



Jerry's Journey Book Two



Copyright ©2001

by Max Swyft

Illustrations Copyright ©2001

By Teeje

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

All persons and incidents depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and unintentional and is intended purely for parody purposes.

Printed in the USA

Chapter Ten

“This is a squalid place, Jerry. How can you stand to live here?”

Jerry looked at his boss, the knee-high boots with the stiletto heels, tight leather britches tucked into them and the leather jacket, all in black. He had cleaned his small studio apartment in anticipation of her arrival. He knew his crib was modest but he didn't think he would see such a disdainful look on Chanel Stheel's hard, angular face.

Still, there was a beauty in her stern appraisal, a beauty that tripped his heart.

“Er, well, I didn't have much money when I moved to Cyrenaica, so I took this small place until I could find something better.”

“I expected better of you,” Chanel said. “I mean, the way you are and everything.”

“The way I am...?” He instantly regretted the words.

“Yes, I expected to see you living in something which more suited your personality and demeanor.”

Uh-oh, he didn't want to go there. Especially since he was going to confront her and her doctor, what they were doing to him. What he suspected.

“Do you always dress like this on the weekends?”

He had sensed her bad mood when she strode through his door, those gleaming black leather boots clicking on the washed-out floor boards of his small apartment.

Jerry looked down at himself. He wore one of the nylon tee's she had picked out for him, an unbuttoned cotton shirt over that and blue jeans. It was the last pair of his old jeans that he could still get into, a loose pair that was now tight around his hips.

“Uh, well, I was just going to hang around here today. Not going anywhere.”

“I see. You know a young lady always dresses properly. Even when she's slouching.”

Jerry wouldn't look at her. Summoning his courage he said, "I'm not a young lady."*

"What was that? I didn't hear you."

Yes, definitely in a bad mood. "I'm not a young lady," he repeated, louder this time.

"Hmm. You remember that salesman I introduced you to last week, the one from Chicago?"

"Yes," Jerry said, contritely clasping his hands in front of him.

"He thought you were a girl. I had to correct him," "Well..." He risked a glance at his tall boss with long auburn hair. "My hair's way too long. I'm going to have it cut... today."

"Have you scheduled an appointment with Michelle?" "Uh, no. I thought I'd find a new hair dresser."

"You don't like my Michelle?"

"No, it's not that. It's I just don't see my hairstyle the way she does."

"I like your hair the way it is, Jerry. I hope you don't disappoint me." Chanel Steel looked around his small living room-combination kitchen, distaste clearly etched on her stem face.

"I want to talk to you about this, the way you see me," he said, looking at her with doe-like eyes. "I want to change-' "Jerry, I don't have time to go into it now. I'm upset and have to catch someone before they leave."

"Are you upset with me, Ms. Steel?"

"Not you, dear. Breck."

"Him," he spit accusingly.

She smiled. "This squalid apartment. Do you remember Yanamari Cristobal and the young Ashley?"

He looked up. "Oh yes," he said.

"How could you forget the pretty Ashley? I think she's taken with

you.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, Jerry. Don't be coy with me. I know you're a shy person but Ashley's a little devil. She was probably playing with you while the four of us sat in that booth.” Chanel noted the surprised look on his face, nodded, gave him a tight lipped smile. “An apartment has come open in the old warehouse where she lives. I think I could get it for you.” “Really?”

“Yes, I'll talk to Yanamari about it today. Of course you'll have to furnish it. I trust *this* isn't your furniture.”

“No, it's not. It came furnished. Are you going to see Ms. Cristobal today? Is that where you're going now? I could go with you.” He looked away from her smile.

“No, I'm not going to see Yanamari today. Perhaps tomorrow. Are you doing anything Sunday?”

“You mean tomorrow? No, I'm not doing anything.” “Yes, Sunday usually follows Saturday. I'll pick you up about noon. We'll visit Ashley and you can look at her place, see if you like it.”

“That would be fine,” Jerry said, trying to hide his enthusiasm. “Then you'll call in the morning before coming?”

“Yes.”

The two of them stood there in his small studio apartment, silence filling the room.

Finally Chanel Steel strode over to him, lifted his chin in a leather gloved hand and kissed his lips. “Don't have your hair cut today. We'll talk about it Monday at work, okay?” On Sunday Chanel was a no-show. She never came by and when he called he got her machine. He was in a funky mood all day, decided not to bring it up at work.

Jerry looked at himself in the mirror, his expression doubtful. He didn't know the person who stared back at him, the long brown hair, the plucked eyebrows, the way he was dressed. It was the way *she* wanted him to dress.

