

# We're No Ladies



## Philippa Peters

A "New Woman" Novel



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# WE'RE NO LADIES

by **Philippa Peters**

## Halloween every day

“Just get the ball to Janet,” wheezed George Miller, who liked to think of himself as the coach of our team.

“Make sure it’s a three-pointer,” said Drew Morris, the point guard, to me. I nodded and went down the court after the time out. Barry, their best player, was on me along with little Justin Mason, flexing his muscles as if I cared. I smiled at the pair of them and waited for the whistle.

“You’re going down this time, bitch!” snarled Barry. He was as red-faced as George but mostly from anger, I think.

It didn’t help that in the third quarter, Kenny, their centre, who’d already fouled out, had hollered at Barry as we took the lead, “You’re letting a girl beat you! You’re being beaten by a girl, man.” My team, of course, heard it and amplified it, reminding Kenny that I’d made him look like a ‘chump.’ I thought Kenny was going to come over and attack Steve Pound, jawing at him from our bench. It was supposed to be a friendly league. Apparently that was

when the other teams played each other. It wasn't friendly when they played the Cool Jay Aces, the only team with a girl on it.

"You sure she's a girl?" Barry yelled at George who'd recruited me to Coulthard's, the financial company where we worked and which sponsored the team, hence the Cool Jay Aces. "She doesn't look like one to me!"

Well, that was below the belt, I thought. So did my team-mates. They were so busy bumping and shoving Barry they forgot we were in a basketball game. The result was that the Eagles caught up to us; in fact, they were two points ahead after Barry's last foul shots. I knew he'd charged me deliberately but the ref was letting him get away with it through the late part of the game.

"We should have been giving it to Janet all through the game," said Drew Morris, our small point guard, who was going to put the ball in. George and Steve Pound, our benchwarmer, told him to shut up and just throw the ball to whoever was open. Steve was a nice guy usually who didn't mind doing all the little chores that benchwarmers did. I was supposed to have replaced him in the starting lineup.

I didn't know why Steve was even on the team until someone asked him about his wife and kids. Yes, Steve was married to Coulthard's daughter. She'd some day inherit the firm and Steve would be our boss. He was normally a good guy. It showed how high the tension was on our bench that he was jawing with Drew.

"High right," I murmured to Drew to get his mind back in the game. Drew nodded. Barry was a good player for this league but mainly a one-handed one. His strength was on his right. If Drew put the ball where I wanted, Barry would have to come around me. I'd spin away from him, shooting a long hook.

Drew's pass was awesome, perfect. I couldn't have missed if I tried, not even with Justin Mason clutching at my crotch. I had to smile at the look on his face when he realized I wasn't put out in the least. The shot went home. I pumped my arm, grinning myself;

yeah, I was taunting him, I guess. But Justin got his own back as he decked me with a vicious punch to my stomach. That was just too much.

I hauled myself to my feet. The buzzer and the ref's whistle sounded as I staggered up. The 'summer' season was over. We'd won the playoff! So, I showed Justin Mason he shouldn't be hitting girls. I decked him with a right cross. The thing that shot out of his mouth wasn't a mouth guard. It was one of his teeth with a whole lot of blood. I cut my hand as well but no one paid any mind to that as we all started throwing punches at each other. I landed a couple of good ones on Barry, got blood on him, too. He thought I'd cut him but it was mostly blood from slugging Justin.

There was such a kerfuffle there at the end that the President of the league refused to give the cup to either team. He walked off with it as I went to the women's bathroom to change alone, the guys on both sides high-fiving and trash-talking each other as they went to their respective dressing rooms.

"But she doesn't look like a girl," I heard Barry saying after I'd changed by myself, no fun at all. I walked out of the Ladies' bathroom as he let loose. "She's like that South African runner. The one who doesn't know she's really a guy. She's got no boobs and bigger muscles than Justin." The little guy was a bodybuilder and prided himself on his 'guns.' No, I didn't have bigger muscles than him, not by a long shot.

"Shush," said one of their players, seeing me, watching the guys guzzling beers someone had brought for end of game. They shouldn't have been in the hallway, drinking. My team was still in their dressing room, celebrating with beers too, which I couldn't have, because I was a girl.

None of the Eagles said, "Good game," to me. I usually got that grudgingly at the end from the Suns or Stars, the other good teams in our league. Some guys were good sports about losing. Some asked me when I'd quit the WNBA, the professional league. I had to smile at that. "I'm not good enough for that," I'd say, "not big enough."

That was a bit of a jolt to some. They put my success down to the fact that I was six-four. Only one player here or there in our league was big enough to play me even up. Of course, it wasn't 'even' as I'd been on a college scholarship once; and I hadn't let myself get out of shape as so many of them had.

Being six-four was the bane of my life. I'd gone to dances at grammar school, always, it seemed, ending up dancing with guys up to my waist. Now, guys like Drew Morris and George Miller were kind to me at company dances, asking me to waltz. But I always felt like I was dancing with a child when I danced with guys from work.

I tried to be a girlie girl for a while, with makeup and curled hair, but it didn't work for me. "No one wants to dance with a girl who just made him look like an idiot in his favourite sport," Lois, secretary to Steve Pound, our future boss, told me, flashing a smile across at George Miller, just about her size in her high heels.

"People are more mature than that," I said to Lois. But it seemed that they weren't. I did all the things I was supposed to do to attract a man, a tall man, which is why I'd started playing basketball again. But there was something about me, I decided, that just wasn't girlish enough. So I cut off my annoying curls and kept my hair bobbed. One day, a white knight would ride into my life. I'd look back on the heart-aches and insults I'd received with laughter. I just hoped he'd be coming soon.

"Hey, Janet!" called Drew as he left the dressing room in suit and tie, his dark hair immaculate, his cufflinks glinting. Steve followed him as he often did. It was almost as if he took his cues on how to behave from Drew. "You're coming to the Halloween dance this year? You didn't come last year!"

I followed him to the parking lot, leaving the silent Eagles and their baleful glances behind us. "Any guys you know, six-eight or more, going to be there?" I asked, making Drew and Steve laugh.

“Ah, don’t let the height thing get to you, Jan,” Drew said to me. “There’ll be a lot of guys over six feet, for sure. Not me, of course.”

“Nor me,” said Steve Pound. “And I won’t be at the social to dance with you, Janet, I’m afraid. The old man,” the owner of Coulthard’s itself, “is having a family dinner and I have to be there. Can’t be at the social club dance, sorry!”

Steve waved to both of us and went off. I was left with Drew who was looking at me, shaking his head. “You should go as a boxer,” he said.

I grinned down at him. “What are you going as?” I asked Drew. I got a funny look.

“Um, not sure,” he said. “Um, why don’t we go as a couple? Shake up some of the fuddy-duddies in the firm. Ah, best not be too outrageous. I don’t want to be fired or anything. How about something from Robin Hood? You could be Little John,” oh, yes, I’d have to be the big guy, wouldn’t I, “and I’ll be one of Robin Hood’s band, maybe the man himself.”

Justin Mason came out then. I went over to apologize. He didn’t want to accept the apology, though I hadn’t started the melee. I’d finished it, pretty well. What Justin was going to do, the girl with him said spitefully, was sue me and make me pay for his tooth.

“I’ll go halves on the cost with you, Justin,” I said to him as Drew said something about Justin paying for stitches in my hand. I didn’t want another fight. So, I pulled Drew away to his car.

“So it’s a date,” Drew said. “Something from Robin Hood, Jan. I’ll come over to your place. We’ll leave from there.”

Well, I found green tights and a jacket, a hat with a feather in it, a long staff and sort-of green boots. I was just deciding which belt to wear when the doorbell sounded. I stared at the apparition on my doorstep.

“Well, do you like my costume?” Maid Marian asked me. “Oh, please let me in, Jan. There’s a guy coming after me from one of your downstairs apart-

ments. I should never have kissed him when he said how lovely I was. Now he wants to kiss me again.”

“Drew?” I croaked at ‘her’. “Drew Morris, is that you?”

“You have to call me ‘Marian’ tonight,” ‘she’ said flirtatiously, spinning and admiring herself in my hall mirror.

“You’re going to the Cool Dance dressed like that?” I gasped at the auburn-haired beauty, checking her lipstick and eye makeup in my mirror. She was even swivelling and checking her silhouette which made my eyes pop out of my head as she had boobs much more prominent than mine. Her cleavage was grasped by her neckline as well and so they appeared to be real!

“Not if you don’t want to, darling.” Maid Marian said to me, her lovely green dress swirling about what must be really high, green-coloured heels. They must be as she was taller than Drew Morris had ever been. The top of her head, a green, glittering head band, flowers and jewels sparkling in the light I’d put on, was level with my nose while Drew had always been down at shoulder level with me before.

“I do have tickets,” ‘she’ said in a strange sort of drawl that wasn’t Drew’s voice at all, “to the Regal Ball. We should go where you won’t to be embarrassed to be seen with me.”

Marian took two tickets from her purse, ‘she’ was carrying a purse, ye gods, and gave them to me. My mouth dropped a little at the five hundred dollar tickets.

“You paid a thousand for these?” I asked her, I mean, him.

“You don’t want to know what I paid for my dress and the rest of my outfit,” said Marian. “But if you want to stay with Coulthard’s social, I’ll come with you on one condition. You don’t tell anyone who your date is! Let them guess!”

“You want me ...” I said to a smiling Maid Marian, swishing around in her very flirty dress. My good-



ness, she had more than one petticoat in the collection of skirts she was wearing. She lifted a hand to push back a strand of long, reddish hair behind her ear, showing off the dangling earrings at her ears. Her long nails were red and shaped like daggers. She could have scratched my eyes out with them, I thought, in a panic.

“You want me to take you as a woman into a dance with all our friends?” I asked her, the guy who worked in a cubicle, feet away from mine. I didn’t say, “What will they think of me, a woman, dressed as a guy, bringing a woman to the company dance?”

Marian was ahead of me, however. “They’ll all be thinking that you’re a lesbo after all!” she said with a laugh. She sounded like Drew. I frowned and she caught it right away. “Oh, I do have to laugh and giggle like a girl!” she went on. “I need more lessons on my next Trans-It Adventure. My voice isn’t quite right, is it? It’s having to go to work and being Drew for days on end! I really need a long vacation and then I can nail my voice and my giggle!”

I listened to ‘her’ bemused and watched her twirl this way and that and smile at her beautiful image in the mirror. I’d always considered Drew Morris to be a handsome guy, fastidious about his clothes and the way he looked. He always smelled nice, always wearing cologne. He just wasn’t like other guys at work.

“I don’t want people at work to put my name and lesbian,” I said forcefully to Maid Marian, “in the same sentence. And when they find out about you,” I shuddered as she adjusted her boobs quite naturally, as a woman might, “aren’t you afraid about what they’re going to say about you?”

Marian turned away from the mirror and smiled at me. I sensed this wonderful fragrance, so feminine and so delicate. I’d had it sprayed on me as I walked through perfume counters always in the entrance of large, department stores. Salesgirls wanted me to take free samples away with me but *Intimate Evenings* was far too feminine for a big woman like me.

“You mean,” said Marian, her lips pouting and looking so lovely, glossy with a reddish-pink colour,

fuchsia or something like it, “they’ll say that I’m a tranny?” she asked. “Or a drag queen? Or a transvestite? A cross-dresser or a fag? Well, they can say all of those things if they want as they’d all be true!”

“You’re a transvestite?” I asked in horror. I couldn’t believe one of my male friends admitting that to anyone and why to me?

“It’s so much easier for you,” said Marian, putting her hands with their long, red, beautiful fingernails on my arms. I could only stare at her and blush in embarrassment at what ‘she’ was doing. She steered my arms about her waist while I looked into her exquisitely made-up face. She must be wearing false eyelashes! Her perfume tantalized me with its delicate hint of femininity, just as its ads said it would.

“You women wear pants all the time, just like us men,” said Marian, tossing her hair back behind her ears as women did all the time. All women, but not me, I thought of my short, straightish, dark hair, cut into a bob. I brushed it to one side and thought that I looked like Rachel Maddow but she had more hair than me.

“You can wear shirts and ties, t-shirts, jeans and running shoes,” said ‘Marian,’ her voice sort of feminine. “Who cares? But I can’t go out in a skirt or put a little makeup round my eyes or everyone in the neighbourhood is calling me names. No, I have to do it in secret! Which, Jan, I do and now you can tell how many shots I’ve had tonight to make it out this far and to be talking to you like this!”

“You’re drunk?” I asked Maid Marian, stroking on my arms, swaying against them as a girl would who’d just met the man who was going to take her out on a date. I was in a state of very great shock.

“Not drunk,” giggled Drew Morris, trying to control his girlish voice. “I’ve just had a few, Jan. I had to. I nearly didn’t come. I was going to go back and waste the money I spent at Madame Eugenie’s.” That was the premiere cosmetic salon in town. I know my eyes opened really wide when Marian said that but I could see it must be true, so lovely was ‘she.’

"I really had to steel myself and have a few belts," 'she' said in the drawl I was getting used to, "to get in the taxi. But the guys when I got out! I didn't know you lived in such a swinging apartment block, Jan! They were all over me!" She stopped and looked at me in sudden concern. "It, it wasn't because they read me, was it? They weren't joking with me, were they?"

Marian/Drew looked quite shaky. I had to say something nice about 'her.'

"I didn't know you when you were at my door," I said to her. I'm a sucker for anyone who appears the least little bit distressed. "And I see you at work every day. You looked like a beautiful woman to me!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Marian, throwing her arms about my neck, pulling me down a little. My arms were still about her drawn-in waist and before I really knew what was going on, she was kissing me.

I haven't kissed that many guys in my lifetime, though I'd like to. I've kissed a lot of girls in parties and celebrations, not that any were with passion intended. I hadn't kissed a girl like Marian before but, as I held her, I felt her padded breasts against me. I realized I wasn't kissing a girl. I was kissing Drew Morris, the point guard on my basketball team. But a Drew Morris, waiting French, ultra-feminine perfume all over me.

I hadn't been kissed in a while, either, my white knight's charger lame or something. I knew my white knight couldn't be Drew Morris. No, he couldn't be, I thought, as I bemusedly kissed Maid Marian and wondered when 'she' was ever going to break it off.

She did, her lipstick definitely mussed. "Oh, that was lovely," Marian simpered, moving her shoulders just like a woman. "So we go the Regal?"

"I guess so," I said as she took her hands from me. She took out her lipstick and repaired her lips in the hall mirror.

"There, ready to go," Marian said in a pout over her shoulder at me. "Let me pay for the cab, Little John,"

she went on coyly. “But you’ll have to give it to the driver as a lady shouldn’t be paying, should she?”

### \*\*\*\*\*A night at the Regal\*\*\*\*\*

While we had waited for the cab, Marian had found the moustaches and little beard I’d bought with part of my costume, the Robin Hood tunic and hat. “Oh, you must wear them,” Maid Marian urged me. “I’ve never kissed a man with whiskers before.”

“Nor have I,” I said archly and she giggled like Drew again.

Marian helped me in positioning and placing the adhesive just perfectly and I have to admit I did look like a guy who’d grown the appendages on my chin and upper lip. “Ye gods!” I muttered when I looked at myself with Maid Marian.

“Say that a lot,” Marian said. “No one will think you’re anything but a guy.”

“Ye gods,” I growled at the ring of my intercom. The cab driver was there.

Marian picked up her purse and waited at the door. It took me a few moments to realize she was waiting for me to open it for her as if she was indeed the woman and I was the man. She waited while I locked the door before following her to the elevator.

“Put your arm about me,” Marian whispered as we waited. She re-said it furiously just before the door opened. The elevator was loaded with revellers. But they squeezed us in. No one said anything about us being a role-reversed couple.

“Have fun!” a lot of people called to us as I kept my arm about my date and escorted her to the cab and helped her into the back seat.

“This is so silly!” I said to the man sitting so girlishly beside me, moving closer to me and putting my off hand on his silk-covered thigh. Marian moved so that I could feel that there was a garter on her leg. She smiled at me as I connected with a garter belt, a

woman's garter belt, of all things, that my basketball team mate was wearing under his layers of silk.

"Oh, Jan Brennan!" said Marian in a higher, lilting voice than the drawl she'd been using before. "You be a good boy and leave my garters alone! Till later, anyway!" Then, she kissed me and laid her thick hair and head on my shoulder.

I swallowed hard and looked up. The cabbie was grinning at me. He winked and put his thumb up. I felt so weird. It was just a short distance to the Regal where the uniformed valets rushed forward to assist my lovely companion out of the car.

"Hey!" someone shouted as I went around the car, my short bow and staff looking pretty authentic. Maid Marian leant against me as the flashbulbs went off. There was a television camera shooting us as well. Marian waved femininely at the cameras, her long sleeve making her arms look so feminine, especially when her nails and bracelets glinted in the lights.

A reporter, or his assistant, came jogging after me. "Can we get your names?" he asked us.

"Maid Marian and Little John," said 'Marian' sweetly, arching her figure as she minced beside me. Her voice was still ridiculously high as she clung to my arm as if I really was her date and she really a girl.

"Your real names," laughed the reporter-intern.

"Jan Brennan," I said gruffly to him, "and ..."

"Marian Andrews," said my girlie companion.

"John Brennan and Marion Andrews," repeated the intern, dashing back as someone else was coming down the red carpet behind us.

The foyer was filled with couples, all dressed outlandishly in fancy dress. "Great costumes, man!" said a tall, thin Michael Jackson whom I actually could have danced with except he was off with a Marilyn replica. I sighed. Another missed opportunity, I thought. Marian yanked on my arm and stored her purse with those of all the other ladies.

A basketball player, dark-haired, wearing LeBron James' uniform and number, nodded to me and smiled at Maid Marian beside me. "Are you a couple?" he asked, still smiling, while I felt sweat coming to my forehead, sure he'd made us, despite my moustaches and Drew's shapely breasts.

"Yes," said Marian quickly, coyly. "But John and I have a very open relationship!"

"Then, you must have a dance with me, a polka," said the white LeBron James. "I make it a point to dance with the ten prettiest girls at the Ball each year and get ten phone numbers." He smiled at me and punched me on the shoulder. It hurt! "You don't mind, Little John?" The way he stressed the last two words and the glance he made at my green tights was clearly meant to put me down to my 'girl friend.' If he only knew, I thought angrily, wishing I'd the nerve to do to LeBron James what I'd done to Justin Mason.

"What a jerk!" I said loudly enough to Maid Marian that LeBron overheard me. He was laughing at me as we joined the crowd passing into the ballroom where a group of musicians was doing a medley of modern rock songs.

Marian, I just have to call Drew that, as he was behaving like a Marian, completely different from 'him' at the office. He was always cracking jokes, of course, but we all did in Coulthard's office. The thing was the jokes were always about some trait of ours. I was twitted about basketball and my height while Drew was the metrosexual, the perfect, modern man. I saw a lot of girls like Lois, my friend at the top, smiling at him when he made a particularly good jest, usually at Georgie Boy's expense.

I shivered at what I'd say now in the office when we got back there. Marian drew me onto the dance floor and put her arms about my neck, flinging back her long hair, moving her hips suggestively. I had to dance the samba-salsa-lambada with her, through the changes of music, a smile on her lovely lips as I gave up being careful with her and treated her like one of the girls in my dancing classes.

“Oh, wow, you guys are fantastic!” chimed in Lebron James after Marian and I had done a half-hour on the floor. I was tired enough to suggest a break and she’d agreed. Lebron pulled her hand out of mine. ‘She’ went with him willingly onto the dance floor to do an energetic twist and Shake as the little music group did a first-rate interpretation of Beatles’ songs.

“Hey!” said the guy beside me as I lined up at the bar and got a beer and a vodka punch for Marian. “I know you, don’t I?”

“You should, Barry, you should,” I said, wiggling my moustache. The geek laughed at me. Well, he was a geek scientist, complete with white coat, tape on his empty glasses and a pocket protector.

“You won’t be playing in the winter, you know,” Barry said with a grin. “But I won’t, either. We all got suspended for six months. Did George tell you?”

“No,” I said with a frown.

