretted the clumsiness of my words.

"I decided that I needed to make myself leave the boy behind." She hugged me again and held onto my hand as we sat at our table. "It's so good to see you; I was afraid that you wouldn't come."

We started to talk about Birdcage but soon started to talk like this was a first date and we were getting to explore little bits of each other. I couldn't stop looking at her. From the gold earrings to the long green nails, she looked a picture; a fantasy, even though I knew there was a boy hidden somewhere underneath the deliciously feminine image.

"You keep looking at me," She laughed. "It's as if you're trying to work something out but you daren't ask. Don't worry about it; ask away."

"Why don't you tell me?"

Our eyes met and we both knew that we were talking about her transformation from the would-be girl I'd met months before.

“Okay; I’ve confessed to my breast development.” She had a mischievous look in her eye. “My hair is my own. It’s usually this colour but sometimes it’s white or even light grey. I have extensions all the time. I don’t think I could grow my hair this long within two years.”

“It’s beautiful.” I was rewarded with a big smile and a squeeze of my hand.

“I got my teeth fixed and my lips done.” She paused to smile and demonstrate the effect. “I got what they call a Russian pout. I didn’t want lips like a fish. And that’s about it. I’ve slimmed down, I run and go to the gym. Healthy eating and not too much to drink.”

“It all looks good.”

I was amazed that she wanted to see me when she could obviously have attracted much wealthier and more attractive guys.

“And in case there’s anything else you’re wondering about, I still have my penis.” She looked me directly in the eye as she waited for my response.

“I’d never guess that you were anything other than a beautiful girl.”

“I hope that doesn’t put you off.” She held my hand and squeezed it again. “I’m looking for a boyfriend and for some stupid, silly reason, I want it to be you.”

“I can’t think why.”

“I can’t explain. The heart goes where it wants to go; it doesn’t have to understand why.” She smiled into my eyes. “I knew that first time I saw you. We can have some fun together.”

“I’m flattered,” I said. “Aren’t you ignoring one obvious fact; we’re both boys.”

She looked at me like she was thinking hard.

“That doesn’t mean anything in the twenty-first century but I can tell you’re going to take time to work it out,” she replied. “I don’t mind, just don’t disappear.”

Before we could say much more, the lights dimmed and the music became much louder for the floor show. The girls were amazing, especially considering they were all boys underneath, but I couldn’t give them my full attention.

Rosalind pulled her chair close to mine. One hand started toying with the hair at the back of my neck. It gave me goosebumps. Then when the other hand started to climb up my thigh and play with my cock, I completely forgot that it was a boy’s hand.

Not that it looked like one with those fabulous nails.

As the show was playing the finale, I decided that it was time to go. Much as I loved the attention, I didn’t want my life to get too complicated. God knows going any further with Rosalind would qualify as “complicated.”

“You could come and have a nightcap in my room,” she said. “I’m living in one of the tiny apartments over the club.”

I stopped and she pulled me close, leaning in for a kiss. It felt strange as she was taller than me and I had to tilt my head back for her lips to meet mine. I felt her tongue touching my lips and I opened mine.

She entered quite forcefully and played her tongue around mine. My head was spinning and my emotions were all over the place. If ever I knew what I was thinking, I had no idea back then. Everything was lost in the softness of her lips.

I was the one to break the embrace. I leaned back and took her arm as I walked to the door.

“Please say we can do it again,” Rosalind whispered as she reached the threshold. I turned to walk away with a smile and a wave.

I tried, I really did. I knew Rosalind was a boy like me but the face that I kept seeing in my idle moments and the face in my dreams was her, and she didn't look like a boy. I didn't reply to her calls and her text messages went unanswered.

I don't really know if I was trying to forget her, or if I was in denial about my attraction to her. Either way, she was becoming an obsession. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

Before I came to any kind of decision, things changed. I was given a week to clear out of my apartment. I'd been late with the rent a few times and with things the way they were, it was only a matter of time. If I'd still had a car, I could have lived in that.

As it was, I would either have to go couch surfing with friends if I could find any or borrow a tent. It

wasn't an attractive proposition. Of course, I blamed everyone but myself. My agent was negligent, the tour companies wanted someone cheaper, and the auditions were supervised by morons.

Then Rosalind knocked on my door. I wasn't going to answer but she knocked louder and called my name.

"I know you're in there, Joe," she said through the closed door. "I'm going to stay here and knock louder until you let me in."

I let her in. It was either that or she'd have made such a scene. I didn't want that, even though I wasn't happy to be leaving.

"You didn't come to me and you haven't answered your calls, so I've come to you."

Her perfume assaulted me as she wrapped herself around me and pushed her lips to mine. They were soft and, without meaning to, I returned the kiss. Soon our tongues were touching again.

"You're leaving?" It was more a statement than a question as she looked at my rucksack and a holdall by the door.

"I'm being thrown out," I confessed. "No job, no income, no money to pay the rent. Nowhere to go either."

"You can stay with me for a few days." Rosalind picked up my holdall and turned to the door. "I'm taking your bag; you can either follow it or stay here."

She was out of the door before I could protest. I picked up my rucksack and followed her. By the time

I caught up, she was dropping my bag into the trunk of a late model Mustang. She pushed it closed and walked to the driver's door.

“Get in or I'm leaving you behind.”

She slammed the door and started the engine. I scrambled in the passenger door as she took off.

“Do you really live here?” I asked as she pulled into the parking garage of an apartment block in a fashionable area of the town.

“I moved,” she explained. “That's why I've got room for you.”

“But this place must cost a fortune,” I gasped.

“I'm a working girl,” she replied, opening her door and walking round to the trunk as I dragged my rucksack from the rear.

She seemed determined not to explain any more as she took off towards the elevators, leaving me to follow in her wake. She remained silent as we ascended. I watched the floor indicator until it stopped at the penthouse level.

“At least you could say something, instead of standing there like you don't believe I live here.” She opened the door and beckoned for me to enter.

“It's beautiful.” I stood and looked at the light and airy space of the living room and the decking beyond the glass doors looking over the fields to the rear of the complex.

“Like I said, I’m a working girl now.” She hefted my bag and took it to a door at the side. “This is your room.”

“I promise I’ll try and find somewhere,” I said as I stepped through the door.

“There’s no rush.” She dropped my bag on the king-sized bed. “Why don’t you get settled, take a shower. When you’re ready, come and join me and you can ask the questions that are almost falling off your tongue.”

Before I could say another word, she closed the door and left me to it. She was right. There was a lot I wanted to ask but I didn’t know if I dared.

I took my time in the shower. It was lovely to relax and think a few things through. Rosalind was stunning, far more attractive than I remembered. Whatever she was doing, it wasn’t doing her any harm.

Of course I remembered that there was a boy underneath all the glamour and the gloss, but there was nothing to give that away. Her hair and makeup, her poise and the feminine, almost feline way that she moved gave nothing away.

Her figure was slim yet with curves in the right place and the glimpse of breasts beneath the scooped neckline of the tight green dress said that there wasn’t padding in her bra. Her nails and the way she used her hands as she spoke added to the picture, as did the jewellery she wore on ears, and fingers, wrists and neck.



I dressed and used the drier in my bathroom to dry my hair into something like a decent shape, then dressed in the best I had, I opened the door and went into the sitting room. The glass doors were open and I could see her foot swinging idly on one of the chairs which had the back to the room.

She stood as she heard me coming. She'd changed and now wore a pure white wrap dress with white kitten-heeled mules on her feet. I saw her toenails were the same shade as her fingers. Her hair was loose and the shine of her lips said that she'd gotten ready to wait for me. She moved towards me, put her arms out, and pulled me into a deep kiss.

"You know I'm crazy about you," she whispered.

Her hand went to the back of my head and pulled me into another long kiss. Her tongue probed at my lips and I let my inhibitions go. Our tongues played gently with each other. We broke, only to kiss again.

"Come and sit with me."

She took my hand and we sat side by side. A wine chiller on the table to the side held a bottle and two glasses. She stood to pour and handed me a glass of white wine. I raised the glass to her and sipped.

"This is good." I was surprised by it. "I've not tasted anything like this for ages."

"You've probably never tasted anything like this anytime." She was almost laughing at me as we touched glasses and sipped again. "It's the wages of sin, if you must know."

"You're going to have to explain all this," I said. "You can guess all the things I want to ask."

“But you’re too polite to ask.” She laughed again at my discomfort. “You want to know how did I go from the chorus line of a drag show to all this?”

“That about sums up all the questions I’m trying not to ask directly,” I said.

Her arm dropped to my thigh and started to massage further and further upwards. She looked down, watching her hand and I could see that she was smiling at my reaction. It was as if she was gathering her thoughts about what to say.

“I told you that I’m a working girl,” she said. “I mean that literally, and this is one of the things I get. I don’t own this place but I can use it as if I did own it, as long as I do what I have to do.”

“So what you have to do is earn the wages of sin, as you said earlier.”

“That’s true.” She smiled. “I’m a kept woman. I have a special friend who keeps me for sex. Don’t take that wrongly though. Its nice sex and I like it. He pays for everything and more.”

“Surely he’ll object to me being here?” I asked.

“No, I just have to be available when he calls. He may take me out, or away for a few days. He rarely comes here but he likes to show me off. Sometimes he’ll take me to straight places where I’m the proper escort. Sometimes we’ll go to a drag bar where he’ll delight in displaying me and telling everyone what he’s paid for.”

“What *has* he paid for?”

“Everything; my teeth, my breasts, all my salon visits, my car, this place. All I have to do is be perfectly female all the time and be there for him when he wants me to be.”

“You sound like you’re an expensive hobby.”

“I’m very expensive.” She smiled at me wickedly. “I’m free to do what I want most of the time. He doesn’t object to me having sex with other people either as long as I’m careful and discrete.”

“I can hardly believe it,” I said in astonishment.

“He has a very respectable other life, with a good position and a family that he doesn’t want to know about me.”

“But secrets have a way of leaking out.”

“I think his wife knows but doesn’t care as long as she gets looked after too.” Her hand started to undo my belt and slip inside my pants. “Now I’m ready for you, so no more questions. You don’t know how much I’ve been dreaming of having you to myself.”

“I’m not gay.”

“Don’t worry. Neither am I.” She kissed me quickly. “There’s never been a straighter girl...”

