

Stepsister



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Stepsister

By Jessica Matthews

‘I can’t get over how easy it must have been for you to get me into this.’ I said the night before our big wedding.

‘It wasn’t easy at all.’ Adam replied. ‘It took years from the moment I first saw you.’

‘That’s because you’re counting the years when I was still at school and you were my sister’s boyfriend.’

‘I was never really Alana’s boyfriend. I pretended to be because I was fascinated by you and that was the only way to see you.’

‘But we never spoke.’ I replied. ‘You used to look at me. I thought it was funny, but you never said a word.’

‘How could I say what I was feeling?’

‘I’ve no idea; I was too young.’

‘Your aunt would have killed me if she’d been able to read my thoughts.’

'I'd have run away if I'd been able to read your thoughts.'

'We didn't have to speak back then. I don't think I would have known what to say to you anyway.'

'I guess not; it's strange the way things work out.' I stood and reached for my wrap. 'I'd better be going. Thanks for a lovely dinner.'

'Must you go so soon?' Adam stood and put his arms round me.

'Of course I must. It's our big day tomorrow. We have a wedding and it's nearly midnight.' I pushed him away. 'It's bad luck for you to see the bride on the wedding day before the ceremony.'

'I thought it was the dress that I shouldn't see.'

'Oh, that little thing...'

'That little thing has cost a packet, not to mention the gold and diamonds you'll be wearing.'

'It is beautiful; you'll love it.'

'I'll love it more when I strip you out of it.'

'You must be careful. I'd hate it if you ripped it off me. I want to treasure it. It's a girl's dream of a dress; a real confection with huge skirts, like a southern belle.'

'Those southern belles didn't have bare shoulders, skin tight bodices, and breasts nearly falling out.'

'Has my sister been spoiling the surprise?' I replied. 'You're not supposed to know until you see me wearing it.'

'She might have hinted at something.' Adam smiled again. 'I don't think it could ever be bad luck for me to see my bride at any time.'

‘Am I a bride?’ I asked. ‘Surely we’re both grooms, and we’ll both be husbands.’

‘No my dearest.’ Adam kissed me. ‘I’m going to be your husband and you’re going to be my wife.’

‘How can that be when we’re both boys?’

‘Remember the duck test?’ He asked. ‘If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, then it must be a duck.’

I think I looked puzzled then.

‘If there’s one of us with a big white dress, cut low to show breasts, and one of us in a linen suit, then one must be the groom and the other is the bride.’

‘So if I’m the one in the dress, I must be the bride.’

‘Unless you’re going to take those breasts off and appear in a suit, then you’re right. That would need a very quick and efficient surgeon if you want to take them off before the ceremony; you’ve about fourteen hours to go.’

‘You’d hate it if I did take them off.’ I knew it was impossible, and I’d grown to love having breasts.

‘You’d hate it too.’ Adam laughed and pulled me to him; he looked down my cleavage. ‘You know I love your breasts.’

‘I know, and you know I love... certain bits of you.’ I replied coyly. ‘But don’t expect me to promise to obey in the ceremony.’

‘I know my place.’ Adam kissed me and I escaped through the door and hurried to my own apartment for the last time.

It all started a few months before that year. It was when I moved in with my sister temporarily and she made her announcement.

‘But it’s too sleazy; you can’t really mean that you’re going to work for Adam Lester.’ I was shocked at her intention. ‘His clubs and bars are full of all sorts of people.’

‘That’s the general idea of running a bar.’ My sister Alana smiled at her own wit.

‘Can’t you see it?’ I tried again. ‘He was trying to be your boyfriend years ago. I remember him, but I never thought he’d be so successful.’

‘Michael, don’t try to tell your big sister what she should do.’ She replied. ‘He’s offering to almost double my salary and I get a company car. What’s there to think about?’

‘You’re not my big sister.’

‘Okay, I’m your big stepsister and I have been for the past twelve years, since you were nine if my math works correctly.’