“Hey, would you like to dance?” Barry asked me, taking the drinks from me and putting them on the side of the bar.

“I thought you’d never ask!” I said, moving to take his hand, feeling so great. A man wanted to dance with me. A tall man, as tall as me, someone I didn’t have to look over.

“Oh, there you are!” said Maid Marian, pushing me back towards the bar. She was in thoroughly girlish mode. “I’d love one of those pink things, Jan. Oh, hello, who’s this?” I snorted as Drew knew very well who Barry was. “Hi, stranger! Are you a friend of Jan’s? Oh, listen! I love Cyndi Lauper! I have to have this dance!” So I lost my white knight to Maid Marian. She had her head on his shoulder as the band went on from *Time after Time* into *Can I Have This Dance For the Rest of My Life?* I loved that by Anne Murray but the singer butchered it. That didn’t seem to bother Maid Marian. She was kissing Barry before the song ended, his hands all over her, as everyone could see. Still they weren’t the only ones kissing

through that, and a couple more, before we were called to supper in the banquet room.

“I have to go to the Little Girls’ Room,” said Drew Morris to me in the lilting, girlish voice, coming more naturally to him. He swished away to the cloakroom for his purse, not knowing how messy his lipstick was. I had to wait twenty minutes for Marian to re-appear, her lipstick perfect on her mouth.

She hung onto me. “I’m starving, Jan,” Marian smiled as she held my hand with both of hers. It made her cleavage even more impressive as we entered the banquet room. We had seats with a six-four George Bush and his date, Snow White, who giggled at everything the Brokeback cowboy said to her.

“I saw you guys dancing at the start,” said Snow White to us. “You looked so beautiful together. I hope you dance together in this half.” It seemed she’d hurt her hip and all she could do was watch the dancing. “You shouldn’t let your girl get away from you so much, young man,” she said to me. “She might be a flirt but she’s only testing your love for her, you know.”

My love for her!?! Snow White was another idiot, I thought.

“Yes,” said Marian demurely as we were served promptly. “That’s why I flirt so much, Jan. You need to be much more loving to me in the second half of the Ball.”

“I should put you over my knee and spank you,” I muttered. “I should do it at the office tomorrow!”

“Ooo, would you, darling?” cooed this ‘female’ nympho beside me, her leg against mine. ‘She’ stroked my tights with her stocking leg, her dress raised to allow her to do that. “I just love to be spanked and consoled afterwards.”

Snow White only heard the last part of that but she thought that we were ‘charming.’ She told Phil, the tall George Bush, that he must invite us to the New Year Revels at their house. “How long have you been a member?” Snow White asked me.

“Just a month,” I said as Marian smiled at me.

“Just a month in this battery,” she said sweetly to Snow White. “Jan was pledged in Stanton County. I got my Daughters’ Pin there as well.”

“Oh, then you must come to our Revels,” said Snow White, smiling at me. “Phil and I encouraging all the new blood we find to make the Minutemen Batteries their home and first charity. I must introduce you to Bill and Betty, the Swiss goatherds.” Snow White indicated another couple.

“Well, there’s my song,” I said, getting up, and taking Marian’s hand. She didn’t want to go but I was so out of my depth and drowning. “This is stupid,” I muttered under my breath to Marian as I twirled and swished her about for the polka. She loved the way I lifted her and assisted her to land on her stiletto heels without letting her fall.

“Oh, Jan,” she said, her arms about me again, her face turned up to me. “We have to do that again!” She kissed me just as a waltz started. That was when the weirdest of sensations overtook me. It was just as if I was drifting around the floor with a girl in my arms. I was drifting around the floor as a guy. I kissed her on her soft, pliant lips. I looked up, feeling triumphant.

Barry, my white night, looked at me over the top of a blonde’s hairdo and shook his head, his expression one of complete disgust. While I was trying to think what to say to him, Marian put her arms about my neck, closed her thick eyelashes, and kissed me as passionately as anyone’s ever kissed me.

I drifted with her to the end of the song, her lips working mine over, our bodies pressed together. “Get a room,” Barry sneered as he left the floor with the woman he was with.

“Well, we got Barry, didn’t we?” said Marian, still holding me. “He’s not half the dancer and doesn’t kiss worth anything, either. You kiss really well, Jan. I think you must have had a lot of practice.”

“You think wrong,” I snarled at her. “Look, Barry asked me for a dance before you horned in. No, he doesn’t know you, Marian, but he sure knows me.

He's seen you kissing me. My name will be out there as a lesbo when we're on the court again."

"Well, that won't be for a long time," said Marian/Drew. "Didn't you see the local news on television tonight? They had a camera video of the whole thing, the fight, the president refusing to give the cup to anyone, your punch on that little guy, Mr. Muscles, Justin. So, you won't be playing next year. Unless we get you a different beard and a crew cut! Or better, maybe a bikini, for once. No one would know you!"

"I knew this was a rotten idea," I snapped at 'her.' I'd have left but she held onto me. She had a man's strength after all.

"No, this wasn't a bad idea," Marian said to me. "I got to dance with you, Jan, which I've wanted to do for an age. I got to kiss you which I've wanted to do since we met. This has been a wonderful dance for me. I didn't dare to do it outside the Valley before but now I have. There's no stopping Jessica now!"

"Jessica?" I asked her as she put her hands around my waist and shimmied against me, her breasts pressing on mine. Well, I had real ones, starting to act up more than a little, with the perfume filling my nostrils. 'Jessica' was kissing my lips teasingly and hugging me, her hair against my neck, her earrings scratching me but I don't think she noticed.

"Jessica is me," said Maid Marian. "When I'm like this, of course, I go out in the Valley."

"In the Valley?" I asked her, swaying with her as the group started up again, two girls joining them to sing Abba and Dixie Chicks songs. It wasn't as bad as that combination sounds. "What Valley? Carterville? Or up in the mountains?"

"Not round here," laughed Jessica. "I'll take you there some day to see the real me, Jessica the party girl."

I don't know why I said it. The moment I did, I knew I'd have to carry it out. "What's wrong with seeing Jessica tonight?" I asked. "I'd love to meet this party girl."

Maid Marian pushed back her hair. "You would?" she asked breathlessly.

Uh-oh, I thought. But "Sure," was what I said. Maid Marian, Jessica, pushed against me and began to kiss me softly as we swayed together.

"Let's go back to my place," 'Jessica' whispered to me, shivering although it wasn't cold in the huge hall under the chandeliers.

"You can't leave," said Snow White as Maid Marian got her purse, took my hand and we headed to the foyer. "The battery is about to march in. You should be part of it, young man!"

"We were told to get a room," said the irrepressible girl beside me. Snow White looked like she was trying to swallow a water melon. "And we always do what we're told, Mrs Dutton."

"You know her?" I asked the Maid Marian who cuddled up to me in the cab that took us back to her apartment.

"I should have been in the battery," she murmured with a smile as she moved my arm more comfortably about her. "I'm actually a Minuteman, fourth class. That's how I got the tickets. You've enjoyed yourself tonight, haven't you, Jan, despite me wrecking your date with Badass Barry."

"Badass Barry?" I had to ask.

"Girls call him that because he pinches your tush and it hurts!" said Maid Marian, her lovely eyelashes fluttering against my cheek. "Or so I've been told," she whispered guardedly.

"So this is where Jessica, the party girl, lives," I said as we pulled in at the luxurious Fairmont Apartments.

"Yes," said Maid Marian. "Are you sure you really want to meet her, Jan?"

"Well, I've come this far," I murmured getting out of the car to help 'her' out. I paid the cabby. She was

right. A girl shouldn't be doing that. I was, however, using her money.

"Thank you, sir," said the cabby before he pulled away.

I stared after him, wondering if he was pulling my leg. Beside me, Maid Marian laughed, a much more feminine version than that at the beginning of the night.

### \*\*\*\*\*Party Girl\*\*\*\*\*

We heard parties in different parts of her building. No wonder 'she' was a party girl!. She swayed to her apartment door, opened it, and pouted girlishly at me. "Now or never," she whispered, actually shivering as she smiled coyly at me. I could have left but I followed 'her' in to her apartment, the name 'Andrew Morris' engraved on the door's nameplate.

Her arms went about me as soon as the door closed. We kissed in the dark for a long time. Gosh, I felt so manly as she leaned into me and moved her lips over mine so femininely. Gods, I hugged 'her' as if she was a woman and me, a man, as she led me into 'her' bedroom. A man couldn't have decorated that room, I thought, as I looked at the pink eiderdown on the bed, the frilled pillowcases and the pink, heart-shaped night case, 'Jessica' embroidered on it.

There were dolls all about the room and the dressing table was a girl's. There were wig stands there, one of them empty and waiting for the one she'd pinned so securely to her head. She turned and drew me after her onto the bed. The funny feeling I'd had before returned in full. I was a man, making love to a woman! I ran my hands over 'her' as 'she' sighed and kissed me passionately, letting me undo her dress and see how much of her breasts were real and how much weren't.

I expected 'her' to be in women's underwear. I wasn't disappointed. I couldn't have afforded what 'Jessica' wore, just as I couldn't have afforded trips to an expensive Hair and Beauty Salon before going out

for a night on the town. Oh, her legs were so smooth, in and out of her stockings. 'She' loved me caressing them, trapping my hands as I stroked her, kissing me and twisting her bra against me.

Jessica didn't want me to remove her bra and so I didn't. I did feel funny when I tickled her with the moustaches. "Oh, do keep them on," she whispered to me as I stroked them and tugged on them to begin to take them off. "They're so manly," she murmured in my ear as she kissed me and sent chills through me.

I did help her out of the waist cinch that had made her so slim. I released the snaps on her stockings. She squirmed in ecstasy. "Some men never do that right," she murmured, hugging me down onto her. I slowly rolled her stockings from her hairless legs, maybe a little more muscular than most girls I'd seen. No more than mine, though.

'Jessica', what an amusing name my friend, Drew, had for himself. In his panties and bra, there, thinking of 'Drew', switched me into male pronouns. I had to think 'Jessica.' Then I could follow her, in panties and bra, beneath the sheets as I took off my green tights and into bed with 'her', my black panties touching hers.

We kissed for a long time, her hair and scent rousing me as I don't think I'd been aroused for a while. My moustaches were arousing her as well as she directed me to run my face over hers as she loved the feel of me.

About two years, I thought, it must have been that, since Ben Rivers had wanted to go 'mountain-climbing,' he called it, and I'd let him into my bed. It wasn't a success as he wasn't romantic and came far too quickly. He didn't want me to show him how to arouse me, either. I heard he called me a 'cold fish' to his friends. So I didn't make out with any more of the Bombers, not that I wanted to.

I was the one to slip my hands into 'her' panties, taking them down with the pads from her hips. She wore a tight garment beneath, hiding her genitals from me. Jessica eased my panties away, too, and

gently stroked my clit, which I love a man to do. It felt so weird, a woman doing that to me. I finally freed her 'gaff' with help from the wiggling she was doing. Ooo, there she was, swelling up, much larger than Ben Rivers.

We both lubricated ourselves and closed together, she laughing as she finally took my vest and revealed my small breasts. 'Jessica' stroked them as I furiously devoured 'her,' playing with her bra but not removing it as she entered me. It was really such a funny experience, because, as we rolled with one another, me on top for the most part, and she loving to be the bottom, it seemed that it was me putting a non-existent penis into her non-existent vagina. Sure, it was really her penis in my vagina but it seemed to be exactly the opposite. I was the man, making love to my woman, who loved everything I did to her, how I stroked 'her,' how I touched 'her'. She loved how I kissed her, and where, me setting the pace as I did whatever I wanted to her.

Jessica made little gasps of delight as I stroked her tush and drew her tighter into me. Her mouth quivered on mine as she moaned in pleasure as I kissed her cleavage. She climaxed. I could feel her. I kept her inside me. She loved that I stroked her, making her grow again and, wonder of wonders, I had an orgasm myself of the kind I'd only had with my vibrator and thought so perverted.

"Oh, Jessica, Jessica," I moaned as every part of me was thrilling in delight and shaking with passion as I came more fully with a person than I'd ever come before. I was still exulting when she began to writhe beneath me and convulse. I thought for a moment she was slipping into an epileptic fit, but she said, "No, No! Don't stop, Jan! Don't stop! Oh, I feel it with you, Jan! I feel like a woman!"

I had to kiss her as she moaned and rolled beneath me. She kissed me with such passion and desire I wanted to do it all again. But that took a while as she had to hold me, kissing and stroking me fiercely as we gently pressed our sexual parts together.

"Oh, that was marvellous!" said Jessica, her voice lilting like a woman's. She was under me, her legs

wrapped about me, as I stroked back my moustaches before kissing her lips enthusiastically again. "Was it good for you as well, Jan?"

"Sure," I said, trying to be a little blasé as I kissed her scented shoulder and kept her legs from closing. "Want to do it again?"

Of course she did. She didn't want to stop. Funny, all the guys I'd made love to always wanted to stop after their quick trip into ecstasy, leaving me, well, unrequited. With Jessica, we didn't stop. I had little orgasms by the dozens, I claimed to her afterwards, as well as the big ones that rocked the bedroom and the girl beneath me to no end.

"Is this what a party girl does?" I asked Jessica as we rolled together in the dimly-lit bed.

"Every time," Jessica said blissfully. We went to sleep in each other's arms, my legs wrapped around her, she unable to give me any more. I could have gone on taking it from her all night long.

### \*\*\*\*\*The Morning After\*\*\*\*\*

I didn't know where I was when I woke up. Then, a familiar perfume came to my nostrils and I knew. I was in Jessica's bed. I sat up, daylight illuminating a pink, feminine bedroom, a Dresden shepherdess figure on the night table beside me.

I turned over quickly. There was no one in the bed but a completely naked me. At the end of the bed were bits and pieces of my 'costume,' in a neat pile. Someone had placed the Robin Hood hat on top. I felt my face. The mustaches I'd had on my upper lip had vanished but the thick, short, Van Dyckbeard was still there.

I got up and padded into the adjoining bathroom. It didn't take much, just a lot of warm water and elbow grease, and the little beard came off. I washed normally. I rarely wore makeup in the morning and so I was the person in the mirror I always was. My dark eyes were fringed with dark lashes. My eye-

brows were a little thick, I thought critically, but not a 'uni-brow.' I wasn't a beauty. Average, I always supposed, my chin worst of all, being fairly prominent. I looked 'determined,' my late parents had always said to me.

I stood there in female nakedness. Notice I hadn't mentioned my breasts because there's really nothing to talk about. The door to the bedroom opened. A guy stood there.

I must admit I squealed and put one hand over the little muff where my female parts were, the other over my non-existent breasts.

"About time you awoke," he said while at the same time, I was saying, "Where's Jessica?"

I felt so foolish as Drew Morris smiled at me.

"Do you mind?" I asked him, turning as pink as everything else in Drew's bedroom. "I need to dress!" I really must have looked absurd with my hands 'protecting' me.

"After last night, darling Janet," said Drew, still smiling at me, "I've got every right to stay and see you get dressed."

"Get the hell out of here!" I yelled, taking my hand from my breasts and balling my fist at him.

"You have bigger nips than me," said Drew in mock seriousness, sauntering off. "Oh, we made the papers this morning!"

I felt so stupid dressing again as one of the Merry Men. Though, without the mustaches, I looked like me. I had a hysterical thought of asking Maid Marian, or Jessica herself, if I could borrow her bra and padding. Maybe I could have looked as womanly endowed as she had.

The main room of the apartment was nothing like the girlie bedroom where Jessica and I, I had to admit it, had had so much fun the night before. It had been quite a cathartic release for me. I hadn't realized how long it had been and how good sex with another person could be.

Drew Morris wasn't the person I'd made love to, was he? I shivered as he got up, his blue and white striped shirt immaculate like his solid, red tie. His hair gleamed, brushed back, black where Jessica's had been auburn. I hadn't seen it or any clothes she'd worn the night before anywhere in the bedroom.

"Here we are," said Drew with another toothy smile that made me want to clonk him on the head.

I looked at myself first, frowning at the camera, my mustaches and little beard looking so real. Anyone who knew me would recognize me, I felt certain. They wouldn't have recognized the vivacious, smiling girl beside me. She was beautifully made-up and, being with me, didn't look tall for a girl. 'Maid Marian and Big John,' read the caption with the picture but, underneath, there I was, identified as John Brennan with his girl friend, Marion Andrews.

"Someone from the office will see this," I said to Drew with a shudder.

"Won't know it isn't your cousin or something," said Drew cheerfully. "And who's that lovely girl you're with?"

"Oh, gosh," I said with a shudder. "You know what they're going to call me. Why'd I ever go to that dance with you, you dressed up like, like," what was the first word he'd used, "like a queer or a tranny?"

"Didn't I disprove the first last night?" asked Drew, his face definitely pink. "You said you enjoyed yourself, you know."

"I made love to a woman named Jessica," I sneered at Drew, who shrugged.

"I made love to a handsome man last night," Drew said in a soft drawl. "He said he enjoyed making love to me."

"Well," I said, heading towards the door. "It was good while it lasted, Jessica darling. I promise I won't call you my 'bitch' when we're playing basketball again!"

“You won’t have the chance,” said Drew with a tight smile. “I don’t think I’ll play a rough sport like that again.”

I laughed at him. “Just when the guys at the office have stopped calling you Tinkerbell,” I mocked my former teammate who’d made a beautiful girl at the ball the night before.

“Gossip all you like about me,” Drew said. “Georgie called me an hour ago. I’m promoted into Sid’s place.” He flushed but looked proud of himself. “Just think, an office of my own, and twenty minions to do my bidding.”

“You got Sid’s place?” I asked Drew in astonishment. Wow, I’d actually miss him around the main office, and the practical jokes he willingly took part in. “Well, you’ll miss the scuttlebutt about you and me. I am not going to be called ‘lesbo’ and go down on my own, you know.”

“I wouldn’t expect it,” said Drew, putting on his suit jacket and following me out into the hallway outside his apartment. He had a spot of color on his face.

“And watch out for the dragon lady,” I said to him. Lois, the secretary who’d decided to be my friend, had quite a reputation for undercutting guys new to the executive offices at Coulthard’s. “She’ll be poison if she sees you and me there.” I pointed to the paper.

“She’ll be annoyed she didn’t get to dance with me at Coulthard’s ball,” Drew said gloomily. “She’s always loved dancing with me.”

“She’ll think we were dissing Coulthard’s by going to the Regal Ball,” I said to Drew, following me right out to the taxi rank I’d seen at the hotel on the corner of his block. “Where are you going now? You don’t have to escort me to a taxi, you know.”

“I know,” said Drew, looking up at me. I’d forgotten he was so much shorter than me. High heels had made him closer to me in height. “I’m taking a cab to my mother’s. I’ll try not to, but I’ll probably drink more than I intend to. So, I get a cab back. You wouldn’t like to ...”

"No, I wouldn't," I said, more sharply than I should. No, I hadn't yet reconciled myself to what I'd done with Drew Morris, fellow basketball player. If Jessica was there with me, I thought, and shuddered, a gesture Drew saw. He colored bright red.

"Well, there's a cab for you, Jan," Drew said to me. Awkwardly, he went up on tiptoes and kissed me good afternoon. It was a peck, not a passionate kiss from the night before. I was looking over his head again, thinking I was still in grammar school.

"Don't worry about the picture in the paper," said Drew as he politely held the cab door open. "I doubt anyone's going to connect either of us to a random Halloween picture on the social page."

Famous last words! "That John Brennan," said George Miller as I went past whispering groups of secretaries, one or two smiling at me. "That's you, isn't it, Janet?"

"Yeah," I said, attempting a smile. "That's me. My fake mustaches fooled them. I did call myself Jan Brennan. I guess it's an easy mistake when you look like I do."

"Oh," said George. "Um, I was talking to Barry Phillips ..."

"Oh, yes?" I said. "He asked me to dance, mustaches and all. We'd have looked a real pair if we had."

"That girl," George went on.

