

Stepmother's Barmaid



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Stepmother's Barmaid

By Susan Hulbert

Dad and I moved to Campsie Bay after he left the service. It was all very new to me, having lived with my grandmother since before I could remember. I went to school, then to the university. Dad went to work and then to college, getting his qualifications in law.

He got a junior position in a local law office. He was lucky to get that given his age compared to the new graduates who were so much younger. He said it was because he was mature.

Anyway, his new colleagues used to have a Friday unwind in a bar on the harbour and that's where he met Leslie. She owned the place and when she became my stepmom, it was like life started all over again. She was bright, blonde, and bubbly, with a

sunshine personality. She was only a few years older than I was.

Dad was happy and I was too. I even had a regular job working the bar in the vacations. Like many new graduates though, when I qualified and started applying for jobs here, there, and all over the place, I wasn't employed.

So I stayed in the bar for a year and then another. I moved into the tiny apartment over the bar. It gave me somewhere on my own and gave Dad space with Leslie. It was a good arrangement for us all. I didn't have a steady relationship back then. I dated one waitress who was there for her summer break, then another.

When the time came for the girls to return to study, that was it; the relationship ended. I didn't really mind, but time was passing and each year there was a new crop of graduates and we were all competing for the same few jobs.

I organised some karaoke nights and then those turned into competitions with the other bars around the bay. It brought in trade and soon other competitions were added. There were sports and quizzes, a drag race, and even fiesta nights with beer and food from the most obscure countries. Some were quite awful but the bars sought to outdo each other in a friendly way.

And that's where it started.

"Can you come into the office before we start work?" Leslie called me over one afternoon. "I want to talk you into something."

So a bit earlier than I would usually start, I knocked on the office door and entered. Leslie hugged me and we sat at the table to the side of her desk.

“Am I going to like it?” I asked.

“I’d guess probably not at first, but then you’ll think about it and agree,” she replied with an inscrutable expression on her face. “You remember the chaos of the drag race last season.”

“Do I! It was outrageous,” I replied. “I thought I was going to enjoy it, but everything was so unreal, from wigs to makeup.”

“I remember you saying that you’d have to run away if you saw a woman like that coming towards you.”

“I would, but it brought in the customers.”

“And for that we were thankful,” Leslie replied. “Now another drag contest has been proposed, but there’s a difference.”

“How many kinds of drag can there be?” I replied. “I don’t want to do that again.”

“This is really different,” she said. “It’s going to last all next season and the idea is that each bar selects one guy to be their representative; an existing staff member. Customers would be asked to vote at the end of the season by email to try and ensure fairness, and there’s to be some sort of prize for the winner.”

“Do you want me to ask if anyone wants to enter?”

“I haven’t finished telling you the details.” She smiled like a spider that’s about to devour a tasty

morsel caught in its web. "The entrant would have to dress, behave and appear to be as perfectly female as possible. The winner is the most convincing."

"That's going to take a lot of doing." I thought it too much but I didn't say so. "I guess you want me to find a volunteer."

"Not really, I've decided that *you're* going to be our entrant."

I sat there in stunned silence, staring at her in disbelief and then when she held my gaze, I looked to the side as I thought it through. It was ridiculous; impossible on the one hand. On the other, there could be talking back to her.

"What's in it for me?"

"You'll have our undying admiration." She paused, letting it sink in. "You'll have all expenses paid, some time off with pay, and you'll probably have a good time if you agree."

"I don't think I could get away with it," I said. "There's nothing feminine about me. I date girls, remember?"

"You're ideal." Leslie warmed to the idea of convincing me. "You're five foot seven; your hair is longer and healthier than a lot of girls and your complexion looks like peaches and cream. You're slim enough, although it would be better if you could shed a few pounds."

"But I've got a hairy chest and hairy legs," I objected. "I wouldn't look good if they include a swimsuit contest."

“That doesn’t matter; a simple waxing or laser treatment would deal with that.”

“It’s no good. Girls spend years learning about how to be a girl. They play with their mother’s makeup, they wear their heels,” I said. “I don’t know the first thing about how to mimic their behaviour.”

“You’ve always been a good study; you’d learn easily.” Leslie seemed to have thought of an answer to every objection. “If you need to learn behaviour, I’m sure we can find someone to help you with that.”

“What do I do if some guy thinks I’m for real?” I asked. “Isn’t it going to be dangerous if someone hits on me?”

“It’ll be no more dangerous for you than for any of the girls who work here.”

“I have to admit that’s probably true,” I said grudgingly. “I’ll have to think about it.”

“You don’t need to.” She smiled. Your father and I have thought about it and made a decision.”

I nodded. “That means I’ve no choices left.”

“What do you think of Leslie’s plans for me?” I asked my father as we sat at dinner a few days later.

“I don’t see any harm in it.” He paused. “You’re not doing anything else and it could help your stepmom along. The business needs something to keep the customers coming through the door.”

“I expected you to tell me that it was unmanly.”

“I’m sorry to disappoint you.” He laughed. “You’re not changing sex, and you’re not the only guy in the competition. I think you should accept the challenge for what it’s worth.”

“I’ll think about it.”

I had been thinking of little else since Leslie told me of her plan for me. I looked at girls with a new interest. That sounds wrong. I’ve always looked at girls, even though I’ve not had a lot of success dating them.

Now I looked at them slightly differently. I saw how they walked and used their hands; their gestures and the little mannerisms that I never really noticed before. I saw how a girl would play with her hair as she was talking to a man she was interested in; little hair signals to keep him looking.

I saw how easily they could change things. Their hair could be styled differently each day; colour changed, or it could be worn up or down. Then there were the hair extensions and the wigs. I saw their nails, long and short, shaped gently or almost stiletto-like. They changed forever.

I saw the jewellery too. The rings and earrings they wore; the bracelets and bangles; the necklaces. It was all something new and something I’d never really thought about. I wondered what it would be like to have that freedom to change on a whim.

And then there were the clothes they wore. Girls could dress like boys easily and no one batted an eyelid. Jeans and leather jackets over strappy tops seemed to be a fashion statement. They could wear short or long, conceal or expose as much of their breasts as they chose.

There was no uniform and no general expectation of what they could wear as there was for the boys.

Then I began to notice the piercings; not only ears but tummy buttons and noses, lips and eyebrows. I wasn't at all sure that I liked some of these and they must have really hurt. And then I noticed that there were girls with tattoos; permanent choices there forever, and choices for life. I know that boys have them but I wasn't impressed.

It was all too much to think about.

"You're not serious." Bella, my on-off girlfriend reacted to the idea of my entry.

"I don't think my stepmom's going to let me off," I replied. "Besides we could have fun."

"If you think my idea of fun is having a boyfriend who borrows my makeup is fun, you've another think coming."

"It's only for a few weeks then the competition will be over."

"What if you win?" she snapped back. "I'll be a laughing stock."

"No, of course you won't."

"You haven't been listening to my friends." Bella stood back from me. "They think you're too soft and too weak already."

"Do you care about your so-called friends more than me?"

She paused there and stood back from me. It seemed like she was sizing me up from head to toe.

“I think we’re through,” she said. “Maybe after this, you’ll get a boyfriend. I hope you’ll be happy.”

I watched her walk away. I stood still for a few moments, thinking about our relationship. I thought back on a few things too, then I sighed.

Maybe it was for the best if that’s all she thought of me.

Leslie was most insistent that I go for dinner with her and Dad a few days later. She knew it was a work night but her message was underlined. I knew it would have to be a priority.

I’d only been there for a few moments when the doorbell rang. Leslie smiled at me and went to the door. I could hear the clicking of heels on the floor tiles. She returned a few moments later with another lady, looking a few years younger, but every inch a lady.

Her hair was blonde and expensively styled. Her makeup was beautiful, even to my inexperienced eye. Her dress was tight and cut low to show more than a little of her breasts; I was impressed immediately.

“This is Sheldon,” Leslie introduced her. “She’s an old friend and I wanted you to meet her.”

“I’m pleased to meet you.” I shook her hand, noticing the wedding set and the deep red nails as she put her left hand over mine as we shook.



“Please call me Shelley.” She smiled, showing pure white even teeth behind generous lips. “Leslie has told me so much about you.”

“There’s not much to tell.” I was puzzled and looked to Leslie with a question on my face.

“I’ve told her about the competition,” she said. “Shelley would be the one to help you when you decide to take part.”

“When I decide?” I laughed. “I’m not sure about that.”

“Maybe I can convince you that it’s something you’d enjoy.” Shelley put her hand on my arm and leaned closer so that her perfume wafted over me.

“I’m sure you could convince me of most things but maybe not that,” I replied.

As we ate and drank our wine, the conversation rambled amusingly across all sorts of subjects. Shelley smiled and laughed; she talked animatedly and amusingly. I knew that she was a little older than I, but I began to wonder if I could get to see her some more.

“You haven’t guessed, have you?” Leslie looked at me and Shelley shot her a look of question.

“I don’t know what I’m supposed to be guessing.” I was mystified.

“She means me.” Shelley turned to me and looked down so that I saw her eyelashes and watched as they moved when she came to look at me properly. “I’m a boy like you could be if you accept the challenge.”

“You’re just saying that.” I laughed but their looks stifled it quickly.

“I’d love to help you,” she said.

“But you... you have breasts,” I said. “You’re kidding me.”

“I admit I did take it a little further than I intended.” She smiled and looked round the table. “I’m a female impersonator, not a drag queen. I can look a bit like a boy if I really try, but it’s so much easier to stay female and I like it a lot better.”

“But what about...” I stopped mid-sentence, realising that I might be about to say something inappropriate.

“If you’re asking if I’m really gay then I don’t mind; I’ll answer.” She replied. “I have had boyfriends. I also have girlfriends. Some girls like me this way.”

“So you’ve not had surgery.” I pointed downwards.

“No, why would I do that?” Her smile told me that I’d asked a silly question but I wasn’t sure why she might have thought that.

It made me think that things could be complicated.

“You’ve hardly said a word these last few days.” Leslie walked through the bar on the way to her office. “I think we need to talk about things.”

I followed her into the office. I had no idea what to say but she was right; some things had to be said.

“Before you start, Shelley said to apologise for being so blunt the other evening.” Leslie waved towards a chair for me to sit. “And I’m serious about the contest. I think you’re our winner.”

“I know and I’ve really thought about it.”

“I’ve been listening to people from other bars,” she said. “They all think the contest is a good idea and they want it to be limited to existing employees.”

“I can guess why. They don’t want to see someone hired simply to fit the contest.”

“Have you given it some serious thought?”

“There’s been nothing else on my mind,” I replied honestly. “I don’t want to disappoint you, but I don’t think I’m the right one to do it. Like I said before, I’m far too hairy.”

“That’s not a problem. There are simple laser treatments that deal with that.”

“I’m scared of needles.”

“They use needles in electrolysis; this is different and there’s no pain,” she said, holding out a leg. “Feel how smooth my leg is. It was lasered about five years ago and it’s much easier now.”

“I’ll pass on feeling your leg.” I smiled.

“Your dad would never say that.”

“That’s too much information.” I blushed.

“Okay, I can see you’re not convinced,” she said. “Shall we talk again in a few days? Maybe you could do some research.”

“I’ve no idea what that could be,” I said standing and leaving the office.

But I did have one idea.

“What brings you here?” Samantha asked as I walked into the bar across town. “I’m still not going out with you.”

“I need to talk to someone outside my usual circle.” I sat on a stool in front of her. “You’ve heard about this year’s contest.”

