

# Confessions of A Drag Queen



Gabrielle Johnson



**Copyright © 2015**

**Published by Mags, Inc  
All Rights Reserved.**

**No part of this book may be reproduced without the  
written permission of the publisher, except for brief  
quotes contained within a critical review.**

**For information address  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA**

**Call toll free (800) 359-2116**

**[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)**

# Confessions of a Drag Queen

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

## I. GONZALO

“And this is my office, most of the time,” I said to the beautiful, graceful figure I led through the main office into the interrogation room.

Vanessa knew by now I worked for the secret police and that I hadn’t accidentally encountered her in the Copitas Bar, where all the loveliest models in the capital met their agents and employers, and, often, their boyfriends or lovers.

Her smile faded as I showed her to the chair where I always sat the accused for interrogation. She wiggled

deliberately, as female as she could be now, brushing her pretty dress skirt beneath her shapely legs. She crossed those lovely legs, again letting me hear the sound of nylon on nylon along with the soft rustle of her summery dress around her gorgeous legs.

“You’re arresting me, interrogating me?” she asked, smiling as she looked up at the camera. “Aren’t you going to warn me to tell the truth, the whole truth, or suffer the consequences?”

Vanessa’s voice had changed so much since I’d first met her. Then, she’d sounded like a young boy whose voice hadn’t broken yet, not like a gay boy like her friend, Gabriella. I’d been so disappointed, at first, to see and hear that the cute girl I’d admired on the street wasn’t anything more than a drag queen. Now, she didn’t sound like any kind of boy

Oh, frick, Vanessa, you look as cute as you did, what was it, four, five years ago when we first met, I told her silently. Yes, I wish I could take you into my bed in my grungy apartment back in the university quarter. I wish I could do to you again what I did there. I was the first man you made love to, wasn’t I? No, it wasn’t just me making you behave like a girl, was it? You were just as active as I was in seeking pleasures.

And after that first awkwardness we’d got through, oh, that second time, when you cuddled up to me, breathing so heavily. As I penetrated your lovely tush, you had your first orgasm of that night. Oh yes, my darling Vanessa, I still think of it. I still daydream about it. And the way you looked at me, smiling in surprise, in excited, happy surprise. In the Copitas, I think you remembered it as well.

Yes, I’d “picked up” Vanessa, she first letting me put her hand in mine, and, later, my hand on her shoulder. What had she said?

“I’d love to get out of here with you, Gonzalo,” she’d whispered, standing on tiptoes to kiss my

cheek. Her breast, real this time, had bounced against my chest as she drew my arm about her shoulder. "I'd love to go with you somewhere private for a chat about old times, and new times. Yes, I do owe you so much for what you've done for me."

"This is where I work now," I'd said to the amazing, blonde-haired girl, what a change that was, clinging so amorously to me on the street. My office was on Oliveros, just a rooming house by the look of it. We kissed on the doorstep, my heart rate jumping as I thought about how I'd just kissed a man again, a man in drag, a man who was the cutest-looking girl in ten blocks or more.

Vanessa had been smiling and attached to me as I eased her past the security gate. Then she realized where she was.

"This, this is where you work," Vanessa had said, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

"We don't tell anyone," I'd whispered to the curvaceous drag queen I led past the main working office towards my room.

Vanessa sat most provocatively across the desk from me. She took a lipstick from her purse and re-did her lips as if I'd mused her up when I'd kissed her. Well, I had, but not too badly.

"I've been asked to put a few questions to you, Vanessa," I said to her. I didn't have to switch on a recorder. Everything we said was already being recorded. Her girlish breathy whisper saying how she loved me kissing her when we'd kissed on the Oliveros doorstep had been recorded. My boss was probably hearing it as she spoke.

Please, Vanessa, I implored her with my eyes: don't say anything that could get either of us arrested under the morality laws. Just be your pretty, girlish self. I may be able to get you out of here.

I might even be able to get myself out of the mess I saw coming down on all of us who worked for the ruling junta.

"We received a tape this morning that we've been asked to investigate," I said to Vanessa, noting how her eyes were glittering at me. They weren't as loving as they had been, weren't looking at me now with the love and affection that had overcome her when I asked her if I could take her out of Copitas and show her my new room.

She'd smiled and wriggled so femininely, standing then, picking up her purse while saying, "I thought you'd never ask me again."

