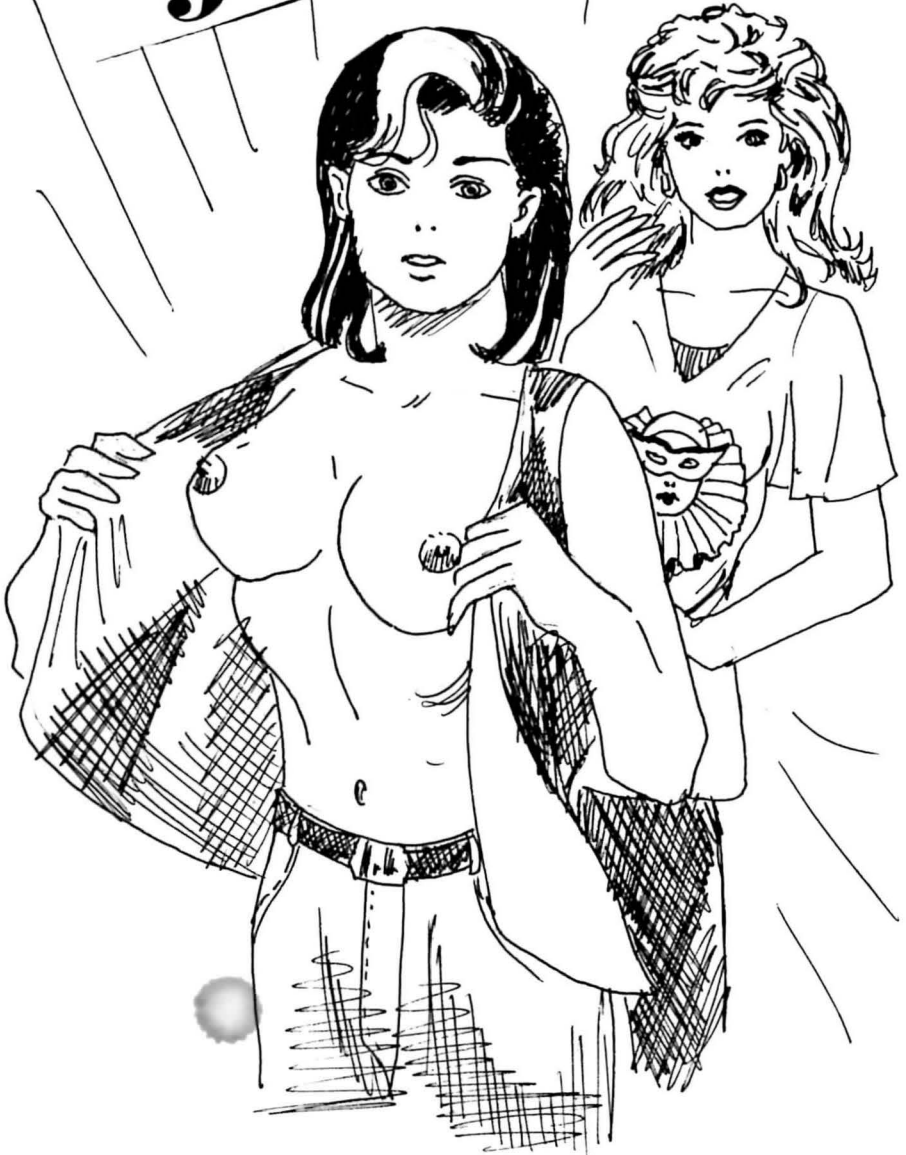


**Johnny, you've  
got breasts!**



## CHAPTER ONE

I had been looking for a way to reveal my secret to Georgia for some time. She lived in the apartment above mine in Manhattan, and we had known each other for over two years. We started as friends, graduated to best friends, then finally to lovers.

But there was a side of me I had to reveal - a side of my personality that I needed to express from time to time. And I desperately needed to share that with Georgia.

I am a transvestite. I have come to terms with it, and I accept it. I cannot change it, I cannot deny it. The time had come to tell Georgia. I had decided that what better day to try and explain myself than Halloween?

I called Georgia and invited her out Halloween night, instructing her to pick out a costume as we were going to be going to various costume extravaganzas. Then I made my preparations.

I called the beauty parlor down the street and explained that I was going to be going to a Halloween party as a woman and would they be willing to help me look as authentic as possible? They were.

I went through my meager female wardrobe and realized there was nothing in there that fit well enough to make the impression I wanted to make. I had to buy something new.

Halloween was still over a week away, so I had plenty of time. I decided to turn the shopping trip into an adventure.

It had been almost a year since I had last ventured into the world as a girl, due mainly to my relationship with Georgia. Before we had become lovers, my only sexual outlet was through my dressing and passing as a woman.

My job as a photo lab technician allowed me to keep my hair long, as I was in a dark room most of the day. I had limited contact with other people and I liked it that way. Other than Georgia, I had no real friends.

I planned my shopping expedition for Wednesday evening, after work. I knew the shops I wanted to go to and I planned my route of travel - taxi cab. I would call for a cab to be out in front of the apartment building at six-thirty sharp. The only snag would be to run into Georgia accidentally, but Wednesday evenings were traditionally her late day at Macy's, where she worked in the make-up department.

I rushed home from work that Wednesday and jumped into the shower. I washed my hair and applied a conditioner that would make it silky smooth. I also shaved my legs and underarms. The hairs on my chest had been plucked the previous evening as were the hairs on the top of my hands.

Outside of the shower, I shaved my face and plucked a few stray hairs from my constantly shaped eyebrows.

I then sprayed a fragrant body spray over my naked body and applied a feminine deoderant. I put on my robe and sat down at my desk where my meager collection of cosmetics were laid-out waiting for me. I tied my wet hair back with an old stocking and went to work.

A layer of clown-white, a professional make-up designed for television performers was applied to tone down the beard shadow and then a foundation applied over this. Blue eye-liner, followed by a rose-colored shadow and topped by black mascara and my eyes were magically transformed from drab to dramatic, but not overdone.

Pink blush, red lipstick and compressed powder over all to set it, and my face was finished. I slipped off the robe and then began to dress.

Dark brown pantyhose, a tight, tight panty girdle, a body-shaping corset, a padded bra and a pretty half slip provided the foundation for the outfit I had chosen - a bright orange sweater and long wool skirt of horizontal orange and brown stripes and brown pumps. I untied the stocking from my hair and, back in the bathroom, began to blow-dry it into a soft, feminine style. Finished, I noticed I had only fifteen minutes until my cab arrived.

I clipped on a pair of gold hoop earrings and slipped on a fake gold ring and large gold bracelet. I sprayed perfume judiciously behind my ears and on my wrists and quickly loaded my purse with keys, make-

up, comb, etc. I grabbed my fake fur coat and cursed not having enough time to do my nails. I peered cautiously out into the hallway, then turned off the lights and stepped out of the apartment. After locking the door, I proceeded to the elevators, walking as sweetly and femininely as I knew how. With my heart pounding away inside my chest, I waited anxiously for the elevator to appear. I then made the ride alone to the lobby.

At exactly six-thirty, I stepped outside of my apartment building and among people for the first time as a girl in over a year. My cab was waiting at the curb, and I hurriedly climbed in.

In my best female voice I gave the driver my destination and sat back to catch my breath. What an experience!





## CHAPTER TWO

My first stop was a tall woman's shop that I walked past frequently, but had never gone in. I had liked the clothes on display in the windows and was determined to check out the shop when next I went shopping for my 'other self.'

I paid the driver and with increasing confidence, strode into the store. There were quite a few customers and an equal number of sales help - all women. I knew then that this would be easy.

As I browsed among the dress racks, I was approached by three different clerks asking me if I needed help. I gave each a sweet smile and a "no, thanks, just looking." But I didn't see anything in that store that I really liked.

My next stop was around the corner, another tall girl speciality shop. This store, however had male clerks - trouble. I thought about leaving, but noticed one of the men at the register watching me. I smiled nervously and walked to the dresses.

My biggest hang-up when I venture out as a girl has always been dealing with men. I attribute it to my Catholic upbringing and

extremely heterosexual orientation. Unfortunately I am found to be attractive to a lot of men while dressed, despite my somewhat larger build. I am five foot, eleven inches in my stocking feet, and I never dress without wearing heels of some height. Even though I am considered thin, I still weigh over one-hundred fifty pounds soaking wet. The best I had found to deal with men was to avoid them at all costs.

I looked at a couple of dresses, checked the price tags, and acting like they were out of my price range, began to walk out of the store. "Can I help you, miss?" came a voice from behind me. A man's voice.

"Uh, no, thanks, I really don't see anything..." I didn't turn to look at him, trying to avoid panicking.

"Why, you haven't even looked at anything. Let me show you some things."

I had to look at him now, and I tensed immediately. He led me to a rack of dresses and I followed obediently, not knowing what else to do. He did show me some stunning clothes though, and I soon forgot about him and began to remember why I was in there - to find a dress.

"Now this little number would look beautiful on you," he said, pulling a black, glittery, low-cut dress from the rack. "Size 10 - why don't you try it on?" I held the dress in front of me and admired it - it was gorgeous. My heart raced at the thought of wearing it - it was perfect!

"Okay," I said. He pointed to the

dressing rooms and I slowly made my way there, catching my reflection in the many mirrors, reminding me of how I was dressed and what I was doing.

I entered the 'dressing area and stepped into a booth. The curtains across the front would not completely close no matter how I tried to arrange them, so I changed as quickly as I could. I stepped from the booth and paraded in front of a full-length three view mirror. And I could not believe my eyes - the dress was absolutely beautiful.

"Wonderful," the clerk said coming up behind me. "I knew it would look great on you, and I'm never wrong."

"I'll take it," I said. Then I looked at the price. \$130.00. "Oh, uh, maybe not."