“Don’t tell me; they want you to enter.”

“How did you guess?”

“I put two and two together. You’re the right build; they’re right. I think you’d be a winner.”

“Has anyone spoken to you about this?”

“What, you mean your folks? No, I think I could see you in a new light. I could imagine having you for a girlfriend.”

“But you couldn’t imagine me as a boyfriend.”

“You’re too hairy and you’ve never shown me your feminine side.”

“I haven’t got one.”

“That’s why I never went out with you.” She poured a drink and passed it across to me. “I know a girl, well, she’s not actually a girl, but she could help you.”

"What makes you think I want someone to help me?"

"Call it intuition." She reached under the bar for her mobile. "I'll give you Shelley's number; tell her you got it from me."

"Who?" I asked, pretending that I didn't know exactly who she meant.

"Shelley. She's my ex."

I didn't guess..." I didn't tell her that I'd met Shelley.

"Oh no; she's a boy really. You'll love her."

"So why is she your ex?"

"I think we just drifted apart; she was always prettier and getting more attention than I was," she replied. "I guess our affair ran its course."

"I think I may have been introduced to her," I admitted. "Leslie invited her over."

"You've got to admit, she's got everything."

"Does that include parts that girls don't usually have?"

"Of course, that's why it was such fun."

It was late in the evening a few days later. I was about to close up when Shelley walked through the door.

"Hi, I was thinking about closing," I said lamely.

“Hi yourself.” She smiled and I couldn’t help admiring her figure.

“Do you like what you see?” She noticed that I was staring and did a twirl, ending up very close to me.

“You shouldn’t ask.”

“Why not? A girl needs all the compliments she can get.”

“But I know you’re not for real.”

“You don’t have to let that get in the way.” Her eyes challenged me as her face came close to mine. “I think I can pass most tests.”

Before I could react, she kissed me. I let her, then froze in shock. She looked at me, then slowly put one arm around my shoulder and the other hand went to the back of my neck. She pulled me close and kissed me again. I couldn’t help it; I kissed her back.

“Now we’ve been properly introduced,” she said softly. “I think I’d like to get to know you better.”

“I’m not gay,” I blurted out.

“Neither am I.” She smiled. “When I’m in girl mode like this, I’m your complete girl all over.”

“Except for one part.”

“Yes, but we’re not concerned with that part right now.” Her nails scratched a gentle pattern on the back of my hand. “And a girl like me could make you feel good and teach you a lot.”

“I bet.”

“Especially if you’re going to win this contest.”

I can’t explain how it happened. It may have been something to do with the drinks we shared as we talked. It may have been her perfume or the look in her eye. It may have been the way she seemed to find everything I said to be interesting, but it happened.

As soon as we reached my apartment she tugged at my shirt and almost ripped it off. She nibbled my nipple and left lipstick marks on my chest as her hands groped at my belt.

“Help me; I can’t do it without breaking a nail,” she whispered. “I know a lady shouldn’t ask, but I can feel you’re ready.”

What’s a guy to do? I helped her and as soon as I was out of my jeans, her lips were at my penis. She was on her knees on front of me. Her eyes, under heavily made-up lids, looked up at me. I watched in fascination as her eyelashes which were so long, fluttered as she looked up at me and then down to inspect my penis.

This hadn’t happened to me before, not with a girl and certainly not with a boy. The touch of her, the feel of her and everything of her were overwhelming my senses. She ran her tongue down the length of my shaft. I shuddered with the touch.

I think she knew that she had me under control and she ran her tongue up to the tip, then licked round the head, before taking the length into her mouth. I could feel myself swelling and knew what was going to happen.

I think Shelley felt it too at the same moment, because she bobbed her head, thrusting me deeper into her throat. I glanced down, amazed to see how much of the length was in her and then I couldn't hold on. I arched my back and began to pulsate, squeezing myself into her.

Inevitably, I faded afterwards. It was a real come down sensation after one so thrilling. Shelley eased back and stood. She put her arms around me and kissed me hard again. I knew what I could taste. It wasn't so bad, so I kissed her back.

How we ended up in my bed is still a mystery. I woke to find her spooned against me, with my penis hard and erect between her cheeks. I could feel that she was still wearing her bra and panties. I was naked.

My first thought was, "What have I done?"

"I don't usually do that; not on a first date." Shelley rolled over and got out of bed.

She held up a sheet against her and headed to the bathroom, clutching her dress which had been crumpled on the floor. I rolled out of bed too and dressed as quickly as I could and went to put on some coffee.

"I'll pass on that," she said as I pushed a cup towards her. "I'll call you."

I don't know how she did it, but she looked amazingly put together as she turned and walked out of the door. Her hair was loose but her makeup was perfect again; no signs of the tumbling night we'd

shared. The sway of her hips as she walked away was a picture that stayed with me all day.

I don't know how or why it happened. My memories were a little hazy, except for the sex part. That hit me too. Had I enjoyed sex with another guy or was it sex with a girl? I decided on the latter. It seemed more comfortable to my mind and, after all, I'd been the one receiving all the pleasure.

It was time to get to work.

"I hear that the Blue Lagoon has a strong entry for the contest." Sally held out a picture for me to inspect.

"That's Jordan." I knew at once that it was their head waiter. "He looks good, but I'd recognise that nose anywhere."

"Not an attractive nose," Sally agreed. "So he's not much competition to you."

"Wait a minute, I've not agreed to anything." I held up a hand.

"We'll talk later."

"It's no use talking; I've made up my mind. There'll be no skirts and dresses for me."

I waved my hand as I walked out and went to the coffee shop down the road. If I stayed, I feared that I'd get into an argument and I didn't want that.

"Are you having your usual?" Susie the barista asked. "I'll bring it over."

A few moments later, she did so and sat in the booth opposite me.

“I heard that you’re stepmom’s bar is going to enter the contest.” She smiled. “And I heard that you’re the one. I think that’s amazing. I’d love it if you’d let me help you.”

“That’s really kind, but it’s not true,” I replied as her face dropped.

“That’s a shame; I think you should change your mind.” Her smile could have melted the hardest of hearts, but just then, it didn’t melt mine.

“I’m not at all feminine,” I said.

“You don’t have to be feminine. You only have to look and act feminine,” she said.

“Is there a difference?”

“Of course, I’d know that underneath you were the same lovely guy, but with an extra understanding of what a girl needs.”

“Am I not like that now?”

“I don’t think so. I was tempted to go out with you but you always seemed to have something driven about you, like you had something to prove all the time.” She paused.

I think she saw the incomprehension on my face.

“I’m not explaining this well, am I?” She smiled in apology.

“Does that mean you’d go out with me if I looked like a girl?”

"I think I would." She smiled again. "I can picture you with makeup and a really good haircut."

"I don't want my hair cut," I said.

"I don't mean cut it all off." She reached out to touch my hair which I'd let fall loosely over my shoulders. "These split ends need to be cut away. That would make it look healthier and with a little trim and a bit of styling, you could look fabulous."

"I don't get it," I said. "You think I'd look fabulous as a girl, but I'm not as myself."

"You'd still be yourself, but prettier and more attractive."

"Does that mean I'd be more attractive to you?"

"Yes; I'd love it if you'd do it. I could pretend that you were doing it for me. I've always liked being around other girls. You know how it is."

"I have no idea." I shook my head.

"It's about the girliness of being a girl," she said. "It's the hair and the makeup; the perfume and the smoothness; everything that goes with a girl's world."

"That sounds far too complicated for a mere male."

"That's the problem in a nutshell." She stood up as another customer came in. "You have to change sometimes."

"That's a big change."

"You could do it and this contest gives you an excuse to try it." Susie stood and went to serve someone who'd just walked in.

Did I need an excuse to try it? Where could that lead? My mind repeated that thought as I walked back to work.

I said nothing about these thoughts as the week passed. My mind was churning things over. Then one night after an early finish, I walked across to the Blue Lagoon.

“Is Jordan in tonight?” I asked the barmaid who came to serve me.

“You walked past him,” she laughed. “That’s Jordan in the red dress and heels over by the stage door.”

I looked and saw the red dress and the impossibly high heels. If that was Jordan, I’d never recognise him.

I looked from afar, taking in the trim figure, a little dumpy, but still attractive enough to be called slim. His shoulder-length red hair had been coloured with dark blonde streaks. He must have guessed that I was looking at him because he turned to me, waved, and started over.

“I’d never have guessed it was you.” I accepted a girlish hug from him. “They told me that you were in the contest, but it doesn’t start until next month.”

“It’s never too early to practise.” He smiled, showing small even white teeth behind his lips, shining with lipstick in an apricot shade.

“You’ve changed a lot.” I looked at him closely.

"I decided that I might as well go all the way to win," he said. It's quite addictive."

"Isn't it a lot of fuss for nothing?"

"I love it," he said. "I never understood how many things girls could do. I've had my hair done. I wish I'd discovered hairdressers sooner."

"It looks very attractive," I said grudgingly.

"I've had my lips pumped to make them bigger and more kissable." He pouted and blinked deliberately at me. "And I've got eyelash extensions, pierced ears. And look at these nails."

He held out his hands to show me his deep red nails, which were a lot longer than his fingertips.

"How do you do anything with those?" I asked.

"It took a bit of getting used to, but it's easy." He inspected them and held his hands out to admire them. "I had to learn to use the ball of my finger rather than the tip. It's become second nature now."

"What about all the makeup?" I saw how precise it was.

"I can do it all myself. There are lessons on the internet and in magazines. The girls here have helped me too."

"What about your girlfriend; doesn't she see it all as a threat?"

"I have a boyfriend and he loves it." Jordan waved to someone across the room. "We're sure to win."

I wondered if that was true as I walked back home.

On my next day off, Leslie invited me back home for brunch. When I got there and wandered through to the conservatory, Susie and Shelley were deep in conversation with her, wine glasses in hand.

“I hope I’m not interrupting.”

“Not at all; we were just talking about you,” Leslie said. “We’ve decided to become your management team.”

“Do I need a management team?”

“Of course you do,” she replied. “We’ve all seen Jordan and a couple of the other guys who are going to be contestants. Their bars are putting up a lot of money behind their entry.”

“But why when I’ve said it’s not for me?”

“We’ve decided that it is for you. We haven’t anyone else to enter,” she said.

“I can teach you such a lots” Susie said. “We could have such fun. I can show you how we girls do things... well, maybe most things.”

“I can teach you the rest,” Shelley said with a nod and a wink. “There are a lot of things that a boy needs to know if he’s going to be successful as a girl.”

“You’re all making assumptions,” I protested.

“No, we’ve decided.” Susie came to stand beside me.

"I promise you'll love every minute." Shelley came to the other side and kissed my cheek as Susie did the same.

"Now all we have to do is decide what kind of girl you're going to be." Leslie gestured to us all to sit round the table where she had a pad and pen waiting. "We're going to play a game. It's a game to describe our girl."

"She'll not be pretty." I shook my head and sat as I could see that nothing would deter them.

"Part one is to describe all the processes he'll have to go through." Leslie handed out sheets to Susie and Shelley. "There's no limits; let your imagination be as free as possible."

"You mean what we'd like him to look like?" Susie asked.

"Yes, hair, makeup, and all the rest; think about how he's going to look to win. Think about the clothes and the style; what kind of girl do we expect him to be."

"He's got to be the winner, of course," Shelley added.

"There may be stiff competition..." Leslie started and then realised what she'd said. "I mean there's competition already; I've seen Jordan."

