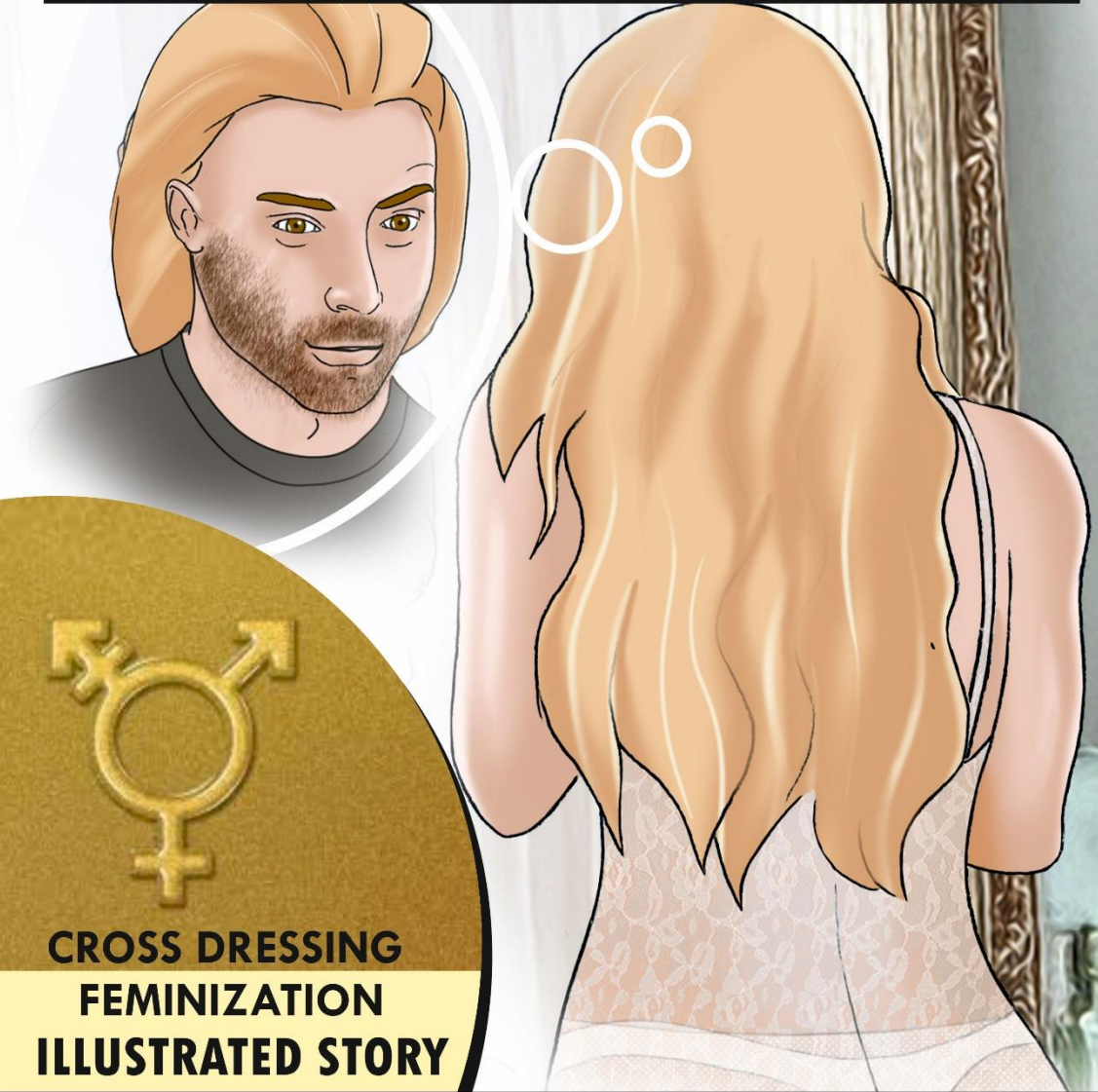


# BRIDE TO BE

A 'CD/SISSY-WIFE' TRANSFORMATION STORY

**ADULTS ONLY • ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR**



**CROSS DRESSING  
FEMINIZATION  
ILLUSTRATED STORY**

Story & Illustrations  
by **Damien Fox**

[www.tgtales.com](http://www.tgtales.com)



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Publication**

**DAMIEN FOX**

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## Bride To Be

"It's beautiful," Katherine said, holding the bridal gown against Crystal.

"It's two grand more expensive than the previous one!" Crystal replied.

"The more expensive, the better it is, and the price asked is totally fair. Sweetheart, what a bride wears on her wedding day is almost as important as the wedding itself. We know that the Farrells are loaded, and sweetheart, remember, when you marry, you marry into a family. You do not marry just a person. You should look nothing less than a princess on your big day," Katherine said to Crystal, her eyes wide open and filled with excitement.

Crystal slowly stepped back, turned around, and stared at the shop floor.

"Sweetheart, stop ruining the moment. You know this is the best option we have. Any girl would die to be Denzel's bride," Katherine said to Crystal.

"But not me, Mom! I want to continue my studies more than anything. I want to be an independent woman," Crystal said to Katherine.

Katherine took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "Do you remember the day he set his eyes on you for the first time?" Katherine asked Crystal.

"Yes, it was that stupid 'Take Your Daughter to Work Day.' I knew I was too old for that, but I didn't want to upset Dad considering the circumstances back then. He insisted, and I went along. I never imagined Denzel, one of the board of directors, would fall in love with me," Crystal said to Katherine.

"You did the right thing sweetheart. And I am very proud of you for the way things have worked out for us. Your Dad got promoted and eventually became the head of the department. Denzel has even promised your Dad a thirty percent stake in his upcoming venture," Katherine said to her daughter.

Crystal looked at her mom in silence.

"We could go back to the car and do this another day, maybe this weekend," Katherine said to her daughter, and Crystal nodded in response.

On their drive back home, Crystal was tense. She recollected the events that had led to her rebellion. She was one of the two postgraduate students who had been selected for the Antarctic Ecological Research Project, funded by the National Science Foundation. It was more than a dream come true for her. Crystal had kept the news hidden from her parents. She even managed to get her parents to sign the parental consent form by passing it off as a regular postgraduate project. She wanted to call off the wedding. She was never into him like he was into her. She was never attracted to him, even though he was good-looking. All she knew was that they had rushed into this too quickly. She just felt sorry for him. It was time to take control of her life.

Chad woke up that morning with a terrible headache. Inhaling deeply, he recalled the events from the night before. He and his girlfriend were at a party, and they had a few drinks. He consumed more than she did, leading to an argument on the way home about his future plans. He made the mistake of expressing the opinion that young women use their beauty and feminine charms to their advantage, suggesting that physical attributes like large breasts and curvy figures were their ultimate tools for securing jobs or attracting and retaining wealthy husbands. In response, she instinctively punched him with her right hand. The next thing he remembered was being at his house, where his girlfriend was wiping his

face with a cold towel. Soon, he fell asleep, mumbling about the perceived advantages women have over men.

The next morning, Chad got out of bed and walked toward the bathroom. He balled up his T-shirt and tossed it toward the hamper as he stepped through the door. Rubbing his face, he sensed numbness on his left cheek. When he looked in the mirror, he couldn't believe what he saw.

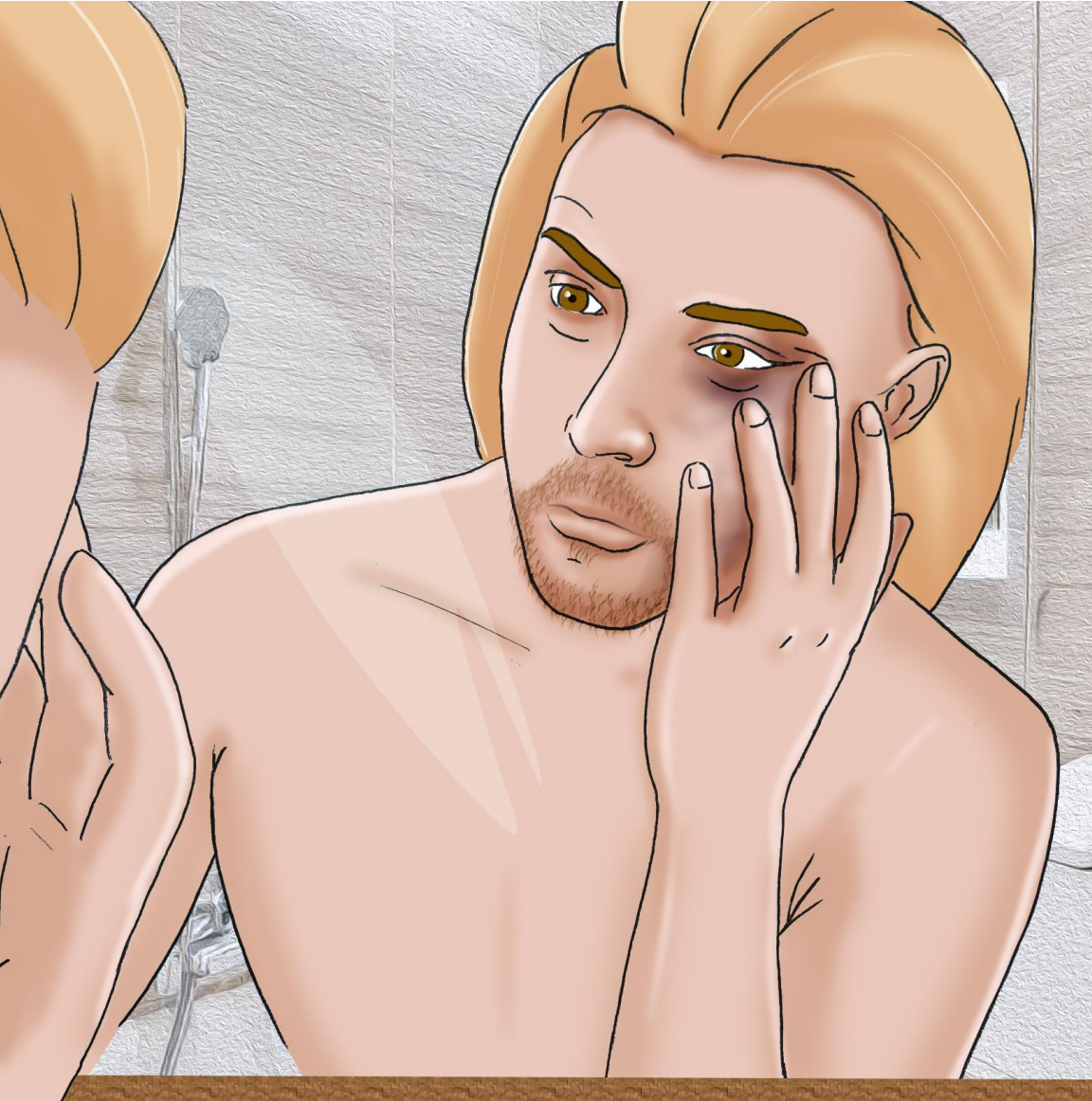
“What the...!?” he said to himself.

