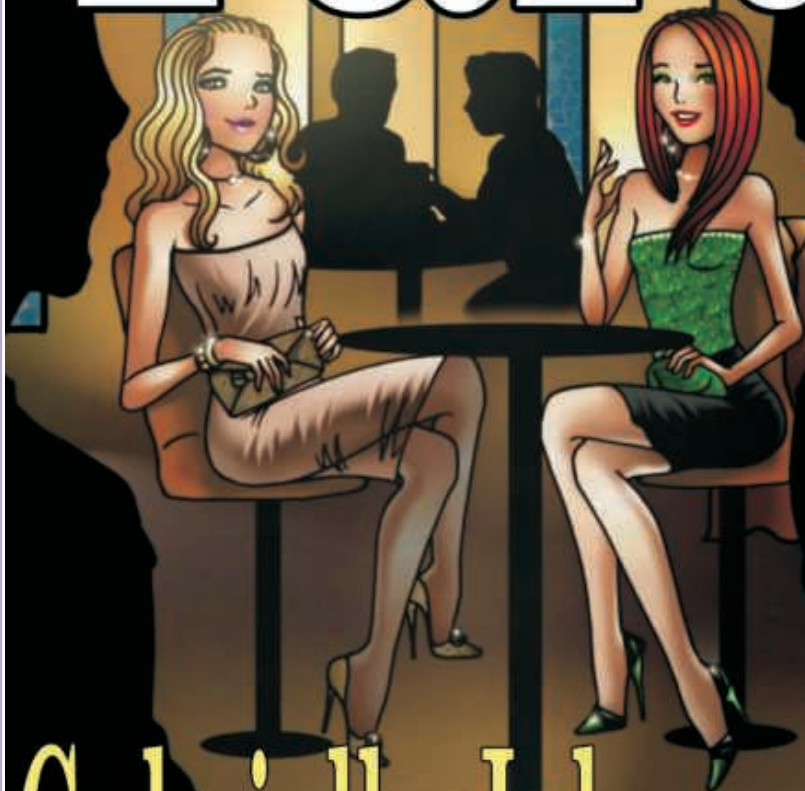


Tart



Gabrielle Johnson

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TART

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

I always found entering a bar so stressful. I usually held onto Moira's arm very firmly as we clattered up the steps, the aroma of beer and whatever they cleansed the floors of the place with, making my nose wrinkle. It was a pretty nose, thin, 'aquiline', my mother had called it when I complained about it. It showed that I came from aristocratic blood, she said to me; so don't complain.

I didn't complain any more when Moira sighed and said she wished that she had a nose as feminine as mine. That made me feel great as the two of us did our makeup, overdid it, really, making ourselves look like what we wanted to be. We were two heavily made up, heavily scented girls, 'tarts' as we English called one another, heading out for a night on the town, dropping into a local

pub, we hoped it would seem, to check out the action there.

There usually was someone who wanted to buy us a drink, sit with us if there was a cabaret or music hall going on, even walk us home at the end of the night for a little snogging, that's English for heavy petting, under the bushes at the end of Moira's garden. Moira was always able to rescue me if I got too much into it with a soldier off the American base. There were so many of them around and they were always on the lookout for pretty girls who wanted to flirt and who would pay their dues for the money spent on them over a night at the pub. We loved to 'pay our dues', girls like Moira and me.

But going into a bar, particularly a new one, one we hadn't been in before as 'tarts', was always thrilling, exciting, exhilarating and fear-inducing. The pub was a man's domain. Yes, there were always women in there, but not women by themselves, buying their own drinks, dressed in mini-skirts and tight tops, long legs encased in nylon as we swayed at the bar if it was crowded. Not women by themselves, unless they were tarts, which was a fair description of Moira and me, and what we wanted to be.

There was always someone, of course, who would offer us a place to sit. And so we'd sit and cross our legs for the brave guys, they were usually American from the nearby air base, and so polite. Soon, we'd ask them demurely where they came from and what it was like there. Pretty soon, they'd want to buy us a drink. Sometimes, we'd let them; sometimes, we insisted on paying our own way.

I let Moira be the one to decide that. She had so much more experience than me in being a tart. She was able to recognize almost right away which ones would be too aggressive and give us trouble on leaving. And the last thing that girls like us wanted was to have trouble on leaving.

What was really nice was when one of the guys we hooked up with had a car.

Oh, yes, we were always on for a little drive. And no, we didn't mind the driver stopping in a lovers' lane to show us the sights of the town we knew so well. And we were always ready for a little spooning, as the old-fashioned guys called it, under the moon and stars.

The first time I had to do some 'necking' with Paul, an American, in the front seat of his car, I almost died. It helped that Moira and Tex were doing it much more fiercely, in the back seat, than was possible for Paul and me to do with the gearshift between us.

"That was the first guy you've ever kissed," Moira had giggled in my ear as we stood on the doorstep of her darkened house and waved to the men who had given us such a good time. "You did really well!" she enthused. "You were really getting all girlie and worked up there, weren't you? I could tell!"

"You were going at it worse than me," I accused my new best friend. "He had his hands all over your legs, up your dress, and you weren't stopping him at all! And Paul wasn't the first guy I've ever kissed, if you think about it."

Moira put her arm about my pinched-in waist as she opened the door to her house. We clattered our way in, our high heels resounding on the lino tiles of the foyer. We didn't have to worry about waking up the other girls, the excuse we'd used to leave the boys in their car on the street. No, there weren't any girls in the house to wake up. There wasn't anyone or anything in the house to wake up at all.

"Let's make some tea," said Moira, her Irish accent appearing as she relaxed her voice. She smiled, her lipstick as ruined as mine must be as she went into the back room which acted as a kitchen. "Don't go running off to

change," she said. "Come and have some girl talk over tea and tell me all about Paul kissing you."

"You tell me about Tex," I said with a smile to her, looking at my hair in the mirror. It was firmly in place, just as Moira had said that it would be, even though Paul had stroked it and pressed it against me when he'd kissed me, making my lips pout as I tried to resist him. But that was when it had begun to be so 'interesting' to me.

Interesting? No, that's really not the right word. Intriguing? Yes. Exciting? Well, I would only admit that to myself in my most private dreams. Arousing? Oh yes, definitely, and when I'd dared to put my arms about Paul, it had been so wonderful to feel as feminine as I did and to hear his whispered compliments as he kissed my ears and my earrings until it was my mouth searching out his to be kissed more and more.

Tex, I gathered, was a married man and he knew what he wanted and why he wasn't going to get it, Moira had laughed at me. "If we meet them again, though," she'd warned me, "Tex won't be satisfied with just the petting that we did with the boys tonight. He's going to want a lot more from girls like us."

"Girls like us?" I'd asked her, a little mystified as I sat, my legs femininely crossed. "We, we're just girls, aren't we, out for a girl's night out?"

Moira had laughed at me. "Dressed like you are, sweetheart?" she asked. "No, Jane, you're not a dowdy, little virgin dressed like that." That's the way she'd described me when we first met. "Now, my lovely girl, you are a tart, a flirt, a girl who's looking for it, asking for it. As I am."

"I'm not asking for it!" I'd exclaimed in fright.

"No," agreed Moira. "But that's what boys will say about us if we play our cards right. Don't you want to end

each evening as we just did with Paul and Tex? Don't we deserve to be treated in the way that they treated us in the car? Don't you feel all feminine and wonderful after having a man's hands all over you, caressing you, while he's telling you that you're the prettiest girl he's ever kissed?"

I'd trembled as I realized that Moira must have heard all the things that Paul was whispering to me, asking me to go out with him again, to date him. Well, I hadn't gone out with him again as Moira wouldn't go to the same bar twice. It was safer for us to meet guys just for first dates, she said. They really didn't expect a girl to put out on a first date, even tarts like us.

So, on our latest night out, as we went into the lounge of the Galley Inn, advertizing its 'Olde Tyme Music Hall' as its Saturday night entertainment, I steeled myself for the inevitable inspection that Moira and I had to go through as we eased over to an open table. We slid our gloves from our hands, putting them with our purses, opening our new, fashionable, short, female-shaping coats as we crossed our smooth, hairless legs. Masculine eyes were popping out of their heads at us, making me quiver but in a nice way inside, all warm and fuzzy.

"Baby chams?" asked the older waitress.

"White wine," said Moira in her cultured English voice. I was trying to make mine the same as hers. But often I just whispered, particularly if a boy was really aggressive with me, asking me questions all the time, instead of talking about himself, as boys should.

"Put those on my tab, Mabel," said a dark-haired man in a brown uniform jacket and tan slacks at the table behind us.

An American soldier, an officer, I noted in surprise, with another like him.

“That is, if you girls aren’t waiting for your boy friends to come in,” said the man, who was what, six, seven years older than me, no, even more. “Guys who think that we Yanks are stealing all the pretty girls in town? We’ve heard it since we got here that what’s wrong with us is that we’re overbearing, overdrinking, overloud, oversexed, and over here!”



Moira giggled. She can do that in such a lovely, feminine way. I wish that I could be so natural in doing that as well. "Well," she said, in her lilting, English voice, "the war has been over for decades now. Don't you think that you boys should be going home soon?"

"And leave your wonderful islands and its beautiful women to be ravaged by dreadful foreigners," said the American, standing up and joining us at the table. Oh, this looked like it could be another wonderful night for Moira and me. His friend got up and joined us as well.

"What do you English say?" Garth, the second guy, asked, as Dwight, the first, frowned. "All wogs start at Calais, don't they?"

I saw Dwight Brennan's lips purse and knew he didn't like the insult that I'd heard since I was a kid. "Ah, oui, monsieur, c'est vrai," I said in a whisper. Oh, yessir, that's true. I didn't say that it would also apply to Americans, that they would be 'wogs' as well. But Brennan smiled at me and I felt a shiver run through me at the look in his eyes. Oh, careful of this one, Moira, I said to myself.

"We should pay for our own drinks as well," I said in my highest, most lilting tones of upper class English.

Moira glanced at me and smiled, her lovely, red hair framing her pretty, madeup face so gloriously. I wished that mine would hurry up and grow so that I wouldn't have to wear the wigs that I always did when we went out. The ash-blond pageboy I wore was often hot and it certainly was heavy. But it did look so real and femininely attractive and so I supposed that I could suffer it.

"We only came in for a quick one," Moira said to the Americans who protested that pretty girls should never pay for their drinks. "We have to meet our ride very soon and head up West."

“Long way to go,” said Brennan with a smile, glancing at his watch. “There’ll only be night clubs open by the time you girls get there. You should stay here and let us take you to,” he grinned, making a shiver run through me, as he did look so nice, so kind and so amused, the kind to show a girl a really good time, “to Ye Olde Tyme Music Hall. Garth and I were discussing it with Charlotte there.”

He smiled and saluted our buxom waitress who lifted her eyes to the sky as she watched the Americans moving in on Moira and me. She quite clearly recognized us girls for what we were. “Charlotte says it’s supposed to be really good,” Dwight went on. “Even the newspapers say it is.”

“And expensive, at twenty pounds a ticket, and not even one free drink,” said Moira, not moving Garth’s arm from about her shoulder that he’d casually draped there.

The white wine arrived, cold, as I liked it. I took a sip and there was the familiar mark on the wineglass that always delighted me so. My lipstick stained the surface of the glass as Moira’s did hers. She smiled and changed legs, re-crossing them with such a feminine rasp of stocking on stocking that I was excited a little, knowing that I could do that as well. My Yank would appreciate it as much as Moira’s Yank seemed to appreciate what he heard as well.

Brennan went on about shows that he’d seen in London, particularly at the Windmill Theatre. Surely, girls as pretty as us would know the place. Of course we did and blushed to be compared to the fabulous showgirls of the Windmill’s chorus line.

Moira ignored my remark about buying our own drinks, my tip-off to her that I thought these guys might be a little too old, too experienced for us, that we might

end up exposed in ways that we didn't want. She let the Americans convince us that we should go into Ye Olde Tyme Music hall with them, letting them pay for our drinks and the tickets, eighty pounds, nearly two hundred dollars. That was a lot laid out on us for the evening, I thought with a shiver, as they wanted to treat us, and themselves, to a 'regular' English evening. We could always go up West another night, couldn't we?

Since the music hall was about to start, "just like American vaudeville," Dwight Brennan explained to his friend, we had to gather our purses and coats, Moira and I, and let the men lead us into the show room. Dwight took charge of me, treating me so courteously as if I was made of precious china or something. I hardly felt his arm about my waist as he guided me into the 'Olde Tyme Music Hall', even carrying my drink for me.

I'd been certain that a man like Dwight Brennan would be too much for Moira and me. But he didn't seem that way at all. He actually didn't seem to be anything that I should be afraid of, and so I started to relax with him. He really did treat me as if I was a princess or something, not a girl he'd just picked up in a bar. It was a real step-up from the usual guys Moira and I went with. Some guys were a little afraid of pretty girls in bright lipstick and heavy makeup, but, others, well, they had their hands on my tush and were feeling my panties and stocking tops in minutes of us meeting.

"You haven't come here before?" Brennan asked me as we found the huge place crowded and noisy. We were separated almost right away from Moira and Garth, causing me to panic a little. Moira was usually the one to initiate all the flirtatious talk that we did with the boys we went with. I just smiled and laughed along with her, pouted in all the right places, shivery thrills running through me as I played a flirty girl, tossing my hair and

swishing my dress about myself, just as Moira did, to show that I was just like her, a real tart.

"No, I've never come here before," I said, forcing my voice to lilt. I smiled and tossed my hair back, letting my long earrings caress my neck, which was so delightful.

Brennan frowned. "What do you think of female impersonators, then?" he asked me.

Panic ran through me. For a moment, I was sure he was talking about Moira and me. And Moira was further down the rows from us, kissing Garth's mouth, her hips touching his as she and Garth seemed to be really getting along.

"That's what the headliner in this show us supposed to be tonight," said Brennan, assisting me to put my silk-lined coat over my chair as I nervously, guiltily, wiggled into the tight space left for us by the people on either side. He showed me a playbill stuck to the opening in the table where he wanted me to sit.

'Tonight, Mrs Shufflebotham' was the playbill's headline with a picture of a typical woman that you'd find anywhere in England, her hair permed, her face made up to accentuate her black, beady eyes. Oh, yes, I thought with a shiver of fright. She could definitely be a man. Look at the cleft chin and the suspicion of an Adam's apple, disguised by the heavy makeup, the necklace, long, curled hair and long earrings 'she' wore in the headshot portrait of 'her'.

"I'm surprised that it's so crowded in here!" Brennan went on with a laugh. "I didn't know that you English were so turned on by, what's the word, kinky, yes, kinky guys, that's the right word, isn't it?"

"It, it's not like that!" I gasped. "It's more like the dame in pantomime." Brennan looked at me, completely lost. I tried to explain to him all about pantomime and

pantomime traditions, broad, comic productions of children's stories, set to music and dance where the principal actors were women, one being Cinderella and another Prince Charming. So, male comic actors would then play the principal woman's part, the 'dame', the mother or the queen in other pantos.

"Queens," smiled Brennan. "Oh, we really do understand what queens are in America. I thought you had your own version over here, Royalty!"

"You, you won't enjoy this," I had to say to Brennan with a shiver. "I, I think that we should go, Moira and me. Oh, I should get Moira. We should go up West, after all!"

"After what Garth and I paid for these tickets," laughed Brennan, putting the stubs on the long table in front of us. "Look, the show's about to start. Let me get you a fresh drink. Garth and I are really broadminded, Jane. We're not going to be upset by a comedian in a dress. Look, we have the same thing in America, you know. Or didn't you get Flip Wilson as Geraldine over here, or Milton Berle. No, that's way before my time as well, though he has a reputation for it. Maybe the Shuffling Bottom woman will be as good as Benny Hill!"

A great fanfare introduce a guy in a tall, shiny, black, top hat, curled whiskers and a monocle. The crowd was laughing and booing him as he walked across the stage, bowing and taking off his hat in salute to the audience. There was a sort of desk to one side and when he got there, he hammered unbelievably loudly with his gavel, the noise like gunshots and making some of us girls jump nervously. It only made our boy friends hug us more tightly as Dwight did me, smiling down at my anxious face.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" shouted our master of ceremonies for the evening, speaking in his version of upper

class, lah-di-dah English, as we called it, his voice slipping all the time as he tried to use big words when small ones would have done equally well. He bandied words right away with the men who'd taken up station against the stage to drink and to heckle the performers, it became abundantly clear.

"And so to start your hevening's hentertainment," said our interlocutor, as he called himself, "a musical hinterlude of precipitate and high-faluting hexcess, from the Clapham Junction Opera Society," there was no such thing in the working class area of London that bore that name, "here is Signora Angelica Celleriaghetti with the aria from Punchajudi's Mamma Mia Maria!"

She was a big person with arms like a stevedore. She had masses of blonde hair but could she ever sing well in her high, soprano voice, doing all kinds of vocal tricks that had the audience applauding and laughing at the same time. The thing was that she, and I really mean he, pranced about the stage like a little girl, swirling the voluminous dress about to show off white high heels, white stockings, and ruffled white knickers. She was also singing about her lovers and how they did her wrong, gesturing at different hecklers as she described what they did to her. The guys were standing as she indicated her lost loves, proud to be singled out for the laughing audience or so it seemed.

Looking at another man in a dress, singing, being applauded and catcalled by a raucous group of guys, sent shivers all through me. I wondered if Moira felt at all the same as me as we watched the heavily madeup cross-dresser cavort across the stage.

Then of course, 'she' was joined by a whole chorus line of beautiful girls in skimpy costumes, showing off female curves that made Angelica so jealous; she treated them badly before taking off one girl's wig and she had a crew

cut, clearly a guy though she looked as real as all the others in her wig.

I was blushing as the crowd was whooping in laughter as the girls squealed and danced away like ballerinas, Angelica aping the way they moved with elephantine grace. As she left, the girls, including the one who had had her wig removed, began a high-kicking routine that showed off shapely, girls' legs and bouncy, women's figures.

"Do you think there were any real women in that lot?" whispered Dwight Brennan to me, smiling away. His hand went about my shoulder, partly to protect me from the waitress passing by with her loaded tray of drinks, but, oh, how I shivered as he pointed at three girls, at least, who seemed to have bouncing breasts just like the waitress who was trying to serve us all.

"It's going to be that kind of Saturday night," drawled Mr Master of Ceremonials, as he now called himself, as all the girls squealed like, well, like girls, as they exited the stage, leaving the emcee to bandy with the rowdies in the audience. Our bawdy host made me shiver as he dared one would-be tormentor to come up on the stage us and show us his and he could pick any girl he liked, he knew the dude would pick Angelica, pronouncing it Angel-like-her, 'cos he liked-a her, and she'd show us hers.

Brennan thought it was funny and tried with the rest of the crowd to get the heckler onto the stage as the band played striptease music. I could only sit there and wonder about what idiots we locals in the audience were all showing ourselves to be to the Americans from the air base.

Mr Congeniality had a hundred jokes to tell and promised more but John and George had a dance to show us. I don't know which was which but the girl in the pair was a fantastic contortionist. She danced and smiled so girlishly as she was hurled about by her burly companion.

"They're really good," Dwight Brennan said to me, letting me go enough, so that he, and me as well, could join in the general applause. But he put his arm back about me and bought me another cold glass of wine as Mr Prestidigitator did magic tricks and swapped more insults with the audience.

"What do you mean, that was a woman and a man?" our fumbling magician asked the guys in front who were yelling at him. "That was John and George. You didn't believe me?"

Of course the guys didn't and so 'George' had to come out, halfway changed into a glittering, sequinned dress, breasts filling the bra about 'his' chest. Just when the emcee had us all convinced that George was really Georgina, he casually brushed off George's wig, showing off another shaved head!

"Oh, George," Mr Apologetic cried. "I really didn't know, my darling, last night in my bed, that you were a female impersonator!" George posed femininely and I suppose 'she' could have been a girl with a shaved head. She put her wig back on and then passionately kissed the monocled emcee, his body spreadeagled and kicking over his desk, fighting and getting free of 'her' at last, George leaving the stage in exaggerated fashion as if she was a model.

