

ROBERTA, A LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

By Roberta Angela Dee



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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ROBERTA: A LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

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CHAPTER ONE: A New Friend

Men admire a lady from a distance and then determine if she would be a suitable partner for sex. Every sophisticated gentleman reserves his right to be judgmental and selective. A gentleman reserves his right to crave vitality in a woman, and for this reason younger women have an advantage over those who are more mature. Youth has its own vitality.

Being a lady does not guarantee erotic fulfillment. Refinement might attract a man, but rarely can it motivate him. Somewhere beneath the jewels and the silk a man needs to see a slut; or, he needs to see the essence of a slut. He needs to see the basic animal instinct that is so much a part of being a man or a woman.

Men admire ladies, but they line up for hookers.

It is a difficult world for women. We are caught between a rock and a hard place. We are raised to be ladies, but soon learn that attracting a man requires specific flirtatious skills. Somehow, we learn to combine the two qualities in a way that is socially acceptable. Some of us master the techniques better than others.

We, women, are also very judgmental of each other. Judgmental and competitive. I am learning more about our gender every day. Oddly enough, the more I learn, the more judgmental and competitive I become.

Two years ago, I moved from Brooklyn, New York, to a suburb on Long Island. I moved into a one bedroom apartment, next door to a very attractive young woman. Her name was Lolita. She was tall, slim, and possessed enormous breasts and nipples. Her nipples remained erect, and showed, even through her sweaters.

She was fortunate to have one of those figures that immediately aroused a man. In addition to pretty facial features and a great body, Lolita was slightly bowlegged. When she walked, it seemed that she screamed to be fucked.

Lolita was one of those fortunate women who had found that delicate balance between being a lady and a slut.

Men loved that quality.

From my kitchen window, I frequently watched one handsome gentleman after another escort her out for an evening of dinner and dance. I envied her, regardless of my being in no position to compete with her.

My move from the city was to begin a new life. I had always wanted to be a sexy lady, and had decided that Long Island was as good a place as any to begin my re-birth. Becoming a lady, however, was not as easy as I had imagined.

Three months of experimentation and practice produced very few results, if any at all.

If Lolita had the desire, she could become a valuable source of knowledge. I had no idea, however, what would motivate her to be my friend. And if I told her of my intentions, how would she react to me? Would she shrug me off as some confused homosexual, call me a pervert, or would she possibly understand my deep desire and commitment to become a woman.

One thing was certain: I would never know, unless I asked.

Another two weeks passed, after I had made the decision to talk to Lolita. I had made no effort to approach her. I procrastinated and procrastination was hurting me inside. It hurt me to the point that I had even given thoughts to committing suicide. Fortunately, I lacked the courage.

Every Saturday morning, at 8:30 A.M, Lolita left her apartment to attend an aerobics class. Her skin tight leotards hugged her curvaceous body and her big titties bounced in her athletic bra as if she wore no bra at all. They were like balloons dancing in the wind.

I was not the only one to notice Lolita leaving her apartment. Every guy in the complex married or single, somehow managed to be at their kitchen window, at just about 8:30, every Saturday morning! It was so strange!

This Saturday, however, would be different. Today I would approach her—big tits and all. I would forget my fears and the potential for hurt or embarrassment. I would forget everything. My single purpose would be to ask for help and friendship. If ever there was a woman suited to provide the help I needed, it was Lolita.

She returned to her sweetly decorated apartment at about 10:45 a.m.

I waited until 11:00 a.m., then exited my apartment and walked next door. I knocked, but there was no answer. I knocked again, more loudly the second time.

A woman yelled out something, but it was not quite clear. Seconds later, Lolita opened the door. She was wrapped in a big, pink towel. It covered her breasts, but barely covered her pussy. She was wet. Drops of water ran from beneath the towel, almost as if her pussy was in tears. Her long, blonde hair was also wet.

It surprised me that I had not broken into a cold sweat.

The smile which greeted me at the door was hypnotic. I was already nervous, but her comforting smile encouraged me to speak. Fortunately, no formal introduction was required. Lolita recognized me as the guy next door, and readily invited me inside.