The left side of his face was black and blue; and the slight swelling made him look like he had been in a bar fight.

“I can't let Mom and Dad see me like this,” he groaned.

Chad always hated himself for not being the perfect son his parents wanted and for not living up to their expectations. He was a year older than his sister, Crystal. His parents were angry when he dropped out of university to become a DJ. Although he managed to do a few gigs, there was always a little voice echoing deep in his skull that tried to convince him that he was wasting his life.

“I have to cover this up,” he said to himself, as he ran his fingers over his face.



He looked closer and realized his beard did not help either. He pulled his long hair into a tight man bun at the back of his head. His face brightened as a thought came to his mind. After brushing his teeth and shaving, he wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to his sister's room.

He was very quiet so as not to wake Crystal up. To his surprise, he found her bed empty, and then he thought perhaps she had gone to the bathroom. But then he noticed that the bathroom door was open, so it was unlikely she was in there. He quickly searched Crystal's dresser, and it — didn't take long to find what he was looking for. He grabbed the concealer and powder compact, entered the bathroom, and carefully applied the concealer to his bruises.

Chad felt himself shiver from the cold winter morning. He cursed his body for his current situation, berating himself for having a short, lean, boyish frame. He knew his girlfriend liked him for his boyish charm. However, at times, he wished he were more manly like most of the young men. He looked around for a robe but couldn't find one. Instead, he pulled the towel up from his waist and wrapped it around his chest. The towel hung a few inches below his narrow shoulders, giving the upper part of his body a soft, graceful appearance reminiscent of a young woman.

He continued to apply the concealer, and in the process, ended up applying it evenly all over his face. He then pressed the powder onto his skin to make it look natural. Using a large powder brush, he made downward strokes all over his face and neck to ensure the powder blended evenly. Chad then opened the door and tiptoed out of the bathroom. The oversized towel was tucked in just above his soft, perky chest.

“Hi Crystal, surprise!” said a rough manly voice Chad recognized right away. It was Denzel Farrell.



Chad squealed, quickly rushed back inside the bathroom and shut the door behind him. He was looking red in the face as he saw himself in the mirror.

"Haha, sorry to scare you, sweetheart. I'll wait for you downstairs," said Denzel in his deep voice from behind the door.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Katherine entered the kitchen to prepare her morning coffee, and she smiled at the thought of Denzel surprising Crystal. It had been her idea to send Denzel to Crystal's room. Katherine reached the kitchen counter and noticed a folded note underneath the coffee pitcher. Picking it up, she began to read its contents.

"Dear Mom and Dad,

I love you guys, but my destiny is calling me, beckoning me to the unknown. I am going on a long trip and will be back in three months. I have left the engagement ring in my jewellery box. Please tell Denzel I am sorry.

Love,  
Crystal"

Katherine suddenly felt her head spin, and she clutched the kitchen counter. As she turned around towards the living room, she found Denzel with a big grin on his face.

"It was indeed a surprise for her, and I think I scared her. Tell her she looks beautiful even without any makeup," Denzel said to Katherine.

Katherine's eyes widened with confusion, but she just nodded her head in acceptance, mustering a quiet, fake smile on her pale face.

"I think I should leave now," Denzel said as he walked towards the door.

"Denzel, thank you for dropping by," Katherine muttered as she closed the door.

Katherine stood in silence for a couple of seconds. As soon as she heard his car start in her driveway, she hurried upstairs to Crystal's room. Seeing the empty room, she frowned. Just then, the door opened, and she spun around to see Crystal. Katherine stared at her daughter intently, noticing that she looked different than before.

“Chad!!!! Is that you?” Katherine asked in disbelief.

“Mom, I can explain,” said an embarrassed Chad.

“I don’t care what you are doing here. Where’s Crystal?” Katherine asked him.

“Denzel said he saw her here just now,” Katherine added.

“Mom, Denzel mistook me for Crystal,” Chad said sheepishly to her.

“Oh great! My daughter has run away from home,” Katherine said as she shook her head and pressed the back of a hand against her forehead.

Katherine's heart skipped beats as she immediately tried calling Crystal's cellphone, but the prerecorded message stated that she was out of her coverage range. She quickly called the university, only to find out that Crystal was onboard a ship headed towards Antarctica.

“She is gone,” Katherine muttered as she sat on the bed, Chad noticed she was trembling slightly.

“Mom, are you alright? Does this mean the wedding is off?” Chad asked her, his back arched with his narrow shoulders, giving the lithe upper part of his body the soft grace of an undeveloped young woman.

Katherine looked at Chad, scanning him head to toe.

“Did Denzel really think that you are Crystal?” Katherine asked Chad.

“Yes he did. I don’t think they have spent too much time with each other.

"True. Denzel had seen her many times, but from a distance. He was too shy to meet her or ask her for a real date. He knew her only from a few conversations he had with your dad. We knew he was in love with her, and we prepared her for what was coming. Soon, he started calling her over the phone. However, their conversations were short and rare. The only time he saw her up close was once when he proposed to her. I remember she was wearing her favourite sunglasses that day," Katherine said to Chad.

“Mom, Crystal is gone! The Wedding is off!” Chad said to her.

“No way! I am going ahead with the wedding plan. I will find a way to get her back before the wedding,” Katherine said to Chad, knowing she had a crisis to resolve.

“Are you kidding? You can’t possibly plan a wedding in three months without her.”

“Probably not,” she agreed. “Which is why you need to take her place, until she is back here,” Katherine said, scanning Chad head to toe once again.

“Mom, what do you mean?” Chad asked Katherine.

“I want you to look like your sister, walk like your sister, act like your sister, do everything like your sister,” Katherine said, watching the confusion spread over her son’s face.

“Mom, you are not making any sense!” Chad replied to her.

“I am serious,” Katherine replied.

Chad tensed. “I am a man, I don’t look anything like her. I don’t think this is a good idea,” he added.

"Chad, leave this to me. If you help us pull this off, Dad and I would help you get back to college and take care of all your college expenses once again. Think about it!" Katherine said to him.

"You have always brought trouble, Chad. This is your chance to help us for a change. Please, Chad!" Katherine added, pleadingly.

They were quiet for a minute.

Chad had never seen his mom beg before. Strangely, he felt important after feeling dejected and lost for quite some time. He realized this was indeed an opportunity to save himself, his family, perhaps the only opportunity to gain control of his life.

"All right, fine. I will do it!" Chad said, surprising himself with his own response.

"But, you must promise me that by the time she is back, we will forget this ever happened. No one can know."

"I promise you my dear," Katherine nodded her head in excitement.

"Okay, I have some plans for us today, but let me get you ready first," Katherine said, grabbing Chad's arms and pulling him into the bathroom.

She handed him a bottle of lotion. "Apply this all over your body, let it set for ten minutes and then rinse off in the shower. Avoid the top of your head, eyes and eyebrows," she said to him as she stepped outside the bathroom.

"I will see you in a while, I need to call Marge," she said as she left.

Marge was Katherine's best friend, a Doctor and a medical researcher at the local hospital. Without giving himself time for a second thought, Chad locked the bathroom.

Chad came out of the shower after a good fifteen minutes. He was mad at his mom for not warning him about the lotion. The lotion had removed all his body hair and his skin glowed like that of a woman.

He was surprised to see a pair of panties and a bra laid out on Crystal's bed. With a shaky hand he reached out and picked them up. No way he was wearing his sister's undergarments, and besides, the bra cups were so big and firm that they stood up on their own.

"I must have been out of my mind to think that I could pull this off," he said to himself.

However, Chad knew this was one opportunity to get his life back on track.

Hesitantly and out of curiosity he stepped into the panties and pulled them up, a chill racking his body. His tiny limp cock snuggled up between the gap of his thighs.