Things moved quickly after that. In no time at all, my jeans and pants disappeared and my shirt buttons were undone. Rosalind opened her wrap dress and I could see that she was almost naked underneath. Her breasts were barely held by her half-cup

bra. A garter belt and stockings but no panties and her penis was standing straight and proud in front of me.

She straddled me as I sat further back on the couch, pushing me back into a position which suited her.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I’m in charge; just let it all happen. I’m lubricated and I know what I’m doing.”

She moved forwards and I knew what she was expecting me to do. At that moment, I didn’t care about anything. My penis was so big it was almost bursting. I knew what I wanted to do, or maybe I thought I knew what I wanted it to do.

I didn’t know what was going to happen. This was all new to me, a combination of excitement and trepidation.

I managed to ignore her penis standing proudly.

I didn’t look down there.

“It’s easy,” she whispered to me. “Don’t worry, don’t think, just feel.”

And I could feel as she shuffled her knees further against the back of the couch, and against me. She was straddling me. One hand touched my penis and then gripped it, guiding the tip slowly but firmly down. It was as if every nerve there was firing on full strength.

I could feel her guiding me and aiming carefully. She lowered herself and my tip penetrated the outer touch of her between her rear cheeks. She moved carefully and moaned. I saw a look in her eye that

said this was going right. She lowered herself some more, knowing that I was pinioned underneath her.

I heard her moan and saw her eyes glaze for a moment as she worked herself up and down on my penis. With each movement, she was taking me further and further inside. She moaned again and I could feel her stiffen and pause. I could feel some resistance within her as she rocked back and forth.

I wasn't going any further inside her, despite feeling that I had a long way to go. A thought came to my mind. I knew that right there and then I didn't care if she was a boy or a girl. I only knew that I wanted her. I wanted to be deep inside her and take her with all my being.

It was like a pause in the proceedings. I was pushing and she was shifting up and down against me. The resistance was there; like banging against a closed gate. Suddenly, with a gasp from both of us, it gave way. I could feel that I was deeper inside her.

She pushed and sighed, obviously knowing that a barrier had been breached and that I was there. For a moment we were still, allowing the sensations to ripple through our bodies. Then she pulled me close so that my face was between her breasts. I turned my mouth and licked a nipple and then, after sucking it in, I nibbled on it.

I was rewarded instantly. She swayed her hips against my thrusting penis; back and forth. How I held back from shooting all that I had is still a wonder to me, but I did. I knew if I lost control, the whole excitement and emotion would be spent. I didn't want that to happen too soon. I wanted to keep her on the edge for as long as I could.

I could tell that I was managing to do this. I even counted to distract my mind from the tingles at the tip of my penis. It worked only for a few moments and then it was too late. I knew that I was swelling and every nerve was working overtime, transmitting each movement to my mind.

It was pure lust; pure instinct. I held her still and hard against me, then started to feel the pulses in my penis. I heard her simper at the first and then again but more softly as pulse followed pulse.

I looked down. I'd managed to ignore Rosalind's penis as I went into her but now it was impossible to do so. It was erect and straining; now it was active too, sending globs over my stomach, pulsing in time to my pulses inside her.

She collapsed into me and rested, panting, against my chest. Her hair covered my face and her breasts pushed into me. One of my hands went around her; the other cupped one of those breasts. I knew they were really implants, but by touch they felt very real to me.

I guess I wasn't the world's expert on how breasts should feel. I hadn't had that many opportunities and never met anyone this willing to let me touch for more than a second or two. I must have been doing it right, because she didn't protest.

"That was what I needed." Rosalind sat up.

Fortunately my erection was fading or the angle and speed at which she moved would have been very painful. She leaned in to kiss me again. I saw that a tear had escaped from her eye and mascara was running down her cheek.

“I must look a mess.” She wiped the tear away. “But I’m a very happy mess.”

A few moments later, she disappeared into her bedroom. I could hear Rosalind in her shower and saw her in my imagination. I looked down at myself and decided that I should follow her example.

I took my time and came back in a T-shirt and sweat pants. I could hear that she was in the kitchen and paused in the doorway. I watched her for a moment. She was dressed in a pale lounge suit with floppy mules on her feet. She was humming as she cracked eggs into a cup. Her hair was pinned up in a messy bun.

“Good sex always makes me think of food.” She smiled at me, waving a bottle of white wine towards two glasses waiting on the table. “That was good sex.”

“I enjoyed it,” I said lamely.

“Usually with the guys who pay me, I have to make do with the wine afterwards if they’re not too embarrassed to speak to me. Since this is my place, I can make the decisions.”

“You don’t have to tell me all that,” I said, sitting with the glass in front of me. What had happened between us was delightful and made me feel ecstatic. Hearing about her “customer” wasn’t going to enhance those feelings.

“I don’t want to keep any secrets,” she said. “I told you that I’m crazy about you and maybe you’ll think my life is a disgrace.”

“It’s not my place to judge.”

“Don’t be so pompous; everybody judges.” She snapped back, then came to lean against my back and put her arms around me. “I want you and I want you to stay, but I can’t change. I want you to accept me for who and what I am.”

I hugged her until she broke away to attend to the cooker.

The next few days were wonderful. Rosalind taught me so many things about how to make love to a girl like her. True, I usually initiated it by kissing her and feeling her breasts. They fascinated me. Even though I knew they were implants, I never thought of them as anything other than her natural breasts.

I didn’t see her as a boy any more, even though she never tried to hide her penis once we got to the stage of undressing each other. I loved the feelings as my penis penetrated her rear.

Either I was getting stronger and stiffer or she was getting so used to the feelings that she opened up much easier. I loved to hear her squeal and moan; I loved the faraway look in her eye as she climaxed on my climax.

“Tonight’s the night that I’m in charge,” she announced on our fifth evening together.

I looked at her but before I could say anything, she stood and opened her dark red wrap dress and let it slip from her shoulders. She came close to me where I sat.

“Tell me that you like what you see,” she commanded.

“I *love* what I see,” I said.

For a moment, she posed, allowing me to look at her in all black lingerie; the tight wasp-waisted corset pushing up her breasts, holding up her stockings with garter straps, each with a bow. She pulled me to my feet. She was taller than I even without heels but with the black slip-on stilettos she wore, she towered over me.

“I want you to bend over the arm of that chair and let me show you what it feels like to be a girl. I want you to imagine that we’ve swapped places. I’m going to lubricate you. I want you to know how it feels for me.”

“I don’t know...” I started to object but she pushed me gently but firmly into position.

My jeans and pants were pulled down and she helped me to untangle my feet from them. Her hands played gently over my cheeks and then started to separate them. A cold sensation spread into my opening, followed by a warm one. Her finger started to play at the entrance.

“I hope you like that.” She leaned over me so that her lips were near my ear and I could feel her breasts against my shoulders. “It should start to feel warm as I spread it inside you.”

I remember a thought flickering across my consciousness. How could she be doing this with such long fingernails? The thought didn’t last more than an instant though. Nails or not, her finger was more



than playing with the entrance. It was working its way inside.

Another finger followed, with more lubricant. The warmth from it penetrated further inside me, with a pleasant tingle. I knew I shouldn't like it but there was something exciting about allowing Rosalind to use me.

I heard a moan and then a whimper; a sharp intake of breath, and I knew that this was coming from me. I was making noises showing that I liked it.

She took her weight off me and slipped her fingers out. But then at once, something else was entering me. Instinctively, I clenched my muscles but I didn't squeeze out whatever it was. I knew it wasn't her penis. Her weight was no longer on my back.

“Relax my darling, just relax; I'm opening you slowly and gently. I promise you feelings that you never knew you could have.”

The pressure on my behind increased. I knew she was working something phallic inside me. She withdrew it, making me gasp. Then a second later, pushed it in again. I gasped at each thrust and without intending to, I pushed against each thrust, willing it to go further and deeper.

Her hand found my penis. I don't know how I'd missed it in all the other feelings I was having but when Rosalind's fingers wrapped around it, I know that it was as big as it ever had been.

A few squeezes from her hand and I was coming hard, shooting into the fabric of the couch. I think I yelled then. I hadn't wanted that to happen but I wasn't in control.

The object pushed against my muscles again. I could feel that I was resisting until the pressure became too strong and the muscles allowed the intruder to enter further. I could feel the warmth spreading deeper and deeper inside me.

“You should be feeling some warm lubrication spreading deeper inside you.” Rosalind slapped my cheek. “And you weren’t meant to come so soon.”

After she worked it deep inside me for a few seconds or a few minutes—I couldn’t tell which—the feelings took over from anything logical in my brain. I was in a mental state the likes of which I had never experienced anything close to before.

Then suddenly it slipped out and a new sensation took over, pushing into me. This time it was a different feeling. I knew it was Rosalind’s penis slipping into the opened recesses of my rear, slipping deeper and deeper now that my muscles had been truly stretched.

What should I have done? What should I have felt at that moment? I’ve thought about it since. Of course, I did nothing but whimper and push back, wanting to be taken. Wanting to be taken like a girl, or wanting to be taken by my girl. I can’t explain any better. Don’t ask me to explain; thoughts aren’t feelings and sheer greed or lust can take over. It did then.

I knew she was going to come inside me. I pushed and thrust against her, trying to make her do it. I wanted to feel her penis stiffen and then pulse as she shot deeply inside me.

And as the thoughts of it began to form, she was filling me. I think I shouted again. I know I arched my

back and pushed to get as much as I could as far inside me as I could. I didn't want it to stop.

But all too soon, she was spent and slipping away. I knew I was making noises; I don't know if I was saying anything sensible as she slipped out. I remained there, panting and feeling a trickle down the back of my thigh where her semen was oozing out.

I was in a daze. I don't remember how I managed to go to the bathroom and get cleaned up. I know I kept a towel wrapped between my legs to stop the flow from inside of me showing on the nightdress that I'd put on.

I think we spent the next few days taking it in turns to screw each other senseless.

I loved it all, much to my surprise when I was able to rationally think about the changes I was experiencing in my life.

"Simon's taking me away for a couple of days," Rosalind announced one morning a few days later. "He wants me to be a classy redhead this time."

"I don't think I've ever seen you with red hair," I replied.

"It's never been something I've tried." She stood in front of the mirror, arranging her hair to the left and then the right. "Do you think I could get away with it?"

"Redheads get away with it every day," I observed, ducking as the cushion she threw at me missed.

“Please be serious.” She turned to me. “I want it to be right for him. After all, he’s paying for all this.”

