



Reluctant Press

A Whole New Woman

Jackie Devine



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A Whole New Woman

By Jackie Devine

Chapter 1: Carl Becomes Careen

Careen Morgan stood before the mirror examining her appearance. “Not bad,” she thought and smiled slightly. Things had to go right today; everything had to be perfect. Time had been taken to apply her makeup, paying attention to every detail. Soft pale shadow adorned her eyelids in two hues of neutral browns. Pale pink blusher had been applied to her cheekbones, highlighting them just enough to make them stand out a little. The finishing touches were black mascara and a beautiful plum shade lipstick she had picked up earlier that week while planning for this event. “I look very convincing,” thought Careen. Then it hit her, the nervous fluttering feeling in her stomach, This was it! The moment she had dreamed of for so long. Months, days, years, all leading up to this moment. People would be shocked to know that the man born Carl Morgan was making his debut in public for the first time as Careen Morgan.

“Ok,” Careen thought, “this is it, time to go.” It was just going to be a little trip to the mall, nothing big, nothing she could not handle but, damn, it was a big deal to go out in public, dressed as a woman. What if someone should know who and what she really was? “Keep going girl, you could can do it,” a little voice chanted inside Careen’s head. “I should not draw any attention. I do look real,” Careen thought. The outfit she was wearing was conservative, nothing flashy, just stone-washed jeans and a pale pink linen blouse. Her understated gold jew-

elry consisted of medium hoop earrings, rope necklace and one dainty pinky ring. White ladies Nike sneakers completed the ensemble, along with a small shoulder bag which carried all the essentials to get her through the big outing. With one small step, Careen was outside in the fresh outdoors. Her heart almost stopped. "I am outside," Careen thought. In a blur, she continued on to her car. Once inside the car, Careen relaxed just a little, put the key in the ignition and off she went.

"Just my luck," thought Careen. The mall parking lot was absolutely jammed with cars which meant that the mall would be busy with shoppers and probably a lot of nasty, hateful teenagers which Careen had been warned could be the worst kind of person to encounter when going out dressed en femme. Many "trans sisters" online had helped her plan this important moment in her life and they had all warned her of the dreaded mall teenagers. "Oh well," Careen thought, "I will deal with the situation if and when it happens." Luck must have been on Careen's side; there was a parking spot almost directly in front of the mall's main entrance. "Great, not too far to walk," thought Careen.

Inside the mall, people were going about their daily shopping rituals, looking at this and that moving from store to store. Careen's heart felt like it was going to burst through her chest, she was so nervous. "Can they tell?" she asked herself, looking at everyone that passed her. No one seemed to give her any strange looks. "Ok, now what?" Careen thought. She ended up in Mayer's huge dept store in the ladies lingerie section. "Did that lady actually smile at me?" asked Careen to herself, trying to blend in with the other women who were examining bras, panties and other undergarments.

Careen began to look at the silk teddy sets that were available in many shades. The pale lemon color set was so pretty and felt so nice rubbing between her fingers. A size medium. Perfect. Careen decided that she would buy this set as a little memento of her first outing. Careen quickly paid for her purchase and, feeling good that the sales lady had been so friendly, decided to head back home. It was so exhilarating, she suddenly felt exhausted. She drove the short distance home quickly, her dainty silky purchase at her side.

Back in the house, Careen took off her femme clothing, turned on the shower and stepped inside its warmth. The makeup began to run down with the water over her face as Carl began to reappear. With that, the tears began to flow. So many times Carl had been through this ritual of dressing as Careen and he had never felt this way before. He had been content to put the clothing and makeup away until the next time. Maybe it was because during the outing he had not been made fun of; no one gawked at him in the mall and no nasty teenagers had given him any trouble. It felt so good to be out in the world as Careen, even if

it was just a short trip to the mall. One thing Carl was sure of was that some changes would have to be made in his life if he was to survive and be happy. As he wiped tears from his eyes and towed himself off, he thought that maybe it was time to start those changes.

Carl had put the teddy he had purchased as Careen on the bed and looked at its silky shiny beauty. So soft and sexy-looking but not in a sleazy way. The color was like lemon chiffon. Then a thought came to Carl. "Maybe the life that I desire is not impossible for me to attain." The most common thing he had read about transsexuals and their journey into womanhood was that money was a problem. Money was not a problem for Carl. Mom and dad had taken care of that when they passed on, leaving him enough to live on for the rest of life. Family was not an issue; he had no real closeness with anyone since his parents had passed. It was like the fog had been lifted from his head. Maybe, just maybe, Careen could become a reality. Oh, to think of that! It would be sheer heaven.

That night dream's were very pleasant. As Carl slept, each dream was more wonderful than the other. When morning came, Carl promised himself that, from this day on, he would do everything in his power to make Careen a reality. If he was going to go about this and make it successful, Carl realized that some drastic steps would have to be taken, so that day he listed his large bungalow-style house with a local real estate agent. With luck and a little praying, it sold in ten days. Moving was a breeze and Carl soon found himself in the city, living in a very nice secure condo. It was the start of something, something that Carl just knew was sure to turn out wonderful.

When the mundane task of packing things away and getting organized was behind him, Carl decided to cruise the net looking for information on transgendered life in the city that was now his home. A support group! His heart skipped at the thought of meeting others in the same situation as himself. Taking the phone number, he called right away to find a sweet voice answering on the other end as Heather. Heather filled him in on the group's goal to help everyone who sought them out to feel comfortable with themselves "in their new skin" as she put it. Tuesday at eight PM was the next meeting. Carl promised he would be there as Heather gave him directions. "May I ask who's calling?" asked Heather. "Careen....My name is Careen Morgan," answered Carl with a little smile. "I look forward to meeting you, Careen. See you at eight on Tuesday," said Heather in her slightly high-pitched voice. "Ok thanks, I look forward to it." With that, the conversation was over. Carl was in ecstasy, dancing around the living area in his condo. Oh my God! Carl's mind screamed, a good first impression had to be made, a perfect one, if at all possible. Carl decided to go out at that moment,

even though he wasn't dressed as Careen. "Oh well," thought Carl, "hopefully, Careen will out of the closet full-time soon."

Something dressy, Carl thought, but not too over the top, classy but not slutty, just a little sexy. A small mall was just down the street. He may as well try that one to see what it offered. It was a strip mall, not one of those indoor ones. Sitting in the parking lot, Carl spotted a nice-looking boutique that had some pretty outfits adorning the stylish mannequins that stood in various poses in the showcase windows.

Inside, the boutique was decorated in a most feminine manner. Fresh flower arrangements were placed at various points throughout and the whole store reeked of expense and quality. The ladies that stood at different locations examining different garments looked so elegant and perfect. None took the time to stare at him or make him feel like he should not be in such a feminine store. A sales lady walked up to him with a smile. "Can I help you today, sir? Is there anything you're looking for in particular?" Carl was a little nervous but not too much. "Yes, I am looking for something a little dressy but not too dressy, if you know what I mean. I was thinking maybe a pant suit and jacket?" "You know," Clarice replied. Carl knew her name was Clarice by her silver engraved name tag. Such a pretty name. "We had some nice suits come in just yesterday. What size are you looking for?" Clarice asked, guiding Carl towards the far back of the boutique. On the rack was just what he had imagined: a dark navy pant suit with double-breasted jacket that was tailored to come in at the waist, then flair a little at the hips. And buttons! Brass-colored; simply wonderful. "A twelve," Carl managed to say. Clarice smiled and gave him a little wink, handing him a size twelve. "Does she know it's for me?" wondered Carl. "If you have any problems, you may return the suit provided you have the receipt. Is there anything else you're looking to purchase today? We have some wonderful costume jewelry." Clarice asked this as they walked towards the register counter, Carl with the gorgeous suit in his arms. "You know, I have earrings that would go nicely with that suit." Clarice reached under the counter and pulled out a delicate pair of small gold tone earrings in the shape of tiny starfish. "I'll take them," Carl replied quickly, loving Clarice's choice. The total came to one hundred and seventy-five dollars and some change, Carl paid with his credit card. "Do come again and enjoy your outfit," said Clarice with a smile, handing Carl his credit card and receipt. "I will do that." replied Carl giving her a smile back.

Back at the condo, Carl wondered if Clarice knew that the outfit was for him. She had not asked if he was shopping for his wife or a girlfriend. So refreshing! Maybe this was one of the advantages of living in a large city.

Tomorrow night was the meeting. Carl began to go through the femme wardrobe he had accumulated over the years. Medium-heeled navy pumps would go nicely with the outfit and earrings. It was June and rather warm so no overcoat would be needed. He had a navy leather purse that also matched perfectly. Wigs had been abandoned a while back after his thick wavy hair had reached a length that could be easily styled in a very ladylike manner. The makeup would again be natural with a little drama around the eyes since the navy pant suit was a little dressy. Thank God he had never had much of a beard; covering the little shadow was never a problem with a little foundation and loose face powder. "This is going to be a good thing," Carl told himself. "I will finally meet others like myself. Maybe I will meet some other girls to become friends with. Who knows?" Carl felt that anything seemed possible. Carl tried on the newly-purchased suit. It fit perfectly and showed off his figure nicely, the tailoring giving him a very feminine shape. A good choice and a good purchase and if he could, he would be sure to thank Clarice for making this important shopping trip so rewarding and pleasant for him.

Again that night, pleasant dreams took hold of his sleep and he was Careen in all of them. In those dreams, Careen went everywhere: the park, clubs, even dancing with men. That was another subject altogether in Carl's mind. He had never considered himself gay. When dressed as Careen, though, he often wondered what it would be like to be taken out by a handsome man. To be wined and dined and taken dancing. To be held in strong arms and to be pressed against masculine roughness like a delicate orchid. These feelings almost shocked him into embarrassment. Often these feelings turned to arousal and often the fantasies went further and did not end with dancing. What would happen with a man after the dancing was over? How far could things go? Would Careen give herself to a man in every way? How would Careen handle herself in such a predicament? Would she swoon and faint like so many ladies he had read about in those silly romance novels or would she be the type to take charge and make sure that she was pleased? When these thoughts arose in Carl's head, he was often left confused but aroused.