‘It should do; you’re the accountant after all.’

‘Think about it; one of us has to have an income. Your acting career consists of a walk on part in a soap commercial, and a couple of non-speaking roles, and in one of them you played a twelve year old.’

‘I can’t help it if I didn’t get the promised growth spurt.’

‘The only thing that you can grow is your hair.’ She laughed. ‘It’s longer than any of my girlfriends and probably longer than any of yours..., if you could ever get one.’

‘My hours as a waiter mean that I can’t get a girl, it’s not my fault and I do try to pull my weight around here.’

‘Okay; I’m sorry.’ Alana held out her hand to me. ‘It’s sadly true that girls like their boyfriends to be taller than they are.’

‘They like them to be richer too.’ I took her hand and shook it in companionable compromise. ‘And I never developed the muscles that the jocks have.’

‘I think we’ve done rather well.’ Alana continued. ‘We’ve kept this place together and have a home. When mom died, I thought we’d have to sell up and go our separate ways.’

‘If I’m honest, you’ve been good to me.’ I replied. ‘But I don’t like to think of you getting involved with Adam Lester.’

‘I can handle him.’ She replied. ‘Remember he was at college a couple of years ahead of me. I managed to keep out of his clutches then and I can do so again.’

‘I thought he was gay.’

‘There were rumours; that’s true. He always seems to have a pretty spectacular girlfriend in tow.’

‘And he changes them as fast as his socks.’

‘That’s unfair, although he never seems to settle with anyone.’ Alana thought a moment. ‘I guess he has too much temptation coming his way.’

‘Don’t remind me; he’s rich, tall, and muscular and as long as you’re on his right side, he’s okay.’

‘You can’t blame him for being nasty to the last accountant.’ Alana replied. ‘He was syphoning off money for ages before the auditors caught up with him.’

‘Weren’t you one of the auditors?’

‘I was a minor part of the team.’

‘And he picked you for the job for your accounting skills, or was it because he thinks you could be the next arm candy.’

‘I made it clear when we were in college that I wasn’t on the market.’ She smiled. ‘And I made it very clear that I wasn’t going to be now.’

We must have seemed a strange pair. Step siblings living together in the house which our mother had left to us. It had seen better days and we were constantly struggling to maintain it and keep it nice.

I’d thought Alana might move out to live with someone, but she stayed. She told me that life was complicated enough without a man telling her what to do. She dated, even had a few relationships, but she never wanted to live with her boyfriends for more than a few days or a few holidays.

‘I don’t want a life which includes picking up dirty socks or underwear.’ She explained.

She’d taught me to do these things for myself; I think I was a tidy person by nature anyway. She said I was too tidy sometimes and joked that I’d make a great housewife for someone.

It hurt to admit it, but she was right; my life was going no-where fast. I was contribution to our expenses, but not by much. It didn’t leave me much money for anything, not that I had time anyway; I worked all the hours I could and went to every audition going.

‘I’m doing my best.’ Carole who worked in ‘Multi-talents’ agency told me. ‘I keep sending out your resume, but it’s very thin. I might be able to get you some voice over work if you could sound more masculine.’

‘Something will turn up.’ I always tried to be optimistic.

‘It’s a long time coming.’ She replied. ‘Face it, Michael; you don’t have the physical requirements that the casting directors are looking for.’

‘Should I grow a beard?’

‘I don’t think you could.’ She stroked my face. ‘I’d guess you had to shave every month just to prove you knew how.’

‘I didn’t get the genes to grow a beard.’ I replied. ‘It’s why I got cast to play a twelve year old.’

‘And when they found out, you were replaced by a real twelve year old.’ Carole said. ‘I’ll not dump you Michael, but don’t expect too much.’

I knew she was being kind, but I think she meant that I was destined to be a waiter for ever.

The next couple of months slipped by, winter turned to spring and then early summer. It made everything seem brighter. People were coming out of their winter hibernation, which meant I got longer hours and better tips. It should have been good, but I was only the waiter again.