“Dark red could be almost auburn,” I replied. “You look good as a brunette.”

“I prefer being blonde though,” she replied.

“You could be a light sandy red then. That’s not too far from being blonde. Just make sure you don’t have that awful vibrant red that looks so unnatural.”

“Ugh, I’d hate that,” she replied. “I do know what you meant though. All those girls with weird coloured hair, blue, green or red, always look sad somehow.”

“I think it’s because they realise what an awful colour they’ve chosen and then can’t afford to get it dyed back to something sensible.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of. Only the Martians were designed with green hair...”

“...and purple skin,” I added.

“I’m going to have to be very careful when I go to the salon,” she replied.

In the end, she didn’t need to worry. Rosalind looked really special with her pale red hair when Simon came to collect her. She wore an emerald green dress with matching stilettos, her best plain gold hoop earrings, and what looked like a high class wedding set on her left hand. Her nails were medium long, in a French manicure. When she walked out of the door with him, I thought she looked fabulous.

That was the first time I had seen Simon. He was slim and muscled, with wavy black hair and an air of

authority. He was dressed in super smart casual clothes that must have cost a fortune. We didn't speak, other than an introduction. He didn't seem bothered that I was there.

The way he looked at me made me wonder; was he seeing a boy, or a girl, or someone like Rosalind who hadn't decided between her options yet?

I was dressed in a long loose white T-shirt and denim leggings. My feet were bare but my toenails were painted blood red as they usually were in those days. My hair was loose and at Rosalind's insistence, I had black eyeliner and mascara around my eyes.

He looked back at me before I closed the door.

"Simon asked me all about you," Rosalind said as we lay together.

She'd come home after a few days, looking really good and pleased with herself. I'd been waiting for her with mounting anticipation. I'd lubricated myself and left the biggest dildo I could take in place, hoping she'd want to slip into me first.

She'd been as pleased to see me as I was to see her and before we had time to say much at all, we were on the bed taking turns to lick and suck, before I turned in an obvious way. She teased me until I had to protest, before she squeezed herself into me and proceeded to work me into frenzy.

"What did he want to know?" I asked when I'd had time to come to my senses after being so overwhelmed by her.

“He asked so many questions,” she replied. “I thought he was really mad but once I convinced him that you were my girlfriend, another girl like me, he seemed intrigued by the idea of you being here.”

“*Am I a girl like you?*” I asked, feeling surprised by the concept.

“He thinks you are and that’s the important thing,” she replied.

“You knew that,” I realised. “That’s why you insisted that I wear some makeup and show my nails when he came to pick you up.”

“I didn’t want to lose you.” She kissed me hard and looked into my eyes. “Just as importantly, I didn’t want to lose all that I have.”

“Was there any danger of that?”

“If he thought I’d gotten a boyfriend as opposed to a girlfriend, I think he’d have been really mad.”

“So *am I your girlfriend?*”

I must have sounded more than a little puzzled as I hadn’t thought of things in these terms before. That was yet another new concept for me to consider, just one of many I had recently been forced to contemplate.

“If we’re going to stay together, you’re going to be,” she replied. “I think you’re going to be very pretty.”

“I’m not pretty.”

I deepened my voice as if she was challenging my masculinity. It was all a sham although I didn’t think

that way at the time. I'd surrendered that to her penis ages before.

"I'm going to enjoy creating you as someone so feminine that your pheromones will knock the boys out across a room and make all the girls hate you for it."

"I don't think I'd want to make enemies," I replied. "I'd want to fit in."

"Maybe you will but fitting in for a girl like me will be a challenge."

"But *you* must be able to do it," I said. "He took you away for a few days."

"I think he wanted to show me off." Rosalind looked suddenly serious. "Some of the other girls there weren't for real."

"But no one could tell..."

"I think that's why he wanted to show me off. I was under strict instructions not to give myself away, even to some of the real girls there."

"That sounds like hard work."

"The hard work was in the bedroom." Rosalind laughed. "I think he likes it that I can exhaust him and then ask for more."

"You're still wearing the wedding set. I saw it as you were leaving with him."

"I do like to wear it. Simon likes it too. It's his possessive streak, or it would be if I let him get away with it."

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“I think it’s because it makes me look more respectable and more believable when I’m with him. He took me to a private jeweller to let me choose it myself. I have to behave as if I was really his wife at all times when we’re in public.”

“What about when you’re not in public?”

“That’s when I make sure I exhaust him.”

Rosalind leaned over and her breast was pushed against me. She took my hand and placed it on the other breast. I took the hint. I lowered my mouth and began to nibble and suck.

Then we sort of started again and any hint of serious conversation was lost.

“Have you seen my pants?” I asked when we finally got out of bed long enough to think about dressing.

“You don’t have any.” Rosalind grinned at me. “Try asking for panties instead.”

“You’re joking.”

“I’m not joking; they went out with the trash,” Rosalind replied. “If you’re going to stay, you’ve got to be my sister as far as the world is concerned.”

“A sister?” I looked puzzled.

“Okay, a sister with obvious benefits. I don’t want that to change and I think I can make you into a really pretty girl.”

“I didn’t agree to that.”

“I didn’t ask you to agree,” Rosalind said in a strict voice. “If the choice is between risking my home and making you learn to be a girl like me, then there’s no contest.”

“But...” I started to protest, then couldn’t think what to say next.

“Think hard before you say anything.” Rosalind put her arms around me, pressing her breasts against me. “No one’s asking you to cut anything off.”

“I should hope not.”

“Look at me; I haven’t had anything cut off.” She put my hand over her penis.

“No, but you’ve had some bits added.” I touched her breast.

“And don’t you love playing with them?” she replied. “It’s not obligatory but I’d love to play with yours.”

“I don’t like the idea of surgery.”

“You can’t say that you’ll *never* like the idea.”

She smiled at me in a way that suggested that the subject was not going to go away.

“I think you’d like it afterwards. You’ll have a bit of pain, but think of the advantages.” She smiled at me

and licked her lips suggestively. “Think of my long red nails, gently touching your nipples, and my hands cupping them as I lick the tips before sucking them into my mouth.”

“Stop it. You’re turning me on.”

“Imagine what it’s doing to me.” She broke away.

“It’s too much,” I said.

“That’s only because you haven’t gotten used to the idea. You’re dismissing it without thinking seriously how much fun you could have.”

“I’m not like you.”

“Yes, you are. Think what we do to each other. The difference is that I have breasts. I let you come into me as much as I come into you. We’d be great as sisters.”

“I don’t think of myself as your sister.” As unbelievably odd as this turn in the conversation had become, if I’m honest I have to admit that there was a level on which it was somewhat provocative to me.

“Try thinking it through,” Rosalind replied with a serious expression on her face. “Look at these rings. I wear them because he wants me to.” She took them off and put them into my hand. “Try them for size and then imagine that you’re me. I’m a kept woman, remember. I know that he may tire of me eventually. That’s always a risk in any relationship.

“They’re nice rings; they look expensive.”

“Try them on, third finger left hand.” She waited as I did what I was told and paused as I looked at them there.

“Imagine playing the wife’s part,” she said. “You’ve learned what it’s like to be taken. Imagine if there was some guy who wanted to do that to you.”

“I’m struggling with that.” I tried to picture myself with some guy; some guy who looked and acted like a guy.

“You don’t have to work at it, just wriggle and squirm; flatter him and don’t let him realise that he’s doing all the work”

“Is that what you do?”

“Of course it is.” She smiled. “I learned that life’s a lot easier when you’re someone’s mistress like this.”

“You have done well,” I had to agree. “The apartment, the car, the clothes...”

“Don’t forget the jewellery and the expense account, not to mention the monthly allowance.”

“I don’t know if I dare.”

“Leave it all to me.” Rosalind looked at me like a spider anticipating a juicy fly. “Believe me, you’ll be the prettiest of the lot.”

“But I don’t know anything about being a girl.”

“Don’t worry; it’s all going to come naturally.” She squeezed my hand. “You know how to take a penis like a girl.”

“But I only have one option. Real girls have two.”

“You forgot that you have a mouth as well. That makes two for you and three for girls.” She laughed at me as I blushed. “Once you’ve learned about makeup and hair, gotten used to dresses, heels and lace, you’ll be a natural.”

I seemed to have agreed without agreeing to anything. I seemed to be doing a lot of things without realizing I was agreeing to them these days. What was going on with the path my life had taken?

There was no pattern to Simon’s visits or the times when Rosalind disappeared with him for a couple of days. I could tell that she liked these occasions. The shopping and the salon visits delighted her, as did the opportunity to be a real girl in public.

She made a point of having him see me each time he picked her up and each time I had to appear more and more androgynous. It wasn’t too much to accomplish, I was discovering, much to my surprise.

Generally I had to wear loose clothing and some obvious perfume and makeup. Simon started to give me a little hug and an air kiss when we met. Although he was polite, his hands seemed to stray a little further each time.

For her part, Rosalind became more feminine every time. It wasn’t something I could describe; it was more of an impression. Her gestures and body language, even her aura. There was nothing left of a boy that I could discern, not that there had ever been much to begin with.

“Simon asked me if you’d be interested in going out with one of his friends,” Rosalind said casually one evening after she’d returned.

“What, like on a date with one of his friends?” I asked.

“Don’t sound so shocked.” She looked me in the eye. “You know what guys do. Don’t pretend you’re not a little curious.”

“I’m not.” I think my blush gave me away as my mind raced through several scenarios.

“I think you have to agree,” she replied. “He’s been good to me and he knows you’re living with me. I don’t think you’d be in any danger, so what have you got to lose?”

“I’m not a woman.”

“Neither am I, in case you’ve forgotten.”

“I mean I don’t look like you and I can’t behave like you.”

“You could learn.” Rosalind took my hand. “Think about it. He pays for me. Someone to pay for you as well might be fun.”

“It might scare me to death.”

And I *was* scared to death a couple of days later. I heard Rosalind going to the door as I was doing something in the kitchen. I was too far from my room to disappear and had no alternative but to walk into the living room.

I was heading to my room when Simon stopped me, and for the first time, I noticed another man standing slightly behind him.

“There’s no need to hide.” Simon stopped me. “I’ve brought Jason. He wants so much to meet you.”

“But I’m...” I didn’t know what to say next and felt myself colouring up.

“It doesn’t matter. He knows.” Simon’s words stopped me in my tracks.

