

Main Attraction

IV



Gabrielle Johnson



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MAIN ATTRACTION

Part Four

by Gabrielle Johnson

Somehow, I got through the rest of the evening. Gord, my fiancé, came to get me from where I was talking to some of his sister-in-law's friends. In truth, I was hiding out from him but it wasn't an easy or comfortable thing to do. The ladies were all studying me, my low-cut dress, my lovely hair, I hoped they would think it mine and not a wig, and my exquisitely madeup face. Yes, I had actually done it all myself with just a little help from my sister, Lisbeth. She'd mostly just admired what I was doing and had told me how pretty I was making myself look. She'd wished she could make herself into as pretty a girl as I was.

Gord, the man whose bride I was supposed to be some day, led me to his mother's 'station' so that I could give Gloria Hiller, his mother, a hug and kiss on the cheek, in womanly fashion. Gord, with his brother, Steve, and some of the other women ushered Gloria, in a wheelchair, off to wherever she was staying in the house, not her own but the Wilbornes, the mayor and his wife, seemed to want her to be there, in her condition.

No, Gord's mother definitely wasn't well. She did look then, after an evening of 'visiting', as if she was at death's door, as I'd been told by Gord that she was. I hadn't asked him why she wasn't in their family home, another great house that I'd heard referred to as a 'palace' by ladies in the café in which I served. I didn't go with the Hiller family. I wasn't very good company as I waited for Gord to come and rescue me from my interrogators.

I'd seen his father looking at me strangely at the party where Gord had proposed to me, Gord tricking me to accept his proposal of marriage. That had all been ridiculous, of course, because I was just as much of a man as Gord was. Only, I was sure Gord didn't know that I was a man.

I quivered as I thought about all the changes Rose had put me through to make me an attraction at the *Timeout Café and Tearoom*. I was one of several reasons, Becky was another, and now Lisbeth as well, why business had picked up so much for Rose. She had pretty, girlish waitresses again, in the café, and men at lunchtime, even women at other times of the day, came to the place to view us and criticize how we behaved and dressed as women. Becky and I had altered our appearances and how we acted, our gestures becoming more feminine, thanks to the women who

seemed to think that was their right, to make us pretty girls, even prettier.

Gord, there on my very first day in a dress and stockings and wig, had no reason to suspect that the pretty 'waitress' he'd met in a tearoom and café would be anything more than what she appeared to be. He'd tipped me outrageously, all the money going to my Mummy, of course, which is why I was doing 'anything' to keep my job at the café. Oh, but seeing his father and the look he gave me should have warned me that things were not as they appeared at the *Timeout Café*.

Well, now, after what Margot, Gord's sister-in-law, had revealed to me about her father-in-law, it had all become clearer to me. If Rose Rennie, the woman who turned boys into girls, knew about John Hiller, then John Hiller knew about Rose. Oh, and hadn't Jolene said something about being my mother if I married Gordon Hiller? Yes, if I could get away with marrying another man, Jolene could get away with marrying Gord's father, couldn't she?

I didn't feel girlie at all, whenever I had time to think about what I'd become, the predicament I was in. I had felt very womanly, ultra-feminine at times, when I'd been kissed and hugged by my boy friend before getting into his car. But now, I stood there in my pretty, red, woman's cocktail dress, watching Gord's mother disappear into the Mayor's house and caught a glimpse of myself, the former Gerald Barclay, in a long mirror that women must use to see how they looked before they went outside.

I was so used to the way I looked now. I had been a woman for far too long, I thought gloomily, as I waited for my fiancé to come and get me and return me to the woman, Rose Rennie, who had tormented me into be-

coming a woman like her. I'd said I would do anything to stay in the café and earn money for my mother and three brothers she still had to raise.

Little did I know what 'anything' could mean. My once fair hair looked so long, golden and feminine in every reflective surface I saw. But I wasn't real. I wasn't 'Princess' Celia as I had been called by everyone at the debutante ball I had had to attend. I had had to let Gord call me that. All of us girls then had been princesses. I had had to go along with that.