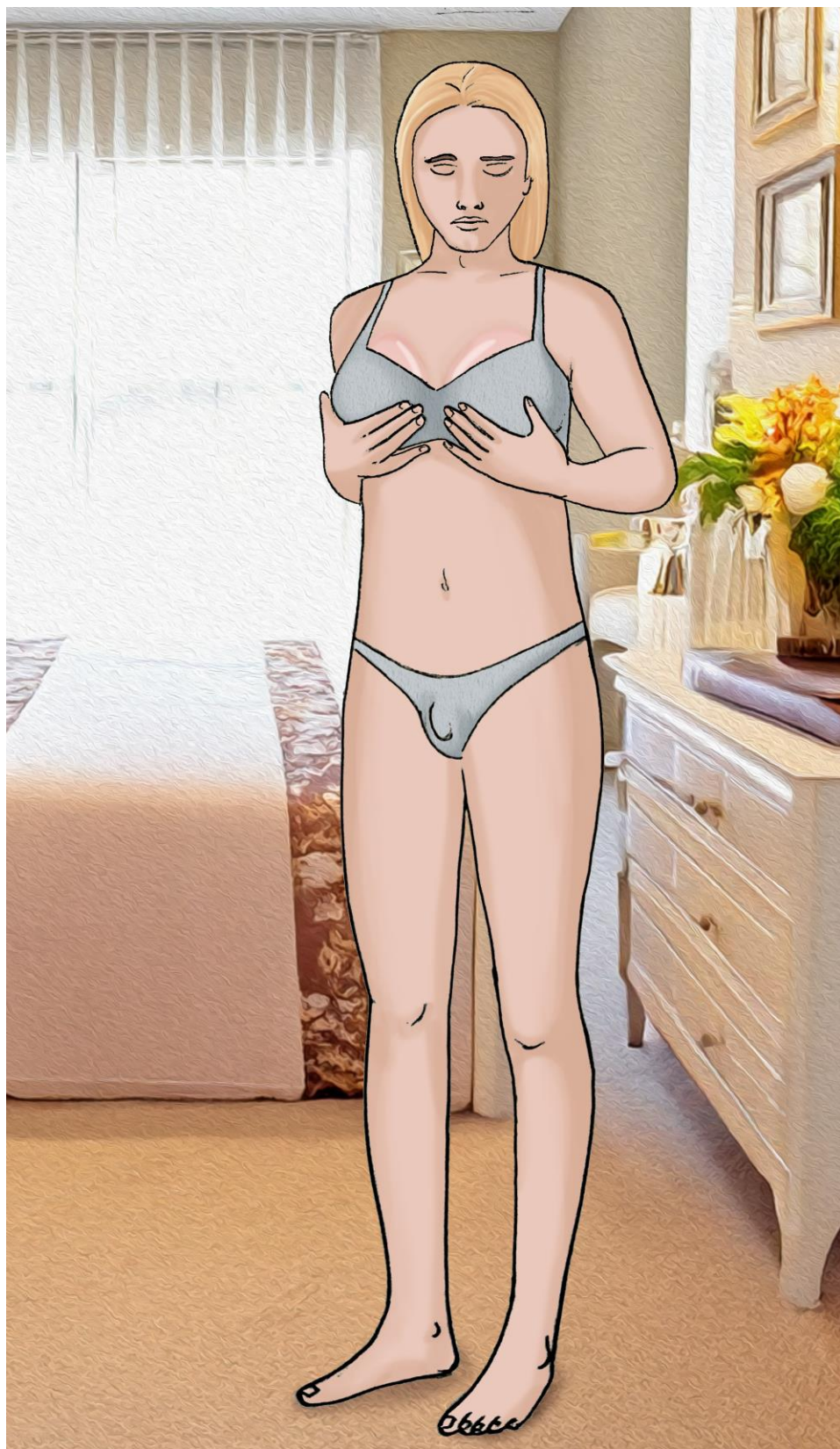
Suddenly the bedroom door opened, and Katherine walked in with her right hand holding a small box.

"Jeez Mom, why can't you knock the door like everyone else?" shouted Chad.

"Relax sweetheart, let me help you wear your bra," she said to him.

After she helped him clasp the hooks at the back, she took out two realistic looking breasts forms from the box.

"This will take care of your empty cups," she said as she inserted and adjusted them inside his bra cups.



Chad couldn't believe how real they looked. They even jiggled and felt like real breasts.

Katherine opened the wardrobe, she then chose one of the pretty skirts and a lovely blouse.

The skirt reached just above his knee. The blouse fit him perfectly, little darts lining up under his false breasts. Katherine then guided Chad to the dressing chair and pushed him gently down. She then rotated his chair to face her, and leaned over so she could do makeup on his face. Katherine worked her magic in silence, concentrating on the blending. Soon Chad was wearing makeup. Delicate touches of blue eye shadow and mascara highlighted his eyes, and a deep red lipstick gleamed on his lips. Katherine then untied Chad's pony tail and brushed his hair until it gleamed. She then found a pair of clip-on gold hoop earrings and put those on him. Finally she brushed his hair once again, curling the flip with her fingers until it was just right.

Chad stood up, faced himself in the mirror and yelped.

"I can't believe it!" he said as he looked at the beautiful young woman in the mirror, and couldn't believe it was really him. He realised that the resemblance between him and his sister was remarkable. He had never thought that he would actually look exactly like his sister.

"Come on, Crystal, we have some shopping to do," Katherine said to Chad, with a big smile.

Chad felt strange being addressed as 'Crystal'.

"We will have breakfast on the way. But first take these; Marge got these delivered through express delivery," Katherine said as she held out two large blue pills to Chad.

"Go ahead, these are just vitamins to boost your health," Katherine added.

Giving in, Chad took the pills with a big swallow of water.

“Now, before we leave, I must give you some advice on your feminine manners. Men love graceful women. Grace can be practiced and mastered,” Katherine said to Chad.

“But Mom, I am not doing this to impress men,” Chad said with concern etched on his face.

“Chad, I know dear, but, you may draw unwanted attention if you do something out of character. When you are dressed like a woman, look like a woman, you have to behave like a woman. You have to be perfect- a perfect feminine creature,” Katherine replied to Chad.

“You just need to be aware of some of the principles and add them to your new feminine manners. As you sit, don’t spread your legs out; cross them daintily. When you walk, you should move gracefully, with arms slightly swinging and shoulders straight, putting one foot in line with the other; this will cause your hips to naturally sway. You have to be feminine and dainty. And always try to use graceful, feminine hand movements to express yourself. Push your chest out, bring your elbows close to your body, bent at the waist and stretch out the rest of your arms away from your body. Keep your wrists loose,” Katherine said to Chad.

“And dear you need to raise the pitch and tone of your voice. Speak gently, but with enough volume to be heard by those intended. With some practice you will sound naturally feminine,” she said to him.

Chad frowned and nodded his head in acceptance, reluctantly, realizing the challenges ahead of him.

“Don’t worry sweetheart, I will train you and advise you until you are woman enough to manage everything,” Katherine said to Chad.

“I am worried. I just don’t want you to get carried away with all this, Mom. I am a man. I have agreed to it only for the sake of our family,” Chad said to Katherine.

“I know, dear. Relax. I know that this whole feminization plan has got you scared. Come on, let’s have some fun! You are now ready to step out of your room and into your day, Darling,” Katherine said with a mischievous smile.

Chad gulped down a lump that had risen in his throat, and tried to relax. When he lowered his head, his wandering gaze landed on his barefoot. He knew none of Crystal’s shoes would fit him.

“What about shoes?” Chad asked his mom.

“We will go out and get you some new things. New outfits, new shoes, and other things you will need. But for now, you can wear one of your white sneakers,” Katherine said as she handed a purse to Chad.

Chad wiped his forehead with the back of his hand as he stepped out of the house along with Katherine. To his surprise Chad felt strangely attracted by the touch and feel of the female undergarments. It felt so good, the breeze on his skin, the cool velvety air under his skirt.

A few minutes drive later, they reached the main shopping street on the edge of the town centre. And after a quick breakfast at a coffee shop, Katherine introduced Chad to the world of feminine shopping. In one of the shops Katherine made Chad change his white sneakers for five inch high heels.

“Mom, I am scared. I feel I might fall over”, Chad said in a soft high pitched feminine voice. Because he didn’t want others to discover him, he tried his best to conceal his true voice.

Katherine’s face brightened listening to the feminine voice Chad managed to speak.

“You will get used to it, Darling. Keep your balance by taking short steps,” Katherine replied to Chad.

Chad shifted his weight from one high-heeled foot to the other, trying to take short steps. With only a little practice Chad soon found himself striding, balancing in high heels. After hours of shopping, they had a staggering amount of clothes and footwear filling the numerous bags.

Chad felt a little self conscious about himself, getting glances and turning heads from men. He made sure he walked with his hips swaying side to side. In fact, the heels made his hips swing as he walked. To make matters worse, his gait on his high heels made his false breasts bounce with every step.

As he was on his way to the corner of the street, Chad saw Brad, his old classmate walking towards him.

“Shit! I hope he doesn’t recognise me!” Chad said to himself. He kept his eyes down, not wanting to meet his gaze or anyone else’s.

As Brad came closer, Chad panicked and dropped one of his shopping bags.

Brad took it as an opportunity to approach the beautiful young lady in front of him.

He picked up the bag. “Here you go miss,” he said as he handed it to Chad.

A tensed Chad was dumbstruck with the fear that Brad might recognise him.

“Crystal, where are your manners? Thank this young gentleman,” Chad could hear the smirk in his mother’s voice.

“Thank you...” Chad said to Brad in a breathy female tone, sounding like a bubble head.

“You are welcome, beautiful,” Brad said to Chad, who blushed almost purple.

Though short, it was his first conversation with a male in his female persona; with embarrassing pauses in the conversation and Chad felt relieved when they left for home.

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Mr. David Warner was a quintessential father, who devoted his lifetime to his family and his career. He was tall and well-built unlike his son, Chad. Chad was very much surprised upon reaching home to find that his Dad was treating him the same way Dad used to treat Crystal. He knew Mom had already informed Dad about their 'missing' daughter and they were just playing the next stage of their plan. Chad also knew that his father must have been embarrassed to see his only son feminized beyond recognition. The truth was that his Dad had too much to lose if the wedding was cancelled and so he took the only option open to him - to accept Chad as Crystal until the real Crystal was back. As Katherine took Chad to Crystal's room, he noticed his father locking his room's door from the outside.

"Mom, all my stuff is in there," Chad said, protesting.

"Chad, stop whining. Your old room is inaccessible. You are Crystal now; full time whether you like it or not; otherwise the training will fail. All your female clothes, shoes and accessories are in there," Katherine said in a stern voice, pointing to Crystal's bedroom.

Chad knew there was no point in reasoning with his Mom.

"Now go change into your new clothes. Keep your makeup on. I want you to continue wearing the heels even at home. Eventually, it will become second nature to you. Now, rest for a while," Katherine said to Chad.