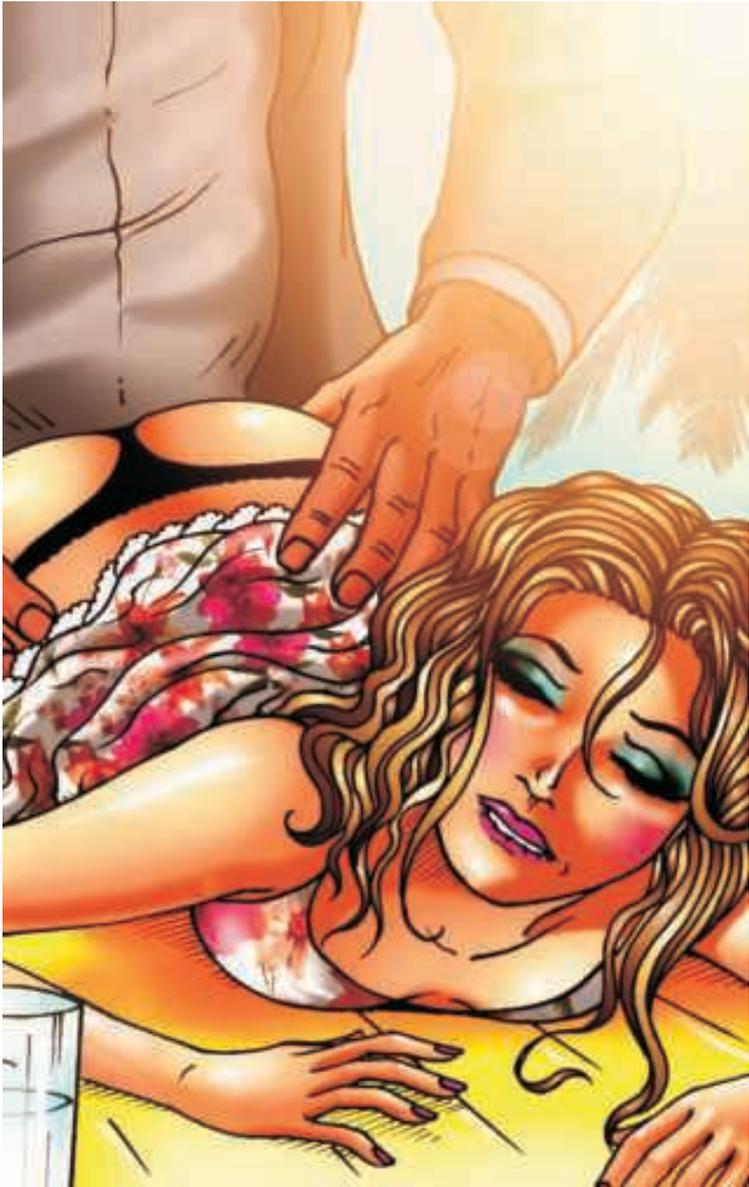
Vanessa had been smiling all along Amoros, her arm linking us together, projecting to the world that we were man and woman, and that she was expecting me to make her very happy.

"You got a tape with me on it?" Vanessa asked as I took the package out of the desk drawer and brought out the tape. "What is it? Did some pervert sneak into the dressing room at my last fashion show and get pictures of me, naked?"

"Something like that," I agreed neutrally, hoping again that Vanessa would pick up on the change in the way I was speaking and emulate me. Be cool and womanly, I thought.

I slid the tape into the old machine on my desk and pointed at the blank wall. Almost immediately, a film began of a young woman, well, Vanessa, walking towards the camera. She was outdoors, in a flowery, petticoated dress, a girl's summer dress. She half-turned as someone came through the glassed, window door behind her. She smiled as the big man called something to her, probably her name.

Vanessa sashayed forward, smiling as she reached for a tumbler of water on the garden table in front of her. She took only a sip before the big man grabbed



her. Well, he grabbed the skirts of her dress and lifted them up over her back. She was pushed over the garden table. By the look on her face, she was squealing at him, but the man was leering as one of his hands held up her dress and another seized her breast.

As the big man kissed her neck, Vanessa tried to turn but Obregon, whom I now recognized, wouldn't let her. It wasn't easy to see exactly what he was doing until you looked at the way Vanessa was grimacing. Her skirts lifted in front of her and revealed her pretty, black, lacy panties. They weren't all the way down but, by her movements, one knew she was being penetrated anally. Oh yes, Obregon was forcing himself into her.

They rocked together for several minutes, he kissing her hair and ear. She squealed each time he drove into her. I tried not to squirm in my seat, At some point Vanessa stopped fighting and clutched one of the man's hands onto her panties and began to jiggle with him. She was actually smiling, over her shoulder, at the man taking her. He was in the throes of passion, you could see that by his face, but then he must have ejaculated because his face muscles relaxed. Vanessa, however, bounced on against his manhood, squealing and squealing, even caressing the man's hand on her breasts or fondling between her panties or thighs.

In front of me, the real Vanessa didn't move an inch as she watched. She didn't look at me, either, or protest that it wasn't her on the screen.

You could see Obregon's enormous manhood as Vanessa pulled away from him. She turned. I'd have said that she was smiling at him in delight, perhaps even thanking him for what he'd done to her. They kissed and mauled one another before Obregon whispered something into her ear.

