

A
PROPER
FIANCÉE

By Melissa N.

Illustrations by Spartasko

CHAPTER 1

"Hey, man, look at that ass!" said Tom, after a long whistle, watching a very hot girl wearing a red dress as she crossed the nightclub's floor.

"Forget her, buddy." said Mark, taking a long sip of his beer. "You don't have any chance competing against me. She'll be mine!"

Tom and Mark were friends since childhood, and they were always competing to see who could seduce more girls. Tom was a tall man, with dark hair and a muscular body; Mark was smaller and slimmer than his friend, but he was good-looking and had a natural charm.

"Man, what time is it?" asked Tom.

"What're you talking about? Since when do you worry about the time?"

"I have to see my grandfather tomorrow."

"So what?"

"Well, I have to make a good impression to stay in his last will and testament!"

"You don't need worry about that, right? You told me that your grandfather is a sexist and will never let a woman be the successor in his company's presidency. Your father is dead and the old man doesn't have any other sons. So, you're his only choice."

"Yeah, you're right. But I think I'd better make sure. I didn't leave a good impression last summer...and you helped to build my bad reputation."

"Just because I flirted with those sluts?"

"*Those sluts* are my aunts... and you didn't flirt, you harassed them while we were in my grandfather's house..."

"Well... It's not my fault that they were two MILFs!"

"That's true." said Tom, laughing. "But I wonder what they'd do if they saw you again..."

"I have some ideas on what I'd do..."

"Could be, but only after I receive my inheritance... Then I'll be so rich that I'll never need work again, and you can harass my aunts as long as you want!"

"As far as I remember, you never have worked a day in your life."

"You know what I mean. Now, I have to go. You coming with me?"

"Oh, no! I have business to attend here..." said Mark, smiling at the hot girl in a red dress.
"And I'm sure that you also know what I mean..."



CHAPTER 2

"Wake up, honey, or we'll be late!"

"Oh, mom, let me sleep a little more."

"You can't. Your grandfather is waiting for us... Where were you last night?"

"Where else?" said another voice. "He was out drinking like he does every night."

"Anna, you need to respect your brother!"

"I wasn't drinking!" said Tom, with a terrible hangover. "And who asked you anyway?"

Tom and Anna were not great friends, so to speak. She was twenty years old, two years younger than her brother was. She had dark hair, a pretty face and a thin body. Unlike Tom, Anna was a hardworking girl, who had worked at a beauty salon since her teens to pay for her college. Her mother had some money, but Anna always wanted to be independent.

Martha, Tom and Anna's mother, was a sweet and zealous middle-aged woman who had raised her children with love. She had lost her husband when Tom and Anna were just babies and, in compensation for the lack of their father, always did everything that her children wanted. Obviously, it had not done Tom any good, who became a spoiled brat.

"I don't want see you two fighting, all right?" said Martha. "Now, hurry up, Tom! We have to go!"

"Okay, mom. I'll be ready in no time..."

The ride passed without further trouble. Tom had a terrible headache, so he rode in silence with his eyes closed. Soon, they had arrived at the mansion where Tom's grandfather lived.

They were met by the butler and led to the private office of Mr. George Smith, Tom and Anna's grandfather. The old man was sitting behind a large table, with two beautiful middle-aged women at his side. They were Martha's sisters.

"Dad! I'm so glad to meet you!"

"Yeah, I know..." said Mr. Smith, moodily. "Spare me the small talk. Let's get straight to the point."

Tom thought that his grandfather looked very ill. His wrinkled face had big dark circles under his yellowing eyes and there was an oxygen tube leading to his nose.

"I called you here" said Mr. Smith, "because my end is near."

"Don't say that, grandpa" said Anna. "You can..."

"Do not interrupt me, silly girl! I don't need your support... Like I said, I'll go soon, but first I need to resolve some things."

Then he looked sorely to Tom, who flinched.

"I have to choose someone to be my successor as company president."

"But, dad..." said Martha carefully. "You have said that Tom will be your successor."

"Tom? That useless? How can I give the company that I spent my life building to this idiot?"

"I'm not a..." started Tom.

"Shut up, stupid! I allowed you to open your filthy mouth? You shame this family! You live your life drunk, surrounded by whores and your perverted friend! Do you think that I forgot what happened last summer? You brought that pig here and he harassed my daughters!"

