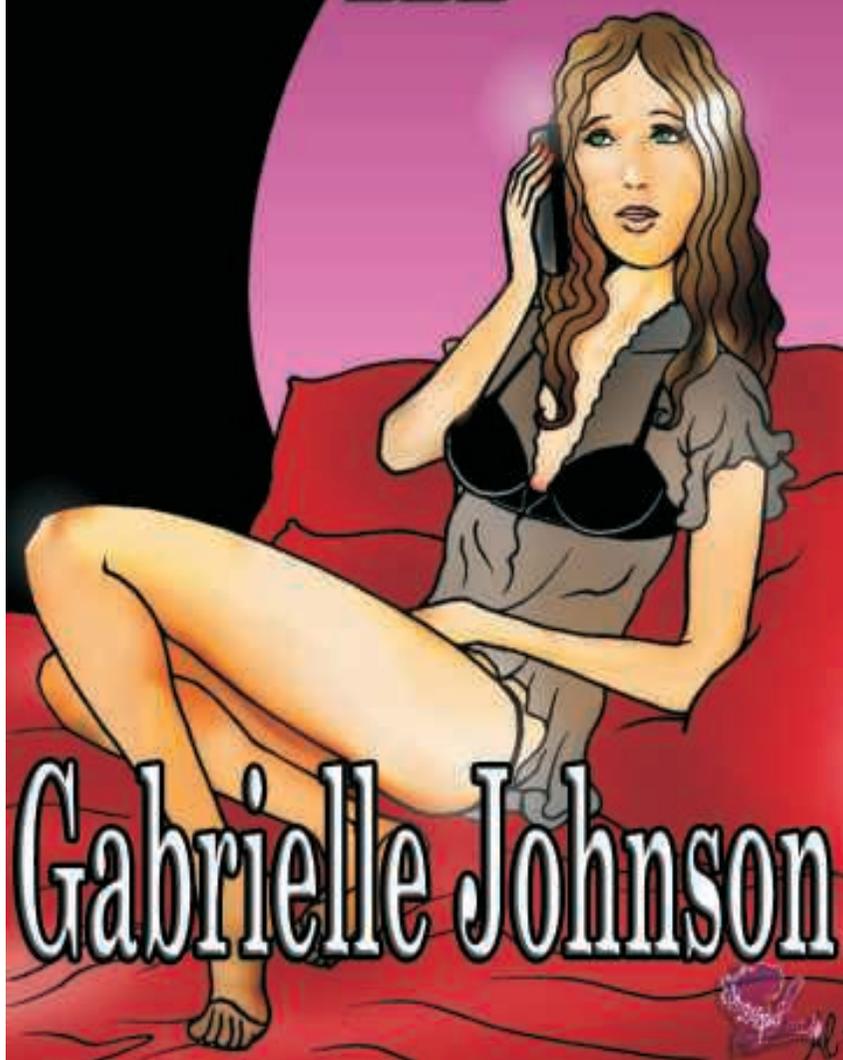


Main Attraction

III



Gabrielle Johnson



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MAIN ATTRACTION

Part Three

by Gabrielle Johnson

“What’s got into you?” asked Becky archly as she gave a girlie, limp-wristed wave to a group of boys leaving Timeout Café. As usual, the boys she’d tantalized with her body, even sitting in one boy’s lap to get a bigger tip, as she’d joked with him, were smiling broadly at her.

“My mother,” I said. I’d only asked her conversationally how she was getting along in our empty house, now that she wasn’t babysitting any more and Danny and I were gone. Were Nathaniel and Peter doing well in school as I had done?

My mother's smile had been awful. "Oh, Amy and Kate are doing well," she'd said, handing me a tea-tray to deliver to the older ladies in the far corner, her scones as delicious as those she'd taught me so long ago to make.

I wanted to ask about my brothers at home. The way Mum had referred to two girls whose names I hadn't heard before in my life was quite frightening.

Becky actually smiled, but didn't ask me what about my mother was bothering me. "Ooo, I wouldn't want my mother to see me now, either, would I?" she asked, smiling at a pair of young men who came in, "not that the bitch would care at all what I'm doing with myself."