The day of the meeting was here. Things were moving so fast it was truly unbelievable. Carl did not do much throughout the day; he kept himself occupied with little things, doing a little cleaning and trying to keep his mind off the night's meeting. A light supper of a chef's salad and small glass of white wine proved most refreshing and satisfying. Eating small delicate meals like this made Carl feel like a lady.

Six PM rolled around and the transformation into Careen began. Carl scrubbed his face with a nice apricot facial scrub after shaving off

the little stubble that presented itself and plucking his already thin eyebrows. Carl's body was pretty much hairless so that needed little attention with the razor. Other than his arm pits, there was little to shave. A long hot shower followed, making him feel invigorated as he washed in Silk Pearls shower gel that left his skin lightly scented with a delicate floral scent.

In front of the make-up mirror in his red silk dressing gown, Carl started with the medium beige foundation that had a silky feel when applied. Then the loose powder in a matching shade followed, giving his face a nice uniform appearance. When he pulled his hair up into a tight bun high up on the back of his head, the transformation began. This was the magical moment when Carl became Careen. Eartha Kitt played on the portable CD player on the night stand in the bedroom, purring in her sexy seductive voice.

Careen now looked back from the mirror. Next came the blusher. Not the pale pink but a more exotic deep wine color that highlighted Careen's cheekbones in a most seductive manner. Very pleased with the results, Careen started with the eyes and lined them in black eye-liner. "Quite nice," she thought, liking the outcome and effect so far. Her eyebrows arched nicely with just a little help from the black brow definer. The shadow came a little darker and dramatic in hues of lavender and link with just a little frost. Her lips became fuller when defined with lip liner in a deep wine and lipstick that can only be described by its name "Vivacious Vixen". The whole effect was truly amazing and striking; it had come out a little more exotic than Careen had planned, not so natural but a fabulous job just the same.

Next the hairstyle. Careen decided on a French twist. The style always looked so elegant and becoming on other women. Why not try it? Careen had practiced this before and had gotten decent results for someone who was not going to be in the presence of others. Careen twisted the hair and began to pin it in place. It came out just as well if it had been salon-done. Spraying it down with hair spray, Careen was overjoyed with the results. So beautiful! Careen adorned her ears with the starfish gold earrings and applied deep wine-colored polish to her nails and waited for them to dry.

The foundation to contort her figure was next. Careen had bought through mail order a lovely Victorian waist cincher with built-in bra a couple of months earlier. Tonight, she would wear it for the first time. It hugged her tightly and made her feel feminine. Careen looked at her shape in the full-length mirror that hung on the back of her bedroom door. She put her silicone C-cup breast forms into the bra. Quite nice. White silk panties and navy pantyhose completed the foundation garments.

The lovely pant suit came next and was even more becoming with the figure the cincher had given Careen. Careen stepped into her navy low-heeled pumps and examined the finished job. This was hands down the best time she ever looked. Only a half hour left to get to the meeting. "Time to go," thought Careen, looking at her delicate gold tone ladies watch. Earlier, Careen had stocked her purse with everything she would need for the evening. Makeup, a mini bottle of hair spray, money and a few other things such as mint chewing gum and a pack of Virginia Slims. She knew she should not be smoking but she liked to smoke on occasion. One last look in the mirror and, with a deep breath, off she went.

After a short drive, Careen found the building in which the group was to meet. She took the elevator to the third floor and walked until she came to Suite three hundred and ten. "Oh my, this is it," thought Careen. She opened the door and walked inside. The room was quite large and furnished with a desk at which a pretty lady sat. She had the most amazing deep red hair that Careen had ever seen. There was a large group in attendance, some standing and chatting, others sitting, sipping on coffee, chatting in small groups. A few eyes fell upon her and many gave her a warm welcoming smile.

Careen walked to the desk. "Careen?" asked the red-haired lady. "Yes," Careen replied with a small smile. "Welcome. It's me, Heather. I was the one you talked to the other day on the phone." Heather gave Careen one of those "Hello, my name is..." stickers, then walked out from behind the desk. "Things will be getting underway in a bit. I will introduce you to the group. Ladies, this is a new member to our group. This is her first time here." All eyes fell on Careen, not in a bad way. Before Careen knew, it she was surrounded by many girls, all very nicely dressed. Many commented on her outfit and how lovely she looked; it was quite an experience. Some, Careen could tell, were men but many looked fantastic. If she had seen them on the street, she would never have suspected anything. Some were older, others looked barely nineteen. All were welcoming and very friendly.

One of the ladies began chatting with Careen. Her name was Suzanne, a very attractive blonde. She was very slim and looked to be about thirty years of age. It was obvious that her breasts were real and well-developed by the low-cut tiny blue sweater she wore with cut off shorts. Suzanne was amazingly tanned and definitely one hundred percent passable. Suzanne asked many questions and Careen answered them all honestly. The meeting progressed. It was mainly support and group discussions on transition and day-to-day life and the problems that arise. Some shared their good experiences along with the bad. There were a few shed tears and, for the first time in her life, Careen

felt part of something. When the meeting was over at ten PM, Suzanne asked Careen if she felt like going out for coffee before heading home. Careen hesitated. After all, she had not had a whole lot of experience at being out in public dressed en femme. With much persuasion from Suzanne, Careen agreed. They walked the short distance around a corner to a twenty-four hour coffee house named "The Supreme Coffee Bean".

Inside it was not very crowded which put Careen a little more at ease. Suzanne could sense Careen's nervousness. "Honey," Suzanne said, "you have nothing to be nervous about. You look fine and no one would ever guess anything." "Thanks, that means a lot, Suzanne, but I am not that experienced at going out in public," Careen said and glanced around just to see if any strange looks were being thrown her way. "Careen, it will get easier. I promise you, the more you venture out, the better things will get. It's been seven years since I transitioned and five since my sex reassignment surgery. Sometimes I still wonder if anyone will know my 'little secret' just by looking at me. I don't think that fear will ever go away totally. Just take each day and moment as it comes is the best advice I can give you." Suzanne smiled. "Besides, you look wonderful, girl. I bet there are guys here right now that have noticed you since you have walked in and are probably undressing you in their minds now!" Careen blushed at this comment, put her hand over her mouth and laughed out loud "Oh my. Suzanne, you are terrible!" They both laughed until the waiter approached the table to take their order.

"What would you like, ladies?" asked the handsome waiter with a smile. He was definitely of Italian descent and gorgeous to boot! Both girls looked at each other and smiled, seeing that the waiter obviously thought they were attractive. Suzanne ordered a black coffee and Careen opted for a vanilla-flavored cappuccino. In only a few minutes he was back with a sexy smile. "Enjoy, ladies and if there is anything else I can get you, don't hesitate to call. My name is Rocco."

"See girl, he was flirting with us," said Suzanne, taking a sip of her coffee. Careen was bewildered that this handsome man seemed to have flirted with her. Sure she could see him wanting Suzanne. Suzanne was sexy and pretty with her legs and femme-looking appearance. Maybe he had seen something in her that she could not see herself. They enjoyed their coffee and cappuccino and the conversation was light and airy, about many things such as the latest fashions, makeup and the hairstyles of this season. It was getting late and Careen was the first to say that she should be getting home. Suzanne agreed and walked Careen back to her car and gave Careen her phone number. Careen took it and promised she would call the next day. On the drive home, Careen could not believe her good fortune in meeting such a

nice person like Suzanne. She was sure that would become fast friends.

Undressing for bed this time was not a emotional ordeal like so many times before; Careen did something she had never done before. To the closet she went and picked out a white linen blouse and denim skirt; she would wear this tomorrow. Maybe it was time to start being Careen more often. Careen slept with a smile on her face and slept soundly with no dreams.

Careen slept late the next morning and did not awake until eleven AM. The evening before seemed like a dream but it was not. She looked through her purse for Suzanne's number. It *had* all happened and her mind kept going back to that handsome waiter who had flirted with them both and Careen felt her heart flutter at the thought of it.

Careen applied a more natural makeup after her late breakfast of coffee with cream and two slices of slightly burnt toast with marmalade. The outfit she had picked the night before was very nice, simple but nice. With her hair in a pony tail, Careen went out on her balcony and enjoyed the warm breeze that was blowing around gently. What a lovely day. Four PM rolled around quickly and Careen decided to give Suzanne a call.

Suzanne answered on the third ring. Careen could tell that Suzanne was happy that she had called. They chatted about the previous night's meeting and about that waiter, Rocco. Suzanne brought him up first and went on about how hot she thought he was. Careen still felt embarrassed about thinking about a man like that. Careen had to agree with Suzanne though, he was very attractive. Careen invited Suzanne over for a late dinner. Suzanne accepted the invitation and promised to be there by six after getting Careen's address.

Careen had learned how to cook from her mother at an early age and could follow any recipe to perfection. Careen decided on a low-fat vegetarian lasagna with homemade garlic bread and a nice red Italian wine. Suzanne showed exactly at six and was quite amazed at the spread that Careen had cooked. Suzanne also commented on Careen's appearance. Suzanne, as always, looked nice in a long, flowing floral summer sleeveless dress that tied at the back around the waist.

After the meal was finished and the dishwasher was turned on, they both sat in the living room on Careen's camel-colored leather sofa.

Suzanne started the conversation. "So, Careen, what do your family think about you and your lifestyle?" Careen really didn't like to talk about family but felt comfortable with Suzanne. "Well, my parents are deceased and I have little contact with anyone in my family." "My family," said Suzanne. "After my sex reassignment, they have accepted me

as I am. I think they finally realized that this was not just ‘a phase I was going through’ as my mother once called it.” Careen nodded. “Yes, I think that if my parents had lived, that is how they would feel about me. At least that is how I hope they would feel. It has to be hard on parents. Sometimes I wonder if I had a child in the same predicament, would I be so accepting? I think I would have a bit of a hard time.” Suzanne agreed, “Funny, isn’t it, to think that way? Here I am, a transsexual woman who knows what it’s like to have people reject you simply because you want to live the way you should have been born.” They chatted about other things, about what it was like for Suzanne when she first began her transition and what it was like now for Careen who had just begun to transition. Suddenly Careen had a revelation. She had started her transition without even realizing it. All the years that had gone past she figured she would never have the nerve to actually start the process. Reading books and online accounts of transitioning made it seem so far from her reality. Now, here she was. Maybe she was stronger and braver than she had ever assumed.