"Crystal, later if you would like to join me in the kitchen, I would be delighted to have you do so," she added with a smile.

Chad nodded his head.

Later that evening Katherine let Chad into the kitchen and talked to him about all her plans for the next day while she worked. Dressed in a casual floral dress, Chad helped his Mom in the kitchen. He helped cook the pot of black-eyed peas and he made the potato salad all on his own. Katherine was proud of her new daughter.

In the dining room, Chad set the table for three. They all sat quietly for several minutes before Dad blurted out, "Sweetheart, you are looking gorgeous."

For a second Chad thought Dad was complimenting Mom. But then he realised Dad's compliment was not directed at Mom but him.

Chad was embarrassed and he blushed and replied, "Thank you, Dad."

"Call me Daddy! That's what Crystal always calls me; and use your female voice. Mom told me how you managed to speak in feminine voice earlier today. We are very proud of you," David said to Chad.

Chad felt embarrassed once again, however he replied in a soft feminine whisper, "Sure Daddy."

That night Chad went to bed wearing a new Victoria's Secret nightie as instructed by his mother.

The next morning Chad was woken up by Katherine, saying it was time for training. She handed him the special vitamin pills and water. Once in the bathroom and away from his dominating mom's gaze, Chad looked at himself in the mirror. He felt strangely disassociated from his former self. After taking a shower, he shaved, came out and dressed. He wore a beautiful red blouse over a red and gray skirt with gray stilettos. He blow dried his hair and wore it down around his shoulders. He wore clip-on pearls in his ear lobes. He then spent more time applying his makeup as instructed by his mother.

“It’s not bad for your first attempt, Crystal,” said Katherine.

Chad smiled.

A few minutes later Chad was helping his mom in the kitchen.

Katherine smiled at Chad seeing his enthusiasm. “After breakfast, I will take you to the laundry room and show you how to use the machines,” Katherine said to Chad.

She also suggested he do the dishes while she took a well-earned rest.

Later in the evening Katherine took Chad to a nearby salon. As he entered, a beautiful blonde greeted him and Chad was more tense than Katherine had expected.

“Relax honey, this is Michele. She is going to make you even more beautiful,” Katherine said to Chad.

Chad tried to relax as Michele worked on his face. She thinned his eyebrows and carefully applied many layers of makeup. Meanwhile, another girl did his nails in a bright red coloured polish, and when she was finished, his nails sparkled. Michele then blew out his normal hair into a sleek cascade of waves that fell past his shoulders. His makeup felt too heavy and too much all at once. As he watched, Michele then tilted his head to the right, and placed a small metal gun with a pointed tip to his left earlobe. Chad felt a sudden sting, and then a burning sensation; and before he realised Michele repeated the procedure on his right ear. Nervous didn’t even begin to describe his state. Michele winced at him as she expertly threaded the silver loop of an earring through the newly pierced hole in his earlobe.



On their drive back home he could feel his eyes starting to tear up from the pain in his earlobes. He blinked his eyes to gradually absorb the tears.

“Nothing to worry dear.” Katherine flashed a warm smile at Chad. “You have got piercings on your ears. The holes will fill in unless you wear them,” she said to him.

Chad slowly nodded his head in acceptance.

\*\*\*\*\*

Since their night out last week, Chad had been avoiding Jenny’s calls and when he did speak to her he would keep the calls as brief as possible, at times blaming his health, at times blaming his lack of time due to his new

project with his dad. He even told her that all his time with her clashed too much with his need to focus on his future, his career.

That evening Chad got a call from Jenny.

“We should stop seeing each other for two, three months, if that will make you feel more comfortable,” Jenny said to him.

“That would be great,” he said in his high-pitched feminine tone.

“What’s wrong with your voice? Are you alright?” she asked him.

“It’s the weather,” Chad replied to his girlfriend.

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Chad’s training continued for the following weeks as Katherine made sure Chad was totally immersed in house chores as her daughter. He continued to take his vitamin pills; in truth, the vitamins were concentrated estrogen compounds and testosterone blockers formulated to encourage breast growth and redistribute his fat to round his figure into feminine curves.

In the following weeks he experienced mood swings, especially when he wasn’t busy with his chores. Soon his feminine mannerisms became his second nature to such an extent that he often forgot who he really was.

“My chest seems to be growing and my nipples are swollen,” Chad said to his mom one morning.

“It must be an allergic reaction due to the breast forms,” she replied to Chad.

“It seems my hips and my backside have filled out even further, and my waist has become narrower,” he said, twisting and turning his round butt towards Katherine.

“It’s just a normal fluctuation; I think if you just wait it out a few weeks, you will see your body becoming normal,” Katherine said to Chad.

He was not happy to hear, sounding more than a little irritated.

“And if you look on the bright side, you are filling your clothes out nicely these days,” Katherine added, which only made him more depressed.

Two days later, early on a morning, Chad was standing in the kitchen when he overheard his mom talking to someone on the phone. “You are right, they are indeed four times faster than the standard pills! Truly sorry, I didn't believe you before. You guys are doing some groundbreaking work at the lab...” Katherine said, but fell silent as Chad approached from the kitchen.

Katherine disconnected the call and looked at Chad.

Seeing the surprised look on Chad’s face, she smiled and said, “The diet pills Marge had given me are amazing!”

“Can you believe, I have lost a few pounds!” she lied to him, faking some excitement.

“Good for you, Mom!” Chad said to her and hugged his mom.

As Katherine hugged Chad, she realized how delicate and feminine his body felt next to her. The soft breasts pressed against her own breasts were nicely full, and his hips had a decidedly feminine curve to them.

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As days passed, Chad grew more and more concerned about his body changes. One day, Chad got the shock of his life when he was no longer able to insert the breast forms into the bra cups as his own breasts had filled the cups.

“Mom...” he shrieked.

With tears filled in his eyes he minced out of his room, and went down the stairs and into the kitchen to meet his mom. Chad knew that Dad was at work. He was in his bra and capris.

“Mom, look at me, I have real breasts now!” Chad cried and said aloud by lifting his bra cups and looked at his mom to see if she was listening.

Katherine looked at him in surprise, tried to make a signal to him with her eyes and turned her eyes in the direction of the breakfast table.

Chad took a moment to understand his mom’s gesture before he turned to the corner of the kitchen, his eyes toward the figure seated at the table.

“Jenny?!!!” he gasped.

“Ch.. Chad???” Jenny said in shock!

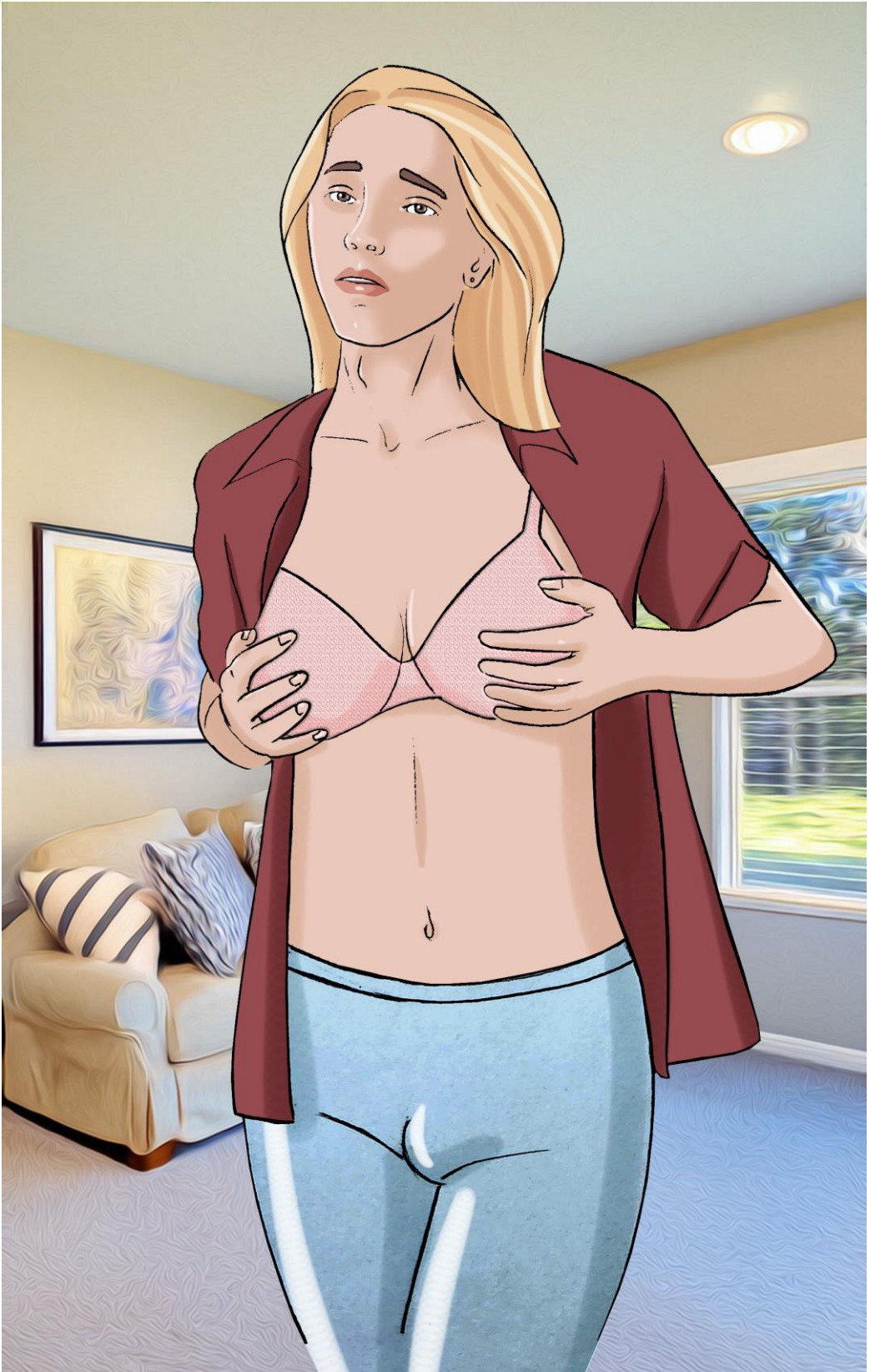
“No...! you can’t be Chad!” she said in disbelief, looking at the young woman standing in front of her.

