



Reluctant Press presents:

The Queen Of Rock & Roll, II

Philippa Peters



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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THE QUEEN OF ROCK AND ROLL, PART 2

By Philippa Peters

VII. IN HARM'S WAY

Dr. Chester was furious with Donna for getting me to sign out of the clinic a week and a half later. I was still bandaged and sore about my face and neck and unable to do more than barely croak out sentences.

"This is good," Donna said as she drove me herself in a rented car through dark streets. "Now, they won't be able to see the real you after you have healed all the way. They won't know exactly what you look like. That's good for us. We could change your hair color, too."

But they know what *you* look like, I thought desperately. They only have to look at the group you're in, at the blonde on guitar. I was uncomfortable in pantyhose, skirt and high heels after so long. Then my chest in the soft bra, hanging out from me, was unnerving to think about, even worse to feel.

"What's-what's going to happen to me now?" I croaked desperately as she looked for a place to park near my apartment building.

"What do you mean?" Donna asked with a frown, finding a place only yards from the front of the building.

"I-I mean, like *this*," I croaked, indicating my breasts.

“Heck,” she said, opening the door. “Every guy in the audience was trying to get his hands on you. Now you can let them.”

I felt the tightness in my new gaff and panties and in my freshly depilated, smooth legs in the tight pantyhose. I got out, as gracefully as I could, legs together, the black, patent-leather high heels gleaming and I stood cautiously, feeling very unfeminine as Donna took my purse and my bag of nighties and panties.

“I don't *want* men,” I began as Donna put her arm under mine as we clicked down the sidewalk to my building. She said that as far as anyone knew, I had hit my face on a car dashboard and had plastic surgery. That was the 'official' story about me.

Donna's face twisted with sardonic pleasure—or so it seemed to me—and I shivered as I looked at her over my bandages. “If it's still girls you prefer, why don't you try Joanie?” she sneered. “She's always fancied you, or, should I say, she fancied Alan Markham a lot. She hated me dressing you up and she hates me worse than ever now that I persuaded you to have this done to yourself.”

I cried out in amazement at the brazen lie Donna had told about me. I hated her worse than ever then for the way she manipulated me and the rest of the group. I shuddered in my anger at her as she held me tightly by the arm. I felt the breeze on my stockings, a sensation I had forgotten while lying in my hospital bed.

Donna led me in, impatiently taking the key from my purse at the main door and unlocking the door. The building security, a fat, fiftyish, ex-policeman named Vince, whom I had only met once, waited for us in the foyer.

“Sorry to hear about your accident, Miss Harris,” he said as he held open an elevator door for me. “Hope you'll be well soon. Anything you need, please ask.”

I had to nod and thank him croakily, seeing the sympathy in his face for me. I was ashamed of the lie that brought forth such sympathy. I wondered with a start how he would react to the truth behind my 'accident'.

It was a relief to get to the apartment, to open my door, to get into the place I had only spent one night in but which I had dreamed of as mine. I couldn't wait for Donna to go, to be alone.

“Surprise!” said Joanie, Brenda and Anna in unison as I entered, puzzled, to my well-lit apartment. They had bottles of white wine and gifts for me.

They sat me in the middle of them, on my own sofa, and didn't ask me anything about my voice or the operations, treating me like one of the girls. I was near tears all the time, as I stretched out my slim, feminized legs next to their real female legs; there was no essential difference. They noticed but said nothing about my naturally moving chest.

I wanted to tell them all about what a skunk Donna was but I couldn't talk for long and they all were so happy to see me. *Really* happy to see me as if it had been my choice to have the surgery I had had.

“I saw this and just had to buy it for you,” Anna gushed, pushing a pink-bowed package into my hands.

I opened it with long, pink-lacquered fingernails that wouldn't last long when I started picking again. The set of frilly, black silk underwear with a garter belt and stockings made me blush and, without makeup on my face, they all noticed.

It didn't faze Anna though. She simply went on about how it was all real silk, even on the garters, which she wouldn't dare to wear herself, as Alister, her boy friend, would get too aroused. But every girl should have something for the someone special in her life, shouldn't they? I would look so good in black underwear with my long blonde hair, she grinned at me, as I felt chills go through me. Joanie took my shivering hand in hers and I was able to stop for a moment as Anna said it was all for a "special moment."

Brenda thrust a gift into my hands, a small box with a heavy, golden necklace and earrings, each shaped like an Egyptian 'ankh'. "They're lovely," I croaked. "Thank you." I took off the chess piece pendants and put them on.

A fleeting look passed over Brenda's face as if she was about to sneer. But she didn't. She actually smiled and that made me even more distraught inside. It was too much.

"That's my gift," said Donna, indicating the new CD deck that I hadn't noticed.

"And here's mine," said Joanie, bringing out a large, wide box.