“Don’t be afraid; I’m not harmful.” I looked at Jason as he spoke.

He was very much like Simon, although he was fair and perhaps a little less bulky. He was taller than either Rosalind or Simon, leaving me as the smallest in the room. I looked from one to another, feeling a little like a rabbit caught in the headlights.

“Can we talk?” he said, looking directly at me.

“We’ll leave you for a while.” Rosalind nodded meaningfully at me, then turned and took Simon’s arm as they left the apartment.

At that moment, I understood that I’d been set up. Her purse was by the door and Simon was already holding her coat.

“Call me,” Simon said to Jason as the door closed behind them.

“Come and sit with me.” Jason indicated the couch.

“I’m okay over here,” I said awkwardly as I sat on the chair across from him.

“I’m sorry; this must have been sprung on you.” He sat back. “Simon said there would be a bottle of wine in the kitchen for us to share while we talk.”

“I’m not sure I’ve anything to talk about,” I said standing and moving towards the kitchen. “I’ll look for the wine though.”

I brought the bottle back and handed it to him with a corkscrew. I went back for two glasses as he started to open it. He poured when I returned. It was something white and quite dry.

“Simon told me that you were going to be Rosalind’s sister,” he started. “I wanted to meet you before you complete that journey.”

“I didn’t know I was on a journey,” I replied quite honestly.

“Come on; you can’t pretend that you’re not attracted to the life.”

“I guess not,” I admitted to him and to myself at the same time. “But I’m not sure and I’ve never discussed it with her.”

“Don’t get this wrong but I’d love to get to know a girl like you.”

“This is assuming that I want to go that far.”

“I’m not pushing you anywhere.” Jason relaxed back and sipped his wine. “I’ve a lot to offer.”

“How do I know you’re not dangerous?” I asked rather more bluntly than I intended.

“I’m not dangerous.” He laughed. “I want some fun and I want someone special to enjoy things with.”

“I don’t understand... what makes you think it could be *me*?” I said. “I don’t know if I could ever be like Rosalind.”

“I don’t either but it would be exciting to watch you on the journey.”

Journey; there was that word again. I didn’t know what to say and I think I looked dumbfounded.

“If it’s money that you’re worried about, please don’t,” he said.

“If I agree, how do I know you won’t get tired and leave me in a bigger mess that I am now?”

“You never said you were in a mess.”

“The words slipped out. I think I meant to ask something different.”

“If you agree, I’ll make a deposit for you to help,” he replied. “I think I know what I want and I hope to do it with you.”

I looked at him and imagined being a girl for him. It didn’t seem too bad. Now there was a peculiar thought for me to have. I was seriously considering to

be a girl for a man? Seriously? For a man I had only just met, on top of everything else?

“Relationships end; it’s inevitable. I have no idea if I’m going to get run over by a truck. I don’t plan to but living is about taking a risk.”

“And you think I should take a risk and become the girl you want me to be?”

“I think I could make it attractive for you.” He smiled a genuine smile that made me believe him.

“This is totally crazy but it may be crazy enough to work.” I couldn’t believe that I really said that. “Give me time to think.”

“I promise you’ll accept.”

He pulled me to my feet and kissed me for the first time. It was weird but I didn’t resist. As he held me, I started to like being kissed like this, even though there was a little voice in the back of my mind saying it was wrong. I wanted to do it again. I liked the feeling of being the submissive one.

He started to release me from the kiss but I pulled in closer and kissed him back. This time I let his tongue into my mouth. He seemed to like it, even though there wasn’t much of a girl about me then.

“I’ll make you an offer you can’t refuse,” he said, reaching for his mobile. “I’ll tell Simon they can come back in a few minutes. I want to make you an offer.”

“What kind of offer?”

“I hope it’s one that you’ll love.”

“Try me,” I said.

“I want you to be a girl for me, as much as Rosalind is for Simon.”

“That’s a big ask and I didn’t hear an offer,” I replied. “Maybe I’m not for sale.”

“I’m sorry. I’m not putting this well.” He took my hand. “I’ve been dreaming of a girl like you for a long time. Simon knows, so when he suggested that I meet you, I jumped at the chance.”

“You know I’m not a real girl, yes?” I felt stupid as I asked this. Of course he did.

“If you were, I wouldn’t be here,” he replied. “But you’re just enough of a girl for me.”

“I don’t understand what you want.”

“I want you to be as feminine as you can be. I’m willing to pay whatever it takes if you’ll agree.”

“I’m not having anyone cut off my dick,” I said bluntly.

“That’s not what I’m asking. You can choose whatever you want, a nose job or breasts. But it’s not about that. It’s the illusion that I want.”

“I still don’t understand.”

“It’s my fantasy. You don’t have to understand it all. It’s what I want and I can afford to pay for it.”

“Do I get the apartment, the car, the credit card like Rosalind does?”

“Of course you do.”

“And all I have to do is pretend to be a girl?”

“Yes; you have to stay as a girl all of the time,” he replied. “No one must guess that you’re not for real.”

“Unless you want to tell someone?”

“I reserve the right to do that,” he said. “We may go to things with Simon, but I promise to be discreet and no one else ever needs to know.”

I thought about it for all of two seconds. In that time, I worked out what I had to lose against the advantages. It was far better to accept than any of the other options in my future and I was getting to like the sex. I decided to play coy.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I admitted. “But I agree to whatever you want, and you could kiss me again.”

It was embarrassing. Simon and Rosalind arrived back just as I was in mid-clinch with Jason. I should have known better but my feelings were all over the place—to say the least.

“I see you got to know each other,” Rosalind said, looking at me like she knew something that I didn’t.

“He was only kissing me,” I stammered as if that could explain everything.

“I don’t think I want to be turned into some kind of girl.” I tried to open the subject again a few days later. I was having second thoughts.

“You’re not going to be ‘some kind’ of girl,” Rosalind laughed. “You’re going to be beautiful, feminine, and charming.”

“You know what I mean.”

“You’re being silly. Think about it this way. You’re small for a boy, smaller than I am. You know how to take a penis inside you and when I make love to you, it’s not a boy’s screams of delight I hear.”

“I know how to put mine inside you but that’s not the point either.”

“No, the real thing is that Simon has told me what you’re going to do for Jason if you’re going to stay here.” Rosalind looked at me sternly. “I want you to stay here; never doubt that. I’ll enjoy sharing everything with you, like a best girlfriend.”

“Aren’t we like that already?”

“One of my fantasies is playing with your breasts when you get them.”

“I don’t doubt that you have fantasies. I don’t know if I share them. It’s just... I don’t know, I guess it’s such a big commitment and I’m afraid that I might make a wrong decision.”

“You’re not going for a sex change.” Rosalind laughed. “If it all goes so wrong, you wash off the

makeup, cut your hair, ditch the heels, and change the way you act.”

“I’m afraid I’ll go so far that I won’t be able to change back.”

“You won’t want to change back; think of the money, think of the lifestyle.”

“It’s all so scary.”

“I think you’re anticipating too much. Give yourself a break. You may not want to change back.” Rosalind took my hand. “Look at me. I changed step-by-step. I guess I was testing myself with each change.”

“But you have breasts.”

“Yes, and they make me happy but I didn’t have them when we first met in that crummy theatre.”

“I thought you did.” I remembered that first meeting.

“That was hormones and padding. These babies cost much more and I found the best surgeon to make sure they look and feel natural. You know they do.”

“But I’m afraid that you and Jason will persuade me that I want to do that too and then I’ll regret it.”

“You’ll never know unless...” Rosalind paused. “But what can be put in can be taken out. Why beat yourself up about something that may never happen.”

“I guess you’re right,” I admitted. “I’m confused and conflicted, but I don’t think I want to leave it all behind.” I was wavering and I knew it. This was crazy. How could I be thinking about doing what she was suggesting? And yet, I was. I wanted to say I wasn’t but I was.

“Is that a decision?” Rosalind’s face brightened. “Are you going to let me help your makeover?”

“I guess it’s a yes.” A tremor rumbled through me as I gave my commitment.

We didn’t talk that much for the rest of the day. Rosalind muttered something about shopping and disappeared for hours without inviting me along.

I didn’t do anything but sit around, agonising over the decisions I’d have to make. I went from deciding to agree to everything and then I thought it would be better to run away. That didn’t seem great; I didn’t have anywhere to run to but at least I’d avoid having to make a commitment.

It was total confusion and self-doubt. What on earth did I want? I was afraid that I actually knew the answer to that question. That frightened me.

“You didn’t buy much,” I said as she arrived home with only a small bag.

“Don’t ask questions,” she replied enigmatically.

We walked out for dinner that evening. She dressed in a pale blue sundress with heels, with her hair piled up in a deliciously messy bun. I was all in

black, with jeans tighter than I normally wore them and my hair was hanging down my back in a heavy low pony. She insisted on using a little black kohl around my eyes which I hoped no one would notice.

In the street, I was conscious of how much taller she was than me. It wasn't only because she was wearing heels. A wolf whistle really close made me jump.

"Keep walking," Rosalind said.

I kept walking. She lifted her hand to wave at the big guy on the other side of the road where he stood with three others. I could feel their eyes following us as we turned into the restaurant entrance.

"If you can make that impression on boys just by walking along the street, think what you could do if you really dressed for the occasion."

"I don't want to think about it," I replied. "And they were whistling at you, not me."

"How do you know?"

Rosalind took the hint and we talked about all kinds of other stuff as we ate. I had seafood and salad as she also did. I was thinking about the steak but her admonition to think of my weight cautioned me. It wasn't that I was worried about my weight. I didn't have a figure like hers but I thought it polite to follow her choices.

I think we overdid the wine. I was giddy and light-headed as we walked home. By the time she opened the door, we were both giggling, touching and then kissing. You can guess where this was going.



Rosalind took the lead as she often did. She kissed me hard and placed my hands on her rear, pulling me close. Somehow our clothes came off. Suddenly, I was on my back on her big bed with my legs high on her shoulders as she entered me.

I think I went into some sort of trance once the tip touched that special place between my cheeks. The very sensation of it being there told me what was to come. Oh, how I wanted it. I tried to get her to hurry up; to stop teasing.

“Don’t be greedy.” She slapped my bottom playfully. “I’m taking my time to enjoy this.”

Slowly and gently, I could feel her getting deeper. She passed my first set of muscles easily and at that moment I understood how I was getting more than used to this. I knew exactly what was to come and I was wildly excited once again. A silly thought; I could image my skin tingling with excitement.