"And George really likes your girl friend," said our emcee to the guy who'd been so adamant that 'George' was a girl. "Come round after the show, love, and we'll double date."

It was almost a relief when a boys' singing group followed and did a bunch of boy band songs. A Northern comic followed with a string of off-color jokes about his sexual exploits with 'your girl friend, mate,' to the first

heckler who tried to interrupt his flow of one-liners and the laughs he was getting.

Of course, as the man who was bringing us all what we wanted said to us, beating heavily with his gavel, the next item was brought at huge expense for the men to feast their eyes on, a veritable smorgasbord of feminine pulchritude, the Olde Tyme chorus girls.

“Not as pretty as the girl I’m with,” whispered Dwight Brennan in my ear and below us, I could see that Garth must be saying the same thing to Moira as she was kissing him most hungrily.

We watched a chorus girl number, full of high kicks by gorgeous girls, several of whom Brennan said weren’t girls at all. My head was pounding as I sat there in my little dress, my legs crossed to show off how feminine I was and there were all these other men who were so much more feminine than me, being admired and spotted by the man with me!

“How, how do you know?” I whispered to Brennan who insisted that the two gorgeous blondes on the end were female impersonators. I certainly couldn’t tell.

“Charlotte told us,” Brennan whispered back. “She said that they’d be in the private lounge for drinks after the show and we could pick them up if we liked. Well, I much prefer my pretty girl friend to be a real girl like you, Jane, and not some simpering caricature.”

I shuddered inside and didn’t tell Brennan that he was caressing a ‘simpering caricature’ of a woman. So was his friend Garth. In fact, Garth was doing a lot more than just caress. He was kissing Moira most openly and she seemed to be loving it, probably wondering why I wasn’t kissing Dwight Brennan as much as she was kissing Garth.

I had to pretend as well that I liked it as Dwight laughed at the outrageous jokes told by the emcee, he

even taking one of the chorus girls whom we knew was a male, or so Brennan said, and giving 'her' to the most outspoken of her hecklers.

That sure shut him up as it isn't easy to talk with a showgirl sitting in your lap, kissing and stroking your hair, pressing your face into her obviously real breasts while the other blonde, long-haired female impersonator was lip-synching to Fergie, gyrating suggestively as she did the song all about her womanly lumps and humps, with the chorus line dancing suggestively with her.

"It's a sexy show, isn't it?" laughed Dwight, squeezing me to him. "Even if you were up there, Jane, I don't think I could tell which of you blondes was the real girl and which wasn't!"

I felt so sick as he said that and a new girl took over as emcee, talking in a little girl's voice, pretending to be an empty-headed blonde, while she told the most outrageous jokes about the sex she had with different men, including the hecklers in the audience. With everyone laughing at them, they didn't seem so ready to go on calling out, particularly as the blonde girl went and sat in the lap of the rudest guy and put his hands on her breasts as she wiggled against him, kissing him, leaving her lipstick in fact on the faces and lips of a dozen men in the crowd.

Mr Director returned in an outrageous, glittering outfit to introduce another 'production' number, and then there were more acrobats, jugglers, dancers, singers, a few female impersonators, some of whom you could tell as Brennan pointed out to me, by the Adam's apples in their necks.

The last part of the ninety minute show first had a Madonna impersonator who might have been Madonna herself, her costumes and choreography a ripoff of the famous woman.

Then, like all the other women at the end, Madonna took off her wig to show that she wasn't a woman as did most of the 'girls' who danced with her so femininely and sexily. They all deserved the ovation they got for the show that they put on.

Mrs Shufflebotham, I realized, I'd seen on television. She never let on in any way that she was a man. She told one joke after another as a woman scorned by the men in her life, appealing to all the women in the audience, once directly in my direction, that made me blush to the roots of my real hair beneath my wig. I was actually able to sit for a while and join in the general laughter around me as Dwight laughed and laughed at Mrs Shufflebotham's description of her affair with an American pilot, confusion abounding over the language oddities of English spoken in Northern English and American accents.

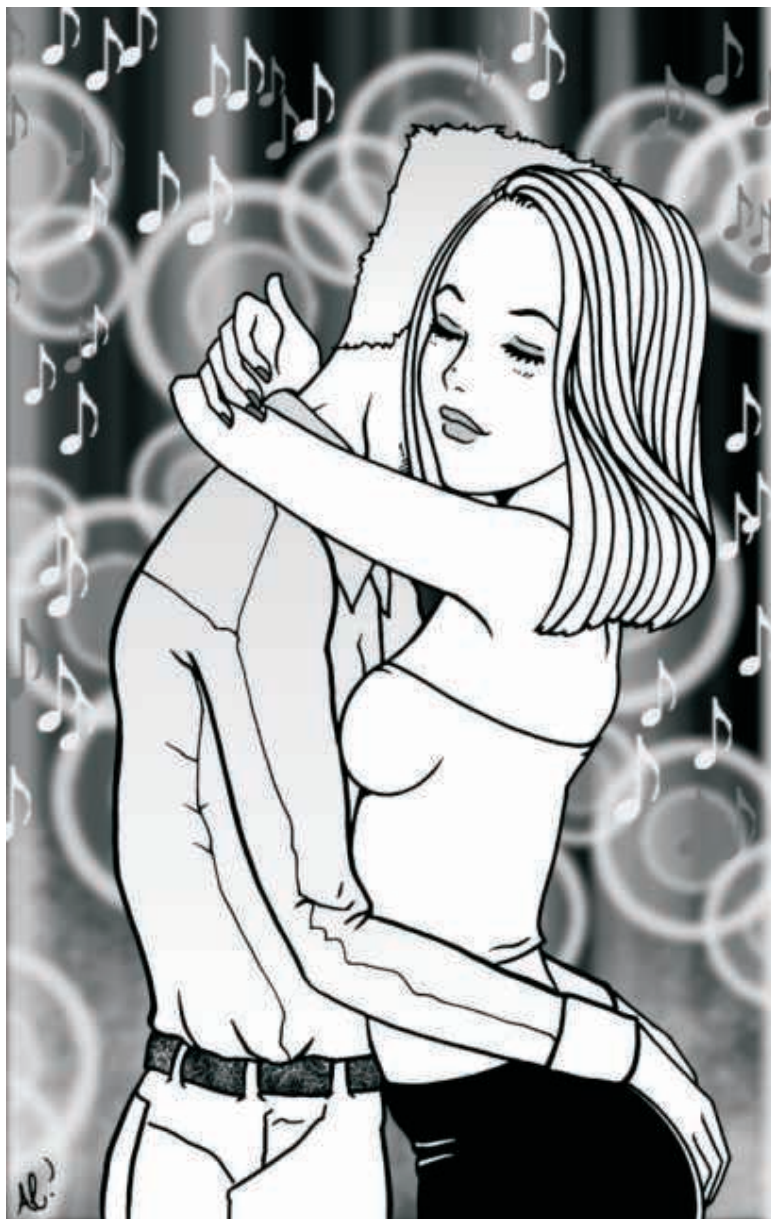
"That was really a great show," enthused Dwight as Garth and Moira rejoined us, smiling broadly like everyone else in the audience.

But it was a relief to me that it was over. I so identified with the 'girls' on the stage. I envied them so much. I would have loved to watch them on video or something by myself when I would have laughed and applauded like many people around us. But that might have said something about me to others. I was so embarrassed at all the compliments Dwight paid to all the performers in the show.

"What did you think, Moira?" Dwight had to ask her. "Jane didn't like it much. I think the idea of men in dresses really put her off."

"That's the way that lots of women are, Dwight," said Moira with a bright smile, Garth's arms firmly about her by then. "But I really enjoyed the whole show, even the emcee. You don't think they were really female imperson-

ators up there, did you? Garth was trying to tell me that they weren't all girls! If that was the case, as I said to Garth, I wish I could look as good as a girl as most of those guys did."



"I was saying," laughed Garth, hugging my friend who was as much of a girl as me, which means not at all, "that I wouldn't have kicked any of them out of bed, the phoney girl in the first act, the Madonna impersonator or the chorus girls."

"Same for me except for Mrs Shufflebotham," laughed Brennan. "Well, girls, I think we owe you a little more after that show. I know Jane didn't like it so much. So, let us buy you a late supper at some place we can do a little dancing and we can do that right here at the Galley Inn. They have quite a good piano bar!"

"That's only open to guests," said Moira pointedly.

"Of course," grinned Brennan, caressing my bare shoulders, as if that would persuade me. "That's why Garth and I are checked in here for the weekend. And we registered our future wives here as well, just in case we got lucky and met a couple of sweet girls, which we have."

Moira looked at me and I shook my head at her. I had warned her that these guys would go further than what we were used to and the implication of 'future wives' and 'in case we got lucky' seemed pretty clear to me.

"Maybe just a drink and a little dancing," Moira said uncertainly. "And you could take us home. We do have an early call in the morning."

"Now you girls are not nurses," said Brennan. "At least, Jane isn't. Her hands are much too soft and feminine to be a working girl. You'll have to come up with a better excuse than that, Moira, for dumping Garth and me."

"Oh, the girls aren't dumping us, Dwight," said Garth with a smile. "Dancing suits me fine. And we can have a nightcap in our room before we gentlemen see our perfect English ladies back to their boudoirs."

"I'm Irish," giggled Moira, making me wish so much again that I could giggle like her.

The security actually checked us into the piano bar. The bars didn't close as they used to, really early, but to get into the private room, I had to show the computerized door key that Dwight slipped into my hand. It was scanned and I was welcomed as 'Mrs Brennan' which made my legs feel like jelly as my 'husband' escorted me to a table close to the piano trio with Garth and his 'wife' smiling and laughing behind us.

The music was deliberately slow and sensuous. I was used by now to dancing with other men. I put my arms about Brennan's neck and let him steer me about the dance floor, his arms so strong as they hugged me tightly into him, my padded breasts a cushion against him. Well, it was payback time for the evening we had had even though it wasn't quite the evening Moira and I had planned.

I'm not usually so nervous and on edge through the night, not now, when I go out with Moira. Most of the men whom I partner are younger and just glad to hold a girl like me. I felt Brennan's head move as the piano eased through the *My Fair Lady* songbook. I shivered as he kissed my forehead, my cheek and then my lips.

Just as I had expected, Brennan was an excellent kisser. I shivered all over as I was kissed so lovingly, so thoroughly, by another man. I felt his desire for me by the way he drew me into him, his hands on my tush, pressing on my panties. I'm sure he knew he was touching them through my dress, very well, because he leaned against my thighs, separated only by a thin dress, so tight against him.

Yes, I could feel his erection against me. I'd felt that before. But, in a younger man, it was he who would re-

treat if I mentioned it, or touched it. I had the feeling that Brennan wouldn't be embarrassed as another boy had been when I asked him what it was in his pocket.

I really didn't want to break away from Dwight Brennan. It was the thought of where we might go next that kept me dancing even though my high heels were killing my ankles. I really do have to wear them more but when do I really have the opportunity save for the wonderful weekends I can spend with Moira?

"Where did Moira go?" I asked, fear seizing me, as I realized that there were only three couples left in the lounge and none of them was Garth and Moira.

"Back to our room, Mrs Brennan," murmured Dwight, his arms tight about my waist. "Shall we go back as well and disturb them?"

No! Moira couldn't be with Garth doing what Brennan thought she was doing! But I couldn't go anywhere without her. She had the only key to her house. And what if she was in trouble with Garth? She'd rely on me to be around to help her. We both promised each other that we would never leave the other to the ravages of some unknown man. I couldn't just tell Dwight Brennan that I had to go.

"Oh, we should," I gasped and Dwight laughed, not taking his hands from my waist and pressing me still against him.

"I don't think she'll thank you," insisted Dwight with another charming smile. "You sound much too eager to break up your girl friend's budding romance with my best friend!"

"We only met you guys tonight!" I proclaimed with a shiver, finally unlocking his hands which were stroking my panties so intensely, if he did but know. Oh, he

knows, I thought anxiously as I held his hand and led him back to the table where my purse awaited me.

“My coat!” I gasped.

“Garth and Moira took it with them,” Brennan told me. “So you have to come and see our room, Jane. We can’t let the two of them have all the fun in it, can we?”

Oh yes, we can, I wanted to say but couldn’t. I was tongue-tied as I let Dwight drop more banknotes on the table for the waiter, let him put his arm around me. I went with a man to his room in a hotel, something that Moira and I had promised each other that we’d never to do.

There was no-one in the elevator and so Dwight Brennan took full advantage of having me all to himself. The pretty ash blonde did look really scared to me as she allowed herself to be pressed back into the glass panels, her hands caressing her boy friend’s neck just as much as his hands squeezed her narrow waist and wide, soft hips. But then I didn’t see any more as I closed my eyes as Dwight kissed me.

It was such a ‘normal’ thing to do and yet it terrified me so much. Dwight kissed so well and I knew that I was responding to his kiss by gripping him so tightly. My own mouth was so receptive and making me feel so marvelously feminine as he locked his lips to mine as we rode together, my skirt swishing so thrillingly about my stockings.

“We should go down and up again,” murmured Dwight as we reached the top floor and he pressed me against the mirror, not letting me out.

“Dwight,” I gasped in alarm and he laughed at me, finally letting me out and guiding my steps in my high heels and short skirt right up to the door of what was clearly marked as the ‘Honeymoon Suite’.

"I can't go in there!" I said in a panic.

"It's where Moira is," laughed Dwight Brennan. "It was the last suite they had left. It was this or nothing. You should try the bed, Jane. It really moves!"

I didn't want to go in. But there was no-one in the luxuriously decorated room that opened before us.

"Moira's gone!" I gasped, Dwight's arm still about me.

"In the bedroom," whispered Dwight, indicating a closed door. Still holding me, he opened the sofa then into a pre-made bed. "And here is where whoever arrives second gets to sleep."

"No!" I screamed as I was hauled down onto the thick mattress and quilt with Dwight Brennan.

"Darling, Darling Jane," hissed Dwight. "Don't let's disturb the others. I know what 'No' means. I really do. You are really safe, I really mean it, in bed with me."

Oh, that sounded so awful and so thrilling. His hands were on my stockings, caressing my thighs against him. His mouth was on mine and I was betraying every promise I had ever made Moira as I kissed and kissed Brennan, his tongue in my mouth, even as I held him rigidly away from me. I couldn't let on at all how much I was enjoying his kisses, enjoying the flood of tingling feminine sensations that swept over me more and more as we kissed so romantically, as if we were a man and woman together.

I don't know how things would have gone as I was really breathing so heavily and letting Dwight do more and more things to me, my skirt hitched up as he stroked my legs, while nuzzling my neck and telling me how beautiful a girl I was. But the bedroom door opened and a giggling Moira came out, Garth fawning all over her.

"Now, now, Garth," Moira said, clinging to her guy as I was clinging to mine. "One last kiss and then we have to

untangle Jane from your friend there and we girls have to go."

"We'll drive you home!" a grinning Garth protested.

"We can take a taxi," said a smiling Moira, re-doing her lipstick while Garth was nibbling on her neck.

Dwight held onto me as well, despite all he'd said about me being safe with him, his hand having edged my skirt up enough that my panties were revealed and I could feel him actually tugging on them. I had to wriggle to get up from the bed, Dwight's hands groping between my legs as I managed, frightened as never before, to get away from him and into the coat that Moira was holding for me.

"Repair your lipstick, darling Jane," she said sweetly to me.

Dwight was sprawled out, grinning at us from the sofa bed. "How about we guys take you girls up West tomorrow?" he asked. "Then you can take us home with you!"

"What a swell idea!" exclaimed Garth heartily.

"We start a new schedule tomorrow," said a smiling Moira. "Why don't you call us and we can set something up!"

Moira, what are you doing, I wanted to scream. I couldn't go out with Dwight Brennan again, not with the wandering hands that the man had. I was so lucky that he hadn't wanted to play with my lovely hair. He would very quickly have found out what kind of girl he was, or rather wasn't, spending his money on.

Garth made a big fuss of writing Moira's phone number into his little black book.

"Yours will be the same as Moira's," said Dwight with a smug look on his face.

"Yes," I said with a shudder which made his eyebrows go up. He got up then from the bed and put his arm about me again as he and Garth walked us to the elevator. Dwight kissed me, completely ruining the fresh lipstick I'd put on. His tongue slipped over my lips and into my mouth as he pressed me against the wall as we waited for the elevator. Ooo, I was breathing really heavily then as his hands caressed my tush once more and drew me against him. I could feel the pressure of his manhood in his pants reaching for me in desire.

I could hear the elevator and so I let him press against my thighs and panties and thought how brave a girl I was. Garth and Moira held the door open as Dwight had to kiss me again so forcefully and for so long, scattering all my wits again. I was actually clinging to him, my fake breasts bouncing against him as I jerked my thighs against what was pushing into me.

"There," said Dwight Brennan at last. "You won't forget that one, Jane, for a while, will you? Next time, you and I will have to get to the bedroom first and then it will be an encounter that you'll never forget."

Neither will you, ran through my mind as I ran my soft hand through his and finally Moira and I were shivering alone in the elevator and headed out of the Galley Inn, the bell hops looking at us as if we were a couple of prostitutes.

Moira held on to my hand as she called for a taxi and so we had to wait for a while, the men who were coming in and going out, studying the pair of us but no-one asked us for a date as I was afraid that they would.

"Whew," said Moira quietly as we sat side by side, stockinged legs touching each other's in the cab as we headed to Moira's home. "Now that was really intense with Garth. I think you were right, signalling me that

they'd be dangerous, the pair of them, but sometimes you have to live dangerously, don't you?"

"No," I said with a shudder.

"Oh, come on, Jane," said Moira with a knowing smile. "What do you call going out with me as you are if it isn't living dangerously?"

I shivered as I knew that she was right.

The ad in the local paper said it all. I don't know how it could ever have got past the editorial staff. 'TV society forming in city,' the ad had screamed at me. 'Got a yen for the femme? Starting a new cross-dressing chapter and looking for new members to assist in all aspects.' It had had a phone number that, of course, led me to Moira.

He had met me in the Drake Centre, on the bench between the golf shop and a furniture store. "Charles?" he'd said to me, his eyes twinkling as he looked down at me, sitting there so nervously, reading a book about vampires.

Alan didn't look at all as I'd imagined him. I suppose that I didn't look at all like what I'd described myself as either. "We'll be having another Chapter meeting on Friday," Alan had said in his Irish brogue, his grin infectious. "We start about eight but if you come about six, with whatever drag you have, I can help you with your makeup as we don't want anyone at our meetings who isn't crossdressing, do we?"

My mouth was still as dry as it had been half an hour before when Alan had walked up to me and called me 'Charles'. "Wh-Where do you m-meet?" I stammered to Alan, giving back the photos he had shown me of himself and a few others in women's clothing. He had been out-

standing, I thought, surely passing as a woman everywhere he wanted to be.

“At my house,” said Alan. “We have complete privacy for our meetings. My wife’s left me and I have the place entirely to myself.” He gave me a business card then with his name, Moira O’Malley, his address and his phone number on it. “You know that we charge for each meeting. Snacks, drinks, and makeup cost and it’s easier if we just charge everyone for it all. Oh, and after the first meeting, you have to give the membership secretary your real name and phone number if you want to be contacted again.”

I’d looked at ‘Moira’ in shock.

“Everyone does it,” ‘Alan’ said with a warm smile, patting my hand, making me shudder as it was such a feminine gesture. “But a Charlie I am willing to bet that you, Jane, are not!”

I’d said that I didn’t have a drag name but I’d think about it. It sent a shiver through me to be called ‘Jane’ by another man which he did several times in the ‘introductory interview’ to the Middleham Crossdressers’ Society.

Moira continued using the name for me when I went anxiously to my first meeting and let other people, for the first time in my life, look at me in one of my mother’s dresses, her stockings and shoes, even her underwear, if they had been able to see it. I wore one of the horrible wigs that she used to wear as well towards the end of her life, a brown thing and totally unsuitable for anything else but throwing away.

From Moira, I got my first lesson in makeup. He, I suppose I should say she, because I didn’t see Alan again as Moira took over completely and began to make over our Chapter in her image. He had friends, dominatrices, escorts, I suppose, and he arranged for those like me, who

desperately wanted to leave the dowdy mother's clothing behind, to meet and take lessons from them. We wanted to look like Moira and become modern girls.

