



Reluctant Press

Stevenson's Lovelies

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' COLLECTION

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“A DAY AS MISS STEPHANIE”

By E.B. Stevenson

My girlfriend Amie and I were sitting at an open-air cafe in Atlanta on a warm summer morning in 1990. I was dressed as my male self. Amie was innocently sipping her cappuccino, while I was worked on a nice cold glass of lemon-lime soda.

Amie had known about Stephanie, my female self, from the beginning, and she was very understanding. Amie had dated another crossdresser prior to meeting me in the fall of 1986. She looked rather seductively at me, and asked me, “Eric, do you want to know something?”

“What is it you want me to know, babe?”

“I think it would be a great idea for you to spend a whole day as Stephanie. I'd love to see you spend a day in public, wearing high heels, dresses and the other things we women take so much for granted,” Amie replied.

“When do you think we should do this?”

“The sooner we do this, the better we'll feel. I have a friend of who does makeover and photo sessions with crossdressers, and she's well-known in the community. Maybe it would be a good idea to have photos taken in all those bridal gowns that are hanging in the closet,” Amie replied.

“It's always been a dream! I'd love to see how the female side lives,” I added.

She then called her friend to set up an appointment for my makeover and photo session, and set it up for ten o'clock the following Saturday morning. It wouldn't be too hard to select the three bridal gowns I would wear to the makeover and photo session, in addition to the dress I would wear the whole day. I had amassed a collection of seven bridal gowns, all of them in a size twenty-two, over the last several years, as part of my work as a crossdressing fashion model.

My day as a woman actually began late on Friday evening in the house Amie and I shared north of Atlanta. I spent some time in the bathtub, and shaved off all of my body hair. I had a facsimile of a female torso and another of a female pubic area in the safe in our closet. Since I had plenty of electrolysis done on my face while I worked in California as a crossdressing fashion model, I didn't need to shave my face. I slipped the artificial female torso and pubic area on my body, then put a pair of white bikini

panties on. It was hard for me to choose what nightie I wanted to wear to bed, but I finally decided on a white nightgown, topping it off with a shoulder-length, auburn wig. When that was done, I slipped on a robe, and the transformation from Eric to Stephanie for bedtime was complete.

Then, I went into another closet in the next room, to choose the three bridal gowns for the next day's shoot. I finally settled on one with puffed sleeves and a cathedral-length train, one trimmed with white tulle around the neckline and the hem of the skirt, again with a cathedral-length train, and the third one contained a sweetheart neckline, Elizabethan sleeves, adorned with sequins all over the gown, and a floor-length skirt. Each had a bow tie in the back at the waistline, and easily zipped up in the back. Each gown had its individual headpiece, but I chose one extra-large bridal slip, one pair of white extra-long bridal stockings, a white bustier with garters, in size forty-four C, white G-string panties, size seven, and a pair of white pumps, size eleven wide, for the shoot.

The next decision was what to wear the rest of the day. I finally decided on my red skirt, red blazer, white blouse, all in size twenty-two, double-extra-large white full slip, and a pair of red and white pumps, again in eleven wide, for that period. I gave the gowns and bridal attire to Amie, who gently put them in my white minivan, parked in the garage. The gowns wouldn't fit in Amie's car. As soon as we were prepared for the next day's experiment, I climbed into bed. Amie followed soon after.

It was the middle of the night when Amie asked me, "Stephanie?"

"What is it, Amie?"

"Are you looking forward to the shoot as much as I am?"

"Absolutely. I can't wait to dress as a bride again," I replied.

"What if we got married? Should we have one ceremony or two?"

"I think we should have two. One with me in a tux, the other with us as lovely brides," I replied before we fell asleep again.

We woke up about seven o'clock on a Saturday morning. I had taken a bubble bath, getting all pretty and feminine for our day as girls. I changed into my outfit after I made myself up to look pretty, and slipped on my shoulder-length brunette wig. Amie and I had a light breakfast, and left the house about quarter to nine, as it would take an hour to get to my makeover and photo session appointment.

Amie drove us to a country cottage on the southeastern outskirts of Atlanta. Her friend was a middle-aged Southern lady, with no sign of gray in her hair. The two had worked together at a Decatur beauty shop. She came out the door just as we arrived.

The woman came to the car door and hugged Amie. "Clara, this is my significant other, Stephanie. Stephanie, this is Clara, the woman who will be doing your makeover and photo session today," Amie said.

