

Main Attraction

II

Gabrielle Johnson





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MAIN ATTRACTION

Part Two

by Gabrielle Johnson

Becky shimmied over to me, making the small group of women left in the *Timeout Café and Tearoom* smile. Some of them even began to emulate my friend, my 'sister', as she and Rose Rennie called 'her' all the time.

No, no one ever called Rebecca, Becky, by her true name. Well, the way she acted, flirting and caressing all the boys still left in the place, wiggling her tush and short, flirty dress as she moved, throwing a kiss to one kid leaving. He'd smiled and waved to her. He'd been the one to say he'd give her a big tip, all right, and had been cuffed soundly by Rose when she was there, for his crudity. Yes,

Becky loved jokes like that. She had sat in the boy's lap as soon as Rose had gone upstairs with my brother, Danny. She'd cuddled the boy just as if she was a girl and not my best friend, Martin Redgrave. Yes, she was as much a boy as I was. But she didn't look like a Martin any more. Well, I didn't look like a Gerald Barclay, either, not after a couple of months of Rose's tutelage at the *Timeout Café*.

No, I was Becky's 'sister'. I'd been in girl's clothes a month or more longer than Becky. I'd been stupid enough to promise Rose Rennie that I'd do 'Anything!' to keep the job I had at the *Timeout Café*. And what the tearoom and café needed was an attraction, a pretty girl as a waitress, to draw in men to start with, from the nearby businesses for lunches.

When I was a boy with a job at the café, Becky had begged me to help her take my place there, in the *Timeout Café* if I should leave it. Well, I had in a way and she hadn't realized the 'anything' I was doing was shameful to me. Not at first, anyway. She'd made a better deal with Rose, I gathered, to become a girl like me, and she, Becky, had taken to it much faster than me. She'd even been the one to make a date for she and me to go out with boys, just the night before.

The real boys had kissed us and caressed us, Becky initiating a lot of that with the boy she was with. I'd also got a second date, with an older man, a salesman, I think, whose family Rose seemed to know. Gord Hiller was going to be there later that night for me, me dressed in a beautiful, woman's, evening gown, like an actress at the Oscars. I was to go with him to something called the Autumn Ball where I was to be a debutante!

No amount of denying that I would go, sickness, or temper tantrums had worked with Rose. Well, I hadn't really had temper tantrums. Becky would have had them if she

didn't get her way, I felt. She came over to me, swiveling her hips, corsets and tight bras giving her a gorgeous figure that she used femininely with men, sitting on their laps and letting their hands run all over 'her', giggling all the time when they did that.

"It's not fair that you get to go out on a date and I have to stay in and do the washing and chores," pouted Becky, her voice after all the training she'd done, like I had, and was still doing, her voice sounding like a real girl's.

"So, I'm going out anyway," said Becky, tossing her long, brunette hair, and smiling at me.

"I don't need a bonus tonight to go out with Malcolm," my 'sister' Rebecca said. Malcolm was the boy who'd taken me out the night before. Yes, we'd really been a hot and heavy pair, the camera's in the *Ranchero* club the night before seeming to zoom in on me all the time as I was kissing my 'boy friend'. Blondes have more fun, Becky had proclaimed. Now she was going out with a boy who was said to have oral sex with all his girl friends. Bart, who'd been out with Becky, had told me.

Malcolm had stormed off when Rose wouldn't let me go out with him again. Well, I had date with Gord Hiller, didn't I, but now he'd transferred his attentions to my 'girl friend', Rebecca, Becky. Surely, she'd heard what Bart Young had said. Maybe, she'd taken Malcolm up on the offer of a date because of what she'd heard.

Ugh. I felt like throwing up.

"Rose wants you upstairs, Sissy," said my mother to me, grinning at the other girl whom she surely knew was Martin Redgrave. Perhaps she didn't. But she did know that Rose Rennie made boys into girls. She'd more or less said that to me. I think she'd aimed me at Rose when she'd proposed that I work for her. Oh gosh, that's what was hap-

pening with my real brother, Danny, wasn't it? My mother must be arranging with Rose Rennie to turn my brother into a girl, mustn't she? A girl like me!

"Go on," my mother said to me. "Go and help Rose, my girl." Oh, how that hurt coming out of the mouth of my mother.

I shivered as I left her and went up into the apartment above the café, where Rose, Becky and myself had been living for months. It was there that Rose trained us, keeping us in girlish attire, making us sing like girls and do everything as girls, even doing 'forfeits' as girls whenever we made mistakes, like breaking an acrylic fingernail.

"That's it, Lisa," Rose Rennie was saying as I entered the apartment as quietly as I could. I could never enter as silently as she did. That's how she caught me so many times, not talking like a girl or sitting in a mannish fashion to read one of the Bettina's, her daughter's magazines on girl's fashions, all there was to read in the apartment.

"Isn't she just beautiful, Sissy?" asked Rose, helping Danny to hold a brush correctly and put the lightest of eyeshadow shading on his eyelids. Oh no, Danny was smiling as he did it.

Yes, my brother looked like my real sister as he had made up his face, his fair hair pinned back. Oh, his eyes were so vivid. Danny glanced at me, dangling earrings swirling at his neck as Rose put one of the wigs on my brother's head that I'd worn so much as I had been training to be a girl.

"We pin it to your real hair like this, Lisbeth," said Rose with an encouraging smile to my brother.

"Don't let her do it, Danny," I gasped at my brother, whose lovely eyes turned to me, opening wide in girlish surprise. I didn't think at all about how I sounded, how my



voice had become a lilting soprano, a girl's voice as Rose trained me.

