



Reluctant Press presents:

The Queen Of Rock & Roll III

Philippa Peters



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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The Queen Of Rock And Roll – Part Three

by **Philippa Peters**

XVII. FIRST LOVE

I was trembling as I hung up the dress as Joanie directed me to and then I got a look at myself in the bedroom mirror. I shuddered at the body I saw, an incredibly, well-shaped female body, even more shapely than Joanie's, and it was me, Alan. My legs were so shapely and my waist so narrow now that I no longer wore a dress. My reddish hair massed on my shoulders making me look like some other girl, not Christine, some model or something. My breast nipples clearly showed through the silky fabric of the bikini. This is me, I thought wonderingly, looking into a face that had once been Alan's but was now framed in red ringlets, golden hoop earrings and femininely enhanced by subtle makeup of the professional beautician, my eyes so dark-fringed and vivaciously feminine.

"Now, what man couldn't go for that face and that figure no matter what was in your panties?" asked Joanie with a laugh, coming behind me and touching my quivering shoulders with gentle fingers.

"Oh, Joanie," I gasped, tears threatening as I turned to her. I clutched at a surprised Joanie and kissed her quickly and fiercely, our soft bodies in contact. Joanie resisted at first but then hugged and kissed me back, so wonderfully, so pleurably.

"How will this look?" she said at last, laughing as she broke free. I tried to maneuver her to the bed but she would have none of that, nor my stroking her breast. "No, Debbie," she smiled. "The men are waiting for us and they can do that!"

I couldn't allay my heated emotions with her for she was off, tossing me a wrap and a lipstick so that I could cover myself and our indiscretion on the way. A thigh-high, see-

through 'shirt' barely covered us for a walk to the elevator, out of the hotel and onto the adjoining beach. Many girls were strolling about in bikinis and so we were not out of place. But I had no dress to stroke me, no tight seams to keep my stride short, no nylon to softly caress my legs. So I felt terribly exposed and the way people looked at us didn't help my consternation.

We did get so many looks at our exposed legs and shapes that I was flushed with embarrassment when we reached the guys. It was the admiring looks we got from so many men that made me feel so weird. I felt that I had just walked naked through a crowded locker room that, in some ways, I had. I was so relieved to sink down on to a towel and the sand and get out of people's view.

"You must get the tanning oil on," Joanie warned me. Our tanning sessions in the city would only help so far under the fierce sun. "And sun block. We don't want you sore and out of action this evening."

I could have hit her cheerfully then as Stan grinned at me. He leaned back on the blanket, sunglasses in place, his body like Ben's very tanned, and proclaimed, "Ah, this is the life," to no-one in particular.

I felt my hands trembling as I fumed silently at Joanie's words. I put oil on my warming skin, trembling at the smoothness of my legs and hurting myself as I spread them apart.

"Can we take our tops off here?" asked Joanie as she lay back and tossed her sun block bottle to Stan.

"Not here," said Ben. "Family beach." I could hear kids in the distance, down by the waves. He stood up and moved his blanket beside mine. Joanie raised her head and winked at me and I wished I could just sink into the sand and never again have to be who I was, Alan, Christine, Debbie, whoever.

"Let me do your back," said Ben pleasantly from behind me and I almost jumped out of my skin when he touched my shoulder. He felt it, of course, and he was very gentle as he put sun block on me, under my bikini straps, around the gold ring that held it together on my back. I pressed down, hiding my agitated breasts and nipples as he gently caressed my back and neck, shifting my hair across my face to do so. His hands about my waist made me want to turn to him but I didn't. My stomach churned as he did the backs of my legs, his hands soft and caressing. Little did he know the hardness in my groin was almost unbearable when he did that.

"There," he said, stretching out beside me, his face creasing to a smile as he looked at my re-freshened lipstick and me.

"Th-thank you," I whispered, quivering and trying to stop as the sun was warm. Yet my stomach was in such a knot, I couldn't help the goose bumps springing out all over me.

"It was my pleasure entirely," he said, showing his attractive smile. He lowered his voice to a whisper. "You have a marvelous, womanly body. You should be proud of it."

Proud of it! I closed my eyes and tried to wish him away, to wish the whole situation away. I pretended to sleep and presently he turned over and seemed to be breathing in a regular pattern, too.

I looked at him through slitted eyes. What kind of man was it who could be attracted to a girl he knew was not a girl? He was like almost every other man I had dated, I thought. He was closely shaven, the thick eyebrows so unlike mine, his nose thin for a man but not bobbed and thinned femininely as mine had been. His chin was strong and firm not delicate as mine now was. I could have looked like that, I thought, frightened a little and starting to tremble again as I realized that he was looking at me in the same way.