“You know I am a hairstylist. You have lovely hair, Careen. Let me give you a style sometime. I could do so much with a thick head of hair like that,” said Suzanne. “I would love so much to have a day at the salon and get a professional style,” replied Careen. “Good, then come in tomorrow and I will fit you in. Don’t worry, all the gals there are very friendly. Here is my card, the address is on the front.” Suzanne pulled her card from her purse and handed it to Careen. “I have to get going. Careen, it was a lovely meal and a lovely evening. I will be seeing you tomorrow.” Careen walked Suzanne downstairs to the door and said she would come to the salon at around one PM.

Back upstairs in the condo, Careen turned on the television and watched a rerun of Roseanne, one of her favorite sitcoms. After that it was the British comedy Are you Being Served? She loved that show. Mrs. Slocomb was her favorite character. Careen began to feel sleepy. She turned off the television, went to the bathroom, cleansed her face of makeup, then slipped into that silky lemon-colored teddy she had bought on her first outing. Content, she drifted off.

CHAPTER 2: Careen Makes A Mistake But Has Fun Anyway

The Elegant Woman Salon was very busy that next day. The regulars were there under the dryers, getting their hair set. A weekly ritual for them, they liked to have their hair lacquered down so it would last until they came in the next week to have it set all over again. They were mostly older women who grew up with their mothers following the same ritual.

Keisha, a dark-skinned beauty, supervised a tiny mite of a student on how to braid hair properly. Keisha's hands moving almost in a blur on the customer's head. The student looked bewildered at Keisha's work. People sought out Keisha to braid their hair. She was pricey but worth it.

Annette did the manicures but refused to do pedicures because she hated feet. A expert at acrylic nail sculpting, her work and artistry could be matched by none in the city. Annette was a little flighty in personality but made up for it in kindness. With jet black hair cut in a blunt bob style and pale skin and dark makeup, she was a gothic beauty.

Deeon was a favorite of many ladies who frequented the salon. He brightened the environment with many tales of his rocky romances with men who were always described as looking like one gorgeous movie star or other. Deeon was a favorite with the younger girls who could always count on him to give them the latest funky style.

Suzanne fit in with them when she came to work there three years ago. At first they had not known of her transsexual circumstance but eventually she told them and they had accepted her whole-heartedly. Suzanne was a whiz with hair pieces and managed the wig department. The salon was popular with the transgendered community. Drag queens requested Suzanne often. She understood them and their needs.

Careen arrived at one PM in the midst of the bustle, greeted by Annette who sat behind the reception desk, taking a little break. "I'm here to see Suzanne," said Careen. "Suzanne, there's a lady here to see you!" yelled Annette. "A lady!" thought Careen, proud that she must be passing well. Suzanne popped out and motioned for Careen to come in. "Perfect timing, doll. I'm free so we can get going on your hair." Usher-ing Careen to a chair, Suzanne pulled a magazine. "I'm thinking this would look fab on you." Careen looked at the picture. It was lovely, one of those short tousled styles. "I'm game for it," replied Careen with a smile. "That's all I need to hear," laughed Suzanne. "Careen, I'm also thinking maybe a few blonde highlights." "Sure," replied Careen, excited to see how it would all turn out. Her first femme hairstyle professionally done, not something she could manage to do herself.

Lengths of hair got cut and the style began to take shape. Suzanne mixed the chemicals, foiled the mixture onto Careen's hair and put her under the dryer. When Suzanne washed out the mixture, she was proud of the result, visibly so. She blow-dried Careen's hair and applied some creamy styling gel to give it the desired tousled look and wisped the bangs down over Careen's forehead. Careen loved the end result, it was modern and very chic. They both giggled when Suzanne made a comment that Rocco would like Careen even more now and that maybe they should go back to the coffee shop that night just to see if he was working. Even though it was said in a joking manner, Careen would not have minded seeing him again. "Call me later," Suzanne said after Careen paid her for her style. Suzanne had given her a hefty discount, Careen noticed, according to the posted prices hanging over the reception desk.

Leaving the salon, Careen noticed next door was a little cosmetics shop. Game for anything and reeling with her new hair style, she went in and browsed a little. With the aide of a friendly sales lady named Martina, she purchased a nice exotic scented perfume and a new golden brown lipstick that would look so good this summer with the tan she hoped to get.

Careen did not want to go home right away; she was feeling way more confident out in public. It was such a nice warm sunny day, she decided to walk around a little, doing nothing in particular. After about an hour this got boring and she decided to go back home.

Back in the condo, she checked her messages. None. Well, who would



call? Suzanne was the only one who had her new number. For dinner, she microwaved the left-over lasagna from last evening and ate about half of what was on her plate. Thinking back to the joking remark about Rocco Suzanne had made at the salon, Careen pondered the idea of going to the coffee shop herself. "What am I thinking? I must be crazy." But surely she could just go get out of the condo for awhile. "Yes, I will go out for coffee. There's nothing wrong with that," thought Careen.

Dressed in a short black mini-skirt, black stockings and a black tank top, Careen went out at eight PM. She looked better and more real than ever with the new hairstyle. Quite sexy-looking. Many guys turned their heads as she walked down the sidewalk to the coffee house. After seating herself she looked around. "Not many people here at all," Careen thought. Careen had her head down, examining her nails which had grown to a nice length, when a voice made her look up. "What can I get you tonight, Ms?" asked the deep voice. It was Rocco and Careen's mind went blank.

"Ahhh..." she stuttered "Coffee with cream, no sugar." Rocco smiled and nodded "I'll be right back." Careen watched him go to the counter and pour the coffee, adding cream and stirring it. When he came back, Careen surprised herself by trying to strike up a conversation with him.

"Not very busy tonight, is it?" asked Careen in her most femme voice. "Naw, later it should get a little busier. I'm off in an hour so hopefully it will stay pretty slow." Rocco grinned, showing perfect white teeth along with a smile that made Careen go all funny. Careen was sure that she must have looked like a silly goose to him. "I have not seen you here that much. You don't come here that often. I'm sure I would remember such a pretty lady." Rocco once again flashed that sexy smile. Was he flirting with her? Careen wondered. Yes, of course he was. Careen blushed at his comment.

"Thank you. It's nice of you to say that." Rocco pulled out the chair across from Careen and sat down.

"I only tell the truth," he replied. "Maybe if you want, when I get off, we can get a drink?" Careen really did feel lightheaded now and quickly, before thinking, said yes to his offer. "I'll try to leave work early," said Rocco, getting up. "Stay right there, pretty lady." He touched Careen's hand as he walked back to the coffee counter and she shivered with excitement.

Then it hit her, what have I done? What if he finds out what I am. Careen realized that she had put herself in what could potentially be a dangerous situation. Should she just get up and leave no Careen knew

she did not want to do this. Not knowing what do Careen just stayed in her seat and quietly sipped her coffee waiting for Rocco.

When it was time, Rocco came back and ushered Careen out of the coffee house. "I know of a nice pub where we can go and have a drink and chat are you up for that? Oh but I don't think I got your name," he said with a grin as they walked down the street.

"It's Careen, my name is Careen, I am new to the city," replied Careen, trying to invoke a conversation.

The pub they had stopped in front of and went inside was called the 'Lucky Draw Pub'.

Inside it was quite smoky and dark but quite comfortable. Careen and Rocco sat in a corner booth and Rocco went to the bar and returned with two beers. Careen took a little sip and could feel Rocco's thigh touching hers. She glanced down at his leg and my they appeared so muscular alongside her own slender legs. When she glanced up he was just staring at her.

"You are so beautiful, has anyone ever told you that before?" he asked.

"No you're the first," Careen admitted.

"I mean it. I noticed you when you came into the coffee shop that first time with that blonde lady, there's something about you that I'm drawn to and I just cannot put my finger on it." Rocco then took a long gulp of his beer and placed a hand upon Careen's. "I don't want to scare you. I know we just met and all but I really like you."

Maybe it was the beer or maybe it was Rocco's closeness to her but she felt really hot. "I like you too," replied Careen, putting a hand on Rocco's leg. She had never felt so much like a woman in all of her life.

"Could we go back to your place?" asked Rocco.

"Yes, let's go," Careen said in a soft whisper.

Careen had only been in the pub with him for a short time but my she felt something for this guy was it lust yes that's it thought Careen it must just be lust.

Careen flicked the dimmer in the living room back at her condo and Rocco made himself comfortable on the couch. Careen shyly sat beside him wondering what would happen next. Rocco took Careen's hand and gently kissed her palm and then her wrist.

"Mmmmmm you smell so good," Rocco purred. Careen moved into him and placed her other hand on the side of his face what was she doing her mind cried out but her body and heart was telling her to con-

tinue on she felt the stubble on his cheek and could now smell his masculine cologne.

It was all so intoxicating, the lights, his cologne... His lips met hers with a gentleness so strange to find in a man. He parted her lips with his tongue and began to massage her own. Careen's head was reeling it felt like her head would explode. A hand fell to her breasts...her silicone breasts. She pushed his hand away.

“Stop, please I don't think we should be doing this.”

Rocco looked a little surprised and did stop and sat up. “You're right, this is too fast,” he said.

Careen was relieved that he felt this way she would have loved to have gone further but how could she tell him what she truly was. He might react violently and she had carried on with him in such a way. What a dilemma.

“Can I call you?” Rocco asked.

“Yes I would like that,” Careen replied, scribbling down her number and placing it in his hand. Was it a good thing to do Careen did not know and as she closed the door behind him when he left Careen began to cry wondering why she had put herself in such a position. Careen slid to the floor and wept openly the mascara running down her cheeks.

Careen wanted to see him again but how could she after leading him to believe she was something that she was not. Careen stopped crying and stumbled into her bedroom and fell on the bed. I'm not going to worry about that now I'll think about it all tomorrow.

The next morning, Careen did not feel any better if anything she felt worse. A phone call from Suzanne made her feel a little better and Suzanne promised she would come right over after work to hear all about what had happened the night before.

When Suzanne arrived at Careen's condo, Careen was still in her dressing gown and had not done anything with herself. Her makeup was a mess; all smudged and ruined. Suzanne sat and listened to the whole story. It was a mess to be sure.

Suzanne had been there many times with men. Men who thought she was wonderful and beautiful and would give her anything until they found out that she was a transsexual. It hurt, sure. Suzanne had made a promise to herself from then on even after her surgery that any man she dated would know her transsexual status.

