



Reluctant Press presents:

How Greg Became Jennifer 2

Philippa Peters



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How Greg Became Jennifer

by Philippa Peters

Part Two

XI. NEW DAY

After two of the most intense days of my life, the quiet 'normality' of the morning and afternoon left me longing for the return of someone, anyone. I really didn't care if it was Nick or Anne, but neither of them called. I dressed in a nightie and negligee after Mrs. Verrins came to my room to wake me for breakfast. She looked about the room as if expecting to find a man in bed with me as she had the day before with Nick.

You should have gotten up earlier, I thought sourly. How would you have reacted to seeing me in bed with Anne Beauchamp? That would have antagonized her more, I thought, because she did think that I was a woman and I did nothing to make her think otherwise.

After breakfast, I had a leisurely bath in scented water while I heard Mrs Verrins tidy up my bedroom. I saw her later with a pile of the lingerie Anne and I had made love in the night before and I blushed at the sight, which only made Mrs Verrins' eyes gleam with dark pleasure.

"Oh," she said as she prepared to leave at noon. "There was a message on the answering machine confirming a taxi to Euston at seven this morning. It wasn't for you?" She left her question dangling.

I smiled sweetly, my new Rimmell lipstick glossy and pink, matching the new nail polish Anne had done for me the night before. "No, I don't have to leave," I said sweetly. There, let the old bag think what she wanted. She would anyway. I could tell by the satisfied smirk on her face that she had a new story to tell about Jennifer Bracewell and just wait till she showed them all my lingerie. I went scarlet myself as I thought of the emis-

sions on some of the panties and such. What would she think of those? How many men would she say that I had entertained?

I must buy a pant suit, I said to myself, as I ate the delicious egg salad sandwich she had left me and drank the apple juice. Only then did I remember what was in the juice and could have kicked myself. As I was saying to myself, I must buy myself pants and jeans. I shuddered at the thought of what I must buy. Men's clothes wouldn't fit me. I must get them shaped to me which meant making myself still attractive to men.

I had wandered about in nightie and robe, thinking of what I should do to find out what had happened to Jennifer. I couldn't go back to the police, not until I let the private detective I hired have time to work.

I removed my makeup, then did it again. I tried my hair in a different style, without bangs at all, swept back and pinned in place. I tried on thick, dangling, golden bands at my ears. With my pink lipstick, I looked like a teenager, I thought, and smiled at myself. Yes, like a teenaged girl, I thought bitterly, which wasn't the idea at all.

I had to do more masculine things, so I put on a bra and panties, chose a garter belt and stockings to match, put them on, along with a burgundy skirt and pink top that hid the hickey's a passionate Anne had left on my shoulder. I could rarely tell how clothes would look on me. These seemed to make me curve in at the waist and flare out at the hips. Plus, the pink top did nothing to conceal my growing breasts

I had just slipped on a pair of high heels (there were nothing less than two inches in the closet), when the phone rang.

I picked it up eagerly like a little schoolgirl, expecting it to be Anne or Nick. It was neither of them. It was Tony Lee. He wanted to know what I was doing.

I couldn't tell him that I was pretending to be a girl, could I? I couldn't say that I was experimenting with girlie things, like skirts and tops. "Nothing much," I said.

"Good," he said. "Then come on out with me."

"Oh," I said, trying to think of some excuse, any excuse, not to meet with my old friend. The more time I spent with him, the more likely it was that he would cotton to the fact that I was not Jennifer. It wouldn't take him long to put two and two together and realize that I was Greg.

"We could stop at the Red Cow," Tony Lee said, and I could almost see the leer over the phone. "We could have the same suite with the water bed and the you-know-what."

That decided it for me. It was clear that Tony thought I was Jennifer and that he had gone farther with her than I ever knew. No wonder he had acted so possessively before. "I'm sorry, Tony," I began, flushing as I thought of how someone I thought of as a friend now thought I was a woman. "I was expecting another call."

Tony snorted in disgust on the phone. "Not from that wimp, Greg?" he asked. "He was the reason I phoned you. I had some things to tell you I found out about him."

"You've met Greg?" I asked nervously, stressing the girlish tones I used as Jennifer Bracewell's voice.

"Naw, he's in the United States," said Tony. "Let me take you to a flick tonight."

"I, I can't," I said nervously. "Oh, Tony, it's, it's really important that I get in touch with Greg. How do you know?" But I didn't get beyond that before Tony cut me off.

"I know," said Tony testily. "Come out with me and I'll tell you all. In fact, we can go for a drink first and I'll let you talk to someone who was talking with him this month."

"Can't you just tell me all about Greg?" I asked as sweetly as I could.

"I don't want to talk about him," said Tony with a sneer. "You can't seriously prefer someone as gay as he is to a real man like me, can you?"

That was awful to hear. Tony didn't know he was talking about me. But I hadn't been around London for four months. I had been a girl, I had been Jennifer, for all that time and I had never been gay in any way as Gregory MacEwan.

"I really have to see him," I said desperately. I had my jewellery box in my hand. "He has some jewellery of mine I left with him."

"I bet that isn't all of yours he's wearing these days!" sneered Tony.

I hated him. I hated Tony for what he was saying. It wasn't true. "Do you remember who he was with?" I asked but it didn't work.

"Of course," said Tony. "And I'll tell you when you come out with me."

"I won't go to the Red Cow with you," I said as firmly as I could. A drink couldn't hurt, could it?

"Okay," said Tony. "How about slumming with me in the Gaumont? They're still running chick flicks on weekends. Give me your address and I'll pick you up at six-thirty and we can go for a drink first and meet this, this person who was with Greg."

"I don't think," I began.