While sitting on the sofa, I observed the details of her attractive physique. There was much to examine.

She sat in a satin-textured chair adjacent to the coach. The towel was no longer sufficient enough to cover her wet bush. Her delicate flower was clearly visible.

I sensed she was aware that she had exposed herself. I also sensed that she was either surprised or confused that I had not made any real attempt to examine her even more closely, or to suggest anything sexual.

She calmly asked why I had not introduced myself earlier. After all, we had been neighbors for close to three months. Her assumption, she explained, was that I was simply antisocial.

Naturally, I apologized as I tried to search for a way to break the conversation and confront her with the real question that had led me to her door. Before I could think of something appropriate to say, she asked about the girl she had seen in my living room.

“Don't get me wrong. I wasn't peeping or anything like that. I was just walking pass your window. The lights were on and it was dark outside, so I could easily see her. She was tall and had a layered hair cut.”

“It must have been another apartment. I live alone,” I answered, lying because I was still not ready to confront her with the truth.

“No, it wasn't another apartment,” she replied firmly. “There was a girl in your apartment. Was it your girl friend?”

“I don't have a girl friend.”

“Well, it was a girl ... maybe it was your sister.”

“I don't have any sisters. The *girl* you saw was... was me.”

Lolita was quite surprised, and somewhat uncertain that I was telling the truth.

“What are you saying? Are you telling me that you like dressing up like a woman, or something like that? Are you a fag? A transvestite?”

“Honey, I wish it were that easy,” I answered, nervously. “What I'm telling you is that I am a woman. I'm a woman trapped in a man's body. I know it sounds corny, but that's exactly what I'm saying; it's exactly how I feel. I feel I'm a woman ... or that I should have been born a woman.”

Lolita seemed upset—unsettled by my awkward revelation. She stood and stared at me with her mouth partially open, trying to evaluate—based on the little amount of information I had given her—whether I was sincere or not sincere. After a fairly long period of time, she sat back in the chair, providing me with a very clear view of her pink and freshly bathed pussy. Although I noticed her `jewel', I continued to look her in the eye.

“You're serious, aren't you?” she inquired, concerned.

“Serious as a heart attack.”

“Yeah, but what makes you think I can help you? I don't know anything about sex change operations, or any of that shit. What makes you so sure I can help you at all?”

“You're a woman! You know how to be a woman,” I answered. “You know how a woman talks and how she walks. You understand what motivates a woman. All I ask is that you help me overcome some of the obstacles I face because of my male physique, my masculine anatomy, and behavior.”

"I don't know. What you're asking of me is a little bit beyond anything I've ever done before. Give me some time to think about it."

I agreed and thanked her, at least, for giving my proposal some consideration. In my heart, I had little hope she would help me, but since I had made so little progress on my own, Lolita could only make things better. Besides, I could not have found peace with myself, if I had never even bothered to ask for her guidance.

The weekend passed, and then, three more days.

I had seen Lolita, but she walked past my apartment. She never stopped. Perhaps, she had decided against helping me and simply wanted to drop the matter.

On Thursday night, however, she proved me wrong. The door bell rang. I answered the door. It was Lolita!

"Hello, sweet one," she began, embarrassing me, slightly. "You never told me your name."

"My name is Eric ... Eric Dean."

"What an ugly name for a girl," she remarked. "From now on, your name is Roberta ... Roberta Angela Dee. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" she inquired.

I started to say, yes, sir; but that response would have been totally inappropriate. Especially, when Lolita's soft, white breasts were so full and visible. So, I confessed that I did not know the correct response.

"Young lady, if you are going to be a woman, you had better learn some manners. The correct response is yes, ma'am. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, meekly.

"Now, come next door in about ten minutes. I have a friend, a very special friend I would like you to meet. Bring your razor and some towels."

"Yes, ma'am."

I was so excited and anxious. How would my lessons begin? Who did Lolita want me to meet? How feminine would I become? How long would it take? The excitement, along with a million questions, filled my mind. I raced to the linen closet and removed a big, pink towel, like the one I had seen wrapped around Lolita's beautiful body. Then, I grabbed two fresh disposable razors.

