

The Girl of My Dreams: One man's journey to the promised land...

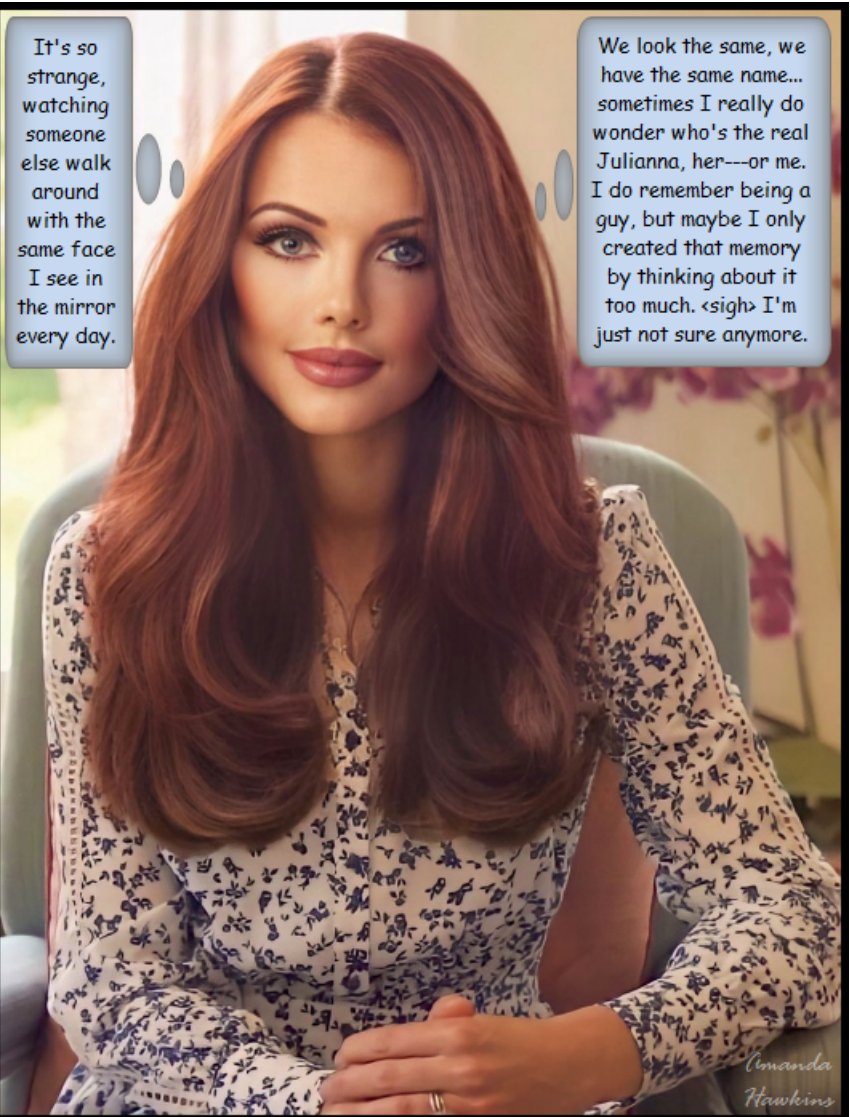
I could never figure out what Julianna saw in me. I was pretty scrawny as guys go and she was one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen; obviously *way* out of my league. She could have had any man on campus and yet she picked me. At first I thought she might be intimidated by big strong males, so she gravitated toward someone the same size as her—as near as I could tell we were the same height and close to the same weight. It was only much later I came to realize just how wrong I was.

Still, we got along really well, although sex was a no-go. She always said she wanted to wait, if not until marriage, at least until she was done with college. I figured she was worth waiting for. We had the same taste in movies and music; we liked the same restaurants, the same sports—and where we differed I soon learned to stop liking those things. We hung out with her friends, we took most of the same classes, and pretty soon I switched my major to Women's Studies, which is what Julianna was studying. It was two years of taking me to the same exercise classes—yoga, aerobics and spinning—and following the same diet before she broached the delicate subject of me wearing her clothing. It wasn't that I was *doing* that, it was because she wanted me to start.

I'd never cross-dressed before, and it seemed very odd that a girl would actually *want* her boyfriend to start dressing like her. But she confessed that it was her one and only kink, and she'd waited this long before mentioning it because she felt ashamed. Only now, she said, did she trust me enough not to react badly.

What else could I do? I was touched that she trusted me, not to mention *very* encouraged about where this could lead. So I learned to cross-dress.

By the time we graduated, my hair was as long as hers and I'd slimmed down to similar proportions. She got a job right off the bat, but I didn't. We moved in together, in a city a thousand miles away from anybody we knew, and she paid the bills while I kept looking for work. I had no luck even landing an interview, but Julianna didn't seem to mind.



Time passed. We slept in twin beds in the same room, shared the same wardrobe (my old clothes were boxed up in storage), ate the same food, watched the same TV shows, and generally—outside of her work—spent all of our time together. But around this time it dawned on me that I was no longer her boyfriend—I was slowly morphing into Julianna’s girlfriend, maybe even her androgenous-looking sister.

I didn’t like that idea at all, and I eventually mentioned my misgivings. But Julianna had the answer: surgery. She said she’d been putting money aside to help me improve my self-image. Breast implants were first on her wish list, followed by laser hair removal and an estrogen pump in my butt. Naturally, the only way *that* could work long-term was for me to drop a few grams in the form of my now-useless testicles.

I rationalized their loss. What need had I of testicles, I thought, when it was so bloody apparent that no woman would ever want me?

Ultimately I acquired the same set of curves Julianna had. Her clothes fit me as well as they did her. Long practice had taught me to apply her cosmetics the same way she did, and a little judicious plastic surgery improved the shape of my eyes, the size of my nose and the slant of my jawline—to the point where even I had trouble telling us apart.

The grand finale was when she booked me for ‘the chop’. The clinic transformed my penis into a vagina, shaved my Adam’s apple, and even managed to tighten my vocal chords. Months of voice lessons followed, along with dance and acting classes, and eventually I came to not just resemble Julianna, but speak and move like her as well.

That’s when she sat me down and explained the situation. The person I’d been was gone, effectively dead. From now on I was to *be* Julianna: not just her twin sister, but her body double, her doppelgänger. We two would lead one life, completely interchangeable at both work and play. And no one else would ever know; we would never appear in the same place at the same time. So as far as the rest of the world was concerned, there was only one Julianna. We would be able to work half as hard for the same income, the same lifestyle. After all, two can live as cheaply as

one, and never was that more true than with Julianna and myself.

I’m still not sure why I went along with this plan. Maybe it was because being Julianna Number Two was better—a *lot* better—than being some dweeb who couldn’t get a girlfriend to save his life.

Julianna is happy and so am I. Why wouldn’t I be? I *am* Julianna. ■