Chad took a step back as Jenny slowly rose from the chair. In the dim light of the kitchen he almost felt like her eyes were piercing through his body. Jenny moved closer to Chad with a stunned bewilderment in her unblinking eye.

Jenny could see the former features of her boyfriend, however those features were overshadowed by his new prominent feminine features.

“You had promised me that we will not see each other for two months,” said a surprised Chad with a crack in his voice.

“No.. this can’t be real!” Jenny said without listening to Chad. She stared at him in utter shock.



Gone was the familiar, boyish body she had been used to seeing and in its place was beauty she had never imagined. Chad had breasts!!! His breasts had filled the bra, roundness that reminded her of her own breasts, spilled from the top of each cup. Jenny, finally managing to drag her eyes from her boyfriend's plump, round breasts, ran her gaze slowly over the rest of his half naked form.

"Chad... you got some explaining to do, I didn't believe it when Katherine said that you are having trouble with your body! But this...!" Jenny said, freaking out.

"I really don't know what's going on with me," Chad cried.

"Okay, all right.... please stop freaking out, the two of you!" Katherine said to them.

Just then the doorbell rang.

"Oh, there is the doorbell," Katherine exclaimed as she went towards the door.

"Jenny, meet Dr. Marge Williams. I called her over to check on Chad," Katherine said to Jenny, as Chad looked at his Mom in surprise.

"Oh my! He is really transitioning!" Marge said, looking at Chad.

"Transitioning? Transitioning to what?" asked a worried Chad.

"Nothing to worry dear," Marge said as she stepped closer to Chad.

"You have a hormonal imbalance condition and it is only temporary. I would suggest you wait it out for a few months," she said as she cupped Chad's breasts and examined them closely as Jenny watched his jiggling breasts in disbelief.

"Continue the vitamin pills that I gave you," she added.

“You two might have some catching up to do. Sweetheart, why don’t you take Jenny to your room. Now, if you will excuse us, I have some important matters to discuss with Marge,” Katherine said to a devastated Chad.

“I think I will leave now, Katherine. I don’t feel well. All this information is too much for me to understand,” Jenny said to Katherine.

She then turned towards Chad who was standing silently not able to meet eyes with his girlfriend.

“You listen to your Mom and the Doctor. They know what’s best for you. I will see you another day,” she said to him.

As he nodded his head gently, she gave one last look at her boyfriend. The bra held his breasts high and proud; his hips were curvy and his thighs were shapely, he was a vision which was unreal for Jenny. She quickly turned around and left without looking back.

Chad was embarrassed to be seen by his girlfriend. However, he was relieved about the fact that Jenny wasn’t aware of his Mom’s plan to make him the substitute bride.

Later that evening Chad called Jenny over the phone and apologized to her for hiding from her all this while. He told her the incident where Denzel mistook him for his sister. He told her how devastating it was for him to experience a natural hormonal imbalance, a medical condition and how his mother convinced him to make use of his condition to help his family. He explained to her why he had to pitch in to help his family. However he didn’t reveal what his Mom had planned for him next.

“You don’t have to play her, don’t you understand? You are a man. You are my boyfriend!” Jenny said to Chad.

“I am still your boyfriend. The changes in my body are temporary and I have decided to follow every instruction given by Dr. Marge Mason so that I can return back to normal. I want to do all those things we used to do together. Jenny....,” Chad paused for a second, “ I miss having sex with you,

my love. I want to be your man,” Chad said in his high pitched feminine voice.

Jenny felt extremely strange since she now definitely didn't know how to react. She knew Chad didn't mean no harm in what he did anyways, Jenny said to herself.

Jenny took a long pause and said, “Chad, I really don't understand what's happening to you. Please call me when this is entirely over. I love you Chad!”

“I love you Jenny!” Chad said to her right before she disconnected the call. He felt terrible, however, he was glad that he had this conversation with her. He felt a sense of relief, as if somebody had lifted a weight from his shoulders.

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The next day Denzel called Chad and asked him out for dinner and a movie. Chad stared at the phone for a moment, then realizing he had no choice, he agreed. After all it was just dinner and a movie, he thought. Denzel picked him up at his home at 7:00 pm. Chad was dressed well, with his hair done up and makeup and perfume. He looked every bit the perfect fiancée. Denzel took Chad to a fancy restaurant, where they talked for hours. As Chad was eating, he noticed Denzel eyeing his womanly breasts and Chad blushed.

“Crystal, have you lost weight?” Denzel asked Chad curiously.

Chad knew exactly what Denzel meant. His sister, the real Crystal was endowed with large breasts and his new girly breasts were nowhere close to her size. For the first time he felt jealous of his sister's breasts and it felt weird. After dinner they went for a movie. It was a romantic comedy; Chad felt relaxed and safe, and couldn't remember having this much fun watching a movie. During the end of the movie, Denzel's right hand was on Chad's smooth womanly thigh and he went rigid, a cold chill spreading

through his lower limbs. The theatre was dark with empty seats around them. To Chad's shock, Denzel's hand slid further up his thigh and this scared him. Chad gasped and immediately turned his head towards Denzel to ask him to stop. Denzel took this as an invitation and clasped the side of Chad's face. But before he could ask Denzel to stop, Denzel's mouth covered his red lips as Denzel kissed him with fierce intent.

Chad was in shock and could not believe what was happening. Though Chad was relieved that Denzel's hand was no longer under his skirt and his manhood remained a secret; he felt disgusted by the feel of another man's wet tongue in his mouth. As the kisses became more deeper and intense, Chad gave up the fight. He knew he had to play the fiancée whether he liked it or not.



They had one more round of kissing in the car before Denzel dropped Chad at his home. He adjusted his hair and makeup before stepping out of the car. Chad then gave a fake smile and waved at his lover as Denzel drove off.

Chad was angry at himself and his mom for his current situation.

“How was your evening sweetheart?” Katherine asked Chad as he entered the house.

Chad tried to say something, anything that would keep her from asking too many questions. After all, he was embarrassed to tell her the truth that he was kissed by a man.

“I don’t think your plan is going to work, Mom!!! Denzel thinks my breasts are smaller than Crystal’s,” Chad blurted out, anger and unhappiness showing on his face. Chad then turned and walked upstairs with large strides.

The next morning, Chad did his routine makeup and came down the stairs gracefully.

“Hey sweetheart, good morning,” Katherine greeted him, more cheerful than she had been the last few days. She then walked over to him and gave him a quick kiss on his rosy cheek.

“You look really happy for some reason,” Chad said looking at his Mom.

“You know how hard it is to get an appointment with a good plastic surgeon, especially one with a celebrity clientele. We have an appointment for the morning, thanks to Marge, what a lifesaver!” Katherine said to Chad, with excitement in her voice.

“Why do you need a surgeon?” asked a surprised Chad.

“Well, Marge said it’s better to show your transformation to a surgeon and see if a surgery is really needed to change you back to your boy figure,” Katherine said to him.

“I think that’s great,” said a cheerful Chad.

Almost an hour later he walked into one of the waiting lounges at the nearby hospital, his gaze going over the bright room that was filled with posters of half-naked women showing off their buxom breasts.

“Ma’am, a signed authorization for and consent to surgery is needed in this chart before bringing the patient into the room. Please sign these documents here and here,” said the nurse as she handed over some documents from the folder to Chad and pointed to the relevant spaces for his signature.

As the nurse left, Chad turned to his mom and asked, “But we are here for the surgeon’s opinion!”.

“That’s right, sweetheart. This is just a standard procedure. I have gone through the document, just sign it,” Katherine said to Chad with a smile.

Few minutes later, as the nurse complimented him about his beautiful hair, he felt a slight pressure on his forearm as the sedative was pushed in through IV tube, and Chad felt himself slowly drifting off into a deep sleep. And soon he was dreaming about making love with Jenny. He loved her breasts. The way they were high and jutted out just perfectly. Breasts like that deserve to be enjoyed. Chad shoved Jenny’s pillowy breasts together and tit fucked her frantically. Her breasts jiggled in an uneven motion, as he watched her moan. And then something strange happened; all of a sudden, he was the woman, in place of Jenny and there was a large cock pressed between his breasts. In his growing level of fear; Chad suddenly woke up from his deep sleep. He did not know how long he had slept. He suddenly woke up because his body did not feel right somehow. His face hurt and he felt heaviness on his chest. That is when he noticed the two prominent large mounds pushing up from his chest. He felt dizzy as he sat up. Chad’s eyes opened wide like window shades. His

fingertips skimmed over his chest feeling the strange sensation, then he squeezed the two large mounds and realised that they were real. He could not believe his eyes. He had large breasts, probably a double D. Chad was in shock. His back arched while his chest rose and fell with each breath.

“Relax dear, it would take a while to get used to the weight, the motion. You will see the difference in your body, the way you walk and feel good,” said Katherine as she entered Chad’s room.

“Mom, you got me surgical breast implants!!!” Chad screamed, but fell silent when he felt something strange about his voice.

“Why do I sound like a girl?!!!!” said Chad, gasping for air.

“My dear,” Katherine quickly hugged Chad in a warm motherly embrace.

“Sweetheart, you have reached this phase in life for a reason. There is no turning back until the job is done. I can’t let Denzel know that you are a man”.

The tears that filled the wells of Chad’s eyes slowly overflowed their boundaries. He couldn't believe he had been fooled. Chad knew what Katherine said was true, but it was something he didn’t want to face.