"Look, it's a drink and the movies," he said. "It's not going to bed and me tying you to the bedposts. If you want to hear about your fag friend, you'll have to come out with me."

"Please don't call him that," I said. Since I was near to tears, in frustration if nothing else, it must have gotten through to Tony Lee.

"I won't if you go out with me," said Tony more nicely.

"I'll meet you," I said. He had a new sports car he wanted to show me, he said, and insisted on my address.

"It's a date," he said when I reluctantly gave it to him, then he hung up on me.

What will the neighbors think? I said to myself as I told him where he could pick me up. *I am going to have to move,* I thought. If Jennifer had a reputation before, I was adding to it. Now I had to change into fancier women's clothes to go out with a former friend who wanted to treat me like a woman.

Still, maybe I could find out a little more about who I was, or what 'I' had become since I had been shanghaied by the real Jennifer Bracewell into being her.

Tony drove a low-seated, bright red Aston Martin. I had to get down so low that my slitted skirt parted to show off my short black silk slip and the dark tops of my stockings. Tony just smiled as I wriggled to pull my skirt down while the neighbors at their upstairs windows got a good look up my skirt. I tried to frown at his smirk but I'm sure it looked more like a pout. I couldn't get my high heels right and had to wriggle even more to kind of sit side-saddle.

"You look gorgeous," said Tony with a smile.

If you only knew how long it took, I thought miserably. It had taken me three hours of work to look casually turned-out in a figure-hugging dark blue dress, a suede fitted jacket and black high heels. I had parted my hair down the middle and swept it back on either side with little combs holding it in place. A mass of curly strands flowed down my back. I still wore the golden bands at my ears and I had on my red underwear, panties, bra and garter belt. After what Nick had said about black panties and being a girl who wanted to be laid, which had been right when I was with him, I didn't want Tony to get any ideas.

"Are you related to Greg MacEwan?" asked Tony suddenly as we idled through the evening traffic, heading to the East.

Why would he ask that? I wondered nervously. He turned to look at me as I didn't answer right away.

"You really look very much alike," said Tony, seeing a gap and shooting into it, a taxi blaring at us. The wind caught my hair and I felt it swish about my neck and earrings. "You could be twins."

"I've often heard that," I said noncommittally, a nervous flutter rising through my chest. I moved my arm as the car jerked; I felt my chest move as well. It was most disconcerting. What was worse was that I was getting so used to the movement that I thought of it as normal. The pressure of my bra was normal as was going out in public in stockings, high heels and dresses. I was out on another date with a man and when he took me home, I would have to pay again, as any girl would. I shivered and felt the straps of my bra and camisole beneath my dress tighten against me.

I recognized the familiar pub beside the parking lot Tony swung his car into and panic rose in me. 'The Green Man' was an infamous gay bar that we had trashed once with Jennifer and her gang, leaving lipstick writing on all the cars in this very parking lot, just one stop on a night of 'trash talking'.

"Why, why are we going here?" I asked nervously, half expecting his answer would be that it was because I was a man in a dress.

"It's too early for the drag show, you mean?" asked Tony, vaulting out of his car and coming around to help me to stand up. I wasn't prepared for the way he put his arm proprietarily about my waist and I wobbled on my black, open-toed high heels as we went towards the stained glass windows of the entrance to the pub.

"We can get a quiet drink here," said Tony with a knowing smile.

"But isn't this, isn't this still a gay place?" I whispered as we went in.

"Sure it is," laughed Tony, hugging me to him. "But I've got you to protect me, right?"

The main bar was almost deserted but several well-dressed men and women looked us over carefully as Tony swaggered up to the bar.

A red-haired barmaid, very good-looking and heavily made-up, gave us a scarlet smile and a raised eyebrow to solicit our order. She drew the beer silently and placed it in front of Tony. I tried to perch on a stool and cross my legs femininely as the other women seemed to be doing effortlessly. I was served another of the awful cranberry drinks that Jennifer liked. Only when the barmaid gave Tony his change, her fingernails longer and wider, redder than mine, did I notice the Adam's apple at her throat.

"Sylvia," called one of the other patrons down the bar and she answered with a smile. She served them and Tony waved to her, a patronizing smile on her face. He had left a fiver on the bar which she eyed warily.

"Sylvia," he said, smiling. "A lovely name for a lovely girl." I could see a pinkness arise in her face. She shot me a hostile glance if ever there was one. I wanted to protest but what could I say? I'm like you? Let's be sisters tonight? I couldn't; besides, Tony was pressing her again.

"Scotty," he repeated. "I was supposed to meet him here about now. He said everybody here would know him."

Sylvia clearly did not want to answer except in a low whisper, I knew that strategy; she said she would ask. As she went down the bar and began to speak to a married couple, or so it appeared to me, I looked about the bar. I almost fell off my stool when I saw Fred Willet, the private detective I had hired, sitting a far table in earnest conversation with a well scrubbed, long-haired blonde boy.

I saw him turn and catch me looking but he gave no sign of recognition. The boy was smiling at him and made a very obvious limp-wristed gesture as he smiled at Willet. Willet picked up the glass in front of him, and the boy's. He stood up, said something, and came to the bar.

Sylvia went to him immediately with a welcoming smile and he got instant service. I noticed then that her bosom moved too, like mine. I guess I stared too obviously for she turned and looked at me. I could see that she reddened.

"Sylvia," called Tony again, putting another fiver beside the first.

Sylvia did not take the money. "Scotty isn't here right now," she drawled huskily. *Been there, done that*, I thought wistfully. She edged away again and said something to Fred Willet who looked at us.

"Who, who is Scotty?" I asked as Tony began to pour the bitter beer down his throat.