Eight minutes had passed, and the next two minutes seemed to last an unendurable amount of time. Yet, within ten minutes, I was outside and knocking at her door.

Lolita answered. She was once again wearing a towel. This time the towel was white.

Her woman friend smiled as I entered the apartment.

"I would like you to meet my lover. Her name is Tanya Scott. Tanya is a registered nurse and can provide you with some of the medication you will need to feminize your

physique. She has also worked out a training course for your transformation, as she prefers to call it.”

Tanya was beautiful exquisitely beautiful. She was not quite as tall as Lolita, and had dark brown, not blonde, hair. Her waist was very small, and it accentuated her full hips. Unlike Lolita, however, her breasts were much smaller. Still, they were very attractive on her slim frame.

Tanya's eyes were mysteriously dark. In spite of my nervousness, I was drawn to her eyes. They seemed to place some sort of spell on me.

“Nice meeting you,” Tanya began, with a voice as smooth as honey. “What's your name?”

“Eric,” I answered.

Lolita laughed, then announced, “The poor girl thinks she's a man.”

“No, my name is Roberta ... Roberta Angela Dee. Yes, my name is Roberta,” I answered, awkwardly, as I tried to erase my error.

“Well, it's nice meeting you, Roberta. Please, sit down?”

I sat as I would normally sit.

The two women looked at each other and smiled.

“What's the matter now? Have I done something else wrong?” I asked with growing concern.

“Girl friend, everything you do is wrong,” Lolita commented. I think you're just too masculine. You still sit like a man, talk like a man, and look like a man. You even think like a man. We'd like to help you, but I honestly think you're a hopeless case. I'm sorry.”

Lolita stood up as if she were about to escort me to the door.

My dream, which had so wonderfully become a reality, was once again becoming a fantasy. A deep sense of depression enveloped my entire being. I could not sit there and allow her to reject me. I could not allow her to reject my hopes and all of my dreams.

“No! Please, don't change your mind now,” I begged. “At least give me a chance. Test me! Give me any kind of test that you want. I'll prove I'm not a man! I'll prove I'm a woman!”

“But you're not a woman,” Tanya interrupted. “You have no breasts. You have a penis. A penis makes you a man!”

“No! Having a penis does not make anybody a man!” I pleaded. “There's so much more involved in being a man.”

“Like what,” Lolita asked.

“Like how you feel inside. How you feel about yourself. How you feel towards men. How you feel towards other women. I hate my penis. I hate it! I hate it!”

I had almost become fanatical and started to cry.

Lolita came over to console me.

“Don't worry, baby. We'll help you. You must understand that it will be very difficult. It will take all of your effort, heart, and soul.”

“I can do it,” I promised.

“There is something else,” Tanya added.

“Tell me what it is. I'll do anything!”

“First of all, you must never let anyone know that Lolita and I are lovers.”

“Why would I even want to do that. My secret could be far more damaging to me, than yours is to anyone. Anyway, trust me. Your secret is safe.”

“There's a second promise you must keep, when the time comes.”

“Tell me what it is and I'll promise you, now.”

“No,” Lolita answered, “it's still too early. Your transformation will take about a year. We'll let you know in about nine months, depending on how much progress you've made.”

“I accept! I accept everything! When do we begin?”

“Right now,” Tanya replied. “Here are your pills. The purple ones are Premarin. Premarin is a natural female hormone known as estrogen. You will take four of these 2.5 mg. tablets every day, for the rest of your life.”

“What's the other one?”

“The other one is called Provera. It's another female hormone known as progesterone. It works with estrogen. It will broaden your hips, plump up your ass, and give you nice tits.”

A smile covered my face. The mere suggestion that I would have breasts delighted and excited me. I wondered how I would look with breasts. I wondered how they would make me feel. I wondered how breasts would feel.

“Now, you must take the Provera the first two weeks of every month,” Tanya explained, “and you must take it, religiously. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am. I understand.”