“You know, Hun, I'm taking you out somewhere fun tonight - a place where you can be yourself,” announced Suzanne.

“I don’t have anything to wear,” moaned Careen, not really wanting to go out anywhere. “You’re about my size, Suzanne replied, “you can leave with me now - I have something I can lend you to wear. We’ll have a couple of drinks then head out to a club.”

Careen put some things in a bag and tried to make her makeup look half way presentable but she was not too worried she was only going to Suzanne’s apartment and by the way she felt if anyone gave her a bad look she would tear them apart.

Suzanne’s apartment was located in the same area as the salon in which she worked. It was a smaller type apartment with one small bedroom and a walk in kitchen. Suzanne had nicely furnished it in a mix of old and new decor.

They chatted some more and Careen did feel a good bit better towards the evening. Suzanne ordered a pizza and had it delivered for dinner. Afterwards they went through Suzanne’s closet looking for something to wear tonight.

Suzanne was taller than Careen but fortunately they wore the same size clothing. Suzanne had said they should both wear something sexy and fun to dance in. Suzanne had already picked out hip hugging black flared leg jeans with a little lavender belly top very low cut of course showing her amazing cleavage.

Careen settled on a little slip of a dress that was very silky and had an oriental look to it; very trendy. They both wore chunky heeled strap heels. Suzanne took her time and fixed Careen’s hair and also applied Careen’s makeup.

Careen was delighted and almost had Rocco completely out of her mind. They had a couple of drinks of Vodka and lemonade before they left Suzanne’s apartment in a cab and they headed off downtown destination ‘The PussyCat Lounge’.

It was twelve am when they entered ‘The PussyCat Lounge’ and the whole club was in full swing. People crowded the dance floor...Drag queens were in abundance in all sorts of wild over the top outfits.

Careen spotted a couple of the girls that has attended the support group and watched in amazement as men danced with men and women danced with women. Careen was determined to have fun, as was Suzanne. They both went to the bar and ordered a vodka and lemonade each. ‘Girls just wanna have fun’ belted out on the dance floor and they both made their way out to dance among the crowd.

Careen downed the drink before the song had ended and was ready for another. She danced her heart out with Suzanne. Careen met so

many new people introduced through Suzanne it all made he head spin along with the vodka.

They left at one thirty a.m. and took a cab back to Suzanne's where Careen spent the night.

Careen awoke early the next morning and could feel the effects of the vodka.... her head throbbed and her mouth was so dry. Careen helped herself to the water jug in the fridge and swallowed two aspirin that she had put in her purse yesterday afternoon. Slowly the headache left and she began to feel better.

Careen was glad to have a girlfriend like Suzanne it comforted her to know that Suzanne was there to help her through anything that might come up.

After getting back home to her condo, Careen noticed the light blinking on the answering machine. She clicked the button to play the message and melted when she heard Rocco's voice.

"Hi Careen, Rocco here....I'm just wondering if I could see you again....I've been thinking about you a lot anyway give me a call when you get a chance, bye." That was the end of the message and the machine beeped to show that there was not another message. Careen stood there and wondered what to do next.

She knew what she had to do. But it was not going to be easy revealing her old self to Rocco. Her past...it was not something that she looked forward to.

With a deep breath she dialed Rocco's phone number and when he answered she almost lost her nerve, but she was going to go through with this one way or another.

"Rocco hi this is Careen returning your call, maybe you could drop by later on tonight at about nine I think we need to talk."

Rocco agreed adding that he had been thinking about her constantly. Careen tried not to get too involved in the conversation.

Careen slept most of the day away and got up only to get ready for Rocco's visit.

How do you go about telling a man that you are a man yourself? She asked this question over and over inside her head. She could deal with it if he just wanted to walk away from her but she didn't want to hurt him or anyone for that matter.

Dressed in denim jeans and a black sleeveless top she waited for him. At nine, he showed up and with flowers. Careen thanked him for them and put them in a vase in the living room with water.

“Sit down, Rocco, I need to get something very important off my chest,” Careen announced. “It’s not easy for me to tell you this but I feel I have to.

Rocco looked at her and sat down, expecting Careen to tell him that things would be better if they were just friends - he had gotten this line before.

“Careen, just say what you have to say,” he said, expecting the worst.

Careen stood a good distance away from Rocco, just in case he took the news badly.

“Rocco, I’m really a *man!*” Careen confessed in a clear crisp voice.

Rocco sat in silence, trying to digest what he had been told. *How could this beautiful creature really be a man like himself?* To say he was just shocked was a major understatement! He honestly did not know how to react. Violence was not in him. Angry? No he did not feel that. Overwhelmed and confused...that was what he felt.

Careen waited for some sort of a reaction and was surprised when Rocco stood, and in a slightly shaking stuttering voiced excused himself and left. Careen could tell he was shocked just the look on his face.

Thankful that he did not react violently towards her, there was nothing else she could do. Careen vowed right then and there was that she would never in her life put herself in that awkward position again. Careen would not announce who she was to the world, but those who mattered in her life would all know her secret.

Careen called Suzanne right after Rocco left and filled her in on the situation. Suzanne was shocked that Careen would do such a dangerous thing like taking Rocco into her home and confessing to him that she was a transsexual.

“Careen do you realize that you lucked out with Rocco and his reaction? He could have really done damage to you and maybe even killed you,” Suzanne warned.

Careen had thought about that. She then shuddered at the very thought at how horrible the whole situation could have gotten.

A week went by. Careen and Suzanne did the usual things together that girlfriends do to pass time; They both went shopping at the biggest super mall in the city. Suzanne bought a few select items, but Careen went on a spree - buying a whole new femme wardrobe. Going full-time as a woman meant that she needed a lot more clothing then she currently had.

They lunched at quaint little cafés, eating dainty light spreads. Had a couple of sleepovers and fooled with each others hair and painted their toe nails. Careen enjoyed her time spent with Suzanne and wondered how she had ever gotten on without Suzanne in her life before. Careen now knew what it was like to have a true friend.

As time went by, Careen slipped more fully into her transition; becoming more feminine and ladylike everyday. Now, when she looked in the mirror, Carl was completely gone and the only one there was Careen.

Yes, Carl was still a little part of her, but mostly he was a thing of the past...like a dream.

CHAPTER 3: Careen Takes A Job and Becomes Liberated

If you have never had to worry about money, I guess you might find this absurd. With the death of Careen's parents, more than enough money came her way to support her throughout her life. She was not a millionaire but Careen had enough to live quite nicely.

The comfort of never having to worry about money was something Careen liked. She could buy what she wanted, staying within a budget that was set-up through a trust every month. Like many people, Careen began to get bored with her life. Transitioning was going great; she was now living full-time.

The days often went slow to her. You could only do so much shopping and having only one friend meant that when Suzanne was working, Careen was often alone in her condo. Suzanne suggested that, maybe, Careen should get herself a job. The idea was not lost on Careen. It would give some well-needed structure to her days. Job hunting consisted of looking through the want ads in the paper and canvassing the areas of the city where she would like to work. Setting up interviews was easy but the ones Careen went to never panned out; either she did not get the job or, after the interview, Careen did not want the job.

Walking one hot day in mid-July, Careen noticed a help wanted sign in a bookstore. She liked to read. Why not go in and see what it was all about? The older graying lady running the shop seemed nice enough. Her name was Lesley. After a short chat, Careen was hired and found herself with her first job ever. Careen looked around the small bookstore and found a rather large gay and lesbian section with quite a few transgender books. "This is a good sign," thought Careen. Careen had

to report to work in the morning, so off she went with a smile and a little wiggle in her step.

The store manager had said to dress casual. Careen picked a very nice beige-colored knee-length skirt, matched it with a plain white short-sleeved blouse and completed it with low-heeled tan pumps, one of the many outfits she had bought while shopping with Suzanne. Careen wore little makeup, just foundation, powder, tan-colored lipstick, black mascara and a little tan eye shadow.

The store opened at ten AM. Careen arrived at nine-thirty and was greeted and let into the bookstore by Lesley who welcomed her with a warm smile. The first day at work was a perfect. Lesley showed her the different categories of books. The store was fairly busy throughout the day. Careen learned from Lesley how to work the cash register and how to get into the store's computer to reorder a book when it was out of stock or if someone requested a certain title. The store closed for a hour for lunch. Lesley ran down the street and came back with two chicken salad sandwiches, two bottles of Evian, and two of the most delicious white chocolate chunk cookies that Careen had ever tasted. Lesley's treat. They ate in a little room just off from the small stock room at the back of the store. Lesley revealed that she had been married going on fifteen years to a man who owned his own construction business. She had no kids but had two cats who were just like children in her mind. Careen just said that she was happy to have the job at the bookstore and talked a bit about Suzanne and how fortunate she was to have meet such a good friend. Careen wondered if Lesley knew her secret. If so, Lesley certainly did not let on.

Careen had almost finished her white chocolate chunk cookie, getting a little sugar rush. Careen loved sweets. Lesley looked at Careen and said, "I know you're different, Careen." Careen was speechless. "Ahhh, I'm not sure I know what you mean, Lesley." Careen's voiced quaked and quivered a little and she began to perspire, little beads of perspiration forming on her forehead. Lesley could see that Careen did not look so well. She laughed and with a sly smile said, "I'm a sister too. Twenty years ago I started the process which has taken me here." Careen's mind raced. Sister? What was Lesley? Was she, too, a transgendered woman? "Lesley, what do you mean by 'sister'?" asked Careen. "I was not always a woman, Careen. I was born a male, my name used to be Leonard," Lesley said boldly. Lesley felt no need to hide her true self and would under no circumstances lie about anything in her life. If that meant trouble, oh well.

That day was special for Careen. Not only was it a successful first day at work, but she had also met another person like herself. Lesley certainly looked like a real woman to her. Careen was a little disap-

pointed that Lesley could see through her feminine facade but Lesley had assured that Careen that it was only because she was transgendered herself that she could tell that Careen was not born female. It was something that developed in every transgendered person, "reading" it was called, Lesley said. For the first time, Careen had been read and she did not like the idea.