The two women looked at Tom satisfied.

"But..." tried the young man again.

"I said shut up! Because of that, I decided that if you don't change your behavior, I will choose another person to be my successor."

"But I'm your only male descendant! You always said..."

"I'm sure that grandpa thought about this and concluded that he has a better choice," said Anna. "I'm perfect for the position. I've always worked hard and I'm at Administration College. So..."

"Are you crazy? As if a girl can replace me! Women just have to take care of their husbands and children. You're a shame too!"

"Right" said Sandra, one of Tom's aunts. "I always obeyed you, daddy, and my husband..."

"...is an idiot too! Just like Carla's husband!" he said, glaring at Carla, Tom's other aunt.

"So..." started Martha. "Who is your other option?"

"Michael."

"What?" exclaimed Anna. "He doesn't even belong to the family!"

"You can't..." started Tom.

"Don't try to tell me what I can do! Michael is loyal to me, he has been my assistant for years and he has a bright future. He's perfect."

"No judge will allow this!" screamed Tom. "Even if this nonsense is in your will!"

"Well, if necessary, I can give him my surname! Michael doesn't have family, and I would like it if he were my son! If you don't want this, you have to show me that you can change! You have to get a job and a fiancée, because before long it will be too late!"



CHAPTER 3

"So, he said what?" asked Mark.

"Exactly what I told you," said Tom, angrily. "A job and a fiancée!"

"But who the hell is Michael?"

"An idiot who has been my grandfather's puppy."

Tom and Mark were drinking at a nightclub again. Obviously, Tom was completely furious with his grandfather's decision, and to him, drink was the only way to vent his frustration.

"But..." said Mark. "If your grandfather leaves his company to this Michael, does that mean you inherit nothing?"

"My mother doesn't think so. She said that legally he has to leave something to us... but just a little part of his fortune."

"Man... what're you going to do?"

"Well... I think I'll fuck a slut all night long... after that, I'll think about this situation."

"That's a great plan! Look those two whores at the bar... I think we can have fun with them..."

"Perfect! My mother's staying at my grandfather's house... The old man is very sick... So, we can invite those girls to a party at my home."

"What about your sister?"

"She's home, but I don't care."

"Maybe I can convince her to join me too..."

"Do what you want... That bitch really deserves getting a good fucking..."

The first part of Tom and Mark's plan worked very well. They did not have any trouble convincing the girls to go to a private party. However, at Tom's house, things were not so simple...

"What you think you doing, you bastard?" shouted Anna.

"It's not your business!" said Tom.

"Oh, do you think so? When you arrive at *my* house with two whores, it is my business!"

"Your house? Who do you think you are?"

"You could be right... It's not my house... grandfather gave us this home... what do you think he'd do if I told him what you doing right now?"

"You wouldn't dare..."

"Really? If you think so..."

"What do you want?"

"I want those whores out of here!"

Reluctantly, Tom did what his sister said. The two girls looked very disappointed, and Mark looked mad.

"Buddy, you can't listen to this slut! You're a man!" said Mark.

"Do you think?" shouted Anna. "But he doesn't behave like a man! And you're even worse! You two are losers!"

"Losers? We can fuck all women that we want!"

"So, just fucking women makes you a man? You guys are so pathetic!"

"You're wrong!" said Tom. "We can do anything!"



"Are you sure about that? So, why don't you get a job and a fiancée and convince our grandfather to make you his successor?"

"I can do that!"

"I don't believe you."

"You'll see!"

"Very well... I want to see that! And you, Mark... since you two are so close, you can pretend to be Tom's fiancée..."

"Are you crazy, bitch?" said Mark. "Do I look like a girl?"

"I've worked at a beauty salon for a long time and I can make you look like a girl easily..."

"You've really lost your mind..."

"Do you want to bet?"

"Bet what?" asked Mark, distrustful.

"Well... If I make you look like a woman, you'll pretend to be Tom's fiancée. But you have to allow me to do everything that I need during the transformation."

"And if you lose?"

"What you want?"

"You know what I want... If you lose, you'll get a date with me, and you'll do everything that I say..." said Mark, maliciously.

"Done!" said Anna, extending her hand.

A little astonished by Anna's confidence, Mark shook her hand.

"Get ready, bitch... You'll never forget our date..."

"I can say the same, *girly*... Get ready... and not for just one night..."