"That would be a real shame, miss. That dress was made for you. Don't you have enough money on you? I could take a deposit and hold it for you."

"Well, I would need it for Saturday..."

"Do you have Mastercard? Visa?"

"Yes!" I said excitedly. "I have both." I reached into the booth and grabbed my bag - then I remembered.

"What's the matter?"

"I, uh, never mind. I love the dress, I really do, but I just can't afford it. Thanks anyway."

I went back into the booth and changed back into my dress. How could I have been

so stupid? Both of my charge cards have my male name on them - John Lovitt. I finished changing and carried the dress back to the salesman.

"I really love the dress," I said. "But it's out of my price range at the moment."

"My name's Upton McKenzie - my friends call me Mac." He took the dress from me and walked to the service counter. I followed him. Why would he tell me his name?

"I have a proposition for you - what was your name?" Momentarily flustered, I said "Johnnie." I had meant to say "Joanie." Oh, well.

"Well, Johnnie, if you'd agree to go to dinner with me, I'll give you a substantial discount on the dress, provided you wear it on our date."

"No, I don't **think** so. Thanks, anyway."

"Hey, look, I didn't mean anything by the offer - I think these things are all over-priced. But I really would like to get to know you. Even without the bribe. What do you say?"

I made a quick decision that I had to have that dress. For Georgia's sake.

"Okay."

"Terrific." Mac went behind the counter and rang up \$130.00 on the register. He then filled out a saleslip, marked it paid - cash, then put the dress in a box, the box into a shopping bag. He dropped the slip into the bag.

"See you soon." He handed me the bag.  
"No charge."

I took the bag and smiled as sweetly as I knew how. There had been many a time when a feminine smile had melted my heart, and now I knew how it felt to be on the other end. "I'll drop by here later in the week," I said. "And I'll wear the dress."

"I can't wait."

I smiled again and walked out of the store. Once again among crowds of people I was aware of how I was dressed and how no one was paying any undue attention. I began to think of how I had beguiled the dress away from the salesman. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't go out with him. And I would have paid for it if I could have afforded it. I didn't know he was going to just give it to me.

I decided to wrestle with the morality of it all later and concentrated on hailing a cab. It was time to end this little adventure.





## CHAPTER THREE

The ride back to my building was as uneventful as the first ride had been. After the excitement of the previous hour, the cab ride was downright boring. I kept staring at my leg poking out from the fold of the coat - the stocking shining in the glittery neon New York night. My ankles and calves ached from the unfamiliar height of the heels, but I didn't care. I had proved to myself beyond any shadow of a doubt that I could pass easily among the world as a girl.

The toughest part of the evening would be sneaking back into my apartment without being seen. And Georgia would be home from work by now.

I praised the heavens when I saw an empty elevator on the lobby floor. None of the people in the lobby were known to me, so I hurried across the tiled floor and into the elevator. Somebody yelled for me to hold the door but I ignored it and the door closed. It might have been somebody I knew - I couldn't take chances. Morals be damned.

The ride up to the twenty-seventh floor seemed to take forever. I stood in front

of the doors as the light above them blinked to '27'. As the doors slowly creaked open, my heart nearly **burst** beneath my bra. Georgia was standing in the hallway, knocking on my apartment door!

I jumped backwards in the elevator car, my left foot crashed against the rear wall, sending me off-balance. Georgia turned from my door and looked right down the hallway into the elevator, right at me!

"Hold that elevator!" she said and started running toward me. As quick as I could, my heart pounding in my ears, my dress bag that I had dropped, still in the hallway, I hit the up button of the elevator, pushing it repeatedly until the doors finally started to close, oh, so slowly. "Hey, wait! Hold that - " Georgia's voice was cut off as the doors closed and the car started upwards.

I slumped against the side wall and banged my head backwards, producing more pain than I had intended. As I rubbed it, I thought - could she have recognized me? How was I going to get into my aptment now? Where could I go? I then realized I had dropped the shopping bag in the hallway. This was not a good ending to this evening.

The elevator reached the 35th and top floor and the doors slid open again. I stepped out, not wanting to risk going back down again. I walked over to the stairs and tried the door. Stuck, I used some of my masculine muscle and yanked it open. I pulled it closed again, and sat on the stairs that led to the roof.

I heard the other elevator door open and someone stepped out. I gingerly began to climb the stairs, trying to make any noise with my heels. I decided to keep going up

to the roof. When I had first moved into this building, I had gone up there a lot to get away from the confines of the small apartment and to get some 'air'.

It was really cold up on the roof, but I had nowhere else to go at the moment.

I walked slowly, suddenly sorry I had ever decided to do this - this dressing up business. If I've ruined my relationship with Georgia in any way -

I stopped. Ahead of me, in the shadows of a huge air conditioning duct was a man, dressed all in black, a huge hat cloaking his face. I stopped in my tracks. Had he seen me? Was I in danger? What do I do?!

I was just about to turn and run as fast as I could in two inch heels when a light appeared above the figure. In the open air! I froze again and watched. The man was no more than twenty yards from me, he had to heard me, but he made no indication that he was aware of my presence. The light grew brighter then larger in size. The man was now illuminated, throwing a huge shadow on the duct behind him. He now stood upright, the brim of his hat still concealing his facial features, his arms extended to either side. I slowly walked closer, intending to make my way behind another large piece of equipment to the man's right. I wanted to see what was going to happen, all of my other problems now out of my mind.

A beam of light descended from the "dish" of light above the man. It soon engulfed him in a dazzling light that made me squint. I continued walking slowly toward him, now just moments away from ducking behind the heating unit.



Just steps away from sanctuary, from getting myself behind the heating unit, the man turned and saw me. I froze in my tracks.

He shouted something in an unfamiliar language and pointed at me. He looked up at the light and then leaped toward me so quickly I couldn't move.

He grabbed me by the front of my blouse under my coat and began jabbering incomprehensively in that strange tongue. At this close range, I still could not make any of his facial features. I could only make out a mouth opening and closing in the blackness under the brim of his hat.

The light had followed him in his leap, it still shone directly above him, the beam enveloping the two of us now. A deafening hum began to ring out from above him. He suddenly looked up, shutting up. I took the opportunity to try and break away, tearing my blouse wide open, a foam false flying through the air as my bra was yanked outward from my chest before it snapped back again. It was the last thing I remembered.



## CHAPTER FOUR

When I regained consciousness, the sun was coming up over the city. I found myself still on the roof of the building, my blouse miraculously repaired, the false obviously back in place. Or had I imagined the whole thing? What made me lose consciousness?

I got to my feet, and found myself weak, unable to walk properly. I removed my shoes from tired, almost numb feet and stumbled back toward the door to the stair well.

My feet were not only numb from wearing the shoes but now they were nearly frostbitten. I was slowly regaining strength and made it down the steps to the top floor. Oblivious to anyone who might see me, I walked to the elevator and pushed the down button.

While waiting for the car, I slumped against the wall between the doors. Two elderly women came up to me and smiled at me. I returned their smile weakly and we all waited for the elevator. The women were not known to me and apparently I was not recognizable to them.

I rode down to my floor and exited, limping on my tired feet, my calves now cramping. I reached my door and reached for -

- my purse! It wasn't on my shoulder! I put my shoes back on and ignoring the pain, headed back to the elevators. When it finally arrived, I headed back to the top floor, and then back up to the roof.

Nothing. There was no sign of it anywhere. So that was what happened. I had been mugged on the roof, and my panic had caused me to black out and forget the whole thing. My purse was gone, but that was a small price to pay. There was only about \$75.00 and my credit cards and I.D. cards and some make-up, and -

- and my keys. How was I going to get into my apartment?!

Georgia had a spare key, so did the super. But could I go to either of them dressed the way I was? Which was the lesser of two evils?

I rode the elevator back down again to my floor, trying to make a decision. Walking down the hallway to my apartment again I decided to try the door in the faint hope that maybe, just maybe, I had forgotten to lock it. I never forget to lock it.

But I tried it anyway, and - it opened! I pushed it in slowly and walked inside. I could see that it was nearly 7 a.m. by the l.e.d. wall clock. I closed the door, and kicked off my shoes, grimacing in pain. I could not believe my good luck! For the first time in my life, the most important time in my life, I had neglected to lock my apartment door!

I pulled off my coat and slung it over a chair. I began to remove my blouse when I ran a hand across my chin. It didn't dawn on me that I failed to detect any stubble.

I headed for my bedroom, un-doing the last button on my blouse and sliding it off. I was about to toss it on the bed when I saw her.

"Georgia!" I exclaimed. She was lying on my bed, fully clothed. Hearing my voice, she began to stir from her slumber. "Johnny?" she muttered through her haze. "Where've you been?"

She sat up straight in the bed and blinked. She stared at me in horror and then wiped her eyes again. She got up and walked over to me, never removing her eyes from me. I stood there, dumbfounded, in shock, suddenly aware of a powerful urge to urinate. I watched as Georgia walked around me in a circle, now focusing her gaze on my chest. After completing a full pass around me, I looked away from her and caught my reflection in my dresser mirror. My mouth dropped open - what the hell - ?!

"Johnny! You've got breasts!!!" Georgia exclaimed, standing directly in front of me, staring intently at my perfectly formed, healthy female breast encased in the padded bra, which made them look even larger. I had to be at least a B-cup without the bra!

"I, I, I -" I muttered incomprehensively. I kept staring at my reflection, my left hand now feeling around the cleavage, between the mounds, under the bra cups themselves. They were mine all right - no doubt about it.

Georgia slowly walked past me and out of





my apartment. I just let her go, still staring at my reflection.