"Run, Danny, run! Don't let her turn you into someone like me!" I lilted at my brother, looking at me so uncertainly.

"Your sister is so pretty, isn't she?" Rose said to my brother gently, her hand resting softly on Danny's, no, it was Lisbeth's shoulder. "We've been admiring this wonderful dress that you have to wear to the Autumn Ball, Princess Celia. Maybe, next year, it will be Princess Lisa's turn to be the belle of the ball and swirl all night long in the arms of handsome men."

One look at my sister's face, the enraptured expression so clear on the face, dominated by the pink, painted lips and long, dark eyelashes and darker, thin, femininely shaped eyebrows and I knew that I was in a situation that I couldn't win. Oh, the eyelashes were larger and the eyebrows already more femininely shaped than I ever remembered on Danny. Oh, and his fingernails were painted and shaped as well. Why had he let her do that to him?

"I think this dress can be altered enough so that Lisa," Rose pronounced it as 'Lee-za', "could wear it here, in one of the parties we should plan around Christmas, or the New Year. You'll have so many new gowns by then, Princess Celia, for all the social activities a girl like you must attend! You'll think the gown you'll be wearing tonight to be really old and passé, by then. And a pretty girl like you always has to have something new for a ball, doesn't she? I've taught you that, haven't I, my darling Sissy."

It was never going to end! I must take my own advice and run for it. Now wouldn't be too soon! But you don't have a man's shirt, pants or shoes, I told myself. Your hair is permed into girlish curls and ringlets! Yes, running

would get me nowhere but the newspapers if I ever got as far as the street, past my mother and Rose Rennie.

Who'd believe any story a boy dressed like me would have to tell. Not when others said the opposite, that I loved dressing like a girl! Rose had had me act it out. Oh, how embarrassing it would be to have to admit I was a boy in girl's clothing and makeup. And Rose would say I was trying to blackmail her, extort money out of her when she had been so kind in ignoring my sexual aberration!

"Go to the bathroom, darling Sissy," Rose said to me, "And lie in your scented water for half an hour or so. It's going to take us several hours, I think, to have our princess made ready for her grand entrance into Penstone society as the belle of the Autumn Ball!"

"Go, Danny, please!" I managed to beg the putative 'girl' who sat in front of our makeup mirror, painting her other eyelid as she had the first. But the rustle of the pink dress that Rose took up from the couch, where it had been laid, defeated me entirely. Lisbeth looked at the dress and reached out to touch it with shaking hands.

"Go, Princess Celia," Rose snapped at me. "Get ready for the Ball."

"Run, Danny!" I called to him. "Don't let Rose or Mummy stop you! If you don't run, you're going to end up like Becky and me!"

I shouldn't have said that last part. My 'sister', Danny, stared at me and shuddered. 'She' didn't move, but as her earrings shook against her neck, I saw her tremble and raise her hand, with its femininely, shaped and painted fingernails against her slender throat.

I shivered as I went to the bathroom I shared with Becky. An aromatic bath had been drawn. Whatever had my

mother been doing to my brothers while I wasn't there to protect them?

I took off my frilly apron and my short, black mini-skirt. I undid my stockings from my frilled garter belt and rolled them gently down my smooth, silky legs, just as Rose had taught me. I stepped out of my high heels, feeling my suspenders bounce against my upper thighs. Oh, this wasn't how a man was supposed to feel as he took women's undies, my panties followed, then my top and my bra. Oh, and they were all so soft and fitted perfectly to me, Rose had seen to that.

She came into the bathroom and was annoyed with how slowly I was unpinning my hair and wig. Well, I'd had a bath already on this day, before I went downstairs, and now I was to do it all again? Oh, and I hadn't cleaned my face yet, of all the makeup that I'd put on before going downstairs.

What I hadn't done with my makeup was going to lead to a forfeit, I could tell, by the imperious way Rose stalked about the bathroom, releasing my earrings, necklace and the bikini bottom that I had to wear to keep my male parts out of the way as I sashayed about the café.

"Into the bath," Rose ordered me, not saying anything about what I'd said to Danny. "I've a few surprises for you, my girl, when you're finally as properly scented as you should be for a ball!"

So, I wallowed in the femininely aromatic bath. Rose looked in on me, the door was left open, as she continued dressing my brother as a girl. I could hear them talking, she praising 'Lee-za' continually for all her co-operation in being made into a girl. Yes, I was getting a talking-to in that subtle female way that Rose used, praising one girl while putting the other down.

Oh, this was how to put that bra about Lisa's chest. This was how stockings were attached. Oh yes, there were a lot of petticoats with this dress, weren't there? A girl had to wear them all and hear herself rustle so femininely in such a dress. It was such a pleasure, wasn't it, Lisa? Sissy had always thought so when she wore one of her long dresses.

I wanted to get out and deny to Danny that anything Rose said about me was true. But Rose finally declared that I'd spent long enough, immersing my soft, girlish skin in the bath. It was time for me to change from being a waitress and to become a lovely, fragrant debutante.

Yes, I had to gather myself together and put on that long evening gown that had clearly been made with a gorgeous woman in mind. The neckline was frilled and shaped to reveal what I didn't have as a woman, breasts. Oh, I was sure I'd be tortured again with tapings and pullings until I fitted into the top of the gown, the little, puffed sleeves over my bra straps probably being 'delightful' as Rose had already called them. Yes, Danny would see me being clothed in a girl's underwear. This should put him off doing what Mum and Rose clearly wanted him to do, to be like me, a girl!