"Jessica, a school friend of mine," I said, "part of the Robin Hood group I was with. She was trying to ditch some guy stalking her. She's such a flake. She started kissing me to make the guy think she had a boyfriend. Lo and behold, I look up and your friend, Barry, is staring at me. He told me to get a room. I was going to slug him but Jessica stopped me. I wonder why the paper just showed that picture of us two? They did take a picture of all the Merry Men. Now, have I answered all the questions everyone's asking about me in the office?"

Trust George Miller. He came right to the point. "So you're not a lesbian?" he asked me. I gasped in surprise.

"No!" I yelled at him. I'd spent a restless night, Sunday, trying to convince myself I wasn't. But all I kept seeing in my dreams was Maid Marian, smiling as she lifted her lovely lips to mine, joining me in a kiss. "Tell me whoever said that and I'll ..." George stepped back a couple of paces. "... give them what I gave Justin Mason!" I finished.

Lois called me into her office in the afternoon. "Who's that?" she asked me, showing me the newspaper picture of Maid Marian and Little John.

"That's Jessica Andrews," I said, shivering as I looked at the very pretty, auburn-haired girl.

"Not Marian Andrews?" asked Lois acidly.

"She was in the Maid Marian costume," I said. "The papers got her first name wrong."

"I think that's Drew Morris," said Lois flatly.

I shivered and looked at the photograph. I couldn't tell. How could she?

"I'm tired of covering for Queen Drew," said Lois. "Coming in after a weekend bender and forgetting what earrings he's wearing. Finding panties in his desk when I need staples. And the websites he visits at times. I think that girl is him!"

"I've met them together," I said, lying as earnestly as I could. I should just have let him be found out, I thought angrily. Why not? No one would accuse me then of being a lesbian. Of course, no one had yet thought to ask why I didn't go to the Coulthard's dance instead of the Regal Ball. Or I hadn't heard them.

"You've met them together?" asked Lois icily. I felt her good will of late just oozing away.

"She's a Daughter of the Minutemen," I said with a quiver. "It's how I was roped in. Since I was the tallest, guess who got to be Little John? I think Drew was

there in the Minutemen battery as well. Yes, his name was announced but I was standing with Jessica at the time.”

Lois stared at me. “How nice it must be to have such a good friend, Ms Brennan,” she said. “I trust this Jessica will support your story when I talk to her.”

It took a lot of acting to appear bewildered. “I’m sure she will,” I said. “But what is this? A witch hunt for Drew because he got promoted?”

That did not go down well.

“You talked to Lois about me?” Drew asked when he called me after work right as I was entering my apartment.

“Yes,” I said.

“What did you say to her?” demanded Drew anxiously.

I repeated what I’d said to George, Debbie, Ron and finally Lois. It didn’t seem there was anyone in the office who hadn’t seen the picture. My identity was pretty clear.

“I’m not sticking around to be pilloried,” said the guy who’d made such a pretty girl that he was in all the local papers. “I’m going on a sales trip for Coulthard’s. See you in a couple of weeks, Jan.”

“Going to this Valley of yours?” I asked him.

The hesitation was fatal. He couldn’t lie to me. “Yes,” Drew said defiantly. “Want to come?”

I knew I was owed over a month of holidays by the firm. “Sure,” I said. “I’d like to see this Valley and what it’s all about.”

**\*\*\*\*Into the Valley ... rode the brave one  
hundred\*\*\*\***

I met Drew in Chicago. He'd waited two days until after I was gone on holiday 'to California' before he'd arranged his 'sales' trip. I'd have picked him out anywhere in the crowded departure lounge. He was the one in a dark, herringbone suit a male model might have worn.

"Hi!" I said, strolling across the lounge in my most expensive suit.

Drew was disgusted with me. "You could at least have worn a pant suit," he said. I laughed at him. I was on holiday. I'd even put on a little makeup as well, some eyeliner, a cherry lipstick (after hearing Katy Perry singing *I Kissed A Girl and I Liked It, the taste of her cherry chapstick*), and I'd arched my eyebrows.

"Hey, Jessica," I said. Poor Drew almost fainted on the spot. He went so pale I thought he was going to faint. "I'm the girl, you know," I told him while he stared at me as if I was something strange. The empathy and friendship we'd achieved in bed seemed to have evaporated in just a few short days.

"I should have known," muttered Drew in the same tone he used on the bench when he wasn't pleased with the way things were going. "Well, come on with me."

We went off the floor, where all the big airlines were checking in long lines of passengers, to a desk clearly leased to a small airline. A temporary banner said 'Valley Air' at the desk. A blonde stewardess, oops, flight attendant, looked up and smiled at us, arriving with full suitcases, mine with clothes, Drew's with samples and catalogues from Coulthard's, I saw, as we both had to open our suitcases for this other female employee of Valley Air.

"No fancy business suits?" I asked Drew while the pretty flight attendant, her name plate said that she was Grace Wilson, had the bags put on a trolley as the other woman struggled to load them.

“You don’t know about the Valley,” said Drew as the female flight attendant looked at us and smiled. “You don’t buy clothes going into the Valley. You buy clothing when you’re there.”

I happened to be watching both women as Drew said that. They immediately smiled at one another and nodded. “Will you be changing on the plane?” Grace asked Drew as she looked at our tickets. Drew still had a suitcase in his hand, much lighter than the one he’d loaded.

“Yes, I will,” said Drew.

Grace looked at my ticket reservation while I studied the Valley Air badge on her dark blue suit. I wished I could be that slim and that shapely. I wish I could wear makeup with the same flair she did.

“Miss Janet Brennan?” Grace Wilson asked as if she couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

“That’s me,” I said.

Grace looked at Drew who nodded to her. “I’m showing her what the Valley’s like,” Drew said. I got the distinct impression the women in front of me did not approve.

“Well,” said Grace Wilson, forcing a smile. “Welcome to Valley Air, Miss Brennan. I hope you’ll have a most enjoyable flight.”

“Where am I actually going?” I asked Grace. She was startled.

“I think you should ask your partner,” Grace Wilson said in her lovely soprano voice. “You seem to be on a mystery date with, with h-him.”

We went through the lounge where other airlines were situated. Drew looked very nervous as he sat beside some guys with smaller, single suitcases like his. Uh-oh, I thought as one stared straight ahead, his eyebrows much thinner than mine, in a curved arch above his eyes. His face was smooth and devoid of hair as he sat, his jeans-clad legs crossed very femininely.

I smiled at Drew who blushed but looked back at me fiercely. "You're embarrassing me," he hissed. "Don't make faces like that! You wanted to come after all!"

"How'm I supposed to behave?" I asked him. "This is what I am, Drew Morris. I'm a woman. You'd better get used to it."

"In the Valley, I won't have to," muttered Drew beneath his breath.

"Valley Air is loading its noon flight at Gate Forty-six," said a woman's voice, much like Grace Wilson's. "All passengers for Valley Air are free to board now."

Drew stood and so did the passengers who carried actual suitcases as their carry-ons. In fact, almost all the men and women who'd been sitting near us got up. There was no waiting at the gate. We were herded to a waiting bus, where the checks of tickets and passes were made. A short, midrange jet filled up rapidly with, what seemed to me, nervous, quiet passengers.

Two pretty flight attendants assisted the men with the suitcases, taking them and storing them somewhere in the kitchen area, I think. I think there were about a hundred of us, all told, men and women, on the flight.

"Miss Brennan?" asked the girl with the Michelle name tag. "Don't you wish to change for your entry into Valley Airport?"

I glanced at Drew who was twisting a tag with the number thirty-three on it. "No, she's already changed," he said quickly, taking my hand and urging me to sit in the second row from the front of the plane. At my height, I was less visible when I sat than when I stood. I think, strangely, I was the only one who'd stored anything in the overhead locker.

Two businessmen were in the row beside us. They smiled and cocked their heads to look at me. "You're a tall one," said the balding, sandy-haired one. "I bet you have a hard time getting dates outside the Valley."

Again, Drew intervened for me. "Janet's on her first visit to the Valley," he said in the drawl I'd heard when Drew first became Maid Marian.

"She's really going to enjoy herself," said the spec-tacled, paunchy guy beside the first one. "What do we have, three, four, five escort services now that specialize in tall guys. She'll have a ball."

"Are you with Martina King's tour?" asked the first guy, ignoring Drew's suddenly 'gay' voice, as I thought of it.

"Yes, we are," I said with a smile as Drew tried to answer for me again.

"Wow!" said the first guy. "What a lovely voice! Gee, girl, I'd think you were real if it wasn't for your height!"

"Yeah, it's such a shame a girl like you has to be so tall, isn't it?" asked his companion.

"That's why Jan's here!" interrupted Drew before I could tell them they weren't looking at a tall tranny as they seemed to think they were. "She's going to have a different guy every day on her two-week holiday. And every one is going to be someone she can look up to."

"All my girls look up to me," grinned the sandy-haired guy, "because that's the only way I let them. From flat on their backs!"

Both his friend and Drew seemed to think that very witty. I had a retort ready but the captain spoke as the plane lurched forward. "Seat belts on for fake-off," said a female voice over the intercom. "We're looking for a smooth and turbulence-free flight today. My co-pilot, Jenny Bridges, will be taking us up in just fifteen minutes. Please wait until I light up your number for those using the changing facilities aboard. Sixty-seven are availing themselves of that service this flight. Complimentary drinks will be served as soon as we are at cruising altitude and the warning lights are off. Your captain is Karen Williams, wishing all of you, a brave one hundred boys and girls, the most pleasant of flights."

“Where is it exactly we’re going?” I asked Drew as we came to a stop as jets do. A huge airliner rattled and shook us as it roared past down a runway.

“Princess River Resort,” said Drew tensely. I thought he must be a poor traveler, so intense and upset was he.

“Which is where?” I persisted in asking him.

“It’s part of the Raybold township,” gasped Drew as we taxied out onto a long runway, three more huge jets behind us.

“Where’s that?” I asked him.

“On the Raybold River,” said Drew, closing his eyes and beginning to pray, I think, as we started building up the power of our engines, ready for the start that jets do so mightily.

“Never heard of it,” I said.

“You’ve heard of Governor Guy Neilsen?” asked Drew.

Who hadn’t who followed any kind of political news? He’d just married a policewoman from his own state. At least, Rachel Smith had been called that in all her pictures. But the outfits she’d been photographed in had looked more like a hooker’s idea of what a policewoman should look like, than a real cop.

What had one magazine called her? The most beautiful governor’s wife in North America, sure to get her husband re-elected next fall!

“Of course I’ve heard of Guy Neilsen,” I said impatiently.

“His state,” said Drew. “His wife was a deputy sheriff in the Valley before she decided to marry him.”

“Before he decided to marry her!” I said. “Men have all the power, Jessica baby.” That I said in a very soft whisper. “Women just have their looks.”

The sandy-haired guy laughed at me. “You should listen to your sister,” he said seriously to me while

Drew didn't so much as blink to be described like that. "Guy Neilsen chased that girl for two years. She decided she might as well be his wife as well as his mistress. You've come a long way, baby," he added enthusiastically to me. "You girls from the Valley are doing just great in our state!"

The airplane wobbled a bit through the cloud cover. Beside me, a bell sounded, the warning light went out though we were still climbing, if not as steeply as before. The number one came up in red flashing lights, followed by two, three, four and five, and there was a ragged cheer from the people behind us, which meant all but the two seats ahead of us.

I heard people moving as a flight attendant in front of us and did the safety program for the aircraft. She smiled all the time, unlike the bored girls on big airplanes. This girl laughed at the crude jokes of the guys beside us, swiveling like ballerinas in showing us all what to do in the case of accidents. There was applause when she finished which I'd never heard on any flight before.

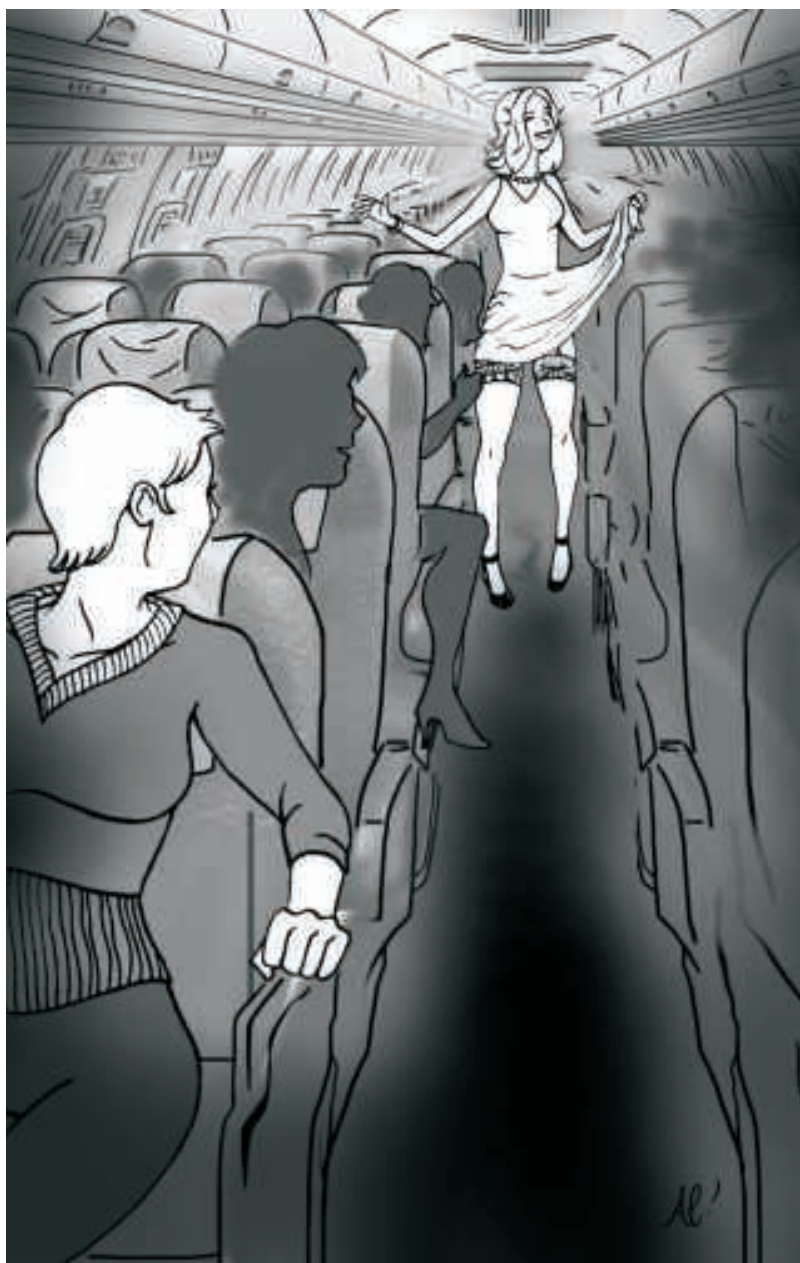
The red number six lit up as the flight attendant wheeled her drinks tray out of its alcove. "I'll have Jack Daniels over ice," I said to her. The girl, Natalie Emerson-Simpson, according to her name tag, regarded me laughingly.

"First time in the Valley?" Natalie asked me. I nodded.

"It'll be white wine and vodka cocktails when you leave," said Natalie with a smile. "It was for me. My wife wouldn't let me have beer or hard liquor!"

I shook as I took my drink. The blonde, busty flight attendant giggled with the guys opposite us before moving on. I couldn't believe what she'd just said to me.

"I know her wife, Linda Emerson," said Drew, looking at me. "Didn't you see the wedding ring Natalie was wearing? Linda's going to be a politician some day when she graduates. Everybody says so. Natalie will be the stay-at-home mummy. I think Linda's home now because she's pregnant again but Natalie



will be the wet nurse when the kid's finally born. She was for their first."

"I suppose when lesbians marry ..." I began sarcastically, meaning to say it was like that so each would have some commitment to the relationship.

"They're not lesbians, Linda and Natalie," said Drew, watching the red numbers flick over.

I heard a little cheer behind us and turned to see a blonde woman, spinning around in the aisle so that other women around her could admire her gorgeous, blue dress and the pearls she was wearing. She showed off her earrings and lifted her skirt to show off her stockings which got her great applause.

"That's Debbie," said Drew anxiously. "Always showing off."

"I didn't think there were that many women on this flight when we got on," I said to Drew.

"There weren't," said Drew, shaking as the number in front of us turned to fifteen.

"There must be the same number of men and women on this flight at the end as there were at the beginning," I said with a laugh.

"Oh, Janet," Drew said softly. "Are you really that dense?"

"Excuse me," I said to him, the sour mash sliding down really well inside me. Heck, I didn't drink much but it was free! I loved the burning sensation of really good whiskey.

"There are at least eleven more women on board," said Drew, pointing to the scoreboard up ahead which went to sixteen. "Twelve, because that's how many g-girls, l-like J-Jessica, have gone back to the cubicles provided on Valley Air planes. They've changed from this," he lifted the lapel of his suit, "to a pretty dress or maybe even a suit like you're wearing, Jan."

I turned and looked around from my seat. A woman came from behind the screened-off portion at

the back of the plane. A dark-haired man, one I'd seen sitting a row behind us, jumped to his feet, hugging the woman who'd appeared. Then, he went back to where a smiling flight attendant was signaling him to go.

"She's a guy?" I gasped as the older woman came down the aisle, hugging several people.

"I'm just not as brave as you, Tiffany," I heard the woman say, in the phony drawl Drew had used in the Maid Marian costume at first, to some girl on the inside seat as she hugged a man sitting on the outside. I didn't need Drew to interpret that message to me. Tiffany was a man who'd got on the plane dressed as a woman.

"I'm going to be the only real woman on this plane!" I exclaimed to the masculinely-dressed Drew Morris, beside me.

"There are a couple more, wives," said Drew. "I love seeing Nikki dressed. She's in the back seat with the platinum blonde. She and Melanie are indistinguishable when Nikki dresses as well, with their blonde hair and makeup. They look more like twins than husband and wife. Ooo, I just can't wait to get out of this awful business suit."

Drew was beginning to sound more and more like Jessica. Even his face seemed to be making the sorts of gestures when he spoke that Jessica had made. I almost expected that he, she, would throw her arms about me at any moment and start kissing me. I began to feel quite heated thinking about it.

"There're the flight attendants as well as the wives," I said to Drew, "and the pilots."

"Are you ever na\ve!" exclaimed Drew, his higher-pitched voice really incongruous coming from such a well-dressed, male, fashion-plate. "Valley Air doesn't hire women like you on these flights. Well, maybe a sex change occasionally. All the staff on this flight are as much a girl as I am!"

"But Natalie's going to be a wet nurse, you said!" I almost roared at Drew. He shushed me as Natalie

flicked her blonde mane over her shoulders and gave me a smile and a wave.

“You don’t have to be a real woman to be a wet nurse,” said Drew, shaking his head at me. “It does take a lot of preparation but Dr. Drew’s potions; she’s a tranny doctor, if you must know, living as a lesbian with her doctor wife. She has potions and hormones that work like magic on the right girls who really want to nurse their babies.”

“You mean you could impregnate me,” I said slowly to Drew, “and you could be made to lactate and be the mother who breastfed our baby?”

“It’s been done before in the Valley,” said Drew. “Kendra Tolman is just about to have her third child in just that fashion.”

“Kendra?” I asked, feeling more than a little sick. A female name didn’t seem to mean a thing in this Valley I was heading into. I’d have no way, I thought, if that was the case, of knowing who was a woman and who a man, particularly if they all dressed like Jessica, and sounded like her. My goodness, whatever was the world coming to, to tolerate such insanity that Jessica, um, Drew, was talking about?

“Kendra used to be Kenneth,” said Drew. “*The Queen of the Valley* loves to use her as a model in their mother and young daughter ads. She really is cute and so little-girlsie in the way she looks and the way she talks. In a way, she really is a perfect, dumb blonde, but that’s the role her husband, Sharon Tolman, forces on her. Sharon’s a lot like you, tall and very domineering. Kendra is totally in love with him, Sharon that is. She’ll do anything for her husband, anything. You should see some of the ads she’s posed for in the last year because Sharon told her to. Everyone knows that that girl doesn’t have a mind of her own at all!”