I could feel every fraction of an inch as she entered more and more deeply into me. With each fraction, my excitement mounted until I was moaning and moving against her, trying to urge her deeper faster. She held back, teasing and taunting until I could feel her ball sack against my cheeks.

Once she was as completely in me as deep as she could, I held still, waiting her to take her pleasure. I knew what was to come and now I wanted it to last. I lost all sensation of time; all I had was that feeling, and the anticipation.

I’d gotten her; I knew that. For a second or two, something echoed in my mind. She’d said that all the girl had to do was to wait for her man to do the work. I was playing the girl’s part. Rosalind was the man for

now, and she was doing all the work. All I had to do was enjoy it.

Maybe there was something of an advantage of switching sides and following the girl's path. There was a small voice inside my head trying to tell me that this was crazy but the pleasure I was feeling at that moment drowned it out.

I didn't have time to dwell on this thought. Rosalind began to thrust harder and harder as if trying to get deeper than physically possible. I stopped thinking and surrendered to pure sensation.

She stopped moving and I knew she was going to come deep inside me. I waited for the first deep pulse of her penis. It came and I could imagine that I was watching it pulsing deeply inside me, filling me. The sensation was warm and to my surprise I could feel my insides responding.

It took me completely by surprise. I had no control over these new movements. I could tell that I was clenching and releasing, arching my back against her. It was such a deep feeling and it seemed to go on and on, far more profoundly than when she let me take the male role with her.

We came to relax together. I was panting and gasping for breath. I was sweating with excitement and my heart was racing. And I realised that I'd been imagining Jason doing it to me as well.

I knew in that moment that I had made a decision. That tiny voice inside my head that had objected earlier was silent now. Pleasure had overridden doubt and fear.

“Are you going to stay with me?” Rosalind asked after we’d satisfied our mutual needs.

“I have some doubts.” I saw her face fall in disappointment. “Not about you but about me,” I added hastily.

“You know how I feel about you.” She held me closer. “The second I saw you, it was like a brick falling from a skyscraper had hit me. I knew I wanted you. I still do, more than ever.”

“It’s a small decision with a lot of implications,” I said. “It’s not just changing a few things. I don’t know how to be the girl that Jason expects me to be.”

“It’s not that difficult.” Rosalind laughed. “Girls are people too.”

“If only it were so simple,” I sighed. “I’d need to learn how to walk and talk again; how to use my body...”

I saw her grin when I said that.

“I think you know how to use your body.” Her hand wrapped itself around my penis.

“I don’t mean that.” I looked down to see her fingers there, red nails against the pallor of my skin. “I mean that I’ll have to learn all the secrets of a girl’s body language.”

“I remember an actress saying that to get into character, she started with the shoes.” She looked at me earnestly. “Think of it this way. Once you’re in the shoes, dressed and made-up, with a purse and jewel-

lery, heels, perfume and nails, the body language will come naturally. You couldn't act the boy when you're dressed like that."

"I can see what you mean but I'm not sure about it all coming naturally."

"But it will be easier once you've done it a few times."

"Once I realise I can't change back, you mean."

"You'll always be able to change back."

"You couldn't. How could you hide those breasts?"

"That's different," she protested. "I have breasts because I wanted them so badly. I knew I'd never want to change back. Even if I did, it's only a matter of a little surgery."

"You make it all sound so simple."

"It is simple and I'll be with you all the time."

"But then what do I do once I've changed?"

"You do what I do; let Jason be your sugar daddy. He's someone who doesn't seem too demanding, with lots of money, who wants a hobby," she laughed.

"If only it could be that simple."

"For a girl who could be as pretty as you could be, I don't think you'd have to search too hard." She looked serious now. "Simon's taken me places where some of the guys are with a girl like me. They're not doing too badly."

“How do you know?”

“I meet the girls occasionally. We have coffee or a cocktail and compare notes. We go shopping together occasionally. I guess it’s so that we can share notes on how our man’s treating us.”

“And what you can get away with too.”

“I didn’t say that, but you could be right.” She laughed. “Remember that if you play it right, it’s the guy who’ll be doing the running. All you have to remember is to keep your mind on your role.”

“And that role is to keep him satisfied...”

“And don’t ever forget to look pretty and vulnerable for him so that he feels you need his protection.”

“Surely not all relationships are like that.”

“Of course they’re not but that’s probably why Jason wants to be with a girl like you.”

“I didn’t say I’d made a decision.”

“I think you have; you’re just afraid to admit it to yourself.”

“You’re right; I’m beating myself up with pointless doubts.” There, I had said it out loud. I guess that made it official.

The next couple of days passed easily. We must have looked a strange pair as we shopped and lunched. Rosalind was never less than feminine and

attractive. She was tall and slim, always in heels. I was much smaller than her, even without her heels, and tried to remain unnoticed as I dutifully carried her bags.

I could see the glances I was attracting though. Rosalind always demanded that I wear a little makeup around my eyes. I tried to restrain her and tell her to keep it light but steadily and slowly, she took it from a little shadow and kohl, to full eye makeup. The weight of my lashes with mascara reminded me that I looked different.

I was getting more feminine by the day. I knew what she was doing and I didn't resist.

She carried it off so easily; it was probably the result of long experience and instinct. I knew people looked at me, probably wondering what I was, but I was always in her shadow. I watched her and tried to learn from her gesture, her inflection as she spoke, her posture and the way she used her hands as she spoke.

I was coming round to her way of thinking about the future. After all, sex is sex and what's not to like about being pampered. Nice work if you can get it but for all her assurance, I had some lingering doubt that I could pull it off as easily. A novice can't equal or surpass a master—at least not at first.

Still they say that you'll never know unless you try. I'd decided to try harder and go with whatever Jason wanted but I didn't tell her straight away. Although I was settled in my mind that I was going to change everything about my life into a girl's life, that didn't mean that doubts and fears had flown away.

“You’re copying me” Rosalind stated suddenly as we sat down in a coffee bar in the middle of another of our shopping trips. “I’ve suddenly understood what you’re doing.”

“I’m not doing anything special.”

“Yes you are, even if you don’t know it. The way you’re holding the bags and using your hands when you talk and a hundred other little things. Even your voice is changing.”

“How can my voice be changing?”

“I don’t know; it just is. You’re using a higher register, more breathy, and you’ve started using the words that I use; girls’ words.” She smiled seductively as she said it.

“I guess I’ve been too near you for too long.”

“Don’t say that.”

Her face dropped until she realised that I wasn’t being serious.

“I think that you’ve decided to be my little sister.” She smiled as if she’d discovered a new truth.

“We couldn’t be sisters, doing the things we do.”

“Okay, maybe my little second cousin once removed.” She smiled again. “No one need ever know about that kind of relationship.”

“If they saw what we do together, they’d know what kind of relationship we have.”

“Wait until I get you home.” Her eyes widened. “You can show me what kind of relationship we have.”

“Sometimes you could persuade me into anything.”

“I know.” She pointed to the bags. “We’ve been buying more makeup and clothes for your transformation.”

“You didn’t say.”

“No, I didn’t.” She opened a bag and pulled out the edge of a light lavender-coloured bra and pantie set. “But I did ask you if you liked the colour.”

“I didn’t think of wearing it.” I think I was lying then. It was as if I didn’t really know myself anymore. I wasn’t even sure if I knew who or what I was anymore.

“I bet you did. You can have fantasies too.”

“That’s not one.” I could feel my face colouring as she continues to look at me intently. “Okay, maybe a little.”

“And I’m going to make that fantasy come true as soon as we get back home.”

She didn’t give me a chance.

“Get showered, and shave all over; every hair below your eyebrows,” she commanded. “It’s a good thing that you haven’t the whiskers for a beard.”

“It runs in the family,” I replied. “I’ve a good head of hair, but not much anywhere else.”

“You can use my favourite shampoo and conditioners. Call me before you start to dry; I want to make sure that you’ve shaved everywhere.” Her gesture made it clear where she meant and it was the most difficult bit to shave.

I spent a long time in the shower. I was thinking. Had I really agreed to go along with Rosalind’s desire to turn me into something resembling her sister? I didn’t remember how I got round to actually agreeing. My entire life felt out of my conscious control at that point. I wasn’t even sure if I enjoyed that feeling or not, although the results of it had definite rewards.

I hadn’t said that I wouldn’t either. I’d played along, thinking I was indulging her fantasies. Now faced with the reality, I was having all kinds of doubts. To refuse would probably end our relationship. I knew I didn’t want that. I decided that there was no alternative.

It wasn’t as if there were a lot of options out there waiting for me and if I’m honest, I liked the idea of having some of my problems solved. I wouldn’t have to look for somewhere else to live, for a start. If I’m honest, I think I liked the idea of trying a life like Rosalind’s. She’d certainly taught me to enjoy the sex.

I dried myself and quickly used the hairdryer, turning my head upside down to get volume into my hair. I folded my towels and looked round. My clothes had gone. She must have removed them whilst I was in the shower. She’d left a silky robe behind the door. It was in a soft lavender shade with frills and laces everywhere.

I put it on and quietly returned to the living room.

She heard me and came from the kitchen, put her arms round me, and kissed me hard. I could feel myself responding.

“You smell wonderful.” She reached down my front. “And I can tell that you’re pleased to see me.”

She looked meaningfully down and opened the robe. Slowly she slipped to her knees and wrapped her hand around my erection. I grew harder very quickly. There was something about watching her feminine fingers with those long red nails wrapped around my shaft, touching and teasing it.

The first touch of her tongue licking the tip took my breath away. Her head went to the side and she nibbled down the shaft, sucked one half of my ball sack into her mouth and then the other. I could feel the roughness of her tongue across it.

She nibbled her way back to the tip and then started to work me in and out of her mouth.

“You’ve still some hairs here,” she whispered. “We’ll have to get rid of those, but for now you can imagine how much more sensitive you’re going to be.”

I didn’t need to be told about being sensitive. Her tongue was sending sufficient messages for me to understand all that. As I stood and her head bobbed up and down, I wondered if I could do this to anyone else. I’d taken Rosalind in my mouth but how could I do it with someone else?

It was only a brief moment, though, because she dug her nails into my cheeks as the full length was taken into her mouth. I couldn't think, I could only feel and the feeling was telling me one thing. I felt myself swelling and swelling again.