Ah, the long skirt would swirl about my legs as it opened mid-calf to let my legs reveal my stockings and high heels to the world. Oh, I couldn't wear such an elegant, gorgeous, feminine dress, meant for a real and true woman.

"Dry yourself, Sissy dear and let us re-do your makeup and your pretty hair," said my employer then, her voice all sugary and sweet. I guessed that Lisbeth was standing right there with her. 'She' was, in the sweetest and most girlish of pink dresses that I had used to possess.

“Come and see how, with the help of *Victoria’s Secret*,” how Rose laughed as she said that, “we shall make your sister, Cecilia, into the belle of the ball.”

Rose kept up a running commentary then of what she was doing to my face, my eyes and skin, and then my lips, saying, when she knew that I couldn’t speak out, that Lisa must learn how to do her eyebrows just like this, her eyelashes as mine were done so beautifully, and she must do her lips just as Rose was doing mine.

“Sissy and Becky will help you, of course, my darling,” the old hag said as I was transformed facially into looking like a girl. Oh, and it took her an hour then, or it seemed like it, to get my hair brushed, teased and combed before new additions were made to my golden hair, and I had soft trailers again at my bare shoulders, making me tremble at the soft touches. I couldn’t control my shivers as I heard Lisbeth sigh longingly, somewhere behind me, watching me become a woman.

“Now, one of the surprises I mentioned,” Rose went on, making me lie back in the chair as she opened packages I’d never seen before.

“What the ...” was all I got out of my mouth before it became obvious what Rose was doing to me. The breast prosthesis slid over my chest easily onto the areas that Rose had painted with what I’d thought was a lotion. It was an adhesive, however, and the breasts slid easily into place on my chest.

I could hear Lisbeth gasping again as Rose positioned and patted down the false chest over mine. “Just a little makeup and all the edges will completely disappear,” Rose assured me. “See your sister in the mirror, Lisa? Doesn’t she look real now, as you will when we do this for you, when you go to your first ball! And this isn’t all, of course,”

she went on as she positioned an unpadded, black, frilly bra about the prosthesis on my chest.

Rose began to open new packages then, panties to match the black bra, a bikini part that must go under the panties and then something that I couldn't believe! It looked like someone had made a woman's vagina out of some kind of latex material. It had skin-toned fasteners which were clearly meant to go about me and keep the thing over my male parts, making me resemble a woman 'down there', matching how I'd look so real with the breasts attached so gently to me.

I was panicked, I think, as Rose went down on the floor to slide the two pairs of panties onto me, up onto my thighs. Then she began to tie the vagina prosthesis onto me as well. I pushed at her and tried to get my bare legs out of her hands, even as Rose took hold of me, surprising me again with how strong she was, that old woman!

"You can't do this to me!" I squealed as Rose held my hands behind me, preventing me from ripping the thing, the vagina prosthesis, from me.

"I just have, Princess Celia," said Rose, forcing me in front of the mirror where all I could see was a girl's body with my feminine face on top of it. "Now, enjoy it, my beautiful princess. This is going to be a night for you never to forget. You are going to be a girl in every way possible. Now let's get you into your panties and tighten up your lovely bra and we can work a little more on your hair!"

I should have screamed some more. But the lacy network of the panties and bra set, that Rose made me adjust to myself, revealed a lot of the prostheses through the lace network that barely covered me. Oh, gosh, they both felt so soft and so much like human skin. It was as if they were really parts of me!

I just stared down at the bra, forcibly put around my chest. The falsies, which is what I wrongly guessed they were, gripped me tightly all over my chest. The nipples and breasts also seemed to move inside the femininely sexy garment. Oh, it did look like I really had breasts! I was a woman – in the mirrors anyway!

I'd been sure that the panties would be awful, they'd looked so small in my hands. But the vagina prosthesis moved as I crossed my legs as I had to sit and let Rose work on my hair. It had grown a little, she told me. She would put in more blonde, hair extensions, which she did. I sat there staring at a woman's body, shocked with every glance at myself, as a mass of women's hair appeared on my head.

"It, it's not me," I murmured in the only protest I think I made before Rose turned me away from all mirrors as I had my makeup applications finished. It seemed to take forever as Rose was more careful with my eyes than she had ever been before. She kept returning to my hair, lifting up some of the extensions and pinning them on top of my head.

I was unbelievably feminine when I finally got a look at what Rose had done to me. It had taken her hours and her work had made me really beautiful. You would call me that if you thought I was a woman, that is! And you would! I did!

"What-What have you done to me?" I managed to gasp as I couldn't control all the shivers that were running through me.

"We've made you into a woman," said Rose smugly. "Doesn't it look and feel so great? I knew it would, my princess. Now let's get your underclothes and perfume on you, Celia. No, you're not a sissy any more. You're going to the Autumn Ball. That means you are a real girl. You have

to feel like it. I can't have an important man like Gordon Hiller disappointed!

"Ah, you didn't know how rich his family is, do you, my sweet, innocent girl? I think you have every girl in town hating you right now as you have caught Gord. Yes, that's what they all think, Annie was telling me. Frankly, everyone wants to meet you at the Ball and see if you are the dish that Gord has been telling them you are! We can't disappoint them, can we?"