I had the same choice that I'd had then. I could just run for it, run off in my dress, high heels and feminine frippery. Now, while I waited for Gord, I could call a cab, couldn't I, and take off, put Penstone and my 'sisters' behind me. I felt such a pang as I thought of the three girlish figures I'd be leaving behind. Once I was Gerald again, however, I'd come back and maybe do something for them, showing them, at the very least, that it was possible to be a real man again.

I was in the middle of that quandary, thinking I should run, and not wait for Gord, when he surprised me again, coming behind me, his hands snaking around me. He tried to kiss my lips but I turned my head and let him kiss my cheek.

"All right, later," Gord whispered, his hands on my back caressing me. I had to stop him when I felt him brush my dress against my tush. Oh, I mustn't let him do that, I knew, stopping him with trembling fingers. That had led to far too much femininity and making out in the limo after the Autumn Ball. If only I had been more strong-willed then, I wouldn't be in the predicament I was in now.

"Your, your mother is in bed?" I asked Gord as it looked like a party was beginning as the younger people began to make a space for dancing on the patio.

"The mayor and his wife insisted she stay here with her nurse," said Gord, his face suddenly darker, more concerned that it had been. He was the smiling, care-free lover that he'd proclaimed himself to be to me, earlier in the evening, when he'd arrived unexpectedly early to pick me up and take me out.

"Please take me home, Gord, would you?" I asked him, steeling myself for what I knew I was going to have to do.

"You look like you're not well, either, darling Cecilia," whispered Gord.

I agreed that I was sick. We said 'good-byes' to his brothers, to Margot and to the Wilbornes, the mayor and his wife, who were regretful that Gord and I couldn't stay as they'd been hopeful of getting to know me, Gord's fiancée, a whole lot better.

"What brought this on?" asked Gord as we rode in his car towards the café where I'd be imprisoned again as a girl if I didn't get him to take me somewhere else, anywhere else, I realized.

"We, we have to talk, Gord," I whispered to him, slipping his ring from my finger as he watched in frowning amazement. "You really don't know the kind of girl you're telling everyone that you're going to marry."

"What are you doing?" asked Gord, trying to concentrate on the road, concern in his voice, as he saw me taking off his ring.

"T-Taking off this expensive r-ring!" I said to him, uncrossing my stockinged legs and catching it in the lap that I made with my dress, as it finally fell from my finger. I picked it off my lovely, silky dress and pressed it back into Gord's hand.

"You don't want to marry me?" asked Gord, his voice rising in stunned surprise as he pulled over on Main, beside a long line of shuttered shops. He turned and faced me. I quailed at the look on his face. His nostrils flared with anger and shock, I think, as he stared at me, he holding up the ring he'd given me to declare that I was engaged, as a girl, to marry him.

"N-No," I said with my voice betraying all the nervous tension that was making my stomach roil.

"You'll have to tell me why," said Gord gruffly, staring down at me as I tried to keep my madeup eyes on his as a girl would do. "Is it just the horrible telephone call I made? I just thought that ... after what we've already done for one another in the limo ... and the way you kiss me and roll your lovely body against mine ... well, I thought that you loved touching me as much as I loved touching you. Was I so damned, I mean, so darned, wrong in believing that?"

I nodded, afraid to say anything. I knew I should have been more controlled in kissing Gord. I was sending him the wrong message every time I submitted to him. I knew that. I shivered and shook as I told myself I'd never kiss him again. And I should never encourage him to press himself so tightly to me, to my 'female' parts, that he did what men sometimes did with girls in long necking, petting sessions, come sexually in his pants. That thought, the strange behaviour we'd both allowed ourselves, was like a dagger piercing me. I fought not to think about it, about kissing Gord and about not kissing him, or doing a little more, ever again.

"I don't believe it, Sissy," Gord said to me, putting his arms about my shoulders and drawing me to him across the car seat.



I squeaked out a protest but he was far too strong. I was kissing him again lovingly as his mouth possessed mine. His hand took hold of my thigh, caressing my stockings, and that brought me to my senses. I resisted him, levering his grip and caress from my garter.