‘Would you like to come with me to one of Adam’s show openings?’ Alana asked one evening. ‘You need a couple of days off and he’s given me a guest ticket which means we get a good table and hospitality.’

‘Is it the same old sleaze?’ I asked without any enthusiasm.

‘If you mean are there girls in the show, then I guess there will be.’ She replied. ‘It’s his new place and he’s determined to move up-market.’

‘So it’s another girlie show?’

‘I don’t work there; I’m in the offices, so I don’t know what it’s going to be.’ Alana sighed. ‘All I know is what I see in the accounts and the production

costs suggest it isn't going to be a cheap show. If you don't want to come with me, I'll have to offer it to someone else.'

'Okay, I'll come.' I agreed.

'Good; I really do think you need a break.'

'You do too.' I replied, trying to put a little enthusiasm in my voice.

I realised that she was trying to be nice and that I should be nice back. It was her new job with Adam Lester that had improved our lives so much. I tried to contribute as ever, but Alana was earning so much more and it showed.

She had changed so much. Her hair was nicely styled and her clothes were all new; no more goodwill for her. The car wasn't grand, just an ordinary Ford, but what a luxury compared to walking everywhere, waiting for busses, or getting sweaty on a push bike. She even started teaching me to drive.

'I'll get you some decent chinos and a new shirt.' She looked me up and down. 'I'm not taking you out looking like you just came off shift.'

'You don't have to.' I protested. 'You should treat yourself first.'

'I've learned how to do that.' She smiled. 'This is the job I should have found ages ago. I'm doing okay and I want to share it with my little brother.'

'You don't have to keep reminding me that I'm small.' I joked.

'Okay so you're my brother of reduced stature.' She looked at me with a smile. 'Or maybe I should call you my economically sized brother.'

'Just call me shorty and get it over with.'

I was surprised when we got to the show venue. On the outside it looked like an old music hall, but once through the doors and it was all modern and bright with a restaurant and a bar as well as the auditorium.

I followed Alana who seemed to be on first name terms with the maitre d'. He looked like he'd stepped out of an old movie, dressed so formally with a bow tie and an obsequious manner. He escorted us to a table which was a surprise to me.

'Didn't I tell you that it included dinner?' Alana said as we sat down.

I shuffled in my seat and looked round. Most of the tables were occupied and the buzz of conversation mixed with the clinking of glasses. I knew at once that I could never have afforded to come to a place like this and felt overawed and out of place.

'Alana; they told me you'd arrived.' Adam Lester himself appeared beside our table.

He leaned over Alana, who didn't seem to mind his familiarity as he beckoned to the maitre d'.

'You are having champagne from my personal stock.' He stood back as the bottle was ceremonially opened.

'You'll join us, I hope.' He turned to me, the smile and the white teeth took my attention. 'You must be Alan's little brother.'

'Don't say that; he's sensitive.' Alana hushed him a little too unsubtly for my liking.

'I didn't mean anything by it.' He said still smiling at me as he filled three glasses waiting for the bubble to subside before topping them up. 'I think I remember you from high school or college.'

‘I didn’t go to college.’ I said. There wasn’t any money after mom passed, and I think you’d have left high school before I was old enough to go.’

‘Then I must have seen you with Alana.’ He replied. ‘I always had a thing for her, but she was much too smart to let me near.’

‘As always, you’re right Adam.’ She interrupted. ‘You always had a different girl on your arm every week.’

‘Maybe I did back then.’ He beckoned again. ‘Those were the days.’

Before he could say anything more, a girl appeared beside him.

‘This is Alison; she’ll look after you tonight; anything at all, just ask.’ He looked at me meaningfully. ‘That doesn’t include taking her home.’

With another smile, he was gone.

‘Adam said that I’m to be dedicated to making your night a great one.’ She said. ‘I’ll get your menus. It’s a fixed tasting menu especially for tonight. Mr Lester’s selected your drinks personally; a small, glass with each course.’