I brushed a finger lightly over my nipples, and was astonished at the sensuality of this act. My nipples stiffened and the feeling was so pleasurable I soon forgot the fact that I should not have had breasts in the first place. I moved my hands in slow, circular motion over my breasts. The friction was exquisite and my nipples were now fully erect. I began to fantasize about having a man caress them, I thought of Mac.

I removed the rest of my clothes and realized then that I no longer had any bothersome body hair - no stubble at all on my face, chest, legs or arms! I quickly removed the panty girdle, my heart's pace quickening - but it was still there, I wasn't entirely a woman.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning. I had approximately half an hour to get myself together and off to work. I knew Georgia would be leaving soon, also, and thought it would be a good idea to avoid her this morning. So many thoughts rushed through my head at once that I nearly fell over. How was I going to conceal myself at work? Every part of my body that I scrutinized looked far more feminine than I had remembered. My hair seemed sleeker, with more body and bounce, despite sleeping on a rooftop all night. My hands were more slender, the fingers tapering, the nails longer, better shaped. My legs seemed shapelier, the calves no longer looked like an athlete's, the thighs were thinner, the ankles slender. My waist was smaller, my hips slightly rounded. but right there in the one area that counted most, was the same old penis, fully erect and pulsing

amid the familiar tuft of curly pubic hair.

What had happened to me on that rooftop!?!?

I jumped into the shower and relished in the feeling of the water spraying on my newly re-shaped body, especially on my incredibly sensitive breasts. I cut the shower short and started to lather up my face in front of the mirror and started to laugh when I realized how ridiculous I looked spreading shaving cream over silky smooth cheeks. I wiped it off and brushed my teeth, wondering if it was just my imagination, but even my teeth looked more feminine, smaller somehow.

I pulled on briefs and a tee-shirt and decided to wear a bulky sweater. I tried on several, but they were all too large, the sleeves dangled below my hands!

I grabbed shirt after shirt and none of them fit properly. The same with my jeans. They were too long, and they didn't sit well on my hips. I glanced at the clock and knew that if I didn't choose something to wear soon, I was going to be late. And I couldn't afford to be late, and I had no more sick days to use. And on top of everything else, the feeling of the tight tee-shirt against my nipples was sending me into orbit with pleasure.

A knock on my front door brought me back to reality. "Johnnie?" It was Georgia!

I wrapped a robe around me and answered the door.

"I'm sorry I ran out on you, Johnnie," she said, still standing in the hallway, "but you can imagine what I thought when I saw

you - " she stopped in mid-sentence, now staring at me. "MY God! Johnnie, what is wrong with you? You've shrunk!"

She was right. I was now on an even eye-level with her, when before I had been almost five inches taller.

She pushed past me and came into the apartment. I closed the door. "None of my clothes fit, anymore, Geej," I said. "I don't know what's going on! I'll admit I'm a transvestite, I was planning to tell you on Halloween, but I never intended or even wished for any of this to happen to me! I don't want to be a woman! I love you!"

I had blurted all of that out so quick I didn't have time to think about it. Now that I realized what I had said, I blushed furiously, another new trait.

"I believe you." I sat down and looked at Georgia, who had changed and gotten ready for work. "We can discuss this further on our way to work. Are you going to work?"

"Like this? What are people going to say?"

"Nothing, don't worry about it. You look like you're my size now, so I'll get you some of my clothes to wear. On the street people will just think you're a girl. And in work, just don't act any different. What can they say?"

She left the apartment. "Be right back," she said as she closed the door behind her.

People will just think I'm a girl?

Georgia came back minutes later carrying a bundle of clothes.

"Here are some jeans that should fit you better, and some blouses that are cut boyishly. And a sweater and an old coat that won't arouse suspicions either way. Now hurry up and get dressed."

I took the clothes into the bedroom and quickly pulled them on. They did fit better, but they did nothing to hide my female form. In fact, I looked more like a girl today than I had during my previous evening's adventure.

I stood in front of Georgia and she smiled approvingly. "You look fine, just keep your cool, we'll figure this all out. C'mon, let's go."

I pulled on the coat and instinctively looked around for a purse. Realizing how foolish I must have looked, I blushed again.

In the elevator down to the street, Georgia brushed my hair into a unisex style and I kissed her for being so understanding.

But now could the rest of the world be so liberal in its evaluation of me?

## CHAPTER FIVE

On the bus ride into town, I explained as best I could the previous night's events to Georgia. I did all of the talking, she rarely interrupted me, instead stared at me intently with her big, blue eyes. I had just finished my story when my stop came up. She promised we would talk again after work and I departed the bus.

I still had to walk a couple of blocks to the building that housed the photo labs, so I had plenty of time to think about what a wonderful girl Georgia was.

She was 5'7" of the most understanding and caring human being I had ever met. Even in the face of this adversity, when most girls would have walked out on me forever, she stood by me, and even helped me. What had happened to me was beyond understanding or even explanation, but she was willing to help me sort it out.

I put up with the stares I received as I walked past the hordes of people on their way to work and the occasional excuse me, miss. I was becoming a tougher person.

I walked into work and donned my lab coat as quick as possible. I went about my business and did nothing different from any other day at the office.

A few people made comments that it looked like I had lost weight, and some just openly stared in puzzlement. I ignored them all and did my job.

By the end of the day, my nipples had become irritated and raw rubbing against the tee-shirt. I found it hard to keep my hands off of my breasts. It was also strange getting used to suddenly being five inches shorter. Strings I had hung in darkrooms were now hard to reach. Even the tables with the enlargers on them were too high for me to work at, I needed to kneel on a chair. Luckily these scenes went unnoticed by my co-workers.

The day went very well, all things considered. I joined the throng of people outside and headed toward the bus stop. I was now somewhat used to my altered appearance and no longer worried about what people were thinking. I just wanted to get home and talk to Georgia.

On the crowded bus, I saw a newspaper ad in a paper held by a man sitting below me. The ad was for the dress shop where I had bought my Halloween dress the previous evening. That made me start to think of Upton McKenzie, the clerk and my promise to drop by the shop in the dress. I knew he would make a pass at me, and I suddenly no longer found the idea abhorrent. I decided to discuss it with Georgia and if she wouldn't mind, I would meet Mac after work on Friday.

More people decided I was a girl than decided I was a guy, as men held doors for me or smiled at me and women were pleasant with me, unthreatened as most New York City women were by men on the street. It was a feeling I could learn to

enjoy.

Back in my apartment, I removed the clothes Georgia had lent me and pulled off the now-hated tee-shirt. My nipples were erect and sore. I rubbed them gently and once again found the sensations pleasing.

I found my shopping bag leaning against a wall just inside the front door of the apartment. I remember dropping it outside of the elevator when I had seen Georgia outside of my apartment, but how had it gotten inside?

I removed the now wrinkled dress from the box inside the bag and held it up in front of me. It was now too large for me. Maybe I could exchange it on Friday.

Georgia arrived with another bundle of clothes in her arms. "Here's some more stuff that should fit you. Not all of it can be worn to work, but at least you can wear them here."

I put on a cherry colored shirt and flowered jeans. I looked more like a girl than ever. In fact, I was a girl, I could no longer deny it. The sole exception was my last remaining piece of manhood, which was constantly reminding me of its presence.

We cooked some spaghetti in my tiny kitchen and continued to discuss my predicament. Going to the doctor seemed pointless. However, an exorcist was considered.

Georgia revealed that she had put the shopping bag into my apartment after she saw a girl drop it outside of the elevator.



I was flattered that she had not recognized me. She had intended to return the bag when it was reported missing or when she saw the girl again.

I told her where I had gotten the dress and all about my meeting with Mac. Since it no longer would fit me, we decided the best thing to do would be to return it, and spend the night on the town - as girls.

When we finished dinner, we sat on my ratty couch, listening to WKRX on the radio. She very slowly began to unbutton my blouse. She did this in total silence, all the time staring deep into my eyes. I began to gently stroke her shoulder. We began to explore each other's bodies, the arousal I got when she began to lovingly stroke my breasts (MY Breasts!) was incredible. Soon we were fondling each other, as piece after piece of clothing were discarded until we were naked. We moved on into my bedroom.

The lovemaking was tender, forceful, passionate, the absolute best I had ever experienced. The feeling of my breasts against hers while we made love was beyond description. It lasted long into the night.

\* \* \*

The next morning we showered together. It still felt strange to not have to drag a razor across my face or worry about stubbles growing on my arms and legs, but the acts were not missed in the least. To protect my tender breasts, Georgia lent me a leotard to wear under my shirt. This helped flatten me somewhat and kept my nipples from rubbing against the harsh cotton blouse. Under my jeans I wore pantyhose and a panty girdle instead of the cotton briefs of the

previous day. Outwardly I looked like either a tomboyish young girl or a somewhat feminized young boy. I did not look like a 27-year old man, a photo lab technician with over five years of seniority, with a beautiful girlfriend who understood and loved him back with the same fire and passion he loved her.

We made plans to meet at Macy's at six that evening. From there we would go to the dress shop and return the dress. After that we would eat, then to a disco. I put a pair of heels, a purse, some make-up, nail polish and jewelry into an overnight bag to wear after work. Georgia took the shopping bag with the dress to work with her.

The day couldn't have passed quickly enough for me. I kept myself locked in the darkrooms all day, not wanting to confront anybody. When five o'clock finally arrived, I was gone. I shot down the stairs and out of the building into the crowds. While I walked, I took out my purse and hung it from a shoulder. Nobody batted an eyelash. From the purse, I removed my earrings and clipped them onto my lobes. I hung a necklace around my neck and a bracelet from a wrist. I slipped a ring onto my finger and gave my neck and wrist a shot of perfume. After getting on the bus, I switched shoes - sneakers for heels. I took a compact from my purse and applied my make-up. It felt strange to be able to just put lipstick, mascara, blush and shadow on without layers of foundation or covering cream. I brushed my hair as best I could in the cramped confines of the bus seat. When I emerged from the bus, I was no longer a suspect androgynous person, I was a pretty girl on her way to a night on the town!