The last was said as she produced a thin, light garter belt that matched my panties and that she attached to me. I was too stunned to try to stop her as the garters danced on my thighs. I couldn't believe that this fashion model of a girl was me, my hair pinned so that parts of it could fall loosely over my neck and shoulders. The golden hoops at my neck were thick and heavy as they pulled on the lobe of my ears. I had a simple necklace to put on that matched them as Rose busied herself with jewellery and perfume while I had patterned stockings to put on.

I stood up and was attaching the garter belt to my stockings when there was a tap on the door. Lisbeth, my new sister, who'd been sent down with a message to my mother when Rose started transforming me in earnest into Sissy, was standing there, her mouth agape as she stared at me. I knew I must look so real to her in all my new, female underwear.

"Mummy says that she's shut up the café," Lisbeth whispered. "She's had to go. She's got to get ready for the ball as well. Becky's gone too, with some tall boy named Malcolm."

"Thank you, Lisa," said Rose with a beaming smile. "What do you think of your sister, Celia, now? Isn't she beautiful?"

“Oh, she is,” gasped the blonde-wigged girl, her features softened and barely recognizable as those of my brother, Danny.

I shuddered. My brother referred to me as ‘she’. I looked into a mirror and couldn’t disagree with him. I looked like a girl, even more than half-naked as I was.

Lisbeth stood there, stunned as Rose clipped bangles on my wrists and sprayed between my breasts with the French perfume she’d said she’d bought specially for me. She took Lisa’s hand as well and sprayed the back of my brother’s, no, my sister’s, hand and had ‘her’ sniff it.

“What do you think?” Rose asked the blonde girl in the doorway, staring at me, her eyes as vivid and feminine, I thought, as my own.

“It’s so lovely,” whispered my sister, sniffing at it again. When I’d first been sprayed with female perfumes, I’d gagged and shivered in distress at being made to smell like a woman. Lisbeth, Lisa, my sister, already really seemed to find female fragrances ‘lovely’.

“This slip is something that the gown Celia is going to wear really needs,” said a smiling Rose while Lisbeth, the name she’d given my brother, smiled back tentatively.

The dark blue slip fitted over my shoulders and joined with the bra straps, outlining my breasts. The slip clung to my narrow waist, covering my garter belt and panties, the same color as my slip, stopping above my knees. It looked as if I was wearing a thin dance dress. I could see by the look on Lisa’s, Danny’s, face that she, he, thought the same.

“Let’s go and get you into your gown, Princess Celia,” said Rose archly. “We only have an hour before your date is here.”

I was watching Lisbeth as she heard what Rose was saying. She, yes, I really was going to have to think of my

brother as a 'she' from now on, she actually wiggled in excitement, her pink dress rustling as she led Rose and me into my bedroom and the wonderful ball gown on its stand. Lisbeth had given a sudden, quick smile as Rose had referred to me as having a date for the evening as a woman.

Rose kept talking as she led me into the bedroom, having me sit while she put high heels on my feet, making the straps fit properly as she caressed my stockings. All the time, I was 'your sister' as Rose spoke to 'Lisa', showing her how to put on a long dress and how to gather the skirts about her legs.

Rose actually held me as if she was my dance partner, making me move again as if I was dancing backwards as a woman with her. If I hadn't, I would have fallen, so high were my heels.

"See how we arrange the neckline, Lisa," said Rose as she did it for me, fitting the gown properly around my new, silicone, I guess, breasts. Lisbeth's eyes were on my breasts and the way that they moved as I twisted into the tight bodice of my dress.

I was shivering in nervousness more than her, my sister now, as I had to twirl and make sure that the long skirts swirled perfectly on me. Rose then tightened the dress about my waist and hips, slapping my buttocks again. It really hurt and made a loud noise as if I had a really feminine tush which, when I looked at myself in the mirrors, I did. All the lacing about my genital areas seemed to be improving, if I dared to use that word, how I looked as a girl.

"How does your sister look?" Rose asked.

I glanced back at Lisbeth, her arms behind her back as she swayed so girlishly in her pink dress. I was going to say that 'she' didn't look like my brother any more but it was

Lisbeth who spoke as if Rose had addressed her. I suppose that she had.

"Beautiful," whispered an awed, teen girl, her dress rustling about her. "Just like a real princess."

"Exactly," said Rose, having Lisa go over to the outer windows in the living room and look for a car arriving for me.

I'd barely managed to arrange my purse with all the replenishments I would need when Lisa came back quickly, wobbling in high heels as she tried to walk in the way she'd seen me sashay for Rose.

"There's, there's a limousine pulling up in front of the café!" she gasped excitedly, actually sounding like a little girl as she tried to speak. Lisbeth's whisper was as excited as any young girl's would have been.

"He's early," said Rose with a smirk again. "Eager. Very eager!"

"I can't ..." I began, the shivering inside me, coming to the outside, to Rose's surprise.

"Don't start with that again!" Rose snapped at me. "Or Lisa is going to see what a bad girl has to do when she isn't the princess she must be."

Must be? Why was it that I must be a real girl? Why must I be a real princess?

"Lisbeth, stay here," she ordered my new sister who looked downcast, even tearful, as she had to stay upstairs while I was propelled to the stairs. Rose held my hand for a little way, making sure that I lifted my skirts as I wiggled down the stairs. I had to hold her hand so that I didn't fall or wobble on my high heels.

I was still mincing forward, my newly polished fingernails holding up the dark blue skirts, revealing my high heels as I swished forward, still trying to protest that I

couldn't do what Rose wanted me to do, as the outer door began to rattle.

The door was flung open as soon as Rose released the lock. Gordon Hiller, in his black tie and tux, stepped into the *Timeout*, his eyes widening as he saw me in my long gown moving towards him.