Tony wiped his mouth. "He was this queer I saw at Heathrow," he said loudly, "with your buddy, Gregory MacEwan. He gave Greggy-boy quite a romantic kiss before seeing him off. Really upset a couple of American tourists, it did. Kind of like the ones he worked for."

Oh no, she wouldn't have done that, would she? I thought in distress. Looking down at my slim skirt and stockings, at the mounds on my chest, I knew she would have. It didn't take much to realize that if I could impersonate her, *she* could impersonate *me*. But whereas everyone thought I was a nicer Jennifer, she seemed to be out to ruin my reputation.

My Aunt Louise's death had left me with a few hundred quid and the job in the mailroom of a big construction firm in Camberwell. We did lots of work for Americans and one of those, Marcie Lewis, had gotten me to do odd jobs for her parents around London. She had had me promoted out of the mailroom to be her 'administrative aide.' I was not her assistant, she said with a smile, unless I wore a skirt, made her coffee and could type a hundred words a minute.

I laughed that I couldn't do any of those things but I did know London, the fun side. She let me take her out to the best places where she would dump me off and hook up with some swinging guys. She was older than me so the sting to my pride was very little. When she went back to the States, she passed me on to the Sewells, whom I chauffeured around London. I found the right places for them to indulge their tastes, and generally had a niche in the company as a 'special' aide to visiting executives. It had hurt to find out that "Greg MacEwan is no longer is working for this company" in the cool tones of a female assistant I had not recognized in Peter Sewell's office.

Would Jennifer have deliberately sought out the Sewells and staged a 'gay' kiss to blacken my name with them? I shuddered, thinking of some of the rotten tricks we had pulled. Yes, she would do that to me. She would just think it was a wonderful 'jape' and if she could see me now in 'The Gay Man,' as she called it, she'd have laughed even more.

"Say," said Tony, standing up and nodding to the young, blonde boy smiling up at Fred Willet who was delivering him another beer. "There's Wendy." He said it loudly enough that the boy turned and looked anxiously across the room at us. "She'll know where Scotty is and you can hear it for yourself. Let's go talk to her," He said that in an exaggerated fruity manner that made my skin crawl. He took my hand and pulled me after him.

Fred Willet was not amused by the interruption.

"I don't know any Scotty," said 'Wendy' in a light drawl that pronounced him 'gay' without even looking at his slender eyebrows or languid mannerisms.

"Oh, come on, dearie," lisped Tony in return. "He used to be your boy friend until Greg stole him away."

"Look," said Fred Willet menacingly. All conversation in the bar died. "Why don't you take your girlfriend," he made that into a sneer which made me flush all over, "and push off, feller?"

"Oh my!" said Tony in an exaggerated lisp of his own.

"Here!" said Sylvia, coming around from the bar. Her voice had slipped into a masculine tenor. "I won't have anything like that in my house."

The license over the bar proclaimed that the licensee was one David Becker, owner of The Green Man. "I'll thank you to leave," 'she' said, wiping her hands on the white, frilly

apron that covered her black dress. Unlike me, she wore low heels with her dark stockings.

One of the couples moved as if to support her and I noticed the woman's Adam's apple, too, bobbing nervously in her neck. I glanced at the last remaining woman in the bar. She smiled and winked at me as the man with her put a protective arm about her waist.

"Yes, sir," said Tony with a salute as Fred Willet advanced, touched a startled Sylvia on the arm, and gently moved her aside. "I was just leaving, sir," said Tony, still directing his remarks to Sylvia. "Really I was." He was laughing as he took my arm and guided me out of the bar.

"Queers," he laughed as I shivered in embarrassment at his behaviour. "Did you see those two drag queens with the guys at the bar? Did you ever see so much makeup in all your life?"

"They weren't that bad," I said. Strangely, I would have liked to talk to them. I would have liked to talk to Sylvia as well. After all, they were men in dresses like I was and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves, enjoying the attention they got, even courting it.

"Well, that's where your little pal has been busying himself since you went off, Jennifer," said Tony Lee, as I slid back into his little car with a little more grace. Another couple was arriving, getting out of their car. The 'woman,' brightly made-up, smiled at me as the man came around and took her by the arm. She was taller than he and wobbled on her high heels, which caused him to smile and hug her more. They stopped for a laughing kiss and then he guided her, still unsteady, into 'The Green Man'.

"Greggy's been the leader, the queen you might say, of quite a little group that stopped in here and at the Duchess." Tony named another gay pub that was really the 'Duke of Wellington.' "They pulled off some tricks that were worthy of you at your best, Jennifer."

We shot out into the traffic and I became uncomfortable as he kept glancing at me. "You've really changed, haven't you, Jennifer?" he asked. "Did you get the call you were expecting? It's another guy, isn't it? He's sure changed you. You're so demure that I can hardly believe it's you."

What could I say? *Another* guy? At least, I felt relief that he didn't tell me that he had figured out that I was Greg MacEwan.

"Too early for the Gaumont," he said with a laugh in his voice. "Want to try the Duchess?"

I didn't. Not with him anyway. But it wasn't easy to say it that way. "No," I said, so he took me to an Indian restaurant in Tottenham where he drank and then disappeared into the rest room while I was left to sample some delicious, spicy foods. The waiter was eager to come over and talk to me. He explained everything about my meal in great detail, obviously trying to impress me. He made me feel much more girlish and feminine than Tony did. Tony came back with a flush on his face and it suddenly struck me what he might have been doing.

"You don't have any drugs on you, do you?" I asked as we swayed out to the parking lot and he talked about going to the last show at the Gaumont.

Tony smiled and patted his pockets. "What do you need?" he asked.