I met Georgia, still behind the make-up counter. She smiled and waved me over closer to the counter.

"You did a fair job, Johnnie," she said, wiping the make-up off my face with a wet towel, treated with a make-up remover. "But we need a glamorous job for tonight. Let me show you how I treat my best customers."

She proceeded to re-do my face with an array of cosmetics that stretched from one end of the glass case to the other. She explained everything she did, and I was amazed at how very little I really knew about applying make-up.

When she was finished she held up a hand mirror and I looked at myself - at least it should have been me. The girl in the mirror was absolutely beautiful!

"Thank you, Gigi," I said softly. "I could just kiss you."

"No, no, don't do that. Tonight, we're girlfriends. C'mon, let's get you something better to wear."

In the dress department, we picked out a pretty pink number that looked great on both of us. But I was to wear it this night. I wore it out of the store and we headed for Marilyn's, the tall girl shop that I no longer had any need for.

Mac recognized me immediately, a fear that I had had - would he still recognize me in my new form? I introduced Georgia and explained that for some strange reason, the dress didn't fit and I thought I should return it.

"You look thinner, shorter, even," Mac said to me. "You must have been wearing incredibly high heels last time you were here."

"I was," I said, smiling. I glanced at Georgia and she was smiling broadly at me. She seemed to be having a great time..

"Where are you girls going tonight?" Mac said.

I looked at Georgia. "It's up to her. Where are we going, Gi?"

"I thought we'd try Area. You up for that?"

"Yes! You bet!"

"Maybe I'll meet you two there," Mac said. "I'm done here at eight."

"Okay, great," Georgia said. "C'mon, Johnnie, let's get something to eat."

"Okay. So long, Mac. Sorry about the dress. It really was beautiful. Maybe I'll see you later?"

"Count on it." He walked up close to me and kissed me lightly on the forehead. "I can't wait to dance with you."

I blushed a deep crimson and walked out of the shop with Georgia.

"How did it feel?" she asked.

"What?"

"You're first kiss as a girl!"

"I liked it." I was almost

shaking with excitement. "It wasn't the same as when you kiss me, but it didn't bother me, either. I always thought that getting kissed by a man would be such a turn-off that I would swear off dressing forever. But I kind of got a rush. I'm kind of wondering what it would like to go further."

"You're treading dangerous ground there. If he finds out what you've got below the pantyhose, you may be in some kind of trouble."

"I don't want to get into a situation where that discovery may arise. What can it hurt to dance with him? To let him have his way with his hands - to a point."

"Well, good luck, girl. But remember, you're my guy."

## CHAPTER SIX

Area is a chic nightclub that is frequented by all of the people who need to be seen in a chic nightclub. It was never somewhere I had particularly wanted to go, but tonight, it seemed the perfect place to be.

Dinner was fabulous. We chatted and ate as two girls and nobody paid us any attention. I began to realize that maybe I was destined to be this way - the best of all possible worlds for a true transvestite. A flawless female body wearing pretty female clothes yet still a functioning male underneath it all. And out on the town with a beautiful girl who understood and accepted this anomaly.

I kept thinking of Mac, though and how I would react to him if we met up with him. I knew I could fend off other male admirers at the club with Georgia's help, but Mac would be different. He knew me, we had talked and I had promised him I would go out with him.

I decided to let things happen as they would. Everything had worked out for the best so far.





We got to Area a little after ten o'clock. The crowd outside was still small, the place wouldn't fill up until after midnight. Inside, we found a table near the far wall where we could watch everyone who came inside. Since neither of us were drinkers we nursed light beers for hours at a time while we talked about every guy we saw.

When the dance floor finally started getting crowded, we ventured out, hand in hand. Dancing in heels was a new experience, but a pleasurable one. I caught on to it easy enough and soon was doing the routines I had been noted for back in my disco days. Georgia and I were quite a couple and we it wasn't long before two guys decided it just wasn't right for two girls to be dancing with each other. They were the first of many men to dance with us and offer to buy us drinks, take us home, etc.

I was having such a great time, I failed to notice that Mac had arrived and was seated at a table from which he could see us clearly. An exhausted Georgia dragged me from the dance floor back to our table, and that's when I saw him.

I let Georgia go to the table and I sat down with Mac. He offered me a drink, but I declined.

"You looked great out there," he said to me. I had to lean in close to him to hear him over the music.

"Thanks!" I said cheerily. I took Mac's napkin from under his drink and wiped sweat from my brow. "Do you



dance?"

"Not very well," he said. "Not as good as you."

"Come on," I said, taking his hand and forcing him up from the table. I led him out onto the packed dance floor.

I could see Georgia at the table watching me intently. I smiled at her then re-focused my attention on the handsome man I was dancing with. He stood six feet tall, with full wavy brown hair. His green eyes blazed in the light of the strobes and spotlights and his hands moved sensuously through the air in time with the pulsing music. His clothes were well-tailored, and accentuated a strong, masculine chest covered with a mat of curly hairs that I couldn't take my eyes off. I found myself getting excited by this man and when I realized it, I wondered if anyone else had. It took a great deal of concentration to remove the bulge from under my dress.

Mac took my hand and soon we were touch dancing. He stared deep into my eyes and a smile was set seemingly permanently on his face. I smiled back at him and when he didn't remove his eyes from my own, I looked away, suddenly concerned with this turn of events. How was I going to get out of this?

Perhaps she was reading my mind, or maybe she just became jealous seeing me spending all of this time with someone else, but for whatever reason, Georgia rescued me from the dance floor, politely cutting in on Mac and escorting me back to the table.

"Thanks," I said, "I think I was getting carried away out there."

"You're welcome. I think it's about time to head on home."

"I think you're right." We got up and shouldered out purses. As we started for the door, our path was blocked by Mac.

"I have to see you again," he said to me.

"I will," I said calmly, despite the pounding of my heart inside my chest. Anxiety? Fear? Excitement? "I'll come by the store..."

"No, not the store. Your place. My place. Anywhere, alone, you and me. Understand? I'm mad about you."

We stared at each other for a heartbeat, then my eyes dropped. This was wrong, I couldn't lead him on like this.

"I, I have to tell you something, Mac."

"What? What do you have to tell me? Are you a lesbian? You don't like me? What?"

"Mac, I'm a man."

I looked back at him and saw his eyes wide open, his brows knit tightly. For a split second I feared he might get violent and I began to tremor. Violence always had an effect on me that way.

"No." He said, though I didn't

actually hear him over the noise of the crowd, but instead read it from his lips. He backed up slightly, looked me over from head to toe.

"I'm sorry," he said, louder. "I'm real sorry. Goodbye." He was confused, probably hurt. I didn't know what to do for him, or if I was happy that it was ending this way. He started to walk away. I took a step toward him, but Georgia behind me put a stern hand on my shoulder.

"Let him go, it won't do any good."

I watched him fade into the crowd, then turned toward Georgia.

"Was that right? Should I have done that - admitted it to him right now? Should I have admitted it at all?"

"You did fine, it was only thing you could do. It wouldn't have worked, you know that. Forget about it."

I wrapped my arms around her and didn't care who was watching. "I love you," I said into her ear.

"And I love you. Come on, let's go home."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

After a night spent in each other's arms, love-making that had entered into new realms of ecstasy, we showered together before getting dressed to go out for breakfast.

I wore a heavy sweater and wool skirt under my fake fur and boots borrowed from Georgia. None of my shoes, for either sex, fit me any more. Georgia wore a tailored blouse and slacks and high heels that made her, for the first time ever, taller than me. It was a strange experience to be suddenly shorter than your girlfriend.

After breakfast at a coffee shop down the street that we had gone in many times before as a boy/girl couple, we decided to do some shopping for the new me.

Newly christened Joanie as I was self-conscious about being called Johnnie while in public, we took a cab into the village.

Luckily Georgia was with me, because if she hadn't been there, all I would have bought would have been low-cut, extremely sexy, cleavage-revealing blouses and dresses

and lingerie.

I had a ball trying on the clothes and having the sales men and women wait on me and tell me how great everything looked on me. The attention I was now getting as a girl exceeded all of the attention I had ever received in my life as a boy. I loved every moment of it.

"What am I going to do about work?" I asked Georgia at lunch.

"What about it?"

"I don't think they'll let me work there as a girl."

She looked at me strangely. "Why would you want to? Why can't you just stay there the way you were? You don't have to be a girl all the time."

"I'm enjoying this too much to keep changing back and forth. I've always fantasized about being a girl, and now for some reason, I am. I'm not going to blow this opportunity, Gi."

"But I fell in love with Johnnie, not Joannie. Don't get me wrong, I like Joannie, and I understand your need for her. But if you were Joannie all the time, our relationship would change. Don't you see that?"

"But look at me, Gi. How could I possibly live as a guy looking like this? None of my clothes fit, and look how great I look in these clothes."

"You may look like a girl, and try

hard to act like a girl, but you don't think like a girl. It's not as easy being a girl as you think it is."

I looked at her and she could see the puzzlement in my eyes. Up until this moment, everything had been perfect. But now doubts began to creep in.

"Listen, Gi. I think I want to give it a try. It's going to be rough at first, but I want to do it. It's important."

Georgia stood up from the table and fetched a ten dollar bill from her purse, tossing it onto the table.

"Well, you'll have to try it alone. I can't have a boyfriend who's a girl. See you later."

I watched in silence as Georgia left the restaurant. I couldn't believe she would just walk out on me like that. And even though deep down I knew she was right, I also knew I had to at least try to live as a girl. It was something every transvestite dreamed of.