‘I think I saw you at the last rehearsal.’ Alana looked at her. ‘You look amazing.’

‘It’s amazing what a nice dress can do for a boy.’ She smiled at me. ‘As well as an hour in makeup.’

‘Wait a minute; you’re a boy?’ I asked

‘When you’re ready, I’ll take you to your seats in the auditorium and I’ll be at the side waiting for your signal if you want anything.’ She was all smiles but she didn’t answer my question.

‘Thanks Alison.’ Alana said. ‘Adam seems to have gone to a lot of trouble just for me.’

‘He said I’d be sent to do the washing up if I didn’t make sure you had a good time.’ She turned and walked away.

My eyes followed her. I couldn’t take my eyes off her. She was tall on skyscraper heels which made her wiggle deliciously as she walked. Her long blonde hair hung in tumbling waves down her back and the short, tight waitress dress looked fabulous. The girls I worked with were nothing like that.

Alana raised her glass and touched it to mine. ‘There, that wasn’t too sleazy, was it?’

‘Agreed, Adam seems to like you.’ I said.

‘That’s because I’m good at my job, nothing more.’ Alana looked at me curiously. ‘You don’t pick up signals, do you?’

‘What’s a fixed menu?’ I asked, not knowing what signal I’d missed.

‘I chose it for us.’ Alana said. ‘There’s nothing you won’t like. It’s like a show off menu to demonstrate the chef’s ability to give what the brochure calls a fine dining experience.’

‘With a glass of wine for every course, I may be having the last one under the table.’

‘They’re small glasses.’ Alana said. ‘You don’t have to drink everything.’

Alison served us perfectly. I was too tongue tied watching her. Her lips were shiny and perfectly made up with a little pout, hiding perfectly even teeth. Her complexion was flawless and her eye makeup was perfectly judged; dark smoky eyes, with hugely long false lashes.

‘Do you think she looks like that in the morning?’ Alana burst my bubble as I was imagining touching her.

'I'd like to find out.' I admitted.

'Maybe you'd be shocked long before morning.' She replied.

'I take it all back.' I said as Alana drove us home. 'Everything was really good; more than good.'

'Does that mean you don't think it was sleazy?'

'Not at all, and Alison couldn't have been nicer to us.'

'I saw you liked her.' Alana laughed. 'If your tongue had been hanging out any further, she could have stepped on it.'

'Oh, I'm sorry.' I felt suddenly embarrassed. 'I can't believe she was a boy. Do you think she noticed that I was staring?'

'Of course she did. All Adam's girls are there to be looked at and probably lusted over.'

'I think I'm in lust and believe what my eyes were telling me and that wasn't that she was a boy.' I said. 'And I'm a little overserved.'

'I thought you might be, so it's good that I didn't drink too much to drive us home.'

'You're a good big sister.'

'I'm glad we agree.'

I overslept next morning. It didn't matter because I wasn't working until the late shift. My head was throbbing gently as I sat and allowed Alana to pass my coffee.'

'It's black, strong and unsweetened.' She said. 'That's not to invite a snigger from you; it's to calm your headache.'

I mumbled my thanks and sipped slowly, letting it ease my pain. Alana sat opposite me, glancing at the show magazine she'd brought home last night.

'Thanks for last night; I really enjoyed it all.' I said. 'Maybe Adam Lester isn't as bad as I thought.'

'He's been really nice and polite to me since I've been working for him.' She topped up my cup. 'Okay, the entertainment is a little risqué, but judging by staff turnover, he appears to be a good employer. I should know; I've had plenty of mean and nasty ones.'

'It was really nice to meet Alison too.' I said, and received a withering look as if she was reading my mind.

'I don't want to get your hopes up.' Alana started. 'But would you like me to ask Adam if he could persuade Alison to meet you for a drink sometime?'

'You'd be my favourite big sister for ever if you could.' I could have hugged her if moving wouldn't have hurt my head.

'Remember she's a boy.' Alana cautioned.