"Don't tell me that you didn't like that," whispered Gord as he tenderly kissed my face and fondled me as if I was his girl friend.

"It, it's not that," I had to confess to him.

"Then what is it?" asked the man who wanted me to be his wife.

"I've something awful to tell you," I said to him, as tears came unbidden and began to cascade down my girlishly painted face. I must be wrecking my makeup, I thought with a shiver. He should be able to see that I wasn't a girl, another part of my mind whispered to me.

"You've already committed yourself to some other guy," snarled Gord, actually frightening me, scaring all rational thought out of my head. Instead of shaking my long hair vigorously and feeling my earrings swirling wildly about my neck, I should have thought for a minute and not denied what he was saying.

"N-No," I said desperately, feeling awful at the desperate, hurt look on Gord's manly face. "It, it's worse than that!"

Gord would have accepted that I had another boy friend, I only realized afterward. I could have said that I was in love with Malcolm, the other boy who had taken me out. I had a lot of 'outs' but I wasn't thinking straight. I didn't use any of them.

"I'm not a girl," I whispered to him, cried to him, more like, as his arm was still about me, his hand still

touching me, fondling me, I suppose I should call it, our faces just inches from one another.

I don't think he understood me at first. He frowned and stroked my long, lovely hair. "You're a woman, yes?" Gord asked. "Is this something like you have a child back home somewhere because it wouldn't matter at all to me, Sissy. I love you, my darling. I want to marry you ..."

"You can't marry me," I told him as the tears flooded down my quivering cheeks. "Didn't you understand what I just told you? I'm not a girl, or a woman, Gord. You can't marry me because I'm a guy, just like you!"

As the truth went home, it was every bit as bad as I'd expected that it would be. Gord was stunned, shocked and astounded. He pulled his hands from me and sat back in his car seat. I was able to lean away from him, cringing as I saw the astonishment on his face turn to fury as he stared at me.

"You're a guy like me?" Gord asked as if he was being strangled. "You're one of those pervs who like dressing up like a girl, one of those Pretty Boy club members? Does your aunt know what you are?"

Rose Rennie had introduced me to what passed as society in Penstone as her niece. Gord must know something about what had led to the breakup of his mother and father's marriage. He was using the same terms to me that Margot had.

"I, I d-don't know w-what you're t-talking about," I said to Gord, knowing I was lying but I didn't want to talk to him at all about why I was dressed like a girl if I was a guy. I just wanted to get away. I opened the car door behind me, intending to get out of the car there on Main and disappear out of his life, forever.

“What do you think you’re doing?” asked Gord, reaching over, pulling me back into my seat and locking all the doors on the car automatically.

“You, you c-can let me out here ...” I said to Gord who just sat there, his hands on the steering wheel, glaring at me. “You d-don’t have to s-s-see m-me home, ev-ever again!”

“I won’t!” said Gord savagely. “Oh, stop your crying, Sissy!” He stopped and stared at me. “So that’s why you call yourself that! What an idiot I am! You were telling me all the time what you are and I didn’t catch it at all, did I? I suppose that means that your aunt does know all about you, doesn’t she?”

I nodded my head, long, blonde hair flowing all around my face. My nylons made a feminine, rustling noise as I crossed my legs which I now found to be the most comfortable sitting position for me in a dress and feminine underwear.

“And Rebecca?” said Gord, his eyes staring at me as the extent of how we’d deceived him dawned on him. “She’s just like you, isn’t she? She’s one of you pretty boys, isn’t she?” His face screwed up in distaste as he thought about what he was saying. I knew what he was going to say before he said it.

“She and Judd, my friend,” Gord gasped. “They were getting it on! I saw Judd humping her, her skirt up her back, and him putting his pecker in her! And she was loving it, wriggling around and leaning back, kissing Judd and begging him not to stop! They were a man and a woman together afterwards, holding hands and kissing one another whenever they could. I couldn’t believe it was Judd Whiting with a pretty girl. He’s never been involved with a girl, like Becky, before. That’s why I keep trying to get him to meet someone really cute. That’s why I wanted him to meet her, your,

your, Rebecca. I even congratulated him on his lovely girl friend!"