I gathered my packages and paid my lunch bill and walked out of the restaurant alone. A man held the door for me as I exited and I knew I had made the right decision.

As I thought about the future I began to realize just how much work awaited me in my switch over to Joanie. I had to get my name legally changed, so I could change it on all of my credit cards, identification cards and utility bills. I would have to inform my super-

intendant that I was now a girl, and I would have to do something about a job.

I didn't think I could return to my old job, but the more I thought of it the more I realized I no longer needed it. It was a great job in the sense that no one would pressure me to get a haircut or say anything about my long fingernails. But as a job, it was boring with no growth potential. With my background and schooling, I should have no trouble landing something more substantial.

And what potential employer wouldn't love to have such a pretty girl working for them?

I continued walking around the crowded sidewalk, paying attention to how people treated me, still a little concerned that I may not be passing as a girl. But nobody paid me any attention by the time I reached my bus stop and I took this as another sign that my life had completely changed for the better.

I was forced to stand on the bus, which was awkward loaded down with the packages as I was. I smiled seductively at a young man seated not far from me and hoped he would offer me a seat. When he finally got the signal, he stood up and made a motion for me to sit in his seat. I gratefully accepted, lugging the bags past the other standees and swinging into the aisle seat next to an elderly woman.

The man stood over me, his hand resting on the bar behind my neck. I mouthed a thank-you and then tried to ignore him.

"You're very pretty," he said. I blushed a deep crimson and without looking up at him said, "Thanks."

"Very pretty," he said again and stayed next to me the whole trip.

At my stop, I stood up and retrieved my bags from under the seat. He took one of the larger ones and offered to help me off the bus. Loving the attention by this attractive guy, I agreed, and we exited the bus by the back door.

"Where to?" He asked.

"I live just down the street, in the Henderson Building."

"Great, let's go."

During the walk, we exchanged first names and I learned that he was unemployed and an actor. I told him he was certainly handsome enough to be an actor, blushing at my sudden catiness.

He walked me to the elevator and I thanked him again for being a gentleman but I no longer required his services.

"Nonsense," he said. "A true gentleman sees his lady to her door."

Shrugging, I watched as he followed me into the elevator, where we were alone. He stood far closer to me than I was comfortable with, but we would soon be at my apartment and I would be rid of him. When he put his arm around my waist, I became noticeably concerned.

"Don't be afraid," he said softly. "I won't hurt you."



As the numbers over the elevator door got closer to 27, I began to wish the car to go faster. At floor 17, he leaned over and kissed me fully on the lips.

Stunned, I tried to push him away, but my hands were tangled up with packages and shopping bag handles. He dropped the package he had been carrying and draped his arms around my shoulders, kissing me harder, his tongue pressed between my unresponsive lips.

His hands were quickly under my coat and on my breasts, squeezing them hard, with no sensitivity or feeling whatsoever. I began to panic, my eyes wide with fright, my hands trying to get free of the packages caught between our bodies.

The elevator door finally opened at my floor and I attempted to wrest myself from his grasp. Our mouths parted for an instant.

"Please," I gasped, "My floor!"

"Forget it, slut," he said harshly, his mouth now back over mine, the tongue darting over my teeth, pressed against mine. The doors closed again and the car began to descend.

I now knew I had to fight him. I tried kicking him, but he tangled my legs up with his and I was too close to do any damage. He wrapped his strong arms around mine, pinning me to him while his mouth explored my face.

I turned my head away, yelling for him

to stop, his slobering kisses and tongue now making me nauseous. My only hope was that the elevator doors would open and there would be people waiting outside that would help me.

Suddenly, he let me go and turned to the button panel behind him. He jabbed a fist into the stop button and the car came to a jarring halt. My heart nearly followed suit, as I stared at him wild-eyed. All thoughts of being a girl were gone from my head. I was now a victim, in serious trouble.

"Please, you don't want to do this, somebody will notice the car not moving."

"This won't take long." He was back on me in a swift movement, his hands yanking my coat down below my shoulders. I began to struggle again, but he had me pinned, I was helpless. He ripped open the front of my blouse, and as I watched a button fly over his shoulder I felt tears welling up in my eyes.

He pulled my bra up over my breasts and I felt his mouth on my right one, his teeth closing on my nipple, sending a searing pain through my body.

"Stop!" I screamed. "Stop it!"

"Shut up!" he demanded. "You want it-you're begging for it!"

He slid a hand inside the waist band of my skirt and I knew I was going to die now. He would find a real surprise in my panties, then he would kill me.

When he removed his other hand from my upper arm to try and open my skirt, I

found myself free. I dropped the coat from my arms and boxed his ears as hard as I could. This action hurt him, he pulled his hands from my skirt and grabbed his ringing ears, but my strength had become as diminished as my waist and my blow was less than I had anticipated.

He stared at me, enraged. His lips curled back, revealing canine-like teeth, I expected a snarl to come from behind them. Hunched over now, he stalked me.

I moved quickly over to the elevator control panel and hit a floor button. The car jerked into motion. He leaped the length of the car, but his feet became entangled in my large fur coat, and he fell toward me.

Acting more out of instinct, I brought a knee up while bracing myself against the doors, and his face crashed into it. With a sickening thud, he fell to the floor, landing on a small bag that contained an expensive bottle of perfume shattering it. The aroma quickly filled the small car. I stepped over the groggy man and grabbed up as many packages as I could. I flung my coat over an arm and noticed the elevator approaching my floor. I stabbed at the floor button with a broken finger nail, happiness rising inside me when it lit up and I saw we were only moments away from reaching it.

He began to rise again, and I saw blood trickling from his nose. He wiped it with the back of his hand and looked at me with 'kill' written over all over his face.

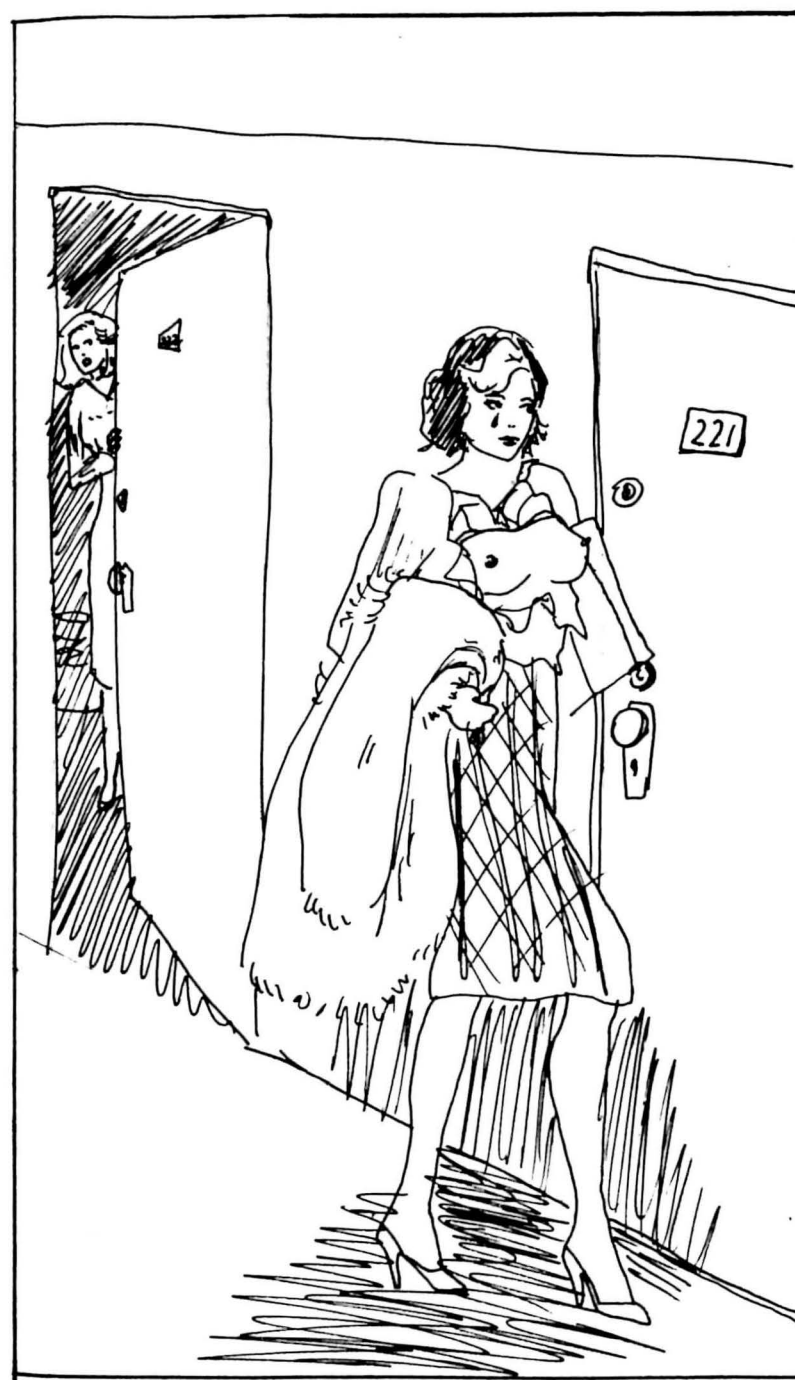
I quickly reached down, losing packages in the process, and removed my high heeled

shoe, brandishing it as a weapon in front of his face. It only worked for a second, but it was all I needed as the doors opened again on my floor. I hit the lobby button as I ran from the elevator down the hallway as best I could in one shoe. When I heard the doors close again, I turned around and caught a glimpse of my assailant still on one knee in the elevator, watching me with hate in his eyes. Then he was gone.