Tanya, then, gave me two bottles filled with pills and told me to get a glass of water. Next, she instructed me to take my first dosage.

Lolita studied me for a short time, then said, “after you've taken your medication, come into the bedroom and watch us make love. All you will do is stand by the door, completely nude. We want to be able to see your reaction.”

Lolita removed her towel, revealing her luscious body. She told me that she represented something that I had to look forward to, in more ways than she could explain at the moment. Then, she entered the bedroom with Tanya.

I grabbed a glass from the kitchen cabinet and filled it with tap water. I eagerly swallowed my medication. Next, I went into the bedroom to remove my clothes and take a shower.

After drying myself, I stood naked at the bedroom door. I watched as Lolita and Tanya kissed with a passion I had never seen between a man and a woman, much less two women. My eyes focused on the roundness and fullness of Lolita's ass, as she wiggled on top of Tanya. Tanya breathed, heavily. I could hear her gentle moans. Although I was present, they were oblivious, or appeared to be oblivious, to my existence in the room. Their passion was too great and too frenzied.

The couple's lovemaking was truly a beautiful experience. In every way, I envied them. They were passionate, yet so genuinely tender and appreciative of each other.

Lolita sucked Tanya's small, beautiful breasts. Her attentiveness to her nipples was almost like a ballet of the mouth and lips. It was truly romantic. Next, she moved down and began kissing Tanya's petite navel.

Continuing further, she began licking the lady's vagina, kissing and sucking it, playfully. Then, she inserted her tongue into the wet folds of Tanya's excited flesh, and thrust her tongue in and out of the sensuous basket, wildly. Lolita's gesture was like that of a hungry bird, picking fruit.

"Eat my pussy! Eat my pussy!" Tanya begged. "Oh, God, it's so good!" she shouted, as if the experience were a divine revelation. "Eat me, baby! Eat me! Eat me!"

Lolita did not hesitate. She continued sucking, kissing, and licking Tanya's sweet love bush. Tanya reached down and moved Lolita's face closer to her, forcing the cheeks of her face against Tanya's ebony thighs. It was a remarkable Lolita could even breathe, much less continue to arouse and excite her elated lover.

I began to show signs of excitement, too. On this rare occasion, my penis was beginning to grow a little bit more firm. It was not quite hard, but firmer than usual. It embarrassed me. It was terrible enough to possess the appendage. To have it function, caused me more frustration and anger, than joy.

"Oh, fuck me, Lolita. Fuck me good!" Tanya yelled out. Lolita reached into the night table and removed a nine inch vibrator from the drawer. She twisted the device until it began to vibrate. It hummed like a mechanical bee in the bedroom, so delicately decorated with floral designs.

Tanya lifted her ass, exposing her moistened pussy. She pushed it forward, as if to beg for the insertion through her body language.

"You want my plastic cock; don't you, baby?"

"Yes, I want your cock, baby. Give me your beautiful cock. I need it!" Tanya begged.

"Shit, you ain't nothing but a hot, hungry cunt. Beg me for my cock, girl, and make me believe you. You don't sound like you really want it."

"God, yes, I want it, baby. I want your cock. Please, do it. Please, give it to me!"

"Do you want all of it, my little cunt?"

"Damn it, Lolita, stop teasing me. Fuck me." Tanya begged.

"Shut up, bitch. You'll get it when I'm ready."

Lolita looked over to me, and for the first time, observed my partially erect penis.

I felt so embarrassed.

“You're not starting to feel like a man, I hope,” she commented. “Get your ass back in that bathroom, take another shower, and shave off all of that male body hair. Body hair is sexy on a man, but it looks ridiculous on a woman. And there's a bottle of baby oil under the sink. Put some of it on after you've showered.”

She turned her attention back to Tanya, and inserted the ivory colored vibrator. Her head turned towards me, suddenly. “Well, what are you waiting for, girl? Hurry up and get your ass back in here. You're next!”

I saw Tanya's smile and wondered how this black woman felt about me. Did she see me as a faggot or a slave? I hoped for a time when I could speak with her, privately.