"L-Let me go, Gord," I said to him but he started the car and didn't drive me back to the *Timeout Café*. "Where are we going?" I had to ask in fright. We turned along Main where he'd tried to make out with me in the limo, where he'd come as a man, both of us still clothed, of course, while I'd kissed him and encouraged him to do so.

"You have to prove it, sissy-boy," Gord said harshly to me. "You don't think I'm just going to believe you saying that, do you? You could be lying to me, about you, about your aunt, and about Rebecca as well. So, when I pull over up ahead, you can take your panties down and show me your pecker, if you are a guy."

"I'm not doing that!" I cried, choking myself with tears that came back girlishly, as we parked on Lovers' Hill, having the whole place to ourselves. "I'm a boy, Gord! Take my word for it! Or Rose's. She's not my aunt. She'll tell you that as well, if you press her a little bit."

"Be prepared to sleep out here, Sissy," said Gord with a savage smile. "I'll have a good look then when you're sleeping in your panties and pretty dress. You need to do something about your makeup as well, you know, if you want to look your best as a girl, Sissy. Oh, I can't get over that name. I should have known, shouldn't I? That must have been the reason why I didn't want to use it for you!"

"You can't keep me out here all night!" I said fearfully to Gord. "It isn't right!"

"Nor is my fiancée turning out to be a boy," said Gord angrily. "You could have told me before, Sissy,

and it wouldn't have come to this. Gosh, to think what I did the first time I saw you, giving you all that money. Is that why you've led me on?"

"That was the first day in my life that I wore a dress," I told him. Then, of course, I had to tell him all about how I'd turned out the way that I was, all because I'd said I'd do anything to keep my job at the *Timeout Café*.

Gord still wouldn't open the locked doors. "I still need you to prove that you're not a man, Sissy," he said. I jerked in shock as he smiled at me. "Or the other way around," he added. "We're not leaving until I see what I have to see. Then, I'll know what you know.

"We could do it another way," Gord went on with a rueful smile. "We could get it on ourselves and I could find out for myself just what it is that you have in your panties. Do you want to do it that way, darling Sissy?"

It stung me that Gord was somehow talking himself into a position of not believing me, not believing that I was another man in his car, dressed so prettily, my blonde hair so soft, so long, and so womanly. I reached for my purse, trembling, as I needed another tissue.

Gord took my hand and studied my long, feminine nails, smiling smugly at me as he did so.

"All, all right," I gulped. "Have it your way, Gord." I leaned back as far as I could go and uncrossed my legs. For the first time, I saw uncertainty on Gord's darkly handsome face as he watched me lift my dress and expose my panties and garter belt to him.

"It, it will look like I have a, a vagina, at-at first," I said with a shiver that I couldn't control all the time. "But what you'll see at first isn't real. It's just a prosthesis, made to look like a vagina. Rose has us girls wear them as she says it makes us feel feminine and

pretty, and like a girl in every part of us. For me, though, it's, it's just a different kind of taping job - that a girl like me has to go through - when she wants to be thought of as a real girl.

"So," I really began to shudder then, and wriggle like a girl, as I eased my panties over my hips. Oh, this was going to be so awful! The look on Gord's face was terrible as I chattered on, trying to cover my disgust at myself. "I'll take down my panties, take off my vagina prosthesis and you'll be able to see the real me, Gerald Barclay."

"Gerald Barclay!" spluttered Gord, leaning back as if he wished that the car was a lot wider than it really was. "Not one of Bob Barclay's kids?"

I shivered and nodded that I was as I wiggled to slide my panties over my hips and down my thighs, the prosthesis, even to my eyes, looking so real as my lacy panties slid over my dark stockings.