'Okay, but a drink wouldn't hurt.'

A week went past and then another. I went to a couple of auditions and heard nothing back. I think my agent was getting tired of my calls, so I decided to leave it until they called me. Needless to say, they didn't call. Life was a bit dull.

'Alison says she'll meet you for coffee one afternoon next week.' Alana announced one evening. 'It has to be Monday or Tuesday, because she works Wednesday through to Sunday.'

'Thanks sis.' I think my smile broke out for the first time in ages. 'That's great.'

'I've asked her to say where she'd like to meet.' Alana said. 'Don't get your hopes too high; she says she's not into dating.'

'Shouldn't I simply invite her somewhere; somewhere special?'

'I think it's better to let her choose somewhere she's going to be comfortable.' Alana looked at me. 'She's not like any other girl you've dated.'

'I haven't dated for ages.' I said. 'I hope I can remember how to do it.' I joked.

'It's not about you. I mean that you have to be very careful with her if you don't want to scare her away.'

I couldn't understand myself; what was I getting into?

I saw her immediately I walked into the place. She was sitting with her back to the door, looking out of the window. Her hair hung loosely down her back, over a simple pink fitted blouse with half sleeves. My heart leaped with excitement.

'I'm sorry if I'm late.' I took the seat opposite her.

'You're not; I'm early.' She smiled at me, with even white teeth showing behind her generous top lip glistening with pearly lipstick. 'I wanted to get a seat like this, away from most people.'

'I don't know why, you look ravishing.'

'Don't say that.' She chided. 'I was trying to dress down, but I think I only really know how to dress for the restaurant.'

That much was true. Her makeup was perfect, but even I could tell that it had been done carefully and must have taken time.

‘I got these eyelash extensions a few days ago, and I think they’re a bit too obvious for daylight.’

‘You look marvellous.’

‘I don’t think so; I do what I know how to do and it’s not going to places like this.’ She smiled enigmatically and looked away again.

‘You can’t tell me that you don’t get asked out a lot.’

‘I do, but I never accept.’

‘Then I’m honoured.’

‘Your sister can be most persuasive.’

She smiled for the first time and ran her fingers through her hair, tucking it behind an ear. I saw her nails flash long and deep red, as she caught a big hooped earring.

‘That’s how I lose earrings.’ She smiled as she made sure it was secure. ‘And I’d hate to lose these.’

‘I think they look lovely.’ I smiled and tried to look her in the eye but she looked away. ‘They hide in your hair and look so ladylike.’

‘Thank you.’ She looked up at me. ‘I do try, but I think I look a little over made up to be seen out in daylight.’

‘Don’t say that. I think you’re beautiful.’

‘I think you’d better order us some coffee.’ She blushed and looked away again.

I followed her gaze, thinking she’d dropped something. There was nothing to be seen, just her shapely ankles, the thin strap securing her heels and the deep red of her toenails. A red rose was tattooed above her left ankle.

I ordered coffee at the bar and on an impulse, a slice of a chocolate gâteau. I carried a tray with these back to our table.

‘I don’t eat between meals.’ She smiled again. ‘But you’ve tempted me.’

‘I hope to tempt you to more than that.’ I tried to be suave, but she didn’t react.

She cut a piece of the cake with a fork and held it out to me. I held her eye as I took it into my mouth. I can’t say we had an easy conversation. It was like drawing teeth from a hen. I smiled and asked lots of questions, gentle as I thought; nothing personal, but she seemed ill at ease, and sat back as if to distance from me.

‘May I walk you back?’ I said when I realised that the conversation wasn’t going to go further.

She stood and turned towards the door, her cream shirt flaring against her thighs, and showing long shapely legs. I followed and had to rush to catch up with her. I liked the view.

‘I’d love to see you again.’ I said as we walked.

‘I’m not sure that’s a good idea.’ She said.

‘I’ll call you.’ I tried again, but she disappeared through a door into the club where she worked, closing it against me without pausing to leave me her number.