"He's very convincing," Shelley agreed. "But we can do better."

"You said part one. Is there a part two?" Susie sucked the end of her pen.

Yes, for this part, we'll list all the processes we need to get him through."

"You mean like hair and nails?" Shelley smiled at me.

"You can include anything that girls get done in salons around town, but nothing permanent," Leslie said.

"Does that include things like lips?" Susie chipped in again. "I think his are too thin and need a bit of plumping."

"Of course; that doesn't count as permanent because they go back to normal in a few months," Leslie replied.

"What about piercings?" Shelley asked.

"The same thing applies. They can be taken out easily."

"So that's a no to tattoos." Susie looked up.

"No tattoos at all and no breast implants." Leslie stared at Shelley as she said this.

"Does he have the freedom to agree to things as well?" Shelley raised her hand.

"No, the basics are our choices." Leslie paused in thought. "But if he agrees, then something not on the list is allowed."

"You've made a lot of decisions for me," I objected.

"Well, you weren't going to make them for yourself." Leslie sounded strict. "You need someone to make them for you. Now leave us to our lists, when

we've compared notes and made decisions, we'll call you back."

"Have I no choices?"

"Of course, but they have to fit in with what we decide."

"So, no, I've got choices then," I sighed.

"Good, that's understood." Leslie said. "And we don't need you here while we discuss it all."

"But it's me you're talking about."

Leslie sighed and looked at me.

"Now your first appointment is at the salon next to the bar. You're expected for laser treatment," she said. "They're expecting you right now and they know that they've got to make you hairless below the eyebrows."

"That won't be an easy task." Shelley laughed.

Susie and Leslie looked at her. I could tell that they were wondering how she knew.

I passed Dad on my way out. I wondered if an appeal to him would be sensible, but decided against it. Leslie was the one who ruled in that house.

I knew some of the girls in the salon because they sometimes came into the bar, so it wasn't such a big deal for me to go in there. They were expecting me too."

“We’re all going to be voting for you,” Pattie, the owner greeted me from behind the reception desk. “You are going to get all the best treatments and we can say we sponsored them all when you win.”

“I didn’t know that was part of the deal.”

“Leslie organised it a couple of weeks ago. Didn’t she tell you?”

“She only told me to come here today.” I wondered how long this had been in her plans.

“I promise you’ll enjoy every minute.” Pattie beckoned and a girl in a white smock came over. “This is Becks, she’s going to be your consultant for the laser hair removal.”

“There’s nothing to worry about.” Becks was a curvy girl with a bright smile and a business-like aura. “It’s not painful although you may get some irritation; don’t worry, I’ll give you some lotions to deal with that.”

“I’ve a lot of hair on my body.”

“And I’ve got a really good laser, so we’ll be able to deal with it all,” she said. “It may take a few sessions, but that’s fine.”

With that I was shown into a treatment room with a padded bench and a white tower of equipment beside it. I was handed a smock and told to strip before putting it on.

“I’ll do your front first.”

“Do you want me to take everything off?” I blushed.

“Yes please and don’t worry. I’ve seen it all before and there are no cameras in here.”

And so the first treatment started. It took ages. Every hair below my eyebrows was what had been said and it took ages. It wasn’t unpleasant, and I dozed a little with the relaxing music playing.

We took a break, then with a change of smock to one which fastened at the rear, I lay on my front with my head in position through a padded hole. She repeated the treatment across my shoulders and down to my ankles. I wasn’t surprised that it was quite late in the day when she finally finished.

“I think you’ll have to come back each day for a few days,” she told me. “Then probably come back each week. There’s bound to be some hairs I haven’t gotten and there may be some re-growth but by the contest start date, you should be ready.

“That bit of me may be ready, but I wonder about the rest.” I thought it but didn’t say it as I thanked her and left.

“That took ages and she said I have to go back every day,” I complained as soon as I saw Leslie. “My face feels tender and tingling too.”

“I’m sure the lotion will cure that,” Leslie said. “We’ve drawn up your schedule and Shelley’s going to pick you up tomorrow after you’ve been lasered.”

“Why is there such a rush?”

“You have to take this seriously,” she said. “Jordan already has a start on you. There’s only a few weeks

to the contest starts and you have to be better than him before then.”

“Is that in the rules?”

“It’s in our rules and they’re the ones you’re going to follow.” Her tone was light and humorous but I could tell she meant business.

“Do I get time off work for all this?”

“You get some time off, but not much. It’s important that you learn how to function naturally as a woman in the real world.”

“That could get me into problems working in the bar,” I objected. “What if there are guys who get violent when they see me? You’ve heard that happens to guys in women’s clothing.”

“That could be a problem, I agree.” Leslie thought for a moment. “Of course, the publicity will be everywhere, including outside the bar, and I can hire some security if we need to. Let’s hope it stays lighthearted. Jordan didn’t mention any problems when I spoke to him.”

“You’ve spoken to him but he’s a rival.”

“There’s not much secret about what we’re doing and he was willing to share. We’re meeting for lunch next week.”

“I hope you’re intending to fatten him up,” I said and then felt ashamed at the thought. “It’s not that I really want to be more feminine than him.”

“You’re blushing,” Leslie laughed. “I think you’re fantasising about things.”

“No, I hate it all,” I replied.

I daren't tell her that she was right.

“How's the hair removal going?” Shelley asked.

“It's going and that's all I can say,” I replied when she picked me up. “They say I'll have to keep going. A lot of hair has gone but there's still some to remove.”

“I bet you feel different.”

“Yes, I was surprised when I got dressed this morning,” I replied. “My clothes seemed to slip over my skin and the way I feel is different. I can't describe it.”

“I'll tell you.” She turned to catch my eye. “It feels as if you're really naked under your clothes for the first time.”

“Yes, that's a good summary.”

“Imagine how that's going to feel when you start to wear the sort of fabrics that girls do.”

“They wear blue jeans like these.” I gestured to my jeans. “And cotton shirts.”

“They do, but they wear silks and satins, lingerie with lace, tights or stockings. These fabrics will really feel different.”

“Where are we going today?” I asked. “No one's told me anything.”

“You don't need to know in advance; we're in charge of your appointments.”

“I know but you can tell me now.”

“You’re going to get your ears pierced and if you’re a really good girl, you can add a tummy button piercing or a nose piercing as well as a reward. I’m sure you’ll win one of them.”

“Can I choose the tummy button if I have to decide on one?” I said. “It’s less noticeable.”

“And I think it’s sexier too, especially when you wear something which skims your tummy, and yours is really flat.”

“And its getting flatter with the diet that Leslie has me on,” I said. “I think I’m resigned to being the monster that you Frankensteins create.”

“You won’t be a monster, you’ll be fabulous. All the guys will be panting with lust when they see you.”

“Why does that make me really afraid?”

“Why aren’t you getting him to dress like a girl and the full works; makeup, nails and hair?” Shelley asked when she met with Leslie for coffee a few days later.

“I wondered that.” Susie overheard them as she served the cups. “I’ve seen Jordan and he seems to be revelling in his new popularity.”

“Sit down Susie, and I’ll explain,” Leslie said. “Don’t look so worried, I’ll square it with your boss.”

She left them and went to speak to the manager. Susie and Shelley eyed each other suspiciously.

“Are you his girlfriend?” she asked Susie.

“Maybe a little, but not as much as you.”

“I’m not a rival,” Shelley laughed. “Look at me; do you think I swing that way?”

“It’s impossible to know these days.” Susie’s face showed she wasn’t being rude.

“I don’t blame you,” Shelley replied. “Let’s be friends.”

“Co-conspirators at least,” Susie laughed.

“And just to clear it up, I like girls and boys,” Shelley replied. “It makes for an interesting and varied life.”

“It’s okay, you can stay.” Leslie returned. “I think we need you; you’re more his age and type than either of us.”

“But he’s more likely to do what you tell him.”

“You can encourage him and help him along,” Leslie said. “I have a plan all worked out but it’s not a quick fix.”

“We’re both wondering why you’re not making him dress the part already.”

“That’s part of the plan,” Leslie explained. “He’s having hair removal now. It’s going bit-by-bit, and they’re being really thorough. He’s probably asking himself the same question as you’re asking me. The answer is that I want it to creep up on him. He knows that femininity is coming, but I want him to anticipate it slowly. I want him to really wonder what it’s going to be like.”

“Then it’s going to hit him harder when all the sensations that he’s been thinking about come all at once,” Shelley said. “I remember that I did it gradually, but then it was my choice.”

“In his case, it’s not a similar choice,” Susie added.

“No, but it’s going to hit him all at once,” Leslie said. “The longer he has to think about it and anticipate it, the better. He may not know it, but it’s going to be a relief when it all happens.”

“So you think he’ll accept it like...’

“Like a duck takes to water,” Shelley finished Susie’s sentence.

“The next step is earrings and I’ve booked him in for tomorrow,” Leslie said. “Remember, I’m relying on you to follow the plan.”

“You can be really devious,” Shelley said. “I think it sounds like you’ve really thought it through.”

“I’m not going in with you,” Shelley said after she’d pulled up outside The Piercing Look studio. “They’re expecting you and they’ll call me when you’re ready. I’ll come back and pick you up.”

“You’re leaving me?”

“Yes, and I’m not coming back unless they tell me you’ve had everything done; ears and tummy button. I’ll let you off the nose.”

“Gee, thanks, that’s really generous.” I stepped out of the car and walked across to the door.

Once inside, I saw that I was the only client and that two bear-sized heavily tattooed guys were waiting for me. I almost turned and ran, but then a girl appeared from between them and came to greet me. She wore virtually nothing more than sufficient to meet decency standards. I mean decency standards for there, not in the street.

“You’ve come for the ear piercing,” she said. “Shelley’s just called and said you want the tummy button too.”

I wasn’t really listening when I agreed. I was looking how she had piercings where piercings shouldn’t be possible. If that wasn’t enough, she was tattooed from neck to toe. I would have recoiled but she was smiling and watching me. I mumbled my agreement.

Once in the chair, I felt helpless. She wiped my ears and stood aside as one of the men measured my ears and compared left to right. Then there was a click and a pull on my right ear, then another and a third. Without pausing, he transferred to the other side and again click followed click.

“That’s a brave little girl. I bet you didn’t feel a thing, but you’ve three studs in each ear.” He leered down at me in the chair. “Honey’s going to swab your tummy button. Its going to hurt a little but don’t worry, the hurt’s going to fade quickly as long as you keep it clean.”

Honey, for that appeared to be the girl’s name, pulled up my shirt and swabbed my tummy button with something smelling very strongly of antiseptic. She stood back and then my skin was pulled away with some kind of grips.

“Take a deep breath and hold it.”



I was almost too scared to breathe, but he waited until he saw me breathing.

“Now take that really deep breath,” he said and at that moment I felt a pain and knew it was done.

I felt a tugging and daren't look, as his attention was where he was working. It hurt as he seemed to be twisting something and then he stood back.

“All done; you've been a brave little girl again,” he said sarcastically.

He stood back as Honey swabbed me with the anti-septic again. This time it really stung. She taped a piece of a dressing over it and stood back.

“Keep it clean, it's going to bleed a little,” she said. “Don't try changing it for a few weeks until it's really healed. I'll call Shelly and tell her that you've been really brave.”

Her face told me that she was used to all this. I think she was being sarcastic as well.

I looked down. I couldn't really believe this was me. There was a ring through the skin just through my tummy button and from it there hung a chain with a silver heart. It swung heavily as I moved and I knew I was going to keep on feeling it whenever I moved.