We all gasped as I opened the box and revealed what was in it. The fur coat was clearly very expensive and very stylish. "Not politically correct," said Joanie defensively, looking at me. "But every girl should have one of her own," she said. "Come on, Christine. Try it on."

I was shaking as I stood. The fur coat fitted me perfectly, as I knew it would. Joanie knew I was the same size as her.

"Mink!" breathed Anna, running her fingers through the fur on my sleeve.

"I-I..." I croaked, trying to blink the tears away from my eyes at the thought of how they were trying to make me feel like I was one of them. And I *did* think that I belonged. If only Donna would tell them the truth.

"You deserve this," said Joanie as Donna started our CD on the player. Our music filled the apartment and Anna and Brenda began to dance in stockinged feet.

"I don't deserve anything," I said miserably, as best I could, to Joanie. My blonde hair fell across my face and I had to push it away in what I knew was a feminine gesture.

"Don't talk," said Joanie with a smile.

"Will you be able to play in Boston?" asked Brenda across the room. "It's in three weeks."

"And the live show on Saturday night," called Anna above the music.

Joanie looked at them both furiously. "What does it matter?" she began.

"She'll be ready," said Donna, turning down my raucous solo on *Satisfaction*. We were a very brave group, one review of our CD had said, taking on classics of rock and roll and putting them in new settings. She came over to the coffee table for a glass of the champagne she had put in the fridge earlier. "We have to record for Colin next week anyway."

And if Christine has to wear a few bandages, well, the accident story will carry us over that."

Joanie shook her dark head. "If Christine's not ready, we don't play!" she said defiantly, challenging Donna.

Donna smiled, looked at me, and shrugged.

"Can I try on your coat?" asked Anna eagerly, trying to change the subject, I'm sure. My hands shook as I took it off, the silk lining soft and cool on my heated skin. Joanie helped me to pass it on to Anna who put it on almost reverently.

"Donna's been on television twice," said Brenda, sitting back on the sofa and pouring more to drink.

"I'm plugging the group and our record," said Donna sharply.

"The Purplehearts aren't just you," said Brenda, sneering at her now. There were white spots on Donna's cheeks as she glared at our pianist.

"And we're a rock band," said Joanie, sitting down and beating on the table as the insistent, rhythmic beat of *Jailbait* took over.

Pizza arrived then and Brenda paid for it with a hundred dollar bill, telling the goggle-eyed delivery guy to keep the change.

"Times have changed for the Purplehearts," said Joanie wryly, opening another bottle of wine and giving me a glass. "Thanks to you, Christine." the pause she made in front of my name made me start. Then, Joanie raised her glass to me in salute.

I felt desperately tired as I tried to drink and eat with everyone, but I just couldn't take much. I really wanted to sleep. I was used to dozing or sleeping half the day. I wasn't surprised therefore to feel so fatigued. I longed for my long nighties and coolness.

Anna was the first to go. She had Alister waiting in the Village, she said, which reminded Brenda that she had to go, too, though she didn't say why.

Joanie looked meaningfully at Donna as Brenda left. "Was she uptight or am I wrong?"

"You're not wrong," said Donna, picking up her purse. "I'd better follow her. Her habit could get us all in trouble."

I didn't follow for a moment but then it clicked after Donna said a cheery goodbye. Joanie was doing a fast tidy up as I asked, "Is Brenda on drugs?"

Joanie pulled a face, her dark hair swirling, as long and thick as mine. "She's always liked getting high," she said gravely, pausing, glasses in hand. "I think she's addicted, but not to one thing, just to getting high. We're a pretty dull bunch, you know. The real problem, though, is that she isn't very discreet about where she gets or uses her stuff."

I was stunned. I bent to help Joanie and had to hold on to the table, then a chair back, as a wave of nausea went through me.

"Leave it for me," said Joanie. "You go to bed. You need to sleep, first day out of hospital. And you shouldn't be out, Donna says."

"I've slept enough," I said as lightly as I could but a yawn betrayed me.

"I'm going to stay over if you don't mind," said Joanie after we finished though I did very little of the cleanup. "I've got my things in your spare bedroom."

I swallowed hard at Joanie sleeping with me. "You don't have to do that," I began, meaning that she could have slept *with* me. My blushing gave away what I was thinking.

"I sleep alone," said Joanie firmly. "By the way, those chess piece earrings you were wearing when you came in? You must get rid of them at once."

"These?" I asked, flustered by her change of topic and refusal to even talk about what I wanted to talk about.

Joanie nodded as I picked them up from the side table by the spider plant. "Only trans-vestites and transsexuals who have been operated on by Greg Chester wear them. Brenda said you'd come in wearing them and she was right on that. That's the reason for her gift. She's protecting you, like Anna and me. What Donna's got in mind for you, though, goodness knows."