I almost willed her to keep still but before I could articulate that thought, I was coming. I cried out and felt spurt after spurt hitting the back of her throat. I seemed to last longer than ever, or perhaps Rosalind made me bigger and stronger.

I felt my erection fading as she leaned back and allowed me to flop. She looked up at me with a huge smile and wiped her chin where something had escaped and dribbled down.

"That's what you get for being my sister."

She leaned back, stood, then kissed me hard. I knew what I tasted but I didn't care.

"You already had your reward, now it's time to do some real work." Rosalind roused me an hour or so later as I lounged about, still euphoric from good sex and still wearing the robe. "If you're going to have a proper female image, we need to get it right."

"Have we really thought it through enough?" I started to hesitate.

"Of course we have," she said. "You're ideal and I'm not letting you go. You're going to be my little sister and together we're going to have a wonderful time."

“If you’re sure...”

“Stop prevaricating,” she snapped. “Think about it carefully. You’re smaller and slimmer than I am; your hair is longer, and you’re a trained actor.”

“Surely there’s more to it than that?”

“Of course, let’s add in the other things.” She smiled wickedly. “You like the sex we’ve been having and you can take a penis as well as any girl like me.”

I blushed at that. She gave me a look.

“You’ll look good in any kind of lingerie, dress, gown or whatever. You’re going to love having the jewellery and the shoes, the perfumes, and the makeup. You’ll be as vain as I am before long.”

“I don’t think I look very feminine,” I protested again.

“That’s why we need to do a little work.” She was getting exasperated, I could tell. “I promise that when you get used to all the different things that we girls have to do, you’ll be as feminine as you could ever want to be.”

The way she looked at me... I daren’t try to raise any objection. All she said was true. I did enjoy the sex and wanted more, even though I had some glimmer of a doubt about how I could handle a real man’s penis. The temptation to try was getting stronger by the day.

Rosalind brought out a pad on which there were some sketches. Some magazine cuttings were loosely held in between the pages.

“This is how I see you.” She flipped through until she came to the image she wanted to show me.

“That’s beautiful,” I gasped. “Surely I could never look like that?”

“I promise.” She turned another couple of pages, giving me time to look. “Once we’ve got your hair into a decent colour and trimmed it into a better style.”

“I don’t want my hair cut.”

“I said trimmed,” she shut me up. “I promise it’s going to look longer and fuller once those split ends have gone and it’s got some style; they’ll only trim a fraction of an inch.”

“What’s this about? Who are you sending me to?” I said, alarmed.

“I’m taking you to my salon people,” she replied. “I’m not a hair stylist. They know about me and I’ll make sure that they know about you. Don’t worry; they’re used to this sort of makeover.”

“If you’re sure it’s safe,” I said, feeling a little reassured.

“Of course I’m sure,” she replied. “They’ll do your nails at the same time.”

“I couldn’t cope with nails like yours.” I held her hand on which long red sculpted talons lay.

“I promise that when you’ve had them a few days, you’ll never notice them.”

I nodded. I had to admit that her nails had never stopped her doing anything and they looked so good

when they held me. I fantasised a little with that thought; you know the red nails on fingers wrapped around my shaft. It was so erotic that I could feel that tingle making me grow.

“You know it makes sense,” Rosalind said. “All the little things about being a girl are important. It gives off the right signals, despite what they may know about the contents of your panties.”

I'll never forget the next day. No, that's not quite right. I've forgotten all the details; so many things were done to me, and so many things changed around me. What I mean is that it was all so much that it was almost incomprehensible.

I was up early and showered and dressed simply in lounge wear and flat sandals, I was delivered to the salon. I sat apprehensively, pretending to look at hair magazines. Rosalind was in the centre of a huddle of stylists. Is “huddle” the correct collective noun?

Her hands were gesticulating. They were at her hair and then pointing to her hands. She tugged an earlobe and made an unmistakable gesture over her breasts. At least I think it was unmistakable but now I wonder. Was she telling them how big she intended my breasts to be or was she meaning how long my hair should be?

I could feel the panic in my chest. I started to take deep breaths and told my heart to stop racing. They were between me and the door so I couldn't run out. Even if I did, where could I go? I was a prisoner, trapped in a web of impending femininity.

“You’re going to have a wonderful day,” Annika introduced herself to me as my personal stylist. “It’s going to be all your dreams coming true.”

I smiled and said something in agreement. I didn’t know what my dreams were at that moment. I stopped thinking and let them get on with it. I put my arms into their robe. I sat here and there as they told me. I was excited but frightened at the same time. That was a combination of emotions I was becoming more and more used to experiencing.

I knew they were working on my hair of course but what they were doing was a mystery. I wasn’t familiar with the use of foils and developing times.

I saw my toenails being coloured a deep red and watched as my fingernails were extended and painted a matching colour. I remembered Rosalind telling me that in a couple of days, I’d not notice the extra length. As they were being shaped and filed, I wondered how that could be.

It was a long day and all the processes left me in a daze. I hated the filler injections into my lips; apparently I was being treated to a “Russian pout” but had no idea how that would look. The one period of relief was when I lay back on a bench while my eyelashes were extended.

And suddenly it was all finished. The robe was removed, the covers were taken off the mirrors and I looked for myself. It was surreal. I watched the hand touching my face but I had to look twice to recognise my face. I had changed so much but I loved it all instantly.

There was a girl looking back at me in the mirror. Her hair was light golden blonde and fell generously



in gentle waves over her shoulders. Her lips were generous and shining with a pretty pout and deep peach lipstick. Her hands, as she touched her hair, were elegant and distinctively female.

It was me and I could hardly believe the changes. My eyes were the most striking feature. My brows were perfectly shaped. I had dark lids and under lids, with long lashes I could feel as I blinked. It wasn't an unpleasant feeling and as I watched, it looked languorous and seductive.

Rosalind came and put her arm around my shoulders. I turned to look at her, looking up because on her heels she was much taller than I.

"I told you that you'd be pretty," she said. "I'd kiss you now but I don't want to smudge your lips."

What she didn't tell me until we got back home was that Jason had arranged to pick me up that evening. I should have guessed something was afoot when she had me dressed in the classiest things I'd acquired that day.

I was wearing that pale lavender bra, panties and garter belt with dark stockings under a classic little black dress. I had black stiletto heels on too.

"These are too high," I protested when she suggested that I wear them.

"You won't be walking far," she dismissed my objections. "I want to see the total look."

So the total look it was. She insisted that I wear her big gold hoops in my ears and several of her bracelets on my left wrist. I wore her necklace with the dangling diamond setting and a couple of her rings on my right hand.

She supervised my makeup. I was getting used to wearing it by then but I didn't have her mastery of colouring, contouring and shading.

I did what I was told and corrected myself when she told me that I'd done something too heavily or too lightly. In the end, she was satisfied and so was I. I wasn't only looking totally convincing as a girl. I was frightened by the glamorous look I was showing.

I was admiring myself in the full-length mirror when I heard a knock at the door. I turned round and Jason was there, putting his arms around me. I kissed him lightly. It felt like the most natural thing in the world but then I pushed him to arm's length.

"Be careful, I don't want you to spoil my makeup."

"Now I know you're a girl." He laughed and I laughed too at the absurdity of what I'd said. Absurdity seemed to be the defining characteristic of my life anymore.

"Off you go and have fun." Rosalind pushed a purse into my hand and wrapped a black shawl over my shoulders.

I hardly had time to draw breath before Jason escorted me out of the apartment, into the elevator, then into a cab waiting at the door.

The evening passed in a blur; dinner at an upscale restaurant, then dancing. Jason led me onto the floor and within moments, I remembered my dance classes. I knew enough to let him lead.

I leaned in close and soon we were cheek to cheek on their small dance floor as a trio played softly. I was so mesmerised by the feelings of being so close. I should have been a little scared but the feeling of that bulge in his trousers made me feel delighted.

I was having such an effect on him and it made me feel good. That surprised me as much as anything that had happened to me. When he suggested a nightcap in his suite, I wanted to pull him towards the elevator.

Fortunately I remembered that I was supposed to be lady-like and held out my hand for him to take and lead me there.

He ushered me through the door into a softly lit room. The drapes were closed and soft music was playing. I couldn't help it; I turned and wrapped my hands behind his neck and pulled his lips towards mine.

The touch of him started a racing pulse within me. I wanted him more than I ever wanted anything in my life before. It was as if he was a drug and I was an addict. I didn't pause to consider how much had changed within me. There were no doubts at that moment, only a burning desire. It was totally unfamiliar but completely welcome at the same time.

He knew what to do. My feelings must have been so obvious. He didn't hesitate but scooped me up in

his arms and waltzed me into the bedroom. I don't remember undressing him and I don't remember him undressing me but soon we were a jumble of arms and legs on the bed.

I wasted no time. I wanted that big penis so much. I fondled it, slightly fearful. I knew where I wanted to feel it and I knew where it was going but it was longer and thicker than Rosalind's. She had prepared me well, though, and I had some lubrication which I'd thought would be for her.

Jason was prepared too. He had more and quickly slathered some on himself and then began to insert a finger, then two, then played and smeared more into me so that by the time he turned me over, I was as slippery and prepared as ever I could be.

I was really prepared. I was rampant with desire and couldn't wait. I wanted to feel everything; every little vein and ripple of skin as he went deeper and deeper. I was frightened, truly frightened. I knew he was bigger but I couldn't stop. Along with the fear, though, there was also an ecstasy of anticipation.

He pushed and I pushed back. I could feel my penis rising to bursting point as his massaged my prostate and passed it. He took over and began working back and forth, in and out, driving me to frenzy. I moaned a lot; I think I screamed as well.

I know I shouted when he started to come inside me. I could feel my whole insides rippling. My penis jerked too but he went on and on. I imagined I could see him filling me and then I was overflowing; silly I know, but ecstasy brings all kinds of manifestations.

I flopped down exhausted as I could feel him slowing and stopping. He stayed a while longer but then

slid easily out of me, followed by a gush of liquid down my thigh. I was too overwhelmed; satisfied and euphoric. I lay for a while snuggling against him before I realised that I was making a mess and should do something about it.

I slept a little after I'd cleaned up and woke to feel his penis between my cheeks as I spooned against him. Being careful not to wake him, I started to slide it into me once more. Then he woke and took over.

He was super powerful now, as if that first session had energised him. He put me on top, with my legs over his shoulders as he was deep inside me. The angle was different but the feeling returned as profoundly as before. I lost all control and there was only one feeling left in my brain as he made me ride him until he came once more.