I muttered something approaching thanks and stood rather shakily from the chair. I fastened my jeans over the puncture awkwardly and didn't want to make it bleed too much. I felt it move again. The thought of what I had done hit me so strongly then. I knew I was on my way towards the contest and there was no turning back, not that they'd have let me anyway. I hoped that I didn't show it in my face.

“Come and see us when you want your first tattoo,” the call followed as I stumbled out of the door and looked for Shelley, thinking never, never ever...

I was still unsteady on me feet as I opened the car door. Shelley looked at me and set off without saying anything. Perhaps I should have asserted myself and refused everything. Perhaps it was too late.

I couldn't help but feel that my alternatives were more limited with every step I took. They were determined that I was going to look like a woman and I wasn't fighting back against it. I knew I was going to go along with it, but I didn't know how far.

I didn't know how much I was getting to like it.

“Pattie tells me that your skin's really clear. You'll have to go back for regular laser treatments for ages, but they can be monthly now.” Leslie said. “That means you can progress to the next stage.”

“What does that mean?” I asked innocently.

“That means you start to learn the next stages of girlhood of course. It means clothes and shoes and when you've learned how to walk and move, you can progress to makeup and hair.”

“Not all girls wear makeup,” I said.

“Your type of girl wouldn't be seen in public without her makeup,” Leslie said. “I've arranged for someone to come and teach you how to use it.”

“Aren't you going to do that?”

“No; we’re in the wrong relationship. I’m your stepmom. You need a real teacher; someone who has more authority that I ever would have.”

“I don’t like the sound of that.”

“A strict teacher knows how to keep discipline in her students,” Leslie replied. “Time is passing, you you’re behind schedule.”

“Taking of schedules, I have to go to work,” I reminded her that I was still employed.

“Have a good time.” She kissed me goodbye.

It was late when I returned. The evening had a few problems and I stayed to clear up everything ready for the next day. I got a shock when I went to my room.

“Where’s all my stuff?” I shouted from the door.

“We’re changing it over,” Leslie replied. “There’s no need to shout; everything’s coming in the morning.”

“I don’t understand.”

“It’s the day when you cross over into girls’ world,” Leslie said. “You’ve been preparing for this day and now it’s arrived.”

“I still don’t understand.”

“It’s simple; all your clothes, shoes and that hideously frayed underwear have gone,” she replied. “In the morning, you get to wear really beautiful lingerie, with a pretty dress and some heels.”

“You’re joking.” My mouth must have hung open in shock.

“Come on; you know we’ve been preparing for this day for ages now. Well, it’s arrived.”

“Can’t I keep my stuff?”

“Why would you do that?” Leslie asked. “Once you discover how good your new wardrobe feels against your hairless skin, you won’t want to go back.”

“But it’s going to be embarrassing.”

“Of course it isn’t; everyone knows you’ve been getting ready for the contest. Now it’s time for the big reveal. You can sleep naked tonight. I need to get rid of those clothes you’re wearing.”

Arguing was no use, I could see that, but I didn’t sleep easily.

I woke and lay quietly for a while, thinking and wondering if I could get out of it. Outside my room, I could hear that the house was alive; people were moving about and getting on with their day.

“Come on, sleepy head.” Leslie came to stand by the side of the bed. “It’s time for your shower.”

I slowly opened my eyes as if I’d really been asleep. She was holding out a robe, pale pink with lots of lace and decoration, waiting for me to stand and put my arms into the sleeves. I hesitated but gave in and did as I was expected.

“I don’t suppose we could put this off?” I asked weakly.

“Today’s the day; I told you that last night,” she said, escorting me into the bathroom.

I stood under the cascading water, hoping that it would soothe my anxiety levels which were rising by the minute. I saw that my shampoo and conditioner had been replaced by different brands with a much sweeter scent. They felt nicer too as I rinsed the products from my hair.

I dried slowly and stood in front of the mirror to dry my hair. As I brushed gently through it, I watched how the volume seemed to be greater than before. I guessed it must be a result of using the new products. Satisfied that it was dry, I gathered it together in my usual low pony and secured it with a scrunchie.

I stood in front of the mirror in my new robe and looked at my reflection. Was I seeing something approaching a girl there? I saw the studs in my ears, and opened my robe to see the silver heart that hung from my pierced tummy button. I sighed; if this was the day, let it be.

I stepped through the door to find that Shelley had joined Leslie and they were both looking at me in a way that told me they meant business, I knew any objection would be wasted. I knew that they’d removed all my clothes anyway so when I saw the pale blue lingerie waiting on the bed, I knew I’d be wearing it.

It wasn’t that bad. The feel of the bra around my chest was really strange. The straps over my shoulders and the tightness of the band were new sensations. I looked down at the empty bra cups and for a few seconds wondered what it must be like for girls every day.

“Your garter belt and panties can go on in any order.” Leslie helped me into them. “But you must make sure that the garter tabs go under your panties so you can get them down when you need to use the bathroom. In your case that’s doubly important, because you need to wear a strong elastic belt to keep your boy bits out of the way.”

She looked down and I knew what she’d see. My boy bits were standing there, reminding them both that I had them.

“You’d better go back to the bathroom and do something about that,” Leslie said.

“I’ll go and make sure he does.” Shelley took my hand and pulled me through the door.

She closed the door and clicked the lock. Her hand wrapped around my shaft and I felt an immediate thrill.

“I’m not going to do this every time,” she said lightly as she massaged it into even larger life.

“She got to her knees and started to rub and stroke me to greater stiffness. I felt her tongue lick around the top and I knew, as she knew, what was going to happen. Quickly, she pulled back and wrapped a washcloth over me, holding and squeezing at the same time. Her eyes held mine as I spilled myself into the fabric. She held me as I weakened after the climax.

“You can get cleaned up and join us. You need to get dressed if you’re not going to be late.”

“Late for what?” I asked.

“You’re due at the salon in an hour; hair and nails, eyelashes and a full makeover to celebrate your first day.”

“Why do I have to wear makeup if I’m going to the salon for a makeover?” I asked.

“You want to look good whenever you go out,” Leslie said. “As a minimum, you must wear some eyeliner and mascara. It should be your first thought in the morning and you refresh it throughout the day. If you’re wearing lipstick and you’re going to be the sort of girl who’s always perfectly made-up, then you do the same with that; always make sure you look your best.”

“But they’re going to do makeup and hair,” I protested.

“It doesn’t matter,” she replied. “That’s what you always do before you leave your room in the morning.”

“I’ll never get the hang of it.” I looked at the array of cosmetics on the dressing table.

“You’re going to have lessons,” she said. “Soon you’ll think nothing of it and you’ll be ready in a few minutes.”

“And you’ll feel incomplete if your makeup isn’t done nicely,” Shelley added. “It’s one of those things about being the kind of girl you’re going to be.”

“The kind of girl who wins contests,” Leslie agreed.

I don't really remember how they got me into a blue blouse with puffed sleeves and a tight black pencil skirt. I do remember the shoes; baby blue with ankle straps.

The heels were so high and thin, I had to concentrate and take short steps to keep my balance. I soon fell into the routine of doing so. The skirt was so tight over my hips and down to my knees that I couldn't have taken my usual steps. They made me walk round the room several times, giving instructions which I didn't listen to.

I was too busy keeping my balance and trying to avoid walking like a truck driver. I think that was when I accepted that my fate was sealed and that I'd better get my mind into a frame where I could enjoy things as much as possible.

I confess that the thought of another session with Shelley might have been a motivation; maybe later I thought.

This was my first time out of the house in a skirt. It took me by surprise. The soft movement of the fabric against my hairless thighs, and the gentle constriction of the skirt itself were things which came to my mind second. The slight pull of the garter straps reminded me of how I was walking too.

That was after the sound of my heels clicking on the path and the uncertainty as to how I was supposed to get into a car, which were my first thoughts.

"You have to do it like this." Shelley demonstrated; lowering her backside into the car seat and then swinging in her legs afterwards. "You get out the same way."

“You make it look elegant,” I said, thinking I’d probably make it look clumsy.

I can’t remember all the things they did to me in the salon. It was as if I was in a fugue state; responding without thinking and without registering it all. There was so much.

They coloured my hair and extended my nails and eyelashes. My brows were shaped again. I was worried that they were going to be too thin, but remembered that brows aren’t like that anymore; they’re fuller but precisely plucked where errant hairs dare to grow.

I hardly remember the rest of the makeover. They showed me things and explained things. I’m sure they were being kind and careful but by that time, my mind wasn’t in a condition to receive any information.

I was both excited and frightened. I guessed that this session had been conceived to push my male identity away; to reform me into something female. I didn’t know how I could cope with being female. I knew I was completely false, yet I was cast in the role. As I looked at myself in the mirror when all was finished, I could only see a girl there.

No boy would have hair this extravagantly blonde, nor lashes and nails so long and to my mind, obscenely seductive; they would have been to me if I’d been dating this girl. I’d like to think I could have gotten a girl like this, but then dating had never been one of my strengths.

Going out of the salon and walking across to the car, I was still away with the fairies; not registering my surroundings properly. I heard the clicking of my heels and the feeling of the air underneath my skirt. I felt the soft movement of my hair, worn loose over my shoulders, and the sway of my earrings, long and dangling heavily from my earlobes.

I felt quite safe too. With Leslie, Susie and Shelley as my escorts, we were four girls together. I saw people looking at us. I saw a boy, then another, looking me over as if I was an attractive girl. Then I remembered and looked away, afraid to make eye contact.

We only drove a short way and then went into a bar. I knew the bar well, but again I wasn't prepared for the way the boys and men there looked me over. Leslie and the others didn't seem to notice, although I was sure that I wasn't the only one being checked out.

"You're going to have to get used to it." Jordan appeared at my side, looking me over. "Especially as you turned out so well; why don't you come to my table for a while? I'm sure your friends can spare you for a few minutes."

I allowed myself to be persuaded. Jordan took my hand, looked at my nails, and then at me.

"I can see that you're going to be a competitor. I love that and I hope we can be girlfriends too."

"I hope so," I replied truthfully. "I'm so confused by it all. Two days ago, I was a boy; I still am underneath all this. I knew this was going to happen but I never guessed it would be so complete."

“Not quite so complete; you haven’t got these yet.”

Jordan looked down his low-cut neckline and I could see the tops of his breasts. He saw me looking and smiled.

“Believe me; you don’t know you’re really a girl until you get your own. Then you know that you can’t go back and it makes you do girl things all the time.”

We went to a booth. Jordan gracefully swept his electric blue dress smoothly under his stocking-clad knees and sat down, patting the chair next to him for me to sit close to him. Two glasses of white wine appeared almost immediately.

“I’m not sure how to behave,” I confessed. “I think I got manipulated into this competition.”

“Leslie can be a very determined lady,” he replied. “You probably had no chance. I don’t think you should complain though. You’re the only real competition I have.”

“Why do you say that?”

“I know the other bars have entered their girl in the contest and I’ve seen them. There’s no serious competition. You need to go and look for yourself.”

“I’m not worried about the competition, I’m sure it’s going to be fair, but I have to stay like this for weeks. I’ve no idea how to behave.”

“You don’t have to know.” He grinned and straightened the rings on his fingers. “As long as you’re out there looking like you do, the boys will find you.”

“But then what do I do?”

“You don’t have to do anything much. Smile and look like you’re interested in whatever rubbish they’re saying. Make eye contact and play with your hair as they’re looking at you. It’s simple but hair signals can be a very powerful weapon when you’re dealing with the opposite sex.”