CHAPTER 4

"All right! Let's start!"

They were in the Anna's bedroom, which had an improvised beauty salon. Mark and Tom thought that this was very weird. Anna grabbed a corset, nylon stockings, and a wig. Then she took a padded bra with two weird masses. Apparently, she had been planning this for a long time.

"Take off your clothes." she said.

Mark raised an eyebrow and cast a knowing glance at Tom.

"Do you want to take the opportunity to admire my body?"

"You'll see, idiot!"

Anna put on a tight black collar in Mark's neck to hide his Adam's apple, which almost choked him. Then it was time for the very tight corset. Finally, after he put on the bra and wig, Anna took two steps back to look at the overall result.

Tom could not help laughing. Mark's muscles, his manhood and his body hair made the attempt to crossdress him totally ineffective. He looked more like a circus attraction than a girl.

"You'll never make this guy look like a girl!" exclaimed Tom. "It's against nature!"



Anna clenched her teeth then smiled, as if she had another idea.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" asked Mark, while Anna tied his arms on to the sides of a big chair.

"Oh, stop crying like a baby... or I should say like a *little girl*?" teased Anna, picking up a big syringe.

"What is that?" cried Mark.

"Just a little thing to make your body more elegant, silly..."

"No way! Get out!"

"You agreed to let me do everything I want to... I thought that you were a man... but looks like you're just a faggot..."

"I'm what? Okay, bitch, go ahead!"

Smiling, Anna pierced Mark's arm. *Men are so easy to handle*, she thought.

Immediately, something weird happened with Mark's body. The muscles of his arms, trunk and legs started to wither, like a gas balloon deflating. Soon, Mark did not even have one significant muscle in his body.



"W-what..." stammered Mark, looking at his arm, thin as a stick.

"Wow... it really worked! It's an experimental drug... but don't worry... the effect is *temporary*..."

Mark was shocked. He had spent many years building his body... and all his muscles were gone in seconds...

"Are you sure about that?" he shouted. "I'll have my body back?"

"Of course, sweetie! Be a brave girl for me, okay? Now take off your clothes, please. And you, Tom, give us a little privacy."

After Tom left the room, Mark did what Anna said. It was as if something inside him had been broken. The humiliation was so strong that he did not have strength to resist. It was clear that he had accepted this stupid bet when he was drunk and now he bitterly regretted doing so.

When he was completely naked, Anna spread a smelly cream all over his body.

"Wait a few minutes, and then you can take a shower. You'll love the result!"

After the shower, Mark noticed that all his body hair had gone. His skin was as soft and smooth as a baby. He stroked himself and it was very strange. It was not his body... It was like touching a girl. Moreover, his skin was pinkish and had a virginal aspect. There was not anything masculine or manly... just a delicate and girly body...

"Very well" said Anna. "Now, return to the chair. I'll have to tie you again... the next procedure can be a little painful."

Afraid, Mark obeyed. He did not understand why he was acting so submissively. What was wrong with him? Where was his courage? Apparently, he had lost it at the same time as his muscles.

Anna took another syringe and Mark's eyes widened when he found out what was about to happen. Noticing his fear, she dropped the syringe and disappeared for some time. When she returned, she was hiding something in her right hand.

"Open your mouth." she said.

"Why?" he asked, with the last trace of his bravery.

"Just do it, or it will be worse for you." she said, threateningly.

Tied and completely helpless, he obeyed again.

Then, she put a ball gag in his mouth. Angry, he tried to tell to her take it out of his mouth, but he could only produce groans.

"Calm down, silly... It'll just take a few seconds."

She took the syringe up again and pierced Mark's cock. His terrible scream was muffled by the gag while Anna injected all of the viscous liquid into his masculinity. Suddenly, he saw his cock shrinking and soon it was looking like a little kid's penis.

"Oh, look at that! So cute!" Anna said.

Shocked, Mark was at a loss for words.

"So, aren't you the guy who can fuck all women? Show me your virility now! C'mon, don't you want to fuck me, silly?"

Mark saw his cock completely limp, despite all the efforts of Anna.

"Can't you get hard? So sad... Imagine what all the girls that you fucked would think now... I could hide it with a fake pussy, but I want you to look to your little thing all the time... And, obviously, you'll have to sit to pee!"

Mark could not control himself and tears flooded his eyes.

"Oh, the sissy is crying!"