I didn’t feel good as I walked home.

‘How was your date?’ Alana asked me when she came home later that day.

‘I don’t think it went well.’

‘You didn’t upset Alison, did you?’

‘No, it was as if she didn’t really want to be out, not just with me, but she seemed nervous as a kitten. I’ve no idea why.’

‘Anyway, I have some good news and some bad news for you.’

‘Okay, give me the bad news first.’

‘Your agent called asking you to call back.’ Alana hesitated. ‘There’s a child’s role for you in a commercial, but you have to pay your own expenses to get there.’

‘So where is it?’ I hoped it was going to be good; anything was better than nothing.

‘Australia.’

‘Well, I might just accept that.’ I laughed scornfully. ‘I hope the good news is better.’

‘Well, it may not be good news.’ Alana hesitated. ‘Adam asked if you’d like to audition to be one of his waitresses. It pays a lot better than the place you’re working.’

‘That’s better; I could be warming to him.’ I hesitated. ‘Did you say waitress?’

‘Yes, you’d have to dress up, the full works, heels and hair, makeup and padding where necessary.’

‘No way; I can’t do that.’

‘Alison works there.’ Alana replied and looked at me, watching something shifting in my mind. ‘You could ask her what it’s like.’

‘I could, if she’d see me again.’

‘I’m sure I could persuade her.’ Alana replied.

A few days later, and I was back in the same coffee shop, looking for Alison. She wasn't there. I sat down alone, thinking she'd stood me up, but then she came in the door, as attractive as ever.

She wore a red dress, hugging her figure from the thin shoulder straps to the tight waist and the thigh hugging skirt, which finished above the knee.

The dress had a sweetheart neckline and I could see the tops of her breasts and the pendant which rested just above her cleavage. She saw me looking and I blushed. She had red heels to match and a walk that oozed a certain sex appeal as I forced my eyes from her chest.

I could feel something stirring as she came to me. I stood and she hugged me, her lips brushing mine ever so briefly. She pushed her hair back in the way I'd seem before and even bigger hoops swung in her ears.

'Alana said you'd been offered a job.'

'Yes, I don't know whether to take it.' I replied as her hand reached across to mine. 'It would mean I'd have to dress up as a girl.'

'So what's wrong with that?' She smiled and looked me in the eye; I could tell she was trying to tease me. 'Lots of people wear dresses and heels. Some even wear them at work.'

'Yes, I know, but I was sort of thinking... well I was hoping... that we could..., we might...,'

'If you're asking me if I could date you, then the answer might be yes.'

'Do you mean that?' I blurted out.

'Of course I do, but there are a few things you need to understand.' She said.

‘I promise I won’t be asking you to do anything you don’t want to do.’ I said, feeling foolish for the clumsy way I said that.

‘I wouldn’t let you anyway.’ She smiled and those eyelashes fluttered at me in a way that made my heart leap. Let’s drink our coffee and you can walk me home.’

‘Must we go so soon?’ I didn’t want our time to end.

‘Yes, I need time to think a few things through.’ She said, and drained her cup.

She put it down with a finality that said it was time to go. I stood and followed her through to the door. I loved the way she moved; the rear look was every bit as delightful as the front.

At her door, she stopped and looked at me. In her heels she was taller than I. She put her hand behind my head, and I could feel her nails against my scalp as she ran her fingers through my hair. Very quickly she bent down and kissed me, again a soft kiss and just a touch.

‘I’ve got your number, I’ll call you.’ She said. ‘We have to talk before anything.’

‘I didn’t have time to ask what anything meant. I knew what I hoped it would mean, but before I could ask, she was gone and the door closed behind her.

I think I skipped back home.

‘Adam wants an answer soon.’ Alana said a few days later. ‘He thinks you could be attractive if you gave your mind to it, and as you’re already an actor, it wouldn’t be too difficult for you to get into character easily.’

‘What character does he expect?’ I asked pretending that I couldn’t guess.