“But it’s *not* the opposite sex and I’m not a real girl.”

“Have you really not looked in the mirror?” He laughed. “You’re blonde, so play the dumb blonde role. They won’t expect anything else. Enjoy yourself; give yourself permission to go on dates and enjoy.”

“You make it sound so simple,” I sighed. “What if they expect...something I can’t give?”

“Pretend you can. They won’t know the difference. Trust me.”

I started to ask a question but I didn’t really know what to ask, so I hesitated too long.

“Your friends are staring at us. They’re waiting for you.”

Jordan squeezed my hand and looked into my eyes through lashes as deeply made-up as mine. He ran a hand through his hair, pulling dark locks in front of his shoulders so that they brushed my hand.

“You’re doing it to me.” I laughed.

“I’m glad you learned that lesson, so go and do it to someone else.” He laughed, and reached into his purse and handed me a card. “Here’s my number. Call me and we’ll compare notes; please do it soon.”

The look in his eye made me think I *should* do it soon.

“Was he giving you tips?” Leslie asked. “You need to be careful. I’m sure he wants to win.”

“We were just chatting,” I replied.

“Was it girl-to-girl chatting?” Susie asked with a huge twinkle in her eye.

“I thought he was being kind,” I replied. “He knew how nervous I was and he was telling me how to deal with it.”

“Did it work?”

“No; I’m just as nervous as I was before but I’m here and I can’t change anything for the next few hours.”

“We haven’t done all this work for you to change anything,” Leslie said.

“I get that; I’m blonde, aren’t I?” I felt suddenly braver and looked around to see Jordan approaching with two boys in tow.

“Come and dance with us,” she asked and saw the look of shock on my face. “They’re quite safe and I’ll look after you if they aren’t.”

She reached out her hand for me to take and without looking round, I stood and let her pull me towards the dance floor where gentle rock was playing. I watched as Jordan allowed himself to be pulled close by one of the boys.

“This is Jim and that’s Jeff waiting for you to dance,” she said.

I saw Jeff’s arms held out towards me. What could I do? I didn’t want to make a scene in front of them all, so I allowed his arms to go round me.

“I’m not a good dancer,” I whispered as we started to sway.

“And you’ve never done it backwards in heels before,” he replied. “Don’t worry, just follow me.”

I couldn’t help but notice his cologne. It was scented with woodland and herbs, sweet, green and light aromas. I liked it and somehow it made things easier. I listened to the beat of the music and followed his lead. Then as he pulled me closer, I realised what I was feeling as our hips touched.

My first reaction was to be shocked, then I was frightened. He pulled me closer and I could feel my own reaction straining against the elastic holding it down. I let him pull me close in case anyone could see me bulging.

I sneaked a glimpse down and checked that my feelings were correct; my elastic was holding me tightly and out of sight. I was so relieved when the music ended. I detached myself from him, smiled, and hurried back to my seat to receive knowing looks from my friends.

“That’s one hurdle you’ve jumped over.” Leslie’s face said that she approved.

I wasn’t sure that I did the same.

A few days later, I had a rare time alone. Idly sifting through things, I came across Jordan's note and decided to call.

"Why don't you come over this evening? I'm not working."

I decided to go and noted the address. I knew it was a bad idea but my curiosity took over. I knew I'd have to get out before anyone came home and dissuaded me from going.

I dressed quickly; blue jeans with a pale blue blouse, tiny trainer socks inside my blue and grey shoes, and a leather jacket; waist-length and tightly fitted with zips everywhere.

I took care with my makeup. I knew Jordan's would be perfect. I wondered about wearing a bra too but decided that I should, even though I'd be using silicone inserts in the cups. With a deep breath, I checked my earrings, slipped a couple of bangles over my left wrist and grabbed my car keys.

"I think I'm near you," I telephoned Jordan. "Can you tell me where to park please?"

"I'll open the security gate, you can drive in and park under my block. I'm on the top floor."

I saw a gate opening and when it was wide enough, I drove in to an area below the apartment block. I pulled my little Miata into a space between a Mercedes and a BMW. This wasn't a place for poor people, I thought as I walked towards the elevator.



"I saw you on the CCTV." Jordan hugged me in greeting as I exited the elevator. "I'm so pleased you came. I think we have a lot to talk about."

He took my hand as we walked into his apartment. It was really luxurious, on two levels, with a view all over to the mountains and access to a sheltered balcony.

"This is the wages of sin." He gestured to the opulence all around. "My sponsors own this place. They're letting me use it for the contest."

"I'm living with my father and stepmother," I said. "One of her friends is mentoring me, with help from a beautician."

"They've done well," she said. "But if you didn't look so good before they started, you wouldn't look so good now. You're my only real rival."

"I haven't seen the others," I replied.

"You don't need to."

"I think you're the winner. I don't have your attributes." I indicated the breasts visible under her scoop neck dress.

"Oh, don't worry about these," she laughed. "I'm sure if you mentioned it, someone would sponsor you to get them done."

"I'm not sure..."

"Don't say that; there's nothing going to make you feel and act like a real girl as much as these can. I should know." She looked at me hard. "Don't look so shocked; you know you're already fascinated and I bet you're wondering what it would be like."

“It must have been painful.”

“A little hurt but it’s been worth it.” She turned towards the kitchen area. “I’ll get the wine and we can sit on the patio while we talk.”

And we did talk as the bottle emptied. A second bottle appeared and we sat side-by-side on a swing seat. Suddenly we were closing together and looking into each other’s eyes. She kissed me quickly. I drew back in shock and then leaned forwards so that she could kiss me again if she wanted.

The signal was received and understood. We kissed again and again, several times and more, until I felt a hand tugging at the waist of my jeans.

“You should be wearing a skirt,” Jordan grumbled.

By then she was using both hands to undo the button and release the zipper. Her hand slid inside, and then under my panties and gaff to find my expanding penis. I closed my eyes as her hand wrapped around it. It could have been shock or delight.

She kissed me again, then despite the strange position my body was in, I reached under the skirt of Jordan’s dress to find a swelling penis.

“I think we need to go inside,” she gasped.

Jordan pulled me along, not that she had to use too much strength; I was willing to be pulled along. The bedroom was large and the curtains were drawn closed, giving a soft lighting to the room.

He pushed me onto the bed, giggling as he did so. He pushed me onto my back on the bed and pulled my shoes off, then my jeans, lifting my legs high into the air. My panties followed them onto the floor.

He knelt on the floor as I was on my back on the bed with my legs over the edge. I almost screamed as he held my penis in both hands and started to kiss and then lick the tip. I could feel myself stiffening and swelling more than ever.

“Not yet.” He flicked the tip hard with her fingers and I deflated a little.

He rocked back onto her feet and then discarded her shoes and panties. He edged forwards over the bed so that his skirt covered my head. It wasn't too dark under there and I could see his penis standing strongly and temptingly.

I'd never thought of doing this before that moment but right then I wanted to taste it. I wanted to feel it between my lips and explore all the little indentations and veins with my tongue. My first touch seemed to send an electric charge through me and I sucked it hungrily inside my mouth.

The touch and the physical sensations overwhelmed my thoughts. I didn't think why; I didn't think how I had let myself get into this position; I just licked and sucked some more.

I knew I was going too fast and too far but I didn't care. All I wanted was there and in that moment. I could feel him gently rocking back and forth, edging further into my mouth and then withdrawing slightly. I could only breathe through my nose as my lips sucked.

I felt his penis stiffen some more and then widen. I knew he'd passed the point of no return. With both hands, I grasped the cheeks of his bottom and pulled them towards me as that first shot of liquid escaped into my throat. Within seconds, more and more came, in even pulses. I tried to ignore the taste and swallow, but some escaped my lips and dribbled onto my chin.

How long he stayed there and how long I sucked became a blur of time. It seemed to last forever but then it seemed to be over far too soon. When he eased back off me and stood between my legs, I lay there looking up at him.

I remember thinking that I had a silly grin on my face.

I think I won that one.

"I think we need a break after that." Jordan held out his hands to pull me up. "There's another bottle in the kitchen."

"That sounds good." I started to reach for my jeans.

"Don't; you can wear my robe while we recover. It's in the bathroom waiting for you."

I took the hint and went through the door. I quickly freshened up, then repaired my makeup. The robe was stupidly feminine, with ruffles and laces everywhere, in deepest crimson. It covered the tops of my thighs, but only just. I slipped my feet into matching mules, backless but heeled and with a ruffled trim.

I knew I shouldn't really be there and I certainly shouldn't be doing this but I didn't care.

"Sit there on the couch."

Jordan had changed too and was wearing a white version of the robe I was wearing. He'd changed and the way the robe hung loosely tied left no doubt that his breasts were for real. Mine were in the bedroom, next to my bra. He pointed across the room.

"I'll get some glasses and we can really get to know each other."

If getting to know each other meant touching and feeling, kissing and cuddling, then that's what we did. He placed my hands on his breasts and smiled ecstatically as I held them.

"You can kiss them if you'd like to," he whispered.

Of course I did; my lips touched the nipples and my tongue rasped across that little rough flesh around them.

"I got them injected with some collagen," he said. "I wanted them to be really big, but they couldn't do that without another surgery."

"They look real."

"I think so too but then sometimes I think that my nipples are higher than they should be on a girl."

"I'm not an expert," I said between sucks and licks. "They look real to me."

Another bottle and we were in the bedroom again. I can't describe it all but there was a lot of kissing and licking, fingers and tongues. Two penises held against each other was a feeling I never expected to feel so good.

"Now do you really want to do me?" Jordan asked. "I'd love to feel you deep inside me."

"Isn't it too tight?" I cottoned on to what he was meaning right away; I'd read about this sort of thing in magazines in school.

"I've been stretching." He took my hand and guided it to his rear where I felt something hard where I expected there to be simply a tight hole.

"You'll have to be really hard." He looked coyly at me. "But then you are already."

The tip of his tongue showed through his white even teeth.

"You have to say please," he said.

"Please." How could I say anything else?

"Stay there; we need some lubrication." He stood and reached for a bottle standing on his night stand.

"This should feel warm and good."

He squeezed some onto his hand and then began to massage it up and down my penis. It was all that I could do to hold back there and then. He arched his back and reached behind, rubbing some back there.

“It’s easier for the first time if I kneel on the bed and you kneel behind me. You can come into me from behind,” he said. “You can squeeze some lubrication oil into me when you pull the plug out from my butt.”

He positioned himself on the bed and put his head on his arms as his forearms were on the bed and his backside was raised. I think it was the alcohol but I didn’t really think and I certainly didn’t hesitate.

I got behind him and pulled the plug out. He seemed to resist. I expected it to slide out, but it took more force than I expected. It came out with a soft sound, oil sheen on it.

I heard him moan and slipped the nozzle of the bottle into his hole, squeezed and saw some lubricant dribble from the entry. I thought this showed that I’d got enough in there.

“Now it’s up to you,” he whispered. “Do me hard.”

I knelt up and positioned the tip of my penis at his hole and pushed. It slipped in a short distance and I heard him moan again; a pleasurable moan not a painful one. I pushed again felt some resistance.

“I can’t help it,” he said. “It’s a reflex response from those muscles; I’ve tried to stretch them but there’s always something left for you to work at.”

He started to move backwards and forwards against me. I could hear his breathing in time with the thrusts. He seemed to tighten against me.

“Slap me hard,” he said urgently.

I slapped him.

“Harder; do it so hard that it shocks me enough to release those muscles.”