I knew it. He was staring at me in shock. He recognizes me for who and what I am, I was certain. Oh, the embarrassment I was going to face when he said my name, Gerald, and told Rose and me where to go. I could stand it, I decided, feeling the tug of the prosthesis about my genital area. I could feel the panties and garter belt, how tight they were about me.

Most of all, I could feel my breasts and how they bounced on my chest. How can women put up with this, all day and all the time, came the oddest of thoughts. I stared at the well-dressed man transfixed by what he saw. At any moment, he would say the word. I would be free of this whole, stupid business. No, mother, I wasn't going to be a support of yours once I could get home to my own room and find some clothes, probably too large for me, after all the dieting I'd done to become a girl.

"Turn around, Princess Celia," said Rose. "Let Mr Hiller see your lovely figure. She's undergone a few changes since you saw her last, Mr Hiller."

"I can see that," said Gordon Hiller, advancing towards me.

Shock went through me. Alarm bells seemed to go off inside my head as Gordon kept coming. I wobbled back a little but he put his arms about my slim waist.

"You're even more beautiful than I remembered," said Gordon, drawing me to him, hugging me, kissing my

cheek and breathing in the 'intimate' perfume that I was suffused in.

"I, I'm not real ..." I whispered in fright to this tall, strong man who was treating me as if he thought I was a real girl. Oh no, went through me and disgust wafted through me. I'm fooling him. I'm fooling a man into thinking he's taking a girl to a dance with him when I'm nothing of the kind.

"You are so beautiful," said this man, hugging me tighter, making me wiggle against him, my dress moving all around him. "I knew that this dress would be perfect for you. You do it so much justice. I don't think any girl would look as good as you do in it, not even the models at Patrice Revy's where I saw it on the actress, Beth Calder."

I looked at Rose who shrugged at me. No, she hadn't bought this dress for me. Gord Hiller, the man who had given me my very first tip as a waitress, had bought me a designer dress, something that must have cost him thousands by the names he'd used.

"The Ball runs until two or three o'clock this morning," said Gordon anxiously, I heard in surprise, trying to suppress the way his arm around me was making me feel. "But we don't have to stay that late. I'll try to have you back by one o'clock, Celia. Yes, I like that much better than that other nickname Rose uses for you, Celia. Are you really Rose's niece?"

"Yes," said Rose; while, at the same time, I said, "No."

Gord laughed at the two of us. "She's my sister's kid," Rose declared, "Bettina's cousin. She's been living with her father and stepmother for years. I'm 'Aunt Rose' to Sissy, um, Cecilia."

“Ah,” said Gord, moving so that he could put his arm under mine. Rose had a silk-lined, fur stole for Gord to drape around me.

“This is really mine, princess,” Rose said to me. “Don’t lose it! I can’t afford to replace it!”

“I’ll make sure she returns with everything she left with, Mrs Rennie,” said Gord Hiller earnestly, ushering me to the door which was exactly where I didn’t want to go.

“Have fun, my darling princess,” said Rose as I was propelled past her.

“I’ll make sure she does,” said my date, his arm about my waist as he guided me out to the limo where the driver had the door open for the blonde, swaying woman, so lovely in her dark dress, or so I could see in the reflection of the car door.

I turned so that I could look back. There, in the upstairs window, a blonde girl raised her hand and waved to me girlishly, the light behind her not showing anything provocative but her female outline.

I backed into the car and wiggled properly into the seat, crossing my legs as a girl should. Gord bounced into the car from the other side.

“I want to tell you ...” all about me, I whispered, wanting to tell him all about me. Gord stopped me from speaking, as the limo moved off, by the simple expedient of kissing me. I know I went very stiff but it wasn’t because I was going all maidenly and was outraged at what he was doing to me.

No, I could feel his arms about me. I could feel my breasts, artificial as they were, bouncing off his chest, the chest of the man who was kissing me and turning all my emotions to mush.

“My darling princess,” Gord whispered to me, caressing my face and a lock of my hair, my insides churning as one of his hands rested on my thigh. “I have been so looking forward to this night and doing that to you again and again. I’ve never felt this way about a girl since high school ...”

His mouth covered mine again and was quivering in passion for me, for the girl he thought I was. His hand squeezed and caressed my leg. I don’t know why I did it but I moved more tightly against him and kissed him back, opening my mouth for his tongue as Malcolm had showed me a girl should do, the night before.

“My princess,” whispered Gord between kisses as I quivered and shook like a girl as he caressed me and kissed and kissed me again and again. I was his girl, his princess, he told me until I believed it. I was going to have the most wonderful of nights, my prince promised me. I was going to be his lovely, feminine princess.

One of Gord’s hands was on my thigh and the other was behind my head, crushing my blonde hair extensions as his lips explored mine, his tongue awakening all kinds of weird sensations inside me as he kissed me. My phony chest might have seemed real to him but it wasn’t even though it bounced a little. My heavy breathing was making it rise and fall as a girl’s breasts should.

“Nothing about me is real,” I’d whispered to him, wiggling under the caress of his hand on my garter belt and stockings, so warm and compelling, even through the thin cloth of the skirts of the evening gown I was wearing.

Gord completely ignored my attempts to speak to him. I’d known I’d have to kiss him at the end of our date, and

thank him for the lovely evening, no matter how it turned out. But we were still in the limo, not even at the ball, and he was kissing me, making me 'flutter' girlishly, my body alive with feminine sensations.