Becky, like me, had never had a good relationship with her parents. They'd thrown her out of their apartment and moved off somewhere else. Which, I was sure, was partly why she'd joined me and put up with the absurd conditions we had to fulfil to have a roof over our heads and a bed to sleep in.

The smiling pair of guys sat down in the section Becky had been serving. I looked at 'Rebecca', flabbergasted at the way she looked over her shoulder and pouted at the men. But still, I wouldn't have known that she wasn't a girl if I'd looked at her as the boys were looking at her. I don't think that they would have known that I wasn't a girl, either.

"And I wouldn't care, actually, at all, what my mother thought of me now," Becky said brightly before flouncing off, her tush in motion as she sashayed up to the men who were smiling as much as she was. She laughed at the guys and took a phone from one of them and chatted to someone on it, turning, looking at me and waving her manicured, red-fingernailed hand to me as she was nodding and saying 'Yes' to someone she was talking to.

"Just a date for tonight if Rose will let me go," Rebecca said to my mother who asked her about the call when she came and handed in the food order. That made my mother raise her eyes and look at me. "No, not with Sissy. She already has a date." My mother nodded and looked at me in my short-skirted, waitress outfit. She didn't say anything but I could almost hear what she was saying to herself, words I was glad she didn't say aloud to someone dressed like me, her son.

As it always did in the afternoon, business in the café slowed. "Sissy," said my mother to me as if she had called me that forever. "Rose wants you upstairs to help her with preparing Lisbeth for the big show."

The smile on her lips made me shiver inside as my own mother ran her eyes over my feminized look and assessed what she saw. She undoubtedly thought that 'sissy' was the appropriate word to use for me. "Becky and I can finish up here. So, go on, darling. Get ready for your date. I'm dieing to see you in the burlesque outfit that Rose said she's bought for you specially."

"Mum," I appealed to her nervously but she waved me away.

A grinning Becky held the upstairs door open for me. "Ooo, I wish I was you with Gord tonight," she whispered to me. "And you'll wish you were me, sister Sissy. It was Malcolm on the phone, asking me what I was doing tonight. He's going to take me over to the Festival Dance in New Boston. Rose isn't going to know, not when you tell her that I'm going to be double-dating with you and Gord. Tell her that it's some client of his and we're going dancing. Well, I am, with Malcolm! It's going to be such fun!"

The mere thought of Malcolm and me kissing him, some time ago, brought feelings of shame to my whole body. I had to get away from a gloating Becky and my smirking mother. I stumbled up the stairs as Becky

whispered after me, "Oh, I love those green silk panties. I was going to ask you if I could borrow them! I'll have to buy a pair of my own, won't I? Or get Malcolm to do that for me while we're out!"

I burst in, shivering, on Rose and a pretty, blonde girl, holding her head very still as Rose applied lipstick to her pouty lips. "Don't move, Lisa," said Rose, pronouncing it as 'Lee-za'. "There, doesn't she look pretty, Sissy! As pretty as her big sister, I would say. Her hair is the same color as yours, Sissy. Lisa can wear the same wigs as you, as you can see."

"Danny, don't let her do this to you!" I said to my brother, listening to Carrie Underwood asking Jesus to take the wheel.

Rose's hand closed firmly on the blonde girl's chin as she completed what she was doing to make my brother into 'Lisbeth'. "Now, now, Sissy," said Rose, her eyes concentrated and smiling at the girl in front of her. "We've been through all of that once. You don't have to spoil the fun for your pretty sister. Don't be jealous. We'll be going out shopping very soon and buying Lisa all her own undies, and you need some new bra and panty sets as well. Remember your first visit to *Victoria's Secret*? It's going to be just as exciting for Lisa when we take her out this weekend as it was for you, Sissy!"

I'd never gone to such a place with Rose. It was my boy friend, ooo, how that made me tremble, to think that, who took me into such stores and bought me all kinds of pretty, girlish lingerie.