The main wonder in all that I was doing was that I was meeting 'girls' who didn't care, and definitely didn't put me down, for saying that I wanted to be a woman, look like a woman. They did as well as me. They were willing to help me all they could, so long as I paid them, and they taught me how to do my makeup, showed me which wigs to buy, and arranged where I could buy them.

Everything had a price and I was ready to pay it. I spent almost all the small share of Mum's life insurance on beautifying myself and dressing myself until at one meeting, Moira asked me to stay behind and, wonder of wonders, asked me to go out with her. No, not as her boy friend which I thought she meant at first.

Then, Moira thrilled me to the core of my being as she told me how pretty I was. She took me to the mirror and stood there beside me. Well, we all knew that she 'passed'. We were all in envy of her. And there she was, saying that I had to take the next step, go out in public as a woman. I had to go out with her and we could be girls together. I tried to say 'No' for the longest time.

No, I suppose it wasn't really that long. I said 'No' more softly and weakly as she told me that we should go out. She needed someone like me, someone so much like her, and I should think of becoming a woman full time as she was doing. I whispered I couldn't possibly do that. But Moira looked at me with a smirk on her face and told me to "think about it, darling Jane."

The English have an expression, "I sweated blood over that," which means I thought hard about what Moira wanted me to do. I thought of nothing else for a week. She asked me, at the next meeting, a smile on her lovely

mouth, if I was going to go out with her as her girl friend. I said 'No' in a girlish whisper. She laughed at me, ignored what I said, and told me to stay after the club was through. I could stay on at her house for the rest of the weekend but I would have to do what she was intending to do, herself.

It wasn't as if we didn't go out, as part of the Cross-Dressers' club as women. We did go out, to a 'special' bar. Half of us went in drag and the other half in male attire, squiring the other, usually big and clumsy 'girls', just as I was when we swapped over, for a night out which all the girls always claimed was the most exciting, enchanting night that they'd ever had.

As Moira urged us to become more feminine, practice our voices, diet, learn to dance with men, some of us really improved. I loved going to Moira's house, wearing the new clothes my diet let me get into and being kissed by the men, other trannies like me, who took me out on 'dates'.

Like Moira, who never dressed as a male, and suggested all the rules that we had to 'live by', the crossdressers passed a rule in a Chapter meeting, that all 'girls' had to give boy friends a proper kiss at the end of the night. Or else they couldn't go out as 'girls' again with the club. No-one dropped out when the rule got passed but many had been against it. So, I must have kissed and been kissed by a dozen men and more before I spent that terrifying first night with Paul in the front seat of his car, kissing him as if I really enjoyed it and wanted him to keep on doing it. Which, of course, I did.

It was horrible and hard at first until Moira brought in a woman drama coach who taught us as a class, half of us in drag, I was one of the lucky ones, how to kiss and be kissed by men, naturally and realistically. She even showed us how to enjoy being kissed, moving our lips

and firming them, assuring us that our girl friends, if we ever had any, would really love us if we applied the lessons she was teaching us. She was really worth the ten pounds that she charged each of us for the class, which we had to repeat vice-versa, with me as me and Neil then as 'Lucille', whom I had a hard time convincing myself was a woman at all.

Miss Becky offers it now to the newbies we have but she's improved things by bringing in some of her 'old boy friends' as she calls them to teach us girls how to kiss properly. I don't go because I am well past those lessons, though it would be rather nice for an afternoon in drag, wouldn't it, to have these hunky guys all ready to kiss you on a second's notice with you having to use all the womanly techniques Miss Becky taught you to get maximum enjoyment out of a kiss. Ooo, I shiver just thinking about it.

On the afternoon we were alone together, me now well established as a crossdresser in our club, Moira persisted in praising me for all the changes I was making, especially the lovely clothes I had bought for myself as well as the feminine, erotic (her word) lingerie that she saw that I was wearing. She thought I had a cute, girlish voice after I had practised for a while and she said that I was ready to go out on the town as a girl. So was she, Moira confessed to me.

The first time we went out, we played it very safe. We got a couple of the other girls, those who said they were drag queens, to take us out as girls to a real dance, promising that we would go out with them when they were in drag as well. Of course, that never materialized as Ken and Jim moved before we were called on to do anything so crass. In a month, that quickly, we had begun our career, Moira and me, as tarts.

Moira let us in to her house after our session with Garth Rimmer and Dwight Brennan and at last we could talk freely. But first she grabbed me and we danced around her 'front room' as she whirled me around and laughed at me.

"Well I did it," Moira said to me, not letting down into her Irish, keeping her voice up and light. She still seemed so excited that I guessed that it was going to be a long time before we girls got into our nighties and went to bed.

"What did you do?" I asked her, apprehension flooding all through me as I sensed how excited and aroused my best friend was about something.

"I went down on Garth," Moira crowed. "And he hadn't an inkling!"

I stared at my friend in horror, at the lovely way she had made her eyes appear so vivid, the dark pink of her lips, the dainty loops in her ears and her lovely, dark, natural hair, dyed and highlighted like a girl's. She'd even had it permed as she was urging me to do to mine, to join her in being a woman twenty-four seven as she had been doing for over a year now. It was no wonder that Garth hadn't an 'inkling' about Moira's true gender. I usually thought of her as a girl, a tart, just like me.

"You gave him a blow job?" I gasped at Moira as she hugged me, her stockings touching mine, her breasts against mine as she twirled me. We'd talked about it, giggled about it, shuddered about doing it. Well, I had. We'd agreed that neither one of us was gay and so we wouldn't do that. It was just when we were dressed as girls, with all that that took, the money it cost for everything we had, to be as sweetly turned out as we were, well, we should be treated as girls, shouldn't we?

It was what we did it for, to have the thrill of being considered, if just for a short time on a weekend, that we actually were female. But we'd also agreed, or so I had thought, that we wouldn't go down on any guy who wanted us, not even if he was gay, as sooner or later, there would be an accident and our panties would be down at our ankles and, eww, did we really want another man's hairy manhood pressed against our lips? Eww, no!

"Yes, yes, yes!" Moira proclaimed. "I had a man completely at my mercy, Janey, loving me. And it was the most thrilling feeling of all. I told him I would only do him so far as it was just our first date and he was lucky to get that. He wanted me so bad, he let me do him, telling me all the time what a swell girl I am. I'll have to show you how I did it, Janey!"

Oh, saying my name like that all the time was like saying a bad word! It meant that Moira hadn't been glutted by whatever she had done with Garth. She was going to have sex with me, one way or another, as we did so often, so aroused were we when we came home after necking so long and hard with our dates. She always called me 'Janey' when she wanted me to be really girlie for her. And she and I agreed that 'fooling around', girl to girl, meant nothing. It was just practicing. We just never said what it was that we were actually practicing for.

"You are going to start on these, as well, Janey my darling," said Moira, reaching for her purse and taking out her 'vitamin' pills.

"Moira, I don't want ..." I began, trying to refuse the hormone pills that Moira had been taking for a year at least. I still had to get my degree, I wanted to tell her. I had to work, which meant I had to leave her house on Monday morning in my dull, men's wear, pants, and shirt, my hair in some semblance of masculinity. Sure, I dreamed all the time of being as feminine as I had been all

weekend long, having two, sometimes three, dates with boys in that time, flirting with them, kissing and caressing them, and letting them do just enough to my femmy, padded body that I felt as if I was a girl for days on end.

But, after Garth, Moira was high on what she had done and wanted so badly for me to be a girl like her. And I did admire the mounds on her chest, her boobies, that were growing, though she said not fast enough. She had a tin that she put money that she got from teaching trannies like I had been how to wear a dress and walk, even how to go to the local gay bar with her. She did that during the week when I wasn't around, calling the money in her tin, her breast money.

Moira was determined to have her breasts enlarged, making me quake when she said that, as she always said that I should have myself done as well. It would be so heavenly to have real breasts but then I'd have to be like her and commit to being a girl all of the time, twenty-four seven, in our shorthand speak. And what was wrong with that, Moira would always ask me with a laugh whenever I said that I couldn't, just couldn't, sounding to my own ears just like my mother.

"This was one of the greatest weekends we've had," sighed Moira as I danced girlishly with her, disco music blaring from her radio. "I think we can take our interaction with men to a higher level, Janey. I really do!"

Dwight Brennan had frightened me, though he had thought that I was a girl. The idea of doing more with him than I had done, lying on his bed on top of him, filled me with panic. He was too much man for me. I needed some nice, quiet guy who thought himself fortunate that a pretty girl like me even deigned to notice him.

Yes, I'd let him, a quiet guy, touch my garter belt and my thighs but that was it. Gosh, imagine sex with another

man. Not until ... not until I had the change. There, I'd thought it but I knew it wasn't true. I wasn't ever going to go that far in the feminine activities I was doing with Moira.

No, some day, I knew, I would sadly have to give up all of this and settle down with a real girl and make babies just like all my friends out of university were doing. Many of them still were lining me up with pretty girls to be their dates as I was a pleasant enough guy. Girls liked me and I really enjoyed many of the girls I was kissing and gently petting with. I loved listening to them talking as well about clothes, makeup and fashion. I just wished so often that I could join in!

Moira took our coats from the armchair and hung them up in the downstairs closet. She took my hand and started up the stairs, me following her, clutching my purse as she led me into her bedroom where the twin beds were now pushed together as Moira had decided that girls like us needed to be closer and practice being girls all the time!

She undid her skirt and wiggled out of it, her hips unpadding and naturally wide and feminine, the result of the hormones, Moira told me. Two tablets wouldn't hurt me, I thought, of the pills she had put in my mouth and made me swallow. When Moira was in a controlling mood, I thought, thinking that I could fool her by taking her pills and not swallowing them, it's best to go along with her as she'll have her way, as she'd proved to me, time after time.

In her female lingerie, Moira pushed me down on the bed, undoing my skirt, caressing my legs in my panty hose as she eased both them and my skirt from me.

"Moira," I murmured anxiously as she spread my legs apart. It was so easy to think of her as a girl and so think

that I wasn't gay at all. It had been so nice to lie in bed in my nightie with another girl and snuggle with her, each of us reeking of feminine scents.

She'd seemed to love it too when we started hugging and then kissing one another, Moira letting me feel her growing breasts while she caressed my nightie against me. I felt so girlish even when we kissed as we were soon doing all the time, when we met, when we went out and especially when we came 'home'. Well, we were girl friends and we had to practice, didn't we?

"This is the way that I did it," said Moira, flinging herself on top of me, kissing me, her perfume so musky and delightful, her arms about me, stroking and fondling me as she trapped my arms, lifting off my glittering top and then taking away my bra and my padded breasts. I hated when she did that, feeling so boyish at times and this was one of those times as she kissed my chest, my nipples so erect, as she worked her way down to my jewelled navel and then across my abdomen.

I tried to hold Moira back, but the lipstick on her mouth caressing mine made me feel so girly. And girls are loved in bed, aren't they? She'd whispered that to me once and I couldn't disagree as my feelings of being a woman only increased the more and more time Moira and I spent together in bed.

She only pulled my panties down a little but then I was writhing in pain as Moira took away my taping. In no time at all, she was demonstrating on me just how she had induced Garth to come, putting my hands where his had been on her breasts, oh, they were really growing so nicely, so wonderfully feminine to my caresses, my touching them as Garth must have, rousing her to wiggles and wriggles as she made me grow and grow as a man. I hated doing that!

Then, she pushed my manhood between her breasts and caressed me in that manner. I shrieked, unable to hold it in. I began to come and she put her mouth over my manhood and I felt her tongue flickering against me. It wasn't at all like what she had called our lovemaking several times. She had said that we were lesbians, weren't we, and hadn't I noticed that it was all the rage in porno films these days, and even in mainstream films.

"Girl on girl action, like what we're doing," Moira said to me as she ran her lovely, female body over my stick figure. "We're so trendy, Janey. If we made a movie of ourselves, we'd be able to sell it for more than a penny or two. Something to think about, my darling girl!"

But I didn't want to think of it, at all. I wasn't ever going to be in a porn film. The very idea revolted me.

Moira pulled up my panties, as she said she would have let Garth do to her, which was so terrible of her. I came. I couldn't hold back at all. I came, squealing as I held on to her as she blew me. I was unable to raise her head to have me finally shoot my last into my panties or a tea towel or any cloth that was handy.

"Wasn't that great!" gurgled Moira, as I writhed and shuddered beneath her as she rose and actually kissed me again which was so absolutely gross, my ejaculate all about her face and lips. "He was so aroused, though, that I had to do him again and then Garth was drained completely! Now, you do me, Janey. Yes, put your bra on again and your pads. We have to think of a way around that, don't we? But blow me first and then we can work out how we can both do it to guys so that they'll never know anything they shouldn't about us!"

But doing it for Moira wasn't awful. She cleaned her face, laughing as she did it. She swallowed some wine and re-did her lipstick and perfume. Kissing her face and

then her breasts, going down all the way with her was somehow not so gross at all. It must be because she was a woman, I told myself as I shook with suppressed shame. And kissing her energized 'little man' was like kissing a woman's clit, I told myself. She came and came, as I tried to kiss her and hold her to me, her thighs such soft pillows as she held my head against her and wouldn't let me rise, giggling and telling me what a wonderful girl I was to do such a thing for her.

After we cleaned up, our mouths needing a gallon of Listerine before we cleaned our faces of makeup and applied our skin lotions, I got into a dry pair of panties and a padded bra before I put on more perfume and my nightie. With regret, I had to surrender my wig, and release my own naturally fair hair.

Without her makeup, Moira looked so girlish still to me as her breasts tented her silky, frilly nightie. I knew she'd want more lovemaking. She always did now that we girls were going out together. We'd lie together and kiss and cuddle, each of lost in our feminine dreams and she'd press between my legs, against my panties. I held myself very tightly as she often came, soaking me, but it was as if my future wife, whoever she was going to be, was making love to me. Ooo, I was soon stroking Moira with increasing fervor as we made it together and told each other what lovely girls we were.

"I'm really going to do something with that hair of yours," Moira said to me, rolling out her hair dryer as we finished our skimpy breakfast.

"I have to go back to school tomorrow!" I protested.

“Take a day off,” laughed Moira, still in her nightie like me, not quite so attractive and feminine when she wasn’t in her killer eye makeup. “Besides, you told me on Friday that you had exams and you had to study.”

“I do,” I told her.

“Great,” laughed Moira. “You can study under the dryer and you can stay for the meeting tonight.” She pulled a face. “You’ve been shirking on your duties, Jane, to the club of which you are a charter member. Everyone’s coming here to change and then we’re going down to *Gay Paree* for a little drinking and dancing, mingling with the gays if any of them will let us buy the drinks for them.”

I wanted to tell Moira that it wasn’t my style but, of course, once upon a time, just over a year ago, it had been. I’d longed for meeting nights to come around so that I could slip out of my daily drag and into something flirty and feminine. I’d loved putting on stockings and the black corset that shaped me so much like a woman. I’d been overheated constantly as I’d changed with other men around me, doing what I was doing, putting eyeliner about our eyes, foundation on our faces, blusher, lipstick and perfume.

I recall when Darlene had brought in her false eyelashes and the instrument she used to put them on. We’d all gathered around her and she’d brought out a dozen sets of lashes which we’d all eagerly reimbursed her for as we borrowed her false eyelash fastener. We’d put them on our lids and told each other how girlish our eyes looked. I did it now before going out without even thinking, adding mascara to my lovely, thick, curly lashes which all the boys admired.

I had to pop more pills for Moira before she sat me in front of the sink. “How about being a redhead?” she

asked me over the top of my awful hair that made me look so mannish. Well, I didn't have my eyes on, did I, I thought regretfully, as Moira grinned as her comb lifted my hair and it was really, really long, for a man, but so short for a woman.

"I'll wear the ash-blonde wig again, tonight!" I said to Moira, trying to giggle like her. She smiled in encouragement at me, though I still wasn't girlish enough, clearly.

"I promised Ashley that she could wear it tonight," Moira said. "Twenty more towards my new breasts, so you'll have to have ringlets or your own hair, Janey my girl!"

She kissed me fully on the lips 'for practice', checking out my panties beneath my spaghetti-strapped nightie to see if she was rousing me. We girls did that to check that our taping was working as well. It was no shame to find that we were arousing one another with our kissing. We were girls, tarts, and we were supposed to be horny, boy-mad, and longing to be in dress all day long.

Again, it was easier to give in to Moira than to fight her. She was right. I should live up to my commitment as a charter member of the Middleham Crossdressers' Society. It was just the thought of going out with a bunch of men, obviously men, in drag, to the pub that Moira and I could go to and be taken for lesbians. Well, it had only been that once, but it could happen again, but not if we were always at the *Paree* with other crossdressers.

Some of the gays in the bar were really nice. It was on my fifth visit, I think, that one of the guys I had been dancing with, walked me 'home', arm-in-arm, twenty, thirty yards behind the others. It made both of us smile at all the clicketty-clacking along the sidewalk the girls made deliberately in their high heels. Alec stopped me before we actually got to the high hedge about Moira's

house and that was when I got my first kiss from a real man.

Alec told me I deserved it as I was really cute as a girl and he was going to kiss me again, a lot, which he did. I enjoyed every second and told him how wonderful he was and that I'd never kissed a man before. I hadn't the heart to mention Moira or the guys from the club on 'butch' duty when we had other dances 'in-house'.

No, I couldn't tell him about the dances I went to in the club itself, at Moira's house, when I was there in drag. I couldn't tell anyone that it was amazing how many of the guys wanted to dance with me. And kiss me and ask me what it was like to be so femmy and pretty. After Alec, though, Moira was waiting for me to get in, the last girl to step in to the lilting, excited voices dominating the front room conversation, all the 'girls' sitting so prettily, legs crossed, showing off so much bare, smooth leg, and tinted stockings.

"You and me," Moira had said to me. "We are going to go out together, not to a gay bar but for real. Gee, Janey, you've become such a pretty girl and I'm just starved for some real male, romantic company. Aren't you?"

The praise, of course, went to my head and so it was that the very next day, I came back to find Moira all girlie and madeup and she confided to me that she was a girl all the time and, technically, not a crossdresser at all. So we'd gone to a real dance club, met and danced with guys who liked the look of us, wanted to date us and whom we'd let walk us home and kiss us just as Alec had kissed me, thus beginning my career as a tart.

"What are you doing to my hair?" I asked in alarm as Moira soaked strands in what she called a 'perming solution', wrapped it up in plastic curlers and there I was, my

face so pale, my eyebrows so thin, my head just like a girl's, in the rollers Moira had put on me.

She let me put on my eye makeup and some lipstick as I sat under that hot dryer in my nightie for hours. Finally, I complained that the other girls were going to be there soon and so Moira relented and let me out. I thought I'd look like Noomi Rapace in *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* series of films. But I didn't.

I gasped when Moira, smiling over the top of my head, undid the first paper and there was a honey-blonde curl dancing on my forehead. I squealed in both fear and delight as Moira unveiled all the curls that dangled and danced about my face. But that wasn't what I was squealing at most of all. It was the color that Moira had applied to my hair that made me shriek.

Some of my short hair was gleaming blonde while other strands were the color of honey. Moira hurried to remove all the rollers and there I was with a host of tiny curls, almost crying at the way I looked. But then Moira brushed the tightness out and backcombed the back of my head and I was a pretty girl. I wasn't wearing a wig. It was all me and I was a girl. I just had to do my eyebrows then in a softer honey-brown color and they were perfect.

"Blondes have more fun," said Moira as I got up and swirled around in my nightie, my hair swirling around my face and then bouncing back into a wavy, styled 'cap' about me. Moira had snipped away before she had wrapped me up for the dryer and the results were adorable. I knew I'd never be able to go back to school with my hair as it was but, who cared? For this one night, it would be so thrilling to go out with my thick, dark eyelashes and my short, sassy, blonde hair. It was so authentic! It was me! I passed as a girl.

By the time all the girls of the Chapter had assembled, I had been in and out of half a dozen dresses and pairs of high heels before finally settling on a little, black dress, with almost no strapping at all over my black bra, my cleavage and back bare, and so feminine, I could see with excited pride, my arms so feminine and bare with just bracelets at my wrists and rings on my red-tipped fingers.