After working a couple of weeks at the bookstore, Careen had a couple of days off. She spent the majority of her free time catching up on housework and laundry. Suzanne came over the first evening. The salon had been slow, she did not have any evening appointments booked and she decided to come and see what Careen was up to. It had been a while since they had spent any time together. Their conversation turned interesting and informative for Careen. It started when Careen commented on Suzanne's breasts. Suzanne always showed her cleavage. When you start out not having breasts and find yourself with a nice C-cup, it makes you proud to show them off. They had cost a pretty penny but Suzanne was proud of her implants. Hormones had started her initial growth but the implants gave her a nice-sized chest.

Suzanne started hormone therapy right after she had begun transition. She had managed to find a nice understanding doctor who specialized in transgendered clients. The hormones took hold right away, making changes inside and outside that could only be described as astounding. Suzanne went from a rather plain-looking guy to an extremely attractive and desirable guy within five years. Her skin became softer, her hips rounded and her hair began to grow faster. The most exciting part was the small breasts that began to develop. Suzanne would check them every day, amazed at their growth. When she filled an A-cup bra, she was so proud. Soon they filled a B-cup and after the implant surgery she was a C-cup which seemed big enough for her stature. The hormone therapy made the difference in Suzanne's successful transition.

Suzanne told Careen all about how she had benefited from hormone therapy under the guidance of the wonderful and very cute Dr. Wade Benson. Careen had wondered about hormone therapy. Was it the next step for her in her quest for womanhood? Maybe it was worth checking into. Careen requested Dr. Benson's number from Suzanne. Careen posted the number on her fridge. "It would be so nice not to have to use these silicone breasts," thought Careen that night while pulling the sheets up over herself in bed. With the lights turned out, Careen thought, "Real women have no idea how lucky they are!"

The next day came quickly. After a nice bubble bath, she slipped into a lovely purple silk lounge pant set. Suzanne was working so she would be on her own. The cupboards in the kitchen were getting pretty

bare; she could do with some other household things along with the groceries.

Careen changed from the purple silk lounge into a pair of really short cut-off denim shorts that were all fringed around the legs. "Very sexy," she thought. They showed off her smooth legs nicely. Going for the sexy look, Careen chose a tight ribbed tank top that absolutely clung to her silicone boobs. They looked so real they almost fooled Careen herself. Flat tan sandals completed this late summer sexy look.

Outside the sun was hot and the air was very dry. Careen drove with all windows down in the car. This did not provide much relief from the heat.

The supermarket Careen chose was a large one that sold almost everything. Inside, the air conditioning felt very nice. Halfway through the produce section, Careen selected some nice tomatoes, a head of lettuce, green and orange peppers, and was looking at the selection of fruit. She did not realize that she was getting a good many looks from men of all ages. The produce boy almost tripped and lost the box of Kiwi fruit he was carrying when Careen bent over to pick up an apple. In the bakery section, a male shopper almost lost it when Careen leaned over to check out the selection of cream pies and showed the top part of her pale cream-colored lace bra. Careen would have loved to have known this but she failed to notice the men eyeing her. Maybe it was the heat of the day but the men and even two lesbians all had the same reaction to Careen that day. In her short shorts, she was very, very sexy.

Careen browsed, filling her cart with everything she wanted. The bag boy brought her groceries out to the car and tried to make a little small talk as he put her groceries in the back seat. Careen thought he was quite cute although he was no more than seventeen.

Suzanne had left a message on the machine for her. Careen did not notice the light until the groceries were put away. Careen called Suzanne at the salon's number as indicated by the message. Suzanne answered. "Careen, we are going on a double date tonight and don't even dare to say no." Suzanne informed Careen that a guy had come into the salon to get his hair cut; he had known that Suzanne was a transsexual and asked her out. He also had a friend who liked transsexuals so Suzanne had told him about Careen. Calling his friend on his cell phone, he set the whole thing up for tonight. Careen was speechless and agreed only because she had nothing else to do that night. Then she remembered the Rocco situation. Well, at least there would be no secrets with this guy.

After work, Suzanne rushed to Careen's condo. Diving into Careen's closet, Suzanne said that she wanted them to dress very sexy for the guys tonight. Suzanne would be wearing a mini black latex skirt with matching corset top, black stockings and platform black heels. She then picked out something equally outrageous for Careen. This guy was hot, Suzanne said and his friend would be, too. "Careen, lets be wild tonight," said Suzanne, "Brad is going to take us to a underground alternative club. It should be very interesting." Careen ended up dressed in a very revealing black tight mini-dress with very high spiked black patent leather pumps and black fishnet stockings. This was the wildest she had ever dressed. Careen had to admit, dressing like this was fun.

The two guys met Suzanne and Careen at Suzanne's apartment at ten PM. Brad was a tall muscular, blond curly-haired mechanic with very nice green eyes and full lips. Careen's date, they soon found out, was named Steven. Careen was pleased when she was introduced to Steven. Tall and lean, Steven was a definite hunk. His hair was jet black, cut in a military style, Careen could see two tattoos on his left forearm. He sat next to her on Suzanne's couch. Careen could not get over his sparkling blue eyes and the little dimple in his chin made him look just a little bit boyish. Both guys commented that Careen and Suzanne looked really hot. Suzanne and Brad ended up in Suzanne's bedroom after a couple of drinks, so Careen was left alone with Steven. Steven, she had found out between drinks, worked with a courier company. Getting bolder, Careen had a burning question on her mind and she thought she may as well ask it

"Steven, you know that I am a Transsexual." Steven nodded yes. "So, why would you be interested in a girl like myself?" Steven said nothing for a moment. "Well Careen, I have dated a couple of transsexual ladies before and quite a few genetic girls. I have found that transsexual ladies seemed to understand me more and I felt more comfortable dating them then I did dating genetic girls." Steven continued, "Careen, when I look at you I do not see you as a man in any way. I see you as a beautiful sexy woman." Steven took Careen's hand and kissed her wrist after saying this. Careen was impressed by Steven's answer. They chatted about their pasts and Careen felt so comfortable with Steven that she revealed what it was like growing up wishing that you had been born a girl. Steven told Careen that he had always had a interest in trans ladies. He had kept that desire to himself until he had became buddies with Brad and found that Brad had the same interest. Now they were the best of friends. They both considered themselves straight. Steven could not imagine being with a man. At one-thirty it was obvious that they were not going out anywhere. Suzanne and Brad

had not come out of Suzanne's bedroom. It was obvious what they were up to.

Feeling her drinks, Careen was wishing that Steven would make a play for her. Before Careen knew it, Steven began to kiss her on the lips. It took her a little by surprise but she wanted it. Tenderly, he kissed her and put his arms around her waist, pulling her into him. Steven's lips tasted of the rum he had been drinking. Careen felt her whole insides melt as he began to touch her all over and took her hand and placed it inside his shirt against his chest. Careen broke away from Steven's lips, smiled at him and began to unbutton his black dress shirt to reveal a very well-defined chest. Steven had his hand on Careen's leg and caressed her stockinged thigh and began to move higher. Careen removed Steven's shirt, unzipped her dress, stood up and let it drop to the floor. Steven gave her a big smile. "You are so hot and sexy." Careen spun around and modeled a little, giving Steven a sexy, slightly devilish smile. "Do you like my body?" Careen asked. "I like it, I like it a lot," replied Steven. Careen could tell he was telling the truth by the growing bulge in his pants. Careen sat on the couch next to Steven and they kissed more passionately than ever before. Careen's hand wandered down to the hardness encased in his pants and felt it throbbing. She unzipped his pants, pulled his hardness out and began to stroke him.

Steven moaned and kissed Careen's neck. Steven's hand began to massage Careen's own panty-clad mound. "Oh my!" moaned Careen in a deep lusty voice. She felt faint, this was the most erotic moment in her life. Steven slipped his pants to the floor, got down on his knees and slipped Careen's panties off with his teeth, giving a little growl when he dropped them from his mouth which made Careen giggle. Steven kissed her ankles and moved upwards, leaving little kisses all the way up her smooth legs. Then he took her in his mouth and made love to her. Careen had never felt nothing like this; her hands had moved to her bra-encased silicone breasts, Careen moaned softly and wrapped her legs around Steven's neck. Steven took Careen's ankles and spread them wide apart. "Oh yes, Steven, give it to me," Careen cried. Steven thrust his throbbing manhood inside Careen's tight passage. "This must be," thought Careen, "what it feels like to make love like a woman." That thought, along with Steven inside her made her tingle all over in ecstasy. Steven was so hot on top of her. Careen looked up at his face; he had his eyes closed and looked so handsome. Then he moaned and groaned and thrust deep into Careen. It was over, he was completely spent. Careen lay with him on top, both of them coated in perspiration. For a moment, neither said a word. They just lay there quietly. The only sound in the room was their breathing.



In the morning, Steven left early without even saying good-bye. When Careen awoke, she felt different. She was no longer a virgin. Careen now felt what it was like to be a woman sexually and she liked it, liked it a lot. Careen heard Brad emerge from Suzanne's bedroom and leave, trying to be as quiet as he could. Careen went into the bathroom, got into a nice hot

shower and stayed there, not thinking about anything in particular. Suzanne's white terrycloth bathrobe hung on the back of the door. Careen put it on and went into the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee. While the coffee brewed, Suzanne came out of her bedroom with tousled bed hair, smeared make up and a smile.

"How was your night?" Suzanne asked Careen with a smile. "It was ok," was all that would come to Careen's head at the moment. "Brad was truly a delight, so nice and sensual. I think I'm in love," Suzanne said with the dreamiest look in her eyes. Careen smiled, poured a cup of coffee and took a small sip. "Steven is a nice guy. We had a nice chat. He left this morning early," said Careen. Suzanne nodded and stretched her arms up and yawned, "I think I'm going to head into the shower." Suzanne went into the bathroom and closed the door. Careen could hear the water running in the shower. After taking another sip of the hot coffee, she put on the clothes she had worn the night before, called a cab and left.

The sky looked dark outside almost like it was going to rain, which would have been a blessing since everything seemed so dry. The few plants that Careen had on her balcony would have long since shriveled up and died if she had not kept them hydrated. The summer had been beautiful, the weather very nice. Careen looked forward to fall with its cool crisp air and the changing of the color of the leaves. Then would come Christmas, her first Christmas as Careen.