‘He wants you to be a girl of course.’ Alana smiled as if she knew what I was doing. ‘He wants the sex appeal, the flirtation. He wants you to look entirely feminine..., well as much as possible; if the customers doubt your true sex, then so much the better.’

‘I don’t know if I could do that.’ I really doubted it. ‘The money’s attractive, I can’t pretend otherwise, but I’m not gay. I don’t think I could flirt with the men in the club.’

‘Don’t pretend you haven’t been flirting with Alison. If you get into character, I’m sure you could in the club.’ She replied. ‘But it’s up to you.’

‘I’ve been thinking about it.’ I said slowly. ‘Perhaps it’s something I could do; something that being smaller than average could be an advantage.’

‘That and the fact that your hair’s been growing since you were thirteen.’

‘I always hated being taken for a haircut.’ I replied. ‘It’s strange really, I didn’t mind the dentist, but I hated the hairdresser.’

‘I was jealous of the way your teeth were so straight and even. I needed braces but you never had any problems.’

‘Now think where it’s got me.’ I replied.

Next day, Alison called me. By then I wasn’t thinking straight. It was should I or shouldn’t I. I had no idea what to do. I met Alison and this time, instead of leaving me at the door, she took my arm.

‘I think we can talk better in my room.’ She said.

Going into her room was like invading her intimate space. It was her living room and bedroom; quite a large room with a bathroom and a small galley kitchen to the side. It was very feminine too, with

jewellery and makeup all over a dressing table at one side.

'I'm a bit messy.' She apologised, moving some lingerie from a chair for me to sit. 'Alana said you'd been offered a job.'

'Yes, I don't know if I can do it. I really was thinking that maybe I could be your boyfriend.' My nerves jangled as I said it in case she should ask me to leave at once.

'That's really cute of you.' She replied, coming to sit beside me. 'I don't think you've really thought this through though.'

I leaned in and kissed her. Her lips were soft and kissed me back in a way that I loved instantly. 'She slipped her hand around my neck and pulled me close to kiss me again. Suddenly, her hand was on my lap, feeling and touching.

It was fast and I didn't expect it. I'd not had the greatest experiences with girls and certainly never touched one as pretty as this.

Her had slipped inside my jeans, and her fingers wrapped around my shaft which responded by growing immediately. She stroked and massaged it, rubbing fingers up and down until I couldn't contain myself.

I tried to call a warning but I think she knew what she was doing and covered my mouth with another kiss, harder this time. She led my lips to hers as I made a mess over her hand, inside my pants. She pulled away, smiled mysteriously and licked her lips.

'I think you like me.' She said softly.

'I think you're beautiful and the nicest girl I've been with.'

'That's the problem.' She stood and stepped away.

She flipped her hair in the mirror, repaired her lipstick and in that way I'd seen before, she checked her earrings. She turned to me.

'I can't be your girl.' She said. 'I thought you'd understood that.'

'Please give me a chance.' I was begging.

'I can't be your girl because I can't be anyone's girl; I'm not a girl. Underneath I'm as much of a boy as you are.'

'I can't believe you're not really a girl.' I replied. 'I hoped they'd all been kidding me.'

'You're not listening.'

'But you have breasts.' It sounded lame when I said it.

'They're the best and the most natural I could find. My surgeon did them beautifully.'

'But if you're a boy, why do you have breasts?' Looking back, I think I was showing a degree of stupidity.

'I never wanted to be a boy.' Alison replied. 'I don't think I'm gay either. I simply wanted to wear a dress, and makeup. I wanted my hair and nails done. I think I started very young playing with my mother's things until she found out.'

'Then what happened?'

'I had to tell her; I couldn't deny anything. I think she knew she couldn't stop me, and I got more confident in myself as I grew older. She let me dress up at home, but I had to hide away if anyone came to the door.'

'Didn't people guess what you were doing?'

'No, I was very good at hiding.' Alison came to sit beside me, and her perfume drifted across. 'I think

she knew I'd never give up and as soon as I left school I headed away to where I could dress as I wanted to.'