I've never seen anyone so angry as when I tossed his packages into the huge, open garbage container beside the restaurant. He was livid. The only reason he didn't hit me was because of the police car that pulled into the parking lot near to us and the purposeful way the constables went into the restaurant. They were met by angry owners and waiters pushing a man to them whom I had seen get up and go to the bathroom just after Tony.

Tony was silent as the police hauled the guy off in the police car.

"How long," I asked, "before they come looking for you?"

He looked kind of grey. I would have left him then but for the Rolls Royce that came into the parking lot and blocked the entry. It seemed familiar. It was. Nicky Alwyn got out but he didn't see me in the shadows with Tony. I should have called out to him but I didn't. I wanted to dump Tony and rush over to him but then Nick was helping a blonde woman out of the back seat of his car.

She laughed and giggled and held on to him as if she was married to him. She raised her face for a kiss as they stood there; he obliged and smiled back at her. She had a fantastic figure, shown off in her tight, black dress, her breasts were larger than mine, her curves more curvy than mine, her legs, exposed by a long slit, were as long and rounded as mine. I knew her well made-up face from my night at Gaylords. She was Kissy Mercier and she was clearly out on a date with Lord Nicholas Alwyn, the man I had slept with just two days before.

"Friends of yours?" Tony sneered. He must have seen my shocked expression. I couldn't keep such an awful surprise to myself.

"People I know," I said, astonished that I was able to answer so coolly. "So let's go to the Gaumont and do a little slumming, shall we?"

I smiled at his look of surprise. He looked longingly at the garbage but in the end we got into his car and he settled for me.

XII. THE GAUMONT AND AFTER

I had forgotten that the Gaumont was a seedy, old-fashioned cinema. It seated a thousand but was mainly popular for its balcony. There was almost no one on the large floor but the balcony was filling quickly. Young men and their young girl friends were already cuddled close to each other as they waited for the last lights to dim and the show to begin.

Tony got us seats in the next to last row and I had to edge past the annoyed patrons until we found our places among all the couples who immediately began to make out as soon as the lights dimmed.

Tony helped me to get my coat off, then he put his arm about my shoulders. I don't know why but all I could think of was Nick and Kissy Mercier. What had Sacha Levasseur,

the singer, said about her? She had been 'operated' upon. She had once been like me but now she wasn't. She could give Nick what I couldn't. She could give him what I had wished that I could give him.

I leaned back and let my head fall on Tony's shoulder just as I had seen every other girl doing. In no time, Tony's arm was about my waist and he was leaning over me and kissing my burning lips.

Nick shouldn't be going out with her, I thought fiercely as I put my arm about Tony's head and kissed him as much as he was kissing me. I didn't care. I just wanted to get the image of Nick and Kissy together out of my mind. I didn't want to think of them kissing, of him having his arms all over her as he should have had them over *me*. I didn't want to think of him making love to her when he should have been making love to me.

"Just like at the Red Cow," whispered Greg in my ear, kissing the stud pressed into my ear. My earring swung against my neck and as I nuzzled his neck, making him shiver.

He didn't release his grip on me as the film began and neither did I want him to. This was the Gaumont. Guys came here to neck with their girl friends and the girls came here to let them. Heavy petting was the order of the day and, in the dark, hands went places they were never allowed to stray in the light.

His tongue entered between my lips and his hand caressed my breast. I held it there and directed his stroking to my firm nipple. I loved it when he squeezed my nipple hard and I pulled him down harder onto my mouth, onto me.

I didn't think at all that this was a man kissing me. I didn't think at all that this was a man caressing and arousing me. I wasn't thinking at all as I demanded that my partner arouse me, fondle me, whisper that he loved me while I did sweet, little, girlish things for him that other girls had done for me.

His hand up my dress, stroking my leg, made me more ardent than ever. I opened his pants as he opened my dress and his mouth found my eager nipples. I grasped his manhood and stroked him off as I trapped his free hand between my legs. He kissed my breasts as I felt him gush forth, and a little sanity intruded on my part.

He needed his hand to clean himself up and I was able to readjust my clothing. All around me I could sense writhing bodies doing what we had been doing. I could hear the rustle of silk and nylon and the soft sighs of contentment. *Men and women*, I thought miserably, *like Nick and Kissy*, and I cuddled up to Tony, giving him gentle kisses until he was aroused again but softly this time. I let him explore my body with gentle fingers, all save the one place he wanted to get to most. I let him caress the tops of my legs, though, above my stocking tops and up to my panties as he buried his head in my breasts.

I kissed him until I was too sore to ask him again. I wanted to turn to him and sit in his lap and feel his hardness as I had with Nick. Then I would have wanted him to enter me as Nick had and only my thoughts of Nick prevented me from doing that and making a complete fool of myself.

I managed to pull my skirt down and confine his attentions to the outside of me. It was difficult as so much of me was twitching in longing. A couple beside us suddenly got up and we had to let them by, frantically grabbing at our clothes. I managed to do up my

blouse again and straighten my bra as another girl got up and giggled something to her boy friend.

Frantically, I found my purse and slipped out of Tony's hold, my skirts falling back across my thighs. "I have to powder my nose," I whispered, shooting after the other girl exiting our row.

The Ladies' Room was so bright that I could barely see for a while. A tall, dark-haired girl was standing before the mirror redoing her lipstick. She smiled and winked conspiratorially at me. "Good flick, 'innit, love?" she asked, working her lips to spread her lipstick.

My mouth and chin were aching. I don't think I had ever been so sore before. And I still hadn't driven Nick and Kissy out of my mind. "Yes," I murmured as the girl looked at me with a little frown. I retired to a stall until the room was quiet again.

I was used to the brightness when I went up to the mirror. My lipstick was gone. No wonder the other girl had smiled at me. She would have known why it was gone. My whole face was sore as I gently reapplied rouge to my cheeks and perfume to my neck and breasts. I was redoing my lips when two other giggling girls came bouncing in, chattering about their dates.