He must have been telling Vanessa that he was ready to do her again for Vanessa shook her lovely hair, as long and lovely as it was on her pretty head be-

side me. She tried to push the big man off her but he almost crushed her in his embrace, spinning her around and forcing her to lean over the table again while he lifted her skirts once more.

You could see that Vanessa was begging the man for something. Her feminine hands mimed something like a spray. Yes, that was what it was. She wanted him to lubricate her tush, to ease his passage into her, but Obregon seemed intent on doing her in the same way as before. Yes, she was definitely asking the big man for some kind of lubrication.

But the minister, yes, he was that, Alejandro Obregon, didn't stop at all. His hands went about her waist as she braced herself once more. He forced himself into her. She arched and twisted. Once she lifted her head as he leaned forward so that they could kiss. Then, he was filling her. That was obvious. When he was done, he took a big handkerchief from his pocket and wiped himself and her backside as well.

Vanessa pulled up her panties, fluffing her skirts as she put them down. She turned and wagged her finger at the Minister of State for Internal Affairs, basically the head of the secret police. He laughed at her and took her arm, acting for all the world as if they'd just been for a stroll in the garden. He looked down the front of her dress, leaning over her again to kiss her breasts.

Vanessa smiled at him when he lifted her head and put one of his hands tight about her waist. She went into the house, one of the most respected members of the government fondling her breasts and then her backside. Her skirt was flipped again as she skipped in through the doors, laughing at the minister. A police guard almost immediately came into the garden and took up his post at the door as if he'd been waiting off-screen for the tryst to be completed.

"You don't deny that the feminine figure is you? That's you with Alejandro Obregon engaging in a dec-

adent and degrading sexual liaison?" I asked Vanessa icily.

She sighed, re-crossed her lovely legs, her dress giving out a nice, soft, womanly scent. I knew she was wearing French perfume, a giveaway that she was sleeping with someone who could afford expensive presents.

"I'll have to confess to it sooner or later, won't I?" Vanessa asked, a touch of anger in her voice. There was a hard glint in her bewitching blue eyes, so elegantly outlined, her eyelashes lightly mascaraed, her eyelids dark. When I thought of her as she had been, when I'd first made love to her ... it was hard to think that this enchantingly feminine figure was the drag queen I'd laughed at and teased for being "cute." I'd thought back then that she might begin to cry, girlishly and cutely, of course.

"Why did you do it? I asked her testily, returning to her present predicament, as she looked steadily back at me.

"You should know why," Vanessa said contemptuously. "You've obviously been spying on me."

"Why?" I asked her again, letting my own anger enter my voice. Why had she tempted a high-ranking minister so seductively with her lovely, womanly body?

"To save my lover," Vanessa said curtly, leaning forward, affording me a fine view down the front of her dress. She wore a black bra and slip while her breasts were pleasantly rounded, not huge and ungainly like those of many women who choose the size of bosom.

"And what were you saving your lover from?" I asked her bluntly.

"From being raped like I was in your film," snapped Vanessa, her long nails picking invisible lint off her dress.

"Not like you," I told her stolidly, "unless your lover is a woman."

Vanessa shivered sadly at me. "You don't understand," she said calmly, setting her anger aside. "Obregon was going to have my lover arrested and placed in San Diego prison."

"Alejandro Obregon isn't the only man you make love with?" I asked her, setting my anger aside also. It was lucky for her that I'd seen the film before and could do that, let her explain what she'd been doing with one of the most powerful men in the junta, until today, that is.

"I've heard," Vanessa whispered femininely, rolling her eyes at me, "that the guards in San Diego debase all prisoners on arrival. They treat them as homosexuals and record the rape as an offence by the prisoner, having sexual relations with a man. Don't you know that, *Senor Interrogator*? Don't you keep records of the rapes to present at your private trials? It's ten years for a deviant act, isn't it?"

"You talk too much, Vanessa," I told her, trying to warn her once more, but she smiled, the provocative female, at me.

"I saved my lover," she said, finally confronting me. "Look, Gonzalo, that's his stupid, pornographic tape!"

The door creaked open. Montoya came in. He was older than me, an under-minister in the government and my superior.

"I'll take over from here, Gonzalo," he said to me in his rumbling voice, and for the first time, Vanessa looked at me in concern.

"This woman is ..." I began but Luis Montoya stopped me.

"Just rewind the tape for me before you go," Luis said. The woman opposite us seemed to sit more rigidly in her lovely, green silk, short dress. Her high heel

on the end of her stockinged foot went back and forth in a gesture that told me how nervous she was.

Luis seemed not to notice at all.

"That will be all, Gonzalo," he said again; and so I left Vanessa in there with him.

Raul and Gennaro were in the monitoring booth. There were bank notes on the counter in front of them as they were watching the interrogation. I looked at the money.

"And you say, Raul?" I asked him.

"I say he has her panties down and is inside her within the next half hour," said Raul, stroking his thick mustache, with a grin at me.