"Eager," Rose had said to me with a smirk at his early arrival in the limo. I'd seen the astounded look on his face and thought he'd tell me right away that I wasn't a girl. I felt sure he'd expose me. But I'd fooled him completely. He made me quiver as he said I was the girl of his dreams. He stroked me as we were cuddled on the back seat of the limo. He kissed me, his nervous, shivering princess, as he and Rose called me.

Yes, I was Princess Celia, my hair curled and pinned up, girl's hair. I was going to a ball, the Penstone Autumn Ball, the first of the 'season'. I was going to the ball as a girl, Gord Hiller's date. He was rich and well known in Penstone. I was envied by many girls in the town, Mummy and Rose had said, because I was the one who'd attracted the affections of a very eligible bachelor, me not even a girl at all.

I didn't feel that way at all now as I kissed Gord Hiller, my senses reeling, as he pressed his body against mine, trapping my crossed legs, the sound of my stockings sliding one over the other very evident to me.

Gord's arm slid down my back, he touching my bra. I panicked for a moment, thinking he was going to open it. But he didn't. He just caressed me, making my false breasts thrust up and into him as we twisted and turned, our mouths locked together so firmly.

"Oh, you are so adorable," my date whispered to me finally, hugging me as I quivered in his arms. Ooo, he slid his hand over my leg and found my lovely, lacy panties, that he couldn't see, beneath my dress. "I knew you would be, Sissy, which is why I came so early. I couldn't just take you

to the ball, share you with other men and be longing to kiss you like this, all the time."

Gord kissed me again, his arm encircling my shoulders as I tried to control myself. I had to come to terms with kissing a man again, kissing him back as softly as I could, as a girl would, not refusing him and giving away that there was something wrong with me. No, I had to be girl for this date and fit in, I told myself anxiously, kissing Gord and trembling, that wasn't hard at all, as if I was a frightened girl.

"You are so beautiful," Gord told me, lifting my hands and kissing my painted fingernails as I buried my head in the shoulder of his tux. The limo suddenly pulled into a treed, parking area, overlooking part of the city, where it stopped. I shuddered in alarm, uncrossing my legs, hearing and feeling again the rasp of my stockings against each other.

"We're early for the ball so that we could get to know one another," whispered Gord, smiling into my heavily madeup eyes. "I've quite ruined your lipstick, my darling Sissy." He'd been calling me that at the café where I worked. "I told Mac, our driver, that we'd need a few minutes for you to fix your lips after what I intended to do to them. We've stopped for you to do that, but first ..."

Yes, first, Gord had to kiss me passionately again. His arms went about my waist as he hugged me. I could do nothing else but put my own arms about another man's neck. And yes, I kissed him back, gently, girlishly.

Gord was stumbling over the right name to call me. But, really, I wasn't Sissy, Cecilia, or even Princess Celia. He should call me, Gerald Barclay. But with my fair hair now permed and curled, hair extensions added to my head, I had a golden mane that made me look like a woman. I think I would have cried if he'd called me 'Gerald'.

Loose, my lovely hair would all have floated about my shoulders. Upswept and pinned, I looked like a fashion model, I thought, quivering more. I only hoped that his hands drawing my mouth to his hadn't disturbed a hairstyle that I knew I couldn't put right.

"Cecilia," murmured my date. Oh, good grief, his hand caressed the breast that jutted out from my chest.

"It, it's not real," I managed to say as his mouth demanded more kisses from me, his girl. "Rose bought these falsies because I really have nothing there."

Gord smiled. "They feel just like the real thing," he murmured, kissing the top of my chest, my breast moving and pulling on me, seeming blissfully real, part of me. It was a most enervating feeling as Gord kissed and caressed my breasts, so new to me and 'glued' onto me by Rose, somehow. I clung to him and kissed him to distract him from what he was doing and how femmy he was making me feel.

"You're not a woman," I told myself silently as I moved my lips about on Gord's. He responded by kissing me savagely before he pulled me right over, across his lap where he could kiss my phony breasts, as well as my face, and his hands, too, could caress my tush.

Ooo, Gord didn't know how that would affect me. He didn't know about the artificial vagina prosthesis I was wearing beneath my panties. He didn't know how his gentle caresses made wearing that so hard. I jerked and wriggled in his lap. He was as aroused as I probably was as well, beneath my lovely dress.

"Geez, how I want to make love to you," Gord said, his breathing strained as well as he rocked me. I couldn't help the involuntary wiggling of my legs then as I had a vision

then of the two of us joined as if we were man and woman, me the woman, of course.

"But we should head for the hotel," Gord went on, stroking my legs and drawing me against him, so that he could kiss me again and again. "We could skip the ball," I wanted to shriek at him in dismay, picturing us in a hotel room as man and woman, "but we can't do that to my parents or to the town newspaper that really wants a picture of you and me, being all clingy."

It took us a while to un-cling in the back seats of the limo. We were late going to the dance in the end, most of it my fault. I don't know what came over me but the way he stroked my tush and the way I was wriggling on his aroused maleness made me want to be a woman to this man whom I barely knew.

I snuggled into him and kissed his neck and gentle lips. I couldn't seem to get enough. His kisses made me wriggle and wiggle in ways I'd never done willingly before.

"Oh, Cecilia, Sissy," Gord mumbled at one point. He clutched me to him, my lips and my breasts caressing him as I writhed against him. He was more than aroused. He was dancing against me. I thought he was just playing with me and so I played with him, letting my legs gyrate against him, felling his hands pressing on me, directing me. Oh, oh, oh, I felt then what was happening and tried to stop, sit up and get away.