I struggled to take off Brenda's gifts then and she offered to help me. She reached up and unscrewed the heavy Egyptian, golden earrings.

"I'm not," I croaked as her soft touch sent thrills through me. I wanted to say that I wasn't any of those things she had called me. She pushed my hair back behind my ears gently, looking at me, at how I quivered at her touch.

I put my hands on her so slim waist but she pulled back. "I guess maybe you're not," she said lightly.

I wobbled a step or two after her but she just kept backing away towards what would be her room. "No, Christine," she said, shaking her dark hair, her lovely face clouded. "I know what you feel now but it won't last. Alan made his choice when he went to Greg Chester's. You'll be a girl soon, like me, and I don't make love to other girls. I'm not like Donna."

"Joanie!" I croaked loudly. I babbled out as best I could, my throat hurting, all that had happened since she had not called for me for the photo shoot like she said she would. I told her how Donna had tricked me again at the sanatorium, how I couldn't help what had happened to me.

Joanie listened to me and then looked at me, up and down. "You *never* can help it, can you, Christine?" she asked bitterly. "All I know is that you have bigger breasts than me right now, which isn't saying much, of course. That *is* all you, isn't it? So, you can see why I think you really do want to be a girl.

"Who do you think you are fooling? Donna says that you were a mixed-up drag queen from the start. I never believed it until tonight when you walked in, all happy and pleased to have a figure like Donna's. No, Christine, I don't sleep with girls. I'll be your friend, a good girl friend to you. I'll help you to be the very best girl in the world since that is what you want to be."

Then she very firmly closed the door. My long nightie and panties didn't feel so nice as I lay in my bed all alone, sorry for myself, wishing I wasn't such a week-kneed caricature of a man. What a stupid sissy I was.

It was all business with Colin Wheeler even though I could barely speak. Obviously, I couldn't sing but a double- and triple-tracked Donna worked just as well, and kept her happy. We recorded the two ballads and four other rock songs that Colin had picked out for us to record. He wasn't happy with me. He wasn't happy with my voice, with my bandaged looks, or with my excuses. I'm sure he recognized what had been done to my face and seemed on the point of telling me so but I made sure we were never alone so he couldn't.

I don't know how he did it but our second CD was out, to radio at least, and in the northeast, the day before our Boston concert, which was to be our first time as a headline act. It wasn't a complete sell-out but the crowd was large enough. I didn't have to wear bandages and, without them, my face was thinner, more feminine, and my eyes larger. My jaw line was not as full, which was the most feminizing thing of all.

VIII

I could barely look at my face after the bruises went away. It wasn't me who looked back at me but some strange girl whose body I was inhabiting like *Stranger in a Strange Land*. I couldn't help the shaking in my hands each time I tried to apply makeup to my altered features. In the end, an exasperated Joanie applied my makeup for our first show. Enhanced, my eyes were enormous and beautiful, the mascara thick on my naturally long lashes, now that I was taking care of them and curling them under Joanie's tutelage.

The girls were distracted by me in my low-cut tank top and the micro skirt I had on, the tiniest I had ever worn, my thighs and rounded hips flaring out naturally and femininely to shape me as a female. I caught them nervously looking at me, at my breasts most of the time. I had natural cleavage, and my bare midriff didn't need any kind of corset or waist control. My thigh-high, dark stockings and black high heels completed the outfit.

Joanie suggested a low, thick braid, and kiss curled my bangs. I didn't question her, as I hadn't about my outfit. She was unfailingly kind to me but wouldn't let me get close to her any more, always going to bed before me and firmly closing her door. I was miserable.

It showed in my playing. My guitar snarled at the rest of them on every break and in every solo, changing what we had played on our earlier versions for a vicious attack on their smoothed-out idea of what rock should be. I didn't notice for a long time how the audience seemed to eat it up. The noise just grew all through our act, even on the new stuff, with only the new ballads slowing them a little.

We did an encore of *Satisfaction* and they still wanted more, so we did a new one, *Coming In*, a tough rocker from the new CD, and they went wild again.

"Great, great show!" screamed J.C., hugging all the girls as we came off, and holding on to me very familiarly as he hugged me too, my breasts feeling funny as they pressed ahead of me into his chest. Donna then took his hand and gave me a daggered look as he almost reluctantly let go of my thin waist. Brenda turned and gave me a sly smile and a wink, as Joanie might have. That woke me up to what I was doing and I blushed. For just a little while, I had been lost. I had been a Purpleheart. I had been one of the girls.

"You all looked sensational!" J.C. was going on, looking at me in my bare midriff tank top. He looked at my breasts and I saw a look in his eyes that turned my knees to water. I

felt my earrings shiver against my neck and realized that I was physically reacting to a man's admiration of me as a woman.

Television and newspaper reporters descended on us in a crush. The hot lights seemed to be on me continuously, even though I left the talking to Donna and tried to drink a cold Coke, my throat burning a little after humming so much in so many choruses.