I adjusted my dress, smoothed my skirt and slip, arranged my panties and sanitary belt, and reattached my garters which Tony had undone. I combed and brushed my hair. I could hide out no longer after the other two girls, having far less to do than me, went back into the theatre. They had been so frank about what they were doing. One girl had opened up her bra and was practically hanging out of it.

"Derek can't ever get the hooks," she said, releasing them all but one. "There. Even he should be able to do one," she laughed, her eyes catching mine as I worked on my lips, blotting them as Anne had showed me.

"We've got to get back," said the other girl. "Or Derek won't have the chance."

The gallery was dark and I couldn't quite see but Tony must have been on the lookout for me. He was quickly beside me to guide me past the panting couples and the out-stretched legs back to our seats.

"My lips are bruised," I whispered as he put his arms about me. "And my face is so sore. Did you shave?"

He chuckled and tried to kiss me. I deflected him to my cheek.

"Watch the film," I urged him quietly.

"I did," he said. He kissed my neck and my earlobe, gently and I felt girlish again. Goosebumps broke out on me as I let him kiss me and stroke me.

"Gently," I murmured and settled back as my perfume excited him again. I made him work softly and pleasingly with his hands and his kisses and, somehow, I survived the movie.

I re-did my lipstick as we put on our jackets and screwed up our eyes as the dim lights hurt our eyes when they came up.

Tony had his arm about me most possessively as we left the Gaumont. I thought nothing of it. I *liked* men doing that to me. We strolled along the brightly-lit arcade, window-

shopping like the other boys and girls coming out of the cinema. I thought nothing of his stopping in a dark shop doorway, of his putting his arms about me or of his strong, passionate kisses on my lips.

We sauntered on arm-in-arm, my high heels clacking noisily, marking our passage from doorway to doorway and from kiss to kiss. *This is what you are missing, Nick*, I thought wildly, as we stopped in view of the car. I let him kiss my face, my neck and my mouth. *You've driven me off to Tony. He loves me.* And I shuddered to think that that could actually be true.

"You wanted to know about Greg MacEwan," he said unsteadily after our last kiss that I had let him enter my mouth again for his excited pleasure. "It's bad," he said. "You know I was caught dealing. If I hadn't got off on a technicality, I'd be in jail now, as you know. Greg came to see me about a month after you disappeared, wanting a fix. So, I fixed him up. You know, it's funny. I always thought of the two of you, it would be *you* asking me for a little help, as we say.

"When he was doped up, he tried to come on to me, would you believe? And, really, you should never have told him about the Red Cow. He laughed at me and said he'd do, well, you know what, to me and I'd enjoy him as much as I enjoyed you doing it. That hurt, you know, that you told him.

"Anyway, this other guy who was with him was a Scot, hence Scotty. MacNab was his last name. He was Big Mac, Greg said, and, since he was just a little guy, I knew it didn't refer to how tall he was. This MacNab has a place near 'The Green Man', and he deals off lots of indies like me. Jane was with me. We both saw them at Heathrow when we were seeing Paul off to the States as well.

"I remember Greg took Scotty by the hand when they saw us and he was laughing as they went by these Americans and started kissing right in front of everybody. Security had to break them up and there were some people demanding they be thrown out but your Greg had a ticket to Los Angeles and a boarding pass. So they had to let him go. That's where you'll find him if you want to look further."

Tony gave me another kiss, long and hard and I responded with feminine submission. He deserved it.

He drove me back to my house almost sedately. "Tell me, Jennifer," he went on as we sped along, the cold night air on my legs, making me shiver. "Why are you so interested in him? It can't be about some ratty old jewellery."

There had been a lie on my tongue all night long. I had thought about it for a while. Everyone called us twins and so I decided to use it. "He's my brother," I said. "I checked because we were so alike and it turns out I did have a twin brother, adopted away from the family. He doesn't know. So, don't you tell anyone, either. I want to tell him first."

"But you and him!" exclaimed Tony. "You didn't, I mean, you *couldn't*. Did you?"

"No," I said with a shudder. I hadn't thought of that. I was just too clever with the lies I told. "Besides," I added bitterly. "Once I was gone, everyone found out that he was gay."

Stupid, stupid me, I thought. Now when I got back to being the real me, what kind of reputation would I have? I was just making it worse. He was quiet and thoughtful, digest-

ing the lies I had told, trying to square them with his conception of me and what I had done with Jennifer on occasion. I had been no shrinking violet in loving her.

Tony wanted to come in for coffee and so we looked and found a parking spot way down the street. He took my keys and opened the door for me and we stopped for a kiss.

I had the coffee on and was in his arms on the sofa before we heard the sound of someone else in the house. Then, the stairs light went on and someone came down the stairs. I tried to rise but Tony held onto me about my waist, his leg partly over mine.

I know my lipstick was all mussed up again as I tried to raise my head.

"Jennifer," came Anne's voice from the bottom of the stairs. "Jennifer, it's only me. Is that Nick with you? I just wanted to warn you that I'm in the main bedroom. I didn't think that you were sleeping there now."

Anne came into the living room, her hair a golden halo about her head. She was in a negligee like the one I wore earlier in the day. Her smile faded as she saw us intertwined about one another and knew instantly what we had been up to.

I had to shove an uncooperative Tony Lee to one side, straighten my dress, and get out of his grasp.

"Anne," I said into the uncomfortable pause while Anne looked at me most frostily. "Anne Beauchamp, my cousin, this is Tony Lee. Tony took me to see a film tonight."

"Oh," said Anne, heading to the kitchen where the kettle began to whistle. "What film did you see?"