"No!" Gord gasped in my ear as he thrust against me as a man might who was really making love to a woman. "Don't stop, my darling Sissy! Don't stop! You can't stop enticing me now!"

My tush inside my dress was forced down. His hands caressed me, making me move. I kissed him and his tongue



forced its way into me. I wanted to scream in revulsion as I felt him then coming as a man would come with a woman.

Gord clasped me tightly as he came, wiggling my tush against him, me shaking all over, weird feelings flowing all over me. Finally, his shaking ended. Gord kissed me, softly and gently, his breathing ragged. He stroked my bare arms and hugged me to him, our quivering bodies in gentle motion until we could get control of ourselves.

"We should have gone to another hotel," said Gord as I was hugged and caressed against him as if I was a girl. I was trembling openly but he was really nice about it. He thought it was because I was aroused just as he had been. He thought he was so terrible, so selfish, coming sexually against me, not giving me the chance, as a woman, to be sexually released, as a woman, with him.

"I'll get Mac to take us to a motel where I can clean up," Gord gasped. "Oh, gosh, Cecilia, I didn't want to do this, this way, with you. I really didn't! I mean, I do want to make love to you, but properly, in bed, not on the back seat of a limo. This isn't something I normally do, honest!"

"Me, neither," I tried to joke as my senses returned to normal, a little. The strangest desires, thoughts, and feelings were sweeping through me. 'I must be really queer,' was the worst of them all. I'd let a man make love to me, another man. I still wanted to kiss him and did, loving the way Gord reacted, kissing me back so gently and stroking me as if I was his woman.

Gord called the driver on the car phone then. "Take us to the *Augusta*," Gord said. "Call ahead and book us a room."

"Not the *Seasons*?" asked a male voice over the intercom.

"We need a little time to clean up," Gord said sheepishly. "We'll still go on to the *Seasons*, but it's going to take

me a half hour to clean up. Um, let me talk to the *Augusta* once you're through to them, Mac."

"It might take me longer," I said nervously to my date, as he caressed me again and kissed me, even as the limousine began to move.

"You could walk into the *Seasons* as you are, my darling girl," said Gord with a smile. "You're as beautiful as you were back at the *Timeout*. You are so adorable and lovely that I'm going to kiss you again. And if I come again with such a perfect girl in my lap before we get to the *Augusta*, we'll slip around the back and go in where no-one can see me but the staff."

Well, we made out, as Gord called it, on the back seat, as the car swayed. I quite forgot who I was for a little while in the pleasure of kissing and caressing Gord. He responded to every wiggle I made with a caress, and, yes, he did come again before we got close to the *Augusta*, thrilling me as I wiggled on his pole. Ooo, I knew it was all me, what I was doing, kissing him with passion equal to his, that made him be the man he wanted to be, with a girl like me.

Gord asked the hotel to get him a new tux. He admitted to having an accident but didn't say what it was. He asked for a cosmetician for me. It wasn't until I got out of the car and saw my makeup and hair, how he'd ruined them, that I realized how much I needed help to be a beautiful woman.

"I don't think we should sit together," said Gord as we finally reached our places at the *Seasons*, primped and re-dressed, in his case, re-perfumed and re-made up, in mine. The amused, middle-aged woman, who did my makeup, insisted I have my dress re-ironed. She seemed to

think that I'd done more than I could have as a woman with my handsome date.

I crossed my legs in my re-pressed dress as I sat beside him, his arm about my shoulders. The woman who'd helped me didn't seem to notice at all that I was padded; and so I didn't tell her.

"Everyone's going to ask why we're so late," Gord said with a sly smile. "They'll find out in time, you know. I'm going to blame it all on you."

I trembled inside. When Gord went to kiss me, I averted my mouth from his. I shivered at his lips on my neck but I didn't want to be gone for another hour. And if he'd kissed my lips and I kissed his, it could easily be that long, if not longer, before we went into the ball. Yes, I was feeling so girlish each time Gord looked at me, complimented me as if I was a girl, or touched me, his leg against my stockings and dress. If we did start kissing again, I knew I was going to be kissing him for a very long time. And that thought made me ache all over as I knew I shouldn't be feeling what I was.

I think I looked my best as I swayed fearfully in my high heels, letting Gord put his arm about me, to lead me into the ball. Funny, but there was a red carpet all the way in. We had to stop and talk to someone with a shoulder-held camera. Then, I had to step gracefully, femininely, away from Gord and show off my dress, smiling all the time. I could hear Rose's voice, telling me to think girlish thoughts, as another man began to take pictures of me.

No, they didn't want pictures of Gord, the cameramen told him cheerfully. They only wanted pictures of the prettiest girls at the ball. I shivered as one called me the prettiest girl as I sashayed femininely, my dress (!) swirling, my stockings feeling so erotic with the soft touches of my dress, entering the ball on a man's arm, being, feeling, that I

was a woman. I hadn't expected it to be so crowded, nor to see so many beautiful women, ooo, like me (!), nor to see the women advancing on me, a tiara on a cushion as they approached me.

A gong sounded and everyone stopped and looked at me as I had the tiara fitted to my hair. I wanted to die as heads turned to look at me, the last of the debutantes to arrive.

"And here she is, the last of our debutantes," said the emcee. "This is the lovely Princess Celia, ladies and gentlemen, on the arm of Gordon Hiller. Gee, Gordon, where have you been? Mrs Rennie said you left nearly two hours ago. But you finally got here! Oh, now I see how beautiful your girl is, I understand why you had to make that unscheduled stop at Lovers' Lookout!"