"This, this is hard," I whispered as I watched him watching me tautly, no longer thinking I was a girl, I was sure. I finally disconnected the string that disguised me so completely and there it was, what Gord didn't want to see. "Ooo-oo-oo!" I moaned as I always did when the pressure on my genitals was released. I was the one pulling the worst face of all as feeling returned to all my numbed parts.

"You are a guy!" said Gord Hiller to his 'pretty' fiancée.

"I, I told you so," I said to him, pulling up the prosthesis and my panties, pushing my dress down, shivering at all that I had revealed to a man, looking at me in such disbelief and devastation. I could see the emotion change and the anger rising in Gord. I was really afraid I wasn't going to get home in one piece, from

Lover's Hill, where he'd once, or so he'd thought, made love to a beautiful, blonde girl, me.

"If the word gets out," said Rose angrily to me, as furious as Gord Hiller had been when he'd flung me out of the car, the night before, onto the steps of the café, before racing off, car tires squealing, "if the knowledge becomes widespread about what I'm doing here, I'll be out of business. They're going to know that the Pretty Boys Club has been resurrected!"

Rose didn't say who 'they' were. I was sure one of them would be Bettina. She'd be heartily glad to see her mother put out of business. I should have been glad to see the end of the Pretty Boys' Club, if what Gord had said about my friend, Rebecca, was true. But all I could think of, as I put on my stockings and got ready for another day as a waitress, was that my 'sisters', boys like me, were going to be devastated by the news that the *Timeout* couldn't employ them as girls any more.

Lives were going to change, mine definitely. Gord had shouted that he'd see to that, he'd let everyone know about me, as he'd pushed me out of his car. I'd wobbled on the street on my high heels. Rose had come rushing out and rescued me. I suppose you could call it a rescue as I was taken back to my room, helped to clean my face and change my dress and women's underclothing for a nightie, new panties, yes, a clean prosthesis, and a bra.

Now, next morning, I'd had to confess to Rose everything that had gone on between Gord and me, why I didn't have his expensive engagement ring on my finger or around my neck.

"You didn't have to tell him you weren't a girl!" Rose raged at me.

"He and his mother were planning the date when I'd be a bride," I snapped at her. "He was planning to take me to a hotel room and have his way with his girl friend! I had to tell him, Rose. We were along Lovers' Lane, on Lovers' Hill, when I did it, showed him who I was.

"As well, Steve's wife, Margot, told me all about John Hiller and the Pretty Boy Club, which you've never mentioned, but Gord knew the name. He knew all about it as well. I pretended I didn't. I told him I'd never heard of such a thing, which was sort of true."

"But when he tells his father," said Rose slowly. I had to agree with her. John Hiller would know the Pretty Boy Club had existed, if what Margo had said was true, and Rose seemed to be confirming it all with me. John Hiller certainly had an inkling as well that it was still functioning. Oh gosh, it wasn't just functioning, it was blooming again, in the *Timeout Club*, every night.

"Well, get on down to the café," Rose told me, pulling the short, frilly apron tight over my plaid, school-girl-type mini-skirt. "At least, we can get a few more shifts out of you, my girl, before Gord sends fire rockets up into the air!"

Gord didn't, though I waited, my eyes searching everywhere in the *Café and Tearoom* for someone to be pointing at me and laughing at me. But those who wanted me, over the next week, called me 'Miss' or 'Sissy' all the time. Not even Bettina, who came in to talk to her mother, had anything to say to me save to give me a snide look as she had the last time she'd seen me.

"Bettina's on the committee for the Extravaganza," said Rose as I retreated, the last customer gone, to the dressing rooms, where Sandra and Jolene were already in attendance, changing into tiny, crotch-splitting panties. I couldn't believe they were male like me. Where on earth, if they were, could they have hidden their male equipment? Silly question, with me wearing the prosthesis that I was.

"She can't be a judge because of the conflict of interest with me," Rose confided in me. Bettina would have voted against any of us taking part in the Extravaganza, I thought, as she surely knew what we all were, the older as well as the newer girls, Lisbeth and me.