Then, Anna took another syringe.

"This one is for your boobs, honey!"

Desperate, Mark tried to free himself.

"Don't be an unruly *girl*... or it can be worse..."

Anna pierced both Mark's nipples and he writhed in agony. His only consolation was that he did not see any difference in his chest. Maybe the girl was wrong about this damn thing...

"That hurt, didn't it? I think that you deserve a massage now..."

She started massaging Mark's chest and Mark felt a shiver going through his body. It was so good... Unwittingly, he began releasing high moans.

"It looks like my *girl* likes someone playing with her boobs... I know it's good... And it's even better when a man with big hands does it to you... You'll see... soon..."

Mark wanted to say to her that there was no way a man was going to lay a finger in his chest... but he was too horny to try to talk...

At one point, he noticed that his chest looked bigger... nothing extreme, but definitely bigger.

"All done!" Anna said. "Now, you have A-cup boobs... I know that probably you like the bigger ones, but it's what we can do for now."

Mark saw that she was right. He had boobs, small, but definitely boobs.

"The worst has passed, my sweet. Let's continue!"

In the next hour, Anna worked on Mark's hair, giving him a short yet feminine haircut.

"Don't worry! It'll grow longer in no time!"

She did his nails, with extensions and pink polish.

"This color really suits you!"

She waxed and styled his eyebrows.

"You'll love that!"

She put makeup on his face with a plethora of brushes, sponges, and other strange things.

"You are so pretty! The guys will be crazy for you!"

She pierced his ears twice.

"A girl needs gorgeous earrings."

Finally, she chose his clothes.

Constrained, Mark put on a pair of pink panties (which completely hid his little cock), a matching bra, stockings, black high heels (only two inch heels), and a simple purple dress that went down to the knee height. To finish, she chose small earrings, some rings and a delicate necklace with a bright heart.

"Ready to see the new you?"

Wobbly in his new heels, Mark followed Anna to the full body mirror. Then, his jaw dropped. He looked completely like a girl. *She* was not a hottie, but nobody could say that this person was a guy. *Her* body was slim and delicate, with small boobs and a pretty face that looked extremely scared.



"Now, let's introduce you to your fiancée. I'm sure that he's anxious to see you..."

"No way!" exclaimed Tom. "This girl isn't Mark!"

Tom could not believe in his eyes. In front of him was a girl who could never be mistaken for a man. She was not the prettiest, but something in her scared face attracted Tom.

"It's enough!" said Tom. "You're trying fooling me, right? You had this girl hidden in your bedroom! Tell me who is she and where is Mark!"

"I'm here, Tom..." said the girl, extremely embarrassed.

"Can't be! Your voice is higher than Mark's voice!"

"Well..." started Anna. "Mark's voice is higher now because of something that I gave him. She isn't exactly a soprano, but, even so, she has a convincing female voice."

Tom walked over to the strange girl and saw that she really had Mark's features.

"Is it really you?" he asked.

"Yes..." said the girl, without the courage to look him in the eyes.

"All right then!" said Anna. "From now on, Mark is your fiancée, big brother! Because it's clear that I won the bet!"

"I don't care about your damn bet!" shouted Mark. "I won't pretend to be a girl! Doesn't matter how convincing I am!"

"Okay..." Anna said.

"Okay?" Mark exclaimed, surprised. He really had not expected to win that discussion so easily.

"I can't force you to do that... if you want, you can leave now."

"All right! I am out of here! Give me my body back, bitch!"

"What you talking about? I didn't say that I was going to change you back."

"But..."

"If you want to give up, you'll have to do that like you are now!"

"Are you sure? Then I'll call the cops! What you did is a crime!"

"Do you really want to make that phone call? Feel free to do that. But... can you imagine the scandal? Everyone will think that you are a faggot! Even your parents will find out about that! They're abroad, right?"

"Yeah... My father works in France..."

"But they will need to come back, and they will see that their son is a sissy... your friends as well! Do you really think that anyone will believe that you were forced by a girl to do that? Your reputation will be ruined! So, do you want the phone or not?"

"No, you're right... But I can force you to make me normal again!"

With a long sigh, Anna caught Mark's arm and twisted it until Mark screamed in pain.

"I'm stronger than you now, silly girl!"

Tom was shocked. His sister had subdued Mark without effort.

"Leave him alone!"