"Danny, get back into your own clothes," I said to my brother, who looked up anxiously at me, hooped earrings swinging about the long hair at his neck. His eyes were as well painted as my own, I saw in dismay. He shifted, no, 'she' shifted in the short, flirty, dancing dress that she wore with fishnet stockings, all ready to

begin a session of really femmy dancing and singing, I was sure.

Yes, she had that Christina Aguilera look to her. She'd be begging a man to come to bed with her, very soon, and I'd have to coach her on making her gestures more suggestively feminine. The Halloween show must be a real success, Rose had decreed and was making us pay forfeits, do scandalous, girlie things, Becky and I, to make up prepare for what was a burlesque show, Becky and I now knew.

"I said I'd do anything to get money for my mother," I hissed at Rose. "Danny isn't part of that!"

"Oh, but Lisa is," said Rose, gesturing for Lisbeth to stand. She did, in the dark red and black, frilly dress, it bouncing out around her, showing off the fishnet stockings and black garter belt she was wearing. "Your mother will lose your house, Sissy, if both of you girls aren't earning, working for me. And, I must remind you," she said slowly and firmly, "that the only jobs where girls like you, Sissy and Lisa, can earn the money that your mother needs, Sissy, is here, now that business has picked up so well."

"You can hire a real girl ..." I began. Rose laughed as she twirled Lisbeth around.

"I have hired a real girl, haven't I, Lisa?" asked Rose then as my 'sister' smiled at her, her lips so glossy and red.

"Yes," Lisbeth whispered, deliberately swishing her flirty dress and changing the music to the familiar show music that we 'girls' were rehearsing to, all the time now.

Lisbeth wobbled as her dress rustled and flared, her pretty, red mouth partly open in surprise at whatever emotions she was feeling. Rose immediately had her practicing how to pout and pose like a girl, while she sang the suggestive words that Christina did.

"You are real girls," Rose said as she took my brother's hand and studied his femininized fingernails. "Now, go and change, Sissy. I will come in and help you to do your makeup and hair! You're going to be so different as a brunette! It's won't take you hours to get ready if we practice it now. I want you to be perfect in the lovely dress I was just showing to Lisa."

Lisbeth looked down and probably blushed but I couldn't tell with all the makeup she had on her face. Rose immediately made her look up, as she had several times before, at her. "Girls do not look down," Rose told her with a smile. I could hear her saying the same thing to me. Only I would have had to do a forfeit, I was sure, a pole dance or something in which I was a stripper, if I'd made a girlish 'mistake'.

"Girls aren't like boys," Rose went on. "Girls always look each other in the eye, even when they are embarrassed. Only demure, little daisies look down. Now, you can use it to your advantage when you want to get just that look. The boys really go for it in younger girls. I'll get you to try it out when you're working, Lisa, and you'll see that I'm right!"

"Y-Yes, M-Miss Rose," Lisbeth said in a whisper. Rose gave me a look and a smile that made me freeze all over. Lisbeth didn't look at me, even as she pirouetted as a ballet dancer as her new mistress wished her to do.

I went over to the bathroom, watching myself swaying so femininely. I kicked off my high heels, taking off my frilly apron. I noted that Lisbeth was staring after me, even as she did the moves that Rose was instructing her to do, her dress swishing and revealing her underwear as all little girls' dresses should. Another favorite saying of Rose's, I thought sourly.

The striking, blonde girl, facing me from the mirror, glared at me with her beautifully madeup eyes as I

walked into the bathroom. She looked distinctly annoyed as she quivered all the way through undressing from her girlish clothes, her stockings unhooking only after a fight with her garter belt.

She had an ugly pad over her private parts but her breasts seemed to be most feminine until I removed the tight bandages and then my bra. Rose looked in on me briefly as I stood, almost nude, my breasts looking so real as they were glued to me. I did look like a girl in the makeup and wig I still had on.

Rose stepped in and removed my wig. "I want you to soak in mountain flowers," she said, placing new bath salts on the side of the bath, "for thirty minutes, Sissy. I have a few things still to do with Lisbeth up here. Then I'll be all yours for your transformation into a rock star princess."