"Nice to meet you, Clara," I said in my feminine voice.

"Same here, Stephanie," Clara added. "Do you need any help, Amie?", she then asked.

“I'm going to need some help with these bridal gowns,” said Amie.

Clara then pulled the bridal gowns out of the minivan, while Amie held the bridal accessories. They took them to the master bedroom, which also served as her studio. Clara had a bridal bouquet all ready for me to hold. Amie and Clara were getting set up in the master bedroom, while I was sent to the bathroom to change out of my dress and pantyhose into my bridal lingerie.

When I came out, Amie said, “She looks so sexy in white lingerie.” “When a girl is wearing white lingerie, she is a winter person,” Clara added. She then asked Amie, “Do you have the film?”

“Yes, I do,” Amie replied before handing Clara a twin-pack of instant film.

I then sat down on the stool, and Clara put on plenty of makeup. She showed Amie the steps it took to make my face to look feminine. Within half an hour, I was able to put on the first bridal gown. She showed how the gown and the headpiece accentuated my look. With each gown, shots were taken. Clara had to remove a coffee table to accommodate each of my gowns. Every time we went outside, she would sing “Here Comes The Bride.” We took the majority of the bridal shots outside. It was a perfect day for it, with clear skies and warm. Amie was tempted to get into a bridesmaid's dress for a few shots, but Clara only wanted photos of me.

The last photos of me were taken in a white night dress with sleeveless gloves. Clara admired the way I displayed my feminine sex appeal in the lingerie shots. She also complimented me on my artificial female torso and pubic area, making me look like a genetic female. “If he went through hormone therapy, underwent sex reassignment surgery and actually became a woman, she would attract a lot of male attention,” Clara told Amie.

“I'm not surprised, Clara. He looks so handsome as a man, and yet, so beautiful as a woman,” Amie added.

I got back into my outfit, and looked over the photos of myself in bridal attire with Amie and Clara. I thought I looked very beautiful all dressed in white. Clara suggested sending them into a crossdresser publication, and make a photo spread out of it. “That sounds like an excellent idea,” Amie said to her. “I agree with Amie. I've modeled in the past, and it would be a great idea for the transgendered community to see Stephanie at her most romantic”, I added.

After we got our bridal outfits together and loaded into the minivan, Amie and I went into midtown Atlanta, and did some shopping as girls. We went into different women's apparel and jewelry shops, and bought a few new dresses. Finally, after we spent about two hundred and fifty dollars, Amie and I sat down for lunch.

“How did you like your photo session this morning, Stephanie?” Amie asked.

“I enjoyed it very much, thank you. It brought back memories of my modeling career. I remember how much fun it was for me to model women's attire for various catalogues. Those memories were very pleasant ones, and I wouldn't trade my days as a crossdressing model for anything”, I replied.

Both of us had salads and diet cola for lunch. Afterwards, it was on to a bridal shop, owned by another friend of Amie's. Since I had plenty of bridal gowns, Amie wanted to have me try on some bridesmaid's dresses and evening gowns. We didn't have far to go, only to Decatur.

We walked into the shop, where her friend Marlana was waiting. "Amie, how has it been? Who is this beautiful girl with you?" Marlana asked.

"Marlana, this is Stephanie, my significant other," Amie then replied.

"Nice to meet you, Marlana," I said with pleasure, in my feminine voice.

"I understand you want her to try on some bridesmaid's dresses and evening gowns," Marlana said to Amie.

"Yes, Marlana. Stephanie is in need of bridesmaid's dresses and evening gowns," Amie added.

I was given several bridesmaid's dresses to try on. I went out and modeled each one for Marlana and Amie, and finally picked four of them. I selected one each in red, blue, turquoise and pink. Then, I was given several evening gowns to try on. Again, I modeled each one for the girls. I finally selected ones in peach, light blue, fuschia and lavender. Amie and I paid a thousand dollars for the dresses and gowns.

Our next stop was a lingerie shop, back in midtown Atlanta to get lingerie for both of us. I got myself a white nightgown, a turquoise babydoll nightie, a red teddy, a black bustier and matching G-string panty, black and white garters, and a white nightdress. Amie got herself plenty of babydoll nighties and teddies in various colors. By the four o'clock hour, we had spent over fifteen hundred dollars of our twenty-five-hundred-dollar allowance.