"What were the odds on me taking her?" I asked Gennaro. The younger of the pair looked at me sheepishly.

"That's a no-bet, Captain," Gennaro said to me. "She was offering it, Captain, but we knew that you wouldn't be taking it. You're not the kind." He glanced at Raul.

"We both know that you don't like women," said Raul, with a grin at me while Gennaro blushed. "Now if it had been a young boy."

"But she's a very pretty girl," I said, poker-faced, looking through the dark glass at Vanessa, answering the statistical questions Montoya was asking her. "I might have been tempted for once."

"True," said Raul as straight-faced as me but he could barely keep from laughing at his young partner.

I glanced at Gennaro. "Relax, Gennaro," I told him. "Sergeant Gomez and I are playing games again."

Gennaro looked at Raul's grinning face and looked a bit less rattled. He was one of the new men, a party man, basically an informer on what we secret police were doing. A lot of good it was now, I thought, being

a secret policeman when everyone knew you were a secret policeman.

"Gennaro," I asked him, looking at Vanessa sit back in her chair, her lovely hair swept back, the gold dangling bell earrings I'd seen her wear so often before, exposed at her ears. They shook as she answered Montoya's inane questions. He asked them slowly as if they were of great import but they were nothing, just asked to soften her up to his way of asking questions.

"When was this film of Vanessa and Senor Obregon taken?" I asked Raul and Gennaro. "Does the promo give the details?" We called the description of where, when and how any video or film was taken, the "promo."

Gennaro frowned, looked at a box cover, opened a file and looked on the floor. Raul grinned at me. "Not one of ours," he said. "So, no promo."

"I recognize the guard in the film at the end," I said. "One of the President's finest now." Gennaro's flush and look downward were a dead giveaway. "Descaro, Demarco, something like that. Why don't you go over to the Palace, Gennaro, and ask your friend if they really want us to charge the fifth most highly-ranked minister in the government with a morals offence?"

Raul was looking at Vanessa as Gennaro slunk away. "I know that girl, don't I?" he said to me with a smile. "A high-class escort, hooker, some kind of party girl, definitely a prostitute, I think."

I had to smile at Raul. Yes, he'd seen Vanessa before. She was none of those things. I think having her breasts done had been the main thing that had fooled him. She looked so lovely sitting there as Montoya tried to build a fire under her. I raised the volume on the interrogation.

"Let's look at the film of you and Juan Alejandro," Luis said ponderously. Vanessa nodded and impassively watched herself being boffed by the Minister. It

had to have been taken recently as Gennaro would soon come running back to tell me. Her breasts were all I needed to see, to date the film.

"A ten says he'll ask her the name of her lover first," said Raul.

I hoped Luis wouldn't. I couldn't say that, though, could I? But Vanessa might be angry enough with me for leaving her with another secret policeman that she might blurt out my name anyway.

"It will be her pillow talk with the fat man," I said. Raul smiled at me. He liked me better when I used derogatory terms for our superiors. It helped him to relax as well.

## II. VANESSA

I was so stupid. I was as giddy as the schoolgirl I was dressed up to be. Gabriella said that dressing in a plaid skirt and a little white top would scare everybody off. They wouldn't notice us at all. "She" was a boy just like me but she had been out many times, or so she said, into Fuentes Park. She claimed to have been to the theater as well and even been picked up by a boy once. He'd treated her as a girl and sat with her through a romantic movie.

I knew that couldn't be true because I didn't think that we passed as girls that well, none of us in the little "club" I belonged to. It was the most thrilling thing of my week to go to a meeting of girls like me. None of us were girls, of course, but we could pretend we were. We could call each other by girls' names, dress up, try to change our voices, dance together and plot and plan little escapades. We could tell and listen to the stories that we all had of how we first knew that we were different from other boys. Several of the older "women,"

were married. One, Anna, had her wife attend some of the meetings with her.

Gabriella said that I could pass. She was going out and wanted someone to go with her. She asked me a few times until, my exams at the university over, I agreed, my excitement building for a week. So, after a session of dressing at Flora's, I tentatively went out of the front door arm-in-arm with Gabriella.

It was incredible to be out in public in girl's clothing. Even carrying a purse seemed so decadent to me. I'd shaved my legs as a girl should and didn't wear stockings as Gabriella warned me it was too hot and girls just didn't. We strolled into Fuentes Park and sat by the fountains watching the world go by, giggling at what we saw, excited by our own daring.

We went up onto Escalante to buy ice creams. I didn't like the looks we got from some of the kids there. Gabriella was flouncing more than a little.

"What are you looking at?" she challenged a couple of younger boys who stopped on their bikes and stared at us. Gabriella's voice wasn't very female. It even dropped an octave as she said that. The kids made limp-wristed gestures at us and followed us for a while, mocking us with high-pitched, girlish voices. Totally embarrassing I found them, before they veered off, on some private signal, as young boys do.