"Ah," I said, tongue-tied as I looked to Tony for support, but he only smiled and said nothing. For the life of me, I could not remember the name of the film. Anne gave me a thin-lipped, reproachful stare as she made coffee.

We had coffee together, forcing out conversation that was painful to hear. It was a relief when Tony Lee said that he had to go. I walked him to the door as Anne discreetly disappeared. I gave him a good, goodnight kiss as his hands about my waist held me tightly to him.

"Goodnight, Jennifer," he said huskily. "And, please, don't tell anyone that twin story about you and Greg again. I know it's not true." I stiffened as he kissed me again, my arms limp about his neck. He hesitated. "You know, I got this funny idea earlier tonight that you weren't Jennifer at all."

I could feel panic rising as he held on to me. He kissed my barely responsive lips again.

"I-I thought you might even be Greg MacEwan," Tony said huskily, looking me directly in the eyes. He stroked my soft hair and squeezed me to him. "I thought that this might be another of Jennifer's japes, you know. And I wouldn't care, Jennifer. I wouldn't care at all what you were or what you were doing."

"Oh, Tony," was all I could say, my quivering obvious to us both. He still wanted to kiss me, long and lovingly, before he would go.

"Goodnight," he whispered at last, leaving me at last with the touch of his hand at my breast.

Anne appeared with cream for me. "You have more love bites," she said as I stood flustered by the door. "Let's doctor them before they turn into welts or you'll be in high-necked sweaters till Christmas."

"I, I didn't think you were going to be coming back today, this week," I murmured as we went upstairs and she began to doctor me as I slipped out of my dress.

"I couldn't stay away," she said with a smile. "Hmm, pretty camisole." She gently kissed my shoulder after she treated me. "Perhaps I should have stayed away longer if you are going to be running a string of boyfriends now."

"Oh, Tony?" I gasped, shivering at her gentle touch. "That was just, just payment. He, he gave me information to find Jennifer. I, I won't be seeing him again."

"Good," said Anne, kissing me, and I felt myself getting very giddy as she pushed me back into the bed. "I came back for more girl-on-girl action. It was very disappointing that you weren't here."

"I'm here now," I said, easing into the bed with her on top of me. Her hands began running over my hips and beneath my panties and I did not mind at all. She slipped out of her robe as I removed my bra. We nestled together beneath the soft sheets, she on top and in control again, her mouth soon finding the mounds on my chest.

"This is what I wanted," she said as she worked all my clothes off me and I did the same to her and our soft, hairless bodies entwined. "This is so much nicer than hairy, angular male bodies, isn't it?"

With her soft breasts on mine, her smooth legs about my smooth legs and her soft hands caressing me, I had to agree. When she made love to me so kindly and touchingly, I would have agreed with anything she said.

"I thought *I* was the detective in this case," said Fred Willet pointedly.

He had called me in the following morning and I had gone to see him eagerly to relate all that Tony Lee had told me.

"I didn't know you would be in 'The Green Man'," I said, crossing my legs in the slim skirt I was wearing. "I didn't know Tony would take me there."

"No matter," said Willet, frowning. "I did get to meet Scotty MacNab, the person your boyfriend was trying to find. He's into drugs as well as this Greg MacEwan, you ought to know. He gave MacEwan some contacts to check out in Los Angeles. I could pursue it but he didn't leave with any girl."

"P-Please do," I said. "I-I would like to talk to him."

Willet shrugged and ran a hand through his thinning, silver hair. "I know a guy in Los Angeles who would check these out." He indicated a list of addresses he had on a sheet of paper. "But it will cost and you know the direction it's going. To gays and drugs. Not to Jennifer Bracewell."

I nodded nervously. I couldn't look at him. He gave me a penetrating look as if he could see right through me.

"You *do* know MacEwan is gay, don't you?" he persisted.

“No, he isn’t,” I answered quickly, annoyed by how everyone assumed that. I was sure it was Jennifer acting as me. I bet the guys she was kissing knew she was a girl.

Willet sighed. “I’m sorry, Miss Bracewell,” he said. “I really don’t get what your angle is in this. You didn’t have to give me all that about you not being the real Jennifer Bracewell. I’ve got a file on you from my friends on the force and it’s quite a piece of reading. You’ve escaped a criminal record for all the antics you’ve pulled by the skin of your teeth. That and the money you’ve dropped on witnesses not to charge you or testify against you. Isn’t that right?”

I felt the blood drain from my rouged cheeks and powdered face. I squirmed in my slim, brown skirt and the soft, ribbed, rounded-neck, white top that I wore. The tasselled earrings I wore flickered on my neck as I quivered, partly in fear and partly in shame, as he recited the crimes, or near crimes that I, Jennifer Bracewell that is, was supposed to have committed. The capers we had run together were mild in comparison to those before and after Greg MacEwan.

He gave me no chance to deny it or lie to him. “I don’t know why you want to chase down this fag, Miss Bracewell, but if it’s to do another of those capers with your friends, I want no part of it.”

I didn’t know what to say. I had to find Jennifer, the real one. I swallowed and felt my loose, thick hair about my neck. Anne had left again that morning. She had work to do, she said, and she would talk to Nick. I told her not to bother as he was seeing someone else and, like a fool, I cried about it. Anne had just smiled. She even said that I cried just like a girl. I wish I could have cried for Fred Willet.

I had to get Jennifer back so that the Beauchamps could get their lives in order. I had to get *my* life in order. I wanted to tell this man that I yearned to be free of panties and stockings and garter belts, of bras and camisoles, of makeup and perfume. But I didn’t know how true that was. I had enjoyed Anne dressing me up and talking to me, asking me which colors of lipstick I liked and testing them and saying which suited me best.