The mirrored image could very easily be mistaken as a young

woman. He looked at the way his enlarged nipples imprinted the silk shirt. His slacks had no pockets, either front or back, but they did at least have a front zipper.

The slacks were too tight, emphasized his round buttocks. He turned, looked over his shoulder, thankful that there wasn't a panty line.

Yes, a panty line, he thought.

But she hadn't been pleased. Why wasn't he wearing the clothes she helped him select? He had toed the carpet, hemmed and hawed, didn't have: an answer for her. She said she was disappointed in him. Why was he being so stubborn?

He didn't realize he'd been acting stubbornly.

He looked at the pointy-toe boots. The flared hem of his slacks hid their height. They were ankle high and laced up the front with button hooks, much like Chanel's Oxford boots, only his didn't have the spiked heel. But they did have a chunky heel. He thought the heel too high, too feminine.

Jerry sighed and slipped on his long coat. The bus would be by soon. He looked in the mirror, unconsciously fluffed his long hair. He would have it cut soon, something that would fit his new image-the image he wanted to project- not what Chanel Steel wanted.

As he stood on the cold street corner waiting for the bus he hoped Chanel wouldn't be too disappointed in his decision to project a more masculine image.

A car load of toughs cruised by slowly, whistled and shouted cat calls.

His cheeks, rosy from the blustery winter weather, turned even more so. They had mistaken him for a girl.

When he got to the offices of Steel Imports in the Canyons of downtown Cyrenaica the first thing he noticed was the new name plate on his desk: Gheri, not Jerry. It was a feminine name and *he just knew* that Chanel had it purposely done that way.

Still wearing his coat he snatched up the name plate and strode into Chanel's office, found her behind her expansive desk.

She looked up, smiled. "Good morning."

He kept going right up to the edge of her desk, plopped the gold-edged nameplate in front of her. "This isn't my name," he said.

She looked at it, then at him. "They made a mistake." "I want it corrected," he said firmly.

Chanel leaned back in her chair, looked at him. "My, Jerry, is this part of your new image?"

Her remark caught him by surprise. So far they hadn't discussed his new image. She'd been too busy. "Yes it is." "I see." Chanel rested a long, crimson-tipped forefinger along her cheek. "I guess it's time for you to tell me what you want. Go shut the door."

He did as he was told, turned back, saw her going over to the couch. He didn't want that. They'd had too many intimate moments on that couch. He knew she would try to dissuade him. He went over and sat across from her.

Chanel crossed her legs, let her skirt slide up long, long legs, started one foot swinging to and fro. Jerry tried not to think about what she was doing, knew she was deliberately trying to excite him, get him in a moldable mood, change his mind.

He was having none of it.

"Ms. Stheel. Even though I'm your secretary I feel that we have taken things too far."

"Oh? What things?"

"Look at me," he said, averting his eyes from the expanse of nylon encased leg. "This morning while waiting for the bus a car load of boys drove by and whistled at me." "Were you flattered?"

"No!, They thought I was a girl."

"Hmm," she said, her foot kicking back and forth. "You look nice today."

"That's just what I mean. I'm not a girl. I'm a man. Don't get me wrong. I love being your secretary and all but I want to project *my* image."

“Yes, I want you to project *your* image, too, hon. you can't help it.”

“I've let you take this too far.”

“You don't like the attention I've given you? Your promotion and all?”

“No, I love the attention and the promotion, I just feel...I don't know...that I'm losing my identity, that's all.”

“You don't like the games we've played?”

“Oh, I do. I really do. You know I love you. I just wish that you saw me in a different light, that's all.”

“Hmm. You can't help it that you are effeminate, hon.” “Am I, really?”

“Yes. From the start I saw your effeminacy. We're in the modern age. More and more men are effeminate. And it's becoming. Look, we don't have time to go into all this now. I'll take you to lunch at the Cypris Club today, explain what's going on in the population centers of our tolerant country.”

“I have an appointment with you doctor. Had to schedule during lunch. The Cypris Club, what's that?”

“Tell you what,” said Chanel. The shoe fell off her swinging foot. They both looked and Jerry's face colored. “You want to confront my doctor about all this, right?”

“Yes,” he said, looking at her stocking foot, the red paint on her toes.

“I'll go with you,” she said. “The three of us will have a nice chat. How's that?”

“I won't be deterred about this, Ms. Steel.”

“Of course you won't, dear. Now run along. I've work to do. Let me know about a half hour before your appointment. I'll drive us.”