"Oh, so sweet! Tom is protecting his *girl!*" Anna said as she released Mark's arm. "Now, listen to me you two. I'm doing this to help you, Tom! Do you want be our grandfather's heir or not? And you Mark, who is Tom's best friend, you need to help him! It's just temporary and I'm sure that he won't forget that!"

"But... even looking like I girl, I can't behave like one... people will figure it out..."

"Don't worry! In the next few days, I'll teach you all that you need to know to be a perfect girl. And we will work on your image too, Tom. You need to look like a respectable man. So, can I count on you two?"

"But... "Mark said."What do you gain if Tom is your grandfather's heir?"

"We have our differences, but we're siblings and I'm sure that he won't forget what I'm doing as well."

Tom thought for a while. His sister looked sincere. Maybe she really just wanted to help him.

"Fine." He said. "If Mark agrees, I'm in too."

"It's the craziest plan that I've heard..." Mark said, distressed.

"Come on, buddy! Soon we'll be laughing about all this crap surrounded by a lot of whores! We'll have so much money!"

"Okay!" he accepted, finally. "You'll owe me a big one! What do we do now?"

"I think that today was a stressful day for all of us..." Anna said. "Let's start your formation tomorrow. Tonight, we can just watch a movie to relax... I will make popcorn."

"Good..." Mark said.

"... and Tom, I want you to hold Mark's hand during the whole movie..."

"What?"

"Well... you two are a couple now... You two need to get used to it."



CHAPTER 5

The next morning, Mark awoke with the certainty that the night before had just been a bad dream. He had not been transformed into an imitation of a girl. It was complete nonsense. Who the hell could do something like that? It was laughable. Yet there was something wrong. He was in the guest room at Tom's house. What he was doing there? And there were other things... his cock was tiny... and all his body was soft and delicate...

"Ah, you woke up! Good morning, airhead!"

There was Anna with a large smile on her face.

"Get up, now! We have a long day ahead of us!"

All those things really had happened. He was stuck playing the part of Tom's fiancée, with a feminine shape and a useless cock... Mark felt tears flooding his eyes again.

"Oh, silly, you are very emotional now, aren't you? Just like a girl..."

"This is crazy, Anna! Please, change me back!"

"We already discussed this, remember? I'll change you back when we're done. Now get up and take a bath. I'm pretty sure that you'll feel much better!"

Reluctantly, Mark obeyed. He thought that men did not take baths, but he knew that discussing it would be a waste of time.

"Can you give me a little privacy?" he asked, ashamed.

"Don't worry about that. We're all *girls* here. Plus, I've seen all your body, remember?"

He remembered... and it was not a good memory.

At least the bath was good. He had no idea that it could be so relaxing. When it was over, he was smelling like flowers and his skin was even smoother. Anna gave him two towels, instructing him to tie the first one over his breasts, and the other around his head, like a turban.

"Great!" she said when they arrived in her room. "Now, let's dress you."

She gave him a pair of simple white panties and a matching bra; a blue blouse with long sleeves and a white skirt, which dropped below his knees. Finally, she handed him a pair of open sandals with low heels.

"Okay. Now your make up! Pay attention because very soon you'll have to do this by yourself."

"Why do I have to learn how to apply make up?"

"Have you ever seen a girl who doesn't know how to put on her own makeup? We have to be perfect in every aspect!"

So many things... How did she expect that he learn it all? When she finished, he had to admit that she made a good job.

"Now, let's meet Tom."

"What time is it?"

"It's eight o'clock... why?"

"Do you really think that Tom is awake? He doesn't wake up before noon..."

"You'll be surprised, sweetie!"

In the kitchen, Mark saw that Anna was right. Tom was sitting at table. He was wearing a suit and his hair was perfectly combed.

"Morning..." Tom said, constrained. Like Mark, he had not forgotten the previous night, when he had been forced to hold his buddy's hand for two hours.

"Do you see?" asked Anna to Mark. "*Your* man is awake and ready for the day! Doesn't he look handsome?"

Normally Mark would never say that Tom was handsome. However, he knew at that moment he had little choice.

"Yes..." he said, with downcast eyes. "You look handsome, Tom..."

"Thanks..." said Tom, appalled. "You look good as well..."

"Well, you two need be more convincing in the future, but don't worry, we'll work on it. Tom has an important day ahead. He'll start an administration course to show our grandfather that he can be a perfect heir. And you, as a devoted fiancée, will make an invigorating breakfast for him."