All the girls wanted to greet me and marvel at my transformation since the last time I'd seen them. They loved my new voice, my gorgeous hair, and all wanted to hug and kiss my soft cheek, some feeling so male and masculine, as I assisted several of them then to try to look just like me.

"How are we going to compete with Moira and you, Jane?" complained Estelle, an older fortyish, surprisingly real-looking 'woman'. She claimed that she and her wife went out all the time to dine as girl friends and I had no trouble believing her. "Please leave Ian alone, will you, darling Jane," 'she' pleaded with me. "He took me home by cab last meeting and we had quite a party at his place. I was hoping to do it all again with him tonight!"

"You'll find someone else," said Poppy, a tall, manly queen in a lovely red top and matching skirt and heels. "You always do, Stella! Some of us just aren't as gay as you are, you know."

Out of drag, Poppy was a good-looking, muscular guy. Moira had said that he was married to a timid mouse of a woman, half his size. She couldn't understand what they saw in one another and, frankly, watching Poppy pose like a model and try to be an affected Valley Girl did seem to me to be ridiculous.

That tells you how much I know about men. We strolled down to Gay Paree and went through the main bar into the dance room. Some of the gays got up and

joined us, smiling away, breaking up the 'girls' dancing with 'girls'. I was smiling into Leonard's face, wishing he didn't drawl so affectedly so much when this tall couple went by us.

Poppy was staring up into this gay basketball player's face as she was twirled and whirled as if she was a real woman. We all had to make room for her or else face possible injury. Poppy and the guy who'd found her danced together all night long, lip-locked, yes, kissing so passionately in the slow clinches while several of us looked on in amazement as we had never seen Poppy like that with a man before. She didn't even make it home with us. She went off with the guy's arm tight about her, lifting her head for little love kisses as the guy led her off to his massive pickup.

Several of the hetero crossdressers huddled together by the bar and, doing my duty, I got Ruth to dance with me, waving to Moira who was dancing with a cool, gay guy, his hands on her tush, teaching her, as if she needed any help, how to be even sexier as a woman.

"If my wife could only see me now," moaned Ruth, tall and skinny, twirling me under in a girlish spin, "she'd throw a fit!"

"She doesn't know you're out?" I had to ask 'her' as she might give herself away with her voice and face but Ruth was trying to be womanly.

"Not as a woman," said Ruth with a shiver. "This is getting to be a bit of a drag, if you'll excuse the pun, coming down here each meeting and dancing with each other. I never have liked dancing that much!"

"Ah, but have you danced with a man?" I smiled at Ruth who had put her arm about my bare shoulders in a male gesture as the music ended.

"I do go to the half and half dances," said Ruth in the whisper she was affecting.

"Why don't you try a real man?" I asked her and she shuddered. It was just at that moment that Alec looked my way from the door and so I signalled him over. He was delighted, he said, as I introduced him to Ruth whom I claimed wanted so much to dance with a real man.

Alec ignored Ruth's protests and swept her away in his arms while I giggled to myself. No, it wasn't going to be a bit of a drag for Ruth, tonight wasn't. But I didn't know if I'd been played by her as I saw her shivering in Alec's arms as he said something, swirled her in her swishy dance dress, which made her smile. She was still smiling when Alec kissed her lightly after her dance and kept his arm about her waist and made her dance the slow waltz with him, her face a picture of fear and excitement as Alec caressed her back, her bra straps, as he always did with me.

I was so pleased with myself for helping out, seeing more gays arrive and moving in on my friends, the crossdressers, even on the heteros, who perked up amazingly as any girl does at the attentions of a man. I moved over towards the entrance to the dance room, the waitresses smiling as they were doing a booming business for a Sunday night. That was when I walked right into Dwight Brennan.

"Sorry, miss," he said to me, stepping out of my way and staring, as if he couldn't believe it, at the rollicking dance floor. Every one of our members had a partner, except me, and several guys, gay I supposed, were looking at me, and by the way that they were using their hands, I guessed that they were trying to figure out if I was a girl or not.

Dwight stopped just past me as I felt a fluttering in my panties. Yes, my heart was racing as well. My, but he did look good, in dark pants and grey shirt. He was staring at Moira then, as her tush was moving like a wild thing as the gay guy she was with was behind her, his hands on her, directing her wriggling as he kissed her neck, her face and even her lips when she moved.

Dwight stared rigidly across the floor. Then, Ashley, in the wig that I had worn the night before, spun around and giggled at the shorter guy who was laughing at his attempt to twirl her, she so much taller than him in her high heels. The guy was on his tiptoes as Ashley, her face like, well, to be honest, like the trucker she was, beamed at him. The brave guy got Ashley to bend her legs before kissing her passionately, a kiss that she responded to so eagerly as if she had never been kissed by another man before.

Brennan sagged and turned from the floor and then his eyes fell on me. If I hadn't looked up at him, if I hadn't blushed, he might never have associated my short, backcombed blonde hair with the ash-blonde he'd kissed so much the night before.

"Jane?" he gasped at me, just as one of the uncertain guys asked me if I'd like to dance. "No, she's with me!" he added, taking my feminized hand out of the gay guy's and pulling me out onto the dance floor, my feet falling into rhythm with his as easily as they had at the Galley Inn the night before.

"That's your real hair!" Brennan almost shouted at me. Well, it was so loud and excitement was in the air all about us. I don't know why that was. It was often so draggy, as Ruth had said, at the *Gay Paree* with us girls just dancing with one another, whenever someone was brave enough to dance and be stared at, by other

crossdressers and whatever gay boys were standing in the doorway to watch.

“Yes,” I agreed with a tremble, watching his face anxiously, wondering what he was doing here in *Gay Paree* and how long it was going to be before he connected me to the Middleham Crossdressers’ Club.

“What are you doing in a place like this?” Dwight asked, frowning intensely at me, holding me tighter in a clinch to him.

“Well, hi, Yank!” Moira said loudly right across us, the guy who had twirled her looking startled as she let go. “Didn’t know you were gay! I should introduce him to my friend here, Janey girl!”

“You don’t think ...!” shouted Dwight at me above the noise while all my senses reeled. Moira was away with the guy she was dancing with, her skirts twirling and swirling about her, showing off her stocking tops, even her garter belt as she laughed, enjoying herself as the ‘girls’ of Middleham, at least, were admiring and envying her.

“We can’t talk in here!” yelled Dwight as I seethed inside as I tried to think of something, anything, I could say that would sound ‘normal’ to him. Whatever could I say that would explain why a girl, as I was supposedly, would be in such a place as the *Gay Paree*?

Dwight took my hand and led me across the floor. I could see him stare at Ashley who was kissing her dance partner hungrily, leaving lipstick all over him as the two of them laughed and went ahead of us, arm-in arm towards the bar and a drink.

Dwight veered off towards the door, his arm about me, directing me hurriedly, making my dress swish against my stockings and my high heels clatter on the floor and then the walkway. It was almost as noisy out-

side with the music being played, but it was also cold. I shivered as I was there without a coat, my bare arms, chest and neck, even my legs feeling the cold breeze.

"You and Moira, both in there?" asked Dwight turning me to face him. "You girls into gays as well as real men?"

"I, I suppose so," I muttered, shuddering as I was sure that he would just shove me. Then, I could get away from him, get back to my friends, crossdressers like me, where I was supposed to be.

Dwight laughed savagely and did the worst thing that he could have done. He pulled me against him and started to kiss me. 'Started' because I had to kiss him back. I had to when all my frayed nerves and trembling emotions were so overwhelmed by the passion I felt in his kiss. He wanted to arouse my womanly feelings for him and he succeeded.

And, of course, our kiss there outside a notorious gay bar did not go unnoticed. A bunch of young guys started whooping aloud and yelling at us from across the car park.

"You sure she's a girl, mate?" was one of the nicest things shouted at Dwight and me.

"Oh, gods, no," I gasped, looking over at all the jeering, insulting mob seeing us clinching so hard with one another. I managed to break my hand and my body free, quivering all over, and darted back, as quickly as my heels would carry me into the *Gay Paree*.

"Hey!" I heard one of the guys at the door shout. "There's a fight outside! One of ours is being beaten up!"

There was a rush then from all over, just a few guys not running out. Even the bartenders joined the crowd going out the door, the men I had danced with earlier saying, "Excuse me, Jane," as they dashed past me to defend

whoever was fighting outside. I wanted to scream that he wasn't one of them, of the gay boys, but then Dwight would have been fighting off how many, ten perhaps, of that teenaged gang who'd been leering at us and calling me a fag and asking if I tasted like a real girl.

I staggered towards the dance floor where most of the girls had been deserted. They all came around me. "What's happening?" yelled Moira at me and so I tremblingly told her what had happened outside. And how, me, a man, recognized as such by the local gang, had deserted another man in a fight.

"There'll be police coming here soon!" exclaimed Ruth, her voice nervous and masculine again. "We need to get out of here!"

The 'girls' were moving to the coat and purse storage when the victorious men returned, several clapping Dwight on the back, even though he was sporting quite a bruise on the side of his face. The bartender went for an ice bag right away while the other one went to the music and turned it down.

"Come and attend to your heroes' wounds, girls," yelled the guy who had been the last partner I'd seen dancing with Moira.

Moira grabbed Ruth by the hand as two guys took them and kissed them. Both Moira and Ruth, I saw in surprise, were getting all giddy and feminine, stroking their men's faces most girlishly as if they really were women consoling and rewarding their men for the fight that they had been in.

The other men were calling for rewards as well and so all of the 'girls' moved down, smiling, and had to console their dancing partners. I paused on the top of the steps that led up to the dancing area and the guy with Moira put out his hand and called me down. Beside him,

Dwight was glowering, holding the ice pack to his head as the bartender was serving 'drinks on the house', courtesy of Rodney, whoever he was.

Moira didn't stop Andrew, her dancing partner, from kissing me lightly and handing me off to Dwight. Dwight's kiss was just as shocking and arousing as it had been before. I felt all my insides churning as he clung to my lips with his, his arms caressing my bare shoulders and narrow waist as I was the one who felt so weak and faint; and I hadn't been in the fight at all.

"Those kids have been haranguing and beating on anyone who leaves alone later at night," said Andrew. "It was about time we taught them a lesson. Hey, don't know your name, mate, but you would have done them all, wouldn't you, without any of our help."

Dwight gave off kissing me but held me to him, pressing my hair against his chin, his ice pack on the other side of his face. "They were picking up rocks," Dwight snorted. "I'd have really been the worse for wear if you guys hadn't all come charging out."

"American?" asked Andrew as Dwight nodded, cuddling me, making me shake with nerves even more. "From the air base?" Dwight nodded again. "Well, anything for the old alliance," said Andrew with a wide smile. "Gosh, I didn't know that, well, I thought that the Yanks didn't let gays serve in the military!"

"They don't," snapped Dwight, turning to get the white wine for me while he started on a whole pint of beer.

Andrew stared at Dwight for a moment until Moira intervened.

"They don't," she said in her Irish brogue. "As long as they don't know, no-one has to tell, Andrew."

“Well, nobody’s going to do that here,” said Andrew, squeezing Moira. “Make yourself at home, man. We entertain the city’s crossdressing club on the weekend every now and then, as you can see.” He laughed as he gestured at all the girls chatting so volubly to the men in the bar, several with men’s arms wrapped around them, several with their arms around men, little kisses being exchanged. “But you already staked a claim to pretty Janey, didn’t you?”

Andrew and Moira went up the steps to start the dancing again and several couples went up to join them. “Thank you for sending the men out to rescue me,” said Dwight, looking down at me, as I held his ice pack for him so that he could drink.

“I, I didn’t,” I said miserably. “I just ran away.”

“The gays must have seen you and come to my rescue,” said Dwight, staring at me. “What makes them think that you’re one of the crossdressers like her?” He nodded at Ashley going back to the dance floor with another man, much older, thinner, who hadn’t been in the fight, either. Oh yes, despite her smile, makeup, dress and heels, you would have known that Ashley was a man, dressed as a woman. His body and facial features both gave him away.

I was going to tell him the story that had limped into my head. Moira and I were recruited by the crossdressers to help them with their makeup. We helped them on nights when they were coming down to the *Gay Patee*. We had nothing else to do and so we had come down with them to help them some more in the bathrooms when they needed help. But Moira and I were girls. I shivered as I thought about how implausible that would sound as I stood there, pressing the ice pack to his head.

Ruth went by us then all giggly and girly and swishy, the young man with her looking at her most thoughtfully. I could almost sense that he was wondering if he was being tricked or what. Alec was cuddling with Darlene, I noticed, while Estelle was with her Ian, the two laughing and caressing one another.

"All the girls who come with the club are supposed to be crossdressers," I said to Dwight.

"And are you a crossdresser?" Dwight finally asked me directly.

I was shaking throughout. I nodded fearfully, looking him in the eyes as well. He was almost smiling at me, as if he was holding it in. "And are you gay?" I asked him, expecting him to admit that he was or why else would he be here alone, in the *Gay Paree*.

"No," said Dwight Brennan, a sardonic smile curling across his mouth. I felt a panic coming over me and stepped back. He could swing at me as he had at that first guy who'd sneered at me and asked me to smooch him as well, but he hadn't been pursing his lips like his friend, he'd been grabbing his crotch.

"Hey, bartender," called Dwight, turning from me then, exchanging the ice pack that Jimmy brought him for another. "Do you know another American who comes in here, a Frank Harrison?"

"I don't get to hear many names," said Jimmy with a cute smile, looking at me. I could sense then, with a quiver, that Jimmy liked Dwight and the quick exchange of ice packs was a little sign that he was coming on to the man standing beside me.

"Could you ask your friend there?" asked Dwight, indicating a bartender, leaning over and chatting to Kate and several guys who were sitting on bar stools around 'her'.

The other bartender hadn't heard of Frank Harrison, either. "A tall, fair-haired guy, very neat, wearing a class ring," said Dwight and both bartenders looked at one another.

"A drag queen as well?" asked the second bartender, grinning at Kate who was now sitting on a man's knee, drinking his beer along with him. "Only Yank I know who comes in here. Marsha, she calls herself; went off with Rodney last night. Could be she's your one and only!"

The last was directed at Dwight who snorted. "Is Rodney here?" he asked. Since that had been the name attached to the free drinks, Rodney was there, waltzing with Ashley, her sinewy arms about his thin frame.

"M-Marsha Williams?" he asked nervously, glancing at me, my hand once again trapped by Dwight. "She, she went off to meet an old boy friend, up West, she said to me. Said she didn't have work until the end of the week."

"Schedule's changed," said Dwight tersely. "So's Frank's, um, Marsha's phone number. You wouldn't know any way that I could connect with him, with her, would you?"

Rodney glanced at me as if needing me to say that it was all right. I was shivering inside as I nodded to him; and so Rodney disgorged a phone number while Ashley petulantly flicked the lovely wig she wore, that I had worn the night before, wishing clearly that I would go away and take Dwight with me.

Dwight kept his arm about me still as he walked me back into the bar, bought himself another beer and yet another white wine for me. Jimmy smirked at me as he served us in a booth as I sat there shivering, legs crossed femininely as Dwight dialled in the number that Rodney had given him.

Dwight Brennan handed the cellphone to me. "Talk as you normally do, like a woman," he said brusquely to me as I heard the phone ringing. "Ask for Marsha Williams first, whoever answers, and, if they ask you, say that Rodney, Marsha's admirer, gave you the number."

"Yes," said a soft voice very carefully after the phone was answered after eight or nine rings. I'd thought that Frank Harrison, the man Dwight wanted to contact, should have let the call go to his answering service. I couldn't tell by the distant, soft voice if I was talking to a man or a child.

"Is Marsha Williams able to answer the phone?" I asked as Dwight frowned at me for the words that I chose to use.

"Whom may I say is calling?" asked the soft voice, a slight lilt to it that would have made me think normally that I was talking to a child, a girl child.

"Rodney asked me to pass on a message to you," I said. There was silence on the other end of the phone as whoever it was considered. I think, for sure, that they would have hung up if my voice had been male as it normally was after I got back to my digs beside the university.

"Go on," said the soft voice that seemed more feminine now as she spoke so carefully.

"You need to tell Frank Harrison that his schedule is changed," I said into the phone.

There was a gasp on the other end. "Not now, darling," Marsha, it must be her, said to someone else, someone with a low, bass voice, muttering to her to end her call and get her pretty, little ass back into bed. "How, how, does Rodney know that he can reach Frank Harrison through me?" Marsha asked me.

"I'm at *Gay Paree*," I said to her while Dwight reached for the phone but I leaned back and he couldn't reach it. "I'm, I'm a girl like you and it's Dwight Brennan who wants to let you know that about the schedule change."

"Tell Frank," said Dwight urgently while I tried to shield the phone from his outburst, "that if he's not on base by noon tomorrow, he'll be AWOL and that means I have to send the provosts after him. If he's back, it's still don't ask, don't tell. Tell Frank to phone into the base and tell them that he's got the schedule change."

I repeated what Dwight had said but the phone went dead.

"It's the best I can do for him," said Dwight curtly as I passed the phone back to him and he stowed it away.

I shivered at the look on his face. "You're a nice guy," I murmured, as he swallowed more beer. I couldn't look at the wine in front of me. I'd had quite enough of that for one day, especially sitting there with a man to whom I had admitted that I was a man in a dress.

Dwight lifted his eyebrows in question. "Why are you being so nice to a gay man in whatever it is that you do?" I asked him, trembling at the way he was looking at me in my dress. "I thought that guys like you ..."

"I'm not missing out on a mission I've worked my tail off to get," snapped Dwight at me. "Not for Marsha, Frank, or anyone else. Besides, I don't care what policy says. I got nothing against gays. I wouldn't be sitting in here, chatting to another guy in a dress, would I, if I did?"

"You think that I'm gay?" I asked him furiously.

"You're the one who kissed me back outside," said Dwight with a grin. "You opened your lips for me as well, didn't you, when you lay on the bed in my arms, snug-

gling right up to me and almost drowning me in your perfume? What the hell is that stuff, anyway?"

"Elizabeth Taylor's *Opium*," I told him, which I was still using, even that evening. "Well, I, I've done your work for you. Now, it's time for me to return to my friends."

The music had risen in tone, a real party atmosphere developing in and around the dancing area. The floor was getting more crowded as several male couples were joining in the fun and dancing as well.

Dwight pulled a face as he stood up with me, peeling off several pounds, English money, and dropping them on the table. "Nah," he said. "Too crowded. Let's go back to our place, Mrs Brennan. Garth's already back on base; so we've got the whole suite to ourselves."

"But you're not gay," I said to him, shivers running up and down my back as he guided me into the area where my coat was hung and my purse was on the top of the rack. "And, and, despite what you think, I'm not either."

"And neither are any of these girls here tonight?" asked Dwight with a leer, helping me with my coat as Ruth, who'd always said that she was hetero and that her wife was enough for her, was clinging to the young guy she'd picked up. The two were exploring each other's tushes most explicitly.

"Tell them to get a room," said Dwight as he picked up purses until I nodded and then I was helpless as he had his arm about me. He ushered me out of the dancing area, out of the bar and into a cab that had just stopped to discharge two tall, heavily madeup, blonde, busty, drag queens, who tipped the driver outrageously before heading into *Gay Paree*. Perhaps a friend had let them know that a really intense party was forming up. Oh, the high heels they were wearing. They made them so tall and

wobble so much and surely their asses were padded, so rounded and mobile were their moving rears.

The driver was smiling at them, and then at us, as Dwight pushed me into the taxi and told him to take us to the Galley Inn.

“I can’t go there with you,” I hissed at Dwight.

“You’ve come this far, Mrs Brennan,” whispered Dwight right back at me, touching my leg. I immediately crossed one nylon over the other, the raspy, swishy noise making him grin. I almost cried out in shame at the way I was feeling but Dwight leaned over me and began to kiss me. I vaguely saw the driver smiling, nicely, not as he had been at the drag queens he’d dropped off.