We dropped off all of the stuff we purchased, along with everything from the photo sessions, at our house. We decided to have a light dinner at home, before we went out on the town.

For our night on the town, we decided to wear something different. I decided to put my black bustier, along with a pair of black stockings. I switched to a pair of black sling-back high heels and a black party dress with a ruffled skirt. Amie decided on a red party dress. We left the house around eight o'clock, in Amie's car. We went to a local bar, where cross-dressers were welcome.

We arrived around quarter to nine, just fifteen minutes after the bar opened. Amie and I walked to the cash register in front. A postoperative transsexual, Julie, was waiting for us. "Amie, how are you these days?" Julie asked her, glad to see her again.

"I've been fine, Julie", Amie replied, "and yourself?"

"I've been doing better since I had surgery six months ago. I'm finally glad that I have a body that matches my mind," Julie replied.

"Nice to meet you, Julie", I said in my feminine voice.

"The pleasure is mine, Stephanie," Julie smiled.

"You should see Stephanie as a man, Julie. He's so handsome. It's no wonder I fell in love with him," Amie added.

“Maybe we should have a three-way sometime,” Julie said, smiling.

“Not a bad idea, Julie.” Amie squeezed my hand.

“The show starts at nine-thirty, we have a guest star tonight. She came all the way from Los Angeles,” Julie said, pointing to the show program.

Recognizing the picture, I said, “I used to work with her while I was a crossdressing fashion model.”

We sat down at the table, and ordered two diet colas. A man emerged from the dressing room, and asked, “Are you Stephanie, the former fashion model?”

“That I am.”

“Julie told Marina you knew her from your days in Los Angeles. She's anxious to see you,” the man said.

“Thank you, kind sir,” I said, then asked him, “May I bring Amie in as well?”

“You may,” he replied.

Amie and I walked into the dressing room, where Marina stood, looking as radiant as ever. “Stephanie, how are you?” she asked me before giving me a hug.

“I've been doing fine, Marina. I didn't know you would be a successful female impersonator until Julie told me about you,” I replied.

“Who is the young woman with you?” Marina asked me.

“This is my girlfriend, Amie. Amie, this is Marina, who worked with me as a model while I was in California,” I answered.

“Enchante, Marina,” said Amie.

“What have you been up to since you left California?”

“I've been away from modeling the last five years, concentrating on my work as a writer. I've submitted several story ideas to transgender publications, and ninety percent of them have been published. I've also been working on a book of my modeling photos for publication,” I said, pride in my voice.

“I continued to model for three more years. Two years ago, a transsexual friend recommended me for a part in a female impersonation revue in Los Angeles. I was able to get the part, and I became an overnight sensation. The last two months, I've been on the road, appearing at clubs in different cities. I've been asked back to do more modeling since then, but I won't be able to do it until I return to Los Angeles next month,” Marina continued.

“Have you found a significant other?” I asked her.

“I've had several boyfriends in the last five years. I would date a man once or twice, and that would be it. On all my dates with men, I would go as Marina. I haven't dated a man since I started my current tour, but there will be more waiting when I return to Los Angeles. In fact, I've decided to go all the way,” Marina said, offhandedly.

“Go all the way', as in becoming a complete woman?”

“Yes. I am in the process of becoming a woman. Ever since I was a young kid, I have yearned to be a girl. I remember being in the bathroom with my mother at age five, and it was then I realized I should have been born a girl. I began dressing as a girl when I was seven. The first article of feminine attire I slipped on was a pair of my sister's old panties. I bought my first dress when I was sixteen, and began modeling feminine attire when I was eighteen. I'm now saving for sex reassignment surgery. After surgery, I plan to return to modeling,” Marina replied.

“You look just like the type to become a woman.”

“How did you and Amie meet?” Marina asked.

“Amie and I met four years ago, at a nightclub here in Atlanta. She had been dating another crossdresser. He moved from Atlanta to New York to pursue a career as a female impersonator, so they had to split. I fell in love with Amie's face, her hair, her warm personality and her loving nature. She fell in love with my male side at first, but once I told her I was a crossdresser, she perfectly understood my situation. She also fell in love with Stephanie. Sometimes, we'll go out as Eric and Amie, other times as Stephanie and Amie. We now live together, in a large house north of Atlanta. We're trying to get the basement finished, so she can build a photography studio. Amie is a professional photographer and cosmetologist, while I've turned my attention to writing,” I continued.