Someone was asking how we had felt as we played and I thought of the braid dancing across my shoulders, caressing me. I recalled the feel of openness for my legs, the skirt hugging, but barely touching, me. I recalled my breasts, tingling and bouncy when I pulled the guitar strap over them; not even my soft bra had prevented me from the stimulation, which made me feel sexy and womanly, just like my friends.

I had glimpsed my legs and shoes occasionally which reinforced the feeling I had, but Joanie wouldn't look at me and so I had played really hard blues solos on *No-one Like My Baby* and *Soon to Be*, improving on the solos on the CD just released. The cost came at the end when I had to stand there, longing to be back in the hotel, to be able to relax, the gaff cutting fiercely into my male parts. But I couldn't run away. I had to stand with the others and smile at all the inane questions shouted at us.

Some paper's rock critic wanted to ask about our new CD and if we were changing direction from being an alternative band into a mainstream, ballad-driven group. Brenda answered that, laughing at the labels put on us. No one told the truth. Donna had insisted on more ballads while Joanie said if Donna added one more to our stage act she personally was going to ram one of her drumsticks where the sun never shone on Donna.

We would have had a Barry Manilow ballad on the second CD, too, if I hadn't come up with a song to match the title, *In Harm's Way*, about a man professing his love for a girl who would have nothing to do with him. Joanie had looked at me pointedly when she heard me strumming it in the kitchen. She said nothing then nor when Donna changed it around to have the girl singing to the guy. But Joanie did know it was about me and her, I'm sure of it. At least I hoped she did. She refused to look at me when we recorded it or when we rehearsed it.

"Better than Barry Manilow, for effing sake," Brenda said when we finished it.

The critic wanted to know about the inspirations I had in writing eight of the twelve songs on our new record. I couldn't really tell him, could I? "I have a good imagination," I croaked, which made him wince. Joanie intercepted him then with the story of my accident and that I was recovering well. Wait till he heard me sing again on our next record. That brought a vicious look from Donna, of course.

In our limousine back to the hotel, the euphoria after the concert evaporated and the slanging over what we were going to play began again. We hadn't yet settled on a firm routine or song order as we had on the last tour. Joanie wanted to add more rockers while Donna was adamant against changing anything.

"Bonnie and John will meet us in Chicago with our new bus next week," said Anna, grimacing as she tried to change the subject. "Twenty-five cities in thirty days."

Donna's stockinged leg was against mine and she caressed hers with her hand gently and then stroked mine, grinning at my discomfort. I wasn't upset by her attention, how-

ever, and I just re-crossed my legs and pulled my little skirt down, trying to make sure no one could see my panties.

“At least we're the headline act,” crowed Brenda.

“Not in all the cities,” said Joanie moodily all of a sudden. “Columbus is a festival and so is St. Louis.”

Brenda snorted. “Who is ahead of us?” she asked.

“The Scream headline in St. Louis,” Joanie said and the others were suddenly silent.

“Oh, you're over that,” snapped Donna, opening the door as we arrived at our hotel to a lobby full of screaming fans. It was just like our publicity man, I thought miserably, to have arranged just such a show. He had, I found out later.

It was strange to sign Christine Harris on all the programs thrust at me. Several guys tried to grab me, wet, slobbering mouths yelling “Hey, Blondie!” at me. I think that they were drunk, but J.C. and some other guys from the concert, in security's purple T-shirts, got me away from that, and into the elevator, where, thankfully, I had peace. I was able to get to my single room and re-gather my thoughts.

I slipped off my coat and tripped over to the bathroom, my high heels clicking. The blonde girl who watched me apprehensively from the mirror was beautiful. Her thin features, bobbed nose and refined features, rounded but not full, suited her and made her excruciatingly familiar, the sort of girl I had longed to find and cherish myself. Now I *was* her, used to the makeup on my face, liking the taste of Revlon on my lips. I opened my braid and my blonde hair fell about my neck, much softer than when I was merely a rock guitarist with long hair. Now it had a feminine fragrance when it drifted slowly onto my cheek.

I slipped the cut-off top over my head, and looked at my thin body and the black, silky bra that pushed up my breasts. Taking off my bra only increased my feminine image. I wanted a girl who looked like me, I thought grimly. No, I really wanted a girl who could go for a girl like me. I wanted to cry. I hadn't felt like this on stage. I had been this blonde there.

I reached beneath my gaff and undid it. I was used to the pain, sort of, but it was still hard to breathe as feeling returned to my oppressed male parts. My breasts seemed to be thrusting even further as I braced myself on the shower fixture to regain my composure. I sat on the padded seat and took off my stockings, my little skirt, then my panties, letting each slip off slowly to reveal a little more of the girl I had become. The funny thing was that, even fully exposed, I still looked like a girl, so rounded were my hips, so shapely were my legs. If I pushed my manhood back, I was the nude girl of my teenaged dreams. I felt something strange rising in me as I looked at myself. My breasts were on fire and, when I touched them to ease how itchy they were, my groin grew hard and I became aware in amazement that I was coming into sexual arousal just looking at myself.