The night with Steven left Careen feeling a little perplexed. She knew Steven would not be calling her but she did not feel bad about that or sad. If anything, Careen felt liberated at having her first sexual experience with a man. It was so fulfilling. Definitely a night to remember. A night that would have made any woman feel whole.

CHAPTER 4: Careen Gets An Unexpected Message & Happiness Is Found

Being back to work at the book store gave Careen great comfort. The day-to-day routine soothed her. Lesley liked Careen and they began to form a friendship. The two would often take lunch breaks together and would occasionally go out to coffee after they finished up for the day at the store. Careen opened up about her past to Lesley. Lesley always listened attentively whenever Careen spoke. Lesley would offer little bits of advice when appropriate about the transsexual life. Careen took this wisdom and used it often.

Careen started to get into reading romance novels and began to day-dream about some of the stories that she read. Careen dreamed of being a kept woman. Always in that fantasy, a dark stranger would state that he could not live without her and then sweep her away to some country estate. Sometimes she dreamed of just being an ordinary housewife in the suburbs staying home to cook and clean while the man was at work then about greeting him with open arms when he would return home from a hard day's work. The second fantasy was maybe achievable if the right man could be snagged. But how to find him? Already two men had come and gone in her life. Neither had been right, one was disastrous and the other, well, that just did not go anywhere past one night of passion. Lesley's advice about how to get a man had been to just leave well enough alone. When things were right, it would all fall into place. Careen took this advice to heart and went

about her life trying not to think about men which had quickly after her first sexual encounter become her obsession. Lesley's words definitely rang true one day when Careen arrived home from work to receive a message on her machine from Rocco asking to see her. Careen was really taken aback by this. She returned his call and told him to come right over.

Rocco must have been anxious to see Careen; he arrived a half-hour later and when she let him in to her condo, he gave her a warm smile and a tender hug that warmed Careen and gave her a soft glow. She felt something for this man and was glad to see him again.

"I'm glad that you called," said Careen, motioning to the couch for Rocco to sit down. Rocco sat down softly. "Careen, I have thought a lot about what you told me the last time I was here. You were honest with me and you were brave to reveal that aspect of yourself to me. I'm disappointed with myself that I just got up and walked away from you after finding out that you are a man but you have to understand that I was shocked. Honestly, I did not know what to say to you that day." Careen listened to what he had to say. "Rocco, I realize that I should have told you straight from the beginning what I truly am but I was scared too. This is all new to me and, liking you the way I do, I just felt I had to tell you before things went to far." Rocco nodded. "I think about you all the time. There is something about you, Careen, that attracts me to you, even though I don't really know you. It's strange to me that I feel this way. I have never felt this way before about anyone." Rocco looked into Careen's eyes intently and took her hand in his own. "Careen, I want to get to know you, the whole you...no matter what you are or used to be," said Rocco, caressing Careen's hand. "I would like that a lot, Rocco," said Careen, returning Rocco's caresses on her hand. To Careen, this was like a scene from a Romance novel and she smiled slightly at that thought. Rocco had come back to her. What would happen, they both did not know but they would take each day as it came.

With Rocco holding her hand and looking into his handsome face, Careen realized how far she had come in her quest for womanhood. In a short time, Careen had managed to make friends with two strong transsexual sisters, managed to get a job, had explored her sexual side, and now she had Rocco. The most important thing she had discovered in her quest, though, was how to become an independent woman. Never again would she be repressed by anyone, male or female. Life was a thing to be cherished. She would, from this day on, live hers with no regrets!

Becky

By Jackie Devine

Chapter One

The year Brian Hurley turned seventeen, many things were becoming apparent to him. Brian was not interested in the same things that his high school buddies were into. Cars, sports and girls were not of much importance to him. Brian hung around with the popular guys at school but was considered a little quiet and soft-looking. In his senior year of high school, the first indication that something was different about him was his shyness in the locker room after gym class. Before he thought it nothing to strip down and jump into the shower with a dozen other naked guys but now he felt modest. Lately, he waited until the rest had already showered and gone before taking one himself.

Brian's best friend at the time was Kyle Drake, by far the most popular jock in the whole senior class. Typical muscular body, blue eyes, blond curly hair and a nice personality, if perhaps a little dense. They had been friends since the first grade. Kyle liked Brian because Brian was what he could never be; while Kyle excelled at sports, Brian excelled at academics. Kyle was loud and outgoing, Brian was quiet and more reserved. A big part of their friendship was that the two were so different. Even though at times conflict would arise between the two, the friendship and bond between always pulled through.

The school year was winding down and excitement could be felt by all in the senior class. Almost anything seemed possible for them to achieve.

Brian held a secret inside. It was always well-hidden and rarely came out and when it did it was only in the privacy of his own bedroom behind a locked door. Occasionally, when the urge hit, Brian would dress up in silk stocking and lingerie and pretend to be “Becky”. Becky was the other side of him, the feminine girl tucked away. It gave him immense pleasure to dress up and see someone else looking back at him from his bedroom mirror. The urge started to come more often and he found himself very depressed when he had to go back to being Brian. Becky was so pretty and fun. Becky was also now discovering the joy of makeup which made the Becky illusion even more real.

Brian stashed the few feminine things he had in a plastic bag and hid them in the back of his closet to be kept from the prying eyes of his mother and sister, Jennifer. They must never discover Becky. If they did, God knows what might happen.

When Brian was Becky, he felt very relaxed and natural. Sometimes having these feelings scared Brian. Brian often wondered how life would be if he had been born Becky. He would probably have many girlfriends to do girly things with and Becky would definitely be popular with boys. Becky would probably be the school slut, Brian often thought, when dressed his lacy sensual lingerie.

Brian really enjoyed spending time with Kyle. Kyle was fun and rarely cared what anyone thought of him. Kyle did what he liked when he liked; he was just that type of a guy. When dressed as Becky, Brian saw Kyle differently. Fantasies would often play in Brian’s mind, fantasies that involved Becky dating and doing many naughty things to Kyle.

School was to finish soon and all the members of the senior class would be going their separate ways. Brian was not sure what he wanted to do after high school. Kyle had decided to take a year off and get a job. Kyle’s father owned a hardware store so he could get a job there easily.

Brian sometimes had minor panic attacks thinking about the future. What would he become? What would become of Becky? Would he just continue dressing occasionally and hide in the closet for the rest of his life? He had gone through all the terminology for the transgendered individual. He definitely was not a drag queen. Transvestite? He did not think so. Crossdresser? Maybe? But the feelings seemed to go deeper than just wanting to dress as Becky occasionally. “Transsexual” best seemed to define him but he was not dressing full-time as Becky. Brian simply did not know what the hell he was!

The last day of school fell on a Thursday. Kyle asked Brian if he going to go to the seniors party. Brian really did not feel up to it and said

that he would just stay home and maybe watch a little TV. Kyle had seen that Brian was acting strange lately which was not so different for Brian but what bothered Kyle was that Brian hardly spoke to him during the past couple of weeks. Kyle knew something was up and felt that Brian was keeping something from him . Maybe it was nothing serious but Kyle was determined to find out.

While the other seniors were home getting ready for the big bash, Brian was locked in his bedroom, getting his Becky things out for another secret dress-up session. The air outside was rather balmy so he had opened his bedroom window a little; the light blue cotton curtains blew a little from the slight breeze. It was almost completely dark outside, almost time for Becky to emerge.

Brian did not have a whole lot of femme things, just a couple of bras and panties, some stockings, a garter belt that he had stolen from his mother. Brian had managed to get the basic makeup necessities along with a blonde curly wig from the eBay site. Brian stepped into a pale pink pair of lacy panties and slipped them up over his slender hips; he then put on the matching bra and began stuffing the chest with tissues. He stopped and admired his figure in the mirror and could already see Becky coming out. Brian turned on his stereo, put in a Madonna CD and turned the volume up. The golden blonde wig looked very natural and framed Brian's face well. Madonna was singing "Holiday" while Brian began to apply his makeup. Brian loved Madonna and began to lip sync the words while applying eye shadow.

"Well, well, so this is what you have been up," a deep voice suddenly commented. Brian stopped and froze completely. He turned slowly to see Kyle climbing into his bedroom from the open window. Brian was speechless and did not realize that he stood almost naked in front of Kyle. "I...Kyle, what are you doing here?" was all that Brian could think of to say. Kyle walked around Brian, eyeing the pink lacy lingerie that Brian wore. Brian stood in place not making a move. Kyle touched the back of the wig that Brian wore. "Brian, you look rather nice in that get up," said Kyle. Brian was shocked at this comment and sat down on his bed feeling foolish and ashamed at being caught. "So Brian, I take it by the look of things you like being a girl?" asked Kyle. Kyle sat beside Brian and put his hand on Brian's leg. This was all new to Kyle but with raging hormones, this excited him in a way new to him. "What are you doing?" cried Brian horrified but slightly excited when Kyle touched him. Brian pushed Kyle's hand off his leg and moved away from Kyle on the bed.

"Finish up what you started," said Kyle motioning to the makeup on Brian's dresser. "I want to see you fully made-up."

Brian moved to the dresser, stopped to think for a second and continued with completing his Becky face.

When the transformation into Becky was complete, Brian's personality changed. The average observer might think that maybe there was a spilt personality inside Brian. When Becky turned around from the mirror, Kyle could see this change. Before him stood a beautiful sexy girl, not Brian, the quiet shy guy that he had been friends with for years. Kyle looked at this girl before him and could feel himself getting more than a little turned-on. Maybe it was just a teenage boy's hormones or maybe it was just the knowledge of knowing what this girl Becky had beneath her panties. A secret surprise; something that no other girl could offer. Becky again sat on the bed next to Kyle. A faint smell of feminine things like makeup and a little perfume came from Becky and intoxicated Kyle in a wonderful way. "No," his mind screamed, "this is not right." He felt that he wanted to kiss Becky but this was Brian, his long-time buddy. Kyle jumped up, went to the window and began to climb out, "Sorry Brian, I find this a little freaky, I gotta go." With those words, Kyle was gone and Becky was left alone, astounded by the scene that had just taken place.

With the summer beginning, the evenings became longer. Everyone in town seemed to slow down a little. The days were hot and arid and the nights almost always humid. If you could catch a slight breeze you were lucky. The older ladies sat on their verandahs fanning themselves and drank lemonade while they gossiped about the latest goings-on. In kitchens, young wives debated on what to prepare for the evening's meal. It was too hot to cook anything and most who did actually cook did it outside on the barbeque. Husbands came home to cold cuts and salad.