It seemed that all my feelings were concentrated there as I struggled to push my penis further inside. I slapped him and a moment later I slapped again as hard as I could and pushed at the same time.

A release and then I was slipping farther inside. I could feel that muscle tightening against me. I took my cue from Jordan and pushed as he moved. Slowly and surely I was inching in, fraction by fraction, deeper and deeper.

Whatever feelings I had before, they were pure animal lust by now. I wanted to take and dominate. I wanted my pleasure to overwhelm him. I was inside and no matter how he moaned and thrust back, my thrusts were there too. I had the feeling of being in control.

I tried to hold back; I tried really hard but his pushes against me were insistent. I was moving with him and our moans were coming together with each breath exhaled.

I could feel my penis swelling and stiffening even more. I had passed the point of no return. I held still. Jordan pushed back, then held still as if our sensations were speaking for us. A pulse, then another, and then I was coming strongly inside him. It was as if I could picture my penis shooting spurt after spurt deep inside him.

I stayed there as long as I could. I could feel my penis weakening, all spent and empty.

I flopped back on the bed and I think I was instantly asleep.

I awoke late. I reached out and found that I was alone. I stood and saw a note on the mirror, telling me to let myself out. It said that Jordan had gone to work and would call me.

It didn't say when.

I took a cab across town back to my apartment. I wasn't unsettled but my mind was constantly revising my experiences. Back home, I settled with a pot of coffee and still my mind was churning.

I remembered the feelings of the night before. I knew that underneath it all, we were two boys doing things that two boys shouldn't do together. But then Jordan didn't look like a boy and he certainly wasn't acting like one.

I didn't look like a boy either. Were we two girls doing things that two girls shouldn't do together? Or were we somewhere between, doing things because we wanted to do them and we could do them. It was all too complicated.

Then my mind swerved around. Jordan had taken the girl's role and I wondered what it was like. He knew how to get me doing the things that he wanted. I didn't know how that would feel. What would I feel if I got someone, obviously someone with a functioning penis, to do that to me?

What would I feel then and how would I regard myself afterwards? I fantasised wildly then. I fantasised about me being the one on the bottom, having someone working hard to please me, and the feelings I could get at the climax of it all.

Would it make me feel feminine? And of course, would it help me to act the part and win the contest? I think that was the moment when I decided that I really wanted to win.

“You’re neglecting your work.” Leslie invited herself into my apartment later that afternoon. “You’re supposed to be running my bar.”

“But you got me into this ridiculous contest,” I replied. “And you’ve forced me to look like a girl when everyone knows I’m not one.”

“Yes, I did and I did it for the very good reason that it brings the bar to people’s attention,” she replied. “You’re supposed to be here so that people can watch you changing and while they come to watch you, they’ll be eating and drinking here.”

“I’m not some sort of performing flea in a circus.”

“No and you’re not performing,” she snapped. “Now get yourself torted up, put on your best seductive smile, get out there and make this place buzz with happy customers.”

“But I’m so confused.” I sat down, feeling tears coming to my eyes.

“There’s no need to feel confused.” She sat beside me and put her arm around my shoulder, taking my hand in hers. “Think of it like a game you’re playing, or a movie you’re starring in.”

“It feels like more than a game,” I replied. “I’m really mixed up. I don’t know if I want to be a girl, even for the contest.”

"It's only a few more weeks."

"But by the end, I think I'll have forgotten how to be a boy."

"You can always learn it all over again."

"That's the problem. I don't know if I'll want to learn it all again." I sat back and paused. "I think I'm getting to like being a girl and I don't know where that's going to take me."

"Don't take it so seriously," she said comfortingly. "And please don't cry; it's going to make your eyes puffy and spoil your makeup."

"Oh lord. Don't say my mascara's running."

I looked at her then and suddenly we were both smiling and then a laugh followed by a hug and somehow my stepmom had made me feel better.

"I think there are some things you're not telling me," she said softly. "Maybe I can help you more if I knew what's going on."

"Okay; I'll tell the truth," I sighed. "I've had sex with Jordan and with Shelley."

"Was it good sex?" she asked bluntly.

"I think I enjoyed it too much, and now I'm wondering if I could do it again... with someone else I mean."

"That's a big question." She looked at me as if searching for an answer in my eyes; I held her gaze.

“I’d guess you’ve not been the girl in those... encounters,” she said slowly. “Now you’re wondering if you could be.”

“I daren’t put it like that, but...” I couldn’t complete the sentence.

“I think you’ve been brave to tell me that,” Leslie said. “I don’t know what the answer will be; only you can make those choices.”

“I know... well, I think I know...” I stuttered as thoughts tumbled into my head.

“For now, you’ve a bar to run,” she said, breaking the silence. “It’s time to repair your makeup, put on a smile and get out there.”

I don’t know why but confessing that to my stepmom did something for me. I dressed carefully and made sure that my makeup was as perfect as I could make it. I brushed out my hair and left it loose over my shoulders.

I tried on a strapless dress which one of the girls must have put into my wardrobe. It didn’t look right. There was nothing to put into the built-in bra cups and my breast forms just looked awfully wrong. I found myself wishing I could wear it as I changed into something more suitable but nowhere near as sexy.

That thought struck me too. Why was I worrying about looking sexy?

The answers started to occur to me that evening.

I smiled and served my customers. They all knew who I was but that didn't stop the guys from using those old chat up lines. I went from thinking how corny it all was to thinking that it was something else. I liked replying with a putdown or sometimes a smile in acknowledgement

It was reinforcing my increasingly feminine persona. I had that thought but I was so busy that I didn't have time to work anything out.

As I was closing up, Gary was ever so helpful. I'd noticed him as soon as he joined the staff but I hadn't really *noticed* him, if you get my meaning.

"I thought you'd like a hand to lock up," he said, smiling and showing nice teeth behind soft lips.

"I've managed up to now," I replied slowly. "But it's nice to have some help."

I know you're in this competition," he said equally slowly. "I can't think of you as guy."

He blushed as he said that and came closer to me.

"You always look so nice and smell so sweet," he said, looking into my eyes and coming closer.

I looked at him for a few moments, afraid to say anything that might break the spell that seemed to be between us in the empty bar. Then I leaned in again and kissed him. It was an impulse and I don't know why I did it.

"I'm sorry." I turned away and started to turn to cleaning the bar.

"Don't be. I liked it and I'm going to kiss you properly."

His hands went to my shoulders; I could feel their strength. He turned me around, not with any force. I think I was more than willing to be pulled towards him, then he kissed me.

He pulled back after a second or two and looked at me. I think he could see in my eyes that I was longing for him to do it again. I didn't have to wait more than a moment because he kissed me again.

One of my hands went to the back of his head, the other around him, pulling myself against him as the kiss went on. I could feel his tongue touching my lips and I opened them wide, willing him to carry on; willing him to put a little of himself into me. I blush at the thought now. Back then, I feared that I might be being too bold.

"I think we'd better lock up," I gasped when he released my lips.

"I don't want to do it quickly," he said. "I'd like more time with you."

"You know I'm not a girl, right?" I said, feeling flustered and confused.

"Of course; they wouldn't let you into the contest if you were."

"Yet you still kissed me."

"I couldn't resist. You're as much of a girl as anyone I've known, even if bits of you don't conform."

"Thanks for putting it that way," I laughed.

"You seem really confident and comfortable as a girl." He hurried across to bar the doors.

"I hated it," I admitted. "My stepmother owns this place. She more or less made me do it."

"She chose well."

"Are you thinking of me as a girl or as a gay boy," I stopped to ask. "I'm not gay. I had a girlfriend but she dumped me because I was doing this."

"She couldn't take the competition."

"I didn't want to do this and I didn't like it at all."

"But you *can't* hate it."

"I really hated it right up to about five minutes ago." I walked up to him. "You could help to change my mind if you really want to."

"I could take you up on that." He smiled again and I felt my heart flutter.

If I'd let him, maybe he would have stayed the night but I didn't feel ready for that. He'd made it clear that he saw me as a girl. The idea that he might see me as a boy filled me with horror. I didn't want to scare him away but being realistic, what could I expect of him?

It wasn't a question I was willing to share with anyone, least of all Leslie who called early the next morning.

"You look a fright," she said as soon as she I answered the door and let her in.

“I was late last night.” I hoped it was enough of an excuse.

“You should be glamorous when you go to bed; that way you’ll look better when you get up.”

“I had a lot on my mind.” I pulled my fingers through my hair and knew I should have brushed it before I opened the door.

“Your mind needs to be on the contest,” she replied.

“Did you come to criticise?”

“Of course not; I came to encourage and give good news.” She smiled and I knew whatever her good news was, it wasn’t good news for *me*.

“I’ll make some coffee.” I turned towards my kitchen. “I don’t think I could take good news this morning.”

“I was speaking to Doctor Mendoza last night.” She followed me into the kitchen. “He was sharing our table at the charity ball.”

“Do I know him?”

“Not yet but he’s agreed to see you this afternoon.” She looked really enthusiastic as she said it. “It’s really lucky; he’s such a busy man.”

“There are a lot of sick people in the world?” I said without any interest.

“You don’t know who he is? You’re kidding me.”

“I’ve no idea.”

“He’s the best plastic surgeon in the state,” she said. “There are more of his breasts and noses in society than any other surgeon.”

“Are you saying you’re going for new breasts and a new nose?”

“Don’t be silly; he did mine a couple of years ago.” She paused and turned in the mirror. “Do you think I should go bigger? Your father may like that.”

“He loves you whatever you do,” I said. “He must; he lets you get away with so much.”

“I know that.” She paused as if thinking where her thoughts were up to. “It’s you; he’s agreed to see you this afternoon. I’ll pick you up at five.”

I looked at her but didn’t reply at once.

“He can operate tomorrow. Isn’t that wonderful?”

“I don’t need an operation.”

“Of course you do. You can’t grow breasts in time to win the contest no matter how many hormones you take.”

“I’m not taking any hormones and I don’t want breasts.”

“You may not want them but you’ve got no chance of winning without them.”

“Winning isn’t everything.”

“It might not be everything to you but think of the publicity.” Her eyes glowed with excitement. “People will want to come to the bar where you’re the hostess.”

“Don’t you get it?” I started to get angry. “I don’t intend to wear a dress, makeup, or heels ever again once this silly contest is over.”

Just then my mobile trilled. I didn’t recognise the caller’s number as I answered.

“How’s my favourite girl this morning?” It was Gary’s voice and it made my heart flutter all over again.

“I’ve got to take this.” I moved back into my bedroom, leaving Leslie to make the coffee.

“I’m coming over early,” he said. “I thought I could take you to lunch before you have to open up.”

“I’d love that,” I heard myself saying

“See you later.” He blew a kiss down the line. I think I blushed.

“Okay, I’ll not argue,” I said, hoping to get rid of Leslie quickly. “See you at five.”

She left. I sat thinking what on earth I had gotten myself into.

I agreed to see Doctor Mendoza on condition that I didn’t have to agree to anything. Leslie didn’t like me for being so assertive but I told her that it was my body and he needed consent.

“I could do wonders for you,” he said after he’d measured me and obtained some samples “as a precaution,” he said.

"I'm not sure," I prevaricated. "I need to think carefully."

"I'm not going to force you." He smiled and looked meaningfully at Leslie who was glowering in the corner of the consulting room.

"He'd look lovely; so complete," she said.

"I'm as complete as I need to be," I snapped back. "You've got your way. I'm doing all this just as you wanted."