I had never liked to play with myself but, as I clutched my breasts, I reached an incredible high of feeling. I wanted someone, *anyone*, to be touching them, to be making love to me. As the thoughts swept through me, I had to part my legs and let myself grow. It

took only moments before I came in a convulsion of feelings that I wanted to reject and embrace at the same time.

The girl in front of me was clearly gripped by an uncontrollable emotion. She writhed and clasped her legs together prettily, her pink lips quivering uncontrollably as she reached a sexual high. Guilt feelings swarmed through me as I realized what I had done. I felt sick at making love to myself, squeezing my breasts so tantalisingly that my nipples were hard and quaking at the same time.

I stopped in an instant, struggling to overcome the complete collapse of my enhanced feelings. I looked awful as my hair fell about my made-up face; I tried to hide the mess I had made of myself. I was crying as I cleaned myself and my face looked worse with the tracks of my tears. With shaking hands, I went and found clean, white, silk panties and put them on, disguising the 'hermaphrodite' that showed in every gleaming facet of the mirrored bathroom.

I scrubbed my face fiercely, raging at myself as I cleaned off all the feminine traces at my eyes, my mouth and on my cheeks. I almost tore the earrings from my ears and tossed them across the room. My nails defied me, gleaming, long and femininely shaped as my anguish engulfed me. She was still there, without makeup, soft and feminine, her breasts beautiful as a young girl like me should have.

The bell rang, then rang again and again insistently. I struggled to my dressing table and found a long, green, silk nightie, with thin straps and shaped to my figure. I grabbed a robe and flicked my hair over my shoulders as the ringing kept on.

"What took you so long?" demanded Joanie as she sauntered in, taking in my frazzled appearance. "Asleep already? Didn't tonight turn you on at all? All that adulation?"

I shuddered as my nightie flowed about my legs and caressed my ankles. I could never tell anyone about the narcissistic session I had just been through. I thought of the blonde girl and how womanly she looked but I still couldn't integrate her with me, with Alan. She was just too much woman and I felt as if I had just made love to her. Looking at Joanie, I felt guilty, as if I had betrayed her in some way.

"Are you all right?" Joanie asked, giving me a searching look. I realized then how flushed I was and how she must notice.

"I-I was creaming my face," I said lamely, hugging the robe around the female figure that a bulky terrycloth robe did not conceal at all.

Joanie shook her head at me in wonder. "You know," she said. "You look so fresh and girlish without makeup, Christine. You should be a girl. I know that I have been trying to treat you all the time as Christine and not as that sissy Alan, whom you seem to think you are. But I really see why there should be such a thing as sex reassignment surgery. No way should Alan Markham have been anything but a girl."

I suppose I was supposed to think that I had been complimented but I didn't. "I'm not," I began indignantly, humiliation overcoming me, but Joanie was paying no attention to the way I reacted to the shame she had heaped on me.

"I'll share with you tonight," she said, dumping her overnight bag on the bed next to me. She pulled her top over her head, just as I had done earlier. She didn't have the desire

to look at her own body as I had, though. "Brenda and Donna are fighting again," she added, shaking her hair out as I had, too. She took off her bra and I was shocked to see padding fall out and to realize that she was not at all as shapely as I was.

Joanie gave me a wry smile. "Don't gape, Christine," she said with a smile. "So you're more of a woman than me. I admit it." She began to strip, ignoring the fact that I was standing there, watching her. "Brenda's like me, hates ballads and wants to rock. Anna doesn't like the way you keep improvising, changing things, and, of course, Donna was griping about you overdoing it while she is singing. It was a battle royal in our suite, so I left."

She peeled off her panties and walked nude and unselfconsciously into the bathroom, unlike the way I had been so aware of every curve of my body. I scrambled into bed while I heard her clean her teeth and was demurely sitting there, my nightie carefully arranged about me, when she came back.

She pirouetted before the bed and smiled at me. "Not as big as you, right?" she teased, cupping her small breasts, running her hands down over her slim waist and curvy hips.

I felt my temperature rise and knew I must be blushing to no end after what I had just done. She put on a short nightie, quite unaware, I think, of the effect she was having on me, how aroused not only my groin was, but my breasts, too.

"I shouldn't embarrass you," said Joanie, coming and sitting on her bed, surely not thinking that she wasn't wearing any panties. "But you should get used to sharing like this with any of us. After all, one day you will be a girl like me, won't you?"