“It’s insane, making men into mothers,” I barked at Drew just as Natalie came past us, picking up empty wine glasses, re-filling some.

“Tell her, Natalie,” Drew said as the flight attendant swayed beside us.

“Tell who what?” asked Natalie, smiling, tossing her mass of soft, golden, gleaming hair.

“Tell my girl friend here what it’s like to be a mother,” Drew squeaked in his closer imitation of Jessica than when we’d got on the plane.

“The most wonderful thing in the world,” gushed Natalie. “Far better than chocolates!”

I think my hair roots were standing on end. Just what kind of plane was I on? I looked backwards. Another woman was pirouetting in the aisle, being greeted with hugs and kisses. Another number advanced on the monitor. Everything around me seemed so abnormal! The grinning idiots opposite, I realized, thought that I was a man in a dress! So did this flight attendant who was babbling on about her daughter and wanting to show me photographs of her wife and baby.

“Linda makes me carry a picture of me nursing Carrie,” ‘Natalie’ said as I sat there, wondering how I could ever have been so stupid! I’d thought what Jessica or Drew had been telling me had been far-fetched. Here I was on my way into the Valley with a hundred or more other lunatics!

“The two women in Chicago, running Valley Air?” I asked, interrupting Natalie’s account of her wonderful marriage.

“Would you call Grace Wilson and Andrea March, women?” Drew asked Natalie, who appeared to be shocked. “It isn’t me but my girl friend, a first-timer to the Valley, who’s asking.”

“Oh,” said Natalie Emerson-Simpson, smiling, a dimple appeared in her cheek. “Oh, how wonderful for you!” she said to me, with a lovely smile. “Of course, Grace is definitely a woman. She had her surgery two years ago now, didn’t she? So she’s a long time post-op, Andrea was telling me she’s met this guy. She’s going to take the plunge herself as he says he wants her to. She won’t believe us that that’s not the best reason for wanting to be like Grace but what can you do? It’s her life, after all.”

Natalie turned to ply drinks to the men ahead of us. They were ignoring what was going on. She flirted with the guys opposite, giving them fresh drinks as well. I shivered and sat there. I took out the book I'd bought but couldn't read. The noise of girlish voices seemed to be rising from all the seats behind me. I'd thought this was would be such a quiet flight when we'd been sitting in the departure lounge as no-one had been talking to anyone else.

### **\*\*Any landing you can walk away from ...\*\***

I tried the television but it had only one channel, Valley Television, called VTV, naturally. It was showing something called *The Michelle Little Show*, where two very attractively dressed women were talking as they sipped coffee. They were laughing over a private joke I didn't get. The scene dissolved into what was clearly a rehearsal for a stage production. Skimpily-dressed showgirls were standing around watching a fruity male choreographer doing modern dance steps that they tried to imitate, some of the girls giggling as they weren't too athletic as dancers.

"Was it hard, April, to have to act as if you were as clumsy as that?" asked Michelle and the other, smaller girl also giggled.

"But I am that athletically challenged," the pretty blonde said, tossing her hair back, her long, golden earrings shimmering against her pretty, little jawline. "It was Melinda and Candy who had to dumb it down. We were supposed to be geeky boys, just out of high school, which of course I really am."

Michelle didn't bat an eye at such an admission which made my hair stand on end again.

"Do you see this?" I asked Drew, standing in the aisle, smiling and waving to someone else on the plane.

Drew looked back and smiled even more. "Oh, April Bolton," 'she' said. "And that's Michelle Little who's married just like Natalie is. Well, not really like

Natalie as she's married to a really cute guy, Matt, and not a girl ..."

"But she's as much of a girl as Natalie is?" I finished for Drew.

"As much as Jessica is," Drew said. "This is the Valley, Jan. I told you that and you said you wanted to come. Oh, I have to go."

"Hey! Where are you girls staying?" asked the sandy-haired guy, leaning over to talk to me. I suppose I should have smiled and flirted with him as Natalie had done effortlessly. "Are you with a tour or are you just visiting friends?"

"We're on a tour," I said, my mind churning at Drew's words.

"We could look you up once you're settled in," said this very persistent guy, who used the word 'girls' to include not just me but almost everyone else on the plane. Well, he was right about Drew, wasn't he?

I said, "Sure," without meaning it at all. Lonnie said he was looking forward to seeing me in the marquee, whatever that was, later.

I settled back, turned off the drag show, that's what it was, after all, and closed my eyes, feigning sleep. All I could hear was some girl talking about this guy who'd chased her through some park. Oh, she couldn't run in her high heels. She'd had to let him catch her. But it really hadn't been so bad. He'd been really nice once she'd let him hold her hand.

Another girl was asking something about the guy reading Nadine. I think that was her name.

No, he hadn't. Nadine had had to tell him as soon as they got to a more crowded part of the park as he wanted her to sit on a bench with him and get to know him better. That brought on a conversation with a number of others all about whether to tell or not. Wasn't that why the Valley was so marvelous? said one lovely, girlish voice, because you really didn't have to say a word in the Valley. Nobody looked down on you at all. There seemed to be general agreement from all the girlish voices and the occasional

masculine drawl, as I thought of it, that the Valley was the most wonderful place in the world.

The talk continued about this guy who'd picked up this girl, Nadine, in the park, who wasn't really a girl, I gathered. I listened to her talking about this guy, who didn't believe her when she told him, back home. She didn't say what she told him but her audience seemed to know what she meant about not believing her, even after they'd kissed and done a lot of heavy petting on the park bench. Still, Nadine had taken the guy back to her apartment where he'd found that everything she'd said was true. But it hadn't mattered, she almost screeched at the other girls, asking her all sorts of questions, as 'Marty' stayed the night, he was so in love with her. He was her boy friend now. She'd have brought him with her on her vacation but he had to work.

Some fairy story, I thought to myself. Suddenly, there beside me, was a woman in a red, swishing dress, that went so well with her long, auburn hair.

"Wow," said the guys opposite us together, their tongues almost hanging out as they looked at Jessica, a smile on her lipsticked mouth. She sat delicately beside me and crossed her stockinged legs.

"Are you ever a pretty girl!" said Lonnie. "Your girlfriend was saying that we could look you girls up in Princess River. That's where you're going, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Jessica in her most female voice, one I remembered well. She put her hand in mine. Her brightly painted nails were back. "But, guys, this is my girlfriend, really," Jessica said.

I was chilled as I looked at the guys. I've never seen such disappointment in the pair of men. I almost said it was all right. I'd screw the pair of them as soon as we landed as they wanted it so much.

"You're a real girl?" Lonnie's friend leant over to ask me.

I felt really flippant. "As real as my girl friend," I said with a phony smile.

"Oh," said Lonnie. "You girls really had us going!"

They bugged Jessica and me, as I couldn't talk to her at all. I couldn't even tell her how great she looked, as a woman, that is. The numbers kept clicking over in front of us, as Lonnie and James told me all sorts of things about Princess River and the town of Raybold, in which a girl like me would feel really at home, they said. The numbers finally vanished from the console. The captain, Karen Williams, asked us to clear the trays and get ready to land. Natalie and the other 'girls' sashayed like real flight attendants as they cleared away glasses and got us to fasten our seat belts.

We landed on a new, smooth runway, taxiing up to a modern looking building, the stairway there to meet us. After the four guys, two in front of us and two beside us, Lonnie and his friend, James, were ushered off the plane, Jessica got up. I followed, reaching up for my carry-on and looking back. The amazing part was that, all the way back to the other smiling attendants waving to Jessica and me, were rows and rows of girls and women, all smiling at us.

I followed Jessica past everyone. Several reached out and greeted her as a long-lost friend. She re-acquired her carry-on suitcase before we exited through the rear door. More women came behind us, Jessica finding it something of a trial to go down the steps from the plane in her high heels. Luckily there were guys and girls there to help, most of them with very wide eyes when they saw how tall I was.

"Welcome to the Valley, welcome to the Valley," we heard from everyone. "Hope you had a nice flight!"

The flight had been very smooth. A hostess, a young girl of nineteen or so, all cute in a princess dress, even a tiara on her head, led us into the terminal and towards where our luggage would appear. She took Jessica's case from her and would have taken my shoulder bag but I wouldn't let her.

"Our bus is the second in line," she said to me, pointing to the line of typical airport buses through the glass doors. "I'll put this," she patted Jessica's carry-on suitcase, "into the rack there."

It all seemed so normal now; I had shivers just looking around. But everywhere I looked, there were women. Oh, there were blazered hosts, guys who were mostly as tall as me, some even taller. I swallowed hard as one guy even looked at me and smiled, nodding my way as if in approval. But approval of what, I wanted to ask, approval of me dressing as a woman? But I *was* a woman, I wanted to yell across the noisy chatter of girlish voices. I was the only real woman in the place, I wanted to yell.

We saw the flight crew leave, all women, or all one gender, I might have said. I watched Natalie being greeted by an obviously pregnant woman, taking a small girl from her who clung to Natalie while all the other women, the pilots and attendants, made a fuss of her and the pregnant woman. She put her arm about Natalie as they strolled away, on what might have been matching high heels.

“Hard to think that Natalie and Grace were both on the same football team here in the Valley, isn’t it?” murmured Jessica to me, looking where I was watching. “They were both linebackers.” I looked at her doubtfully. “True,” said Jessica in her lilting voice. “I should show you the newspapers with them in it. Oh, look, there’s this month’s *Queen of the Valley*, the local newspaper. I must get a copy.”

She wasn’t the only one. I think everyone on the plane purchased a copy at the newsstand on the way out of the terminal. Some were avidly staring at the back page of the tabloid even as we waited for suitcases.

“The entertainment page,” said Jessica with a smile, showing me the page with all the glitzy show-girls, singers and entertainers appearing in the Valley. The page looked most impressive to me

The Princess River Resort impressed me even more. The suites in the Tiffany Tower had bedrooms for each of us, the beds huge and definitely feminine in the choice of decorations, pictures, colors and frills that seemed to be everywhere.

“You didn’t have to get us a suite,” I said to Jessica as the princess hostess departed, leaving us to unpack which was going to take Jessica no time at all.

“Are you going to be a man or a woman while you’re here?” asked Jessica as I stood there, admiring the woman she was pretending to be. Her makeup was exquisite. I never tried to look as good as she did. I never wore makeup as she did, or false eyelashes and false fingernails.

“I’m a woman,” I said to her with a smile.

“So am I,” Jessica said to me, her chin pointed and firm. I realized she was setting out ground rules for our ‘vacation.’ “On a tranny vacation like this, Janet, I’m expected to hook up with guys. I mean, I look this way on purpose, don’t I? I want guys to take notice of me. I want to dance and flirt with a lot of guys! And I’m going to be bringing them back to my bedroom.

“Now, you can be my guy for a while if you like,” Jessica went on, her red dress swirling about her as she looked at herself in the main room’s mirror. “You’d look really good in a tux, you know, and a little mustache would be nice as well. We could work on your voice a bit.

“But I’m here to relax and have a wonderful week as a woman, Janet. If you want, we can go around together and find you some tall escorts. But I’m Jessica from now on, Jan. You’ll have to decide who you want to be, John or Janet, and if you want to make love to girls like me. There are lots here who’ll love a man like you.”

A man like me? I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I still was thinking about ‘Jessica’ a lot, though, or I wouldn’t have come on this weird ‘vacation’ with a basketball buddy of mine.

“Just wear a pant suit and let’s go shopping in the little mall they have here in the Resort,” said Jessica. “We can rent you a tux but I need an evening dress or three and lots of panties and lingerie.” She laughed at my perplexed face. “I did tell you, Janet,” she said. “The rule you follow from now on, in the Valley, is that everyone in a dress is a girl, and she has a penis.

That way, you'll never be disappointed if we don't tell you what we are. We're all girls here in the Valley if we dress like one."

The stores were thronged with female-dressed figures, many with obvious male features or body characteristics. The assistants in the stores were lovely girls, though Jessica told me again that they weren't. They were really good in dressing all of their customers in clothing to accentuate the customer's femininity. One girl explained tactfully to a woman, wanting an off-the-shoulder top, that it over-emphasized her male, muscular arms. They were then concealed in the frilly, feminine blouse the assistant recommended and in a flirty dress she had 'Miranda' try on.

The male part of the store wasn't as large as the female part. Jessica had selected several evening dresses, not bothering with how much they cost. She had items sent to our room, stockings, panties and bra sets, which must really have severely dented her credit card.

Sally, the smiling shopgirl, didn't bat an eyelid at me as I rented a tux and men's pants, wondering what I was doing. Well, I was here in this perverted Valley for a week. Might as well enjoy myself with 'Jessica'. I bought a man's shirt, then another, as Jessica insisted I needed a lounge suit as well as the tux. I felt like an idiot as I tried them on in the dressing room. Sally came and helped me, marking down alterations I had to have because I was so skinny, she said, her lovely, made-up eyes dancing as she called someone on her phone for express alterations for that evening.

"They should be in your room in an hour," Sally said. "If anything's wrong, call me here and I'll have them put right. Are you going to be working, Jan, as an escort, while you're here in the Valley?"

"Me?" I asked her, feeling hot and embarrassed to be talking to her about dressing as a man. "No, I, I'm a, a friend of Jessica's who, who wanted to show me the Valley, what it's like."

“You’ll enjoy it,” said Sally Karlsen. “Just think, when I was growing up, I wanted so much to be a man like you’ll be! Now, look at me!”

I looked. I saw a small, young woman, blonde hair pinned back in a French braid, her figure definitely real as her breasts bounced as she moved. She smiled at me as I had to say, “And I wished I could’ve been a girl like you!”

So stupid! I was flushing, I know. I hadn’t put any makeup on after I’d quickly washed my face and changed into my black pantsuit upstairs. I knew she’d ‘read’ me as I couldn’t help blushing at the things being said by men, as they bought women’s clothing so eagerly.

“This resort isn’t the Valley proper,” said Sally cheerfully, touching my arm gently as if to reassure me in what I’d said. “This area is like a playground for the transgendered. But the town has clubs for everyone. It’s a real town with everything a town should have - parks and boats on the river, a marina on the lake just outside town, a hospital, a clinic, a university college, and shopping centers galore. You should get out and meet the regular people of the Valley. If you want to be a man, no one will treat you as anything but. Girls will let you come on to them. You’ll really enjoy it here, Jan.”

Sally chatted to me as if she understood what was going on inside me. I could have stayed and talked with her longer but I had to meet Jessica. Sally was a little wrong in her time assessments. The altered suits and pants were in my room thirty minutes after me. I retreated there as the whole complex seemed alive with male girls, male but by no means masculine at all. They spoke in girlish voices like Jessica. She said every girl in Princess River were girls like herself. I knew what that meant now. She laughed at my embarrassment at the two girls who came over and asked me if I was an escort.

“N-No,” I had had to say as these girls were quite tall but not bigger than me.

“He’s with me,” Jessica said, laughing at the look on my face as she used the male pronoun for me.

"You should upgrade," purred the blonde looker of the pair. "Chloe and I will give you a really good time on the sixth floor when you're ready for two hot girls like us!"

Jessica fumed for a moment. She studied my face as I watched the women sashaying away, the brunette giving me a coy look over her bare shoulder as she and the blonde went into the women's change room for the indoor pool.

"Let's see if my dresses have arrived," said Jessica, taking my hand. I couldn't get over all the feminine figures passing us all the time, all looking us over as Jessica looked them over as well.

Jessica was in seventh heaven at the dresses and female clothing delivered to her so quickly. The tux was there for me as well. We had to dress for dinner, she insisted, and, no, I couldn't wear a pantsuit, not as her date for the evening.

### **\*\*Is this what I really came here for?\*\*\***

So, absurdly, I dressed as a man, in a tux and black, shiny oxfords. 'Jessica' wriggled into a halter-top dress that showed off a cleavage I knew wasn't real.

"Oh, you look so good," Jessica said to me, putting her arms around me, as I stood before her in the tux we'd rented. She lifted her face to mine so I kissed her. It was our first kiss since I'd slept with her. Did she ever smell nice, just like a woman should.

As our lips met, I sort of expected her to be aggressive with me, but she wasn't. She scolded me. "That wasn't much of a kiss, John," Jessica said, pressing her padded figure against me. "Have you forgotten how to kiss like a man? You did much better in my bed last week."

So I kissed her more forcefully. She put her arms about my neck. I felt a tingling all through me as her little tongue whipped over my lips. She pulled me into her and she swayed and shivered as her dress swished all about me.



“Oh, that’s much better,” said Jessica with a smile. “Now we both have to do our lips again!”

I had lipstick to take off. She had to sit, cross her legs, nylon and silk, making enticing sounds as she did that, and re-paint her lovely, cushiony lips. I could have gone on kissing her for hours but she wouldn’t let me. We had to get down into the clubs and be seen, she said.

So we went down where were women, and their escorts, everywhere, in the foyer of the Tower. We followed the other male-female couples out of the main doors and into the marquee that had been set up across the square.

“Oh, but I was so looking forward to seeing the Princesses on Parade!” drawled one glittering silver and white, blonde woman, hanging on to a young man’s arm. He squeezed her and she arched her body against his, lifting her face. He pulled her off the path to kiss her most passionately.

“That’s the way you have to do it to me, John,” said Jessica with a laugh. “I want to feel your kisses right down through my panties and stockings, right to my painted toes that I did especially for you, last night alone in my hotel room.”

The Prince Charming marquee was crowded with couples, the men in tuxes and suits, the women in glittering dresses and jewelry. All had what I’d have called ‘big hair.’ Many were blondes, far more than the national average, I’d have thought.

“There isn’t a parade at the moment,” said Jessica as a dozen princesses and their consorts were introduced over the PA. They danced around the room, whirling in wonderful colors of their different dresses and long hair. They stopped and kissed the princes longingly as everyone cheered. We applauded as well. The princesses then split from the princes and came out into the crowd to select new escorts to dance with. The princes took girls as well, twirling the girls as they had the princesses before. They kissed the girls, some clinging and obviously loving every second of being kissed by the princes.

The princes and princesses divided again as all those on the floor found new partners. Jessica was swept away by one of the men who'd danced with a princess. I was smiling when suddenly I felt a small hand in mine. "May I have this dance with my charming prince?" asked a blonde princess, looking up at me with sparkling eyes.

"I'd love to," I said automatically, flushing as I put my arm about another girl's slim waist. She jumped up into my arms, hers about my neck, smiling as her skirts floated about her as I took her to the floor in different fashion to everyone else.

"Oh, you're really a, um, yes, a man," whispered the sparkly girl in her pink dress. "I'm Princess Tammy. If you kiss me, you can put me down."

What's a, um, yes, a man to do? I kissed Tammy. She snuggled against me, her pale, pink lips crushed to me, moving and demanding. I knew what Jessica meant about kissing harder and so I did. Tammy loved it. The music was blaring an animated waltz. I let Princess Tammy stand. She directed me to the dance with her, laughing as I tried to lead but she didn't let me.

"Now for our big finish," Tammy said as the music stopped. I kissed her as passionately as she'd kissed me, going to one knee so she could sit on it and we could hold and kiss, my senses reeling. "Oh my, what a rush!" she murmured. I knew just what she meant as she stroked my face with her soft, feminine hands and smiled at me. "Be nice to the next girl you choose!"

I had to choose Miriam, all dark hair and ringlets, her lipstick pale. She quivered as she tried determinedly to dance in high heels with a man, me, much taller than her. She was as enthusiastic as the princess in kissing me, guiding my hand to her breast as we were clinging together.

"You can have me any time," Miriam murmured but we had to split again. Gail was nearly as tall as me in her high heels, and delighted with that, delighted to kiss me. She told me she was in two hundred and seventy-seven. I could call her any time in

the next few days as she was there to the end of the week. We kissed as the music drifted dreamily over us. I found a stirring going on inside me with the desire that all the girls showed to kiss me well and pleasure me. They succeeded.

Marietta followed as the floor filled with dancing couples. Marietta would only whisper to me. She looked so gorgeous, she must have just come from a beauty shop, but her voice was bad, she intimidated to me. I kissed her. It was only then that I wondered if any of the girls I'd kissed had been real girls. I couldn't have told, even though Marietta's refusal to talk in a normal voice told me that she was likely 'as much a girl as Jessica.'