"But I don't know how to cook!" Mark complained.

"I'll help you for now. But you will need to know how to do this yourself too."

Then, the *girls* made the breakfast, with toast, juices, pancakes, fruits, coffee and tea. In fact, Tom had rarely seen a better meal.

"Good!" said Anna. "You learn fast. Now, give some toast in Tom's mouth and ask him if he likes it."

"What?"

"Are you questioning my orders?"

"No! I just..."

"So?"

"Okay... I can do it."

Mark spread jelly on a piece of toast and put it in Tom's mouth.

"Did you like it?" asked the feminized guy.

"Yes... You did a great job, buddy..."

"About that..." said Anna. "You can't call *her* like that anymore... You two are a *couple* now. So, you need call each other *honey*, *sweetie* and things like that, all right?"

"Okay..." said the guys.

"Very good! Now, you two have a great breakfast, talking like a happy couple."

Tom talked about his plans for the day. Getting into the character, Mark talked like a girl in love, telling Tom that everything would be alright, because he was such a great guy. At the end, he followed Tom to the front door.

"Now" said Anna. "You two need to do something that can be hard at first..."

"What you talking about?" asked Mark, scared.

"Well... What does a happy couple do when the man is leaving home?"

Tom and Mark remained silent. They knew the answer to that question, but they did not want to say it.

"Come on!" said Anna, impatiently.

"They kiss." said Tom, not believing that he said that.

"So, what you two are waiting for?"

"I won't kiss Tom!" said Mark. "It's so much!"

"Do you think that people will believe that you two are a couple if you never kiss?"

"But..."

"Just a little peck on the lips...Tom, put your hands on her waist, and you, put your hands around Tom's neck!"

Tom and Mark approached each other as if they were about to do the most disgusting thing in the world. They moved their faces closer, closing their eyes just before their lips touched, Mark smelled Tom's aftershave while Tom felt Mark's lipstick. The kiss took just one second, but it felt like an eternity to the guys.

"Well done!" said Anna. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now, you can go Tom. Your *fiancée* and I have a lot of things to do..."



CHAPTER 6

Anna was not joking when she said that they would have a long day ahead. At lunchtime, Mark was completely exhausted.

"You're making great progress!" Anna said. "I think you're born to be a girl!"

"I don't think so..." Mark said, moodily, massaging his feet. "We're finished for today, right?"

"Of course not! We're just beginning!"

"But my feet..."

"No buts, missy! Like I said, you're doing very well, but there's a long way until the end!"

Anna had started Mark's training just after Tom had left home. She made Mark walk around the house with his low heels for two hours. She instructed him to walk with one foot ahead the other one, like a model on the catwalk. He had a lot of difficulty at first, and fell sometimes...

"Get up, silly girl! Didn't you hear me? You need to move your hips!"

"I'm trying!"

"Push yourself! Come on!"

A half hour later, he was starting to get the hang of it, but Anna wasn't satisfied.

"One more time! Now, keep your arms loose beside your body. Good! Don't forget your hips! One foot ahead of the other..."

"Please, Anna, I need to sit down!" begged Mark.

"I think you can do that now..."

Overjoyed, Mark threw himself on the sofa as if it was his greatest dream. This happiness was short-lived...

"What you doing?" shouted Anna.

"Well..." he said, confused. "You said I could sit..."

"Have you ever seen a girl sit like that? Do you want everyone seeing your panties? Gather your legs!

Ashamed, Mark obeyed Anna.

"Good..." she said. "Now, put your hands in your lap... You can also cross your legs... That's a very girly pose... No! You need be more delicate! We have so much work..."

Over the next hour, Mark was forced to sit down and stand up countless times.

"Can we take a break to lunch?" begged Mark. "I'm very hungry!"

"All right! But you need to eat fast... I'm not satisfied with your manners yet!"

Mark was very happy. His morning had been very nasty and he was almost fainting from hunger. However, his joy was gone the moment he saw what Anna had made for lunch.

"We'll eat just this?" he said, looking at the salad on the table.

"Of course, silly! We girls need take care of our figures!"

"I'm already slim after all those drugs you put in my body! I don't need to lose weight!"

"A girl always needs to lose some weight, airhead! You'll understand soon..."

"But I'll still be hungry! Do you want to see me sick?"