“Okay,” said Willet with a reluctant sigh after a long pause during which I didn’t answer him. “Since I have found Jennifer Bracewell for you...” he frowned as I started to protest and then stopped. It must have looked like I pouted at him. “I will call Los Angeles and have this MacEwan found for you. Let me tell you again that if you pull a stunt like you did before, the London Police, now that they have assembled a dossier on you, are not going to consider anything you do as high jinks. You are a young woman of twenty-one. You will be charged with public mischief, at the very least.”

“You’ll find Greg?” I asked in relief. “How-how long will it take?”

He shrugged. “Depends on the work load and how far he’s burrowed into the gay or druggie underground. Do you want us to give him a message?”

I licked my lips nervously and tasted the waxy flavor of my lipstick. “Ask him to contact me at Gran’s place in London, please,” I said.

He nodded and gave me a very funny look as I stood up and buttoned up my coat and picked up my purse. He got up and opened the door for me to go and I gave him a little smile. Men were doing that all the time for me now. It was rather nice.

**

KISSY MERCI

Leaving Willet's, I was at a loose end. Anne was gone to the country for a week at least and Nick was supposed to be there as well, supervising the final repairs to the Gallops and building fences to train his jumping horses. *Well, at least he won't be with his other girl friend*, I thought.

I shuddered, thinking of Tony Lee. He scared me. He could be picked up at any time for dealing drugs and I didn't doubt that he was doing that based on the evidence of the night before and he might implicate me. Me, as Jennifer Bracewell, with a dossier in police headquarters! Then I could be arrested, which meant I would be searched and what they would discover would amaze them.

Hot and cold shivers ran through me. I looked wildly up and down the street. I raised my hand tentatively and a taxi came almost immediately. I gave the young cabbie my address and I saw him looking at my legs. A lot of men did that and I wished they wouldn't for the way it made me feel.

We were near Fulham somewhere when the cabbie took a couple of backstreets to avoid traffic jams. We stopped in a line-up and I saw a huge poster of a smiling Sacha Lévassieur looking at me from a large record store. I had liked his singing at Spiro's when Nick had taken me out on my first date with a man. I hastily paid off the taxi driver, giving him a big tip, and went into the huge record store to buy some of Sacha's music.

I didn't expect Sacha to be there himself with a little combo, entertaining a large group of shoppers. He recognized me right away and waved to me which embarrassed me as people turned and stared at me. He did a tremendous version of 'La Mer' which I noted was applauded even by the young girls watching. Then he was busy signing records for the people who had bought them and I wandered through the stacks.

I was reading the liner notes on one of his older discs when he startled me by reaching over my shoulder and taking it from me.

"Non, non, chérie," he said with a chuckle. "That's one of the worst things ever put out with my name on it."

"Oh," I said and I couldn't help smiling at him in return.

"Oh yes," he said, putting it back in the rack. "Come over to the stage and I'll give you some real music."

I went with him; he was stopped several times to sign discs for many women, old and young. I got a lot of appraising looks which made me glad I had taken the time to dress carefully and with my makeup.

"And how is mi'lord?" asked Sacha and I guessed he was referring to Nick.

I shrugged as he signed several discs which he had taken from a box over the rapid objections in French from a girl dressed in a severe, black suit.

“Why don’t you ask Kissy?” I asked. I suppose my tone was a little witchy for Sacha just threw back his head and laughed. “She saw him last,” I added weakly.

“And you are jealous,” Sacha said, handing me three disks with his signature on them. “These are the best and a gift from me,” he said, taking my arm and waving away the dark-suited woman.

“Kissy has known your Nicholas for years, you know,” he went on. “They are old friends, from before and after, as she says. She’s supposed to be here at one which is why I was watching the crowd and, voila, I saw you. I doubt she’s even out of bed yet. She has no sense of time, that woman. If you wait around a while, she’ll be glad to see you again. She can fill you in on everything you ever wanted to know about mi’lord.”

I didn’t want to discuss Nicky with an old girl friend. Was that even the right word to apply to Kissy? Sacha had to leave me then to do a radio interview. I was again on my own.

Sacha had another performance to give as a group of people came in specifically to see him and he greeted most by name as if he knew them well.

I was edging to the door to leave when a gorgeous blonde girl swept in. Her golden hair attracted attention as did her golden earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings. She had a figure any woman would have died for, her breasts full and her cleavage flaunted in her low-cut, dark pink dress. Her heels were higher than mine. She was heavily madeup and she waved to Sacha, still in mid-song, who smiled and laughed in her direction.

She turned and saw me staring at her. Recognition flared in her eyes and she came straight up to me. “Jenny,” she said, pointing and smiling at me. “Mi’lord’s girl friend. Am I right? I’m Kissy Mercier.”

Also mi’lord’s girl friend, I thought sourly.

“Would you like to get a drink?” she asked with a bright smile.

“Didn’t you come to support Sacha?” I asked as she waved again to him on the little stage.

“It’s enough that I came,” she said with a giggle. “That’s all he cares about. And the rest is so boring, standing around, trying not to scare off all his female fans. And then if the papers find out who I am, it wouldn’t be good for his image, you know.”

“I saw a picture of him in the papers at Gaylords,” I said as she waved to Sacha and mimed leaving and drinking. She took my hand; hers was as soft as mine. I was practically dragged after her, across the road to a traditional English pub. You should have seen the looks we got! The looks *she* got, I should say because she left her white fur coat open so that her dress and cleavage were on show all the time.