“The surgeon has done a great job, with no breast scar. He has also tightened your vocal chords to give you a beautiful high-pitched feminine voice. These are totally reversible, except the facial hair electrolysis. I am sorry dear, I was not aware of the complimentary hair removal before you were taken in for the procedure,” Katherine said trying to pacify Chad.

“The doctor said it would take a month for your breasts to heal. Be a good girl, take your pills and rest a lot,” Katherine said to Chad as she left him alone.

That night Chad slept with the aid of medicine, slept less well and cried part of the night. Strangely he felt refreshed when he woke up the next morning. He went downstairs and fixed himself a breakfast. He was

wearing a large cup bra that his mom had left on the dresser. With the heaviness of his new breasts Chad found himself slouching instinctively.

“Well, you will need to wear a brace or more likely a corset to correct your posture until your back is stronger,” Katherine said to Chad.

“I will be fine,” Chad said, straightening his posture, arching his back and pushing out his breasts.

As the days went by Chad learned to adapt to the weight of his large breasts and avoided sudden movements to avoid painful bouncing of his breasts. Soon he started venturing outside on his own more often to buy groceries or to visit the salon. His lack of feminine smile did not detract the attention of young and old men from his pendulous breasts, which now large enough in their own right, were greatly amplified by their juxtaposition against his thin frame. With his lack of confidence he took the persona of a shy and timid busty young woman.



Three months had passed and Katherine had not heard from Crystal since the day she left home. The wedding day was nearing and Katherine was worried as hell. Denzel and Chad had been seeing each other for three months. Katherine knew that Chad had been doing a good job impersonating Crystal. Every time Denzel dropped him off at the door, Katherine had noticed Chad wipe his mouth with the back of his hand in a vain attempt to fix his smudged lipstick. He was no longer shy and timid. He was as sensitive as a flower; he had become an elegant feminine creature. Katherine noticed the changes in Chad's behaviour. He no longer complained about being a girl and having to deal with Denzel.

Denzel had been working very hard recently and had gone on a business trip abroad. He hadn't seen or called Chad for several days and Chad had begun to worry about Denzel. When Denzel did call to invite Chad out to dinner, Chad was happy to hear his voice. Denzel told Chad he wanted to take him out that evening to celebrate a special occasion and asked Chad to be ready by eight so he could pick him up. Later when Denzel rang the doorbell, Chad arrived, his blonde hair with perfect curls that fell to his breasts. He wore a short black dress with plunging neckline. The tight fitting dress accentuated every curve of his voluptuous womanly body. In addition, he also wore a pair of five-inch spike heels to accentuate his long legs. His make up was perfect. He smiled at Denzel as Denzel looked him over, and once Denzel's eyes returned to his, he blushed.

The evening and dinner was excellent. Denzel envisioned Chad's large breasts unbridled and became very horny to say the least. After dinner Denzel invited Chad to have a drink at the bar and he accepted willingly. Denzel said after they both had a couple of drinks that he owned a private penthouse for special occasions. Denzel said that the penthouse had a wonderful deck with a view of the city and would Chad care to come up and enjoy the view with him there?

"I would love to..." Chad replied in his girlish tone, surprising himself, even as the words came out of his mouth.

Chad followed him out of the bar, walking slowly to keep one foot in front of the other. Chad remembered Denzel snapping his seat belt on in the passenger seat of Denzel's car. After that there was nothing.

Fifteen minutes later Chad found himself sitting next to Denzel in the penthouse. Chad had just snapped out of a blackout and had no idea what Denzel was talking about. Denzel's good looks and straightlaced demeanour were kind of sexy, Chad thought. Denzel stood up and stood next to him. When Chad looked up at him he was staring at Chad intently, not in a soulful way but more like he was watching for signs of excitement. Chad had a fleeting thought it would have been better if Jenny were standing in front of him, but she wasn't.

Denzel then unzipped his fly and pulled out something. It sprang straight up. Chad's eyes went wide at the large naked cock inches away from his face. It was so much bigger than his tiny dick which was now neatly tucked away in his silky panties.

Denzel then took Chad's fingers, wrapped them around his exposed member and moved Chad's cupped hand up and down on it. A shocked Chad sat very still, his hand continuing the rhythmic motion on another man's cock. Chad gasped by Denzel's boldness and urgency as Denzel positioned his cock at Chad's full lips. Chad closed his eyes in protest, parted his lips to say 'no', and Denzel pushed his long thick penis into Chad's mouth. Chad's mouth wasn't wide enough as the head of Denzel's cock jammed between Chad's lips and pried his mouth open wide to accommodate the girth of Denzel's cock. Chad used his tongue to push away Denzel's cock, however it only made him gag and Denzel enjoyed the feel of Chad's tongue. Chad suffered his own fate, providing Denzel with too much pleasure that only grew Denzel's cock thicker and longer. Denzel pulled back quickly to give Chad relief even though he came back in.

Denzel held Chad's head with two hands and began to rock it back and forth. Denzel made Chad take more cock, inch after inch with each trust, and he soon shoved Chad all the way down on his cock. Chad realized that the only thing he could do now was to quickly finish off the sex

act. Chad kept his hands submissively on Denzel's legs, not daring to defy him. Soon Chad's lips were bands of pleasure around the shaft of Denzel's cock, and Chad's tongue tried to run over Denzel's cock.

"I am going to cum," Denzel urged suddenly, his voice tight, and held Chad's head as his penis erupted into Chad's mouth.

Chad's eyes went wide as he swallowed the pulses of seed until Denzel had finished.

Denzel pulled his cock out of Chad's mouth, leaving a long string of cum dangling from Chad's full puffy lips and the tip of his dick head.

Chad gasped for air. He now knew the taste of a man's cum and he disliked it immensely. It was thick, bitter, and almost impossible to get the taste out of his mouth.

Tears were running down Chad's eyes. He was sober and therefore fully aware of what had happened to him.

Denzel reached down and pulled Chad up into his arms.

"Now you have earned this," Denzel said, turning Chad so he could unzip Chad's dress.

Haltingly, he undressed Chad's dress. With a whisper, it slipped off Chad's shoulders, then fell slowly to Chad's narrow waist, its downward progress stopped only by the wall of Chad's wide womanly hips.

Chad realized he was in his bra and panties. His face flushed. Denzel then unhooked Chad's bra in a split second and slid it down his arms. Chad's large breasts stood out full, firm and upturned, with large round nipples erect now.

Denzel looked at the beauty in front of him with a grin on his face.

"Denzel, please stop!!!" Chad shrieked out in his cracked female voice.

“I am not who you think I am.... I.... I am a man!” Chad said, quivering and turned around.

“I know exactly who you are.... You are Chad Warner, Crystal’s big brother!,” Denzel said without a flinch.

Chad stood frozen hearing Denzel call his real name.

“Anybody who was with either one of you for longer than five minutes would know you are nothing alike. But you do make a beautiful woman,” Denzel added.

Chad’s eyes went wide in surprise.

“You mean... all along, you knew this?” Chad asked, crying more and more now.

“Well, I just wanted to see how far you would go,” Denzel said to Chad.

“This was supposed to be a temporary arrangement and I thought I was doing a good job impersonating her,” Chad said with embarrassment.

“Indeed you have outdone what you were expected to do.... but....” Denzel said to Chad.

“You do realize that I can file criminal charges against you and your family for criminal impersonation, and conspiracy, don’t you?”

Chad didn’t know how to respond. As Chad sobbed he felt Denzel’s arms tighten around him.

“Guess what? I am enjoying it. And I want you to remain fully committed as my fiancée and stay in the relationship until the real Crystal returns. If you are not ready for this agreement, I will file charges,” Denzel said in a serious tone.

“The state prison is a rough place filled with big-time criminals. I hate to think what those cons will do to a pretty boy like you in a prison,

especially when you have these...” Denzel said as he cupped Chad’s large breasts. Chad gasped and gave a slight moan as Denzel teased his nipples with his thumbs.

Denzel then pushed Chad on to the bed so he was face down. Denzel then pulled Chad’s panties off exposing Chad’s tiny dick. Denzel rolled him over so that he was on his belly, his ass sticking up in the air.

Denzel pushed Chad’s legs apart and positioned himself between them. Chad looked up at him as Denzel rubbed his his cock up and down Chad’s ass crack. Chad couldn’t believe that Denzel was actually going to fuck him. Suddenly Denzel stopped, reached over and grabbed a packet of lube from beside the bed. Denzel spread some lube on his column of hard flesh and applied some to Chad’s asshole. Denzel pushed his cock up against Chad’s asshole, rubbing it up and down the crack of his ass. Chad felt Denzel pressing his cock against his anus, and then he pushed. Chad squealed as Denzel forced his cock into Chad’s ass. He felt Denzel’s cock expand inside of him, stretching him open. Denzel was huge and Chad could feel Denzel working his way deeper inside of him. Chad tried to relax, but Chad was too tense to relax. Denzel held Chad’s hips tightly, forcing his cock further into Chad. Denzel then leaned over, his hands on either side of Chad’s head.

“Are you ready?” Denzel asked.

Chad nodded his head sideways saying ‘no’ with a little squeal of fright.

Denzel grabbed a handful of Chad’s hair and yanked his head back. Chad screamed out as Denzel rammed his cock into Chad’s ass, ramming his cock deep into Chad’s bowels. Chad felt him as Denzel started to pump his cock in and out of him, his cock sliding in and out of Chad’s ass. Denzel pulled Chad’s hair hard, forcing his head back, exposing his throat. Chad felt Denzel’s fingers grip his throat tightly. Chad felt Denzel’s body lean over him, Denzel’s body pressed against his.

Chad felt Denzel's cock throbbing inside of him, then suddenly Denzel released his hair. Chad grasped for breath as Denzel pulled his cock out of Chad's ass. Denzel pushed his cock against Chad's lips, forcing his head forward. Chad opened his mouth, and Denzel showed his cock into his mouth. Chad gagged as Denzel forced his cock down Chad's throat, his balls resting against Chad's chin. Chad felt Denzel's cock swell inside of him, then Denzel began to spurt. Chad gagged as Denzel pumped his seed into his mouth. Chad felt Denzel pull out of his mouth, and Chad lay there gasping for air.