I think that was the moment when I decided that anything he wanted from me would be there for the taking. Anything he wanted me to do, I would be willing to provide.

All nights must end though and I rode back in a cab to Rosalind's apartment. She took one look at me when I walked through the door, then came and kissed me gently. I let her steer me to my bathroom where she helped me undress and clean my rather smudged makeup.

I showered and fell into bed. I didn't come round for hours and hours.

There was no doubt about what I was going to do when I woke. I knew that Rosalind would be full of

questions and I wanted time for my mind to settle and to think about how much I was going to tell her.

I dressed carefully in full-on girl mode. My hair was loose and shining as I released it from the scrunchie which held it out of the way while I did my makeup. I brushed it through so that it fell behind my shoulders and showed that I was still wearing the big hoop earrings.

I stood up from the vanity and inspected myself. I had chosen my favourite lavender bra and panties, this time with a matching garter belt and nude stockings. I put breast forms into the bra cups and turned left and right. I wondered what it would be like to have real breasts – well, implants – there instead of these silly attachments.

I stepped into my light beige dress and pulled up the back zipper. I smoothed it over my waist where it fit smoothly and then tugged the hemline to check that it ended just above my knees as I wanted it to. I checked my makeup for the third time. My long eyelashes, too long to be natural but delicious when I fluttered my lashes, made me smile. My dark eyes and pale lips were just right. I stroked another coat of lip shine over my mouth, blew a kiss to myself in the mirror and stepped out and into the lounge.

Rosalind was sitting there with a knowing look on her face. She stood and hugged me, gave me a quick peck on the lips, and stood back to look at me.

“Was the sex good?” she asked bluntly.

“Shouldn’t there be a bit of casual chat before we get to that?” I asked as my face coloured under my makeup to answer her question.

“You knew I’d ask that, especially when you arrived in the way you did.”

“I guess I should have expected it and, yes, the sex was good. It was mind-blowing.”

“So you’re really into him?”

“He’s nice,” I said, thinking slowly. “I think I could get to like him more.”

“Does that mean that you don’t want to move in with him yet?”

“You don’t live with Simon.”

“I don’t want to live with him,” Rosalind said. “I’m happy here with you and I don’t want that to change.”

“I feel the same way, not that he’s asked me to move in.” I thought for a few moments. “I like him but I think I like your idea of a relationship better than living with him.”

“It lets me keep an aura of feminine mystique,” Rosalind laughed. “And I don’t want him waking up next to me every day and thinking that I’m a mess.”

“Agreed; I’ve realised that it takes a great deal of time and effort to look good.”

“But it’s fun. I love the dressing up and being so feminine for a special occasion but doing that all the time would be too difficult.”

“But *you* have to be feminine all the time.” I looked at her. “You can’t hide your breasts.”

“I don’t ever want to hide my breasts,” she said, then laughed as she realised what she’d said. “Except they hide in my bra and under my clothes.”

“I’m female now all the time and I love the feelings it gives me.”

“Does that include when I play with your penis?”

“Especially when you play like that.”

We had a lovely afternoon together. We had nothing that we needed to do. Confidences were exchanged and stories were told. We were two girls together. We shopped a little and tried clothes in the boutiques nearby. I think we spent too much but it didn’t seem to matter.

Soon after we got home, my mobile rang.

“I need to see you.” Jason didn’t waste time on preliminaries.

“I’m home with Rosalind.” I looked at Rosalind and mimed who it was.

“I’ll be there as fast as I can.”

He hung up, leaving me with a lot of questions but I knew I wasn’t going to call back for answers.

“I heard that,” Rosalind said. “I’ll go out and leave you to it.”

“No, please don’t.”

I was pleased that I'd asked her to stay because when the doorbell rang again, Jason was there with Simon standing behind him. They both came in and Simon took Rosalind through to the balcony, leaving Simon with me. He looked embarrassed as he stood there watching them disappear.

"I want you to be my girl," he said.

"That's not very romantic." I couldn't help myself with that reply.

"I'm sorry; being with you has convinced me that's what I want. I don't want to waste time."

"Are you sure of what you're saying?" I asked, playing for time. "You know I'm not really a girl."

"That didn't seem to matter when we were together." He grinned. "I loved every minute."

"I don't think I could live with you," I heard myself saying. "It wouldn't be good; we girls have to have our secrets."

"I know. I've talked to Simon."

"He's good to Rosalind."

"I know all about that." Jason hesitated. "I'd like to be as good to you."

I turned and walked to the window and stood for a moment, thinking quickly. I knew that I didn't want to make a wrong decision but did I want to make a commitment? Did I really have an alternative at that point? Suddenly it all became clear. I turned and walked back to him.

“If that’s a proposal, then I accept,” I said. He leaned in to kiss me but I held him back. “There’s a condition; you have to let me stay here with Rosalind when I’m not with you.”

My heart was in my mouth as I waited what seemed like ages for him to reply.

“Thank you, that’s wonderful.” He leaned in and I let him kiss me this time.

“Does that mean I get the rings like Rosalind has?”

“Of course you do and all the other trappings that go with being my girl.”

“Don’t you mean that I’m your kept woman?”

The next few weeks passed so quickly. Rosalind and I were treated as sisters in some places and as girlfriends in others. We went shopping together and to the salon together. We started getting matching manicures too.

Jason was really attentive too. I struggled to believe that I was worth all the things that were happening to me. My wardrobe increased, courtesy of his credit card, and he never blinked an eye when I told him what my latest dress and shoes cost.

I was really getting lost in being his girl; not that Rosalind and I stopped sleeping in the same bed when we weren’t with the boys.

“Do you think we could try and be twins?” Rosalind asked one night as I was spooned against her, trying to get her penis to life again.

“We couldn’t; I’m smaller than you.”

“We could dress alike and I could wear lower heels but I’m not sure that twins have to be the same height.”

“I’d like to be your twin,” I giggled. “We could swap boyfriends.”

“Keep your hands off.” She pretended to slap my hand. “I don’t want him getting ideas.”

“You’ve exhausted me.” I snuggled happily into Rosalind. “And I don’t know if I’m even going to be able to walk tomorrow.”

“I’m sure you’ll be able to walk,” she replied, nibbling my ear. “You’re having heel lessons all week until you can do anything with six inches.”

“I thought you were bigger than that.” I stroked her penis, trying to get it into life again.

“You suggested you couldn’t take any more.”

“That was a few minutes ago.” I played abstractedly with her nipple. “Now unless you want to stroke me into life again, I’m going to keep doing this until you respond properly.

“You’ll have to do more than that.”

“My hair couldn’t get any more messed up.” I slipped down the bed and raised her baby doll to take

her in my mouth. Within seconds there was a response. “You’re insatiable,” I giggled.

“You’re sounding more girlish than I am.” Rosalind climbed on top of me and positioned herself between my legs.

“You made me, after all, so don’t complain.”

“I get you all ready for a night on the town and you ambushed me as soon as we got back from the salon.”

“It’s your fault.” I squirmed a little as she started to enter me again. “You get me looking so feminine that I thought it would be a shame to let it go to waste.”

“You’re meant to be ready to seduce some wealthy guy.” She pushed further inside me and began to thrust back and forth.

“I like it with Jason but I do like lipstick kisses,” I said between gasps of delight. “And I’ve no one else in mind.”

There was no time for more conversation as Rosalind erupted inside me once again. I could feel every movement of her orgasm and delighted in the feelings that came within me at the same time. We both panted with exertion and she rolled off me carefully.

“I’m all wet again,” I complained as I rolled off the bed and headed for the bathroom.

“Did I say that I liked you doing that?” I said as I settled back down beside her with a towel between my legs and a dry chemise.

“I think I’d better book you into the salon in the morning,” Rosalind said a few minutes later.

“Looking so perfect seems to be an aphrodisiac,” I replied. “I never thought of being with someone like you.”

“It’s my seductive charms,” she replied. “That and I let you play with my breasts.”

“I do like them.”

“You can get some of your own.”

“But that won’t be the same thing.”

“No it won’t but we’ll be able to snuggle breast to breast. Won’t that be fun?”

“I’m not sure...” I replied, feeling apprehensive. “I know you have plans for me but sometimes I have to have a choice too.”

“Don’t worry; no pressure, but I know what you’ll choose.”

Those words haunted me through the next few days as I wondered again and again what it would really feel like to have breasts of my very own.

Next morning was too much. I was really sore back there and grateful that Rosalind let me lie in to recover. I got up slowly, regretting the ravages to my lovely new hairstyle and the fact that I’d been so keen to get her to make love to me that I hadn’t cleaned my makeup off at all. I was a mess.

“Does that happen every time?” I stood in front of the mirror and saw Rosalind looking at me from the doorway.

“It’s inevitable but the secret is to clean off as soon as you can, and don’t let your guy see too much of you until you’re ready.”

“What if he wants to go again when I’ve just got ready?” I asked, ignoring the way she’d suggested that I’d be doing it with Jason again.

“Then you go again,” she laughed. “A girl has to keep him interested or he might go looking elsewhere.”

“I don’t think I want to do it with any other guy,” I said.

“Have you forgotten that I’m a guy too?”

“You don’t look like one and you certainly don’t act like one.”

“Think about that.” Rosalind waved her finger at me. “Which one of us was on top last night?”

“Okay, I’ll grant you that but you don’t look like a guy and you don’t act like one.”

“And I don’t dress like one or smell like one,” she laughed. “But I can keep going longer than a lot of them.”

I’m certainly sore enough.”

“Jason’s the guy I’ve always had in mind for you. You’ve met him and I’m sure he’ll be good,” she said. “He’s a friend of Simon’s and he suggested several

times that he'd like a girl like me. It's like he'd been looking for you before you existed."

"You're frightening me." I looked at her seriously.

"There's nothing to be frightened of. It's a natural progression. He wants sex; you seem to like sex. He has the money and you have the time and the ability to spend some of it for him. Add to that the fact that you have a penis and know how to use it and you're home and dry."

"I don't know how to behave around men, I mean men who don't know..."

There was that doubt again.

"You don't need to study it." She came to sit near me. "If you look right, they'll react to what they see. Remember to keep quiet, look at them and smile. If you touch them like a woman; you know, a hand on their wrist casually, and do it as if he's the most precious object you've ever touched, they'll fall over themselves.