'How long ago was that?'

'I'm not going to tell you, because then you'll guess my age.' She laughed. 'I drifted and determined to dress as a girl forever once I started to go out in public. I remember that last day as a boy and my first as a girl. I went to a salon, became a blonde, got my nails done and set off like I was the queen of the world.'

'That must have been scary.'

'It was, but I was drunk on doing what I wanted.' She shook her head at some unvoiced memory.

'Getting that first job was a lucky break.' She said. 'Inevitably, I started waitressing; I didn't have any qualifications except my diploma, and that wasn't in the name I was using.'

'How did you survive?'

'Don't ask; I was lucky really, I soon learned to pass. It wasn't a good life though. I did some things I'm not proud of. I had to because I needed the money. Then one guy told me I should come here.'

'I can't understand it.' I shook my head as if to clear it. 'I thought you were a real girl. I should have known because you're here, but the evidence of my eyes told me otherwise.'

'There's another reason why I can't be your girlfriend.' Alison took a deep breath. 'I don't think I'm gay. Yes, I have been with men and boys, but I don't know that I'm attracted to them any more than I'm attracted to girls. I never had a steady boyfriend although the offers were there.'

'I'm confused.' I admitted. 'I still think I want you to be my girlfriend, even though I get all you're saying. Do you never think of being a boy again?'

‘Never; that’s one of the reasons I got my breasts done.’ Alison put her hand under her chest. ‘I wanted to test myself, to be really sure that I didn’t want to go back.’

‘That must have been brave.’

‘It was liberating. Of course after the surgery, I cried. I thought of what I’d done and doubts crept in.’

‘I thought you were really....,’ I stopped myself there.

‘You should have guessed by where we met.’

‘Alana did warn me, but you’re right, I should have known more. I simply felt so attracted to you.’

‘You were looking at my breasts like all guys do. She smiled. ‘I don’t mind; it goes with the territory. I can’t hide them. I don’t want to hide them. I don’t want to give up all you see.’

‘Is the feeling it that strong?’

‘Of course it is. I’m besotted with being a girl. Look at me; every enhancement that a girl could have, I have, from the eyelashes to the nails. It takes a lot of time to keep myself looking like this. I’ve even had lip filler to give me bigger lips and a pout.’

‘I still don’t understand, but I don’t want you to send me away.’

‘If you’re sure, then I won’t send you away.’ Alison came to sit even closer to me so that our shoulders were touching. ‘If you can put up with all my eccentricities; I’m not a simple girl. Remember, I’m not a girl at all.’

She took my hand and kissed it gently, and then she looked into my eyes.

‘Are you sure you want to stay?’

'I'm sure I want to stay.' I replied and thought for a moment. 'I think I'll take the job too.'

'Why have you had the change of heart so suddenly?'

'I don't know.' I replied. 'I think some of the passion you have to be who you want to be rubbed off on me. I've not achieved much as a guy. Maybe I'll do better as a girl.'

'I never wanted to be anything else.' She took my hand. 'I love being a girl. It makes life so much more colourful. There are so many things I can do.'

I looked at her and thought about that, seeing her afresh. So many things she could do; breast implants and makeup and all the rest. There wasn't much that was natural, but the personality shone through.

As I was thinking, her hand softly travelled up my groin. I wasn't concentrating, but at the same time, I knew what she was doing. I thrilled to feel it over my penis.

'May I look?' She asked, looking me in the eye, and then looking down to make sure I knew what she meant; her hand squeezed my growing shaft. 'I haven't seen one of these for ages.'

Reader; I was thrilled.

Her hand slipped inside my chinos and before I knew it, I could feel her fingers around my shaft.

'Don't think badly of me.' She said softly. 'I think this is the first time I've really wanted to do this.'

I looked up at her; our eyes met and then she kissed me. That first real touch of her lips on mine sent my head spinning. Then she kissed me harder as her fingers worked my shaft which also became harder.