“Are you on hormones now, Marina?” Amie asked her.

“I've been on female hormones for a year and a half now. I hope to have my surgery sometime in 1992.”

Another man entered the dressing room, and told all visitors to clear the area. “Well, I'll see you on stage,” I said to Marina. I gave her a big hug, and wished her the best of luck.

Once Amie and I sat down, a young man eyed us. He couldn't have been more than twenty-five years old. I had never felt very comfortable with a man staring at me dressed in female attire, but Amie was. We had to go to our backup plan, pretending to want his company. He came over to our table, and asked us our names.

“What's your name?” I asked him.

“I'm Wesley.”

“Would you like to have a seat, Wesley?” Amie asked.

“Thank you, very much,” he replied.

The three of us proceeded to watch the show from our chair. Wesley was showing a lot of cash, which he planned to give to several of the female impersonators in exchange for a kiss. Marina came on stage at the midway point of the show, wearing a tiara and a maroon sequined evening gown. She lip-synched a song from an early 1960s movie, while dancing rather seductively. While Marina was doing her act, Wesley went to the stage to give her a crisp twenty-dollar bill, and gave her a rather long, but tender, kiss. When she finished, she was given a standing ovation by the patrons of the establishment. She acknowledged the ovation by curtsying and blowing kisses to the audience.

After changing into her pink bridesmaid's dress, she came over to our table and sat with Amie, Wesley and I. "You're such a beautiful girl, Marina, and I mean that sincerely," Wesley complimented.

"You know, you're such a handsome man. And a passionate man as well," she added, then asked him, "Were you the man who came on stage and gave me a long, tender kiss?"

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"I think you met Stephanie and Amie. Stephanie used to work with me when I was modeling back in California. It takes a lot of practice before you can become a female impersonator or a crossdressing fashion model. I just had the natural beauty for it," Marina explained.

"What do you two do now?" Wesley asked us.

"I'm now a writer of mainstream and transgendered fiction," I replied.

"I'm a cosmetologist and professional photographer," Amie added.

Then, I showed Marina some photos from my bridal photo session earlier in the day. She was amazed by them. "You look so beautiful all dressed in white, Steph, you should see ME that way," Marina whispered. Then, we looked at Marina's bridal photos from her modeling sessions several years back. "Do you see the girl on the left, in the pink bridesmaid's dress?" Marina asked Amie.

"Yes, I do," Amie replied.

"That's Stephanie in the pink bridesmaid's dress. She was wearing her prosthetic female torso that day. I'm glad she still has it, after all these years," Marina added.

"She wore it to the makeover and photo session this morning," Amie replied.

After the show was over, Wesley invited me to dance with him on stage. We danced to some of the popular dance hits of the day, and we even slow danced.

"Stephanie, you're a beautiful girl. I would love to take you and Amie home with me tonight," Wesley whispered while we were slow dancing.

"Amie and I were talking about inviting you to our place."

"I don't know about that. I live with my lover, and he doesn't know how he'd feel about me seeing different people, even if he's been dating several women as of late, including three she-males. You and Amie are two very beautiful women, and since my lover is out of town, I may consider it. I live across the road from this place," Wesley briefly explained.

It was about eleven o'clock that we said our good-byes to Marina, but not without giving our phone numbers to her. We walked out of the bar, in Wesley's arms, and proceeded to his apartment.

It was an immaculate place, with photos of his lover and a few of their she-male friends all over the place. He kissed us passionately on the neck, alternating between Amie and myself. I began kissing him on the lips, while Amie gently caressed him all over his body. A few minutes later, Amie sat down and undid his pants, while I unbuttoned his shirt. After Amie took off his underwear, we had a totally naked man in our

presence. I began caressing his manhood with my mouth and tongue, while he undid Amie's dress. "Oh honey, this feels good," he whispered to us. Obviously, he was in ecstasy. While I had his manhood in my mouth, he took Amie's breasts and gently caressed them with his tongue. "Oh baby, you make me feel so good!" Amie moaned in ecstasy. I kept my dress on while this three-way sexual adventure continued. At eleven-thirty, Amie and I switched positions. She massaged Wesley's manhood with her tongue, while he take off my dress. I kissed him after he took off my dress, leaving my lingerie on. This was really my first taste of sex from the female side. Once we drained Wesley of his good-tasting essence, Amie and I put our dresses back on, and bid farewell to him with passionate kisses.