That was when I noticed the man watching us. He'd been there on the bench in Fuentes, hadn't he? He'd been leaning on a rail as we skipped down Escalante with our ice creams. Now, there he was, stopping and leaning against a store entrance as Gabriella had me look at the pretty dresses in the front window of Marta's, a shop she said would let pretty queens, she put us both in that category, try on the second-hand dresses for sale.

"We're being followed," I told Gabriella, a shudder going through me as the dark-haired man watched us

window-shopping, a rolled-up paper in the back pocket of his long, white pants. He had sunglasses like other guys. We wore ours in our hair to make us look more girlish.

Our tracker had a nice, collared shirt, the sleeves rolled to his elbows. A fancy watch glinted at his wrist. He was tall, his jaw nice, well-formed and clefted. I liked that in film stars and wished so much that I looked like that when I was younger, like Eduardo Perez in the movies. Now, I was older and would have liked to look more like Eva Garcia, the brown-eyed blonde who had so many love scenes with Eduardo in *Out of the Barrio*, the classic gangster movie.

"Let's go in here," said Gabriella anxiously. So we went into a store with women's clothes everywhere, women here and there, a salesgirl who frowned at us, no doubt recognizing what we were. Gabriella didn't stop, however. We scooted out through the back door of the store with a girl's voice calling a few nasty things after us.

"Let's go back to Flora's," I begged Gabriella, who reluctantly agreed. But we were trapped. There was another student parade and protest march, along Amoros, blocking us from crossing. Someone was haranguing the growing crowd in front of the students' union building, a little off campus.

There were people everywhere. Many of them looked at us in our white blouses, padded of course, and our short, pleated schoolgirl skirts. Our makeup was way overdone, I realized, as I tottered on the small, "kitten" heels I'd chosen to wear. I could see by the occasional gesture at us that many people realized what we were and were amused. I was mortified but Gabriella was becoming belligerent at the occasional looks and comments directed at us.

I think the guy who grabbed his crotch and told us to suck him really got to her. Gabriella charged after him. He, laughing, ran across the street, right through

the parade, Gabriella inches behind him, trying to whack him with her purse. They reached the other side of the avenue. I thought about going after them when a hand grabbed mine and restrained me. The man who'd trailed us before, held me and flashed a badge. It was amazing how the crowd about me melted away.

"Let's get out of here without any fuss, any embarrassment," he said, putting his arm about me as if I were a girl. Intense shame and fear swept over me as he turned me back towards Escalante and through a line of men watching the parade, shaking their heads at what was being said. I thought that I was headed to jail, a police car at least, but he propelled me into a bar, the inside so dark and cool.

He took off his sunglasses and waved to a bartender. "Beer and a cola, por favor," he said, tossing some bills on the bar.

I sat where I was told in the booth as the policeman looked at me. He was quiet and eventually I looked up at him. "I don't like whores in here, Gonzalo," said the proprietor as he brought us the drinks on a tray.

"Just a schoolgirl with too much makeup," said Gonzalo, giving me a lopsided smile. It was rather nice but it made me shiver.

"I-I am of age," I whispered. "I can drink more than pop."

The proprietor had moved back to his cronies at the bar. It was mostly deserted. I could see him looking over at us every so often.

"Would you like to take your ID out of your purse and prove your age to Santo?" asked the policeman.

All I would have proved was that I was a male student at the university. I took a sip of the iced cola. It was refreshing, a different tang to it than what was available in school.

"What do you call yourself?" asked the cop.

"Conchita," I told him. Well, it was that name that week. "Conchita Amara."

Gonzalo wrinkled up his nose in disgust. "You're not a Conchita," he said. "If you want to be a film star, choose a classier name, Sofia, Eva, maybe Vanessa."

"Vanessa," I said, just rolling it around in my mouth. It was classy, too classy by far for me, sitting there in my cheap makeup and cheap clothes, pretending that I was a girl.

"I shall call you Vanessa," said the cop. I nodded. I've been Vanessa ever since. "It's your own hair, isn't it? How do you get away with wearing it so long?"

"I go to university," I began nervously. Gonzalo nodded in understanding.

"But not today," he said. "You don't want to be outside today. There's going to be a big riot. There'll be shooting and more than a few deaths."

I didn't ask why. I didn't ask about the great event that was happening along Amoros that very afternoon. I asked the stupid, pressing question that was most on my mind. "But how do I get to my clothes? They're back at Flora's."

It had only taken him a question or two, I found out much later that he was an interrogator with the secret police, and I'd told him about the "secret" group I belonged to. I'd told him how we met and how stupid I'd been to go out for the first time in my life in public with Gabriella.

"You were stupid," said the policeman as a roar came from the street and people came running into the bar, many looking very frightened. I felt very afraid too, sitting there in a short skirt, my hair backcombed and teased, earrings dangling, makeup on my face and a bra filled with tissues across my chest.