I began to search my purse for my keys, my heart racing a mile a minute, my head pounding from the excitement. Reaching my door, I saw the door to the apartment next to mine open and my neighbor of three years poke a head out. She was a single mother in her fifties and we had talked numerous times. She knew me pretty well.

I smiled at her weakly, then slipped the key into the deadbolt, releasing it. When I put the door key into the lock above the doorknob I saw my blouse ripped wide open, my bra pushed up above my breasts and my wet and red chest protruding outward in plain sight of my neighbor. She pulled herself back inside her apartment, double locking the door behind her as I in turn finished unlocking my own front door.

Inside, I, too, double bolted the door then dropping everything to the floor, I pulled off the ruined blouse and removed the bra, rubbing my sore breasts. I kicked off my remaining shoe and dropped relieved into a chair.





## CHAPTER EIGHT

I spent Sunday alone in my apartment. I thought about calling Georgia, but decided against it. I didn't want to worry her and thought it better to just not mention the incident to her.

Dressed in one of the dresses I had managed to hold onto from the previous day, my hair done, my face fully made-up, gold jewelry completing my outfit, I began to make lists of everything that would have to be done in preparation for my change-over.

All of the credit companies would have to be notified, and a lawyer found for the official name change. Sitting at my small table, I began to realize how sore my back and legs were. Apparently my **newly-shaped** body had altered my way of walking to the extent that it put a strain on my lower back. To my list I added "see a chiropractor."

I looked through the Times for a possible job opportunity and found plenty. I circled the most promising in red and put the section of the paper in my purse for Monday.

I then wrote out a lengthy background for the new-born Joanie. I gave her a small family in Philadelphia, invented schools and courses she had taken, invented references and interests, and then memorized them. I had to be completely prepared before I interviewed for any positions.

My background was in photography, but I had some graphic art training as well, so I decided to concentrate my initial job search to advertising and design studios. There were numerous job offers in the paper and these were what I had circled.

I laid out a pretty pink suit on my bed and selected a pair of pink pumps to go with them. A white blouse with a dropped neckline and a small pink tie completed the outfit. I couldn't wait to go out tomorrow in it!

I began to fantasize about working full-time in a busy agency as a girl. I would have a job of responsibility, people would admire me. My wardrobe would be the envy of all of the other girls and I would be the object of water cooler gossip. All of the single men would be courting me, and I would put them off coyly, much too wrapped up in my work to worry about something trivial like dating.

These thoughts were sufficient enough to arouse me, and made me realize again that I was not a complete woman. I stroked myself gently through the soft material of my dress and soon found myself thinking of Mac again. I began to fantasize Mac doing the stroking, to be tender with me, and treat me like a woman wanted to be treated by a man.



The more I thought of Mac, the harder I stroked myself. I pulled my skirt up above my waist and took my penis in my hands. Just before I was about to climax, Mac's head was replaced by the head of the man in the elevator. I stopped immediately and my eyes flew open, but I still came, though the enjoyment of it was nullified by the terrifying thought. I dropped my head into my hands and for a moment I no longer wanted any part of being a girl:

I also knew that I would have to do something about my remaining link to the male gender when I was in public. A tent in my skirt would be a dead give-away and I was so over-sexed as it was, being a girl would mean twenty-four hours a day turn-on.

Remembering my days of only reading about men who dressed as women, I recalled that female impersonators wore something called a gaff - a sort of g-string that concealed the genitals by pulling them back between the legs and holding them there tightly. I added 'get a gaff' onto my list of things to do.

The phone rang. It was Georgia.

"I called to say I'm sorry for walking out on you yesterday."

"That's okay," I said, relieved at her change of attitude. "I can understand your point of view."

"I'm glad. Have you given your situation any more thought?"

"Yes, I have. I'm making up a list of things I have to do before I

can start my new life."

She paused before saying: "I see. Well, I wish you luck, but I really can't be a part of this. You have a lot to learn about being a woman. I think you're being very foolish and stand to get very hurt."

"I know what I'm doing, Gi. I wish you would help me, I could really use you right now."

"I know. And I'm sorry. I really don't want to be a part of this. Maybe after you've settled into your new role a little bit..."

"Georgia..."

"Good bye, Johnnie."

She hung up. She called me Johnnie, not Joannie. I was suddenly very confused. I looked at myself in a mirror and saw a very pretty girl, in very pretty clothes. A very desirable girl, one who would have a great deal of difficulty in passing as a man. I knew I was making the right decision.

I knew it.

## CHAPTER NINE

Monday morning, bright and early, I showered and put on the outfit that had been laid out almost twenty-four hours earlier. I did my face and hair and was pleased with the way I looked.

My back really hurt now, but I figured it would go away eventually, after I got more accustomed to my new figure.

I had the envelopes ready to mail, informing whoever needed to be informed about my impending name change but lacked the stamps to mail them just yet. I stuffed them into my purse, and added 'buy stamps' to the bottom of my ever-growing list of things to do.

I put my fur on, checked my looks once more in the mirror, and with a smile on my pretty red lips, I headed out into the hallway.

Locking the door from the outside, I saw my neighbor come out of her apartment, also on her way out. I nervously smiled when she looked at me and then headed for the elevator.

My neighbor went back inside her

apartment, apparently wanting no part of riding in an elevator with me. During the ride down, I tried to imagine what she was thinking of me, but once in the lobby she left my mind.

And once again I headed for the bus. I pulled the classified section of the paper from my handbag and checked the addresses of the firms I intended to apply to first. Then I sat back and went over my family history in my head.

Arriving at the first building, I checked the floor of the Phillips and Ogilvy Advertising Agency on the directory, then stepped into a crowded elevator.

I was absolutely brimming with excitement as the car moved from floor to floor, depositing people on each.

There were only three other people left as the car approached the floor I wanted. When the elevator stopped, I felt a hand pinch my bottom even through the heavy fur of my coat. I turned and gave the grinning man a stern look before leaving through the now opened doors.

The agency occupied the entire floor and I followed arrows to the main office.

Inside, I was met by a teenaged receptionist who was so cute I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She asked me if she could help me and I told her I was here to apply for the job advertised in the paper. She handed me an **application**, a pen and a clipboard and motioned toward a crowd of other hopefuls, their portfolios by their feet, all sitting diligently filling out their applications. Discouraged somewhat I sat

down and also wrote furiously, answering the questions, and giving the necessary information needed for employment. Almost without thinking, I checked the box for 'male' under sex, and embarrassedly scribbled it out, re-checking 'female.'

I finished the application and took it up to the receptionist. She asked me if I had a resume or a portfolio to be looked at and I said no. She told me to take a seat again, I would be interviewed shortly.

While sitting, I couldn't help but stare at her. She was magnificent. Long blonde hair fell softly about her shoulders. A low-cut sweater showed off fine shoulders blades and the full beautiful breast unencumbered by the restraints of a bra. Her face was like a models, fine, high cheeks, thin brows above radiant brown eyes, their beauty brought out by expertly applied make-up. Her lips glistened in the light of the office, desirable, sensuous.

But for a man. I was no longer a man and had to keep reminding myself of that. I tore my eyes away when she saw me looking at her, I turned beat red.

Applicant after applicant went into a large office behind the receptionist's desk, and emerged again before leaving altogether. Some looked hopeful, most discouraged. I was falling into the latter category, losing hope for a job here with every passing moment.

Finally, it was my turn. I left my coat on a chair in the outer office and strode sexily into the inside office. I became aware again of a pain in the small of my back but ignored it, concentrating on my most feminine of walks, a smile

spread across my face.

I was greeted by an elder man, dressed fashionably in a beautiful three-piece suit that spoke of a man having money and power. He looked irritated, apparently the interviews were not going well. I was only the second girl to go into the office since I had arrived, so I decided to give it my best shot, using whatever female charms I could muster.

He waved me into a chair facing him and was obviously wondering why I didn't have a portfolio.

"Joan, going by your application, you have no qualifications for the assistant art director opening."

"I have had graphic art courses in school, and I have worked in a photo lab. That must qualify me for something, if not the advertised position."

"I'm not familiar with the schools you have listed. You're from Philadelphia?"

"Yes."

"A few of our artists are from Philadelphia and I've never heard of Brooks School of Art and Design."

"Uh, it's not very big." I wrote off this job and wanted him to hurry and tell me so so I could leave and try somewhere else.

"Indeed. Can you type?"

"Type? Yes. Very well, in fact."

"The only job you could possibly

have here is a secretarial one. I have an opening for a private secretary. Are you interested?"

A secretary?! It was certainly a feminine occupation, but a somewhat less glamorous job than I had expected.

"Well, sir, it's not what I had in mind."

"Fine. I would tell you that we will be interviewing for another week for the assistant art director's job and will be getting back to you either way, but since you don't qualify, I can tell you now you won't be offered the position. I'm sorry, and thanks for coming in."

I got up, shouldered my purse, smiled and left. I looked at the beautiful receptionist once more on my way out and found myself longing to get to know her. But I knew that was now impossible.

And so it went. Agency after agency turned me down. Most of them told me I was looking in the wrong field. And with no job references that I could admit to, it was virtually impossible to get anyone to believe I had any experience at all.

When I got home that evening, my feet ached and my back was on fire. I drew a hot bath and lounged in it for an hour, thinking heavily about the day's events. I had been offered that secretary's job, and wondered if that was really what I wanted. I had actually gone to art school in New York, but couldn't put that down in case they checked and didn't find me.

I had worked for a graphics firm, too jsut after graduation, and at one time had a portfolio of work I had done in school and at the graphics firm, but it had fallen in disrepair since I had started working for the photo lab.

So the decision had to be made - go back to being a part-time girl with a job as a guy in the field I wanted, or be a girl full-time in a thankless, lower-paying position at the beck and call of another.