We practiced now as if it was really the show, as it was going to be, in just days. Rose was the emcee. She had several jokes to tell that she sprinkled through the performance, having a deadpan delivery in the sexual innuendos she gave out about each of us 'girls'.

It took us nearly four hours to get through the first run-through.

"We have to cut out a few numbers and speed up others," said Rose with a frown, gathering us all, so girlie in our showgirl dresses.

"You've got too much of her," said Steffie, grinning at me. She knew that I wanted to get off the show. "Katy Perry, Lady Gaga, and Madonna, when she's obviously a Marilyn Monroe," she went on. "I mean, she's very good, and you should keep her as Kate Perry, I think, but let her do that pink dress number, *I Want to be Loved by You*, as Marilyn, with a guy she can pick from the audience. I know a couple we can set up to hold her. It'll be a really sexy number which some others aren't as they're all full of us girls, whirling around - not that we aren't sexy, anyway."

Which led to all the girls singing an off-key, weird rendition of Rod Stewart, doing *Don't You Think I'm Sexy* which Sarah and her boy friend joined in instrumentally. "Ooo, stop!" laughed Rose. "Too many rods in that number!"

That made the girls start giggling again while Lisbeth, I noticed, shivered in distaste at such a crude joke. "I'll make up a new schedule for tomorrow," said Rose. "I'll cut the dance numbers down as well, the *Welcome to Burlesque ...*"

"Should stay!" howled Steffie. "Only, she," Steffie meant me, "should lose that long dress and just be in her panties and a bra. That's the way burlesque is meant to be!"

"She could do her tassel dance right there at the start," said Jolene with a grin at me. She winked as she knew that Steffie wouldn't give up her part in the tassel dance we did later. Jolene was right.

Rose was inundated with suggestions on what to keep and what not, suggestions on how to speed up or shorten some numbers. "But will that give you girls enough time to change?" she asked repeatedly as she ran through the shortened show. It seemed as if all my solos were going to be kept as they gave time for the girls to change. I had to be stripped quickly by the dresser, my mother was promoted to that role, which I didn't like. Not when the others thought that it was just perfect to have my sisters, Amy and Katie, there in the wings to help us all to change.

"They can come out in the last number as can-can girls," suggested Jessica as well. "That's easy to learn and to do, and we're one short with Becky not here. We can do better with ten of us girls in any case."

"No, not my sisters," I protested. "They're too young!"

"Oh, but we want to do it," rang out clear, girlish voices from the wings, and there were my sisters, Amy carrying Chloe, Steffie's surrogate child, in her arms, giving her up almost immediately to Steffie as Chloe wanted her 'mother', needing to suckle from the only breasts she'd known.

I was still in my almost naked showgirl dress, the feathers high over my head, my tasseled, fake breasts glued to my chest, when Gord Hiller suddenly came in from the front door that was supposed to be locked for our 'private' rehearsals, and pressed in to the crowd of scantily dressed 'women' in the center of the stage.

"I need to talk to Sissy," Gord said when Rose protested and all the girls began to shriek as if we were in a girls' gym locker room and a boy had entered there. Yes, I'd done it once or twice with 'messages' for the female gym teachers. "I've just come from my mother's bedside," Gord went on, looking me up and down. I felt like an idiot as I stood there, in the female powder and paint, with sequins over my body to conceal defects or deceive what the eye saw. Gosh, he knew now that I was a guy. I didn't know how he could look at me as he was.

"Take her into the last dressing room," Rose ordered my boy friend. Well, all the other girls thought that he was still that.

"My mother's dieing," said Gord, closing the door on the astonished, girlish faces out on the stage. "I didn't have the nerve to tell her about, about you, not after what my father did to her."

"You, you don't have to," I said to him, thinking aloud about what had kept me up, all the night before.

"I, I could have just said I didn't want to marry you, marry anyone, and insisted on that. I didn't, I didn't, have to be so dramatic!"

"That wouldn't have worked with me," snapped Gord. He struggled to relax again, staring at me, at the extreme amount of makeup on my face, the jewellery on my face and neck. His eyes moved down to the tasseled breasts right in front of him. "They're not ..." he said, his lip curling, as if in disgust.