"Gabriella," said Gonzalo, "looks like a drag queen, like a boy in a dress. You, though, could have passed as a schoolgirl with too much makeup on her pretty

face if you hadn't been with her. Um, come on. I'd better take you to a safer place. Those put-put noises you can hear are handguns being fired. It won't be long before heavier arms start retaliating."

I went out the back with Gonzalo into a narrow passageway. He cut through a number of alleys until we got to a battered, old French car into which he pushed me. "I have to go back to my apartment," I squeaked at Gonzalo, trying out the voice I'd been practicing in our little club.

Gonzalo burst out laughing as he started the car. We turned north away from the ruckus. He flashed his badge at the cops who'd moved to stop us. They waved us on. "Please don't speak like that," he said. "You sound as if you were thirteen. Anyone hearing you would think that I was robbing the cradle."

I pouted and sat in silence, only noticing that my skirt was bunched up under me, pulled so far up my leg that we had driven away from the university with his hand inches from my thigh and my red, lace-frilled panties. No wonder, Gonzalo had been looking down so often to change gears as we sped along.

### III. GONZALO

The flash of her panties was amusing. I was stuck with the girlie queen for a little while further. It looked like I was going to have to be the one to teach her how to get into and out of a car like a woman. I should never have stopped her from running after her friend but she couldn't see what was coming down the street in the Revolutionary parade. If one of the motorcycles hadn't got her, one of the running men, fleeing from the huge police raid, looking for contraband arms in the university, surely would have.

There was so much anger on display. My little drag queen would have been caught up in it. So would I if I'd stepped outside the cantina. People recognized me as a cop in the University district. I was made every time I went down there. I might not have lasted five minutes in the shooting and rioting. I doubt a drag queen could have survived, either.

I'd warned Santo but he'd stayed open. That, at least, had allowed me to calm Vanessa with a drink. Now, she wouldn't talk at all as I wondered what I was doing with her in my car. She wasn't outstandingly pretty as a woman, not the way she was dressed, the gruff way she spoke, or the silly way she did her makeup.

No wonder we made the queens on the street so easily if they all did their makeup like her. Girls, real girls, were just so much more natural these days. Well, I would at least get her to wash the makeup off, put on a pair of running shorts, maybe buy her some running shoes at a department store. She could do what she liked with that hair and her padded front. I made a bet with myself that she'd prefer to leave me as a woman than as a man.

"You don't have to do anything for me," said Vanessa hotly when she spoke in her mannish voice again. "I'm not a whore."

"We only call real girls whores," I told her blandly as I went up the deserted back way to my apartment. All the telltales told me that there'd been no one there or in my apartment since I'd left it. She sat sullenly in the chair where I'd placed her as soon as we were inside. She sat more like a man than a woman. I flicked on the television. We were both riveted for a while by the carnage taking place along Amoros.

"Your side is losing," said Vanessa.

"They deserve to," I told her. "They don't listen to good advice when it's given as some drag queens don't, either."

She didn't like that term for her. She didn't like she-male, either, when I called her that. She also didn't like queer or gay. "I'm not gay," muttered Vanessa as we watched the army ending the demonstrations. We could hear the choppers overhead. I invited her out on the balcony to watch her "gay" friends being pounded by bombs.

Someone on the student side, though, had procured rockets. They weren't all hidden in the university, obviously. We saw the first strike of a missile on a loaded helicopter. It blew apart, between eleven and twenty men dying just like that. It was the Revolution - and we were witnessing it.

"You can stay the night," I told Vanessa as she looked at me with fright in her eyes. "You'll be safe here," I told her funny, madeup, feminine face. She'd asked me not to stare at it, at her, so much. "And tomorrow, I'll go and get you some boy's clothes. Looking at you, I can tell that nothing I have will fit you."

She was right. I did look at her too much. I liked her face from the moment I saw her sitting on the edge of the fountain, smiling at her girl friend with those beautiful blue eyes and those lovely lips. I'd wondered about them since I'd seen her. Would those lips be as lovely to kiss as they looked? I'd thought, right away.

I'd drifted up to Escalante, scanning the route the armed raiders should have fortified against parades. Lo and behold, she'd come up as well. That's when the disappointment set in as I realized what "she" was, a drag queen. It was mostly by the actions of her friend, who was clearly a boy in drag, that made me start thinking that Vanessa's, actions, were likewise not those of a cute, young lady.

So, Vanessa was right to be scared of me. I probably did have motives of my own that I didn't admit to, at first, in rescuing and keeping her in my apartment. I didn't tell myself that my motives were anything but pure as I got her to eat with me, having first asked her to get rid of her makeup.

I opened her purse and told her that if she wanted to be female she should start again and use a lot less makeup. Vanessa mustn't have looked at a lot of girls on her first walkabout, if that's what she was doing. But still, it was like having a heavily made-up, perfumed girl in my apartment for supper. We watched the ongoing revolt with the inevitable results as the army brought in more troops.