I tried to push Dwight off me but he wasn’t going to be denied. He kissed my cheek when I pulled my mouth away from his lips and then my neck, burying his head into my shoulders. I quivered all over as I realized he was drinking in my feminine fragrance again. A hand caressed my thigh as I clenched my legs together. I went to protest but his lips took mine again and kissed me, the intense pleasure I felt in being kissed by him overwhelming my resolve to jump from the moving car. No, I succumbed to another, intense desire, to be kissed and caressed as if I really was a girl by the non-gay man who liked doing it to me.

I was in a daze as we got out of the cab in front of the Inn, another couple getting into it as Dwight overtipped the driver again. Doormen opened the doors for us and a concierge welcomed me as ‘Mrs Brennan – so nice to see you again!’ a phoney, welcoming smile on her pretty, painted face.

I knew what would happen when the elevator, the lift as I called it, was vacant except for the two of us. I was kissed and hugged all the way to the top floor of the Inn,

my arms about my fake husband's neck as I leaned back against the mirrors and was, I think, everything that a man could have wanted in a kissable, clingy girl friend.

My nerve failed me as we reached the door of the Honeymoon Suite. I backed off and so Dwight picked me up as if I was a blushing bride and carried me, kicking and wriggling into the Suite and right through the ante-room into the room with the pink, canopied bed and silk counterpane. I landed on it and then a far stronger man than me landed on top of me, even as I was protesting to him.

"You said that you weren't gay!" I squealed at him, my voice still retaining its female tone that I'd tried so hard to master.

"One swallow doesn't make a summer," whispered my 'husband' with a kiss on my earrings and ear lobes. "And another pithy saying, don't knock it till you've tried it!"

"I, I'm not a scientific experiment!" I screamed at the man, caressing my hips and spreading my legs as he lay on me. "Stop, Dwight, please! I don't want this to go any further!"

Dwight located my lips and that was it. His mouth and tongue roamed over my lips and, shuddering, I let him into me, to French kiss me, the feeling of femininity overwhelming me again as I wriggled beneath Dwight, his hands lifting my dress and caressing my garter belt, my thighs, and my stockings. I felt so womanly as he gently caressed me as his tongue firmly held me in place.

I squealed through a possessed mouth as Dwight lifted my legs about him and I felt his pecker. I squealed as this wasn't Moira and this wasn't practice. A huge shudder went through me as I knew that this was going to be different from Moira's lovemaking 'practice'.

I don't know how Dwight had opened and divested himself of his pants, so easily and quickly. I tried to fight him when he levered my panties down but he kissed all over my face and the tops of my breasts before he took my arms and put them around his neck.

All resistance ended. I frantically co-operated with him, bucking and wiggling my tush beneath him as he lifted it onto his gloriously erect male member. I kissed him as passionately as he was kissing me as he entered me, grunting as he did so, his hands stroking my lowered panties and garter belt as he penetrated me.

I was his woman. I was Mrs Brennan and my husband was exercising his conjugal rights. I felt just as a woman probably felt when a man has her face to face while she's lifting her tush for him to drive into as far as he wants. He didn't want to stop kissing me or to have me stop kissing him. So, I kissed Dwight as we wrestled together. It was everything I'd ever wanted, such exquisite pleasure rousing me as I felt him inside me, filling me. I couldn't help increasing my writhing, caressing my husband's so muscular body.

I couldn't escape him. Dwight was so strong. But I didn't want to escape. Some girl was squealing all through what we were doing and gasping as she urged her man on to have her, to make her a woman. Only as a final shriek pierced my whole body did I realize that the girlish talk and squeals were all coming from me.

I clung to Dwight as he gloriously drove and drove into me and waves of female feeling pushed aside all the strictures that Moira and I had said that we would follow. Well, hadn't she broken our rules first? Hadn't she made love to a man, concealing that she was as well?

I didn't need to conceal anything from Dwight Brennan. He knew what I was and, if I was an experiment

for him, it was such a wonderful, glorious experience for me. I was a woman. I felt like a woman and a man who had taken me still wanted to kiss me and caress me, even when it was done.

Even when it was done! It wasn't done. Dwight's lips never left me as he began to unclothe me, so slowly and sensually, that I could hear the girlish squealing again. Dwight finally turned me beside him, his hands tweaking my non-existent breasts. He entered me again, letting me turn my face so that I could kiss him and please him as he pleased me with his manhood, finally being hauled against him so wonderfully as he penetrated me again, his Jane, his woman.



I awoke, naked, laying beside a man in his bed, disoriented for a moment. I had to grasp what I was doing and where I was. I sat bolt upright, a suffusion of emotions

cascading all over me as I recalled what I'd been doing, making love to a man all night, encouraging him to have me, bouncing on his manhood as my own climaxes, like his, covered us both in male essence.

"Where are you going, beautiful?" Dwight asked me. I couldn't answer him. My lips quivered as I thought of how I must look. My hair must straggle all about me. I had no breasts and I was without any padding or clothing to disguise what I was. No, I wasn't beautiful at all. Not as a woman, I was sure, and certainly not as a man.

"I have to get out of here," I said, nausea rising inside me as unbidden thoughts rose inside me about what I had done, what I had pleaded with Dwight Brennan to do to me, as if he was Moira, and he definitely wasn't that.

"No, you don't," said Dwight. "But I do. Don't you recall that I have a mission briefing at noon and God help Frank Harrison if he isn't there to be part of it."

"I, I've got classes," I said as I tried to slide out of his grip towards the partly open, bathroom door. "I've got to do something with this hair!"

"Don't touch it," laughed Dwight, his strong grip not letting me go. "I love it the way that it is. Now lie back, Jane, for a minute. I really do have to go. You can clean yourself and get dressed as soon as I go. Now, before I go, I have to know how to get in touch with you again. Since you might lie to me, even though I think I made every girlish dream of yours come true last night, I've taken the liberty of scanning the phone in your purse. Want to tell me your real name and address and how I can get hold of you for a replay of last night and this morning?"

"You, you said you weren't gay!" I screamed at Dwight who laughed, holding my naked body against his.

"I'm not," said Dwight. "And before you keep throwing that at me again, think about it, Mrs Jane Brennan. I

made love to my wife last night. I was the husband and you were the wife. Don't ask what that makes me, ask what it makes you. And you know the answer to that, don't you?"

I felt sure he would tell me that I was gay, or that I was faggot, or a tranny, or that I was a drag queen. I wouldn't have disagreed with anything that he thought that I was. It's amazing how a little sleep, an absence of passion, lack of female clothing, and daylight can change perspective on what you've been doing so intensely.

"Since you're not answering," said Dwight, behind me slightly, blowing at my ear, kissing it, while I began to feel so hot and bothered again, "I'll tell you, Janey, my darling wife. I am a man, not gay, and that means that you are a woman, also not gay, or how would such a feminine woman ever have aroused me as she did last night, time after time, to give her female pleasures. Isn't that what you called it?"

I flushed as Dwight sent back at me the silly, stupid things that I'd said in the throes of such intense desire and passion the night before. I didn't want a litany of all the loving things I had said to him. I had a few things that he had said to me that I could fling back at him as well. I flushed at what he'd said. Oh, no, he would only think it amusing, I was certain.

And what was this about contacting me again? No, this was never going to happen again! I was certain of that! Then his hand ran down my body, my naked body, and caressed my tush so familiarly. I squealed and half turned to grip his hand.

"I do have to go," said Dwight. "I'll see you again, when I can, Jane, whenever I get back. Don't go changing phones and providers. It'll do you no good. I'll track you

down through the Middleham Crossdressers Club, MCC, just like the cricket club, right?"

Dwight let me go and I fled to the bathroom. There were towels and a bath ready and waiting for me, all hot and scented as I liked it. My female clothing, my panties, gaff, garter belt, stockings, bra and padding were all laid out for me along different chairs and racks. Oh, I did look so effeminate as I looked at myself. I hadn't cleaned the eyeliner and eyebrow pencil from my eyes.

I looked girlish. No, I thought with a shudder, I looked really girlish when I held up my hair, my golden, gleaming hair in a halo about my head. How on earth could I be me again and go and sit my exams at university, I sobbed to myself, looking as girlish as I did. And I had to enhance my feminine looks as well as I had to get out of the Galley Inn. I had to make myself look like the woman who had entered this room the night before and had made love to her husband all night long in the Honeymoon Suite, giggling over what he was doing to her naked body.

Such thoughts started to make me feel so femmy again. It was good that Dwight had left me all alone in the room. I was even in my dress by the time that someone knocked on the door and used a master key to let themselves in.

"Oh, I am sorry, Mrs Brennan," said the girl who was there to tidy the room. "I saw Mr Brennan leaving and I thought ..."

"It's quite all right," I told her. "I'm leaving right now and so you can make up the room."

Tracy began right away, stripping the bed as I found my coat, high heels and purse. My hair looked really scraggly. I hoped that Moira was home and could fix it for me so that I could go back to school. I saw then what a

mess the bed was after Dwight and I had been in it, making love all night.

“Don’t worry about this, Mrs Brennan,” the chambermaid, Tracy, said with a smile. “We’ve all seen a lot worse. And this is the Honeymoon Suite, isn’t it? And you haven’t seen your husband for months, or so he told us, yesterday. He was really looking forward to seeing you today if you could get free.”

I smiled at the girl and left her a five pound note as a tip, not wanting to ask her about Dwight Brennan and what he was talking about. Just be home, Moira, I begged as I walked out of the Galley Inn again, smiling and quaking inside as I was called ‘Mrs Brennan’ again by everyone who saw me.

I got into the cab and saw a pretty, blonde girl there, legs crossed, her hair wind-blown but definitely of girlish length. And yes, I thought, with trembling everywhere over my feminized body, I am a woman. Dwight thinks that I am. He even thinks that I’m his wife.

Moira wouldn’t let me cut my hair or dye it. What she did have me do in the end was wear a male wig that we had to go out and buy, more of my precious few pounds spent on something I didn’t really need to buy.

And it was awful in the store as the girl who helped us thought it was all a giggle. She even said that I would never fool anyone into thinking I was a man even with the wig on me, no matter how tightly I pinned and glued it.

“This is stupid!” I whispered to Moira as we waited for my credit card to work its way through. Like Moira, I had a credit card in my woman’s name, an additional card issued to my main account. It was wonderful to be

able to prove that I was Jane Hughes as I waited for some eagle-eyed woman to tell me that I wasn't.

Moira loved shopping. She wouldn't answer me but only directed me then over to the women's department where she proceeded to show me such lovely dresses and it was 'Yes' to the shopgirl. Yes, we really did want to try on this one and that one, the short, black mini really hugging my figure and so Moira had to try it on as well. Shopping and being all girlish was so thrilling for me as well and it made me forget for a while that I really had serious work to be getting on with, and very soon, like the next day.

Moira couldn't leave the women's department without buying something. I had to have the silk, lacy, fuchsia colored panties, she said, and the bra that went with it. My new boy friend was going to love undressing me in those, she said to me, the shop assistant overhearing and smiling at me as I blushed and she must have seen, even with all the makeup I was wearing.

Moira bought me the black mini-dress, which sent all kinds of chills through me, as she bought a slightly different one for her. Again, in front of the girl who took her credit card with a smile, Moira said that we had to have something new for Andrew's party, where we were going on the weekend. "It's going to be an orgy," Moira laughed.

"But, but," I whispered as we jauntily left the store, bouncing on our heels and in our short skirts, hair bobbing, "Andrew's gay, isn't he? What kind of party is he going to throw?"

We had been to some parties since we were tarts and guys picked us up, of course, necking parties with young, untutored boys who were so turned on by girls as pretty as us paying attention to them. But even when I'd had

some man's hand on my thigh under my skirt, his mouth pressed on mine, I'd known that he wasn't going to go further than that. I didn't have to panic. I just had to lift his hand when I had had enough pleasure from his fumbling along my garter belt and thigh and put it back where I wanted it to be, say, on my taped, uplifted 'breast'.

"Why should you care what Andrew is or isn't?" asked Moira, tossing her lovely, red hair back over her shoulders and smiling at a well-dressed guy staring at us as he went into the store. "You were the one who told on us to the American, weren't you?"

I shuddered as I followed Moira into the cab. She never used buses as I had to. She never asked me to pay for them, either. I really did owe her a lot, if truth be told, both financially and femininely.

"Dwight sort of tricked me," I murmured to Moira as we crossed our legs and draped ourselves femininely across the back seat of the cab, with our bright, clearly female-packaged parcels and dress bags.

"Tricked you?" asked Moira in amusement. "How?"

I waited until the cabby had cracked a few jokes, helped us into Moira's with our parcels, and accepted the large tip that fluttered from Moira's so vivid, femininely shaped nails. This one didn't recognize us for what we were but there were some drivers who did and said they didn't mind driving blokes like us. There were even some stores where older women had figured out what we were and which we now avoided like the plague.

"Dwight tricked me into thinking that he was gay," I told Moira as I hung my new dress next to hers in the closet. I suspected that after the party, the dresses would go back to the store. It was something that Moira had learned to do from real party girls, or so she said.

“That didn’t mean anything about you,” protested Moira.

“We were in a gay bar with a group of crossdressers,” I said to her. “You saw the sign they put up to welcome us. Dwight saw it. He guessed that I was one of the Middleham Crossdressers’ Club. He thought it was really funny to be meeting with a member of the MCC.”

“A Yank who knew something about cricket?” asked Moira in mock wonder. “Oh, Janey, Janey, Jane, you are such a simpleton but I do love you so, my lovely girl friend.”

She hugged me to her and deliberately kissed me, our lipsticks mingling. She smelled amazingly feminine as she had tried on all of the perfumes that a helpful girl had tried to entice us to buy as we had entered the store to shop for other things, notably the male wig for me.

“So, you went all the way with your gay friend, didn’t you?” asked Moira, watching me as I flushed as I had to admit to her that I had.

“Dwight knew all about me and he got me back into the Galley Inn as his wife,” I told her. “I wanted to come back here but he wouldn’t let me. He, he liked kissing me and he, he promised to treat me as a woman.” So Dwight hadn’t done that. Moira didn’t have to know that. But how could I excuse my wantonness, being a girl to another man, letting him do all the things that he had done to me and I had enjoyed so much unless I blamed it on him. I could barely look Moira in the eye as we swayed and hugged one another girlishly.

“Well, you missed out on a good party back here,” said Moira, swinging me as if there was music for us to dance to as we often did in her house once we were dressed in female clothing. Touching another girl like me, aroused me a lot as it did Moira. Often, we had to grab

our purses and head out to find our boys for a night of womanly fun or we would have been at one another, I thought, wondering if Moira ever thought the same. And we girls together had much more important things to do to prove how feminine we were than to arouse and excite one another.

“The girls partied back here?” I asked her incredulously. Well, the girls had been on a high at the *Gay Paree*. There was no doubt about that. So, it wasn’t really that unbelievable that tipsy crossdressers would come back from a night of dancing with men, acting and overacting as womanly figures, and would want to have a little girlie party together.

“Not just the girls,” Moira laughed at me. “I think all of the guys we danced with came back here as well, not stopping for good night kisses at the end of the path. I had to organize a rota for the bedrooms. Didn’t you notice that your bed had been slept in, well, had someone wrestling around in it, when you came in?”

I’d been in such a hurry after arguing with Moira, she taking the scissors away from me, refusing to let me cut the permed, blonde waves that I now had. And no, she’d said firmly to me, she wasn’t going to change my hair or wash my perm out, not that she could.

“I’m stuck like this?” I’d yelled at her. “But I have exams!”

Oh, how cruel Moira was, laughing at me and my predicament. Then, she’d suggested the man’s wig for me, promising me that it would do the job. I could be pretty, blonde Janey Jane again for the next party she was planning on the weekend.

I had thought it would be a party for the girls again. She hadn’t said much about gays from *Gay Paree* invading her house, save for the use of my bed. I didn’t notice any

mess but I did learn later that the gays were really great about tidying up after themselves or a party they were at. They were much better than we girls were.

"My bed looked a little mussed," I admitted but I just thought that one of the girls, I meant crossdressers, of course, but we always called one another 'girls', had used the room I slept in for a couple of nights on a weekend at Moira's, to get dressed as a woman.

"Ruth had that boy she was dancing so closely with all the time in here for over half the night," laughed Moira, enjoying the shock she must see written there.

"But Ruth isn't ..." I gasped.

"She is now," giggled Moira, cutting me off. "And April, Sarah, Belle, all of that crowd of supposed heteros, who didn't ever want to go out to a gay bar in drag, remember them at the meetings you came to, Janey girl? Well, all of them proved that they were bisexuals at the very least at the party we had here. Andrew had to help me pry Belle and some guy called Ned apart to get the boy off to some class somewhere he couldn't afford to miss, according to Andrew. That's when he got the idea of having an orgy of drag queens, that's the way he put it, in his place this next weekend."

I shuddered. "Didn't I see two drag queens going into the *Gay Paree* ..." I said, being cut off again.

"Rowena and Leticia," said Moira. "They came back with us and did a strip for all the guys, showing off their lollipops. That's what they called them. Honest, Janey! I think they were the first into the bedrooms with guys fastened onto them."

"You didn't stop them!" I asked in pure astonishment. I recalled all the things we'd said, Moira and I, all the promises we'd made, promises that I'd smashed on the weekend. We were definitely not the girls, the tarts that

we'd said we were going to be, going so far and not further. Yes, I thought in shame, that was really true in my case. I wasn't the girl I'd claimed to be. And now, I found out, it was true in Moira's case as well.

"Well, you were off being screwed by your Yank," Moira protested to me. "Andrew knows what I am and he was willing. So I took him to bed with me," Moira smirked as she hugged and danced still with me, her stockinged leg sliding against mine, our breasts touching and pressing, more fun for her than for me. "And he loved sticking his manhood into me, Jane.

"Did Dwight do that for you as well, Janey? We should get him together with Andrew. Andy loved riding me, driving his thing into me while he was caressing me, one hand on my dinger and one on my breasts. He loved pumping me and coming in me. It was really freaky, he called it, me being so womanly and yet having junk like a man!"

"I thought we said we weren't that gay!" I whispered to my special friend, a girl like me, as we swayed together and, yes, I was getting hot.

"You're the one who should talk," laughed Moira. "We all knew what and where you were going with your Yank. Poppy and Chris had disappeared and then you and what's-his-name went off all lovey-dovey. And we had to go, and the guys, they must have conspired to do it, they all wanted to walk us home, and well, you know the rest. It was drinking and making out from then on for a whole night."

"We'll never be able to get boys to walk us home here again!" I said in a panic.

"It was time we moved on with our lives," said Moira somberly then. "And don't forget, Janey girl, that you were the one who started it. We all saw how that guy of

yours was holding your tush and how he was pushing your panties into his crotch, Jane. He wanted to do you, everyone could see before you took off. And we all knew that you were going with him because you were going to give him what he wanted. So, spill with the details, girl. He had you, didn't he? And you think you're some kind of woman now, don't you?"

I stared into her lovely, madeup eyes in shock, swishing my dress with hers as we did our no-music dance. "I was the same," Moira said sympathetically. "With a boy, long before you. We'd make love for a day on end and then he told me that I was fooling myself if I thought I was a woman. He stayed in with me because it was an embarrassment to go out with me, me insisting on wearing a dress.