She asked for two glasses of the best French wine in the place and the pub owner suggested we go into the Lounge where we could be away from the ogling eyes of all the ‘lads’ in the front bar. A year before and *I* would have been one of the lads. I sat at a table with Kissy as she tasted a Cabernet Sauvignon, pronounced it good, and asked the bartender to bring us the rest of the bottle, which he did. She kept up a running chatter as this went on, saying how much she loved being in England. She loved the older English pubs, particularly the neighborhood ones. She prettily asked the owner which French wines he

stocked and was impressed, real or feigned, I don't know, as he outlined what he had. His off-licence shop next door, he confided, had a wider selection but none finer than what we were drinking and which cost Kissy fifty quid.

"Sacha's going back to Paris tonight," she told me. "Some big appearance in a televised spectacular. Quite different from what he is doing here this afternoon." She giggled. "But I shouldn't laugh, it's not as if I would ever be invited to either place."

I felt so dowdy beside her, as she would have been at home at a dance or a soiree, the way she was dressed. My coat was dark blue and fashionable, or so I had thought. "Sacha thinks you should go into regular cabaret," I said, looking at her thin, bobbed nose and shaped female eyebrows.

Kissy laughed and looked at me intently. I noticed that about her. She ignored the people staring at her, examining her. She focussed on the person she was with. I could have wished for a little less intensity. "Sacha doesn't know how difficult that would be," she said in her excellent English. "Most people are not as tolerant as he is of people like me. You know I am exactly like you, do you not? I am fully a woman like you."

It made me uncomfortable when she said that and she noticed right away and pulled a face. "You don't think I am a woman just like you?" she asked with a smile.

"Not like me," I said bitterly and she stopped over a sip of her wine and put it down.

"Will you excuse me?" she asked suddenly and put out her soft hand to touch my hair and then my earring tassels. "Beautiful," she said and then she touched my neck. I went rigid at first as I tried to pull back from her hand as her hand swept under my chin and my head went back a little.

She withdrew her hand quickly. "Wow," she said. "It doesn't show at all, you know."

I could feel my temperature rising.

"Nick doesn't know, does he?" she asked in a low, intense murmur. "You still are pre-op, aren't you? So I guess we're *not* exactly alike as women. You were right."

I was confused and then I realized what she had done. She had found my Adam's apple. She knew very well that the 'girl' sitting with her for a drink was in fact a man.

"Are you going to tell Nick?" she asked lightly. "Or just let him find out in bed?"

I blushed and glanced about the lounge. There were several older people there, some silently drinking and very aware of Kissy, I was sure.

"I, I can't talk about that in here," I said and Kissy smiled at me.

"Okay," she said. "Mi'lord can wait. But we can talk about being girls, can't we? Don't you just love it? I do. I *love* being a woman. I love men, too, and you must as well. I saw you with Nick. But I like them all. If the lads in the bar only knew! I would take them all on, one at a time or all together." She laughed and her blue eyes sparkled. "Now, I have shocked you, yes?"

I was blushing and I had to take a sip of wine to cover my distress. Luckily, Sacha and some members of his band arrived and Kissy's attention was diverted as she had to stand and greet Sacha with a huge kiss. Her body pressed into his as she threw her arms about

his neck and held onto him; there were grins all around us as Sacha enthusiastically responded to her.

Sacha wouldn't drink. He only had a few minutes, he said, as he sat in Kissy's chair and she sat on his knee and cuddled up to him. The drummer and bass player had beer and were nice to me, which was a little strange with Kissy there in full bloom.

Sacha was the last to leave when Kissy said that she and I were going to spend the rest of the day together. "Jenny and I have discovered that we are alike," Kissy added mischievously while I blushed.

Sacha grinned. "Yes," he agreed. "You are both women."

"We *love* being women," said Kissy, living up to her nickname, as I dreaded what she might say. "And so we are going to leave you to your boring love songs and go and do some womanly things. We probably are going to end up in bed today with a couple of guys to entertain us."

Sacha laughed. "Only two guys?" he asked. "Hardly enough for the lovely Kissy and your friend. Now, be good girls, won't you?"

"Oh, we're *always* good as girls," purred Kissy while I felt totally out of my depth in talking to men or women with her.

"You would look so much better as a blonde," said Kissy when Sacha left. "So let's do it, shall we? Come on."

Kissy was a whirlwind. We rushed out of the pub, waved a taxi down and went West to a French hairdressing salon, where, though she had no appointment, Kissy got the proprietor, Monsieur Emile himself, to attend me and transform my hair to a light blonde, the image of her own. My eyebrows were also lightened and my hair re-styled so that I had golden bangs and a fall of golden hair like Kissy.

It took hours. Emile, smiling and flirting with me, served us all kinds of fancy French hors d'oeuvres as I was worked on by two French girls. With my hair 'cooking,' my nerves were decidedly on edge; then I had to have my makeup re-done. I squirmed all the time and shook as I went through my first salon visit as a woman, no one challenging me at all. It was exhilarating and frightening to think how close I was to being discovered and to have people, men and women, trying to make me more beautiful as a woman. I thanked Kissy effusively as I paid our huge bill but she only laughed gaily.

When I left *Emile's*, however, I was no longer Jennifer Bracewell. I was a clone of Kissy Mercier. It was incredible. I was transformed into a blonde, a blonde bimbo I was going to say, or tart, but neither was really true. But I was blushing as I held onto Kissy, feeling the attention of everyone on the street to my new crowning glory. I saw the smiles on people's faces and Kissy leaned into me and whispered, "Blondes *do* have more fun."

Kissy hailed a taxi, and the first to come along stopped for us. She told him to take us to Gaylords and I saw the taxi driver give us a sudden, intensive, cold stare. Kissy ignored him entirely. "Do you like my nails?" she asked waving them in front of my eyes. They were more curved and pointed than before and seemed to have pink colors graduated from the outside to the center of the nail. They gleamed silvery at one moment, then blushed pink at another.