"N-never!" I gasped, laying back and feeling my hair flowing about me. I should have braided it. I sat up and tried to do it hastily but Joanie, with a smile, came over and sat on my bed to give me two plaits, making me feel like Pippi Longstocking.

"Oh, Christine," said Joanie, sighing. "If only I had as lovely hair as you do. If only I was as sexy a woman as you." She caressed my hair and neck with her hand as she finished.

I shivered at her touch and she suddenly saw the hard, erect nipples that my stimulated, overheated body could not contain.

"Christine!" she exclaimed, not taking her hand from my soft-skinned shoulder.

My agony must have showed in my face as I nervously put my hand about her, hoping for a hug. Joanie told me later that that was all she intended, too, when she put her arm around my waist and hugged me as well. But our breasts met, mine pressing into hers. She gasped and when I clumsily tried to kiss her, she let me, more for old times' sake than any desire to experiment, she said afterwards.

I sensed feminine perfume and knew that it was mine, not hers, as I pressed eagerly against her soft lips. Joanie hardened and I could feel her smile. She seemed to find it nice, though, for she didn't push me away. In fact, she slid into my bed with me.

"It's so warm in here," she whispered as she snuggled up to me; I trembled with pleasure as I felt her leg touch mine. She didn't object to me kissing her again and my senses reeled with the sensation of kissing her. "It's like kissing another girl," she giggled at me, as I got very worked up and anxious. "Have you ever kissed another boy?"

I turned to her so that our breasts touched, nipple to nipple, mine so hard and aroused, giving both of us a start. I wanted it to be pleasurable. I tried desperately to ignore the feeling of wrongness, and succeeded, I think. Our legs touched and excitement went through me, as all that was between us was flimsy nightdress material.

"Hey, I'm not doing this," Joanie murmured as she slipped both her arms around my waist and hugged me to her. "Mmmm, you don't smell like any of my former boy friends." She put her tongue on my lips and encouraged me to French kiss her.

I couldn't believe the thrill that coursed through me as she ran her hands over my breasts, then through my hair. I repeated what she did to me to her and it seemed to please her. We kissed ardently and she lifted my nightie, caressing my smooth legs while I felt my manhood growing.

She dropped her hand to my panties and gasped, my intent so clear. I was shivering and panting for breath, her hand on my breasts making me feel so wonderful. I didn't care that I was moving like a woman under her touches. I just wanted to please her, to have her please me. And she didn't seem to want to stop, either.

Joanie giggled and I felt every nerve in my body come alive as she slipped my panties from my hips and helped me out of my nightie as I, trembling with excitement, helped her out of hers.

"Now I know what a guy feels when he feels up a girl," she whispered as she stroked my gyrating legs; I felt ecstasy rising in me. I went wild, penetrating her roughly while she kept stroking me, her breasts as hard as mine.

"I feel like a lesbian," she giggled, pushing me down, kissing my neck, then my engorged breasts, while I went into fits of pleasure, holding her and trying to pull her body into mine, pumping into her as strongly as I could.

"I think I like being a guy," she joked, I think, as she lay on top of me, easing her nipples again over mine while I thrashed, trapped by her. My hands worked gently to arouse her, too, though she still seemed aloof.

"This really isn't so bad," she whispered as I managed at last to roll her over in a twining and untwining of our smooth legs. My long hair fell over her face and she sniffed at it, as if she loved the feel and fragrance of it. Then, I seemed to reach her and it was much better when we started worked together.

"Oh, Alan!" she gasped and she came, gyrating more wildly than I ever had. We hung on to each other, caressing and kissing and it was *so* right. Not like with Donna or by myself. There was no guilt as I came down. There was only happiness, exhilaration and love.

We lay together, moving slowly, savoring each exquisite touch. "Oh, Alan," she breathed sadly, her hands caressing my soft hips and thighs, my breasts still erect and pushing into her. "Whatever did we go and do to you?"

I couldn't answer that except with a shudder. She felt it go through me and began kissing me wildly and I felt the tears on her cheeks. I didn't care if she was making love to me out of sympathy or not. I just couldn't believe how I felt, so alive, so wonderful, to have her in my bed, pressing close to me, making love to me. I didn't care about my breasts, my

hair, my feminine figure. She was so wonderful a person to accept me, energized, ecstatic me, the way I was. I wanted only to love her back.

Joanie was right about one thing. She was smaller-breasted than me and much less aroused by breast play than me. She was stimulated by my kissing other parts of her body. She finally induced me to kiss her private parts, my tongue very uncertainly at work. She came immediately and even more fully and without restraint than when I had penetrated her.

"Oh," she said between gasps and sighs. "So many guys won't do what I like!" She hugged me and kissed me. She caressed me, teasing every feminized part of me, using her tongue and mouth on me as she had encouraged me to do on her, bringing me to a climax that brought back many of the guilty feelings I had tried to suppress before.