"Relax, Debbie," he whispered and I saw something like sympathy or understanding in his eyes. "I don't bite, really. Please don't be scared of thoughts of anything I might do. I would never do anything to a woman unless she approved of it first."

He had me roll over then so that I would tan evenly and he took my hand in his as he lay beside me, gently stroking it. That didn't help me to relax at all.

"Do you swim?" he asked suddenly as we had lain in silence for over twenty minutes.

"I can swim," I said doubtfully, feeling my hair like a soft cushion as I moved it.

"Let's go then," he said, jumping up suddenly and pulling me to my feet.

"Oh," I squealed, most femininely, unable to contain myself.

He ran, pulling me after him, to the sea.

"Straight in!" he called as the cool water reached our bare toes.

"No!" I squealed again, but there was little I could do as he propelled me into a wave and we toppled forward into a foaming sea. I came up shivering and spitting salt water. He laughed at me and dove into the shallow waters again. I shivered and dove after him.

After the initial shock, the water was warm, very pleasant. My hair seemed to tighten up into small curls as I swam but when I complained, Ben just said that wet hair turned him on, and so I had to dive again to hide my flustered feelings.

Ben was a strong, powerful swimmer, and I wasn't. I would never have gone to the raft offshore myself, but he was there beside me all the way, praising me and urging me on. We sat together on the raft, like so many other couples, male and female, our feet dangling in the warm water, as he pointed out features of the island and its shoreline. I saw other people look at me and, by their admiring glances, I knew I wasn't being read as anything but a woman even though I was fully exposed in my bikini, my breasts taut in my tight top.

A boat with water-skiers went behind us. Ben put his arm about my trembling shoulders just as the other men did to their girls and related how his attempts at water-skiing had come to a comical end. He wanted to hire a boat and take me out and let me try the next day. I thought of the Purplehearts' tour waiting for us when we got back, though, and knew that I didn't dare to do anything I might get hurt at. So, we sat in the sun, male and female, like the people around us, he possessively holding me until the sun sank to a red ball.

It was a long pull back to the beach and I felt at one point that I couldn't make it. Ben was there instantly though to take my arm and pull me with strong strokes forward until suddenly my feet touched bottom.

I looked up at him wildly with a sudden rush of feeling, gratefulness. I knew I would have drowned without his help. He was holding my hand, then he then transferred his hand to my waist and I felt his sea-cooled body against me as he pulled me close to him.

"You could have floated in easily, with this tide," he said, smiling at me. "But Joanie's been signaling to us for a while to speed it up, and, this way too, I get to have my picture taken with the most beautiful girl on the beach."

He lightly kissed the top of my head while I felt a tremor pass through me. I wanted to thank him anyway but apart from holding his arm in front of me and squeezing it, I didn't know how. Suddenly I was aware of the cameras of some professional photographers, all eager to take my picture coming out of the sea with Ben's arm around me.

"Oh, to be young and in shape again," said one woman as Ben took my hand and led me, walking as femininely as I could, up through the last people on the beach.

"You never had a shape like that," said the redheaded woman she was with and they both laughed as I flushed, wondering what others were saying about me that I couldn't hear.

"Debbie! Your hair!" exclaimed Joanie in mock exasperation. "Now it will take us hours to be ready for dinner."

I tried to cover my embarrassment at being the focus of so many eyes as I stood in my black bikini with such a handsome guy by toweling my hair furiously. It didn't help much as I still felt tight curls about my face.

Ben and Stan packed up for us and then Ben helped me on with my see-through shirt as Stan did also for Joanie. She gave him a big smile for that and I felt very jealous. I did not want to see her being so friendly to another man, not when she wasn't coming home to me at the end of the date, I thought with a pang.

Ben held my hand all the way back to the hotel. The sea breeze blew my hair across my face and I had to push it back several times. I knew it was a very feminine gesture but I couldn't help it. People in the lobby were already fully dressed and most of them seemed to stop and look at me as I held Ben's hand tightly while we waited for the elevator.

All the looks made me frightened that something was wrong, something showing that shouldn't but Joanie told me later in the bathroom we retired to that it was just how stunning I looked in my almost transparent shirt and bikini.

"Do you realize what a fantastic female body you have, Debbie darling?" she teased. "I'd die for legs like yours and so would all the women here!"

I blushed fiercely as I ducked my head and let her wash and blow dry my hair again until it fell in soft waves and ringlets about my bare breasts and the tingling skin of my face and neck. Then Joanie pinned it up, drawing it up into a sort of twisted crown from which the longest ringlets cascaded out and fell in a soft ponytail down my neck and back.

"Ooo! Big earrings with this," she laughed as we started on our makeup, both of us just in our bikini bottoms. I shivered but was very careful with my makeup and perfume, glamorizing the beautiful girl in the mirror until she, I, was as femininely attractive as possible.