I was feeling the sense of sisterhood that exists between women of one nationality, and wanted Tanya to know how I felt, and how important it was for me to be a part of that special relationship, as well as the very special relationship between Tanya and Lolita.

Men understood brotherhood. They understood patriotism. Therefore, it was my conclusion that even a man could understand some of the feelings I had for Tanya. As I showered I removed my body hair as quickly as possible, then returned to the bedroom. Naked by the bedroom door, my body glistened in the soft light. My skin was soft, smooth, and fragrant with the fresh, sweet scent of baby oil.

Tanya was totally exhausted. Apparently, she had been completely satisfied by the combination of Lolita's skillful tongue and the plastic vibrator. With her remaining energy, Tanya rose from the bed and retreated to the living room, where she stretched herself out on the sofa.

Lolita examined me, carefully.

I was tempted to ask if something was wrong with me, or if I had not performed some task to her complete satisfaction. Instead, I stood naked and silent, making no attempt to question her visual examination of my body.

After a few minutes, she instructed me to lie on the bed and lift my knees. I did so as slowly and as gracefully as I knew how. I consciously attempted to impress her with my femininity—at least the slight degree of femininity I imagined myself to have developed. Lolita kept her silent posture. She only looked, occasionally, as she stroked my inner thigh with her fingers. Her slightest touch excited me in the most incredible way.

I was a virgin. I had never been made love to by any man, or by any woman. The embarrassment my own body caused me prevented an intimate relationship. My cherry was ripe, but it was unharvested. So few people are able to understand the anguish, the totally awesome anguish of feeling every bit like a woman, then looking into a mirror and seeing a man's body. Few people understand the horror it unleashes in the mind.

People see movies like Dressed to Kill and The Silence of the Lambs, and are led to believe that transsexuals are psychotic killers, women-haters, and psychopaths. The truth is that most transsexuals are too passive to assert themselves or to present their problem to society.

American society is very close-minded. It sees what it's wants to see, hears what it wants to hear. It focuses on being normal, and anyone who falls outside of what is considered normal must be shunned, locked away, or punished somehow. Society is more likely to scorn, than to exhibit any sympathy or sensitivity.

I blamed no one for my condition. All I knew is that in spite of my physique I was a woman. All I knew is I was determined to live as a woman.

Lolita reached across my body and removed a tube of K-Y lubricating jelly from the night table. She ejected some of the jelly onto her finger and began to spread it around the area of my anus. Cautiously, she used her finger to insert the jelly. As she lubricated my delicate orifice, I admired her full breasts. I admired their fluidity and smoothness. Breasts represented so many things to me: nourishment, motherhood, children, love, and eroticism. Perhaps they have special meaning to different people. To me, they represented an important part of what I hoped to become—a woman!

Lolita pulled on her large, erect nipples—teasing me. Her breasts were larger than her whole hand. They were larger than the fullest part of her arm. As they moved, they changed shape, possessing an animate quality all of their own.

“Have you ever been with a man?”

“No,” I answered, meekly. “I've always been too ashamed of my body to be with anyone.”

Lolita smiled.

“You'd probably like to know how wonderful a man's cock can feel once it's buried deep inside of you. Wouldn't you?”

“I think I'd like that very much.”

“Well, that's good, honey. 'Cause I'm gonna give that little pussy of yours it's first test of womanhood. Ready?”

“Yes. I'm ready.”

Lolita lifted the vibrator from its place at the edge of her bed, and ejected the lubricating jelly onto the shaft of the mechanical penis. She stroked her breasts, then stroked her pussy. There was a strange look in her eyes that I will never be able to describe. As long as I live I will never be able to describe the look in her eyes. Whatever the look meant, it transcended the fact the she was a woman. It transcended the fact that she was white. It transcended the fact that I did not know her past, and could not predict her future. Just a thing that's all it was. A thing some quality of her being that was crying out to me, perfectly aware that I could not understand it. Perfectly, aware. Perfectly aware I could not understand, but that I wanted to understand, desperately.

I lay there, still prepared for my introduction.