My final partner was Mimi. I walked her into the banquet rooms, saw her to her table and went to find Jessica. Like all of the girls at the table, she was re-doing her makeup. "It's allowed, this once," Jessica said. "Or all of us would be in the Ladies' Room at the same time!"

And there's not a lady in the whole group, I thought, as I watched the girls at the table we'd been assigned, laughing and giggling with one another.

"Oh, who are you?" the girl on the other side of me from Jessica at the banquet table wanted to know.

"Jan Brennan," I said to Felicity, a pretty, older girl, who smelled of flowers and lovely fruits as she leaned over to me to hear my answer over all the girlish talking.

"You're not an escort," Felicity said, her thin arm hooking through mine. "Are you from town? I have a friend who'd love to meet a, a, a guy like you, John."

"Jan, short for Janet," I said to her. Felicity touched my arm affectionately.

"Of course you are, John," she said, her made-up eyes sparkling at me.

Jessica laughed at me as waitresses came around with drinks for us all. I was asked what I'd like. I ordered a beer. All the girls at the table had white wine which they sipped on daintily. "We'll be able to tell

our own glasses,” a dark-haired, older woman said in a rasp that sent shivers through me, “as we girls are all wearing different shades of lipstick.”

“I’d like to dance, Jan,” said Jessica. So I took her out onto the floor where an entire female-dressed orchestra played an old-fashioned waltz. “Slowly,” Jessica insisted. I slowed down the turns I was used to making in ballroom classes with short partners directing me to dance more quickly.

“You’re getting to be really bossy,” I said to the girl in my arms, her perfume exhilarating.

“What a nasty thing to say!” said Jessica, looking quite furious.

“Well, if I’m the man,” I said to her, making a joke out of it, “shouldn’t I be the one to set the tempo?” I swirled her more quickly, her new dress blossoming around her as I directed her firmly into spin after spin. “There,” I said as the last note was held by the strings in the orchestra before they began in normal waltz time.

“Oh, Jan,” sighed Jessica. “You’ve so much to learn about dancing with a girl like me. I want to cuddle up to you like this.” She put her arms about my neck. I had to put mine about her tightly-bound waist. She shook her long hair about her bare shoulders and lay her lovely head against me, her thickly lashed eyes more than half-closed. She whispered, “You can kiss me if you like.”

I liked. I kissed her softly and gently, just the way I liked being kissed as a girl.

Jessica sighed. “There you go again, Jan,” she said. “You’re kissing me as if you were a girl and you’re not. You have to be a lot firmer and stronger with me. You mustn’t let me lead in the dance as you are now.”

“I’m not ...” I objected.

“Oh, look,” said Jessica. “The Jailed Prince with Princess Tammy. Let’s break them up!”

“Just a minute,” I began but I had no say in the matter. The Jailed Prince had been exactly that in the performance one of the princesses had put on with him. She’d been in a black leather evening dress that made my eyes pop out of my head when I saw how she was poured into it. She had been disciplining her Prince for some transgression I was too embarrassed to follow. But he had seemed to love all she put him through from the way he’d hugged and kissed his tormentor.

“Princess,” Jessica said in her girlish voice, “my boyfriend, Jan, so much wants to dance with you again.”

Princess Tammy smiled at me. She left Prince Gordon without a second glance. “I wanted so much to dance with you, Jan,” Tammy said, a smile on her dimpled, feminine face. She had such small, elfin features, an upturned, thin, button nose, a small, pointed chin and such thick hair and real, bouncing boobies that I knew she had to be a girl like me, no matter that I was dressed in a tux and bow tie.

“Jessica!” exulted Prince Gordon, smiling at Jessica. He put his sinewy arms about her, squeezing her hard, lifting her off her feet. The kiss he gave her was harsh and demanding.

Jessica gave a shudder of delight and gave me a look that almost said out loud, “That’s the way it’s done, Jan. That’s the way a man kisses his girlfriend.” She was flushing, I’m sure, as she danced away. I was left standing there with a beautiful princess holding my hand.

“Oh dear,” said Princess Tammy, looking up at me, her tiara gleaming in her mass of long, blonde hair. “I think you just got dumped, Jan my love. Whatever did you do to your girlfriend that made her do that?”

“It’s what I didn’t do,” I said as a girl held my hand and swayed tantalizingly against me, putting her arms about my neck, her real breasts, I could feel they were, bouncing against me, making me feel so peculiar.

“What didn’t you do?” Princess Tammy asked me as she led me onto the dance floor, her back to everyone. I had to move closer to her and guide her or else we’d have been crashing into everyone else.

“I don’t kiss her hard enough as a man should,” I had to tell Princess Tammy as she wheedled it out of me.

“That’s not true,” Tammy purred at me. “I kissed you, didn’t I? No, it was you who kissed me in the mixing dance, wasn’t it? And that was something, wasn’t it? I’d love you to do that to me again, you know.”

I stared down at the slender, small girl, smiling up at me and waiting for me to kiss her. I couldn’t keep on doing this, kissing girls, could I? I was beginning to forget what kissing a man would be like.

“You can start kissing me any time you like, Jan,” said Princess Tammy, putting her arms about my neck and caressing me with her body, right there on the dance floor. I sensed people watching me. I couldn’t reject such an offer, not here in this blighted valley, I thought savagely.

*I kissed a girl*, the refrain went again through my head, *and I liked it*. I did like it, particularly as Princess Tammy whimpered as I kissed her. She pulled my head and lips so tightly against her. I’d no option but to press myself against her forcefully. Chills and thrills beguiled me, making me want to escape but also making me want to stay and kiss this exquisite girl more and more. I felt her dress swaying around us as the kiss was as fierce and as demanding as when I kissed Jessica in her apartment.

“We need to get a room,” murmured Princess Tammy into my ear, her lovely earrings cascading against me as she held me and made me kiss her again.

“Yes,” I said unsteadily, “I have a room to myself.” Oh, what the heck I was saying. Tammy took my hand and led me out of the dancing area of the banquet hall, moving again into my arms and kissing me

as we waited in the foyer of the Tiffany Tower for an elevator.

“I shouldn’t ...” I began with a shudder.

“You should,” said Princess Tammy, “and my mother approves. You don’t have to worry about that.”

“Why should I worry about your mother?” I asked in confusion.

Tammy’s smile brightened ten-fold. “I’ll tell you later,” she murmured as she kissed me as firmly and deliciously as Jessica had ever done. “Oh, you have a suite. I love these rooms! Come on, Jan. Make love to me as many times as you want. I haven’t trysted with anyone in two or three days! Oh, I love doing different things with handsome men of all kinds!”

It was like trying to tame a whirlwind. Tammy was in a greater frenzy than Jessica had been when we made love. She had her dress and bra undone encouraging, I might even say demanding, I kissed her breasts and make them grow so splendidly. She divested me of clothing. She explored me without restraint, her lips constantly pressed to mine as she lay in my bed, caressing me with her wonderful body, presented in such attractive, expensive lingerie.

Tammy loved my female organs, teasing me with her fingers, squeezing my clit and even kissing it as passion grew inside me. I’m not a lesbian, I said to myself; I knew that from long practice. But a girl like Tammy would have made any woman lose her inhibitions, I decided, as I undid her lovely garter belt and slipped her silky stockings from her as she writhed beneath me.

I tried to get her panties down but Tammy prevented me, time after time, letting me caress the outside of her panties while she devoured my mouth with passionate, demanding kisses, her tongue as much in me as mine was in her. Finally, she moved on top of me and her lovely hair fell across me. She kissed my neck and lowered her mouth to my tiny breasts and had me do the same to her. She was so femininely fragrant, just as a woman should be.

I was the one writhing as she stroked my naked body, caressing and kissing my navel and my abdomen, my skin so aroused at her touches. Her mouth and tongue found what she wanted. For the second time in my life, I had an orgasm with another woman as her wonderful mouth and tongue lifted me to heights of pleasure I'd never realized one woman could get from another.

I was convulsing beneath Tammy as we rolled together she pleasuring me as no man or woman has ever pleased me before. I was trembling, on fire, as I exploded in a spasm of sexual feeling, wanting her to bury her tongue even more deeply into me, which she did.

I wanted to share the novel way I felt with her. I kissed her breasts again as she'd kissed my almost non-existent ones. I kissed her lovely, scented skin and her pierced, jeweled navel. I kissed her abdomen and slowly inched down her tiny panties. She let me.

Princess Tammy guided me to her vagina. She let me stroke between her legs and the little muff over her clit. It seemed different from mine. I tasted her. She wasn't soft and wet as I expected. She began to convulse, however, as I pushed into the stiff entrance to her female, internal organs. She almost shook me right off the bed as I pushed my tongue inside her and she pushed back against me. It was a most peculiar sensation.

I pushed more with my tongue, stroking Tammy's legs. She convulsed as I felt a strange wetness in my mouth. She was dousing me with liquid in a way that seemed so weird to me. I kissed her vagina. Oh, it was different! I was kissing something soft and foam-like as Princess Tammy moaned and clung to me, begging me not to stop kissing her right there.

"Oh, that's it!" Tammy screamed, wriggling in the throes of a passion I could scarcely believe. I kissed her vadgie, she called it that, and tongued her through the opening between her legs.

"What, what's this?" I asked her finally as she was pressed so tightly against me with every part of her female body, caressing and kissing me, even though

we were supposed to be cooling down after the hot, passionate manner in which we two women had made such torrid love.

Tammy giggled and guided my hands along her hips. She put her nails under some seam that was invisible to me and, slowly, gently, Tammy gasping as I did it, we unpeeled the vadgie from her body, me totally flummoxed.

The vadgie held her male organs tightly concealed from me. She grimaced in pain and writhed against me again as she showed me how the prosthesis, she called it that, was removed from her. There she was, as male as Jessica/Drew had ever been. I shuddered as I realized how much I'd been fooled.

"Now you can have me in a different way," Tammy murmured, allowing me to take her penis in my hand and begin to arouse her. Just like Jessica, she didn't want to be on top of me, not at first, anyway. She wanted me to lie on her and to guide her maleness into me. She wanted me to make love to her as if she was the beautiful, young woman I'd thought she was.

It was as terrifyingly wonderful as it had been when I was making love to Jessica as the woman she, Drew, wanted to be.

"You realize," laughed Tammy, as I was reaching for my fifth or sixth orgasm as I made love to her. I aroused her easily by the simple expedient of kissing her breasts. "You realize, oh so tall and wonderful Janet, that you are lesbian now, don't you?"

"Because I've made love to Tammy, the delectable princess?" I asked her. She kissed me again with such intense desire. She wiggled her wiggler all around the place in me it wanted to go. I had to take it in hand to make it enter just where it should to give us both intense pleasure. Just like with Jessica, when we were in motion together, I couldn't really tell that it wasn't me with the penis. I rode the lovely girl beneath me and it was as if I was entering her, so intense were my emotions as I reached a sexual catharsis of some kind, and with a *woman*.

“Obviously, making love to you, Tammy, doesn’t make me a lesbian,” I had to say to her.

“Then, you must be a man,” said Tammy with a giggle. “Isn’t that what Jessica was trying to say to you? You really do have to make up your mind what you are, my darling Jan. I’ve made up my mind. I’m a girl. I’m a princess. I’m a singer and a dancer sometimes with my twin sister, Kelly, whose as much of a girl me.”

There was that phrase again! I wanted to scream and tell her not to use it again, not with me but Tammy forestalled me.

“So what are you, Jan?” she asked me. “I’m a girl and we’re making fantastic love. If you’re a girl, you’re a lesbian. You’ll love it here in the Valley if you want that. If you’re not a lesbian, then you’re a man. You’ll love it even more here in the Valley if that’s what you are. I know so many girls who’ll love a man like you. Really!”

“I’m not a lesbian!” I said thickly to her. No, I didn’t want to be stuck with that epithet for myself. No, I wasn’t really attracted to women, was I? I shivered. It wasn’t me who had started the liaisons I’d had with Jessica and now with Tammy. Both of them had enticed me to bed and seduced me. They were the real lesbians, I thought wildly, as I responded to Tammy’s clinging caresses making love to her again while she snuggled blissfully beneath me.

“Oh, goodie,” Princess Tammy murmured. “Mummy will be so pleased with my new boyfriend. She has Eloise, who is so femmy Mummy’s sure they’re both lesbians really, even though Eloise has a penis like mine. Mummy is worried that Kelly and I are going to change completely. Kelly probably will but I won’t, ever! Someday, she’ll have a granddaughter to inherit all this.”

“Inherit?” I gasped as I felt how strong and stiff she’d become as I slid over her. We began to rock together again, my pleasure growing in leaps and bounds as I kissed and mauled my little princess.

“Yes,” giggled Princess Tammy. “You might be the only person here, darling Janet, not to know that my mother owns Princess River. Some day, my femmy sister Kelly and I will inherit and own it all, as well. That’s why I’m wary of the guys I sleep with. They all think I’m the most eligible heiress in the Valley.

“Oh, gosh, you’re taking birth control pills, aren’t you, Jan darling? I would love to make you pregnant, I would. But not right now. There are so many wonderful guys who haven’t done me yet! I want them all to have a chance before I decide who’s the most wonderful man in the Valley to marry me!”

### \*\*\*\*\*Sex and the Valley\*\*\*\*\*

I didn’t see Jessica again in Raybold, Slayton or Princess River, the most densely inhabited parts of the Raybold River Valley, until two days before I was about to leave.

Over the twelve days I spent in the Valley up to that time, I had more sex than I’d had in my life. I complained to myself about my miserable life, how no one wanted a freak like me, a six foot-four woman, only good for sinking basketball shots. I really didn’t have a thing to complain about in the Valley. I had girls coming up to and propositioning me for sex, particularly in the second week I was there. Of course, all the girls had penises but who could quibble over such little details?

I wasn’t just having sex a lot of the time, I also felt strangely desirable even though I wore men’s suits and shirts all the time. I even went into a beauty store with a girl named Molly. She had me ‘roughed up’ as she called it, my hair made more masculine, my ear-ring openings disguised. I even had some hair attachments to my eyebrows that made me look a little more masculine.

Molly wanted me to have a mustache as well. I tried it but it tickled me as much as it tickled her. Besides, she was such an enthusiastic kissing machine that I’d never have kept it in place, in making love to Molly. She confided that it was the same with her

wife, which made me feel so foolish for a while. It was so hard to think that the adorable Molly Kelly had a wife somewhere, and children! Yet, she was having it off with me in the Tiffany Tower where she worked as a hostess.

Molly Kelly wasn't among the first girls with whom I went to bed. There were so many others in that rapturous ten to twelve days which I've never been able to forget. Oh, the girls of the Valley! I keep saying I'm not a lesbian. I keep repeating it, but making love to the girls of the Raybold River Valley was like being a lesbian for me. All the ones I met had penises though many had lovely breasts as well. For a time, at least, I was in love with them all, as I was 'laid,' morning, noon and night.

Tammy, my first after Jessica, had gone to do her job as a princess. I'd only stepped out of the suite when I ran into Charlene. I'd pulled on the shirt, pants and tux I'd worn to the banquet. Charlene was probably Charles in whatever other life she led outside the resort. She was attracted to me right away, she said, because she was six feet tall herself and loved to wear high heels.

Charlene, of course, loved to wear a lot more than high heels. She was one of the girls who taped back her male organs and wore the briefest of panties beneath her designer dresses. I told her right away I wasn't an escort. I wasn't even a man.

"But you dress like one," Charlene had said to me with a lovely smile on her lipsticked mouth as she attached herself to me. She flirted with me, her makeup so feminine as it should have been, she having just come from the lessons that dominated the days for the girls in the Princess River Resort. It was amazing how a mannish person, someone I didn't even think was much of a drag queen, could become so womanly and attractive after a few days of intense coaching and, probably, lovemaking, in the resort.

"You're dressed like a man and I'm dressed like a woman," Charlene said, batting her thick eyelashes at me. "I'd say that was a match made in heaven!"

But Charlene became really nervous as I walked with her, arm-in-arm, as if she was truly my woman. The balcony overlooked the Charming Marquee where the mixer was taking place, all the new women being entertained and treated totally as women for the first time.

"I've been here before," Charlene said anxiously to me. She was probably used to rejection as a woman, I guessed. She couldn't know what to make of me, letting her come on to me, encouraging her, even though I was a woman myself.

She must have been to the resort before as her makeup was definitely feminine. Her hair was soft and styled and long enough to gather at her neck. She wore dresses over a womanly figure and knew how to sit in a dress and high heels. Charlene knew how to mince along in her very high heels. I could see that her legs were shapely. I liked her perfume, not a rich, musky type at all, but something like lying in a bed of roses.

"I, I don't really do that well with men," Charlene confessed to me. "I, I don't look that good in a bikini. The hosts here like to take their girls into the pools and get them drunk before they boff them. I don't mind that but I have to have a tall man or I feel silly and out of place. I make all kinds of social faux-pas and why am I telling you all this? You just looked so neat and charming ..."

"And tall," I added with a grin.

"And tall," Charlene agreed. "I really would like to have you escort me to one of the clubs here or in the Valley. Would you? I'll pay you the going escort service rate!"

"Is it that hard to get a tall guy?" I asked her, Charlene, who, by the way, didn't sound very much like a girl at all.

"To get a nice one, like you, someone who listens to me, an old queer," said Charlene, "that's so difficult!"

"I'll go out with you," I said to her, seeing how anxious and upset Charlene was. It had taken her a real

act of courage, I thought, to approach me and, idiot that I am, I fell for her damsel in distress appeal.

“Anything,” she murmured, clasping my hand. I could feel the shakes in her.

“Never, ever, call yourself a name like you just did again,” I said to her. “If we go out, you are my woman. I’m your man.”

I could have kicked myself as I listened to myself saying that. What an imbecile!

Charlene took me into Raybold, the perfect guide to the Valley and the people who lived there. And taking her out was like dating a real woman. She wanted to be a cute, girlish woman and tried so very hard. I actually loved her for it and told her so, as I put my arm about her as we strolled together. Her high heels clicked femininely, as I guided her to the alcoves various stores provided for kissing couples.

Charlene loved being kissed. She trembled and shook all the time. She snuggled up to me on the tram ride back to the Resort and had no objections to coming to my room with me and letting me make love to her. She didn’t make any excuses about being a man any more. She didn’t treat me as if I was a woman, either. I told her she was a woman and she obeyed me accordingly.

Charlene wasn’t bad in bed. She was enough still of a man to really enjoy making love to me. I really didn’t care that she was femininely fragrant, wore a frilly night dress, and generally wanted the bottom position when we made love.

The worst thing, sort of, was that she left the very next day, kissing me and giving me a very tearful sendoff at the airport. I went with her and her friends just like her, all so proud of themselves for the progress they’d made in becoming women, in ‘passing’ in the Valley. I could imagine what they’d be like when they got off the plane in the hub city they were aiming for before returning to ‘normality.’

“Oh, I don’t want to do it,” wailed Charlene as I kissed her, cuddled her and let her go. “I just want to stay here with you, John. I really will study my voice

tapes so that you won't be embarrassed to go out with me," she went on. She'd been sure I must have hated the way she spoke to waitresses and salesgirls in her male voice. She hated the time it was taking her to feminize her voice. "Look for me if you're here at the start of summer," Charlene said to me as we kissed goodbye. "I loved every minute of our time together, John. I must find a man like you on my next trip!"

I didn't even get out of the airport before I met Paula and her friend, Marcia. Wow, did I ever have a hot night with Paula. The next night, she asked me if she could bring her friend on our date as well. If one nymphomaniac transvestite nearly wrecked me one night, then two of them should have ended my capacity for loving anyone. Actually, the opposite happened. Perhaps it was because, like Tammy, those girls had full, real breasts and knew how to use them.

But I was just an interlude for them. I was looking forward to another night of passion with them in the suite at the Tiffany Tower. Jessica was not around, although more dresses and lingerie, shoes and wigs had appeared in her untidy room. Of course, the maid service put everything in order each day but it was incredible the amount of money that Jessica was spending on her 'hobby' as she had first called crossdressing to me.