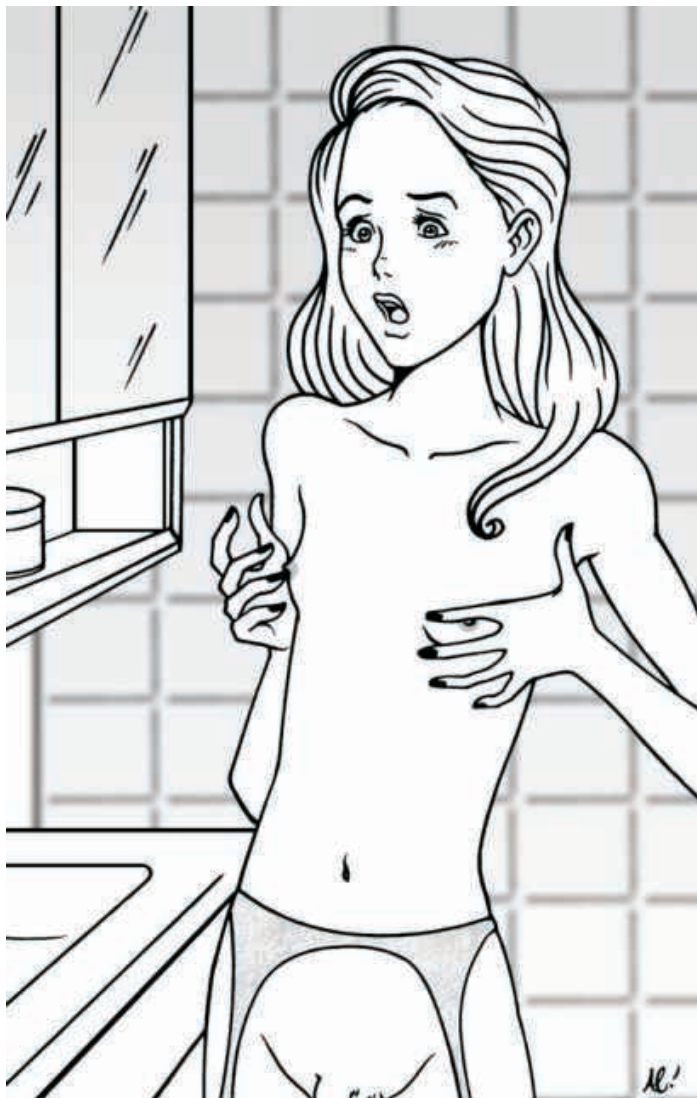
"That's why I've been trying so hard to be a woman, getting you to help me, showing me all my mistakes, and why I take my pills. It's been pretty wonderful these months with you, Janey, have no doubt about it. But I'm ready for Malcolm now when I see him again. I'm going to blow his tiny, freaking mind when he sees the girl he could have had and not some bimbo he meets in a gay bar!"

"It's not my fault," I whispered to the girl I had thought was just like me. I couldn't wait then to start to change, to kick off my heels, undo my garter belt, take off my stockings and put them back neatly with the clean ones I had at Moira's.

"So we'll party with Ruth and Ashley and all the other MCC girls," said Moira as she came into 'my' bedroom and watched me sliding out of my skirt and top and putting them on hangers. I had to retreat to the bathroom to take off my makeup, my earrings getting in the way. Oh gosh, but with makeup gone, I still looked so femmy as I

looked at myself. It must be the wave in my hair and my earrings and the bra I was still wearing.

I took off my bra and my breasts still felt as if they were being pushed up and massaging on my chest. I touched myself and I wobbled. I squealed, I think, and Moira came ambling in from my bedroom, in her new little black dress, looking so womanly and cute.



"My, my chest!" I screamed at her.

"Oh, you're growing at last," said the girl I thought I knew. "Gosh, but it's taken a long time, hasn't it? Your hips and thighs were so femmy a long time ago but it's taken a year for that little development. Must be because you don't get the pills every day."

"What pills?" I screamed at her. Moira had, of course, been giving me pills she got from one of her doctors to turn me into a woman. No wonder that I was feeling the way that I did. "You had no right ...!" I squealed at my best friend.

"They're a gift, Janey girl," said Moira, touching me and my chest wobbled, very, very slightly as I backed away from her. "I knew you didn't have the money and I wanted that cute, little face out with me among the boys. It's you whom they're all after, isn't it?"

"I'm, I'm stopping, Moira," I gasped. "I am never going to be doing this again!"

"You can't stop being a crossdresser, Janey," said Moira soberly. "It doesn't work that way. You are what you are, girl. Now, let me help you become a boy again."

Why hadn't I noticed that my skin was softer? Because that's the way I wanted it to be, said Moira, as I had to let her help me pin my hair flat, put the wig and pins, adhesives and goodness knows what on to it, and I was supposed to be me again. But I wasn't. I couldn't help sitting like a girl. When others looked at me, at Charley Hughes, they would have to be really uncertain about me.

If I was me, I'd have backed away from me. Even cleaning off my fingernails didn't help. It just seemed that my lips were thicker and more womanly than I ever remembered. My eyelashes were thicker and curled while my eyebrows were so thin. And this man's wig was just

like the style that mannish women wanted these days when they had severe hair bobs.

My own clothes seemed to hang on me after the weekend I'd had, compressed all the time into women's severe underclothing. I seemed to retain Moira's coaching as well on how to pose and how to hold my muscles so stiffly, my stomach never having been as thin as it was.

"I, I can't go out like this," I almost sobbed to a sympathetic Moira, still adding to the adhesive around my forehead for the wig I was wearing.

"It's this or going back to full drag," said Moira with a feminine laugh. "You do look much better as a girl these days. Ruth was saying that to me just this weekend. She was admiring how your figure was so improved. She wanted to know how I'd helped you and I told her the truth. So guess what Ruthie bought from me and took home with her when she left early this morning."

"Her wife will kill her," I muttered, wondering if I dared to cut back my curled eyelashes. There must be some way of stopping them from looking so girlish. Oh gods, just look at me! I was out of a dress and makeup and I wasn't in a blonde wig and I looked as much of a girl as I did when I was all madeup. Even the baseball cap that Moira laughingly suggested I wear didn't seem to help much.

"Doubt Ruthie's wife will really kill her," said Moira, ignoring my pleas for help on making me look more mannish. "You've forgotten Pauline, I see. She's what's called a supportive wife and she won't be opposed to the femmy changes in a really femmy Ruth no matter what Ruth says. Pauline will put that silly drag queen in her place, you mark my words."

I looked so thin, so femmy myself. I also found that I could barely speak like myself after nearly four days of

using Janey's lilting, feminine tones. I had to go, however, and leave Moira even though I wasn't certain what was going to happen to me when my normal 'friends' saw me!

But maybe it was the change of locations because, as I got closer to my male neighborhood, it was easier to grunt and frown and generally look miserable and masculine in the university. I scowled at the exams as everyone else did, stuffing my hands in my jeans pockets and slouching as much as I could. The baseball cap seemed to help as well as, when I leaned a little, my eyes were in shadow.

Besides, I think everyone I knew in my classes all had too much on their minds anyway to notice changes in me. They'd probably seen things anyway that I hadn't noticed at all, like my clean, shiny nails. Well, I'd dirtied them deliberately as I didn't want to cut them, not after it had taken me so long to grow and shape them, like my hair.

Yes, I wore the mannish wigs as scruffily as I could, hiding my real, dyed, waved pageboy beneath the short locks. So one boy I didn't know told me to 'get outta my way, faggot', and I shivered and did. But I couldn't do more to myself and assert any masculinity I had. Because I knew that I wasn't going to stay away from Moira and definitely not Dwight when he called. I was too much of a girl, a tart, yes, I really was, to do that.

I half expected Dwight to contact me but Moira said she'd heard nothing. "Welcome back to womanhood," she'd laughed at me, looking so good in her new, little black dress, all ready for the party that I was expected to attend as well.

"But all the men will be gay," I said, blushing as I finally got my male wig off and shook out my blonde wavy

hair. A lot of backcombing and brushing and I was starting to look like a pretty Jane again. I loved sitting at the dressing table and doing my eyes again, seeing a smiling, happy Jane bursting out of the drab bindings of masculinity.

I couldn't wait to get into my panties and my stockings and a corset. I sighed in pleasure as I affixed my fake breasts to the tiny, wobbly mounds that Moira's pills had given me, not minding that now, and put on a lovely, black bra. Moira put a soft, femmy hand on my shoulder and leaned over to kiss me. I trembled inside as I felt so much that I was home again as I powdered my painted face and shook my hair and dangling earrings into place.

"I could eat you myself, my pretty Janey," whispered Moira in my ear, but then she had to go as other girls like Poppy were clamoring for her help, or mine, in transforming themselves for Andrew's party.

In my little black dress, I looked like a blonde knockout, I decided, loving the feel of the high heels on my feet as I swished into the main dressing room. All the girls smiled and welcomed me, coming forward as girls should to hug and give me fake kisses which I returned. Ashley asked me to do her hair like mine, and Poppy wanted her eyelashes to be made to look like mine. I had to choose dresses that would suit Ashley and her friend, Tammy, who was so nervous about her really deep, bass voice.

"Whisper, my darling girl," I said to her, teaching her how to flick her hair back like a girl. I'd been the same at first, always choosing the longest hair, the most false eyelashes, daubing muck around my eyes that I hoped to make myself look like a tart. Moira had seen something in what I was doing, I don't know how, and she'd helped me to become the girl I was to all my friends. Well, so many I didn't know at all now.

Tammy was most eager to accept my suggestions and I changed her wig. I made her use an old lipstick on her beard and then foundation and it was like she was a new woman. "Oh!" she gasped and "Oh!" again, when I fitted her with a chestnut, pageboy style wig.

I shaped Tammy's lips and made them cherry red. She sat there, shivering and just admiring herself for an age, before she whispered, "Thank you," Then, I made her change from the ruffles she wanted to wear up to her neck. A straight, black dress was right for her. She couldn't help shuddering and shuddering as I tightened her corset, took away her bulky pads and made her practice walking in her low heels. I had her swinging her tush like me in no time.

"Wow, you're a magic worker," Moira grinned to me after Tammy had hugged us both. We had toned her down so that she didn't break the back of a man who admired her. Moira and I sorted out the other girls as well, most of them knowing what they wanted. Many had new earrings, Ashley had a new, red wig, and almost all had new lipsticks that they had procured in the last week in anticipation of the party we'd all been invited to.

"Those lipsticks are going to be well used," smirked Moira at me as she loaned out coats and scarves to all the 'girls' as the boys' cars arrived to ferry us to Andrew's. Moira went with the first group, including a very eager, femmy Ruth, so different from the way she'd started out at the last dance I'd been to with her.

"The, the b-boys at this p-party ..." stammered a nervous Tammy, checking her pose with her cherry red nails gleaming on her hip. She was padded now in only one place, her chest, as we all, all but Moira, were. She didn't look as manly as she had before, especially with the bow I'd put in her hair that matched her dangling earrings, choker and the necklace on her upper chest.

“They’ll all be gay,” I told her and she looked very flustered. I felt I had to explain more to her. “You won’t be dancing with one of us, Tammy, as you were if you came to a club dance this year.”

“I, I know that,” whispered Tammy to me as I put my arm around her and gave her a femmy hug as we girls had to learn to do to one another. She was blushing, I think, then. “It’s, it’s just, well, will I get laid? Am I pretty enough ...?”

“You are tons pretty enough!” I told her as Tammy swished her long skirts about her stockings and shoes. “But you don’t have to get laid unless you want to. Getting dressed again is really a bitch, you know!”

“I don’t mind that,” said Tammy with a distinct shudder. I realized then that she wasn’t frightened as I thought that she was. She was excited and aroused. Wow, pity the guys at the party tonight, I thought in amusement. The word about what had happened had definitely spread amongst the trannies in the Middleham Crossdressers’ Club. I just hoped then that there was a man there for Tammy as there had been for Ashley and Poppy. I would hate her to be disappointed.

I needn’t have worried. As one of the really good dancers said to me when I cuddled into his arms and kissed him after a dress swirling, Latin dance. “Don’t do that!” Gordon had said, grimacing at me, making me wonder what his problem was. “You’re far too femmy for me to be interested in making out with you. I bet your breasts are real the way that they bounce. Your hair sure is. You should go and dance with Andrew or DJay. They like drag queens who are twenty-four seven like you!”

“But I’m not ...” I shouted over the din to Gordon but he was gone. I saw him next, moving in on Sheila, the chairman of our group, who had a male physique. I

watched them go off down the hallway to the bedrooms later, arm-in-arm, with Sheila's mouth locked to his and his hands already roving freely over her tush.

I saw Tammy in a corner, trapped against a wall, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she was kissed by some tall guy, who had her smooth, stockinged leg lifted and shifting about his as he pushed so firmly against her.

"Dance with me," said a girlish voice over my shoulder and I turned to meet a blonde girl like me who directed me firmly in a little old-fashioned rock and roll. "You dance really well," Lily, the blonde, laughed at me as she hugged me and kissed my cheek, not spoiling my lipstick as several couples told us that girls couldn't dance together.

"You dance like a girl," said Lily, twirling me around again, her hand and arm firm as she made sure that my little, black dress flew around quickly enough to show off my thighs, my panties, my garter belt and my stockings to the few hungry guys watching us from the sidelines. Funny, but none of them came to break us up as I thought that they should.

"We should dance with the guys," I said, hardly able to breathe after two gymnastic romps about the room.

"No point," said Lily, drawing me against her for a slow, clingy waltz. "They're all gay."

Lily kissed me on my lipsticked mouth, firmly and passionately, as my fake boobies bounced against hers, but hers were real. Her hands went down me to caress my tush.

"Gosh, Lily," I murmured to her as I thought of what the men must be saying about us as we girls eased about the dance floor. Would they start calling for 'girl' on 'girl' action? No, they'd probably call for queen on queen,

wouldn't they? "We'll get kicked out of the party if we keep on doing this."

"Get a room!" smirked one definitely gay guy, doing the limp-wrist gesture to us as we circled past him, our lips locked for quite a while.

"That's a good idea," said Lily, taking my hand and pulling me off the floor, making no bones about what she was leading me away for. I saw Tammy looking at me aghast as she cuddled up to another guy. Andrew had already announced that the rooms were no longer to be used without his permission as he had to keep some girls on the floor to dance with.

The derisive comments to that announcement brought all kinds of claims that the gay guys were going to do their dates on the floor as they danced which made all of the girls, save for me and Lily, smile and look so demurely at the men they were dancing with, as if daring them to do it. So many were being really 'good sports' about the guys, kissing and letting the gays caress them in ways that real girls never would.

"Hey, you need permission!" a young, curly-haired moptop lisped at us as Lily pulled us along the hallway where more guys, I think, were crowding in, doubling the chances for sure that girls like Tammy and Ashley would get laid.

Lily gave the youngster the middle finger and pulled me along to a room that she had the key for. A girl's room, I saw as we entered and she locked the door behind us. It was a relief to hear the pounding of the musical beat at a little distance. I was going to say that to Lily but she didn't want to talk at all.

No, Lily wanted me on the bed and she wanted to kiss me thoroughly. She wanted to hold me down as if she was the man and I was the woman and she wanted me to

kiss her breasts, her beautiful, slim body, her navel and to slide off her panties, she wasn't wearing any stockings at all, and arouse her clit and vagina.

Oh, I should have known! She must have had the operation, I thought, and it was an incredible job. She was getting real pleasure from her 'lady parts' even when I was just caressing them, using my soft fingers and shaped, feminine nails to make her come.

Well, I'd done that a lot to girls in high school, hadn't I, to hide what I really wanted, that I wanted a man to treat me as Lily was treating me, obviously remembering what it was like when she had been a man like me. She kissed me savagely and aroused many womanly sentiments in me as she forced my mouth to arouse her augmented breasts.

I could tell that I was as she had me slide wetly all about her lovely lady's parts. I made her squeal and wriggle as Lily bounced on me, opening my dress, grimacing and saying a few bad words when she found that my bra was all padded and that I was as nearly as flat-chested as any other boy.

Lily loved my perfume, however, and stretched out on me, kissing and driving me crazy with her caresses until she finally giggled and got my corset to open, my dress long slipped away from me.

She played with my panties as I caressed her, feeling her rising again. "What are you taped for?" Lily gasped as she turned on me and she lay on me to sixty-nine with her, her vagina thrusting against my mouth. So how could I answer her when I was full of a lovely transsexual clit like hers?

But her hands and mouth were all over my tush. She was tearing away the tape and my panties when she squealed extra loud and suddenly sat up, swivelling

around. There she was, screaming angrily down at me as she held my panties in her hand.

“You’re an effing man!” Lily screamed at me. She backhanded me across the face and it really stung. “Who’s idea was this? Rocco’s? Andy? Tony? Or all of them? Whose idea was it that I should have sex with a guy? All of them? Are all of the gays in on this? Ooo! I should just rip this thing off you, I could! It’s not doing you any good, is it?”

“You, you’re not a guy?” I gasped up at her as her legs tightened about me and I was sure she was going to hit me again. “You’re not a transsexual?”

“Of course I’m not!” yelled Lily down at me, smacking me again. “Can’t you tell a real woman when you feel her, you little faggot! I’m a dyke, you idiot! And I don’t make love to guys, not now, not ever!”

I shivered beneath her in the ruins of my female underwear. “I, I’m so sorry!” I gasped. “I, I really didn’t know.”

I tried to push her off me but she wrestled with my arms and then pushed me down spreadeagled beneath her. “Well,” Lily said, smirking at me. “Well. Well, you wear lovely, girlish clothes with great taste. And you have a really pretty, girlish face, sweet Janey, and I bet that this is the best offer that I’m going to get tonight in this place, isn’t it?”

“I’ll get dressed and get out of here ...” I told her, appalled at what she’d said.

But then Lily’s soft mouth descended on mine, and she began to kiss me just as she had before. I was held down as she ran her mouth and tongue over me, French-kissing me, just as Dwight had done to me so long ago.

Lily was awful to me. She caressed my chest, kissed my navel and stroked my legs and hips. She made me become manly erect as she used her lovely mouth on me almost as tenderly as Dwight had.

"We might as well use what we got," said Lily to me as she turned us to a sixty nine, me arousing her and I think making her orgasm as she did almost the same to me, kissing and caressing my legs until I couldn't control myself. I climaxed, while her hand held me tightly, forcing me to empty myself.

"Feeling like a girl now?" Lily asked me demurely. Of course I wasn't. I didn't know what I was feeling like. I shuddered as Lily kissed me and made me stay there on top of the bed. She leaned over and went through several drawers of her side table, swearing at some Gloria who must have borrowed it and not returned it. But it was in the lowest drawer and 'it' was a strap-on dildo.

"No, you can't!" I was almost crying at her, but Lily ignored me again.

"You dress all girlie and you've give me girlie pleasure," said Lily seriously, but I could feel by her quivering as she put the contraption on that she was laughing at me. "Now, it's only fair, darling Mary Jane, that I do the same to you. I'm even going to enjoy it as well! I don't recall when any of my friends has ever taken a man as a woman as I'm going to take you, sweet Mary Jane, your new name. Now, lay back and think of your boy friend.

"No, better. Look up at me, sweetie, and think about what a woman is doing to you. Yes, spread your legs like a good, little girl, Jane and let me in. Yes, the pillows at your back and you can kiss me and tell me what a beautiful lizzie I am as I do you! Oh, you are such a beautiful, fragrant, little sissy, Mary Jane.

"Now, hold me, stroke me; that's it! That's me, Mary Jane. and I'm making you into a real woman, a real woman who'll give me anything that I want. Ooo, isn't it so good, Mary Jane, to be such lovely, loving lesbians together!"

To my shame, with her nubile, rounded, soft body over mine, I was soon in the throes of sexual passion. I came with her again and soon we lay side by side. I pressed as fiercely to her as she did to me as we made love in several ways, she having the dildo in my mouth as often as in my tush.

It was Moira's frenzied hammering on the door that finally got me out of bed in one of Lily's lovely nighties, that one bronze, like her panties that I was wearing. "We have to go home," Moira said to me, her makeup frightful as I guessed mine was. "Security is here and not in a good mood!"

"So you made love to another girl all night long," smirked Moira. She sat in Andrew's lap as we tried to talk.

"It was more she made love to me," I told the woman who was my best friend as she opened her bra to her boy friend and let him suckle there. Oh, I did so wish that I could do that as well. Lily had wanted me to have augmented breasts as well, like her, and had told me that she could get them for me quickly, at reasonable cost, for another night with her, whenever I felt that I had to have them.

"Ruth is with ..." I began.

"Alec and Simon," said Moira as Andrew, the party-giver and 'in big trouble, mate' according to the se-

curity man who had been booting anyone in a dress off the university property, a whole crowd of laughing boys and girls, 'ooing' and 'aahing' when they saw us girls staggering out in our creased clothing and backcombed hair and hastily applied makeup.

"That's Janey," I heard one wag describing me. "She looks pretty real to me!"

"Alec and Matt," said Andrew, moving Moira into position so that she could sit on his manhood as she pulled a face. Sometimes, with some men, I had gathered from Moira mostly, now that she was 'free' to talk to me about having sex with other men, it often hurt to do it the way that I had liked a man like Dwight to enter me.