Walking back to Amie's car, she asked me, "How does it feel to have sex with a man in the role of a woman?"

"It was very interesting, to say the least. But, I prefer having sex with a woman," I replied.

"I knew you would prefer that, honey. When we get home, let's make love to each other as women," Amie added before kissing me on the lips.

We got home around one o'clock in the morning, and immediately hung up my bridal gowns and our new dresses in my closet. We then headed for the bathroom, and changed into our identical turquoise blue babydoll nighties. We got into bed, and she asked me: "Baby, would you like to remove your prosthetic genitalia?"

"I'll do that right away, my love," I replied.

When I removed my prosthetic vagina, my manhood was revealed, still intact even after twenty-four hours of wearing the appliance. Amie passionately kissed me on the lips, and then took my manhood, and massaged it with her silky tongue. "Baby, that feels so good!" I whispered, somewhat winded. After a few minutes, she shifted and allowed me to fondle her breasts. "Oh honey, you make me feel so loving and feminine," she moaned. Then, she kissed me all over my body, and I put my manhood in her vagina. We both moaned in ecstasy, and when it was all over, we had a feeling of satisfaction we never had before in all my crossdressing experience.

I put my prosthetic female genitalia back on. Amie and I exchanged kisses constantly until we both fell asleep. The next morning, I got out of my wig, lingerie and female prosthetics, and returned to male reality. Three days later, Amie and I selected the photos to be considered for a photo spread in a crossdresser magazine. We sent them off in a portfolio, and when they were finally published, I received a lot of acclaim for such a romantic photo spread.

Living one day as a woman has been an adventure, to say the least. I was able to experience a full day wearing women's clothing. I was a little startled, but not surprised, at the male attention, and was even more surprised when I was able to experience sex from the female side. I think I would love to experience another day as Stephanie, but without having sex with a man.

“A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR AND

A BRIDAL CONSULTANT”

By E.B. Stevenson

It was April of 1987. I had been an out-of-work actor working as a female impersonator to make ends meet. Unlike the other female impersonators in the show, I was attracted to women exclusively. I was Stephen in my male life, but when I slipped on feminine attire, I would become Susan. My stage name was Susan LaBeauty.

It was a Thursday night. I had taken a night off, going to one of the straight nightclubs around San Francisco. Instead of wearing my customary sequined gown or dress, blonde wig and other trappings of femininity, I was in my navy blue suit and red tie. I walked into the club around nine o'clock, paying a five-dollar cover charge to see a rock and roll show. When I sat down, I saw a beautiful young woman looking at me rather amorously. She was blonde, five-foot-six, dressed in a fuschia dress, black stockings, fuschia high heels, with a pearl necklace and dangling rhinestone earrings. She was with a group of her female friends. She excused herself, and came over to my table.

We both said hello, and she asked me what my name was. “I'm Stephen Van”, I replied, then I asked her, “What's yours?”

“I'm Susan McCracken”, she replied.

“Susan, you're the most beautiful woman I've seen in a long, long time”, I complimented.

“You're such a handsome man, yourself”, Susan said, returning the compliment. Then, “Would you like to tell me a little more about yourself?”

"I'm thirty-one, an actor by trade, and I've lived in the San Francisco area for eight years now. I'm originally from Kansas City, but left there after I couldn't find work, not even as a waiter", I replied.

"I'm twenty-three, working as a bridal consultant for one of the Bay Area's largest bridal shops, and I've lived in San Francisco for a year now. I'm also from the Kansas City area, but I left there for the same reason you left the area", she added.

"Do you know what a female impersonator is?", I asked her.

"Yes, I do", she replied.

"Well, as you know, most female impersonators are gay. I'm one of the few female impersonators who finds himself attracted, emotionally, physically, romantically and sexually, to women. Believe it or not, Susan is my feminine name", I added.

"How interesting!", she said, then she asked, "What is your stage name?"

"Susan LaBeauty", I replied, before taking out my wallet to show her a photo of myself in feminine finery. "You look so beautiful as Susan! I wonder how you would look all dressed in white," she added.

"Thank you, Susan. I think I would look beautiful all dressed in white", I added.

"Where do you perform?"

"I perform at a nice club near the downtown area five nights a week, but tonight's my night off, so I decided to come here as my male self," I replied.