Paula and Marcia met brothers in the pool who liked them in bikinis and liked them more out of the bikinis, I gathered. But it was easy come and easy go as I met Rose immediately. 'She,' as much of a woman as the others, loved the whole idea of me making love to her. I didn't know that Rose had all these marvelous sex toys including the most realistic strap-on dildos that I'd ever seen.

I felt as if I had a penis when I made love to Rose in the way I did. I guess I'll have to say it again. Rose was as much a girl as Jessica or Charlene or Princess Tammy. But she wanted me to make love to her as a man and, since I had no penis, I had to have one strapped on to me.

I really felt like a man as I lifted Rose's sweet, little tush onto the flexible pole she'd provided me with.

Sure I let her inside me before that and she climaxed most satisfactorily but she went into spasms of joy when I penetrated her tush and made her believe she was a woman. That's the way sweet Rose put it as she couldn't stop shaking and kissing me. Her clit, as she called it, steadily flickered against me as Rose whispered her love for me. She'd be my girlfriend forever. We made love all night long. When I awoke in the morning, I actually arose thinking I was a man!

I shouldn't have let Rose go into Raybold to buy new panties and stockings to replace those she'd ruined with me. Forever came to an end quickly as Rose met boys she knew and went off to some wild party with them. I gathered those parties outside the township were for the rich, and were attended by the Sheriff's deputies who were like a chorus line of girls, all male, of course, a 'tradition' in the Valley, I learned.

Rachel Smith had been one of those 'girls.' I shivered as I suddenly understood just who it was the Governor of this state had married. And if I knew it, I wondered how long it would be before the news got out to the whole state that their governor's wife was a man, albeit an exceedingly pretty and shapely man.

Megan was a busty blonde whose penis spat all over me when I stroked her boobs. She was in ecstasy when I kissed them. I don't think I got off with Megan, only once or twice at most, as she came so quickly all the time. A hand up her leg and I was drenched. So were her pretty panties.

Lindsay was the nurse who counseled Megan at the Linton Clinic where she asked me to take her. "Your girlfriend just needs a few drugs," Lindsay said to me with a smile, "to get her premature ejaculations under control. Making love should be a more pleasurable activity than just whiz, bang, thank you, ma'am!"

"I do like long caresses and kisses myself," I said wistfully, not meaning anything by that, I swear. Lindsay spent not just the night with me but all the next day, her 'clit' red and sore with the way we abused it. Oh, but Lindsay was so girlish. She had the loveliest breasts and beautiful, large nipples that

hardened when she was touched. I touched her a lot as she appreciated a woman making love to her. She'd never had a woman before. I was Lindsay's first! So I tried really hard to be loving with her as she'd remember me much longer than other 'women' I loved in that time.

I was approached by Duane Fenner the second week I was in the Valley. "I could really use a person of your height in my escort agency," he said to me, coming all the way up to the suite I wasn't sharing with Jessica. Elizabeth was a 'Valley girl' I picked up. Well, she might have picked me up, at the Lighthouse, the rock music club in Raybold. She didn't believe I was a woman until she came back to the Tiffany Tower. I proved it to her, to him, actually. She walked around the place all the time in her panties, bra and a little silk slip, even when room service came in.

I said 'No' to this Duane Feller, affronted by what he thought of me. He was on his phone, telling some woman he'd find someone for her next Sorority meeting. I left him talking as I had to take my suits to be cleaned for my night out. When I got back in five minutes, tops, Duane and Elizabeth were deeply into it on my bed. They were so involved they didn't notice me, even though I must have been standing in the open doorway for ten minutes and more.

That's how I got to see what we looked like when we were making love, my 'girl' friends and me. It really wasn't much different from watching any couple making love. The one dressed as a girl was on the bottom and she was penetrated by the man. She rolled around ecstatically clinging to the man, arching herself, not caring that her manhood was exposed, as she lifted her legs high over his back, crying and demanding he go harder and harder. Duane kissed Elizabeth all the time which loved that, her shrieks and squeals high-pitched each time Duane adjusted himself to drive even more tightly into her, caressing her breasts as he did so.

I became a voyeur but still didn't want to do that with a Mrs. Stanton. Duane had offered me a thousand dollars, a whore's fee. I angrily told him I wouldn't do anyone for the money, male or female. Who did

he think I was? He told me about Mrs Stanton, who, naturally, wasn't Mrs. in reality, but Mr. Henry Stanton.

'Mrs Stanton' wouldn't go out with men because she wasn't gay, she said. She was heterosexual. It was difficult, Duane told me honestly, to find the right escort for the social events she wanted to attend, like meetings of her Sorority. The Maya Sorority was a sisterhood of crossdressers, a sort of secret society in the Valley, but everyone knew all the men who were members.

Mrs. Stanton's escort to Sorority dances had to be a woman, one who could accurately take on the role of a man. Clearly, I fitted the bill. I'd rather have spent the evening with Elizabeth. But she made her preferences clear as she sat in Duane's lap and let him stroke her as he talked. She didn't move his hand when it disappeared between her darkly stockinged thighs.

"I'm desperate," said Duane, whom I hardly knew at all. He didn't seem to see anything wrong in sitting there accepting kisses and affection from the strange 'girl' I'd brought to my room the previous night. "The old biddy doesn't get out much. I hate it when she says she's counting on me to supply her with a good time. If she'd use me, I'd do it, though I'm not into this Valley stuff, of guys being girls. But she wants a girl who looks like a guy."

Oh no, he wasn't into it much, I thought, as he caressed Elizabeth, doing something inside her panties that had her gasping and clawing at him.

I called on the 'old biddy' with flowers, an escort from the Feller Agency. 'Mrs Lucy Stanton' wasn't an old biddy. She opened the door, her blonde hair flowing, her breasts overflowing. I'd have called her a 'cougar', in the modern slang for a woman chasing a younger man.

Lucy loved the way I looked in my tuxedo. She took me to this dance at a huge ballroom. I danced not just with her but with her friends, as much lovely women as she was, their wives awkward in manly tuxes like me.

I escorted Lucy Stanton home but my evening didn't end with kisses on the doorstep as Duane told me that it would. No, Lucy wanted the full service from me. She wanted to be my woman, of course, and I obliged. She complimented me as she kissed me goodbye in the morning.

"That was the first time I haven't had to rise to the top in a tryst with a man like you," smiled Lucy, knowing exactly what she meant by 'a man like me.' "I loved being a woman all night long, John. I'll ask Duane to get you for me again when he can."

There was an envelope with an extra five hundred dollars inside with a flowery note, telling me to buy something wild and wonderful for myself. There was also a photo of Lucy in her sparkling dress and glittering jewelry, in my arms, dancing at the Ellis Ballroom. Lucy's eyes were beautifully made-up and glittering at me as I frowned slightly at the camera. She'd made a lipstick imprint on the photo. I thought of her warm lips for quite a while. I loved kissing Lucy, who'd lost her mannishness in kissing over the course of the evening, letting me be the one to initiate our contacts in bed as the night wore on.

Lucy, Gail, with real, gorgeous red hair below her breasts, Molly again, meeting her by accident in a strip club, Ginette, a waitress who wanted a quickie to find out what it was like to make love to someone like me. Yes, the quickie lengthened. Gina called in that she was too busy to work that day and didn't. I didn't understand the ways of the Valley but I definitely liked them.

Ruth Ann, Maria, Shirley, Naomi and Teresa, those were 'girls' I made love to. Yes, more than one a day but just as Elizabeth had her 'quickie' with Duane Feller, I had more than one encounter with a girl in a day.

It was a relief to meet Jessica again. I didn't recognize her the first time. I'd heard a lot about the Linton Clinic and its special services. It just never occurred to me Jessica was in there, availing herself of services that made me feel a little sick to contemplate.

Jessica was wearing a bikini and strutting about our suite when I staggered in, exhausted after an all-nighter with Angie, extended when her 'sister' Susan had come in and had wanted to make love to me as well. That I had a real vagina surprised the pair of them but they both wanted to try it out.

"Oh, that's so different," Susan said as she 'poked' me. "Oh, this is what it'd be like if I wasn't a girl! Oh, Johnny," yes, that's what they called me. "This is so wonderful. I never made love to a boy like you before." She meant, to a woman, of course. "You're my first! I love it! Are there more guys like you around the Valley?"

Since I was a tourist myself, I couldn't answer Susan's question. I didn't have the chance as Angie pushed her sister off me, wanting me herself once more. I also had to service, so to speak, the aroused Susan who could barely wait her turn so much did she want to make love with me, her on top which she found to be really 'decadent'!

"Well, what do you think?" asked Jessica, turning from the mirror and spreading her arms wide. It was then I saw her breasts! I'd heard one girl asking where Corinne was and another saying "having her T and A." Naomi laughed as I frowned at what had been said.

"Tits and Ass," she'd whispered to me, leaning forward, so I could see down the front of her dress at the 'melons' Naomi had. "I had mine done a year ago. It's such a dream, isn't it?"

"But Jan can't get hers done," Ruth Ann had said, taking me by the arm.

"She?" Naomi asked, puzzled. Ruth Ann whispered something to her. We'd gone to see this marvelous show, *Blonde Ambition*, at *The Jaundiced Eye*, a nightclub off Raybold Avenue where every showgirl, every singer and dancer was a female impersonator. I hadn't seen a show like it for professionalism and femininity.

I went back to *The Eye* after an interlude with Naomi, and one with Ruth Ann. That's where I met

Angie, one of the showgirls, mixing with the audience. She was ready to try "something different" she said. Oh, what a womanly body she had and her sister, Susan, was much the same.

I really did feel like quite a stud as I went back to Tiffany Tower, sore, sated and totally exhausted. Now, I looked at another woman, her auburn hair shorter but more attractive, her makeup exquisite and her body matching her looks. Her hips were wider, her bare legs definitely shapelier, not a sign of the male leg muscles that I'd once seen on Drew. She, Jessica, was a feminine vision in her black bikini.

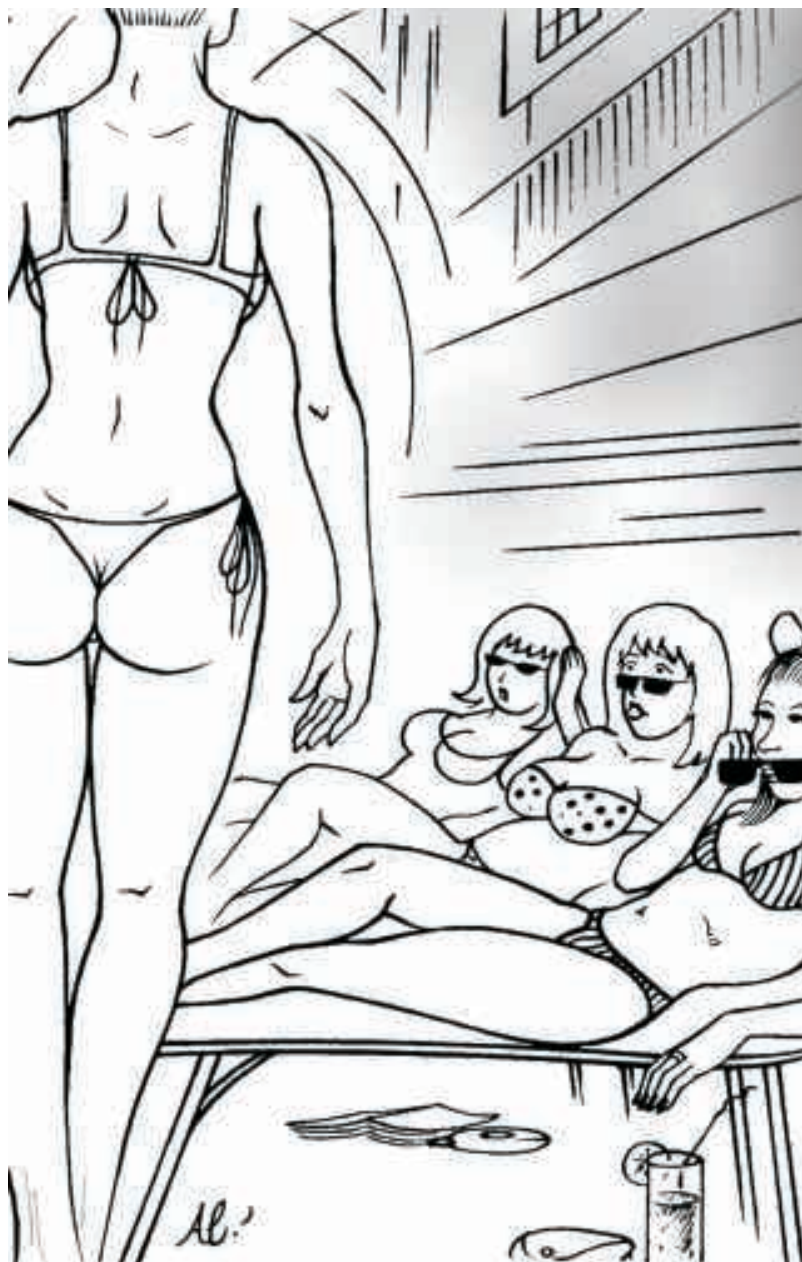
"Come, Jan," she said, tossing her hair back, huge gold bangles hanging from the lobes. "Sit with me. We've only two days left of our vacation, you know. Let's get re-acquainted if you still could fancy a girl like me."

### \*\*\*\*\*An offer too good to refuse\*\*\*\*\*

Watching Jessica walk in front of me was indescribable. She sashayed like a woman, her tush, not little any more, swaying as a woman's should. At the indoor, heated pool, the male escorts noticed 'her' while the women, so many like her, checked me out in my white slacks and loose shirt, a sweater tied around my neck.

"You can put my tanning lotion on me," Jessica said as she lay out in her bikini on a chaise lounge. Her breasts were straining at her bra top. She took it off with a girlish pout. "I'm going into the tanning bed in a moment. You could at least pass me a compliment, Jan, instead of looking at me as if someone hit you between your legs with a two-by-four."

"You don't know Susan and Angie," I said. She smiled and took her hands away from her breasts. "Now I know what guys miss when they look at me," I added as she put lotion onto her legs. I think only about twenty guys were looking at her with their tongues hanging out. "I guess you and I won't play basketball together any more."



"You don't think I could make a girls' team, Janet?" Jessica asked me mockingly.

"You might break a nail," I teased the woman in front of me who rolled over on her breasts, handing off the lotion so I could do her back and the back of her legs.

"What did you do to your legs?" I asked, seeing how slim her calves had become.

"You can't see?" Jessica asked, smiling as she turned her head towards me. "I had a lot of unsightly muscle removed. You can't see where the incisions were in my calves because they're obscured by gauze and tape and makeup. And, no, Jan, I'm never going to play basketball again, not even in a women-only league. Yes, some day, I've decided, my girl, that I'm really going to be your sister!"

"Wow," I said unsteadily. "I suppose I should say, congratulations."

"I've made up my mind what I want to be," said Jessica dreamily.

"So Coulthard's is a thing of the past?" I asked her then as well.

"Jan, Jan, Jan," said my sister-to-be, "I have to earn a living, don't I? No, I'm not leaving Coulthard's!" I stopped stroking her soft and hairless skin. She rolled over, her breasts showing the signs of scarring that, I expected, would soon disappear.

"You're going back like this?" I gasped at her. "To face Lois, George Miller, old Mr. Coulthard himself?"

There was a pause while Jessica cocked her head and adjusted her earring and her hair. It was shorter than I remembered and seemed not to be a wig. How did she ever get to do that? "Did you ever figure out why I've been promoted so quickly even over George?" asked Jessica.

I blinked. It wasn't Jessica who'd risen in the firm. It had been Andrew. I stared at her impish smile. "I don't have the money for this," she said to me. "Nor for the dresses and wardrobe I've been lavishing on

myself. Can you guess who, in our firm, would have the money for that, Jan, someone terrified he's losing me to you?"

Money? The only person with money was old Mr. Coulthard but he had one foot in the grave. Then I thought about the bench and who warmed it uncomplainingly for games on end and who was married to Coulthard's only daughter.

"Steve Pound?" I said.

She smiled femininely at me. "He's been here a week and terrified he'd run into you somewhere. You'd know instantly why he's here," said Jessica. "It's a long way to come to make love to your favorite woman, isn't it? I suppose I should be calling myself Steve's mistress. He's been doing that for an age."

"You and Steve?" I gasped at the girl in a bikini.

"I'm not exclusively Steve's," Jessica said. "Anyway, I had a business proposition for him. I am going to be Coulthard's new State manager. We don't have a presence here at all. I'm going to build it up. I've a lot of favors to call in and I'm going to call in a lot more. You could help me. I heard you're the latest Mr. Stanton for Lucy. Well, Luke runs a shopping center in Slayton, the Romeo and Juliet Center. Coulthard's new outlet in the Valley is going to be the business supplier to them all. It would be a promotion for you but you have to hire us some very cute Valley girls for our office staff, my office manager."

"You're kidding," I gasped. "Stay on here? You as Jessica ..."

"Jessica Andrews," the first Valley 'girl' I'd ever slept with said to me, giving me the lotion and indicating I had to spread it over her breasts, standing up so perkily. "And you have to be John Brennan," said Jessica as she wiggled under the touch of my hands. "Ooo, John, that's so good. You've been practicing, haven't you? No, don't stop. Ooo, I can't wait to get you back in the room. But I must have this tanning session. I paid for it. Lisa will be annoyed if I don't let her get her hands on me. Is she ever going to be surprised today with what she has to work with now!"

Lisa wasn't the only one surprised. I was as well at how much Jessica came on to me, particularly after the way she'd treated me for the first ten, eleven days of this weird vacation. It wasn't that I was complaining, of course, because for yet another night, I didn't go to bed alone. I went to bed with someone who had a penis and so I wasn't a lesbian, was I?

"Please stay with me in the Valley," Jessica whispered when we took a break from our torrid lovemaking. "I, I really need a true friend here with me, Jan. I'm, I'm leaving so much behind. Steve will only be here when the pressure gets to him and he has to have me. I'm not to talk to him unless he calls me."

What is it about me that I am such a softie, falling for every sob story? I didn't say yes, I didn't say no, but I guess the urgent way I kissed Jessica and drew her feminized body against mine, said it all. She had the shakes like she hadn't had them in an age, since she was last with me, she said.

Jessica took our 'lesbian' lovemaking as an affirmative. She gave her all to me, as willing a woman as any man could have found anywhere. Yes, I did feel like a man as I caressed her lovely breasts. I let her inside me as I stroked and held her tush tightly, imagining it was me putting my penis into her. It worked as we both climaxed at the same time. It was glorious, she shaking and crying, my beautiful Jessica, as she had her second orgasm of the night.

### \*\*\*\*\*In this Valley, there are rules\*\*\*\*\*

Jessica had a class the next day when we finally rolled out of bed, just a day left on our vacation. But she wasn't going 'home' with me. Gods and goddesses, everyone's exclamation here in the Valley, how could I go back, with the subtle changes I'd been encouraged to make to myself. I know I stood and walked differently.

I'd eliminated many of the female characteristics I'd had before. I didn't stand like a woman any more. I was mannish, doing all the things I'd said I'd never do. No, I wasn't a butch lesbian, I told myself. I didn't

want to be a femmy one, either. I had to laugh as I thought of Jessica and my 'harem.' They would, all of them to the last girl, have wanted to be the femmy one that I so disdained.

While Jessica was out, I went to the rental shop and returned the tux. Sally Karlsen, petite and blonde, was there, smiling and femininely cute, helping out other customers, men who wanted to be stylish women, of course.

"I'll be with you in a minute," Sally said, giving me a huge smile as I stood in the one suit I'd actually bought with the shirt I was wearing, my tie stuffed into my pocket.

"I guess you're leaving us," Sally said, her lovely smile just for me, as she came to help me. "How's the Valley been? Everything you hoped and dreamed it would be?"