"My apartment is right in there," gasped Vanessa as a television crew bravely showed us pictures of the wrecked university residences.

"You have a place to stay," I told her.

Vanessa shivered. "You only have one bed," she said.

I moved over and sat beside her on the sofa. "This is very comfortable," I told her. "I want to watch all of this and talk to my office; so you can have the bed. Um, I actually have a nightie from a previous visitor if you usually dress that way for bed."

Vanessa blushed at that. I probably shouldn't have said it. "I am tired," she said. I escorted her to the bedroom and found the nightie. She looked at it as if it might jump at her and bite her.

"You've never worn a nightie before," I said with a grin. "You never went out in public as a woman before. There's a lot you haven't done, Vanessa, isn't there?"

Well, it was a small bedroom. I was close to her. She smelled like a woman with the perfume she had on. I brushed by her as I put the nightie over her arm. Her face was shadowed. I'd no idea what she was thinking.

I'd been thinking of Vanessa as a "she" all the time. That was my undoing. I did what I would have done with any other young woman in my bedroom. I slipped my arm around her waist and lowered my head to hers and gently kissed Vanessa good night on her lips.

Well, it started out as a gentle kiss but things progressed rapidly from there. No, it wasn't all my fault that we ended up in bed together, me boffing Vanessa incessantly all through the night of one of the worst days in the history of our country.

#### IV. VANESSA

His lips brushed mine. His manly lips rested on mine. I felt all my insides roil and my skin burst immediately into goose bumps. I was kissing a man! A man was kissing me!

Gonzalo was giving me a nightie to wear in his bed - and now he was kissing me! My feet were stuck to the carpet. I couldn't move! Yet I could feel my knees and body beginning to sag. His strong arm about me held me up as I couldn't pull my lips away from his. I couldn't as the pressure of his mouth on mine grew. Oh! It was just how I'd always wanted to be kissed.

It was how I wanted to feel. I wanted to feel like this, like a woman being kissed by a man. I moved my lips over his as Gonzalo responded in the same way. I felt his tongue. My mouth opened. I don't know how I did it so easily, without any conscious will. He took full possession of my mouth and was still kissing me as I fell upon his bed.

Gonzalo's hand, caressing my leg, my bare, smooth thigh, couldn't break the kiss that excited and pleased me so much. I put my hand over his as I

moaned, whimpered and levered myself fully onto his bed as he followed me. He lifted my arms about his neck and hugged me to him. Oh, it was so magnificent to be held like that, to feel him against me, against my legs as we kissed. His hand slipped under my little skirt and caressed my panties and my tush.

Oh, I loved it, to have a man doing that to me. I loved it. I loved it. I kept my hands about his neck and pressed my body against his and felt his manhood then against me. He undid his belt as I whimpered again. I couldn't stop hugging and kissing him as I knew very well what was going to happen to me. I felt anguish surge through me as I knew that I was not going to stop him doing what he wanted to do to me. All I hoped was that he would still make me feel like a woman no matter what he wanted me to do for him.

## V. GONZALO

So what do you do with a randy, little, girlish faggot who's coming onto you like the first discovery of the Americas? I hardly realized that I'd undone my belt buckle before she was helping me to take down my pants. I let my hands stray over her thin legs and her pretty, red panties. She didn't mind me sliding my hands over her, at all, or tightening them about her.

I finally broke from her kiss and slid her off the bed. She was looking up at me with her lips all smeared as I got my pants off and then my underpants. I slid over her and did what any man might do with a willing little faggot. She was trembling a whole lot as I pulled her face against my rising manhood. Her eyes got bigger than my one-eyed monster as I ran it over her lovely lips.

Vanessa knew what she had to do but it took her a few minutes to understand and get into it completely. Then it was my turn to groan and moan as I got the most delightful blow job I could remember as she kissed my monster and slowly ran her mouth and tongue over me. Even when she took me in, she did it so slowly that she did blow my mind. I had to hold on to her head as I erupted and she choked on me.

I let her go and sank back on the bed, most of my essence shooting off to who-knows-where. "Wow, babe," I told Vanessa, sitting up, ready to let this girl have another go at me. But she glanced up at me and looked positively ill. "Whoa, what's the matter?" I asked her.

Vanessa struggled to her feet and almost ran to my bathroom. I tugged on my pants and went after her. She was retching and throwing up in the sink. When I went to touch her, to help her, she slapped my hand away.

Then I understood. "You've never done that with a man before," I said to her. "Another first?" She was shaking so much, all over, that I couldn't really tell if she was nodding her head or not. "Kissing a man? I bet you've done that before."