Stepping from the tub and drying myself off helped me reach my decision. Rubbing the towel across my damp breasts brought my nipples to life and I knew which way I had to go. I would call in the morning and ask about the secretary job. Before going to bed that night, I lingered over what I would wear on my first day at the office.

First thing in the morning, the fifth day of having breasts, I called the agency and inquired about the secretary vacancy. It was still available (something finally went right) and it was mine if I wanted it. And could I start today? I agreed and got dressed.

I wore a peach, grey and white blocked chemise dress that I would never have worn as a transvestite. But with my new curves, I was able to wear it. It buttoned up the back and had a jewel neckline and short sleeves. I wore pearls around my neck and on my wrist and clip-on pearl earrings. (On my list in my purse, I added 'get ears pierced')

White heels, and my white purse later I was off to the office.

The job was every bit as bad as I had imagined. I had to retrieve coffee at least once an hour, had so much filing and typing to do I never got to stay in one place for long. My back was now seriously hurting me and I knew I had to see somebody about it soon before it turned into something worse. I avoided the receptionist as best I could, because I just couldn't tear my eyes from her. No girl had affected me like she did for a long, long time. Even Georgia didn't have this effect on me, as much as I loved her.

The other people in the agency treated me with contempt. after all, I was only a measly secretary. My nails were constantly chipping, the polish flaking off, and they were no longer the attractive, shapely nails of a part-time girl. My ear lobes hurt from the clamp of the earrings. I wasn't used to wearing them for so long at a stretch and had to remove them.

I constantly had to retrieve my purse from where I had left it last, and wished I had pockets to keep change or a lipstick in. I ran a leg of my expensive pantyhose and had to run out and spend my lunch hour buying another pair and changing in the ladies room back in the office.

And I lost count of the number of times guys patted me on the fanny or outright pinched me, or called me 'doll' or 'honey.' I felt like hitting some of them!

By the time I was on the bus on my way home, standing, my back screaming at me to lay off, I had begun to rethink my decision. Being a girl full-time was not

all that I had fantasized it being. I wasn't being treated as a girl, but as a second class citizen. My pretty clothes didn't matter to the majority of my co-workers, since they were also women, and the single men saw my clothes as a sort of invitation to take liberties with me. I was the subject of many a cruel joke, and lewd comment.

I still had more serious thinking to do.

## CHAPTER TEN

It was no different on Wednesday at work. More and more people were discovering me for the first time in the office and I was subjected to more and more innuendos and advances. The girls thought I was trying to date every man in the office, judging me by the sexy clothes I was wearing every day. And all of the men wanted to bed me.

Even grocery shopping became a chore. Trying to manuever a defective shopping basket around a packed supermarket while wearing stiletto heels was maddening. And trying to carry three large bags of groceries and a handbag the two blocks to the apartment building in the same shoes was a real trick. If anybody had offered to help me I probably would have screamed at them, remembering the last time somebody carried something for me.

I really needed to talk to Georgia and after putting the groceries away and changing to more comfortable shoes, I dialed her number. No answer.

Halloween was only three days away, and we had made a date for that night. In all of the excitement, I had forgotten about it. It seemed so anti-climactic now,

but it was still the national holiday for transvestites and I wanted to go out.

I took another hot bath to help relieve the pain in my back. The pain had not subsided one bit in the last two days and I was really concerned now. Would I be able to go to a doctor like I was? How could I explain myself? Should I tell them the truth? What was the truth?

After soaking quietly in the tub for about a half hour, the phone rang. My heart leaped, it had to be Georgia! I grabbed a towel, and wrapping it around me, padded out into the main room and snatched the phone up.

"Hellö?"

"Johnnie?" It was a woman's voice, but not Georgia's.

"Yes - who is this?"

"It's your mother, dear. I've come into town for the week to see your aunt Jenny. I'm downstairs. Let's get some dinner."

Blood rushed to my head and I felt woozy. Mom! God! What do I do?! My eyes darted around the room, my hand let go of my towel, and I scratched my damp hair. No thoughts at all came to mind.

"Johnnie? Are you all right?"

"Uh, mom, yeah, I'm, uh, all right. I was just taking a bath and I'm still a little wet, dripping..."

"Okay, I'll come up and wait until

you're ready. Then we'll go someplace special. My treat." She hung up.

"No! Mom!" Too late. The phone was dead. Jesus! I can't let her see me like this!

I dashed back into the bathroom and quickly removed the nail polish from my nails. I then began to run around the apartment like a madman, finding female clothes everywhere. I tossed them all in a heap beside the bed in the bedroom out of sight.

I shoved all of my make-up into a drawer and closed the jewelry case that was sitting on my bureau. I closed the door to the closet and kicked a pair of high heels under the bed. Then I searched for some male clothes to wear.

Luckily, the elevators seemed to be crowded as she didn't come up as soon as I expected her. I had sufficient time to don the now unfamiliar cotton shorts and tee-shirt under a pair of jeans (Georgia's) and a heavy flannel shirt (now way too big for me). I had to stuff tissues into the toes of my old sneakers in order for them to fit without flopping around when I walked.

I was just finishing brushing my hair when I heard the rap on my front door.

"Coming," I said and tossed the brush into the tub, still filled with water. I went over to the door and unbolted it.

Outside in the hall was Georgia, not my mother.

"Well, if it isn't Johnnie. Hiya!"

I peered out into the hallway and looked up and down. "Where's my mother?" I asked.

"Probably still in Albany. That was me on the phone."

"What?! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?!"

"Just proving a point. Can I come in?"

I stepped aside and she walked by me and took a chair. I closed and bolted the door.

"You don't look bad as a guy, Joannie. Kind of cute, in fact."

"I will never forgive you for this. I do not find this amusing."

"What would you have done if it really had been your mother? Look at you - you're a mess! Look at your nails, traces of polish, and way too long and shaped too well for a guy."

I held out my hands in front of me and saw she was right. I had tried to remove the polish too quickly and had left long lines of red on most of my nails.

"And none of those clothes fit you right," she continued. "Those shoes are a joke, you can barely walk in them."

"You're right!" I shouted. "You've been right all along. I can't



get away with it! I hate my job, I'm falling in love with a teen-age receptionist who thinks I'm a lesbian. I've been assaulted in an elevator, had my ass pinched so many times there are fingerprints permanently etched there. Nobody treats me with respect, my back and feet are constantly aching and these breasts keep getting in my way!"

I slumped into my couch and sobbed. "I'm a mess, Gi. I don't want these things any more. I just want it to be like it used to be."

Georgia joined me on the couch and we held each other tightly. Being near her again greatly bolstered my sagging spirits.

"What am I going to do?" I asked softly.

"I don't know. We could try a doctor, but I don't know what good that would do. It's like God herself decided to change you overnight."

I looked up at her and found her big blue eyes comforting. I kissed her sweetly and she returned it with passion.

With a sense of urgency, I cupped Georgia's body beneath me, moans of desire escaping my throat before my mouth tasted the sweetness of her parted lips again.

"I really missed you," I said before my words were obliterated by her mouth covering mine in hungry, mind-numbing kisses.

Cradling my head, Georgia began to

eagerly kiss every inch of my face and neck. I began to clumsily remove her blouse, trying to find buttons with trembling fingers. She soon started to also unbutton my shirt.

Dispensing with the garments, she reached up and took a breast in each hand, the tips stirred to erectness. The warmth of her mouth suddenly against the sensitive nipples caused me to cry out with desire.

She moved beneath me, parting her thighs from under my own limbs. Her fingers now clung to my slender shoulders, her tongue still darting across my highly charged nipples. I reached down and undid the catch of her jeans, unzipping the fly and tugging them down her legs. I then removed my own oversized pants and rejoined with her on the couch.

Out of breath now, our eyes glazed over with desire, I took her, She arched her back beneath me, her fingers entwined in my long feminine hair, biting her lip and moaning softly. It was glorious, and I wanted to do it again and again. All of my problems and tribulations of the past few days were erased momentarily as I made passionate love to the most wonderful girl on the planet.

Hours later, we were still in each others arms, but on my bed now.

"We have to talk about you," Georgia said.

"I know."

"Maybe this is just temporary, you know? maybe it will clear up."



"Be serious, Gi. Do you really think these are going to go away?" I circled my breasts with my index finger, the nipples shot erect again.

"I have to admit something, also." She swallowed hard and looked me hard in the eye. "I've tried to fight it, but ever since we made love that first time after you, uh, changed, I've found I'm really turned on by a man with breasts."

I kissed her on the forehead. "You can't imagine how it feels to suddenly have a whole new erogeneous zone on your body overnight."

"I was so against you changing into a girl full time because I thought I might have been harboring lesbian tendencies. And making love to you like this does nothing to abate those feelings."

We stared at each other in silence for a moment. "You've had lesbian affairs?"

"No, no, nothing like that. But there have been times I wish men could be a little more like women, show some sensitivity, a little sweetness, and not be so macho all the time. That's what I initially liked about you when we started going out. I didn't know you were hiding this other person inside you."

"It's not that easy to admit to most people."

"But I would have understood. It wouldn't have made any difference to me if you dressed like a woman occasionally. But to do it full time robs me of the one

man I've really been attracted to."

"Thank you." Her mouth took mine again and I felt her tongue extend inward, probing gently. We were soon making love again.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

We had been sleeping for some time when the room began to glow. Being a natural light sleeper, anything out of the ordinary during the nights tended to rouse me immediately. The unnatural light didn't seem to have a source, but filled the room from within itself.

I sat up and saw Georgia hadn't budged an inch since the light had filled the room. I pushed the covers aside and stood up, the light now dazzling. I pulled on a pair of jeans and shoved my arms into a blouse, buttoning it as the light narrowed into a single beam that faded upward into the ceiling. The brightest end focused on a wooden chair sitting next to my bureau.