Laughter followed that remark. I clung to Gord's arm as he paraded me right through the gathering, dozens of people reaching out to shake his hand or touch him, several telling him how lucky he was to be with the most beautiful girl at the ball.

I shuddered again, so glad to find a table with an empty chair where I could sit gracefully, like a woman, and hide from the eyes studying me. "The girl who's captured Gordon's heart, welcome," said an older man beside me, a stockier version of Gord Hiller.

"My dad, Sissy," said Gord, being immediately corrected by several people at the table, all Hillers, I gathered.

"Princess Celia, may I have the honor of the first dance?" asked John Hiller; and so, trembling inside, I went off with Gord's father to dance as a woman, to be told, most gushingly, how beautiful I was and how lucky Gord was to have met a girl like me. I was lucky that I'd paid attention to Rose's dancing lessons because John Hiller, "Call me

John, I'm not that old!" was an excellent ballroom dancer and liked to show off, swirling and twirling me, making me a girlish center of attention that I didn't want to be.

What flustered me as well were the other girls, yes, I had to think of myself as one of the girls. I was among girls whom I'd ogled at school, like the tall, haughty Linda Stemnings, standing with Agnes and Brooke, her acolytes, all giving me snobbish looks.

At first, I went weak at the knees, almost falling when a foolishly grinning John danced me past the tiara-wearing girls, twirling me, which I did automatically in my fright, feeling the lightness and airiness of my skirts on my stockinged legs, as my date's father showed me off to his friends and their pouting daughters.

Norma Smithson, a dark-haired girl, whom I'd once asked, mumbling and fumbling my way through the request, to dance with me at a student dance, actually smiled at me, turning to laugh with Ashley Mathers, another girl I'd liked a lot. Chills went through me as I was certain they'd recognized me.

I didn't get to sit down as Gord's brother, Steve, the married one, as he introduced himself to me, claimed a dance that turned into three, the quickstep followed by a waltz and a foxtrot.

"You danced so beautifully with Dad," said Steve. "I have to have this dance with you." He meant the foxtrot. "Margot," that was his wife, who was sitting and laughing with Gord, waved her husband on, as he looked back at her with a grin, "is a terrible dancer. I don't know why I married her!"

That was followed by a laugh and a series of fancy steps that I managed but which took my breath away as I was so sure I'd fall. But I didn't. I danced in my so high, high heels,

my dress swirling femininely, so un-masculinely, my legs feeling so womanly and strange as my garter belt pulled on my stockings.

"With a dad like ours," Steve went on, smiling down at me, reminding me so much of Gord, how he'd looked before he'd plunged and started to kiss me. I stumbled as I wondered what I was going to do when Steve did to me what his brother had done.

But Steve didn't, though he held me tightly, as if I was a girl, and praised my wonderful, feminine dancing. "With a dad like ours, all of us boys had to take ballroom dancing," Steve went on. "But most of the girls in this town haven't. It's a real joy, Princess Celia, to meet a girl who can dance as well as you. Look, there's Brodie from the *Press*. I think he's going to be taking pictures of you all night. Let's do a tango dip for him."

I didn't get the chance to say no or wait, or I don't know how to do that. I was swirled and dropped, 'dipped', Steve would have said. A light bulb went off, blinding me. I squealed in terror until I was suddenly jerked up. I was clinging on to Steve, my arms about his neck in my fright, while he looked enormously proud of himself.

"Print this one," Steve called to the grinning photographer, hugging me to him. "It'll make Margot jealous!" The photographer obliged and took one of me cuddling in fright to Steve, looking adoringly at him, like a girl who'd just been rescued from near death. Who wouldn't have looked like that, of course, after the 'dip' I'd just done. But why oh why, did the *Press* have to choose that particular picture for its front page, the following week?

Yes, my ears burned as everyone in the *Timeout*, later that week, seemed to have a copy of it. Snotty Linda Stemings and her friends, having me wait on them, rude

about 'slow service', not leaving me a tip at all, also asked me to sign the picture for them.

"I hear Margot is burning over the way a certain girl at the ball threw herself at her husband," Agnes said bitchily. I moved on to serve the older ladies who still came but complained now about the numbers of people in the *Time-out* and how difficult it was to get their favorite tables.

At the dance, Margot had been really nice to me, thanking me for 'entertaining' her husband in ways that she wouldn't. She'd been the one to stop other men grabbing my hand, insisting that Gord should dance with me.

It was a slow waltz, the orchestra making the music as romantic as possible to draw the older folks out on the floor. It was so crowded, the dance floor, that Gord stopped trying to ballroom dance with me, put my arms about his neck, put his about my back and waist and pulled me to him. I could see other debutantes, like me, were putting their heads on their partners' shoulders. I did the same. It was a relief to shuffle slowly, lean on a man and let him guide me wherever he wanted to go.

"Sorry about my family," whispered Gord as he lightly kissed my ear, sending all kinds of funny, weird feelings through me. He knew my hair wasn't all real and my breasts were fake. I'd shied away in the car, however, from telling him that he'd made a big mistake in coming like a man with me, in his lap. I just couldn't tell him that he'd made love with another man, another man in a girl's dress.

"I haven't talked about any other girl but you since I met you," Gord whispered, sending more tingles through me. "Now that they've seen you, they all understand why. You were so adorable dancing with my father while Steve made me jealous when he wouldn't bring you back to the table."