"A princess?" I asked Rose sourly, fighting down the feelings of terror. "I thought I was already a queen."

"The loveliest queen I've had the privilege of working with in a long time," said Rose with a smile. "But for tonight, you'll be a princess, Princess Celia, as you were on your date with Gord, right? Now, bathe properly, princess, dry yourself, and put on the new perfume I've bought for you. *Pour Les Soirees Intimes*. It's just as French as its name suggests, all musky, but light and delicate, flowery just as you are, my princess. Yes, my pretty one," how I trembled at her words. Boys just shouldn't be called 'princess' and 'pretty', nor wear the breast and vagina prostheses that she was readying for me to wear, "Gord will be enchanted with his princess, again. It's what I thought of you, what I first saw in you, the moment Annie brought you to me."

Do what you're telling Danny to do, I told myself as the door closed on me. You don't have to be a sissy if you don't want to be. You don't have to obey a

woman. Run, Gerald, run as fast as you can, away from here.

I shuddered as I watched the thin girl enter her bath, her blonde hair short, once fair but now dyed golden, but curled and waved, so very femmy. Once I'd washed away all the makeup, I'd be myself again. I could leave. Oh yes, I taunted myself. And how would I leave? I didn't have a stitch of male clothing to wear. Danny's male clothing had just followed mine, and Marty's, to the garbage disposal.

And even when my face was clean, I wasn't myself, not with the way my eyelashes had grown and thickened and how femininely shaped my eyebrows were. Yes, I was 'me' but it was a very different 'me' from the face I'd seen when I was Gerald Barclay.

I was mulling over all the things I could do to escape when Rose returned and frowned down at me. "I expected a little more co-operation, Princess Celia," she said, sniffing at the water and then emptying the last of the fragrant salts all over me. "Now, how would it look to Lisbeth to see sister performing a forfeit for us all this afternoon in her panties about the pole? She'd be quite shocked, I'm sure."

There wasn't anything I'd thought of that could have released myself, or Danny, out of this woman's clutches, not now that my mother was gatekeeper as well on the floor below.

I let the heavily scented water flow over and around me as Rose went in and out of the bathroom, bringing in all kinds of packages and clothing that I hadn't seen before. "Don't worry your pretty head about what's in there," Rose laughed at me, slapping at my smooth, hairless hands and arms. "You'll find out all in good time, my darling princess."

Rose kept calling me that, all the time that I was cleaning my face of my daily makeup scheme. Rose

had me lie with a scented cloth over my face as she brought in more clothing that I could hear her hanging up near the mirrors.

I dozed a little as it was so relaxing. I'd had such a stress-filled evening, the day before. All I found myself thinking of was putting my hands and arms about Gord's head and shoulders and kissing him while I pushed my flirtatious, feminine body against his. I was shaking all the time as I liked doing that while he told me that he loved kissing me as well, and we should do more than just kiss. Oh, and the girl inside me wanted me to, yes, she really wanted me to make love to her boy friend.

"Time to wake up, princess," said Rose. I woke. I was so confused for a short while, not knowing which I hated more, being Gord's girl and being kissed so fiercely by him, or being stopped from kissing him, as a girl, in my lovely dreams.

"Just pat yourself dry," Rose instructed me as I trembled as I stood in the bath, draining away so quickly. Even with the terry towel about me, my hair short and my face clear of makeup, I had to shiver at my image. No matter how I was dressed, I was going to look like a girl when I walked out of the *Timeout*, when, if, I managed to escape with my sister, Lisbeth.

"I have some familiar things for you to put on, princess," Rose said to me, easing back the towel to reveal my thin chest. I didn't know what she was doing as she opened a package then but as soon as she took out the fake breasts, I squeaked, in dismay, I was sure. These were much more bouncy and 'real', to the touch, and in looks, the nipples moving as Rose touched my breast with makeup.