In a sudden blinding flash that silently removed the color from the room, it was gone. My eyes were momentarily stunned and when they began to adjust to the sudden darkness, I hit the wall switch for the overhead light.

On the chair sat a purse that hadn't been there a moment ago. In fact, it was a purse I hadn't seen in almost a week.

Ever since -

- that night on the roof!

I slipped on Georgia's sneaks and grabbed my coat and after fumbling with the door locks, flew down the hallway toward the elevator.

The feeling of my breast bouncing unrestrained by bra under my blouse was only momentarily exhilarating as I concentrated on the task at hand.

He was back - I was sure of that. The mysterious stranger on the roof from last Thursday - he was the cause of all of this. I had to get up there and confront him.

The elevator ride was again one of the slowest in modern memory as it poked along to the top floor of the building. When it finally reached it and the doors opened I was running hysterically up the stairwell to the roof.

He was there. Just as I had suspected. He was bathed in the same eerie light that had been in my room and had been around him the first time I had seen him.

He was starting to fade from sight inside the beam and I yelled "Wait!" at the top of my lungs, aware of the steam of my breath in the cold of the early morning.

He turned and saw me running toward him. He tried to hold up a hand to stop me but I would not be deterred. I grabbed the lapels of his coat and looked directly into his face as nausea swept over me and

the surroundings began to disintegrate from view. I passed out due as much to what I saw beneath the wide-brimmed hat as to the gut-wrenching feeling tearing at my body.

I came back to consciousness and found I was laying on a cold steel table. I could not see anything in the blackness, but knew I was in a room of vast proportions.

"Where am I?" I shouted. "Who are you?"

"There is no need to shout. In fact, there is no need to talk. Just think."

The words didn't come through my ears - they were inside my head!

"You were the unfortunate victim of a sloppy retrieval maneuver. You were accidently brought aboard our ship along with one of our reconnaissance agents."

"Who are you?"

"We are ancient travelers. We have no home of our own. Instead, we wander the galaxies, observing other life forms, appreciating the beauty of other worlds, envying their inhabitants of their home planets. We mean no harm and generally go undetected among you."

"What did you do to me when I was here? Why did you do this to me?"

"We do not fully understand your race. When you brought aboard our ship, we realized we had made a grave error.

In attempting to rectify the error, we apparently made a graver error. We put you back from where you had been taken, but we also deemed it necessary to make amends for our error.

"We probed your mind and found that which you most wanted in your life. Our surgeons are greatly skilled, far more advanced than your own and they granted that wish. Your body was altered to your wishes, though they were subconscious wishes. We thought this would make you very happy. We are sorry for any problems that may have arisen by our meddling.

"We found a bag here after we had decided to move on to another solar system and we returned here to give it back to you.

"Do you wish our surgeons to restore you to your former form?"

"Yes!"

"Very well. We have but a small request of you in return."

"You have nerve asking me for a request!" Even though they could read my thoughts, I was talking very loudly.

"We wish only to understand. Your mind was troubled. The body form we gave you was formulated according to your own thoughts. Why did this new form not please you?"

"Because I'm a man, a male. The form you gave me was 95% female. On our world, you can't mix up the genders like

that. You are either a man or a woman."

"How backward and naive. Tell us, why did you have these thoughts in your mind? Why did you desire to have the body of a female of your species?"

"It's hard to explain, we can't even pinpoint the reasons ourselves. But it has something to do with sexual pleasure, at least in my case. It doesn't in all cases."

"There are many who are as troubled as you?"

Troubled? "Um, yes. Many. Some believe themselves to have been born in the wrong body and seek surgery to correct this error. I know now that I am not one of these people, called 'transsexuals'."

"There are no genders among us. We are all the same. We have reproductive organs of each of what you term male and female. There are no confused among us."

"That's great, I'm really happy for you. But you've destroyed my life with your meddling. Would you please restore my original chassis and get me out of here?"

My calmness and ability to converse with these unseen aliens surprised me. As I thought of my predicament, my heart began to hammer inside my chest.

"Very well. You have nothing to fear from us. Once we have corrected our error, you will be returned to your dwelling. And all thoughts of this evening will eventually be erased from your mind. You will not remember us."

"Thank you."

"Thanks are not necessary. You have taught us something new about your race. Again we apologize for the inconvenience and will try to make it up to you. You will go to sleep now and when you awake, you will be back in your own bed, and in your own body."

I found myself unable to stay sitting upright and the moment my head hit the steel table I was unconscious. The last thing I remember was the 'face' I had seen under the hat of the man on the roof.

It wasn't a face at all, but a head with a swirling tidepool of colors that covered the front. The tidepool swirled clockwise across the front, the center hole alternately growing and shrinking, as the iris of an eye does when light is shown on it and then removed. These were not people I intended to ever run into again in my life.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Georgia awoke first and gathered up her things and headed to her own apartment to get ready for work. She didn't wake me.

My alarm went off at eight o'clock and as I realized the time, I leaped out of bed. I didn't feel like I had slept at all, my eyes hung heavy and my body was in a lethargic state as I tried to drag myself into the bathroom.

Every inch of my body itched and when I scratched my chest I realized my breasts were gone.

My body hair was returning, also, and it was this stubble that was causing the itching.

I couldn't wait to tell Georgia, and after doing my business in the bathroom, including shaving my face for the first time in a week, I realized that now I couldn't go to my new job!

I was still too small for my boy clothes, so I decided to be Joanie for one more day, though a far less statuesque one.

I put on panties, knee socks, a padded bra, jeans and a blouse. Before I did my make-up, I tried to call Georgia, but she had already left for work. I then called my job and told them I wouldn't be coming in today. I knew they wouldn't be thrilled with my calling in sick on my third day of work, but I didn't care.

I was me again! Almost. My hips were still rounded, my muscles still slight. My face feminine, my legs shapely, my stature still shorter. I still looked outwardly like a girl, but I seemed to be gradually changing back to my previous contours.

I did my face like I used to, heavy beard cover and foundation, shadow, mascara, blush and lipstick. I clipped tiny earrings onto my ears and sprayed perfume behind my ears and on my wrists. I selected a pair of slacks and blouse because I didn't want to attract undue attention. I wanted to be a normal girl today.

I wore one of my own jackets, even though it was too large, it looked fashionable on a young girl.

I bused downtown to Macy's and strode up to Georgia's counter.

"Joh-Joannie," she said surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"Something wonderful happened last night."

She smiled. "I'll say."

"I have to show you! Can you take a break?"

"I guess so, but not for too long or I'll get in trouble."

She came out from behind the counter and I followed her into the dressing rooms where we were alone. Inside one of the booths, I took off my coat and hung it up.

"You're not going to believe this," I said, unbuttoning my blouse.

"What happened with your make-up today? It looks terrible."

By then I had opened my blouse. The padded bra underneath pushed what was left of my chest upward to form cleavage.

"What are you trying to show me?" Georgia asked.

I took off the blouse and then reached back to unhook the bra. When it came off in my hands, she gasped.

"Oh, my God! Johnnie! You don't have breasts!"

"I know! Isn't it great?"

We wrapped our arms around each other and hugged each other tight.

"I'm going to buy a few boy clothes to fit this body then go back and try to get my old job back."

"Welcome back, boyfriend!"

We kissed and then I got dressed again. I walked her back to her counter

and then headed upstairs to the men's department. I bought a couple shirts and some pants, then a cheap pair of sneakers. With my packages under arm I headed home.

I called the photo lab and explained that I had been extremely sick and I pleaded for my job. I was put on a kind of probation and docked all of the wages for the days I had missed but I could still work there. They thought I looked kind of peaked the last couple days I had been there.

So things were beginning to work out. Back in boys clothes felt strange and it would certainly be far less exciting to get up in the morning and put on plain cotton underwear and boring jeans and shirts. To not wear earrings again or feel the breeze of the city on pantyhose covered legs. I'll miss walking the city streets in high heels.

I'll just have to confine Joanie to weekends. But now I'll have Georgia with me whenever I need her. I already decided to ask her to move in with me in a larger apartment elsewhere in the building. I knew she would accept.

I reconciled with my next door neighbor when I had regained most of my former height and shape by explaining that the girl she had seen was my sister. She bought it and things were okay all around.

I never saw Mac again and knew that that was right. I thought of him a few times immediately after the change-back but then never again. I only wanted Georgia.

Halloween came and we went out, dressed as hookers, to a big party at a nightclub. It was great, and we had a marvelous time. I was asked to dance by both men and women as was Georgia and we didn't think anything of it.

My memory of the aliens had been wiped clean from my mind by this time but there was one thing that still linked me to them. They had said they would leave me with something to make things up to me.

They had probed my mind again and found the one thing I really desired in regards to my transvestism. Georgia and I discovered their little gift to me together while making love Halloween night.

In my bed, both of us wearing black seamed stockings and garter belts and high heels, we were in the throes of deep passion when I felt a strange sensation in my chest.

When I mentioned it to Georgia, she took a nipple in her mouth and moaned at the pleasure of feeling it harden against her tongue. She sucked each erect tip in turn before trailing a sensuous path around my chest. She nibbled on the rosy tips and, incredibly, to the wonderment of us both, they began to grow!

They swelled to the size of my previous fullness under the skilled eroticism of her tongue. We didn't try to rationalize it, or understand it, but they were a definite turn-on

and Georgia was ecstatic about their return.

So that's my story. And in case you were wondering, my breast disappeared during the night again as we slept. And yes, they reappear whenever Georgia arouses them.

I had lived a transvestites dream. I had a woman's body with functioning male sex organs. I passed without question for almost a week. I had worked as a secretary for a major advertising agency. And I had given it all up. I realized I had it pretty good the way it was. I could be both Johnnie and Joannie and Georgia would be there for both.

What more could I ask for?



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