"No, they're not real," I said to him, amazed that I could talk to this man who knew that I was as male as he was. I was amazed that I could tell him that they were taped onto me and I could even point out where the makeup hid the edges of the artificial chest.

"They make you look so, so ..." Gord struggled to get the words out calmly, I could see, as he stared at my womanly figure and the panties that concealed what he knew to be there, "... real," he finished.

"That's the idea," I said, trying to force a smile on my face. Why did I have to do this? Talk to him. Wasn't I constantly telling myself to get out of here, to run for it, to stop being a girl and become a man like the one looking me over, his face a stupid picture, if he only knew.

Gord shook himself. "Did you tell anyone ...? Any of your girl friends in this show you're putting on. They're all members of the old Pretty Boy Club, aren't they? My father seems to know them all. What do they think of you being engaged to me, to John Hiller's son?"

"Rose knows everything," I told him. "And my sister, Lisbeth, knows that something is not right, to answer your first question. As for the second, what do they think of me being engaged to you, you answered

it yourself. They know you're John Hiller's son. They think that you're just like your father. They won't say a word about me as I'm not supposed to say a word about them, no matter what they do."

"Good," said Gord, having concentrated on my face with every word I spoke. He seemed somewhat scornful as he reached out to me. "Here." He pushed the ring back into my hands.

"What do you want me to do with this?" I asked him, trying to hand it back.

"I want you to wear it again," said Gord. "I want you to make everyone think that we're just the same as we were before. You're my sweet fiancée and I'm your stupid boy friend."

"I'm not going to do that," I said with a tremble, feeling the swish of my headdress and of the feathers attached to my panties. Oh, why did he have to come at this time when I was in my most feminine dress, parts of my body peeping out as they would in a show-girl's alluring, costume. It was a genuine girl's dress, after all, meant to entice men to admire me, even to put money, tips into my panties or bra, if they wanted to. Yes, I'd have to let them stroke me, if they did that. I'd already paid a forfeit, more than once, for not being girlie enough in my dress when the band members played part of our audience.

"It's not for me," grunted Gord, staring up and down at me, not smiling as he should. "It's for my mother. Remember her?" The last words were spoken so sourly that I looked at Gord in outright amazement. I half turned away from him and saw myself in the mirror.

No wonder he was being so sour. I had such long, thick, womanly eyelashes and such bright, scarlet lip-

stick on my lips. My hair shone and fell in golden waves as it never had when I was Gerald. Jewellery glinted from wherever it was possible for a girl to wear jewels. Besides the obvious places, I glittered at my earlobes, at my navel, and at my ankles, never mind sequins scattered over my bare flesh. And that was so terribly awful to my and his masculine eyes, I was sure. A man just shouldn't have curves as I had them, even if most of them were completely phony.

"My mother is dieing," Gord went on, seizing my thin arm and squeezing it hurtfully, not in the loving way he'd touched me before. "I said it before, when I came in, and you ignored me. All you think about is looking and sounding like a girl, isn't that the truth?"

"No," I told him with a shudder. "I'm, I'm sorry about your mother. But, but, I'm nothing to your family, Gord. We're not engaged, not now you know ..."

"But my mother doesn't!" shouted Gord at me, the first time ever he'd really raised his voice to me.

"Gord, you're hurting me!" I had to tell him as he was twisting a bracelet into my skin. Gord was staring, just inches away from me, as he pulled me closer against him, my tassels actually touching his chest. My words seemed to reach him at last. He suddenly stepped back and dropped my arm. He turned away and didn't look at me, didn't look at the skimpily-dressed showgirl I was dressed as and was trying to be.

"I'll pay you," Gord croaked, his face turned towards the wall. "What do you want, to be my fiancée again, Sissy darling?" Oh, that was said in a brutal, sneering tone that hurt me much more than his strong, probing fingers. "Fifty thousand, sixty?" He turned and looked me up and down in all my showgirl finery, such as it was.