Brian did not see Kyle for a while after that night in his bedroom. Kyle was working at his father's hardware store doing deliveries and such. Brian spent his days not doing a whole lot. He mainly helped around the house, kept the lawn manicured and watered and, when asked, went on small errands for his mother

The house next door to Brian's had been empty and put up for sale. It had been on the market for almost four months but that was no big shock to people in town. Being such a small town, houses could go empty for a year or more before finding a buyer and then it was often someone who wished to move back to town after leaving some years before.

Brian was mowing the lawn one day when a van stopped in front of the house next door. An older lady put a "sold" sticker across the "for sale" sign and got back into her van and sped off. "Looks like we will be

getting new neighbors soon,” said Brian, walking into the cool kitchen where his mother sat at the table thumbing through the latest issue of Vogue. His mom had the air conditioning on and it was quite cool inside. “Really, why do you say that?” asked Brian’s mom. “The real estate lady just put up the sold sticker.” Brian helped himself to some ice water that sat in a blue glass pitcher on the kitchen counter. The water felt good and quenched his thirst.

A week went by and everyday Brian would watch to see if anyone was moving into the recently sold house. The days went by and no one showed. Then one day, a large moving van stopped and backed up into the driveway. The moving men began to carry its contents into the house but still Brian could not see who would be the new owners; so far it was only the moving guys that had arrived. Brian wondered what the new neighbors would be like. An elderly couple had lived in the house; they were very quiet and were rarely seen outside. The two ended up going into a nursing home; that was how the house had become empty. Maybe the new owners would be fun exciting people, Brian thought. That would be a very refreshing change. If there was one thing that Brian was sure of, it was that the neighborhood could do with a little stirring up.

Two days after the movers had come, a large black car pulled into the driveway. Brian peered at the car from behind the dining room curtains. The door opened and out stepped a lady of about forty. She was smartly dressed in a long flowing summer blue dress. She was very attractive. The passenger door opened and Brian guessed that the person who stepped out must be the lady’s daughter. The young woman looked to be about twenty years old and was absolutely gorgeous, Brian thought. Just the type of girl he wished Becky could become. She wore a very skimpy outfit that left little to the imagination. High-cut denim Daisy Duke shorts and a flimsy red hankie top that tied in the back. Her hair was dark brown and she had it highlighted with blonde streaks. The two women looked around a bit and went inside the house after unlocking the door. Brian pondered a little about the young woman he had just seen. He felt an attraction to her by just looking at her. Brian hoped to meet her soon.

CHAPTER 2: Brian Meets The Neighbors, Becky Reveals All

The next day came. Brian was up early and decided to go outside and hang out for a bit, hoping to meet the new neighbors. Brian was in

the front yard keeping himself looking busy, weeding the flower bed that ran down both sides of the front walkway. Occasionally, he would glance in the direction of the new neighbors hoping to see someone come out.

Around noon the girl came out and smiled at Brian who was now just sitting on the front steps. Brian returned the smile and gave her a little wave. She took this as an invitation to come over and did exactly that.

“My name is Julie Rumbold,” said the girl, extending her hand to Brian with a big perfect smile.

Brian introduced himself and Julie sat down beside him. She was a nice enough lady, thought Brian, very polite and ladylike, not like a lot of the other girls that he had seen. Julie and Brian chatted just briefly about her move and she asked about the town. When she was about to leave, she invited him to come over that night to hang out. Brian accepted her offer and would be dropping by at about seven.

Brian was looking forward to seeing Julie again; he was also curious to find out more about her. Brian was right on time and anxiously waited for Julie to answer the door after he rang the doorbell. Julie answered with another perfect smile and ushered Brian inside. Julie gave Brian a tour of the house; boxes lay askew in the living room, kitchen and dining room. When they came to Julie’s bedroom, Brian was floored. It was the most feminine thing Brian had ever seen, a dream come true. Julie had a canopy bed she had draped in white and pink tulle. She had woven roses and vines around the canopy, giving it a very romantic feel. The rest of the room was equally beautiful but the bed stuck in Brian’s mind. Brian also liked the white wicker dressing table that adorned the room. It was so girly, just the kind of bedroom that Becky should have, Brian thought. “I like your bedroom,” said Brian, walking around the bed. “Your bed is breathtaking.” Julie looked at Brian as he said this. This boy was different somehow, Julie noticed. Not like any other male she had ever encountered and, when he looked at her bed, she could see a glimmer in his eyes. “Thank you, Brian. I decorated it myself. It’s just something I threw together. I was hoping to achieve a romantic sort of a look, I think I think I succeeded OK.” Brian nodded in agreement. “Oh, you did. It’s really nice, and you have a talent for decorating.” Julie smiled at Brian’s comments.

They went into the living room to sit and chat. Brian discovered that the older lady was in fact Julie’s aunt and not her mother at all. Julie was never a shy girl and was quite blunt when asking people questions which became evident to Brian soon. “Brian, do you have a girlfriend?” asked Julie, looking into Brian’s eyes. “No,” Brian stuttered. He broke

her stare and looked away. “What about boyfriends?” asked Julie. Julie noticed that there was something soft in Brian and she just could not wrap her mind around it, it would take some more probing questions. “No, what would make you ask such a question?” asked Brian, alarmed. Was his femininity so obvious? he asked himself. “No offense Brian, but there is something different about you. Not that I think that’s bad, I find you quite interesting,” replied Julie, wanting to learn more about this guy. “I...I think I should go.” Brian was not feeling well, he had a fluttering in his stomach and got up and walked to the front door with Julie trailing behind him. “OK Brian, but please do come over again sometime. I think we could become friends.” Julie smiled weakly. Brian gave her a look, shrugged and left. Julie could see that her questions had made him upset and uncomfortable. What was with him? she wondered. Julie closed the door and went into her bedroom to lay down for a nap.

Brian was shaking when he got home; he went straight into his bedroom. This girl Julie knew, he was sure of it. Why would she ask such questions? It scared and thrilled him at the same time. Kyle knew about Becky, that was for sure. Now this Julie seemed to know something, too. “Play it cool, relax and everything will be fine,” Brian thought. He was sure that Kyle would keep Becky a secret but right now he did not feel like revealing her to anyone else.



Oh, he so needed to be Becky. Mom had gone to bingo and Dad was out with the boys playing poker. Brian got out his Becky things and proceeded to bring Becky out. With the transformation complete, he would do something really girly. Becky decided to lounge on her bed and read the trashy romance novel that Brian had picked up at the library. Becky began reading and was carried away into a land of enchantment where a knight in shining armor would swoop her into his strong arms and make passionate love to her. Oh, to be a real woman! “Brian! What are you doing?” asked a voice that scared Becky back into becoming Brian. Brian jumped from the bed and hauled a sheet over his lingerie-clad body. It was Julie. “I let myself in. I just wanted to see if you were OK. You seemed upset when you left my house. Brian, what are you doing?” asked Julie, shocked. Brian was caught...again. It was like the Kyle incident all over again. “Julie, please don’t tell anyone about this,” rambled Brian with eyes as big as saucers. “I just do this sometimes for fun.” Julie looked Brian up and down. She had to admit that he did a decent job in looking like a girl. She smiled and put her hand on Brian’s shoulder. “Relax Brian, this will be our secret, don’t worry about it.” Brian fell to the bed and was relieved that Julie had that reaction.

Brian quickly covered himself with a robe and the two sat on the floor together. Brian proceeded to tell Julie about his alter-ego, Becky. Julie found his story interesting and listened to every word. “Brian, you know I think its rather cool that you are so in touch with your feminine side. Do you think you would like to be a woman all the time?” asked Julie. “I’m not sure, Julie. Only one other person knows about Becky besides you.” Brian proceeded to inform Becky about Kyle and the night that Kyle discovered Becky. Julie felt more comfortable with Brian now and was positive that they would become fast friends. “Brian, anytime you want to hang out, you know where I am. I have some terrific clothes that would look good on you.” This offer put Brian at ease. When Julie left, Brian went to the bathroom and washed the makeup off his face. The evening had been a good one. Brian decided that Becky now had her first female friend and this made him feel wonderful.

The next day he met Julie outside in the yard. She did not act any different towards him and that made Brian feel relaxed. They went for a walk to a nearby park. The day was hot and it seemed deserted. They guessed that the heat kept people away. They sat beneath a large oak tree, basked in its shade and listened to the bubbling of the small stream that meandered through the park. Brian daydreamed about what it would be like to be Becky outside on a day like today. Julie could see the far-off look in Brian’s eyes. “What are you thinking,

Brian?” asked Julie. “Nothing. Just fantasizing, I guess, about something that could never happen,” replied Brian. “Do tell, Hon. Nothing in this life is impossible, you know.” “Well, I was just wondering what it would be like if I could come here dressed as Becky,” confided Brian. Julie smiled. “Well, why don’t you just do it, Brian? I don’t think anyone would even notice.” Brian smirked, “Sure Julie, things are not so easy as that. I’m sure the whole town would just love to see me going around the park in a dress.” “To hell with what the town thinks, Brian. You are going to live a very sad existence if you constantly worry about what other people think of you.” With this said, Julie stood up and stretched her arms. “Come on Brian, lets go home. I’m bored and its too hot.”

Brian thought on the walk back home about what Julie had said about just dressing as Becky and going out. What an outrageous thought. The more he thought about it, the more it appealed to him. He was getting tired of dressing up in the bedroom. When they got to Julie’s, he looked at her. “ I thought about, well, maybe we could do something tonight with me dressed as Becky. Julie, would you be game for that?” “You bet I would, Brian, my Aunt is out tonight, so come over and I’ll help you get ready. We’ll figure out someplace safe for us to go.” Julie was delighted and so was Brian.