Jerry rose to leave, cast one last look at her foot, the shoe lying on its side, started for the door.

“Uh, Jerry?”

He turned. “Yes?”

“This one last time will you help me with my shoe?”

Her smile was wicked and it sent a chill down his arms. He came back over to where she sat, knelt and picked up her pump. She raised her foot, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of long lean legs. His hands trembled as he moved the pump to her foot.

“Ah, give it a little kiss first,” she said in a quiet voice.

Jerry bent his head, kissed the top of her foot, quickly slipped her shoe back on, afraid to linger on his knees before her. Afraid he might lose his resolve.

At the door he paused, turned once again. “I don’t want the other things we do to change, Chanel. I just want to change. I hope you understand.”

“I think you’ve deliberately given me the wrong pills, the wrong injections.”
-There, he said it.

The look that passed between the two women did not go unnoticed by Jerry.

“What makes you think that?” said Chanel Stheel’s doctor.

“This hormonal imbalance is not getting any better.” He looked at Chanel. “I think the vitamins she’s been giving me are really female hormones.”

“I could lose my practice if you could prove that,” said the doctor.

“Look at me!” Jerry stood, opened his rather feminine blazer. “I have breasts!”

“You should start wearing a bra,” said Chanel.

Jerry pointed a finger at his boss. “That’s what I mean. The two of you have conspired against me to turn me into a woman!”

“No, it’s nothing like that,” said the doctor. “We both see your feminine potential. We’re just trying to help you.”

“Well, it’s not going to work. F’m stopping all the medication you’ve been giving me.” He looked at Chanel. “The *vitamins* too.”

Chanel nodded, said, “As you wish. Sit down, Jerry. You are right

about what you've just said. But we're trying to help you. You are the way you are. You were raised in a female dominant environment. You have natural inclinations to femininity. You can't help that no more than I can help the way I am. Just because you're feminine doesn't make things wrong."

"But I'm a man!"

"Hmm," said Chanel. "You've seen what a man has in his pants."

Jerry's cheeks colored. She was talking about her lover, Breck. "I have a penis, too," he defended.

Chanel smiled. "Not like Breck's, dear. You've seen it." "Did his penis impress you?" said the doctor.

Jerry looked at the doctor, suddenly felt trapped. "No! Of course not!"

"Come now. Chanel has told me about his cock, how big it is. I've seen yours and it doesn't measure up. Even a heterosexual male would be impressed by this man's equipment."

"Really? Are you implying I'm not heterosexual?" Jerry accused.

The doctor just looked at him.

Chanel patted his knee. "Yes, dear. I was there remember. I saw the awe in your eyes...maybe something else."

"What else?" demanded Jerry

"A little fire in those beautiful brown eyes of yours." "What do you mean by that?" he said.

"Maybe a little desire..."

"You're wrong." He stood up, looked at both of them. "You're both wrong!"

"Don't shout, Jerry."

"It's the shots, the pills you've been giving me."

"Hmm," said the doctor. "Could be. Or it could be your latent homosexuality. Maybe both."

"I'm leaving. Both of you are sick."

The two women looked at each other, grinned.

“Calm down, Jerry,” said his boss. “And sit *down*”

“Take off your shirt and tee shirt. I need to examine you.”

“This is the last time.” Embarrassed, Jerry disrobed to the waist in front of the two women.

The doctor fingered his nipples, asked if they were still sensitive.

“Not as much as they used to be.”

She cupped the mounds on his chest, asked the same question.

“No, they were okay now, too.”

She suggested he should wear a bra-at least until the swelling went down and he got back to normal. Would he lose his young breasts, the enlarged nipples and aureoles now that he'd decided to stop all medication? Yes, most probably, but his nipples would take longer to diminish in size and might not get that much smaller. The doctor knew he didn't believe her but he *did have* a slight hormonal imbalance. It was actually very common in men.

Jerry balked when the doctor told him to drop his pants and underwear. Why? She needed to examine his genitalia, make sure he was okay there, too.

It was embarrassing, standing almost naked before the two women.

The doctor's fingers were cold as she cupped his gonads, fingered his penis. He couldn't help getting hard the way she poked and prodded his privates. He protested but she said this was necessary. He pretended not to see the grin on their faces. The doctor kept at it until he was fully hard. He seemed all right in that department.

The doctor wanted to know about his semen, was it thick and rich, as plentiful as it was before she gave him pills and injections. Yes, he thought so.

Unceremoniously she dropped his privates, told him he could get dressed.