"And you make a lovely young lady," the doctor interrupted. "And I could make you lovelier but you need to think about it."

"I do," I said, looking back at Sally.

"What are you now?" he continued. "You're wearing breast forms that give you somewhere between a B and a C cup breast profile. You're always conscious not to let them slip and not to let too much show. A simple operation could end all those anxieties."

"I do worry," I admitted.

"And when was the last time you wanted to dress as a boy?" Leslie asked from the back of the room. "You should think of that."

"A good suggestion." The doctor looked at me quizzically.

"Okay, I haven't wanted to dress in my own clothes for weeks now," I replied. "That doesn't mean I want to have breasts so that I couldn't be a boy again."

"I think you've forgotten how to be a boy," Leslie said.

“I’m still a boy.”

I looked round in horror at the thought but then I realised she was right. I hadn’t thought about this before in my life. Makeup was the first thing I did after my shower and hair wash in the mornings. My nails were always manicured and I’d rushed to get a repair when I’d broken one several times.

Was I getting trapped as a girl?

Later that day, I thought about the people who were helping me along this road; a road that I didn’t want to travel.

Maybe that was then and this was now. I’d had more sex when everyone knew I was pretending to be a girl than I’d ever had as a boy. It was true that I’d lost a girlfriend but it wasn’t anything more than a casual relationship. I’d gained something else and I was afraid that I was getting to like it too much.

Looking at the clock, I hurried to get ready for Gary. What to wear? Did I want to be demure or not? I quickly decided on the not side.

Did I want to convey a message to him? Of course I did and I was surprised when I understood that I did. I wanted him to see me as sexy, available, as feminine as I could be. I hated myself for it but that thought got dismissed as soon as it arose.

Leslie wasn’t going to let me off this path, so I decided to enjoy it.

I decided that a garter belt and stockings were essential. Sure they were more complicated than

tights, but lingerie always sends its own message. Matching my bra to the lavender panties was a must and I immediately felt better when I slipped the breast forms into the cups.

That feeling when I slipped the breast forms into the cups took me by surprise that time as it never had before. I recognised it immediately. I was sure that I didn't want to be a girl until Gary came into my life. I knew that could fade away for any number of reasons.

I didn't want to have breast implants because I didn't want to be a girl forever. But then there was Gary and how far that relationship could go.

Was I being a silly girl falling in love with the first guy who took me seriously?

Half an hour later as I stroked a final lash of mascara over my well extended eye lashes, I had come to no particular conclusion. I flipped my hair into a messy bun and checked my earrings were secure and visible.

I stepped into a green sheath dress, neither too dressy nor too casual for a lunch date. I chose green stilettos both to match and because I liked the click of my heels as I walked. I looked down and without deliberately thinking of it, I pictured how I might look if I could wear a low neckline.

Jordan had confided that the heels made him wiggle as he walked without having to think of it. I hoped Gary would see they had the same effect on me. I blew a kiss to myself as I prepared to leave my apart-

ment. I could love being me today. Gary was waiting for me in the bar.

“I thought we could drive out a little. There’s a nice bar and restaurant a couple of miles out of town.”

He opened his car door for me and waited for me to tuck my dress in before closing it. I was pleased with his choice. Out of town meant that there would probably be no one who might recognise me.

We walked in and I think we both looked at the waitress’ breasts. He had a male interest of course but I looked more curiously. If they could attract that attention from a guy on a date with a female impersonator, how much more attractive could I be with boobs of my own? Had my stepmother put him up to this?

It was a lovely sort of getting to know each other lunch. We didn’t eat too much and shared a bottle of wine. We talked and talked for ages. Don’t ask me what about though. I let him do most of the talking. I remembered that was the thing to do on a date.

Let the guy talk, look interested, and make plenty of eye contact. I did all that and I kept playing with my hair. I’d intended that the messy bun I’d tied it in would come loose when I wanted it to come loose, and it did so.

He drove back to town with his hand on my knee. I liked that and let it stay there, eventually holding his hand under mine, and playing with his fingers.

“Would you like coffee?” I asked when we got back.

He parked and followed me up to my apartment. Once through the door, I turned to look at him. Our eyes met and it was as if that was a hidden signal.

Without a thought, we were kissing and his hands were feeling my body.

“They’re false; all you can feel is padding,” I said as he put his lips to my fake boob over my clothes.

“You’d look even lovelier with breasts,” he sighed gently and kissed me again, this time reaching to stroke my penis over my dress.

“Be careful, you’ll spoil the line of my skirt,” I joked as I responded under his touch.

“There’s a solution to that.” His hand reached for the zipper at the back and started to draw it down.

The dress fell to the floor and I stepped out of it. My penis was standing out, poking through the side of my panties. He held it and rubbed it. I thought I was going to let go there and then but I held it back.

I slowly slid to my knees, keeping my eyes on his all the time. When I got down to the level of his zipper, I looked in and, with both hands, reached for the release. My long nails got in the way. He was looking down and I made sure he saw them.

I reached in and pulled out his penis; no mean feat because it was long and hard, tangled in his underwear. I blew on it, then pretended to examine it so closely. I know he was watching. I held it and wrapped my fingers around it, squeezing a little as if testing for firmness. It was very firm.

I licked the tip and was rewarded by feeling his body tense. I licked again and ran my tongue around the tip once and then again. I could tell he liked it. I took the head into my mouth and played with my tongue around it, then I leaned back on my heels and looked up at him.

He didn't tell me to stop so I did it again, taking more into my mouth this time. I remembered what I'd read ages before and concentrated on breathing through my nose. His shaft went deeper into my mouth. I felt a gag reflex coming and I eased off.

I waited a few seconds and then decided that the reflex had passed and I did it again, taking him even deeper this time. I could feel it coming. He started to pulled back but with my hands around him, I held on slurping and sucking even harder.

Then it happened. He started to swell and stiffen even more. I knew what was to come but when that first shot hit the back of my throat, I was unprepared for the feelings. I wanted it to go on. I knew I couldn't swallow it all but I didn't want to end up a drooling mess on the floor.

I held my breath and felt my cheeks filling. A dribble escaped and ran down my chin. I held him close until I could feel that he'd given all he had.

I rocked back on my heels and made a grab for the nearest thing to wipe myself. Fortunately there was a throw on the chair within reach.

"I think we need to practise that," I said. "I'm sure we could do it better next time."

I think I really got used to being a girl after that. I don't mean that I was really female but I was dressing and acting as feminine as I could. It was getting to be natural; something I wanted to do from dressing in the morning and doing my makeup to cleansing my face at bedtime when I was in my nightdress.

The days passed in a whirl. Gary took me out a few times and I always ended up playing with his penis. He seemed happy enough, but I was getting to think that as I was the girl in this relationship, he should be taking more of a lead.

In short, I wanted him to take me; to take me in the way a guy would take a girl. I'd read about it and I wanted to know what it felt like. Sure it was a fantasy, but it was somehow becoming more urgent. My mind drifted towards it without conscious thought.

I wondered what it would feel like to have him deep inside me; I really wanted to find out.

"Have dinner with me." I was surprised when Jordan called me one afternoon. "I'd like to talk to you. I know we're rivals in this silly competition, but there's no reason why we can't be friends."

"I agree," I replied. "From what I'm told there's no other competition and either you or I will be the winner."

"You're too kind."

"No, I'm not; I'd bet on you. You're much more feminine."

"Not from what I hear; you've got a real boyfriend and you're keeping him happy."

"I heard the same about you," I replied. "And you're the one with breasts."

"How could I forget?" Jordan giggled. "They keep me in my place. I can't be anything other than feminine when I have these on my chest."

“And on display; I’ve seen the posters outside your bar.”

“Maybe that’s the only advantage I’ve got,” she replied. “You look really perfect too.”

“Let’s not convince each other that we’re too nice,” I laughed. “I’m sure you want to win.”

“And I’m sure that Leslie won’t let you lose,” she laughed. “Your stepmother is a force to be reckoned with. I think we should meet.”

I really worried about what to wear to go to meet Jordan for lunch. The venue was one of those places where ladies of leisure go to see and be seen as they peck at their lunches and gossip wickedly. At least that’s what Lesley told me when I said I was going there.

I think Leslie took as much trouble to make sure that I looked the part as I did. She seemed to worry more.

“I don’t want my girl to be seen as something less than perfect,” she cautioned me severely. “If only you’d let Doctor Mendoza work his magic, I wouldn’t be so worried.”

“I’m not going topless,” I replied.

“Don’t be cute with me,” she snapped back. “You don’t seem to believe it, but I have only your best interests at heart.”

“Does my father know you’re turning me into a girl?”

“Sure he does; I know how to keep him happy,” she replied. “He’s amused by it all but he’s happier that you have a steady job.”

“Does that mean he’s seen the pictures? He’s not been in touch.”

“He has and he thinks you look sexy,” she said. “He did say that you’ve not been to see him recently. He bought a huge bouquet to bring to the hospital after you’d had the surgery.”

“I’m sorry it was wasted.”

“It wasn’t; I love getting flowers,” Leslie replied, then she paused and came to hold my hand. “Let’s not argue. This should be a bit more like fun; it doesn’t have to descend into a quarrel.”

“I guess you’re right,” I sighed. “I’ve come this far; it would be a shame to waste it all.”

We hugged. I was about to kiss her, but she put her hand up. “Don’t smudge the makeup,” she said.

We looked at each other and then broke into giggles. It really was so absurd.

We talked back and forth and looked at pictures on the websites of her favourite fashion houses.

“I think something in a light blue; a dress with a tight bodice and a high neckline, sleeveless and with a tight skirt down to mid-thigh.”

She looked at me for approval and I flicked from screen to screen until I found something which matched her description. I turned the screen towards her.

“That’s good,” she said. “You’d need matching heels and maybe some sort of jacket; perhaps black, silky and loose.”

“You mean something that says I’m casual but I’m wearing something super chic.”

“You’re getting the idea.” She patted my hand in approval. “You could wear darker blue stilettos, nude stockings and special lingerie to make you feel special. My treat.”

We scanned through a few more pages, made decisions, and I left her to go through the credit card screens.

“It’s all going to be delivered tomorrow,” she announced. “You can have a dress rehearsal for me and then I’ll book you into the salon for your hair and makeup on the day.”

“It’s in four days’ time,” I reminded her.

The idea that I should be working in the bar, instead of putting in fleeting appearances, faded away and wasn’t mentioned.

At Leslie’s insistence, I had a dress rehearsal. Quite why she demanded that I do it all, I don’t know. Everything arrived on time except the lingerie.

I left my hair loose and dressed in my usual lingerie. I didn’t think it was so bad but a few weeks ago, I’d have been horrified at the thought that I’d be wearing breast forms in a bra, panties, a garter belt and stockings.

Heck, weeks ago I couldn't have managed the stilettoes, but now they were an everyday choice. I could even run in them.

"You'd have looked better with a scooped neckline." Leslie stood back and looked at me. "Then you could show the tops of your breasts and wear some sort of diamond pendant to draw attention to the cleavage; much sexier that way."

"I'm a boy," I said. "Have you forgotten that?"

"I hope you have forgotten that when it comes to your appearance in public," she snapped back. "You should have gone to Doctor Mendoza."

"I'm still a boy."

"Yes, but look at you now. You're as lovely as any girl your age and a damn site prettier than many." She paused. "It's because you know how to work it."