We ended lying in each other's arms, tenderly caressing, mutually satisfying each other. "No wonder Donna stayed with you so long," muttered Joanie as we lay, pressed together. "She never had a guy longer than a week before she met you. Now I know why."

IX. BREAKING UP ISN'T HARD TO DO

Twenty-five cities in thirty days. It sounds horrendous but I hardly noticed it. I was in love and soon the other girls noticed. I didn't care at all how girlishly I was dressed, how short my skirts were, how low cut my tops, I was in love with Joanie and I thought she loved me, as well. Donna came up with outrageous makeup schemes for me, several of which made newspaper and magazines, and my hair was experimented on continually by all of them. I didn't care. I smiled through it all as well as the accompanying video crew that filmed it all and then pieced it together with Donna's miming to make a new video of us.

For some reason, sales of both of our CDs picked up and soon both were in the top ten alternative rock and pop lists, flip-flopping with each other to the delight of J.C. and, we were told, of Brian Fields. *You Won't Make Me Change* within a few minutes any time we turned on the radio.

The girls covered up for Joanie and I whenever our affection seemed about to bubble over in public, with even Donna smiling at me if we held hands. We kissed and hugged whenever we were alone, Joanie's body against mine always enough to arouse me thoroughly. At night, whenever we were in a motel or hotel, we made love, inspired by the reception we received in the cities and towns we played. It was crazy that we had fans and to see my face on t-shirts and posters, often in provocative poses.

On a rare day off, Joanie and I spent a dreamy day shopping for new clothes, new jewelry, and fresh makeup. She taught me a lot about shading my eyes for different effects, glamorous or demure, depending upon how I, Christine, wanted to appear. It was a new idea that I took to hungrily. To think that I could manipulate other people with my femininity was a thrilling idea and, with Joanie's encouragement, I was shameless for a little while.

Once I went out without a bra, encouraged by Joanie, but the ogling became too severe and every man in our entourage seemed to want to hit on me. All Donna did was laugh while Joanie hugged me and called me 'bad'. So we shopped for a new bra; it was a thrilling experience to be in a shop with so many women, to be fitted properly by an attractive brunette, to be accepted and cosseted.

Joanie had me buy all sorts of bras and then, in a boutique, a long, strapless evening gown that sent chills through me when I put it on and realized how I was supporting it. Joanie said it was 'me', though, with a broad smile, nothing like the sly way Donna used to look at me. Joanie seemed to know how I was feeling and when I needed support in my femininity, which she was always generous about complimenting.

It was in St. Louis, on a beautifully hot afternoon, the sky as blue as I had ever seen it, that my world all came crashing down. I didn't even realize it at the time. We stood in the wings and listened to the Norfolks whom we had once opened for doing their familiar stage show. I was joking with Anna about changing my solo on *Jailbait* and she was panicking as she usually did until she realized what I was doing.

We were dressed alike in silvery tops; hers light blue, mine light green. They were high-necked but open at our midriffs to show off our navels and, of course, we were in miniskirts and long socks, Maryjanes on our feet. I had my hair done in two braids with pale green ribbons down my neck and back while Anna was French braided in what seemed to be tight corn rows. I knew she would soon want to try it on me and I wondered how it would feel to have my hair so tightly braided like that. It did look very stylish and womanly, not so little girl as I felt my 'do now looked.

I jumped when a heavy hand suddenly went around my waist and a deep male voice asked, "How is my namesake doing?"

I squirmed and turned to see Jack Harris, the manager of the Norfolks, whom Donna had said had wanted to manage us after the Rockwood concert. He kept his hand about me as I twisted to get free.

"I'm fine," I gasped, glad by how much my voice had recovered. It was effortless now to speak at a female level. In fact, I had to really strain to put on a male tone.

Joanie and Brenda immediately shifted over to me when they saw a man with his arm about me, making me quiver.

"Bad move, that J.C. Parker," he said to us all, nodding to the others. "Only looking out for number one is that one. He's going to split Donna off from you all and take her out solo, you know. Wait and see if you don't take my word for it."

I wriggled out of his arm and, flustered, moved to stand beside Joanie. "What do you really want, Jack?" asked Brenda with her usual sneer.

Jack Harris laughed and looked at me, making me flush to the roots of my blonde hair. "The only way you're safe from me, Christine," he smiled, looking at me regretfully, "is if you sign with me. I never sleep with a client. Golden rule. By the way, I stopped representing the other two bands I had at Rockwood. I have plenty of time for you girls and, at Coast City, we don't give you killing tours like Brian does at Cabaret. Think it over."

He went on, praising our second CD and asking what I was writing now. Even Joanie was shocked when I ruefully said that I had a couple of love songs ready to go. Then Joanie's shocked face turned even whiter. I couldn't understand why she was so pale and then I realized she was actually looking past me. I turned and was almost run down by a swaggering, black-vested, muscular guy who was descending on us. He was very tall, his black hair held back from his face by a narrow red, rolled-up bandanna. I felt I ought to recognize him.