Rose had turned them over and painted the backs of them with some adhesive that went on thin, drawn-out pieces, just as the heavier ones I was get-

ting used to had. Soft, skin-like pieces, I soon found out, went over my shoulders. Oh, I jiggled then when I moved my arms! Rose pressed them strongly against me as I squeaked some more as what appeared to be real breasts, more deceptive than what I'd worn before, appeared on my chest.

"Just a little makeup on your chest and shoulders to make them blend in, Celia," Rose said as I stared at the dark nipples that were pointing out in front of me. Ooo, they'd make any dress I wore stand out significantly in front of me. "That adhesive is really good. It will hold everything in place for you, all night long, princess. There, what do you think? Aren't they just perfect for a girl like you!"

"I can't wear these!" I squealed as Rose had me stand and look at myself in the mirror. They made me so girlish, like a real girl, I mean. They clung to me and felt like real skin as I tried to move them. I had a real woman's figure! I touched them but they were securely fixed to my chest. Though they moved, they wouldn't come off, not easily.

"Leave them alone, princess," Rose snapped, "and spread your legs!" I was sure she was going to tape me tightly and put me in the vagina lookalike prosthesis that I had had to wear each day since the Autumn Ball. But she didn't, not exactly. She grabbed my penis and pushed it into a kind of sheath and pulled what I thought, at first, was going to be a bikini about my male parts.

But it wasn't a bikini. It was something awful. I had a different vagina prosthesis being pulled between my legs. Thin straps adhered to my soft skin, holding the sheath, as Rose called it, tightly to me.

I squealed really loudly, sure that Becky and my brother would come running in to save me. But no-one came as I danced up and down with the tightness of



the cords that Rose was applying to me. She was making me look entirely like a woman, at my chest and between my legs! There was even light-colored hair about the lips of the vagina! And I could feel air, lightness in front of me.

"A perfect princess," enthused Rose then, slapping my buttocks with her hard hands. "Yes, it's made that you can pee, Sissy girl." I think she was calling me by my name and not by what I was to her. "And also, it has the advantage, my darling girl, of being penetrable by your male lover. I suppose your lesbian girl friend, with her dildo or vibrator, could do you as well. So, tonight, you be gentle and virginal with Gord. After all, it will be your first time, and he'll understand.

"Yes, my darling girl," Rose went on as I stared at her in shock, all my senses reeling as I looked past her at the 'real girl', me, yes I was a real girl, ready for a man! Well, ready, but not willing by the panic and fear etched on my girlish face. "Yes, my darling, you can bring your lover in here tonight. Becky and I will be down in one of the dressing rooms you were clearing out today. Lisbeth, of course, won't wake at all, not unless your boy friend has you shrieking the way Steffie used to do up here with her future husband, Doctor Thomson!"

"I, I have a d-double d-date t- tonight," I stammered at this woman who didn't seem to see anything wrong in what she was doing to me, making me into a woman, a woman like her, for goodness' sake!

"Yes, you with Gord and Becky with his friend, Judd, is it, tonight?" asked Rose.

"I, I think so," I said, letting her put my bra about me and then my single pair of panties. Oh, I didn't have any tape on me! I didn't have a bikini gaff or anything to hold me in as tightly as I was so used to being held.

“You just let them come in ahead of you tonight, my darling,” said Rose. “I’ll make sure Becky brings her friend into the dressing room where I’ll discover them and drive Judd out. Of course, I won’t find Gord. Judd will think his friend is the luckiest dog in the world, won’t he? He won’t give away his friend and his girl, you.

“Enjoy, my darling Sissy,” Rose went on again as I shook as I slid my stockings on my legs and numbly hooked them on to my garter belt. “I’ve seen your face after your dates with your boy friend, you know. And I’ve seen almost all of the girls I’ve created look that way in the past, you know.

“It was always because they wanted a man, were ready for a man, ready to be a fine woman for a man. And you are, too, darling Sissy. Becky, Lisbeth and I will want all the details, every touch and every wiggle you made, every kiss and caress from your boy friend and every word that he said to you. After all, you are a girl now, my darling, and that’s what we women do. We share everything we ever do with men with one another!”