At six PM, Brian was at Julie’s and they began with Julie’s closet. Brian had told his parents that he was going out to a movie. Julie picked out a nice little casual summer dress. It was a nice dark navy color and the top part tied around the back of the neck like a halter top. When Brian put it on, it fit beautifully. Julie gave a little whistle and laughed. Brian’s hair had grown some and Julie commented that he would look more like a real woman without the blonde wig if he styled his own into a short femme style. Julie played with Brian’s hair and curled it, giving him little whisps that framed his face perfectly. She loaned him some large silver clip-on hoop earrings. Brian let Julie apply his makeup. The whole look astounded him. It was the first time that he had ever dressed so completely as a girl and he looked so real even to himself that it was scary. There was no way that anyone would ever recognize him; this revelation was confirmed with Julie’s positive comments and approval.

The two decided to go to a movie. They would walk there. Brian was so nervous he was shaking. “Becky dear, you have no reason to worry. You look perfect,” said Julie who could see that Becky was shaking like a leaf. “Just act natural and no one will even notice you.”

Outside, the night air was surprisingly cool. They walked side by side. People passed by on the sidewalk and in cars, and it was a thrill to Becky that no one seemed to give her a second glance. They got to

the theater and lined up to see the latest romance that most would call a “chick flick”. Again no one was looking at Becky and Julie. A group of guys did however let out a loud whistle as they walked down the aisle to get to their seats. Becky felt a sense of power when this happened and smiled meekly at the guys who obviously approved of the way she looked. If asked, Becky would not be able to say what the movie had been about, she was too intent on trying to see if anyone was looking at her.

After the movie, Becky did not want to go home just yet; this was all too much fun. “We can go and get something to eat,” suggested Julie, glad that Becky was having such a good time. “Sounds good to me. Let’s go for pizza,” said Becky with a delighted feminine air in her voice. The pizza place was packed with people. Becky had second thoughts on seeing this; she had also noticed that Kyle was inside with a bunch of the guys from school. “Come on,” persisted Julie. “You came this far. They will not even know who or what you really are.” Inside, they found a booth at the back. A waitress came by right away and they ordered a medium pizza with the works and two medium colas. While waiting for the pizza, Becky noticed that a couple of the guys with Kyle were looking at her along with Kyle. “Do they know?” thought Becky. They smiled at her and she thought that Kyle had winked at her. Becky turned her head and would not look in their direction any longer. “I think you have some admirers,” laughed Julie. “Kyle is there with them, the blonde,” said Becky in a low hushed voice. Julie looked over at the staring guys, “My, he certainly is a hottie, Becky girl. I think he’s sweet on you, darlin’.” Julie let out a giggle and kicked Becky under the table. All Becky could do was smile. They ate their pizza, drank their colas, talked about girl things. When finished, they left a modest tip for the nice waitress and walked out past Kyle and the guys. To top things off, Becky could not help but wink at Kyle.

Back at Julie’s, Becky went back to being Brian. “Becky my dear, I must commend you on your first outing. You did wonderful,” said Julie watching Brian change back into male mode. “It was fun, Julie. Thanks for helping me through it. I owe you one, that’s for sure.” Brian gave Julie a hug when he said this. “That’s what friends are for, Brian. You should stay the night. Your parents won’t mind you being here with me. They will just think you have a girlfriend,” laughed Julie. “Yeah, I think I will stay, but only if you can lend me a nightie.” With that said, the two went off, laughing. “I’ll just call my folks so they don’t worry about me,” said Brian, dialing his home telephone number. Brian’s mom answered and was quite delighted that Brian was staying at this new girl, Julie’s, house. She had often thought that her son was gay. Maybe he wasn’t.

CHAPTER 3: Becky Discovers That Life Is Wonderful As A Girl

After that first outing as Becky, Brian decided that he wanted to go out more and Julie was more than eager to help him along in his quest to become Becky on a regular basis. Julie taught Brian how to walk, sit and talk like a girl. She taught him little things like walking in heels and how to match smart-looking ensembles. Brian was an eager learner and quickly absorbed his girly lessons. All the while, his mother thought he was spending time with his new girlfriend, Julie.

Jennifer, his sister, suspected that something was strange about this newfound friendship with Julie. Brian himself seemed strange to her, spending too much time in his bedroom; once she thought she could smell perfume in his bedroom. Jennifer was not dumb and was really quite open-minded; she prided herself on being so. She had once even experimented with lesbianism at a sleep-over with her friend Vivie. Jennifer had seen the talk shows and wondered if Brian was a transvestite. But how could this ever be brought up to him? Another time she had snooped in his room and found a pair of beige lace panties. Where they came from, she did not know but by the way they were stretched in front, she suspected that Brian was the one wearing them.

Julie found in Brian the sister that she had always longed. Being an only child and living with her Aunt, she was lonely too often. She was now happy to have an almost female friend to confide and spend time with.

The next outing was planned for when the Aunt was out of town. This time, Julie suggested that they go out for an evening stroll down Main Street. Brian was game for this. This time both he and Julie dressed in very short shorts and little midriff shirts. They looked hot, Brian had to admit and off they went.

This night was a humid one and there was not a breath of wind to be felt. Main Street was crowded with cars full of young guys and girls cruising, looking to have a good time. Becky and Julie received many hoots and hollers from cars and trucks full of young guys. Julie loved it and so did Becky. Walking towards them was Kyle along with Brock Gladstone, another popular jock from school. The two stopped in front of Julie and Becky. Becky's pulse quickened and her mouth went dry. "Well ladies, it's nice to see you both again," said Brock giving a sly sexy grin at them. "Oh, that's original," replied Julie, giving a little sarcasm. Brock did not even notice that Julie was being sarcastic. "This here is my bud, Kyle. My name's Brock." Brock motioned to Kyle as he

introduced him. Kyle nodded with a small grin and said hello. "I'm Julie and this is Becky." Julie looked at Becky and could see that Becky was very nervous. "How about we take a walk, ladies?" asked Brock. Julie shrugged and looked at Becky. "Sure why not? There's nothing else better to do."

They found themselves in the park, a known make-out spot. Becky knew this and was almost sick at the situation she had found herself in. Brock was obviously trying to impress Julie with stories of the many football games he had helped win. Julie, from what Becky could observe, was certainly warming up to him for she had now let him hold her hand and kiss her on her cheek. Kyle did not say a whole lot to Becky until they sat underneath the same large oak that Becky had sat under during her first outing. Kyle sat beside Becky. Julie and Brock had moved off to be alone, leaving Becky with Kyle. "You're very pretty," said Kyle. "Would it be OK if I kissed you?" Becky was taken aback by Kyle. Becky looked into Kyle's blue eyes, felt lost in them and nodded yes. Kyle moved in, taking Becky's face in his hand and kissed Becky's lips softly, caressing them with his own. Becky fell back into the grass and Kyle continued to kiss her lips, their tongue's finally merging in each others mouths. Kyle's hand trailed down to Becky's leg and moved further up until he reached Becky's crotch. Kyle could feel a mound beneath his hand, a mound that no real girl should possess. "Oh Brian, you are so hot," Kyle whispered into Becky's ear. Becky pushed Kyle off her and sat up. "You knew it was me all along, Kyle?" asked Becky, turning away from Kyle. "Yes Brian, I knew it was you, even though no one else seemed to." "Please call me Becky." "OK Becky. I like you. I like you a lot and I have not stopped thinking about you since that night in your bedroom but I got scared and did not know how to react around you once I saw you as a girl." Kyle took Becky's hand and kissed it softly. Becky turned to Kyle with tears in her eyes and threw her arms around him. "Oh Kyle, you don't know how happy I am to hear you speak that way. I am so confused, but one thing I am sure of is that I like you, too."

Becky and Kyle talked about many things that night under the oak. They talked of the past and what each hoped for the future. When Julie and Brock returned, they found them asleep, Becky with her head on Kyle's chest and Kyle with his arm around Becky, cuddling her.

After changing back into Brian at Julie's, Brian filled Julie in on what had happened between himself and Kyle, Julie was shocked but happy for Brian.

That night in his own room, Brian lay in bed and for a moment thought he heard something outside his window. There was someone outside, Brian was sure of it. Brian got up and went to the window.

There was Kyle looking as handsome as ever. "What are you doing here?" asked Brian. "I wanted to see you again. Can I come in?" asked Kyle. Brian opened the window wide and helped Kyle inside. It was dark in the bedroom; the only light was from the moon which shone in richly through the window. Brian lay down on the bed and pulled Kyle down beside him. Brian could smell Kyle's aftershave and feel the stubble on Kyle's cheek. Kyle turned on his side towards Brian and began to caress Brian's arm. "I think I am falling for you," said Kyle whispering. Brian took a deep breath in and said, "I feel something for you, too, Kyle. I always have even when we were young. I always thought of you as sort of my boyfriend." "Let's run away together," said Kyle suddenly, "Let's get away from this town. You can dress as Becky and we can be together always. This feels right to me and I have never felt so sure of anything in my life." For a moment Brian was speechless. "Kyle, how would we live?" asked Brian. "I have some money my grandpa left me when he passed away and I can get a job. Just say yes, Brian, come with me," pleaded Kyle. In a moment that can only be described as true love, Brian agreed to go with Kyle. He quickly packed his Becky things into a bag and wrote a note to his parents saying that he would get in contact with them and for them to not worry about him.

Next door, a sleepy Julie answered the door. She did not know what to say when Brian told her of his and Kyle's plans. She wished him well through tears and told him to take some things from her closet to wear. Brian chose three outfits and was off with Kyle.

They started hitchhiking. Kyle figured that if they got to the city, it would be easy to find a place to live and get a job.

Kyle got a job working in a cardboard factory and managed to find a small decent apartment for them. Kyle was certainly the man in the relationship and Brian, who was now dressing as Becky full-time, found it easy to be the woman. No one guessed that Becky was actually a guy underneath her clothes and that's the way that Becky wanted to keep things.

Their first night in their new apartment, Kyle took Becky in his arms, caressed and kissed her all over, making gentle passionate love to her. It was Becky's dream come true. She was living the life of a romance novel queen. With his first paycheck, Kyle bought Becky the sexiest lingerie she had ever seen with a black bra, t-back panties, and garter belt and stockings. Becky paraded around in them, showing off for Kyle who eventually proved to her how hot he thought they looked on her.

Becky cooked and cleaned for Kyle and it showed in their little apartment, which had now become a home for them.

Grocery shopping was fun and Becky soon became accustomed to going out in public dressed . It was so liberating to just be oneself without anything bad happening. Life was good and too precious to waste. Becky decided to let nothing stop her from being happy.

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