He seized Joanie and pulled her to him, kissing her rouged cheeks and neck as she tried to avert her face. "Joanie!" he breathed. "It's been too long, baby!"

I trembled on my high heels and I saw the look in her eyes as she flicked a glance at me. I felt so suddenly stupid as I stood there, a parody of the woman she was while she looked at him, the sexual hunger almost dripping out of her, her eyes devouring him with a look she had never given me.

"T-Tony," she gasped, fending him off but not very determinedly. "It-it hasn't been long enough!"

I knew him. Tony Thompson, lead singer of The Scream, was by every music or teen magazine's account I'd seen God's gift to all womankind. He looked around at the rest of us in our little tank tops and micro skirts and grinned.

"Maybe I should take an interest in one of the other girls in your group," he said wickedly as Joanie's eyes narrowed in what I now recognized as hurt. "I'll catch you after your set," he said, turning away to some called demand from someone in his crew.

"You and Tony Thompson," Anna said to her warily. "Not again."

Joanie's dark eyes followed the departing Tony. My heart sank as I watched how she watched him and I felt dead inside.

"I was drummer for The Scream for three whole performances in Philly," she said, turning to glare at Jack Harris, who was watching the interplay among us all with marked interest. "Who was it who told them to dump me because I wasn't good enough?"

"You weren't then," said Jack Harris bluntly. "You could be now. I wouldn't put you in The Scream now though. Blunt their image."

"You paid me and took me along," said Joanie savagely, eyes glittering. "You paid me to keep Tony happy."

He shrugged. "Think what you like," he said. "You were good for him, Joanie. Even though I sold out my share in them last year, I'll tell you that he needs you...or someone like you."

I cringed. Did we all have talk in song title clichés? It was too much a part of our lives. The Norfolks came dashing off and Jack had to go to work. "Why don't I set you ladies up with The Norfolks tonight?" he said with a smile.

"Yes," said Brenda and Anna eagerly.

"No", said Joanie and I forcefully.

"Brenda's right," grumbled Joanie moodily as she lay in bed beside me. "I don't like half of what we're playing right now."

My bare leg rested against hers. Our baby dolls were a matching set, bought in a light-hearted romp through a mall in Memphis, which now seemed an age ago.

"We need to get back to straight rock and roll," said Joanie savagely. "Enough of this setting up Donna in her solo career."

"I-I don't think..." I whispered softly, wanting to take her in my arms, have her kiss my body, love me and not think about what was really eating at her.

"No, you *don't* think," snapped Joanie, turning to look at me as I lay in bed with her. Almost furiously, she leaned over and grasped my tender breast, pinching my nipple as she kissed me angrily.

"This is stupid!" she exploded, stroking my hair and button earrings as I almost swooned at her touch, my panties far too tight to contain all of me. "We should be out with two real men tonight, not stuck in here, with me using you."

I felt a surge go through me. I put my arms about her neck and kissed her softly, gently, and yes, girlishly, as she liked me to do, our breasts touching delicately and delightfully to me. But Joanie was in no mood for feminine delicacies. She wanted something tougher, stronger, more *male*.

Frightened, I rolled over on her and tried to be what she needed. Every nerve ending in my body jangled with burning fire for her, but she was not fulfilled even when I released and spasmed with all my pent-up emotions on view. She almost tossed me contemptuously on my back and kissed my face and neck so hard I thought she would bruise me. She made me raise my legs about her waist as she then took me in and pumped away as if the manhood that united us was hers. Like Donna, she had found a way of humiliating, yet stimulating me as she caressed me savagely, my nipples rising to tiny points of firmness and sensitivity.

She fell back after a long, intense, excruciating ride that exhausted her if it didn't set her off as far as she wanted. I was trembling all over as she rolled from me, found and gave me a nightie, hers or mine I didn't know.

"Sorry," she said at last, her arm about my neck. "I don't know what came over me."

"T-Tony Thompson," I whispered, snuggling into her as she caressed my bare shoulders.

Joanie tensed. She stroked my long, blonde hair. "You're right," she said. "It's seeing him again."

"You-you're in love with him," I whispered, saying it but not wanting to hear it come back to me. I ached deeply inside, a terrible feeling of having lost what I most wanted in the world going through me.

"I don't think it's love," Joanie said moodily, not seeming to notice what her stroking was doing to me. "It isn't love. I just didn't come to closure with him. I left the Purple-hearts to go with him, to follow my heart, and to be a drummer in a great band. He wanted me to be his lover and band mate. I wanted to be big *so bad*. I wanted to strut in front of Donna and say, 'See I made it and you didn't'. Luckily she hadn't replaced me and I crawled back. Now I want so much to do it to him."