I had to use as much gel and lubricant as I could stand, Moira had told me, and I could enjoy some of it. I hadn't thought to do it with Lily but Lily had her own lubricant for her dildo and she'd given me immense amounts of pleasure by early morning.

"Get me some Vaseline," Moira begged me and so, stiff-legged, I went and found it in the bathroom for her. Well, we girls have to help each other, don't we? Men are such brutes to tarts like us. Lesbians as well.

"You never did hear from Dwight this week, did you?" Moira asked me when we had a moment together in the orgy that her house was playing host to, a strange orgy at that. I didn't know when or how to finally rid of all the girls and boys who seemed to think that Moira's house was a kinky playground.

Early morning was turning out to be an all-day orgy of pantie-clad men in wigs and makeup willing to commit any kind of sex acts on any man who wanted a girlish

something-or-other. I was kissed, fondled and propositioned a hundred times by Andrew's 'friends', who had learned that I wasn't a girl from someone, probably Ruth.

They'd been gentlemen, Andrew's friends, of course, and brought all of us girls back to Moira's where the distant neighbors were up to see the parade of partygoers heading into Moira's, the girls with wigs astray and makeup a mess, clinging to men, often younger than themselves, smiling in pride as they kissed and squealed as men carried them into the house, their intentions quite clear by their bulging jeans as the girls waved and said, "Good morning" to the scandalized neighbors.

Yes, and the supposed 'hetero' queens were the worst of all. It seemed that all their inhibitions had been lifted in just a week or so of having gay boys from the university college near Moira's pay attention to our little club. I watched in amazement as Anita stripped off her dress as she was carried in and then, in black bra, black panties, stockings and black garter belt and high heels went down on Sam.

She only glanced over her bra strap shoulder when Timmy began caressing her panties, easing them down a little as he pushed his lubricated, condom-clad manhood into her. And all she said was, "Cheeky!" to the rampant male who had her as she was bringing Sam to his ecstatic climax.

There was music and a strip tease show in the front room, both boys and 'girls' stripping, even Tammy who had been afraid of not being laid and who now complained of how her tush was hurting her. She had to go down on Lispering Larry, after giving him a lapdance, her mouth making the poor guy scream with joy as he pushed on her wig, finally breaking some of the seals that held it to her head. Tammy moved then like a little girl on her

first date as she took Larry's hand and they retreated to the study, a sated couple leaving, but telling Tammy they wanted the sofa back in an hour.

"Not my bed!" I shouted seeing where another couple was headed as I sat on Miller's lap, the poor boy so fatigued with his night. All he wanted from me was a kiss and a cuddle which was fine with me. But Anita, married with a couple of kids, ignored my shout, of course, wiggling and squeaking as Sammy pushed her into my room where Madeleine was napping in Brian's arms on the floor, the two rolling around occasionally, legs and lips locked and so showing us that they were alive.

Since I couldn't sleep in my bed as I wanted to, I reverted to tarty behaviour since that seemed to be the order of the day. It was sort of pleasant to kiss so many men, to take their penises in my hand and tweak them as they laughed at me and told me I was far too girly for them.

I wiggled my tush against them, teasing them as I was a tarty girl again and let them put their hands in my panties. They didn't think I was too girlie after all. I kissed and caressed several men to a climax which they'd said that they couldn't do with a girl like me.

I laughed at them, with them, as they kissed me frenziedly and told me how they loved the way I looked. I felt so girlish and wonderful, as if I was the belle of the ball, or of the orgy, as I managed to forget about Lily for a while. Some of the guys had exams and should have left, for goodness's sake, but what did I care? I was finished and all I wanted to do was swish like a tart and party with men!

"I was wondering what it would be like to kiss you," handsome Roger, Andrew's boy friend, said to me, his hands up my dress as he pulled my panties tightly against

me. I let him push me back against the framework of the outer door. It really was so enjoyable to be so submissive and feminine as all we girls were being, I realized, which is why the guys weren't leaving.

Ruth had been with two guys into the afternoon, no sooner one getting up than another taking his place. She was smiling coyly as I saw her through the doorway to the guest bedroom as she re-did her lipstick, brushed her hair and then went down on her new friend, winking to me as she did it. Oh yes, it was a transvestite orgy as we had all said, at the beginning of the club, that we weren't interested in.

"It's just like kissing a real girl," Roger said with a grimace of distaste, teasing me, which he quickly turned to a smile as he found what was nestled in my tight, second set of panties. I kissed him so energetically, thinking that he might be the first man I would go to bed with as he kissed me back in similar fashion. But, suddenly, Roger was torn from me and my panties snapped back into place as his gentle hands left me.

"You've been going at it since last night!" snarled a furious Dwight Brennan as Roger went careering away.

"Hey, that's my girl!" said Roger, pulling back on Dwight's arm, that didn't move, as Dwight ignored him and held onto me.

"You had your hand in her panties and you still call her your girl?" asked Dwight grimly, making me shiver as I'd liked Roger saying that about me. "Here! Have her!"

Dwight shoved me at Roger and several guys got up at the commotion as Dwight strode away, back out the front door that he must have come in. I hadn't noticed him, so busy was I as a tart, ready to seduce Roger or some other good-looking, gay guy.

“Dwight!” I screamed, pushing a grasping Roger away from me as Dwight had done, but by the time I got past the other guys, the drunken ones who could do nothing but said they wanted me just the same, Dwight was gone. A taxi was disappearing past an elderly couple with a dog who were looking at my partial state of undress, my skirt caught in my panties, with complete distaste. At least, the old woman looked that way.

“Dwight,” I murmured to the air, quivering as I freed my dress and headed back into the orgy, the noise inside quite absurd. Oh, this is going to bring the cops very soon and we are all going to get arrested, I thought with a shiver.

“Who was that?” asked Poppy, wrapped up in the arms of Chris, her basketball player, on the long, living room couch. Roger, I could see, was with a small, feminine looking Melissa, fondling her hip as she smiled up at him, as they danced together.

“It was a policeman,” I said. “He went to call for reinforcements.”

Well, that changed everything. In no time, the music was off, the half-naked dancing girls were grabbing their clothes and heading into the bathrooms; some of the guys, holding hands with one another in some cases, were leaving in a stream that was going both ways away from Moira’s.

Moira arrived from her bedroom with Andrew saying that he was sorry, babe, it had been fun, but he couldn’t be caught in an orgy, not after what had happened at the university.

“Where’s the cop?” Moira asked me, her robe opening to show me that she wasn’t wearing a bra. I shivered, wondering how gay the departing Andrew really was af-

ter all the time he'd spent with Moira, her breasts showing clear signs of his attention.

"It was Dwight," I said to her and she looked at me, astonished. "He came up in his uniform and hauled Roger, I think it was, off me. He made some nasty remark about me not being a girl and stalked off. The rest I made up."

Moira grinned at me. "It was time for this party at the university," she said dryly, "to end. Andrew was getting a little tiresome as well at making me exclusive to him. What do you say to getting tarted up after all the girls leave and going out ourselves, you and me, for a drink at the pub?"

"I wouldn't mind meeting up with a couple of innocent guys and blowing their minds. Literally, Janey, you and me, blowing a couple of guys. I don't know about your tush but my rear end is almost worn out! I should have shared Andrew with you. See how you like a man ramming Miss Thing into you for almost a day, non-stop!"

Before I could answer, the phone rang and it was a very cross Pauline. "Is my husband, Anthony, there?" she asked, after saying who she was.

"He's rather tied up at the moment," I said, realizing that I was using my very girlish voice. "May I take a message for him?"

Pauline laughed. "And how many guys are having a go at Ruthie darling's pitiful little equipment, love?" she asked me. "This is Janey I'm talking to, isn't it, the pretty one whom Ruth would like to be girl friends with?" There was a sneer in her voice. "You tell her I'm having my girl friends over tonight, my real girl friends.

"They really want to meet Ruth, dressed as you girlies make her look for your expeditions to *Gay Paree*. I want

her here at six thirty, dressed and sparkly, and ready to entertain Flora and Grace. You can tell her how angry I am going to be if she isn't here, ready to please my friends in her sissy maid's costume!"

The phone slammed down on the other end. Moira raised a thin eyebrow to me. "Pauline," I murmured, feeling my breasts perk up as they always did when I looked at an almost naked Moira. I was so envious of the jiggling assets she flaunted for me whenever she saw me. "Anthony?" I asked Moira who nodded, smiling. "A sissy maid at his wife's hen party?"

"It's something new," said Moira, "ever since you forced Ruth, dressed as a woman, into making love to men. She can't get enough of dressing up, Pauline was telling me all this week, and Ruth even seduced one of Pauline's boy friends which really pissed mother off.

"I didn't expect Ruth here this weekend which is why I persuaded some older girls like Sheila, Estelle and Tammy to join us. But it's all worked out well, hasn't it? Go and get Ruth out of the guest bedroom if you can. She has to face her Mummy sooner or later or her punishment might be far worse than being a little girl for her mother's friends!"

Ruth was not looking like a little girl in the bed where she and her two men friends were still having it off. I say 'having it off' in English slang which would be used about a real girl having sex with her boy friend.

Ruth, of course, was having sex with two boy friends, kissing one so passionately as she was being filled by him and the other had her erection in his mouth and was working her to a squeaking, squealie conclusion.

"All, all change," said Ruth, breathing heavily and the men laughed as they twisted her over so that she had to fellate the man who had been arousing her for his friend

while the other was doing her energetically as she grimaced in pain and begged for lubrication.

In the end, nice pun, I thought, I supplied the spray from beside the table to a trembling Ruth and gave her the phone message. "I can't!" she moaned, shrieking then as the one guy began to pump into and out of her most energetically. "Ooo, Matt, Matt, darling, don't stop, oh gods, don't stop!" She ground her tush into him and whatever he was doing as she pressed the other man's head into her crotch where he was making a meal out of her, his, maleness.

"I think we have a problem with Ruth," I said to Moira who had a drink ready for me and a new femmy pill. Well, one every now and then wasn't going to hurt me. It wasn't going to make me become like Moira, I told myself, as I looked down at the cleavage clever taping had formed on my chest. Thank you, Lily, I thought.

"No, we don't," said Moira. "She's one of us, can't you tell? We should take her with us tonight. She isn't at all afraid now, I've seen her all week, of going into a store as a girl or of flirting with all kinds of guys. When she's in a dress, she really thinks that she's a woman, you know."

"I have to go home next week," I said miserably to Moira who had her arms about me and was studying my face. I must have missed a line there or something, but then she smiled and kissed me, murmuring about my lovely perfume and lipstick as she wasn't wearing any, Andrew having worn it all away.

"Ruth is going to be my replacement, isn't she?" I murmured as we girls rocked in one another's arms, her smooth, hairless leg against mine, making my groin begin to agitate so much, as her breasts pushed against me.

"You should be looking for a job here, Jane," said Moira seriously as we kissed. She caressed my earrings

and told me how much she loved them on me. I looked so perfectly girlish that she said she was surprised I got so much action from Andrew's gay friends. I'd do even better as a tart, as well, at the new pub she'd noticed which had a burlesque with 'real girls' on Sundays.

"So we should find a lot of guys ready to treat us," I said with a smile to Moira who was lifting my dress and caressing my stocking tops and garter belt against my thighs and panties.

I liked that. I liked it when Lily had done it to me and reminded me of my girl friend, Moira, it being so remarkable, or so I felt then, to make love to a woman when I was a woman as well.

"And she was a dyke?" hooted Moira as I told her all about Lily, a student friend of Andrew's, who had taken me for a lesbian as she was.

"She was a woman," I said to her, "and she had this lovely strap-on thing which is why I'm not hurting as badly as you, but I did have to stretch out my legs and they are so sore. I have to walk on fairy feet!" That means taking very small steps.

"That's why your sway is so much more girlish and pronounced," said Moira, teasing me, I'm sure. "The way you move is wasted on all of the gay boys. So, we're going into the pub, the Drake's Pipe and Drums, across from the Drake Center, and we'll find some sweet-looking innocent teen boys and blow their tiny minds with what we do to them tonight!"

"The cops could be here tonight, Moira," I had to tell her. "That was a riot this morning. Lucky your hedge stops a lot of noise reaching the sidewalk but ..."

"If they come, they do," laughed Moira. "I'm really getting tired of being so careful and not rocking the boat. I want to live femininely and if I have to choose between

being a man or a woman in bed, I know which one I'm going to choose!"

One of the randy guys in the guest bedroom went off but we left Ruth and Matt in the guest bed, she whimpering as Matt continued to bonk her, her legs high over his head and shoulders as he wouldn't give up and she wouldn't, either. She was squealing like a little girl, neither of us going back to aid her, as she had said it was her reaction to ecstasy the last two times when we'd run in to rescue her.

"That's one satisfied woman," laughed Moira as she put her arm through mine as girl friends will as we went out to our taxi.

A neighbour wanted to speak to her as we sashayed to the cab, me sitting prettily in my short skirt, lifting my stockinged legs into the car. The angry man yelled at Moira, making me think that I should stand beside her.

"And the worst thing of all," shouted this man at Moira, wagging a finger in her face, "was the men in dresses, yes, men, Ms O'Malley, we saw them, the missus and me, going into your house and there was an orgy going on in there. We can see you from the bedroom windows, you know!"

"All the way up there?" asked Moira innocently. "With that telescope you told me not to be scared of, Mr Robertson, as it was only ever pointed at the stars? You haven't been spying on me, peeping into my bedroom with that thing, have you? Or is this just sour grapes for not being involved in what you saw?"

"Sorry, Bill, I really will invite you to the next one but it's going to be a long time off. My girl friend here gradu-

ated yesterday from university and so many of her friends came and partied as well. They're gone now but you know how strange friends at uni are, don't you? They just want to shock the world but they don't think what it will look like."

"Some of those girls had ..." Bill Robertson said, stopping as he thought about the right word to use to girls like us, staring at him so wide-eyed and innocent, the taxi driver grinning at him as well.

"If you saw those things with your telescope, Mr Robertson," said Moira, feigning an innocence I couldn't believe, "don't tell us or we'd have to tell the police if they come around. I know they've warned you several times about the way you use your big, manly telescope, haven't they?"

Bill Robertson was enraged. But he said nothing as he turned on his heel and walked away.

"He's going to call the cops on us, Moira," I muttered as we drove over to the new pub that Moira wanted us to go to. I began to shake as I thought again about entering a strange place and all the eyes on me, and Moira as well, of course.

"Never," said Moira through her smile as she flirted with the driver of the cab. "Besides, I've told you that I'm getting really annoyed with myself for always backing off and hiding, pulling the drapes so that Bill and Edna won't see anything when he's just across the street.

"I'm going to be opening them wide from now on and he can see what he wants. We're not doing anything illegal, you, me or Ruthie when we have boy friends visit us. If he sets the cops on us, I'm going to do the same to him. I'll get that bloody telescope taken away for starters and see what he says about us girls then!"

I knew that much of that was meant for the driver of the cab but still I was worried for Moira. I did have to leave Middleham within a week. I had to put away all the women's clothing I owned. I hoped that I could still leave all of my stuff at her place. But I was a man, worst luck. I had to go out in the world and find a real job. This was going to be my last week as a woman, I thought, feeling very sick.

I'd always known that this must end some day but it was ending far too soon and not on a high note. I'd pictured my last night as a woman in bed with Dwight's arms about my nightie. He'd be saying that he loved me, and, if only I'd been a real girl, we could have gone on and on, maybe him taking me back to America as his woman. Oooo, I shivered as such thoughts took me over at times. As if such things could ever happen!

It was as stressful as always to enter a new bar and see the boys, and the pretty girls, which was a surprise to me. They looked us over, sending shivers through me, as we swished into the bar and sat at a table, showing off our pretty legs as we eased out coats back over our pretty dresses. The Drake's Pipe and Drum was really crowded and we weren't the only girls in the bar trolling for guys to buy us drinks. This did look like one of those nights when we were going to be out of luck as every guy who came in had some girl there who claimed him right away in delighted recognition.

I felt Moira touching me under the table then with her high heel as a girl behind us said, "Ooo, I love a man in uniform, don't you, girls?" and an American in his dark brown uniform, sergeant stripes on his arm, passed us to join up with another blonde and redhead who had clearly been waiting for him.

Almost at once, we were surrounded by Americans and the sound of girlish chatter became shriller. All the

girls in the gaggle behind us knew some of the Yanks, as they called them, Tex and Mac leading others to move over and take the empty chairs from our table until Moira finally agreed with me that it was a bust at the Drum.

“Can’t win them all,” Moira smiled girlishly at me in the end. “Why don’t we go back to my place and rip Matt out of Ruth’s arms or we could go over to Pauline’s place. If what you told me was true, there must be some costumes there that would fit us perfectly and playmates to make us giggle all night!”

“Aw, you girls can’t be leaving,” said one of the Yanks with the big group of girls. Each man was stroking a tart on the arm, tarts as we were pretending to be. Moira and I stood and pulled on our womanly coats, smiling at the guys. An attack of nerves started in me as I saw so many of them looking us over, well, looking me over as a woman, for the first time.

“I think we were stood up,” said Moira with a lovely flick of her long hair, “and our mum is sick. Beautiful, burlesque girls isn’t really our idea of fun ...”

“You girls should be in the show,” said one of the guys gallantly. “Look, we’ve got extra tickets. Let us buy the prettiest girls in the bar a drink!”

The looks on the heavily madeup faces of the girls at the table made me shiver but Moira only laughed. “Oops!” she said to the young serviceman, giving him her flirtiest smile, indicating the pouting girls and taking me by the arm. “Guess who’s not going to get lucky tonight!”

The guys didn’t want us to leave but we did. We knew how to walk away from men now, knowing how to make them whistle after us and sashaying enough that they could see what they would be missing.

I was grinning at Moira, a little relieved at getting away from the new situation, but feeling so womanly all

the same as the guys had been completely fooled by our outer presentation as women. It was a total surprise then as we swished down the steps to the exit when Garth came striding right through the bar doors in his officer uniform.

"Jane!" he greeted me with a hug, startling and scaring me so much that I almost, as girls say, peed my panties on the spot. But Garth wasn't out to expose me, to yell at me, to put me down to other girls and guys. No, after the welcoming hug, he was kissing me right away on the cheek, making me stir with agitation. "And Moira!" he shouted, letting me go as he joyfully took hold of my coyly smiling 'girl friend'.

Moira didn't have the time to say anything as Garth put his arms around her fully and the two kissed passionately as a couple will who have been sex partners once at least in their lifetimes.

"Oh, man, it's so nice to meet you girls again," said Garth with the wide grin I'd seen before. I knew we had an audience, intrigued by an officer being so friendly to us. Yes, a stray thought went through my mind. We're the finest tarts in the place, aren't we, Moira and me, Janey Jane? Eat your hearts out, fellow tarts, when you see us sashay out on the arm of an American officer.

"Out on the town again, is it, for you girls?" Garth wanted to know, laughing as if he really was delighted to see us. Maybe the sex play that Moira had talked about really did work, I thought with feminine chills running delightfully up and down my back.

"Virtually my last night," I said brightly, forestalling any wild reply or lie that Moira wanted to make up. "I'm finished now at university. I've got to go back home and find a job!"

“Oh no,” said Garth, frowning. “And that means I won’t see Moira again, either, as pretty girls always go about in pairs.”

“I think that Moira will have a replacement for me very soon,” I said.

“Yeah,” grimaced Garth, nodding at more Yanks entering the bar. Maybe we girls had been going to leave a few moments too soon. Garth was saluting several of the men that went by us. “But my friend, Dwight Brennan, you remember him, don’t you? He’s not going to like that, not when I tell him that the girl he thinks is the prettiest he’s ever met, was on her last night in town when I met her. He really has a thing for you, Janey, as I have a thing for Moira here, if she’ll only let me give it to her!”

“Don’t be gross, Major Rimmer,” said Moira prettily as we sort of stood in the entranceway, the girls and guys who had overtaken the table we had been sitting at watching us, the guys looking as if they might pounce at any moment if Garth left us.

“We were just leaving,” I said and Moira arched her thin eyebrows at me.