"Sort of," I said to her. "No, not really. I mean, I've had a great time and got to meet some really great g—, people. I've been offered a chance to stay here, take up a job and live full-time in the Valley. So, you could say it's all been good but I don't know. Not really."

"It can be so overwhelming, can't it?" asked Sally sympathetically, touching my arm again as women do when they empathize. "Some folks would think you were really lucky to be offered a job here. Is it with a company I would know?"

"Coulthard's," I told her. Sally's wide-set blue eyes went wider, indicating that she'd never heard of us. "The business people," I went on. "The girl I came with has been offered the job of opening a branch office here. She wants me to stay with her so she can have one person whom she knows is a friend here. But that means leaving such a lot behind. If you don't mind me saying, Sally Karlsen," I said, reading the name off her ID tag, "the Raybold River Valley is a real backwater pond in the great lake the world is."

Sally smiled. "Oh, it is," she said, checking the tux and putting it on a hanger and rack along with several others. "We're a backwater even in the state,

never mind the country! Most of us, people like me, I guess, we like it this way, of course. It's because we're so backward we're able to be so tolerant of others who come here. You'd have a most active social life, Jan, if you stayed here. That's why people come, after all." She flushed just a little. "For the social life that we offer."

"You have an active," I stressed the word and smiled at Sally, "social life?" I queried her.

"Well, my boyfriend's broken up with me," said Sally, pulling a face. "So my social life's a little stunted these days. I've been so used to doing things as a couple, you know. It takes a little getting used to, dating again, being approached by strange boys in a club.

"Grant, my ex-boyfriend, told me I was a nester, that I was more like a wife to him than a girlfriend. Oh well," she had the cutest of smiles, along with a killer body. She just wasn't very tall at all and I towered over her. "You don't want to hear all about my breakup, do you? It really wasn't so bad. We're still friends. Maybe we'll get together when he comes home from college again."

"Would you let him date other girls while he's away at college?" I asked Sally who looked at me in surprise.

"Is that so obvious about me?" she asked, trying to make light of what she and I had just said.

"Can I buy you a drink, Sally?" I asked her. She definitely hesitated, trying, I think, to put together some gentle way of telling me to get lost.

"I only have one more night here," I told her, "so I'm not looking for a date, honest. Jessica will be back after her class anyway. I'd just love to talk to someone about this crazy Valley. How on earth did it ever get to be like this?"

"Oh, that's such a long story!" said Sally, her thin, pretty face showing her dimples again as she smiled.

"Go ahead, Sally," called another girl who was helping a 'woman' into a dress over some corset she'd

recommended. It had changed the woman's proportions considerably, I could tell. Of course, the woman was as much a woman as the girl assisting her. She was as much a woman as Sally, most likely, who was as much a woman as Jessica, of course.

"I'll be over in Victoria's Place, if you need me, Brenda," said Sally. She came around the counter in her very high heels. Even so, she was barely up to my shoulder. Sally laughed as she saw the way I looked at her slimness and daintiness. "You're too big," she said to me with a smile. "No, I am not a Smurf or a little person and my mother's name isn't Tinkerbell. Good things do come in small packages, sometimes, you know!"

"I was just admiring how pretty you are," I said to her. "I can see why you're besieged with strangers in bars who want to dance or date you."

"Ooo, I walked into that one, didn't I?" sparkled Sally, leading me from the Tower deep into the Resort where I hadn't explored at all.

In the early afternoon, the Place was almost empty. "The girls who come here on Martina's Adventure Tours," said Sally, "are in classes in the afternoon. It's such a hectic afternoon, practice, practice, practice, modeling, speaking, feminine habits, female hobbies." Sally shook herself as she crossed her legs in her mini-skirt, grimacing. "I hated making my own dresses having to show them off in a fashion show. I'd much rather buy my dresses straight from the store."

"You could have made quilts," I suggested to her as a smiling, long-haired, attractive, blonde waitress in a short, black dress showed us to a table overlooking the chalets. There were a lot of women around, mini-skirts and pretty legs on display, some clearly employees of the Resort.

"Or I could have done needlepoint," Sally said to me.

"Or painted screens?" I queried.

"Macramé," said Sally, pulling a face.

“Cooking?” I asked, making Sally laugh.

“That’s called Domestic Science. I had two years of it at Tyson High School,” Sally said indignantly. “It’s a good thing Grant cooks. I was just terrible. But I did get an A in dressmaking and modeling”

“I can see why,” I said, admiring the way she looked in her short skirt and pink blouse, the shoulders lightly padded. I could see a little of her bra and underslip through the thin material of the blouse.

“I’m supposed to smile and thank you prettily for all your compliments,” said Sally after she’d asked the waitress for a white wine, the drink of choice for all the girls in the Valley. “It’s a rule in the Valley,” she added, a dimple again on her smooth-skinned cheek. “It’s drummed into us in the classes we take in school and at Delmonte’s, the charm school, afterwards.”

“I’d love to go to a charm school,” I said with a grin. “What’s it like?”

“Torture,” said Sally with a smile. “They teach us to raise our natural voices and speak like the Queen of England. When we can do that, we’re allowed to relax and find our own natural, cultured voices. You’ve probably wondered why we all sound so English. Well, that’s one of the reasons.”

“I just thought it was a rule,” I said. Sally burst out laughing.

“No, there’re lots of unwritten rules here but that isn’t one of them,” she said.

“Tell me the others,” I said.

Sally thought about it. She started to speak and then stopped. She’d a darling way of biting her lower lip as she thought about what she was going to say. She pushed back an imaginary strand of hair behind her ears. She had long hair down her back. It was carefully braided and pinned as she clearly wanted to project the image of the competent salesgirl I didn’t doubt that she was.

“This is very difficult,” Sally said to me. “If I knew that you were going to live here and be one of us ...”

“I might,” I said to her.

“Then, we could talk about anything,” said Sally with a smile. “But with strangers, tourists, even if they’ve been here for a long time, we’re all naturally careful.”

“That’s a rule, isn’t it?” I said with a grin. “I’ll remember that when I settle in here.”

Sally hesitated. “You know what the number one rule is in the Valley, don’t you?”

“I think so,” I said to her. “You are what you are according to the way you dress.”

Sally was surprised. “That’s sort of it,” she said.

“You never ask a girl if she’s real or not,” I said.

“Oh, you’d be from Brampton if you asked that,” said Sally with a quick flicker of a smile. “That’s the nearest town. We worked so hard to get a road to ‘civilization’ but now people are thinking of ways to close it down. The guys who come from there can be so insulting at times. They keep the deputies busy, of course.”

“Is it true that you have no males in law enforcement here in the Valley?” I asked Sally.

“In one way,” she said, flushing as she smiled at me. “In another,” Sally went on, “you could say the exact opposite.”

“I’ve seen pictures of Rachel Smith,” I said Sally. “She married your state Governor? She was a deputy here?”

“She was,” said Sally, sipping on her wine and waving at a group of women who’d just entered the bar.

“By what we’ve just said,” I began.

“Don’t say any more,” said Sally hastily. “We’d be breaking the number one rule of the Valley. We never talk about the gender of anyone else. Whatever they look like is what they are. That’s why I’m sitting here, in Victoria’s Place. She’s the bandleader and part-owner there, with the handsome guy.” Sally indicated a really attractive, shapely woman. “If Rachel walked in now, I’d introduce her as my girlfriend and wife of the Governor. That’s what she is, after all.”

“You wouldn’t give someone a heads-up?” I asked.

“I’d tell another girl if she was heading into trouble,” said Sally, “but the first rule of the Valley, Jan, is that every girl you meet is a girl. You treat her like that. You can actually be charged and fined for insulting a girl here in the Valley, you know, as the deputies have to teach Brampton rowdies from time to time.”

“What do they come here for?” I asked Sally.

“There are a lot of pool parties on the weekends when they watch football and ogle the girls in their bikinis,” said Sally, her dimple returning. She hesitated again. “The funny thing is,” she went on, “and I’ll tell you this as a future resident of the Valley, Jan, is that when they ask you if you’re a real girl, which breaks the first rule of the Valley, all you have to do is tell them you are and they leave you alone. They really can’t tell by looking, of course, and what they all want is a girl who has, well, a little extra, as we sometimes say in the Valley.”

“Some of the girls you call tourists,” I said with a shake of my head. “Surely, anyone could tell what they were.”

“We keep them well separated from the Bramptonites,” said Sally, flushing and twisting her bracelet nervously. I think she thought she’d said too much but I really wanted to know what I’d be getting into if I did stay and work for Jessica, not that that was really likely. “Some of the guys always get into the Tiffany or the Bunny Club which is for the newest of new girls. Some guys just like girls that way, I guess. They like to be with a girl who’s really trying and not fooling them at all. Turns them on.”

Sally was really embarrassed, I could tell. She twirled the wineglass in her hands and looked about ready to grab her purse and disappear.

“You have an awful lot of hosts here,” I said, switching the topic. “I was actually offered a job as one.”

“Yes, you’d be approached,” said Sally nervously. “Any guy in the hotel would be before he left. We have so many girls coming in and so many girls in the township and college as well, we always need guys who know how to treat girls who live or visit here. We get a lot of guys from Brampton who come up here on a lark and stay for the jobs we can use them in.”

“Being a host is being a gigolo, sort of, isn’t it?” I said. Sally smiled and nodded.

“That’s a much nicer word than the hosts and hostesses use about themselves,” Sally said. “But, of course, they wouldn’t tolerate nasty words from a guest directed at them. Without an apology, any guest insulting any employee here is liable to arrest and time in the Valley Correctional Institute. No one wants to go there if they can help it. Everyone there has to live as the opposite sex. It would be so awful to be a boy again and do manly things for three or six months, wouldn’t it?”

“Or the reverse?” I said as that had occurred to me first.

“Or the reverse,” agreed Sally, flushing again. I must admit I found her girlishness and embarrassment something of a turn-on, to use her expression.

“You didn’t tell me yet how this came to be like this,” I said. “I have to ask you a Bramptonite question if you don’t mind, Sally. Are there any real women in this Valley at all? I don’t think I’ve met another one yet!”

“Oh, you haven’t been looking hard enough!” said Sally. “Didn’t I see you with Duane Feller the other day?”

"Yes," I said. "He wanted me to escort a Lucy Stanton to her Sorority party. Oh, the wives of some of the women I danced with!"

"You'll see real girls in pairs," said Sally in a whisper. "I suppose it's all right to tell you but they're usually one of each, one who has a little extra and one who doesn't!"

"But women as leaders," I began. "This Martina King who runs Trans-It Adventure Tours ..."

"She's a woman like me," said Sally, red-faced. "I just broke the most sacred of rules, telling you that, Jan. If you told her I told you, she could have me arrested. I'd deserve my time in jail."

"There are lots of women around the Valley. Nine of our twelve Councillors are women as they were before the Morality Code changed. We stopped arresting people for being dressed as the opposite sex. That was the start. We had only one doctor in this township and he dressed as a woman. We'd have lost him or put him in jail for months!"

"So, the women of the Valley led the tolerance movement and they still do. The newspaper editor is a woman, Jane Edwards, and so is Tania Scott, who does the entertainment column! It's all about female impersonators, if you must know, as are shows on VTV. The reporter, Nicole Dugan, is a woman and so's my mother."

"I'd hope so," I said. "I've seen school buses and kids. I saw a group of mothers with babies down on the marina in the playground there. But I'm only meeting girls like you in nightclubs everywhere."

Something I'd said made Sally hesitate and bite her lower lip again. "What did I say that was out of line?" I asked her but she didn't want to tell me.

"If you stay here long enough," Sally said slowly, "and I see you in town some time, we can go over this conversation again. But please don't tell anyone what I said about Martina, will you? If she wants to tell you about herself, she can but she should be the one to do it."

"I'll remember the rules," I said with a smile at Sally. My phone rang as I got up with her. It was Jessica.

"Steve just called me," Jessica said abruptly. "He was in New York. He's going to stop by to see me this evening. I know it's asking a lot after last night and this morning, but could you make yourself scarce, Janet? Could you go into town and stay tonight. I'm sure you can find a girl. The town is full of them, looking for really tall guys. I know this girl ..."

"I'll find someone," I told Jessica. "Have fun with Steve. I hope he isn't flying in to say the deal's off."

"No, he wouldn't do that," said Jessica. "It might be the opposite. He might want to set up with me permanently here in the Valley. Which would you prefer, Jan, to be the bridesmaid or the best man at my wedding?"

Sally had moved off to talk to the women on their second drinks, beginning to be loud and gruff. She came mincing to me to let me walk her back to the Tiffany Tower.

"By the look on your face, you just got stood up," Sally said, raising a thin eyebrow daintily.

"I did," I said grimly. "I even have to move out of the suite as well to leave Jessica room with our boss."

"Well, you won't lack for girlish company," Sally said as we went out of the club, past many men and women coming from classes. The high-pitched voices, straight out of voice training, were dominating all other noises around the little square we crossed to the shopping mall.

"You've had a different girl every night, haven't you, since you've been in the Tiffany?" Sally said as I looked at her in surprise. "It's the talk of the hotel staff, I'm sorry to tell you."

"Well, they won't have any gossip to give you tomorrow," I said huffily to her. "I have to get a room, in town," I went on. "Which is a good hotel?"

"They're all wild on a Saturday," said Sally slowly. "The Tower is probably the quietest but it's expensive, being so close to the Downtown Men's Club. It's a bit like Make-out City on a Saturday. But it should be quiet. Maybe you can stay with a friend ..."

"I don't have any friends in the Valley," I said to Sally, thinking about Jessica and why she wanted me to stay.

"All the girls you've dated!" gasped Sally.

"They all leave," I said to her and she was surprised. "I never get the chance to ask for a second date, as they leave on a planes or meet old friends when they're out. I'm beginning to think that I must be lousy in bed."

"Oh," said Sally. "Have, have you checked your messages at the Tiffany?"

"Messages?" I asked stupidly. A smiling Sally took me into the foyer of the Tiffany, up to a smiling hostess who went immediately for my personal folder for messages. There they were, all the love notes from the girls I'd made love to, all with phone numbers and the message to phone them any time, day or night. They'd come running, several said.

"Didn't the front desk tell you?" asked Sally, smiling at the stunned look on my face. "It's what we girls do in the Valley. It's a little more personal to leave a written note, isn't it? I bet they think you don't like them! Since you haven't phoned! You're so tall, I bet they've seen you around, Jan. I know I've seen you lots but I don't think you've seen me, down here, where we short girls live."

"I'd have seen you," I said. "I'd have found your message or I'd have come over and asked you out again. Actually, since I don't have a date tonight, would you, Sally, like to show me the Valley?"

"As your second choice?" Sally asked me with a nervous smile.

"You would have been first if I'd thought of a way of breaking off the other commitment," I told her. "I'd

love to go out with you tonight, Sally, and be your man for the evening.”

“Well, thank you, kind sir,” said the girl who was bringing out all kinds of manly feelings in me. “I accept.”

### \*\*\*\*\*All kinds of weddings\*\*\*\*\*

It was strange to have to walk up to a house in a residential district in Raybold and knock on the door, go in and meet Sally Karlsen’s parents, Josephine and Carl, and her sister, Kathy, before I took her out.

“Your sister is as pretty as you,” I said to Sally as we strolled down onto the Avenue where it looked like there was a carnival in town. A typical Saturday night, Sally called it.

“She was wearing my dress and underclothing,” Sally said with a smile of affection. “My makeup and perfume, the little brat. She’s kind of cute, though, isn’t she?”

“She’s a girl like you, I take it,” I said to Sally. She hesitated. I didn’t let her answer. “Sorry,” I said. “I keep walking right into that one, don’t I? You don’t talk about other girls in the Valley. She’s a girl as you are and as Tania Scott is or whoever. She’s in high school, though, isn’t she?”

“Yes, she’s in Tyson,” said Sally. “Mom is drooling over her this year as Kathy is a cheerleader as if you couldn’t tell. I was too much of a geek to be interested in that until I had to go to Prom. That’s when I woke up to what it’s really like to be a girl.”

“I saw your picture in the hallway with some boy,” I said.

“Brad Williams, the quarterback,” said Sally dreamily. “He was my first boyfriend. Mummy was chaperone at the Prom so she could keep an eye on me. But we still managed to get out into the Garden, Brad and me.”

“The Garden?” I asked as Sally flushed a little.

“Yes,” said Sally. “At the Prom, they set up this Flower Garden, with a lovers’ lane. Our escorts take us girls in there to sit in the swings, just the two of us. The air is perfumed. Oh, it’s so romantic! It’s where many girls get their first kisses from a boy. Brad kissed me and I was hooked on kissing right then. I didn’t know it was so delightful!” She was flushing a great deal, her hand shaking in mine. “Of course, they have many more dances and chances nowadays. Kathy’s had boyfriends, off and on, for two years. It wasn’t like that when I was in school.”

“Not when I went, either,” I confessed. I wasn’t going to tell her I went ‘stagette’ to my prom with other girls on my basketball team. I did dance with their boyfriends, the nice ones, but that was my introduction to the hard fact that men, really, weren’t interested in me. I could say the same thing about the Valley and me, as a woman, in a way, couldn’t I?

I hugged Sally as we turned onto the Avenue to Caruso’s, a night club she’d said she wanted to go to. A recording of the singer, Jane Julian, was playing outside, a medley of Celine Dion songs.

“Impressive voice,” I murmured in her ear.

“Oh, they have her newest CD for sale!” said Sally as we went in. She opened her purse but I closed it for her.

“The guy always pays,” I said. Sally’s eyes sparkled as I bought her the CD, the cover of it being Jane lying across a piano in a classic, female pose. No, I wasn’t going to ask. She was a girl as far as we, her listeners, were concerned. And she was as fantastic as her recording playing outside might have suggested.

Sally was thrilled with the operatic arias Jane attempted as well. “Oh, I just love Mozart,” she told me. “I must take you to the night club, the Amadeus, some time. The resident quartet, the Mozart Strings, is fabulous! Have you ever heard of Felicity Parker, the violinist? She used to be in the quartet but she’s solo now. She’s giving a Christmas concert in Victoria’s Place with Vicki Perrone’s Orchestra. It’ll be fabulous!”

I smiled, letting Sally ramble on about Blond, an ‘all-girl’ singing group, another of her favorites, and Melissa Nader, Miriam McCoy and the newest sensation, Lady Eleanor’s Maids. They performed in the nightclub, Becks, which went late into the night.

I didn’t question her about the entertainers. It was sort of amusing, though, that there were no male entertainers of note in the Valley.

“I think you’re right,” said Sally, judging the dance floor at Caruso’s too crowded to dance properly. I wouldn’t have minded crushing her to me and dancing ‘The Clinch.’ “There are men in some backup groups but the front singers have to be girls in the Valley. Oh, there’s a sort of Chippendales open at Roxy’s, on special days. It’s for girls only, of course. Oh, there’s Jose and Raquel, adagio dancers there too.”

Sally laughed as we stopped outside *Transformers*, a store that boasted it could make a woman out of anyone. “I guess this is really the town to be a girl in,” she said. Her arm hugged my waist as my arm was about her soft shoulders, guiding her safely through crowds of beautiful girls and their dates.

“That’s Franco’s,” said Sally, as we stood on the corner of Glass Street and Raybold Avenue. “See all the young girls going in. It’s a fifty-fifty clientele, it really is,” she added, looking up at me to see if I’d understood what she was hinting at. “I used to know this girl,” she blushed a little, “Angela Stanton, in high school. We went there all the time. I think you went with her mother to the Ellis, didn’t you?”

“How would you know that?” I had to ask.

“I, I did see the notes you had,” said Sally with a grin. “You’ve, you’ve been such a busy boy since you’ve been here. And Lucy’s name was on the outside of the pink, heart-shaped envelope she left you!”

I almost said that if Lucy was related to Angela Stanton, she couldn’t be her mother. I shivered and bit my tongue. That would definitely be what someone from Brampton would have said. A girl like Sally didn’t want to hear that.

“Can we dance in Franco’s?” I asked her. Sally was wearing a girlie dress that looked as if it could have been a camisole or underslip. I wanted to see how it’d look if we did a few twirls on the dance floor. I knew I’d see her panties and so would anyone else looking at her.