Lisbeth looked at us, Rebecca and me, primped and feminized to a major degree, yes, Becky hadn’t known it but she was prepped by Rose just like me. I hadn’t seen Rebecca as stunned as she was after she came out of the bathroom in her bra and panties. “The forfeit,” Rose snapped at my friend who had to remove her bra and panties, and dance around the pole while Lisa and I watched her in shock and awe.

“She, she’s a woman!” Lisbeth gasped. “You, you’ve not been telling me all the truth ...”

"Becky is being punished," I had to tell my sister brutally. "She didn't tell the truth about the phone call she got or about the date she agreed to for tonight." And Rose found out or knew about it all the time, I could have added.

"What you saw, sister of mine," I said to her, "was the way that I look as well in the new vagina prosthesis and new breasts that Rose has made us wear for our date tonight. Tonight, we are supposed to let our boy friends make love to us as women and not flinch or back off at all. Yes, Lisa," her face was white with shock under her makeup, "while you are sleeping soundly in your pretty nightie tonight, Becky and I will be having carnal relations with men. Yes, they will be fucking us and we'll be trying desperately not to let them know what we really are.

"You might see me all smashed up, my nose broken, or my arms, my hair shaved off in the morning. If you do, you'll know that I was discovered to be what I am by my boy friend and he didn't like the real truth about me in any way. Run away, girl, if you see me like that as it means that your turn to be beaten up, even killed, is going to be just around the corner!"

I hoped that I'd terrified my sister enough, at last. Surely she wouldn't be around in the morning, not after the 'hard' truth that I put upon her.

But Lisbeth was there, in full makeup and flirty dress, looking after us, with such a longing expression on her face, as Becky and I sashayed out of the *Timeout* and into Gord's car where he and his friend, Judd, waited for us.

"Try to be more demure," Rose had said to Rebecca. "Not every man wants to jump on you on your first date, you know. Some of them would like to get to know the girl they're taking out a little before they start making moves on her."

"Sweet and demure," Becky had purred as we 'girls' put our purses under our arms. "Got it, Miss Rose." Becky sure seemed to be over the shock of being dressed as she was beneath her pretty dance or cocktail dress, swishing her petticoats as she swished out the door, waving girlishly to the men waiting for us.

She'd exaggerated her sashay, Becky had, right down the stairs and to the front door but, once we were outside, her manner changed considerably. She was a sweet and demure girl who sat, legs crossed, showing off her dark stockings and shapely legs, in the far corner of the car and chatted to Judd about being a waitress before asking what he did. Judd was a lawyer. Rose would have been so pleased with the girl she was sending out on a date with a man, I thought. I must praise her to Rose when I could.

Becky asked Judd about his most interesting cases as I held Gord's hand. He smiled at me at how well my girl friend was getting along with his male friend. Yes, he had my lipstick on his face, well I was his girl friend, wasn't I, but all I could think of was what was under my panties and how soon he was going to find it, and how soon I was going to be in ecstasy as a woman.

Oh, where did that thought come from? No, I didn't want to have a man's pecker thrusting into me, did I? No, that would be so horrible, wouldn't it? But not for a girlie, girlie girl like Becky was being for Judd, he now having his arm about his date and kissing her the way that Gord had kissed me. Only Becky was smiling at the man she was with and wiggling against him, her smooth hand caressing his face as he kissed her eager lips.

I wasn't quite sure what 'going to a show' would mean. This time it was a movie. Yes, it was a regular date between men and women. And Becky and me, we

were the women, out on a date with our boy friends. We were in pretty dresses that swished against our men and reminded them what kind of girls we were, pretty ones. And yes, we went into the back row. Gord slipped the arms away between the seats and so he could move right up against me.

“Oh, look what they’re doing!” I heard Becky say and then giggle. “Shall we do it, Juddie baby, as well?”

By then, I was deeply ensconced in Gord’s arms and was letting him kiss me fiercely as a man should his girl. Yes, I let him caress my breasts, as phony as they always were, but still, I could feel the pull of his hand drawing my bra tighter about me. It was almost as if I did have something on my chest, something that only a woman should have. It felt so wonderful. I didn’t want Gord to stop caressing me like that, ever.