“Oh, you can’t leave,” said Garth Rimmer, grinning. “Here he is, the man we were talking about. Look who I found, Dwight! The girls were just leaving! You wouldn’t want that at all, would you?”

Dwight Brennan stopped still in the actual doorway. He stared at me and his face went really stiff, almost white. Someone was calling to him and he dragged his eyes from my shivering body to look over as many of the men called to him by his last name and several stood up to salute him.

“Jeff and the two star,” said Dwight in a clipped voice to Garth, “moved in on the model girls,” why did he have to stress that word, my mind silently screamed at me as I

shook even more. "The girls," he stressed it again to Garth, "we were supposed to be meeting." Dwight's hand stiffly flopped off a salute at the standing men to sit down. I could see that the other tarts were really interested in Dwight then, particularly after whatever the air-men were saying to them.

"Great!" said Garth Rimmer, oblivious to the undercurrent between Dwight and me, that was making my whole body quiver against him. He probably thought that I liked him holding me as if I was a girl. "We lost two pretty girls and we've found two gorgeous girls! Let's go back to officer territory with our prizes, Dwight, before Harry and the boys turn on us for stripping their hunting patch of such beautiful fruit!" He couldn't stop himself from looking down the front of Moira's dress.

"Hunting patch?" asked Moira, tucking her arm beneath Garth's. "You make it sound so thrilling, Garth. What should we do now, go directly to the Ladies' Room to make up more prettily for you? We should give you some of our lovely scent to trace us because we might find bigger, handsomer men and you'll have to track us down again?"

"No-one's going to take Dwight's prize from him, Moira," said Garth with a laugh as Dwight Brennan woodenly held the door for me. I swished through, the feel of my heels in my stockinged feet and the swish of my dress not as enticing as they had been just moments before as we walked away from the lower ranked army men. I was far too unnerved by the scowl on Dwight's face as he looked at me. "Not in officer's country!"

"We didn't know that the Americans were as rank-conscious as we English, even in a pub," I heard Moira say to Garth as he let me go and, shivering inside, I found myself swishing along beside a still very stiff Dwight Brennan. Poor guy, I thought with a quiver. He

knew all about me, and Moira, as I had revealed that to him. I wondered how long it was going to be before he snarled at Garth all the things that he knew were beneath her lovely dress, things that were the same as mine.

“You’ve done something spectacular, have you?” I finally, nervously, asked the man who had made love to me as if I was a woman. The way that he was looking at me made me shudder. I could see that he must be recalling every part of my body, my undies, my curves and the lack of them by the way he glared at me. I think he had decided not to take delight in kissing or touching me any more. Well, he was a man and men shouldn’t, if they knew what I was, take any pleasure in me deceiving them, should they?

“Not as spectacular as you look tonight, Janey,” said Dwight moodily as Garth and Moira went well ahead of us into some part of the bar, inn, whatever, that the men’s uniforms seemed to gain admission to, for them and for us girls, us tarts with them. The eyes of the people working in the pub showed that they knew exactly what Moira and I were.

“I, I’m not ...” I whispered.

“You are,” snapped Dwight. “Just look at the way everyone is looking at you, Jane. Such a terrible name for you, you know. Why did you ever choose that one? Is it close to your real name, John or James?”

“No,” I said simply, not wanting to get into such a discussion which inevitably would come back to my sexuality and my true gender.

“I think I’ll call you Sally Jane or Mary Jane,” said Dwight, holding my arm to steer me towards a next door, called ‘Private Room’. “Yes, Mary Jane, that’s more feminine than just Plain Jane, isn’t it? Or would you rather be Elizabeth? She’s a queen around here as well, I hear.”

"Please!" I hissed at him. "Please let me go, Dwight! We were leaving. We really were! Garth wouldn't be hanging on to Moira, would he, if you'd told him ..."

"No, I didn't tell him," said Dwight grimly. "If I'd told him when I knew, he'd have talked about nothing else to everyone since but having another round with the babe who'd tricked him."

"You didn't tell him about me!" I whispered in fear, balking at going further into the Piper with him, wherever Garth and Moira had gone.

"Actually, the opposite of what you think," said Dwight, opening a door on a party, a reception type of party where there were all kinds of Americans and pretty girls. "I didn't think I was going to see you ever again, and definitely not after yesterday; so I'm kind of stuck with what I said about you a couple of weeks ago.

"I have to live with that now and I hope you will as well. Have a good time, Mary Jane, and we'll get out of here alive. I'll see you get back to Moira's place in one piece, unscathed by any American male, if, of course, that's what you want."

For the first time, Dwight tucked my arm under his as if I was a girl he was escorting. I found it so awful, so stressful, to mince into the noisy reception with all the eyes upon me. So many weren't smiling at me but at Dwight.

An older American stepped over to greet me and hand me a glass of pink froth. "So you found the girl you've been saying was the prettiest girl in England, Colonel?" he said as I hung on to Dwight's arm for dear life as an older woman, a wedding ring on her finger, came to look me over with her husband.

"Oh no," she said in her American accent, smiling so charmingly at me while I felt so wretched and scared in-

side to be in such a setting, on a man's arm, as I was.
"Dwight has far outdone all your other officers, John!"

"Where could you find such a beautiful girl on such short notice, Dwight?" the general wanted to know. "You deserve her, of course, after what you went through but you're too beautiful, young lady! You are going to cause real dissension in the officer ranks as, if I'm not mistaken, all these studs I'm trying to corral over here are going to be besieging you before the night is over."

I was so frightened at the people, mostly men, coming to meet Dwight's 'latest', the girl he'd been talking about for the last month, or so someone said.

"Yes, this is she," Dwight kept saying as I was introduced to couples and single officers. He held onto me very tightly and glared at one or two men who joked that they were going to take me away from him.

A bell rang and we were escorted then into boxes, the General and his wife insisting we go with them into one that overlooked the music hall that was presented at the Pipe and Drum Theatre. It was much more formal, funnier, more musical and well presented, than the one we had been at before.

Dolores plied me with questions as I had to sit beside her and talk about girlie things, that the men wouldn't enjoy. I tried and I think we got along all right but I was so relieved when Dwight put his arm about me at the end of the show, refused a last drink with the general, whose wife said I was 'completely delightful' and that she really approved of me.

Dolores squeezed my hand and told Dwight most severely that she wanted to see more of me on the base in the future, now that he wasn't going to be flying any more. "And cheer up," she told him. "It happens to you

fighter types all the time. You will go out most spectacularly, as a hero, won't you?"

"Wouldn't think that she was in charge of Intelligence, would you?" asked Dwight as he held me about my waist. He guided me downstairs to where taxi after taxi was ferrying Americans away from the theatre, many with girls on their arms, joining the men in the taxis.

"Moira," I whispered to him as a soldier saluted and told 'the Colonel' that his staff car was ready.

"She and Garth left at the intermission," said Dwight. "He always has a room off-base for his conquests. He and Moira have been getting along fine for over an hour."

"But he doesn't know ..." I said with a shudder.

Dwight grunted as I sat primly beside him in his car, not knowing at all where we were going but it seemed to be back towards Moira's place.

"You remember the guy I was in the *Gay Paree* looking for?" asked Dwight.

"Marsha Williams," I said with a shiver, remembering the phone call.

Dwight reached over and took my hand then. "Remind me to tell you all about Marsha," he almost choked in saying that, "and Garth some time. Let's just say that if Garth finds out that Moira's just like Marsha, he's not going to be uncomfortable with that at all."

I was shivering as I digested that thought as Dwight suddenly slipped his arm about my shoulders and pulled me against him. I squeaked as my stocking leg swung against his pants but then I couldn't say any more as he kissed me.

Dwight kissed me, his tongue running over my lips and I melted into his arms. I wanted to curl up against him and he extended his other arm through my coat and

put it about my slim waist, drawing me against him. I don't know if the driver was looking at us in the back of his car but, my heart racing so fast, my lips clinging to Dwight's, my arms finding their way about his neck, I didn't care who was seeing me as I submitted to Dwight's warm, wonderful, exploring lips.

I opened my mouth in womanly fashion and our kiss was as thrilling as it had been before. His hand was on my thigh, stroking my garter belt beneath my dress when the driver opened the connecting window and told us that we were at the address that the Colonel had given him.

It was Moira's. I had a key in my purse that Dwight took from my so nervous fingers. "I'll call for a taxi in the morning," Dwight told his driver, who nodded and smiled at Dwight, as if he understood, at the same time as I did, that I was going to be Dwight's woman again, all night long.

"Where was I?" murmured Dwight as soon as we were in Moira's. His hand fell on my thigh again, thrilling me with the anticipation of being a woman all night, of making love to a man as a woman. We kissed with abandon, his hands lifting my dress and fondling my heated skin as I backed up the stairs and led him to my bedroom, noting in passing that Moira's room and the guest room, where Ruth had been left, were both closed tightly.

Dwight wouldn't stop kissing me and I couldn't stop kissing him, loving his tongue inside my mouth as first my coat, and then my dress, went to the floor. He was on top of me, as I wanted him, on my bed, his pants falling away, his manhood searching all over my panties and between my legs for his entry into me.

I didn't get to remove my bra or my garter belt, or stockings, and not even my high heels as my lover only wanted me to slip down my panties and then my gaff. I

was squealing again, my arms clenched around his neck, where Dwight wanted them, as I lifted my legs as high as I could, wriggling as I found the lubricant that had been left on my night table by whoever had been in my room before me.

Dwight caressed my taped up breasts as I quivered and wiggled and prepared myself for him to penetrate me. It was as hurtful at the start as it had been before but I couldn't have stopped if I had wanted to. Dwight kissed me fiercely as he worked his way into me and I felt such womanly pleasure at being taken so forcefully as if I was his woman. I was such a submissive, little femme for him. I ignored all discomforts and pumped my tush for him and soon we were bouncing all over the bed, locked together as my man took me and called me the most beautiful girl in the world.

Moira was so wrong. She said that it could be pretty awful with some guy who was so big and we had tushes that were so small. But Dwight seemed to me to be enormous and I loved him pumping into me as if I was a woman. I couldn't help but working with him, clutching him with my thighs and letting his hands tantalize my legs, my breasts, my tush. I shivered a thousand times faster than I had ever thought it possible to shiver to please the man who was making me such a woman as I was.

And the little climax that happened between our abdomens was nothing compared to the surge of femininity and womanliness that possessed me when he, a man, started to fill me, his woman.

I was shrieking in ecstasy, bucking beneath him, making him extend his climax as I went gloriously into what I would have called my womanly orgasm. But that's not supposed to be possible, but Ruth swore to me, the next day, that it is, and it erases all the hurts and shocks of be-

ing treated so forcefully as a woman. After all, as Ruth said to me, and I really experienced it with Dwight, a man is a man and wants what he wants and it is up to us women to give him pleasure and not worry about the little things that stretch us into impossible positions and hurts from time to time.

Our men will find something that pleasures us, which for me was everything that Dwight did to me, as I was the loving woman beneath him. His desire was my desire, as I whispered to him, making him do me while I squealed in pleasure. I was rolled up in a ball by an ardent Dwight Brennan, on my back, as my lover did me with such wonderful panache.

I kept my stockings on for so long as Dwight stroked my legs all the time. He lubricated me, warning me when he was about to enter me again. I went into flurries of loving him, kissing him, stroking his lovely chest and tush as I drew them so tightly against me.

I wriggled and writhed beneath Dwight as he drove into me so many different times, my mouth hurting me more than anywhere else with the strenuous kissing that neither of us could forego. I was loved for so long and so masterfully that I didn't realize that Dwight wanted me to break off and talk to him as he caressed and slapped my tush, sliding beside me and looking down on me after he had turned on a lamp.

I thought I had done something wrong but my lover assured me that I hadn't.

"We have to talk, Mary Jane," Dwight whispered to me, as I kissed his chest nipples and eased my legs tightly about his waist as I cuddled into him. He put a bedsheet over us and smiled down at me. "We have to come to some agreement, my darling Janey, on how we are going to carry on as man and woman."

I knew exactly what he meant. I babbled on about leaving university, and getting a job as a man, going back home, being a man again, leaving all of this pleasure and delight behind me.

Dwight began to laugh and I didn't know why. "Don't you love me, my beautiful Jane?" Dwight asked me. "Or is this just a one night stand with you?"

"One night stand?" I asked him stupidly, moving to kiss his chest again as I cuddled to him, my colorful fingernails so vivid in the hair on his chest.

"How many men have you had sexual relations with?" asked Dwight.

"One," I had to admit with a blush. "But there were some women ..."

Dwight howled with laughter. I had to shush him in case he woke someone in one of the other bedrooms. "Don't worry about noise," murmured Dwight. "The way we have been pounding the bed in this room has everyone awake in this house, for sure! No, pretty Janey, women don't count as sex partners. Am I the one and only man whose made love to you like this or is there another?"

I forgot completely that Moira was a man. I should have told him about what we queens did together. "You are the one and only," I told him with a tremble.

"So far," murmured Dwight, stroking stray blond hairs from my face where his mauling me all the time had left them. "And I want it to remain this way, Janey. I want to be the only man in your life, girl. I want you to be the only woman in mine."

"Oooo!" I had to gasp. "I love being your woman, Dwight!" I kissed him, wiggling my body against his. He climbed over me again as he was so aroused and excited. I

wasn't afraid to squeal now as my man had me, my body in ecstatic motion against his. I went into some incredible state of bliss as I loved this man who had told me that I was to be his woman and I was. I felt so womanly as he was grunting and rocking me so wonderfully against him. He came and protested that I must stop the delight I was inflicting on him before he had a heart attack.

"I'm trying to tell you," Dwight said, holding me so tenderly, caressing my body all the time, "that I love you, Jane. I don't want you to be a tarty kind of woman that you've been with Moira any more. I want a stronger relationship with you as my girl. I want you to come and live with me, marry me, be Mrs Brennan, be my woman in every way that is known to man."

"Mrs Brennan," I gasped, my head in a spin at all the lovely things that my man was saying to me. "When we go to a hotel ..."

"Not just then," said Dwight harshly, taking hold of my shoulders, shaking me before kissing me so intensely. "Don't you understand, woman, that I am asking you to marry me for real."

"For real," I repeated dumbly, wriggling out from under him to lie beside him, his arms holding me to him. I couldn't be hearing what I was hearing, I knew, as femininity overwhelmed me again as I kissed and kissed my man and wiggled as best as I could beneath him,

"Yes," said an exasperated Dwight Brennan. "I want more than the greatest sex in the world which I have with you. I don't want to find you like I did yesterday, acting like a little tart, with another guy. You only act that way with me from now on."

"But I have to find a job ..." I began, wanting to tell him that I wouldn't be doing this for him or any man ever again.

“You have a job,” said Dwight, fondling me so wonderfully. “You will be my wife. I promise you that, Mary Jane Brennan. And one of the first perks of your new job is to have real breasts like your friend, Moira. When I kiss you here,” and he kissed my growing nipples so slowly and sensuously, I felt him all through me and I drew my legs up around him reflexively, “I want to find two soft cushions that receive me in ecstasy.”

Dwight didn't have to say more as I drew my tush up above his maleness and rolled then on top of him as I have seen girls in movies do. It was a little embarrassing as my own masculinity was flapping against Dwight until I put my loose panties between us and then it was just me, making my man become so aroused as he lay under me, sliding up and down on his pole, both of us breathing so harshly in ecstasy until he clutched me finally to him, my mouth lost on his as we rocked together. Finally, he turned me right over to pound me so energetically that it really did hurt me, but in such a nice, wonderful, womanly way.

I thought Dwight would have changed the next day when the excitement of sex was over. Silly me, it wasn't over and Colonel Dwight Brennan had pull as he called it. I kept telling him that I had to change back to me again but he wouldn't let me, much to Moira's amusement, when we girls got together to trade stories.

Garth had found what she was hiding in her panties, she told me, and he hadn't seemed to mind at all. I didn't tell her about Marsha Williams, whom Dwight said that Garth shagged on a regular basis, particularly when he was horny and couldn't find a woman anywhere else but in the quarters the two of them shared.

“What's Marsha like?” I'd had to ask Dwight.

“Nice,” said Dwight with a grin. “Very femmy, like you, when she’s not on the base but I wouldn’t want to sleep with her. Good pilot, though, saved my ass on this last run when I was thinking of the lovely girl back home waiting for me before finding out she wasn’t.”

“I’m sorry,” I told him, sitting in his lap on Moira’s sofa and kissing and kissing him, enough that we had to leave Moira and Ruth to do each other’s hair and plan a night out at some pub I hadn’t heard of.

We didn’t even hear them go when we surfaced again after Dwight had me a half dozen different ways, leaving me a squealing, satisfied wreck at the end of all his arousals.

Dwight has more than pull. He has money. I had my breasts done the following week. I kept telling him that I couldn’t do it or how would I ever find work as a man.

But I wasn’t a man, of course, as Dwight told me all the time. I was employed as a woman on the American base as the Colonel’s secretary, his personal secretary. I had to wear straight skirts and very little makeup. My blonde hair was in a ponytail, he made me wear a golden fall down my back, held by ribbons and bows and pins, the touch making me feel so girlie and feminine.

I know that I blushed every time someone asked me about my duties under the Colonel; so they knew right away what I was doing for him when we went into private conference during the day. Of course, every one of their speculations about the Colonel’s pretty secretary with such lovely legs, yes, I heard with so many blushes what they said about me, were true, along with many that

they couldn't make, because I hope they didn't know everything about me.

I hoped that they didn't know, but they probably did, that I was living with him in his town house where I was finally a full time woman, whose husband seemed to think she was a model, a burlesque stripper and dancer, who wanted only to lie around in her bikini and please him anytime he wanted her. Well, I had to obey my husband, didn't I? Yes, Dwight was my husband.

I don't know how Dwight did it but he gave me an American passport one day. It was on my desk, a passport, and when I opened it, there was a picture of me and I was identified as Mary Jane Lewis, and my sex was female.

I was so shaken as my dreams seemed to becoming true. I had to marry Dwight legally. I am Mrs Mary Jane Brennan now, the Brigadier-General's wife, worried but still excited to be going to America to visit my husband's relatives who want us to have another wedding, a big, white one, with me as a blushing bride. I know I will be blushing when it happens, as my husband has told me that it will.

"The prettiest girl in England is going to be the prettiest girl in America and so she must be a bride and show herself off in a wedding dress," my husband told me. We'd married 'legally' with Moira and Garth as witnesses before a judge on the American base. "And you will do it, Janey, as, if I remember, you did promise to love, honor and obey me."

"I should never have gone for the traditional ceremony," I blurted out, shivering as my husband presses me to him, smiling as I know it is my breasts bouncing against him that he loves most of all. I know that if I hug him just so, like a woman, yes, there it is, his mouth has

possession of me and he is steering me to our bedroom. I am stripping for him while he is kissing not just my lips but my breasts, made just the way that he likes them.

I wiggle and pout as any girl would who is being forced to service her lord and master but I can't keep up my complaints. Desire demands that I be filled by my husband and soon he is having me, my legs once more in the air, his head buried in my breasts, his manhood piercing me so wonderfully. I rock with him and ecstasy arrives so quickly under his kisses and caresses on my breasts. I need a lot of loving to enjoy an orgasm but my husband will not let me out of bed until I am sated. I can't fake it although I would love to. That's why, he says, that I must keep the equipment I was born with, not like Marsha, who has been kicked out of the Air Force because she is gay.

I couldn't believe 'her' when I met her. Marsha is much more of a tart than I ever was. She flirts with everyone, even my husband. I'll scratch her eyes out, I've told him, if she sits in his lap once more and coos at him, in her little girl voice, about taking him above the clouds.

I finally explode in convulsions and my husband is satisfied that I am satisfied. Yes, I will be a bride. I must obey him, mustn't I, a submissive woman like me? I've finally told him that he is the man I love. It makes me feel so strange to say that. But it's true and he is so smug about it as he has told me he has loved me, his woman, for such a long time.

But me, loving another man? It still makes me shudder, but I know exactly how to get over the weirdness of it all. I wiggle and jiggle like a proper, little tart which always gets my husband so hot. I let my husband tell me again what a lovely woman I am. I make love to him and tell him I love him. It's getting easier and less strange with every passing day.

*****end*****