"Let me tell you something, Stephen. You look so handsome as a man, yet, you look beautiful as a woman," she complimented.

"How do you feel about my dressing as a woman?"

"I really don't mind it a bit. One of my ex-boyfriends was a cross dresser, and I learned more about crossdressing through this relationship. The only reason why it broke up was because he had moved to New York," she replied.

"So, you don't mind seeing me in a dress and all made up to look like a woman?"

"I have no reservations about that, Stephen."

We exchanged telephone numbers, and she left the club around eleven o'clock. I was a bit tired by then, so I left a few minutes later. I called her on the car phone while I was headed back to my place. I shared it with another female impersonator, who had just begun living as a woman. I asked Susan on a date the following Saturday evening, which was to include the female impersonator revue I was in. She accepted. When I got in, my roommate, Annie DeLove, sat down, tired from her show. Annie was stunning, five-foot-eleven, with a slender build, beautiful face, long reddish-blond hair, and she acted like a woman. She was still in her white bodysuit and red miniskirt.

"How did it go tonight, Stephen?" Annie asked me.

"I may have found a new girl, Annie."

"Tell me more about her."

"I'm taking her out to dinner before I have to get prepared for the show Saturday night," I replied.

"I don't know what my boyfriend has scheduled for this weekend. I've tried calling him three times today, and I get his answering machine. I've left messages each time, but he's failed to call me back. I don't know what's going on in that mind of his."

"I hope you work things out somehow. Good night, Annie," I added before planting a kiss on her cheek.

"Good night, Stephen," she whispered.

The next day, I awoke about noon. I found a message on our answering machine. Annie's boyfriend called, wondering if she would be available for a date that weekend. Annie was at the bridal shop where Susan worked, being fitted for a pageant gown. Annie would wear the gown in an upcoming pageant she was entered in.

Annie walked in about two o'clock, with a red sequined gown in her hand. "Your new girl was very nice and helpful to me at the bridal shop this afternoon. She helped me select several gowns in my size for the upcoming pageant. The one I wanted was the last one. With a gown like this, I'm a sure bet to win Miss Lombard Street," she said.

"Annie, your boyfriend called, wondering what you're going to be doing this weekend," I said.

"I've got to call him," she said, then asked me, "Would you like to see me in this gown?"

"I'd love to!" I excitedly replied.

Annie called her boyfriend, and told him she would be available that evening before eight o'clock. She also invited him to the Miss Lombard Street pageant the following evening. The pageant would start at nine o'clock. After she got off the phone, she went into her room, changing into her gown. I got on the phone, and called Susan at work. She wanted me to come in and get fitted for yet another gown, and suggested I come dressed as Susan LaBeauty. Once I got off the phone with her, Annie came out, in her new gown.

"Annie, that's fantastic! You look so beautiful!" I complimented.

"Thank you, Stephen," she said. "What do you think my chances are of winning?" she asked.

"Your chances are very good," I replied, before asking her, "How many girls will be competing for the title?"

"Five girls will be competing for the title of Miss Lombard Street," she replied.

"Excuse me, Annie. I've got to transform into Susan, and go down to the bridal shop."

I took a shower and shaved my entire body. After I showered, I put on my makeup, and got into my prosthetic female torso and vagina gaff. After the female prosthetics, I put on a white strapless bustier, white stockings and white G-string panties. I then reached into my closet, and pulled out my white lace sheath dress. As soon as I got that on, I slipped into a pair of white flats, followed by a pair of rhinestone earrings and topped with my blonde wig. I then got into my car, and drove to the shop.

When I walked in, Susan was waiting for me. "Susan LaBeauty?" she asked me. "It's true! You look so beautiful!" she exclaimed before we exchanged a kiss. "Thank you, Susan," I added. "Your roommate was in here earlier today, to purchase her gown for the Miss Lombard Street pageant," she added. "I'm sure she's going to win this Saturday," I responded. Susan pointed me toward a fitting room, and showed me several bridal gowns. I was planning to perform a love song in my Saturday show, and was looking for a bridal gown and headpiece to do the performance in. I decided to try them on, and was complimented each time by Susan. I selected two gowns, along with two different headpieces, for the performance I was planning to do, as well as future performances. I pulled out my credit card, paid for the gowns and headpieces, as well as a bridal slip, and went back to the apartment.