“Sure,” said Sally. “They split the club into two parts. Kathy is always here on the young side where they’re not supposed to drink. The boys spike their drinks, however, which they don’t need to. Girls come here in pairs, as Angie and I did. We only had boys on our minds on a Saturday night.”

“Unlike the mature girls on the alcoholic side?” I asked.

“We’re just more subtle about it,” said Sally, taking my hand and leading me into the entrance to Franco’s. The pictures of the girls who were contest winners decorated all the walls.

“The best pair girl doesn’t say what she has a best pair of,” I said in mock innocence. Sally squeezed my arm.

“Is that the kind of man you are?” she asked me, flushing. She really didn’t like to flirt much, this girl. Ooo, how darling that was! It meant, however, that I had to take her seriously. Going out with me was clearly a very serious statement to her. I suddenly got the idea that this wasn’t going to be like the fling I’d had with Mrs. Lucy Stanton. Everything I’d been told about Lucy by Duane Feller had been erroneous as soon as she got me inside her house, several blocks from the Karlstens’.

“I’m a breast man,” I agreed as Sally smiled, “not having any of my own.” That made her eyes rise in surprise. “And I’m a leg man, a tush man, a lips man, a hair man, a sucker for a pretty face and a girl’s sexy figure man. Mmm, I’m the man!”

“Yes! You said everything about a girl turns you on,” laughed Sally, clinging to me as we entered the club, the noise deafening, the floors, there was more than one, filled with gyrating girls and a few guys.

“Did I mention perfume and lovely earrings?” I asked Sally, kissing her ear. She rocked towards me with a smile.

Yes, we shimmed to the floor. I twirled her. Sally was just like the other girls in their flirty, little dresses. Most were color co-ordinated and so was Sally. She wore red panties that matched her dress. She was as bouncy as the other girls in the chest area and loved to be twirled in old-fashioned rock and roll moves I’d practiced in dance classes with other girls. I was always the boy, being tall.

There really wasn’t a seat when we were ready for a break, but a girl moved onto a boy’s lap. I got to sit and Sally sat on my lap.

“This is for the girls of Tyson,” said the deejay, grinning at the girls dancing together on the other side of the bar. “This is a kissing dance. Hey, hey, the blondes in the mini-skirts, no starting early!”

“Do you want to dance?” I asked Sally.

“We don’t have to,” she said nervously but she did anyway. I loved it when the music suddenly cut out. Sally was so small, her hair brushing my chin. But she knew what to do when the music stopped. Sally stood on tiptoe and kissed me so sweetly on my lips. I couldn’t help hugging her tightly and responding. I didn’t think any more about what I was or what I was getting myself into. I loved kissing her. At each stop in the music, I enthusiastically did my part to make the dance enjoyable for her.

Sally snuggled her head on my shoulder and seemed to like kissing me as well. The last kiss went on and on before the music came back in a crescendo. “Okay, girls, let those guys go now!” yelled the deejay. “But let’s keep the romantic mood going with some music for The Clinch!”

I held Sally tight. She had her eyes closed as she raised her face, her body femininely soft against me, as she kissed me again and again.

“That was so wonderful,” Sally said breathily when the music ended. “But we have to go, John. I have to

work tomorrow. When will you know if you're staying or not in the Valley?"

"Tomorrow," I said, hugging my little girl as we collected her purse and coat and headed out into the cold of a November night.

"I hope you stay," Sally whispered with a shiver as she put on her short coat. "Oh, where are you staying tonight? Your, your friend has your room, you said."

"I have a room at the Tower Hotel," I told her. "I know it's downtown but I don't know exactly where."

"Oh, it's just behind this block of stores and bars," said Sally. "I'll show you!"

I let her, stopping her to look at all the costumes in *Transformers* again. I called them costumes as I couldn't think of any girl going out in the dresses shown there, when several girls came up and stopped.

"Ooo, there's your dress, Fiona," said one.

"And there's Angela's dress, the one she wore to the dance with Ed, on *Valley High*," said another girl excitedly. "I must get that one!"

Sally and I moved to the bridal dresses and matching bridesmaids' dresses. 'For every wedding occasion' said the sign with the dresses. 'Two brides - no problem' said one sign. 'You decide who'll be the bride and we do the rest,' said another.

"I didn't know there were so many varieties of weddings," I said as I looked at photographs showing male brides marrying female brides, male grooms marrying male brides, and female grooms marrying male brides. It made the two female brides look almost normal.

"Oh, look," said one of the girls. "There's my brother's wedding. Don't you think he and Sharon were the best in the same dresses?"

"Shush," said one of the girls as I glanced around at them. The girl who'd said that stuck out her

tongue and smiled at me. The other girls pulled her away, embarrassed, I thought.

“High school girls,” said Sally with a smile as I put my arm around her shoulder. She led me down an alley she said was a short cut to my hotel. Well, it was dark in the alley, giving me plenty of chances to kiss her as we walked along. She didn’t object at all.

Sally was a little unsteady when we finally came to the Tower Hotel, however. “That’s it,” she said.

“Will you come in for a little while?” I asked her. “I’ll take you home by cab, even though we’re just around the corner.”

Sally hesitated and then nodded. “Yes,” she whispered, squeezing my hand.

I had to sign in and get a key from a girl who smiled and smiled at both of us. She took my credit card and checked me in.

“There you are, Mr Brennan,” she said brightly, giving me two computer keys. “Have a really nice night!”

“She’s a nice girl,” I murmured to Sally as we went to the elevator.

“Mitzi Ross,” said Sally, flushing a little at me as we went up, hanging onto my arm. “She was in Charm School with me. It’ll be all over Princess River that I was here with a man tonight.”

She hadn’t thought about it. So, ‘Mr. Brennan’ held her hand. We found my room on the seventh floor. It was a really nice room, the one bed king-size and easily long enough to accommodate my length of leg.

“It’s really nice,” said Sally, looking flushed still under the room lights. There was a knock on the door and she almost jumped into my arms. I let her go at another insistent knock. It was a smiling girl from room service with champagne and treats for us, pâté and crackers. Sally looked terrified as the service girl turned down my bed and smilingly accepted the tip I passed her.

"Someone else you know?" I asked Sally who nodded.

"Nicole Bridges," she said.

"Sister of Jenny Bridges?" I asked. Sally nodded looking perplexed.

"Co-pilot of the plane I flew in on," I told her, leaving the food and drink to take her in my arms again.

I kissed Sally passionately. She was trembling as she moved against me. The champagne and treats would have to wait, I thought, as I maneuvered Sally to the windows, closing the curtains and dimming the lights.

"I can't stay," Sally said to me, her arms tightly about my neck as she kissed me. I lifted her easily and deposited her on the bed.

"You promised to take me home," Sally said between kisses as I lay beside her.

"I will," I said as passion rose inside me. She undid my jacket and helped me to slide it off.

"I'm not this kind of girl," Sally whispered.

"Not on a first date?" I asked her. She undid the pins that had held her hair so neatly and a blonde mane cascaded all around her.

Sally hesitated and stretched out while I kissed her, using my tongue which made her squirm and get even closer to me. "Never on a first date," she murmured, undoing my shirt for me with her lovely, feminine fingernails.

I slid her dress over her shoulders and caressed her breasts as I lowered her dress. Sally shuddered her panties and bra as I slid my shirt off and then my suit pants.

"Never," she murmured, "until now."

Sally was exactly as I knew she'd be, her figure outstandingly female, her breasts so soft and striving to rise against me. She was so womanly save for the

little thing that emerged from her panties between her legs. It fitted perfectly into me as we merged intensely together.

It was another of those times when I felt so much like a man. It was as if I was penetrating her and not she penetrating me. I loved the touch of her skin against me as I stroked her breasts and her nipples were alive against mine.

“You don’t have any breasts,” Sally murmured.

“Men don’t,” I said to her, feeling her grow inside me then. It was as if I was growing inside her. It was what my brain told me was happening. My hairy legs, I hadn’t shaved in two weeks, slid against her smooth, lovely, feminine thighs, hugging me so tightly as I felt a climax trembling inside her. It certainly was inside me. I bounced her on the bed. Sally loved it as I pushed her down and showed her I was in charge.

It was incredible how I felt when I finally came with her, the release being so incredible. Sally wiggled and squirmed about me, both of us locked together, she having an orgasm as well. It’s the only way that I can describe it. We were both orgasmic. It was incredible as we clung together. Her breasts caressed me as I ‘drove’ into her, her soft, shapely legs around my waist. Our mouths were so locked together we couldn’t talk.

It didn’t matter, of course. I felt so wonderfully in love with my little girlfriend. I knew I was going to make love to her again and again as I had our very first time. I had a long, long time, I was certain, to tell her that her man loved her.

**\*\*\*\*\*There always is a morning after\*\*\*\*\***

“I wonder if Sally’s home,” I said to Mrs. Karlsen, giving her the larger bouquet of flowers that I’d brought with me.

“Oh!” Sally’s mother said while, behind her, Kathy stared at me, her heavily lipsticked mouth wide open.

"These roses are for Sally," I said as I waited to be invited in.

"Such a surprise!" said Mrs. Karlsen, shooing away her other grinning 'daughter.' "Oh, come in, John, come in! She and her father went for a walk, you know, after church." She stared at me. I knew what she was looking at. She was looking to see just how masculine I was, the 'man' who'd taken out her elder daughter and brought her home at three in the morning. Sally had insisted she couldn't stay all night with me, not on a first date. Her father would be up waiting for her. He was, as was her mother.

"We thought you weren't coming back to the Valley," said Kathy from behind her mother.

"Coulthard's isn't," I said. They both looked blank. "That was the company I worked for that was going to open an outlet here for business supplies. Since they were still employing me, I had to go back and settle up matters with them before I could get back here. It's taken longer than I thought it but Sally said she understood, on the phone."

One look at the other women's faces as I stood in my camel overcoat and dark blue suit and tie told me that Sally might have said one thing to me and another, the way she really felt, to her sister and her parents.

"I must put these in water," said Mrs. Karlsen just as the door opened behind me. Mr. Karlsen held it open so that his lovely daughter could precede him into their house.

"Oh!" said Sally, blushing, completely surprised as I smiled at her.

"Hi!" I said, great conversationalist that I am. I stood there foolishly with roses in my hand just looking at her. Sally was in a tan skirt, tan high heels, and a sweater that did all kinds of things to my 'male' libido as I admired the way her breasts enhanced the sweater.

Sally was looking at me, entranced, I hoped, a mirror of the way I was looking at her. Her father grinned at me as he pointed into the house to his wife and

other daughter. They vanished, without another word being spoken.

“It’s you,” said Sally huskily, eyes shining at me. “You came back.”

“I said I would,” I murmured as we both moved together at the same time. She was in my arms; and I was kissing her passionately again, my breath as short as it had been the last time we’d kissed in the airport. Sally, her eyes sparkling with tears, had seen me off on Valley Air.

“Yes, but,” Sally said, kissing me again, going on her tiptoes to put her arms about my neck, her breasts really pressing into me. She couldn’t complete her sentence to say she hadn’t believed me and thought I’d been stringing her along.

I brought out the flowers, the dozen red roses. Sally looked up at me, shaking as I had my arm about her, holding her.

“For the woman I love,” I told her. Sally shook girlishly as she actually dumped the roses to kiss me with the passion and fire that had ignited me on our memorable night in the Tower Hotel. The only pity of the night had been that the champagne had been flat and warm by the time I got back to my room to sample it, alone.

“You’re going to be starting up your company branch here after all,” Sally said.

“No, not Coulthard’s,” I told her, bending with her to pick up the roses she’d dropped. Sally looked at me in concern as I took her hand and kissed her lovely, feminine fingers so different from mine.

“Then, why?” Sally began.

“I quit my job with them,” I said to her. “I was starting to get a lot of unfriendly looks.” Actually, they were uncertain, appalled looks. Women in the office would sort of scatter when they saw me. They did have me pegged as a butch lesbian, I suppose, and didn’t want me hitting on them.

It was easier with Steve Pound. I was bigger than him in the first place. "I think I have to move on, Steve," I told him watching his face show his relief. "It's getting to be quite a trial around here with the women. The guys don't like the idea of me, either, and I don't want to go back to dressing all frilly and trying to fit in. It's not that I'm interested in any of the men or women around here, anyway, not even Lois. She runs every time I come here to ask for you."

"Yes, well," said Steve. "She's really protective of me."

"How's basketball going?" I asked him.

"Great!" said Steve heartily. "We do miss you, of course. George says we'll win it again, winter and summer seasons, when you can play."

"You don't miss Drew?" I asked him. Steve stiffened.

"Our new players," he began, a bobble in his neck.

"I guess they're just not as pretty in a dress as Drew," I said casually. "Are you going to make them come to Halloween next season as cheerleaders or something? You could find out which one could take Drew's place, couldn't you?"

Steve licked his lips. There was a picture of his wife and kids on his desk. Old Man Coulthard looked over his shoulder from the picture on his wall. Nowhere was there a picture of Jessica, our 'Eastern Representative,' nor of her lovely, new condo on the Raybold riverfront. She was becoming more girlish by the second as she flaunted her new, feminine assets. I wondered if I should warn Steve about Jessica and her new friends, one of whom had been visiting her when I called on her.

Steve probably knew. He'd seen the hedonistic lifestyle at Princess River. Sally tried to reassure me it wasn't as bad as it looked. There were family weeks and spousal retreats as well as raunchy weeks, which I'd been there for. But in the summer months, the Princesses on Parade were driven through the streets of the resort. Kids came in from the entire Valley to see and dance with them, loving the wholesome

family entertainment the Princesses put on. The resort sold memorabilia, hundreds of dolls of each princess every weekend. If the families knew that all the pretty girls were really pretty boys, no one was churlish enough to say so. It was like the 'secret' of Santa Claus, only more so.

"What do you want, Janet?" Steve asked me then.

"Severance pay," I'd told him. "I've worked here long enough." Steve snorted. I'd barely done two years at Coulthard's. "You employed me to win the basketball championship," I went on, pointing to the trophy prominently displayed with our team photograph on the wall. "I think a bonus is fair, don't you?"

We haggled. "I can't get that past the directors," Steve said furiously when I went to the highest figure I thought I'd get from him.

"Tell me," I said. "How'd you get Jessica's expenses past them? Oh, the new eastern office. That's how you pay *her* off?" I really stressed the 'her.' Steve sort of swallowed hard as he looked at me.

"Let's try this again," I went on. "You buy into a new company down East, Brennan's, based in the Valley. I'll make a profit for you. We can change that name so there isn't a name connection to me if you like. Jessica will work for me. She knows a lot of people in the Valley and would be a good saleswoman. You can even come and visit my wife and me," Steve looked stunned when I said that, "and play with your girlfriend if you like. But the company will be mine, Steve. We'll be associated with Coulthard's, a sub-contractor, so to speak. You can even sponsor our basketball team. It's a co-ed league in the Valley, you know."

Steve shivered a little. "Jessica's changing," he admitted briefly.

"I could see that she would," I agreed.

"We can work something out," Steve said to me. And it was working out. Getting ironclad guarantees and contracts took time but BK Business Depot came into being at last. I hoped I wasn't too forward

in adding the letter of my future wife's name to the firm without asking her.

It was a wedding present for her, I told Sally, as we went in to chat with her parents and sister. I was good and didn't take Sally off that night to a hotel though I was burning to do it. She would have scandalized her parents and come with me, I learned later, but I wanted a better relationship with Sally's family than I had with my own.

"I've thought of you every day and night," I said to Sally as I kissed her good night, hugging and kissing her on her door step, as fiercely as I was allowed. She had to go back and talk to her parents about me. I wanted her to be thinking only the best. I could wait to love her again, for a little while, I told her.

"How about a long lunch hour tomorrow?" I asked her. She nodded ecstatically and kissed me deliciously, her fragrance driving me insane.

Sally had to let me go, as I couldn't do it, and skip girlishly back into her house after promising me softly, "Tomorrow."

Sally really did bring out the male animal in me. I could see her naked on the bed at the Tower Hotel, smiling and thrilling, squealing in pleasure when I brought her soft body against mine and almost rammed her into me. She should never have confessed she liked me to be rough and manly with her. She didn't know how rough and manly I could be. She only knew that she came with me four times on our first date! She was in love with me, she whispered.

There was another couple in the Valley like us. Sally took me to meet Sharon Tolman and his wife, Kendra, her best friend. They had two children, an infant, and a child of two. Sharon was pregnant again, a statement that makes me feel really funny as she was introduced to us by Kendra as her husband. Kendra had a nanny to help her, during the day, but she did look a little harried as she breastfed her new daughter, her two-year-old wanting attention as well. Sally really helped her as I got to have a 'man-to-man' talk with Sharon, a Valley Councillor.

"I don't pretend to be anything I'm not," said Sharon, "but then my business is all inside the Valley. You're going to travel occasionally, aren't you, Mr Brennan?"

"My wife will come with me wherever I go," I told Sharon.

Sharon smiled. She was much more angular in looks than me. She was more manly. The clothing she wore made her look male. "Did you hear Kendra calling me Ron?" asked Sharon. "For the kids' sake, I'm going to start using it on Council and in business. See if it works."

We both looked at the 'women' doing 'womanly' things with the babies, changing the little one, each taking a child to pamper and play with, before feeding bottles to them before bed.

"I do that," said Ron, "but your Sally loves to be a mummy when she visits. I'm really glad she's found someone like you. I used to worry about her. Kendra told me her boyfriend Grant was into some pretty kinky games with her. She's never told us exactly but Sally's been unhappy for a long while. She's really sparkling with you, John."

I'd adopted that name as casually as Sharon seemed to be adopting Ron. "Sally's fascinated with how Kendra's breastfeeding Vanessa," I said to him. "That really must have an effect on you."

Ron laughed. "If you mean, do Kendra and I still have sex, we do," he said. "Not in the same way as before. The drugs change her as you'd expect. She'll be fine and be her old self once she doesn't have to lactate. We might have a fourth but we're going to leave that for a while. No, now we do the kinky stuff Sally's talked to you about, I suspect. You should talk it over with her. I don't have to talk about it with Kendra. She wants me to be her man. I'm obliging her with a little artificial replica of male equipment. She's never objected. Anything I say, goes. She has orgasms with me just as she did before. So I'm content. You'll find it's the same with Sally, I expect. You just tell her what you want and she'll do it. She's in love with you, you'll see."

Sally listened raptly to the conversation I'd had with Ron. I told her everything I was doing, from business to pleasure, in our relationship. I'd bought her a ring which she wore with delight. It had stunned her parents who asked if we weren't moving a little too quickly.

"We think it's about the right speed," I said. Sally agreed with me right away, making me feel good at having a girl who thought I should be the one to decide everything. I'd bought a condo in a newish, residential district beside Princess River Resort. Sally was almost moved in with me now, even though the main furnishing of the place was the bed and bedroom. It certainly was going to be well broken-in by the time I'd fulfill residency requirements and we could get married.

"My mother will be over the moon," said Sally later when I asked her to set our wedding date. It was easy to steal an hour or two before she really had to work. If her parents knew what we were doing, they never chastised us about it. "If she ever has a grandchild," Sally went on, letting me nibble at her shapely, aroused breasts. "I know she thinks, with me and Kathy, she'll never be a grandmother." She giggled then. "How do I tell my friends my husband is pregnant?"

"We'll be pregnant," I told her, stressing the 'we' between kisses and fondling her lovely breasts. "Having a child only takes place if you breastfeed our babies, Sally. You're the mummy. As for sex then, Kendra must have told you."

"Oh, she did," said my fiancée, easing her lovely legs over my nakedness and slipping away her panties to let the two of us become as close and united as a man and a woman can. "I don't mind what you do to me in bed. I'll be your wife. I must obey, mustn't I, whatever my loving husband tells me to do."

Mrs. Sally Brennan has kept her word on that ever since. I must be one of the few old-fashioned, male patriarchs in the Valley. It's my wife, our baby girl at her breast, who makes me that way.

\*\*\*\*\* end\*\*\*\*\*