The shake of her head was unmistakable that time. Vanessa was claiming that she'd never kissed a man before. Well, you could have fooled me. I could still feel her all over my lips and my face. She began to shake and dry heave. I got her water and a mouth-wash. She looked tragically in the mirror and began to wash her face as well, scrubbing hard with the soap that didn't remove the eyeliner from about her eyes, no matter how hard she tried.

I brought her a glass of Sobrita then, the strong red wine that all of us from the mountains drink. Vanessa looked at it doubtfully. "It will clean you out," I told her, "if you've anything left inside you."

She looked at me scornfully, took a big swallow of the wine and promptly threw up again, my bathroom now looking like one unholy mess. "I, I'm s-sorry," Vanessa murmured. The mouthwash worked well for her but she had to brush her teeth as I got a mop and cleaned what I could with that and a dishcloth.

She looked at me with the pail, wringing out the cloth. "You shouldn't have fed me," Vanessa croaked. "Not if you were going to do that to me."

"You didn't have to swallow," I said. That made her turn to the sink and dry heave for an instant. I put away the cleaning stuff and sprayed the bathroom with a cleanser and air freshener and took her back into the bedroom.

"What did you think was going to happen if I made love to you?" I asked her, lying on my side as she glared at me from her side of the bed. Funny, but I was still thinking of Vanessa as a woman even though she had very little makeup, her hair was mussed, and she'd lost an earring. She looked ready to shove me off the bed at any second, too.

"I thought you'd really make love to me," Vanessa whispered. "Teach me how to make love to you like a woman."

## VI. VANESSA

I think Gonzalo was floored by my response. I shouldn't have said it to him, of course. He'd take me and throw me out, I was sure, in the middle of a part of town I didn't know, with all that was going on. It was his bed after all; and now he'd got what he wanted from me. Unless he wanted me to do that gross thing to him again.

"You want me to teach you?" asked Gonzalo incredulously. "Whatever makes you think ...? Oh, the nightie, yes, well, I have had a woman or two in my time, but never," he paused and I knew he was thinking what to call me, "never a Vanessa before."

Well, that was better than being called the things Gonzalo had called me before. I had seen she-males in magazines with inflated boobs and asses and faces cosmetically created to look like women. And some, in porn magazines, showed off huge manhoods just the same as their boyfriends, smiling as men sucked on them. I'd look at them briefly but they made me feel so weird. I couldn't pore over such magazines as did some of the girls in my sorority. That was what we called our cross-dressers' club.

I thought it was over for me, that, when he slid off the bed, Gonzalo was going to grab me and throw me out of his apartment. But he just reached down on the floor and came up with the nightie. "You can sleep in this," he said to me. I clutched and stared at the silky thing, a woman's perfume rising from it.

"Oh, come on," Gonzalo said. "After what we just went through, you want to pretend you're shy."

"I haven't worn a nightie to bed before," I whispered to him. The bastard laughed at me.

"A night of firsts, firsts, firsts," Gonzalo said, ripping off his undershirt and taking pajama bottoms from under his pillow. "I'm going to sleep here tonight, I think. You can sleep here as well in your nightie so that you can tell all your friends, after today, that you did sleep all night with a man. You don't have to tell them you got a good night's sleep."

I stared at Gonzalo as he turned down the bed, took off his pants without trying to hide his masculinity from me, and put his pajama bottoms on. I had to turn my back to him and ask him if he would unfasten the hook at the top of my blouse for me. He did, lowering

the light as I slipped out of my skirt with a shiver, followed by another as I got out of my blouse. I knew Gonzalo was smiling as he saw my padded white bra and my red, lacy panties. Well, I didn't have the money to buy co-ordinated underclothes. I was very much mix and match with the few female things I had or could borrow.

The nightie was so soft that I felt like I was being caressed as it floated over me. Gonzalo opened the covers for me and so, trembling at the thoughts wearing the nightie was igniting in me, I had a problem. Should I face him or should I turn my back on him?

"You really expected me to teach you to be a woman?" Gonzalo asked me as he darkened the room. Now we could see flashes from time to time from whatever was going on about the university. Flashes were going through me as well. A bare foot touched mine as Gonzalo rolled against me.

"Well," he whispered to me. "Let's start this again, shall we?" He put his arm across me. I turned to him to tell him not to tease but his mouth met mine. Oooh, I was lost again. Gonzalo drew me against him, gently taking my hands from his bare chest and putting them about his head. He kissed me so tenderly, pulling me into him. Oh, don't do it, I thought, but I did. I snuggled to the man beside me and kissed him back. His arms about me caressed my back, my thin bra straps and then my panties, beneath the ruffles of the nightie.

He separated my legs and rolled over on top of me. I felt his aroused manhood again on my thigh. But Gonzalo didn't push my head down as he had before. No, he kissed me slowly and caressed me, slipping the nightie's straps over my shoulders. I felt such a rush of wonderful feelings pass through me as he kissed the tops of my chest and my neck. I even thrashed beneath him as he stroked my legs, making me feel so womanly.