Ooo, and he seemed to have the same thing going through his mind as his lovely, long-haired girl friend did.

There was a movie to watch. The latest Batman had finally reached Penstone. *The Dark Knight Rises* wasn’t the gory horror story which we young high school boys, Marty and me, had tried to get girls to watch with us. No, I didn’t have to squeal and cling to my boy friend, as girls had done before with me at ‘horror’ movies. I didn’t have to bury my head in Gord’s shoulder so as not to watch all the horrible things on the screen. I didn’t have to let my boy friend console me and kiss me, as Marty and I had fantasized that girls would always do, in a horror movie.

I didn’t *have* to do any of that in the Batman movie, but I did. I did let my boy friend console me whenever he thought that I should be consoled. I listened to a pretty good movie as well. Some day, I’m going to have to watch it as I didn’t see much of it that first time, but I did have Gord’s hand and fingers up my skirt

and inside my panties. It was amazing how the prosthesis worked, Gord becoming so worked up.

Well, I was worked up as well but we couldn't actually do anything in a movie theater, could we? Of course we could! Poor Gord, I had to keep taking his fingers from his explorations, loving some of them, especially the way he stroked between my thighs, making my garter belt seem so erotic as he pulled on it, making my stockings rise and fall so delightfully.

And being the good girl that I was supposed to be, I stroked his penis, freeing it from his pants, stroking and stroking him as he got harder and harder. "Let's get out of here," Gord begged me again and again, kissing me harder and harder, squeezing my bra so hard that I had to release it before he tore it off me. Oh, how he made a meal of my breasts! And even though he was so active, kissing them, pulling them one way and another, they stayed in place!

Oh, and I felt every wiggle right through me. I felt his mouth on my nipples, his pulling on them making my real nipples move with him as well. Oh, it was such a glorious, femmy feeling. I had to caress him even more and wrap my legs about my boy friend, glorying in his caresses, knowing that Rose was right. Yes, I did want a man inside me now. And by the noises, the grunts and the muffled squeals from the couple beside us, I knew that Becky, too, was feeling as girlicious as I was!

I'd thought that Becky was just cuddling with Judd, just as I was, not letting him

reach a male climax, but, when the movie was over, I could see, after the lights went up that, sometime in the movie, Judd must have lit up his date for the evening really well.

So, me shivering in some distress, thinking what Gord was going to say to me, about what we should

have done, what I shouldn't have stopped him doing, we waited until most people were gone.

Becky then crossed the seat and took my hand in hers. "Darling Sissy," she giggled to me, "you're a bigger mess than I am. You boys can wait for us, can't you, because we girls have to go and adjust our clothing and re-do our makeup. Everyone in the theater can see what you've done to us and we have to fix ourselves."

I felt so strange to be in the girls' bathroom, not having Gord all over and about me, clinching and caressing me. And no, I didn't confess to my girl friend, Becky, that I'd touched my boy friend where he was trying to touch me. I could see very well that she had touched Judd a lot. She must have as he had retreated to the Men's washroom to fix his clothing as well.

I wouldn't let Gord hold me as Becky seemed to have let Judd hold her right away. I wasn't as severely taped beneath my dress and panties; but I had thought that it was the proper girlie thing not to let a man actually touch more than my breasts and my thighs in such a public place. Still, it had been such a blissful moment when Gord seized me, his hand so strong between my thighs. I'd thought that he'd tear my panties and my prosthesis from me and take me, or try to, as a man takes a woman.

But Gord didn't, pulling back, sighing, kissing me, whispering what a wonderful girl I was. He said he hadn't intended to go that far but I think that he had. He'd have gone further, I think, if his girl friend hadn't chickened out at the end and not let him do more than caress her soft, slightly hairy vagina on the outside.

The next time, I knew as I cooled my face, re-doing my hair and makeup as a smiling Becky sat up on the counter, lifting her leg as she leaned back there, watching me.