"Hey, I hope I didn't hurt you, sweetheart," Denzel said to Chad.

Chad lay there face down on the bed, breathing heavily. He realized that he had been fucked up the ass like a slut by a man.

"I love the smell of your skin," Denzel said against the curve of Chad's breast, his warm breath on Chad's skin. Soon Denzel started sucking Chad's large breasts.

"Mmmm, please stop," Chad moaned as Denzel sucked his breasts tenderly.

Denzel spent a long time at Chad's breasts, sucking his nipples hard and tonguing them until Chad was shifting restlessly, alternately pulling Denzel into his body and pushing at his shoulders, not wanting Denzel to stop but also wanting him to move on.

Chad watched helplessly as Denzel sucked him and an hour later they both fell asleep.

Denzel still had Chad's nipple in his mouth when Chad woke up in the morning. Chad felt so humiliated and low that he felt like crying. Denzel woke up, as Chad had disturbed him when he tried to move, but Denzel went right back to sucking as if Denzel had never fallen asleep. A few minutes later Denzel left Chad naked on the bed after he had satisfied his desire and Chad was relieved when it ended. Chad cleaned himself up quickly, put on some makeup and did his hair before leaving Denzel's penthouse.

Chad's nightmare with Denzel didn't end there. Denzel blackmailed Chad, threatened him and forced himself on Chad many times in the coming days. Denzel forced Chad into a relationship that wasn't of Chad's choosing. Denzel even made Chad wear a butt plug full time. This helped Chad's rectum to relax. Chad also knew that this was to remind him of his status as a submissive female.

Chad was bothered by the fact that Denzel had started spending more time with him. Denzel wanted Chad to be around him all the time. Denzel found solace in Chad's soft girly voice and feminine disposition. He escorted Chad around town, sometimes holding his hands, sometimes Denzel's arm draped about Chad's waist, showing him off.



Denzel gave him expensive gifts, and Chad understood Denzel's needs.

Chad unwillingly and regularly sucked Denzel off, either in his car or at his penthouse. The most difficult thing proved to be spreading his legs for Denzel, although he had made a firm decision to do it in order to protect his family.

“How about I call you ‘Cindy’?” Denzel asked Chad one day when they were sitting together on the bed.

Chad looked at Denzel in surprise. “Why do you want to call me by a new name?” Chad asked Denzel in surprise.

“Well, you are definitely not Crystal and you deserve your own girly name,” Denzel said to Chad.

“You can call me whatever you want to call me,” Chad replied to Denzel.

“Oh. Very well, from this day, you will go by the name Cindy Warner,” Denzel said to Chad.

Chad frowned as if he didn't care.

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As the wedding day came closer and Chad became more accustomed to his sister's absence, he knew he had to play the bride and it scared the hell out of him.

“Mom, you promised me that you would bring her back,” Chad said crying, as he stepped away from the woman who had measured him for his wedding dress.

“Cindy dear, I am trying my best to find her, I am trying my best with you,” Katherine said to Chad.

Chad found it strange to be called by his new name Cindy. The wedding cards bore the name, Miss Cindy Warner.

“The invitees would probably think that the real Crystal has changed her name,” thought Chad.

The trial of the wedding dress went exceptionally smoothly. Chad’s womanly body was now well proportioned and each wedding dress was very beautiful. The staff and Katherine gasped at the sight of Chad’s elegance. Katherine cried as Chad tried on his wedding dress for one last fitting.

“No! This must be a dream, a horrible nightmare, everything will be back to normal tomorrow,” Chad continued to lie to himself.

That night Chad tried to sleep but he could not. He was ready to confess to his girlfriend Jenny.

Jenny woke up, surprised at the late-night call from Chad, and even more so to hear a female voice at the other end.

“Jenny, it’s me, Chad. Please help me! I don’t want to get married to Denzel” Chad said to Jenny.

“Who’s calling you at this time of night?” Chad heard a male voice in the background.

“Jenny, who’s that? Are you in bed with someone?” Chad shrieked over the phone.

“Cindy, tell me what do you want?” Jenny said to Chad in a stern voice.

“How could you do this to me?” Chad said sobbing over the phone.

“Don’t blame me for this mess, you knew what you were getting yourself into,” Jenny replied.

“But, you are in bed with another man,” Chad sniffled.

“What about when you were in bed with Denzel?” Jenny asked. “I mean, you have only known him a couple of months. Everything I have heard about you and put down as ridiculous gossip is true. You two can’t keep your hands off each other. Since your transition the two of you have been fucking like rabbits. I have one highly reliable source to support these facts” said Jenny.

“But... I... I... did everything for my family, not for myself,” Chad protested, now embarrassed beyond words.

“The last I heard from your mother was that Denzel is no longer interested in marrying Crystal. He wants to marry you, Cindy!”

“I can’t believe he is giving her up, a real woman, for you, a feminized man.”

“Remember, you once told me that women use their beauty and their feminine wiles to their advantage; that large breasts and curvy figures are their ultimate tools in getting jobs or for catching and keeping rich husbands. And now, you have proven it’s true. At least in your case,” Jenny said to Chad.

Chad continued to sob.

“Chad, I no longer consider you my boyfriend or even a man, even if you still have your penis between your legs.”

“I am still a man,” replied Chad.

“You would not think so, Chad, if you could have seen yourself as I have seen you lately,” Jenny said, more concerned than her voice conveyed.

“I saw the two of you together at a restaurant the other day. You looked very attentive then. I saw the two of you holding hands, and I saw him kiss you. I watched you all night,” Jenny said to him.

“Chad, I believe it's time to acknowledge that things were challenging for you in the past. It's time to accept the fact that you were useless as a man. You were miserable and you know it's true... You know that it is so much better being a woman now. You enjoy being well taken care of by a financially secure, successful man,” Jenny said to him.

“It's true that Denzel has taken good care of me despite my mess. I do like spending time with him. But I can't marry him. I am a man, Jenny!” Chad protested.

“Do you think you will be able to go back to being a man after this? Look at yourself in the mirror. You have bigger breasts than I do. Plus, with an ass like yours it's definitely made for fucking, who could ever blame Denzel for ditching Crystal for you Chad... sorry, I mean Cindy,” Jenny said to Chad.

“What do I do now?” asked a confused Chad.

“Well, if you really wanna know, I think you need to submit to him willingly, with your mind and body.”

“No, I won't,” replied Chad.

Chad knew she was right about one thing. Chad had submitted to Denzel physically many times, but his heart was always held in reserve, it was solely for Jenny.

“Chad, it's time to accept that you are a woman,” Jenny said to Chad.

There was a long silence, then something akin to a stifled sob, before a click indicated that Chad had hung up.

Chad lay in bed staring at the ceiling, feeling confused, lonely and replaying things that hurt. He realized that Jenny didn't love him anymore, that she had 'moved on'. And then he thought about Denzel; his smile warmed Chad's heart, made Chad feel good and his arms made Chad feel

safe. As he thought more and more of Denzel's chiselled body, Chad's sensitized breasts grew heavy and his nipples strained against the thin fabric of his bra. As he played with his womanly breasts and nipples, Chad realized that his life would be tough without Denzel, even tougher than it had already been for a guy who had no job or future. Chad knew what he had to do.

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The days passed, and before Chad knew it, the wedding day came. It was a beautiful sunny day and the guests arrived as planned. As Chad sat in his parent's home getting his hair done, he could see his female reflection in the mirror and an uneasy feeling hit him much harder than it had done before.

Chad's sister, Crystal, was back after her disappearance for months. And the truth was, now that she was past her initial shock of her brother's transformation, she was happy that he had found his true purpose in life - to be a housewife. Chad's bridesmaids included his sister, his ex- girlfriend, cousins and two friends.

Champagne was already flowing as Chad slipped into his dress. The dress outlined his shapely figure; the top of his breasts overflowed out of his bodice. His mother burst into tears when she saw him, and Chad should have been the happiest young bride alive, yet still, there was this feeling wrapping itself around him.

His ex-girlfriend, Jenny laughed telling him it was last minute wedding day jitters. Chad had been receiving messages of well wishes all day, but he was having his make-up applied so he didn't bother to look at his phone.



He was then caught up in the buzz of excitement with his bridesmaids.

Minutes later, Katherine beamed when she saw Chad ready in his bridal dress, like a princess, holding on to the arm of his dad, who was giving him away.

All eyes were on the bride and when Chad walked down the aisle, he could hear whispers about how lovely he looked, how difficult it was to believe that he was once a young man.

The room and the sight of his fiance standing next to the pastor overwhelmed Chad.

When Chad's dad gave him away to the good-looking groom, Dad first kissed Chad on the cheek, turned to present Chad's hand to the waiting groom, and as he did so he winked at Denzel and whispered "She's all yours!"

A shy Chad kept his gaze down standing in front of his future husband.

"You are the most beautiful woman alive," he whispered, and Chad blushed.

"On this day, before God and man, we will join these two in holy matrimony. Denzel Farrell, do you take Cindy Warner to be your lawfully-wedded wife?"

Denzel stared into Chad's eyes. "I do."

"Cindy Warner, do you take Denzel Farrell to be your lawfully-wedded husband?"

For a moment Chad thought about his old self. He used to have a lean manly body. But here he was, standing all dolled up as a beautiful bride ready to be married off to a virile man. His eyes fell on the swell of his large breasts pushing up at the top of his dress. He was aware of his body;

he was all curves - big breasts, narrow waist, plump ass. And this wedding, is this a mere formality to give Denzel a license to fuck him into submission forever?

As he was lost in his thoughts, Chad saw that Denzel's eyes were shining.

"I do," he said with his trembling lips, in his sweet feminine voice.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride," the pastor said to the groom and the bride.