I didn't reply. What she'd said was true really. I'd been in the girl's role for a while now and I feared I was forgetting how to be a boy. As that thought hit me, a picture of Garry came into my mind. I tried to dismiss it but smiled as I thought of his scent, his slim figure, and that lovely penis that I wanted so much.

"You're blushing," Leslie said. "Don't think I haven't noticed where you go and who you're with."

"I'm not blushing," I said unconvincingly.

"Never mind," she sighed. "I think we can work with what you have, but real breasts would have made it easier."

“They wouldn’t be real, they’d be silicone,” I replied.

“You know what I mean.” She paused again. “I wish you’d reconsider. You don’t have to get huge implants. Low profile implants about 300ccs would give you a modest size. They’d look natural and with a push-up bra, you’d have a real cleavage.”

She smiled in that sort of way that said she knew something that I didn’t.

My mind was working overtime as images spilled into my brain.

“I’ve booked you into the salon tomorrow,” Leslie announced. “They’re going to do your roots, eyelash extensions, and your nails. You’re meeting Jordan the day after so all they’ll have to do is blow out your hair, style it, and do your makeup.”

“I’m having lunch with her... him,” I replied. “We’re not parading before judges or anything.”

“I know but I want you looking perfect. Think what it could do for your confidence.”

I guessed she had a point, so it was with a happy heart that I walked into the salon.

I didn’t ask questions as they worked on my hair. Maybe I should have. I knew about the foils and the processes. I’d been there before but this time the result different; more feminine and, dare I say it, glamorous.

I was far blonder than before, with highlights and lowlights that no boy would ever have dared to choose. My nails got the same treatment but I had to insist that they weren't as long as Leslie had specified.

The traditional siren red colour on a rounded coffin shape left me with nails far longer than I'd ever dared to risk before. I remember looking at them. I thought of how I'd ever manage. Then I thought of Leslie. She'd put her heart into this and even if I was the victim of her plans.

I had to admit that I was enjoying the image they were creating for me and, yes, Gary was somewhere in my thoughts again too.

"Don't you think my lashes are going to look too long and false?" I asked as I was allowed a glimpse in the mirror in mid-treatment.

"Honey, if they don't look long and false, there's not much point in us being here," the girl doing my lashes replied. "Trust me, you'll look great."

And I had to admit she was right as I looked at the finished version of me. I know it was turning into a theatrical performance just for one lunch but Leslie was determined. I decided to enjoy it all.

But a little voice in my head was telling me that I should have seriously considered the breast implants.

"You're looking good." Leslie looked me over as I stood for inspection like a defaulter on parade.

“I’m feeling good too,” I replied. “I never understood how good I could feel in new lingerie under this dress.”

“It is my favourite brand.”

“I love it; all the layers of lavender lace and silk and the underwired bra cups make my breast forms feel so secure.”

“If you’d taken my advice, we could have eliminated that problem for ever.”

“Maybe so but forever sounds a little final, don’t you think?”

I knew she’d keep on saying things like that until my will crumbled. The way my mind was going, I knew it wouldn’t take much. That image of Gary; the feel of his lips, hands, and that wonderful penis all flashed through my mind.

“I don’t think you’ll be going back to being a boy.” Leslie almost smirked. “A little bird told me that you’ve got a crush on a boy who loves to be with girls like you.”

“Little birds may chatter too much,” I said, blushing.

“So it *is* true.” Leslie smiled now. “Do you want me to call Doctor Mendoza?”

I turned away from her gaze and walked to the window, conscious of my new heels clicking on the wooden floor. I was trying to think through so many things and failing.

“Yes, please call him,” I said.

“Darling, you’re looking amazing.” Jordan stood and took my hands as we exchanged air kisses in the lounge of the restaurant. “If I had a vote in this contest, I’d be voting for you.”

“I don’t think I have a chance,” I replied, looking down her cleavage where a sparkling pendant rested on a chain.

“You should get some.” She saw my gaze, smiled, and took my arm. “I’m never going back after the contest. I’m having too much fun.”

“Does that mean too much male attention?” I asked.

“That too,” she replied. “To think how hard it was to attract girls. I’d try every way to please them. I’d buy flowers and little gifts. I’d pay for everything. Now I don’t have to and they run around after me.”

“Isn’t it awkward?” I asked. “I mean there must be some awful guys out there after you... just because you’re the sort of girl you are.”

“That was nicely put,” Jordan laughed. “I am very selective. And I don’t take any crap from them.”

Just then, the waiter arrived and we were shown through to our table. It was so easy in a way that I didn’t expect. We gossiped about the other contestants and agreed that some looked like lady truck drivers rather than believable girls.

We compared notes too. If we’d been boys, it would have been sports and cars, but it wasn’t like that. We talked fashion and shoes; hairstyles and dresses. The time flew by.

“I don’t care who wins,” Jordan admitted as we sipped expresso. “I’ve found out who I was supposed to be and I hope I’ve found a girlfriend too.”

She looked at me meaningfully and it took me a moment to understand what she meant.

“I’d love to be your friend,” I replied.

And I felt comfortable with that.

Leslie wasn’t around when I got back to the bar I was supposed to be managing. I didn’t have anything to do; the staff were so used to me not being there that I could safely leave my under-manager to deal with day-to-day matters. I knew Leslie only put me there because she trusted them all anyway.

I sat thinking for a few minutes, then I decided that my special look was too good to waste. I called Gary.

“I’m free this evening, if you might want to take me out,” I said when he picked up his mobile.

He didn’t take any persuasion. Promptly at eight I got a message from the door to say that he’d arrived.

“You look wonderful.” His eyes as he looked me up and down shone with approval.

“And you’re going to be wonderful tonight.”

I kissed him softly so that all the staff could see me doing it. I think I was showing off a little.

It was a warm evening but I slipped my black silk jacket over my shoulders as we chattered and

hugged, touched and kissed between the fashionable cocktail bars in the town square.

“Take me back to your place,” I said after I’d enjoyed sufficient cocktails to make me brave.

Ten minutes later, I was kissing him in the lounge of his bachelor apartment. His hands were on my rear cheeks as we swayed to some soft jazz. One of my hands was around his neck, playing with the hair on the back of his head. The other slipped down from his chest to his belt buckle.

I loosed it and slipped to my knees, pulling his penis free from his clothes and massaging it gently to its full stiffness. I kissed it and licked it, then looked up at him.

That’s when I decided.

“It’s time to take me to bed properly.” His eyes said he knew exactly what I meant.

I turned to him so that he could loosen the zipper on the back of my dress, then let it fall and stepped out of it. I glanced at my reflection in the mirror on his wall. I knew I looked good in my lavender lingerie and stockings. I pushed my panties down and stood close to him.

He stripped too and pulled me towards him. This time one of my hands took his penis as he kissed me and the other took mine so that they were rubbing together. That was a surprising feeling too.

His hands were on my shoulders. I knew he wanted me to sink to my knees and use my mouth. I



had other plans and twisted out of his grasp to get my purse.

Taking a small tube from it, I squeezed some lubricant all over his penis, holding his eyes with mine as I did so. I let him see me squeeze some more onto my hand and held his penis with one hand as that hand went to slather lubricant between my rear cheeks.

“You’ll have to help me.” I handed him the tube and turned to his bed.

I lay on my front on top of the sheets and lowered my head. I raised my cheeks by kneeling towards him. I think this made my wishes very clear, for he didn’t hesitate.

One hand stoked my cheeks and then a finger from the other started to enter me. Slowly and gently it advanced. I can’t describe the feeling of that first touch but it made me want more. His finger withdrew, then entered again.

Next time it was more. Two fingers as he massaged some of the lubricant inside me. Slowly, more and more lubricant went into my passage. I could feel the warmth of it spreading inside me. The box it had come in said that I should wait until I could feel it deeply inside for maximum comfort.

I hadn’t done this before. I didn’t know how I was supposed to tell if it was deep enough inside. Instinct and good old-fashioned lust took over. The touch of his fingers was replaced by the touch of something else. I remembered how big it was a held my breath.

The first touch and he started to feel his way. I could feel a little stretching and prayed that he stayed strong. A little more pressure and I could feel that he was entering slowly. There was a pause but I

didn't move as I felt some more lubrication being squeezed out.

He pushed again; I willed myself not to clench my buttocks but I did anyway. He slapped my rear; not playfully but not hard. I reacted and he pushed. This time he was a little further in.

I'd love to say that I remembered every moment but I don't. I remember him pushing and working in and out, stretching me and making me take more of his length. I remember muscles that I didn't know I had back there reacting, and then feeling like it was some kind of obstruction as he pushed and eased his way past. I'd like to say it didn't hurt, but it did.

It was a pain that I wanted so badly that I could stand anything.

I started to rock back and forth on rhythm with Gary's pushing. It became easier then; maybe it had something to do with the movement or maybe by then he was further into me.

I heard someone moaning. It was annoying until I realised it was me making the noise. I made more noise then and my breathing came in short pants in synchronisation with the pushing, the endless, delicious pushing as he came deeper into me.

I felt skin against my cheeks and I knew that he was probably as far inside as it was possible to get. He held still, allowing me to feel the full sensation of having a man inside me for the first time. I could feel his penis stiffening and expanding.

By then I was so stretched that all the other feelings had taken over from any hurt.

"Do it," I said. "Let me have it all."

I wriggled against him but he was so heavy against me that I couldn't get far. He remained still and then I felt a twitch. I knew what it meant.

I gasped and screamed as he pulsed and pulsed. It could have gone on forever, or it could have been half an hour. I know it was probably a fraction of that time but to me then and there, it seemed to last a lifetime.

I knew when that pulsing ebbed that he'd shrink and lose that hardness. I think he tried to stay as long as he could, but there was something mechanical in my inner nerves that seemed to be pushing him out. I felt a closure when his tip slipped away and something wet started to slither down my thigh.

I rolled over, oblivious to the seeping mess under me. Gary came and lay beside me and I snuggled in his arms. He kissed me and rubbed my nipples with one hand while the other was round my shoulder holding me closely.

I think we were both asleep in seconds. I dreamt about breasts.

I woke to find that I was spooned against Gary and something big and hard was between my thighs. I was still a mess down there. I didn't care because I couldn't get messier. Maybe I couldn't but I was going to try.

I eased back. No, I can't describe exactly how I did it, but somehow he was entering me again. It hurt but not as much as before. I don't think he was awake when I started but once I had him going in there, he woke and took over. I stopped thinking and gave in to pure feeling.

When he slipped out of me, I remembered something said ages ago. It's easier being the girl because the guys have to do all the work. If this was work, he seemed to be enjoying it, but not as much as I was.

"I heard you had a good night out." Leslie's face said it all when I saw her a few days later.

"I had a night out," I said. "I think I'm allowed one every so often."

"I know; I suppose it's too much to ask what you were doing." She smiled again. "Not that there are any secrets round here."

"I've been working every day since then," I said defensively, hoping to change the subject.

"So you'll know that Jordan's won and you're second," she said.

"I hadn't heard," I gasped. "It's not a surprise... for Jordan, I mean. I think we expected him to win and I'm pleased for him."

"The judges wanted to award a joint prize. The rules didn't allow it, otherwise you'd both have come first," she said. "I think it's the breasts that were the deciding factor."

"I've been thinking about that," I said grasping the opportunity now that she'd opened the subject. "I think I'd like to see Doctor Mendoza if it's possible."

"Of course it's possible." Leslie hugged me. "I'll love you much more as my stepdaughter and your fa-

ther confessed he'd have loved to have a daughter too."

"Well, now he may have one." I paused. "Do you think he'll start talking to me properly then?"

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