I rested for a few hours, then dressed as Susan before preparing for the evening's performance. I wore my lingerie to bed, leaving my wig at the side of the bed. When I woke up, around five-thirty, I put my wig back on, and slipped into a floral print robe. Annie's boyfriend, Sam, an X-rated computer program writer, was in the living room, waiting for Annie to finish dressing. "Hi Susan," he said to me. "Hello Sam, how are things?" "Things are pretty good. I finished writing a CD-ROM she-male program, which has yet to be approved for release. I only submitted it to the boss this afternoon."

"I went to try on several bridal gowns, and selected two for my performances. I'll be using one of them in my performance tomorrow night, which my new girl will see," I added.

"You've got a new girlfriend?" he asked me.

"Yes. She's very understanding of the fact I'm a female impersonator. Not too many female impersonators are attracted to women."

Annie emerged from her room, in a red sleeveless sheath dress, black stockings and red high heels. "Are you ready, honey?" she asked him. "Ready when you are, babe," came the answer.

"Have a good performance tonight, Susan."

"You too, Annie," I added.

I had a light dinner, and slipped back into my white lace sheath dress. I then laid my fuschia polka dot skirt, black bodysuit and black pantyhose out on my bed for one performance, while gathering a white satin-trimmed jacket and matching skirt for another. I neatly put them in a garment bag, along with a pair of black high heels and my makeup. Around eight o'clock, I went to the nightclub.

I arrived at about eight-thirty, and parked in the security garage. I walked into the club and straight to the dressing room, where Jenny Lace was waiting.

Jenny had changed into a tight pink dress, white stockings and pink high heels for her performance. I got into my black outfit before making myself up. Once ready, I ordered a diet cola before my performance.

Portia LaDolle had just finished her rendition of a gospel song. I was next on the slate. "Knock 'em dead, Susan!" Portia exclaimed. "Thank you, Portia," I added.

The deejay, DJ Triple-V, introduced me. “Ladies and gentlemen, the girl who might have been called Kansas City Kitty, here's the lovely Miss Susan LaBeauty!” he excitedly exclaimed. I went on stage, and when the curtain opened, I curtsied to the audience before performing a dance song.

The audience was roaring with every gyration I made. I even did a split on the stage, something I hadn't done in a performance before. One of the men in the audience got on stage and danced with me before the first performance was over. Once the performance was over, I kissed him on the cheek for dancing with me, curtsied to the audience, and walked off stage. After taking a drink of water in the dressing room, I headed straight for the audience, where I talked to some of them.

I mingled with the audience for an hour or so, before I went back into the dressing room to change into my white outfit for my second performance, in which I had planned to do a more seductive song. Jenny Lace was on before me in the second show, wearing nothing but a white swim suit. She whispered to me, “Knock 'em dead, like you did the first time!”

DJ Triple-V was still at the controls, and he introduced me again. “Ladies and gentlemen, here's the very beautiful and sexy Miss Susan LaBeauty!” he said, with more excitement than the first time.

I got on stage, curtsied to the audience, and did a seductive song. During the performance, I got off stage and sat down on a table full of men. With my legs crossed and my face expressing seduction, I looked at a young man with red hair; he couldn't have been more than twenty-two. When I got to the last two words in the song, I kissed him. When I finished my performance, I made my way through the audience, which was roaring with approval over my performance, and made my way back to the dressing room. I changed back into the dress I came in, and mingled with the audience for another half an hour. Around two in the morning, I packed up my outfits, and went back to the apartment.

I got home around two-thirty, and found Annie in bed with Sam. They had just finished making love to each other, and were asleep together. I went to my room, changed out of my feminine attire, put my wig back in my closet, hung up my dresses and skirts, put my bodysuit and lingerie in the laundry hamper, and removed my makeup. I got into my male underwear, and it was back to life as Stephen. I slept soundly that evening. When I woke up around noon, Annie was still with Sam. I could hear them doing something rather sexual.

Annie had taken Sam's underwear off, and had begun massaging his manhood with her tongue and mouth. “Oh Annie, that feels wonderful!” he whispered. After he had ejaculated in her mouth, he removed her panties and began massaging her male organ. “Babe, that feels great!” she moaned in ecstasy. After ejaculating in his mouth, he began licking her sensitive nipples. “You certainly know how to make a girl feel good,” she then whispered. When he was done, he suddenly remembered he needed to be at the tailor to pick up his suit. “See you tonight, honey?” he asked her.

“Sure thing, baby,” she replied.