Denzel put one hand on Chad's bare back and another around his shoulders, pressing his lips into Chad's over and over again. Chad kissed back amazed that he was now Mrs. Farrell.

"You may now go forth as husband and wife. May God bless you."

The extended Farrell family began to cheer loudly. They surrounded the newlyweds, hugging them and breaking into happy tears. Uncle John, who had never spoken to him before, when he was a man, came forward and hugged him tight.

John whispered into Chad's ear, "You make a beautiful woman, Chad!"

They hugged briefly, and to Chad's shock, he felt uncle John's erection pressing through their clothes against his tummy and quickly he disengaged and moved away from the old man.

As he moved away from the crowd he saw his old high school buddy, Brad approaching him. Brad had beefed up over the years. He was accompanied by none other than Crystal. "Are they dating or something?" Chad wondered aloud.

Back in the days, Chad and Brad used to tease girls and make jokes about breasts.

Chad sheepishly tried to avoid Brad's gaze, now that his life has been turned upside down.

"Hey Sis, you look beautiful!" Crystal said to Chad. Chad blushed, lowering his gaze again.

Crystal then asked for a selfie with all of them; Chad couldn't refuse. As they stood close to each other, Brad pulled him closer. Chad then felt Brad's strong hand moving behind his back. Brad's hand came to rest on his butt and gave it a squeeze. As they continued to smile for the camera, Brad pinched Chad's butt cheek.

Chad grimaced.

"Look happy, Cindy, even if you don't feel it," Jenny said to him as she suddenly appeared with her new boyfriend.

"Haha, I bet not. She has been waiting for this day for a while now," Crystal joked looking at Chad.

They all gave a laugh.

Chad nodded his head sheepishly. "Well, I better go on and try to find my husband," Chad said in his sweet feminine voice.

Turning on his heels, he graced forward swishing his wide hips left and right adding extra bounce to his walk. Jenny noticed her new boyfriend ogling her ex-boyfriend's curvy hips and bubble butt. For the first time, she felt jealous of her ex-boyfriend, now that he had become a hot piece of ass.

Soon Chad was with Denzel. A bead of nervous sweat ran down his forehead as he brushed his wet hair aside, exhaling heavily.

"Are you feeling alright, honey?" asked Denzel.



“Please take me away from this crowd,” Chad replied to him like a damsel in distress.

“Babe, you need to learn to relax, just go with the flow,” Denzel coaxed him.

When things began to calm down, Denzel nudged Chad quietly. “I know a few things we could do now that we are married.”

“And what would those things be?” asked a curious Chad.

Denzel whispered in Chad’s ear, and Chad’s eyes widened. Denzel laughed at Chad’s expression.

Chad blushed deep red in front of his relatives and friends. He was going to have to get used to being someone’s wife. It was a new experience for him.



Once it was all over Denzel and Chad headed out to their honeymoon. It was a surprise so Chad didn't know at the time where they were going. Chad didn't care though. They could have just gone back home and Chad would have been just fine. The fact that they were now husband and wife excited and terrified Chad. After a day's worth of driving they reached this charming luxury cottage in a small country town. Denzel had rented out the whole property so they would have no interruptions from anyone. The place was like from a magazine. So many trees in full bloom. It was pure heaven.

Denzel carried Chad to the room, looking into Chad's eyes, trying not to notice the enticing amount of breast visible through the parting of Chad's dress or the feel of Chad's soft body pressed to his chest. When he placed Chad on the bed, Chad's dress rose up exposing his creamy thighs, making Denzel's eyes dilate in lust. Denzel was gentle, incredibly gentle as he tenderly peeled away Chad's bridal dress and the silk underwear, and all the time he undressed Chad and then himself, he was raining kisses upon Chad's upturned face.

"You are not frightened of me, Cindy, are you? He asked softly.

Chad was trembling, he couldn't help it. Yet, strangely the sight of Denzel's manly naked body had aroused so many different emotions in Chad that he couldn't name them.

"On your knees, my obedient wife," Denzel ordered.

Chad nodded his head slowly. He knelt gracefully on to the rug. He then looked avidly at his husband's fully erect member.

"You may touch my cock," Denzel said.

Chad wasted no time, wrapping a hand around Denzel's shaft. Denzel pulsed with hot vitality. Chad stroked Denzel with care, mimicking his ex-girlfriend, marvelling how Denzel's supple skin moved over the rigid core.

“You stroke me so well,” Denzel said in a guttural voice. “Now try doing it harder.”

“Like this?” Chad firmed his caress.

“Yes,” Denzel inhaled sharply. “Now squeeze when you get to the tip...”

“.....Exactly like that.”

Chad wanted to please his husband better than before. Wanted to be Denzel’s every fantasy - to be everything to him.

Denzel’s cock throbbed against the confines of Chad’s grip, a bead of milky dew clinging to the engorged head. Chad knew what he had to do next and thus he plunged the end of Denzel’s thick cock into his mouth. It seemed to fill him completely, his cheeks puffing out, taking Denzel’s shaft deep into his mouth. Chad breathed through his nose. Denzel moaned as Chad enveloped him in his wet warmth, as his tongue circled around Denzel’s cock. With a pop, Chad removed Denzel’s massive dick from his mouth and went down to Denzel’s balls. Chad licked Denzel’s balls, then lifted them and licked the tender skin beneath.

“Holy Christ. Cindy...”

Denzel said as Chad sucked Denzel’s balls into his mouth, feeling them with his tongue as he worked Denzel’s shaft. Every pleasure filled groan told him that he was touching Denzel right. Denzel’s jaw clenched, and Chad knew Denzel was struggling to remain in control.

“Do it, Denzel, Fuck my mouth. Let me taste you,” Chad said to Denzel.

Chad guided Denzel into his mouth, circling the base with one hand, while clutching his ass with the other. Chad’s eyes glued to his as he began thrusting into Chad’s mouth. Every thrust brought the tip to the back of his throat.

“So fucking sexy.”

Chad pulled away and said, “ Don’t hold back . I want this, my dear husband. I want you.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, Chad,” Denzel said to a surprised Chad.

“No. It’s Cindy! And no, you will never hurt me. I trust you,” replied Chad.

“Relax your throat honey.” Denzel stroked Chad’s hair. “Close your eyes and relax, and if you need me to stop, tell me.”

Chad closed his eyes, knowing Denzel would take care of him. Denzel pushed in slowly, caressing the sides of Chad’s face as he began moving faster, harder. Chad gripped the back of Denzel’s thighs, wanting more, wanting to taste Denzel’s seed. Chad became the willing wife pleasuring his husband. Chad had no idea what a slut he could be if he really wanted to. Chad moaned until he felt Denzel’s body shake as Denzel released his load into Chad’s mouth, and Chad sucked and licked until he had swallowed every drop of cum.



Chad gasped for air as Denzel lifted him effortlessly and placed him on the bed. Chad laid on his back with his legs spread displaying his tiny cock. Denzel climbed over him and licked his breasts, gently sucking one nipple and then the other. After fifteen minutes of sucking, Chad could feel Denzel's arousal on his thighs. Chad realized that his husband was ready for more.

Denzel reached into the nearby nightstand and pulled out lubricant.

"Hold the chair," Denzel said as he bent Chad and grabbed his ass. Chad didn't object.

Chad pushed his behind at Denzel as he applied the lubricant to his massive dick. Denzel then applied the remaining to Chad's arse, inside and out. Denzel's hard, thick cock was resting between Chad's ass cheeks. Chad knew what was coming next, so he took a deep breath as Denzel's cock entered his ass with one swift motion.



After starting with a few long, slow strokes to get his wife ready, Denzel fucked Chad hard and deep, jiggling Chad's breasts and making him gasp.

Then Denzel gently grabbed Chad's neck and pulled him up to see his face while Denzel pushed deeper and deeper inside of him.





Chad was lost in pain mixed with pleasure when suddenly he felt Denzel's penis jerk and then started shooting jets of hot cum inside his ass.

"I love you, my dear wife," Denzel said as he finished fucking Chad. When Denzel pulled out his cock, much of that cum then spilled out of Chad's boy-pussy.

"I feel your cum inside me, it feels like a lot. Please just hold me tight before I have to get up and get us some towels," Chad said to Denzel.



“You are going to leak when you sit up or walk, honey,” Denzel said as he eased back down and lay next to Chad.

“You better sleep with my cum inside you tonight, and you better get used to this,” Denzel added.

“All right, my dear husband,” Chad squealed.

“Since it’s our honeymoon, I have booked us into this paradise for the entire week. I want to explore your body and know every inch of you. I want you to reach new heights of pleasure. I want you to squeal with delight and scream for more when I am deep inside you again. Okay?” Denzel whispered into Chad’s ear.



Chad nodded his head as a submissive squeak erupted, “yes, honey! I am all yours. Do as you please.”

“Are you not happy, my dear? Do you still think that you are a man?” Denzel asked Chad, staring into his eyes.

Chad clearly knew the answer to this question. With his arms around Denzel’s head, Chad pulled Denzel to his large breasts. And in a confident, sweet feminine voice Chad spoke loud and clear, “You have made me feel special tonight. You have consummated our marriage and made me feel complete as a woman. I have your seed inside me. There is no way going back. I suppose I was meant to be a woman, your wife. I love you, Denzel.”

Denzel looked at Chad and had a big grin on his face. Apparently, he was pleased with the answer.

“Do you regret not marrying my sister, Crystal? A real girl!” Chad asked.

“Not at all, Cindy! I want real love, not to mention passionate, wild sex. I really don’t mind the tiny useless thing between your legs. You are woman enough for me and I love your body”, Denzel said as he ran his fingers around Chad’s nipples.

“Hmmm....,” Chad purred.

He was pinned beside Denzel unable to move. However, Chad felt warm and safe in the cocoon of his husband, Denzel’s solid arms. That night, for the first time in their life, Denzel and Chad slept as husband and wife.

-The End-



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