"I'm sure that's not in any book of psychology."

"That's because I haven't written up my experiments yet." Rosalind held out her hand to me and I took it. "I wouldn't set you up with anyone I couldn't trust."

"I know but it's a big step."

"It's a little step to meet someone. A relationship develops with a lot of little steps. You can always call it off if it's not working."

“You make it sound like its inevitable but I’m scared.”

“There’s no need to be scared. You’ll be living here with me most of the time.”

“And can we...”

“Of course, we can be the best of friends. They don’t have to know that we’re only using one bedroom.”

I was really happy to be with Jason but there were still doubts lingering. Fewer than there used to be but they still existed.

Eventually she took me to the salon again. Rosalind had me wear a pale blue dress with a high neckline and a tight bodice. I had hold-up stockings and nude heels. I complained that they were too high but I wasn’t allowed to change them. I suppose she was right. It wasn’t far to walk and I had to get used to heels sometime.

I think the girls in the salon must have guessed what we’d been doing as I saw knowing glances being exchanged. I smiled sweetly and let them think what they wanted.

I felt excluded as I listened to them talking back and forth. Their interests centred on celebrities and reality television shows. I didn’t know who they were and answered as best I could when I was asked about Jermaine’s new girlfriend or Rhiannon’s dress sense.

I know I was trying hard to fake it and I suspect they understood.

"I'm so nervous," I said when Rosalind and I were back at her apartment.

"Is it nerves or excitement?" she asked.

"I don't know; I don't know much of anything anymore."

"Stop it." Rosalind came to hold me. "You're not to get worked up. Jason's coming for you very soon."

"I know." I took a deep breath to calm myself down. "Do I look alright?"

"He'll love you all over again." Rosalind picked up my purse and checked it. "You've everything you need here and I've put a pack of condoms and some tampons in there too."

"Do you think he's going to..."

"There's nothing wrong with being prepared. You may want him to anyway; it's not all one-sided."

"I feel like I've never done this before."

"We do it pretty well."

"I don't mean that. I mean I've never gone out as a girl with a man before," I said. "I mean in public. It's different being in a restaurant."

"It's nothing to worry about." Rosalind squeezed my hand and looked at me seriously as the doorbell rang. "He's a nice guy, not some stranger you picked

up in a bar. Now redo your lipstick, spray your perfume again, and you'll be ready."

I was turning from the mirror when Jason walked in. He smiled in a way that told me he liked what he saw. He came to me, took my hands and we air kissed; him enthusiastically, me nervously.

"You look like a dream walking," he said.

"That's a line from a song." I couldn't help smiling as I said it.

"It doesn't mean it's not true."

My mind wasn't registering as I let him take over. He talked and, like a good girlfriend, I listened and looked interested. I hope I laughed in the right places. The restaurant was lovely and our table was discreetly placed so that I soon discovered that I liked being treated like this.

"I bought you these," he said, passing me a soft leather pouch over the table. "I hope they're what you'd have chosen."

I opened the pouch and two rings fell into my palm.

"Let me," he said as I held them to look.

He slipped them over the ring finger of my left hand. I looked up at him and felt a tear in my eye. I grabbed my purse and a tissue quickly so that I wouldn't spoil my makeup.

"You really mean it?" I searched his face for the answer I wanted.

"I mean it," he said. "Now let's order."

I had seafood salad and nibbled, being as ladylike as I could. He had the steak. I had white wine; he had red. Minute by minute, things were getting easier. Coffee and a digestif followed; maybe more than one.

Before I knew it, we were leaving and walking to his hotel again. I was leaning into him. He stopped and looked down at me, I looked up at him and I knew he was going to kiss me. I loved the touch of his lips all over again as I surrendered to the sensations.

He'd kissed me before but I'd never felt it like this.

In his suite, the lights were dim and at a touch, soft music began to play. He took his coat off and put it on a chair. As if propelled by magnets, we came together. Kiss followed kiss and I was lost in sensations of excitement and desire.

I could tell that I was having *that* effect on Jason. His trousers were bulging seriously. My hand went there and rubbed the outside. My nails got in the way.

"You'll have to be a gentleman and help me."

I simpered and rubbed harder in case he was in any doubt about what I needed help with. His belt loosened and the zipper opened. My hand went inside and I wrapped my fingers around the shaft of his penis.

This was our second time and I was determined that we'd take our time a little more than before. I wanted him so much more and I wanted to feel so many more things with him.

I pulled it out and looked down. I know what you're expecting me to say here and it's true. It was bigger

than Rosalind's and bigger than mine. I knew that, but this was the first time I paused to really look.

I slipped down to my knees, clumsily due to my heels. I kicked them off and looked up at him. I wrapped both hands around the shaft and saw his eyes glaze a little. Then I licked the tip.

The taste was different from Rosalind's but not unpleasantly so. I licked again and then began to play my tongue around the top, easing his foreskin from the tip. I took it into my mouth. I only got about half of it in there. I gagged and remember coughing.

I took it again in my mouth, this time suppressing the gag reflex as best I could. He pushed gently forwards and I could feel his penis swell. He pulled back and held out his hands to pull me to my feet. Wordlessly, he took me to the bedroom.

We undressed each other, him to nakedness, and me to bra and panties. We kissed again. I lay on top of him and played with his penis. He pulled my panties aside and I could feel his hands on my cheeks with a finger playing around my hole.

He reached under a pillow and lubricated his fingers from a tube. He flipped me over and started to play with my hole, teasing me, opening me, preparing me. I could feel my heart pounding harder and harder. He raised me and pushed a pillow under so that my rear was raised. Then with more lubrication, I felt his penis at my entry.

He was gentle and I was prepared. I thought I was prepared but he was bigger than Rosalind. I should have expected that but somehow the thought of how I could take something bigger had never occurred to me.

Now it was there, starting to push and enter. I gasped as the first skin slipped in. I clenched and then forced myself to release. He edged a little further and then rocked back and forth, further again. I could guess that the next thing would be a clench which I couldn't control and it was.

He rocked again, pushing against my unyielding muscles. I heard myself whimper and moan. I pushed back as he pushed forwards. It was instinct now as much as desire. Suddenly he slapped my cheek hard. It hurt. At the same second that the shock reverberated through me, he pushed and I could tell that he was past the barrier of my muscles.

Further and further in; I arched my back and imagined that I could tell how far he was in. A picture formed in my head but don't ask me to describe it. We were moving in harmony now and I imagined that I could feel his ball sack touching my rear.

I could tell he was going to come a few moments before he did. He held still momentarily and then that first pulse made me moan. After that it was all about animal instincts. He came and I came, wetting the bed under me. It seemed to last for ages but when he'd finished and withdrawn, it seemed to have been over in an instant and I wanted more.

We lay back, sated if not exhausted, for a few minutes. I was leaking and I had to go to the bathroom to clean up. I came back with a damp cloth and a towel to clean my man. Yes, that's the way I was thinking there and then. It seemed that my entire psyche had changed along with my appearance.

I wiped him gently and kissed his limp shaft as I finished. I was still leaking and placed the towel between my legs.

“I’m a mess,” I said.

“You’re a lovely mess,” he replied, stroking my penis which started to respond.

This time he took me in his mouth. I was so amazed and thrilled. It didn’t take long before I was sending myself into his mouth.

I think this was the moment some things finally became clear in my mind. It was as if the clouds has parted and I was finally seeing the sun.

“How did you choose your surgeon?” I asked Rosalind casually next day.

She looked at me as if she didn’t understand quite what I’d asked.

“I have her number,” she said after a pause. “She works from a clinic about ten minutes away. Does that mean you’ve made a decision?”

“I think I have,” I said, still hesitant but a little more secure in the decision that it would be a good idea. “Jason has played with my nipples and I liked it. I’m sure he’d like more of a handful.”

“Has he got big hands?” Rosalind’s face lit up in a huge smile.

“Don’t get the wrong idea,” I said quickly. “I’m thinking about a B cup; nothing big.”

“That may be a good choice since you’re so slim. I’ll call the clinic and get you in there. Does Jason know that’s what you’re thinking?”

“I’m not going to tell him yet.”

“You can’t hide it.”

“I know; they’ll be on my chest for him to see.”

“That’s not what I meant. I mean there’s a recovery period and, more significantly, there’s a bill to pay.”

“I’ll ask him when I decide.”

“If you’re asking the question, you’ve decided, girl.” Rosalind laughed and reached for her mobile.

It was scary waiting to see the surgeon. I hardly dare speak. What if she sent me away, telling me not to be so ridiculous, to just be a man? It was irrational but I couldn’t help it, even though Rosalind was sitting beside me and holding my hand.

I shouldn’t have worried. The doctor was charming and gentle.

“I think a B cup on your frame would look good,” she said. “I can use an implant with a profile that would look as natural as medical science can make it.”

“I don’t want to be too big.” I knew I still had a little panic inside me.

Half an hour later, I was standing outside the clinic with an appointment made for surgery. She’d been so solicitous, not wanting to scare me, and telling me that I could change my mind.

She let me hold an implant too. It wasn't what I expected. It was soft and yielding, like I imagined a breast should be. I didn't tell her that my experience of touching the real thing was severely limited to theatre dressing rooms and stolen glances.

I didn't take much notice as she described the different ways of placing the implant. Rosalind took over there.

"It's to ensure that you have the best profile with the minimum of scarring," she explained.

Jason was excited when I told him.

"I knew I'd made the right choice when I asked you to be my girl."

You'd have thought that I'd told him that I was pregnant, but maybe that's not a good comparison.

Much to my surprise, I wasn't nervous on the day of the surgery. I wasn't nervous at the pre-med and once the sedative took hold, I was away with the fairies.

The day I was allowed to come round was awful. There were pains everywhere. I couldn't move for the pain and the heavy bandages wrapped tightly around my chest. I felt as if someone had dropped a crate on my chest. Pain relief came quickly when I screamed.

Four weeks later and there was no stopping me; balcony bras and low-cut tops. It was life affirming. The decision was one of the best I had ever made. Jason was keeping me occupied and keeping me satisfied whenever we met.

Rosalind and I were as close and as active as ever. She was right about breasts too. Once the pain and bruising had gone and they settled into place, I got so that I couldn't imagine life without them.

Her lips, his lips; it didn't matter. My beautiful new breasts were sensitive and made me so proud of the way I looked.

It was fun having a "sister" and being *her* "sister" was even better.

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