"Oh, don't be such a *drama queen*! All girls live like that and we're all standing! Now, eat!"

As Mark expected, the meal did not satisfy him, but Anna didn't want to listen to his complaints.

Then, they went to Anna's bedroom and started the afternoon activities. Mark did his makeup until his arms started to ache. He never expected that he would need to know how to use all this crap...

"Be careful with your mascara..."

"Do you want to look like a clown? Less blush on your cheeks!"

"Your lipstick is smudged. Do it again!"

After long hours, Anna finally was a little happy with the result.

"Okay! Enough makeup for today!"

"So, I can take a rest now?" Mark asked hopefully.

"Are you mad? Now, we'll make dinner! You'll learn how to prepare pasta with meatballs."

"Great! I really need a bit of real food!"

"It's not for you! You'll eat salad again! But I'm sure that *your man* wants a substantial meal... You know how men are..."

Tom was completely exhausted. His day had been incredibly boring and repetitive. Surely, administration was not his cup of tea. He could not wait to receive his inheritance and order someone else to do the hard work. Maybe his sister, since she was so compromised.

Well at least one good thing was in Tom's day. Between the numbers, graphs and charts, he had met a very hot girl named Emma. She was blonde, with blue eyes and had a killer body. They had talked a lot and she asked him if he was single. Tom said yes, but something inside him said otherwise. He had a *fiancée*...No! That was absurd! His *fiancée* was Mark, his best friend, who was just pretending to be a girl. It was really admirable. Only a real friend could do something like that. Tom thought that he should reward Mark for this.



Anyway, that situation was so embarrassing... Tom had been forced to hold Mark's hand and, even worse, they had kissed! The memory about it made Tom sick. The sweet flavor of Mark's lips... No! He could not think about that. Mark was not a girl. He should think about Emma, the hot woman. But things were so weird in that moment...

At home, the situation continued strangely. Mark was waiting for him in a floral dress, low-heeled sandals and impeccable makeup... But there was something else. He looked different. Mark was walking and behaving like a girl. What had Anna done with him?

"How are you, buddy?"

"I'm fine..." Mark said, seeming anything except fine.

"What did we talk about this morning?" complained Anna.

Tom remembered.

"Ok, sorry. I won't call him buddy anymore."

"Good! Another thing, your *fiancée* spent hours getting ready to welcome you. The least that you can do is compliment her looks."

"Right. You're very pretty, Mark."

"Thanks..." said the other man, almost crying with the humiliation.

"About her name" said Anna. "I think that we can't call her Mark anymore..."

"What do you mean?" asked the feminized man, startled.

"Have you ever seen a girl called Mark? You need a new name."

"But we can think about that when we go fool Tom's grandfather!"

"No... You need to get used to your new name, like if you never had another one. I know a perfect name for a *girl like you*... For now on, you're Jasmine!"

Tom really felt sorry for his friend. Would he lose even his name?

"But that's the most girly name that I have ever heard!" cried Mark.

"I know!" said Anna, exultant. "Isn't it perfect? A very girly name for a very girly girl... Now, welcome your man like I taught you!"

Then, Mark really felt ill. Completely helpless and looking like a teenager girl in love, he said:

"Oh, Tom, I'm so happy that you're home! I missed you so much! It took, like... forever! Now, let's eat dinner! I hope you like what I made to you!"

Poor Mark, Tom thought. Things were definitely out of control...

CHAPTER 7

Over the following days, Anna continued to feminize Mark (or Jasmine), while Tom learned (or pretended to learn) how to be a businessman.

Mark's life became more and more miserable. Tom's sister forced him to behave like a girl all the time. He had more lessons about sitting correctly (You need to be more delicate!), walking like a lady (don't forget about your hips!), talking girly (you always have to say "like", "cute", "so sweet", and move your hands whenever you talk), and other lessons... Moreover, he was wearing increasingly higher heels and tighter skirts. Every night, he had to welcome Tom happily after making dinner. Then, the two guys had to watch a movie holding hands and, of course, they had to kiss at least once a day.

On the other hand, Tom was having some fun in his course. He was increasingly close with Emma and he knew that soon he would take her out for a date. Unlike Tom, Emma was very clever and energetic, which was very useful, because without her help Tom would not have been able to do the tests.

Weeks later, Anna called her brother before he left home.

"So, Tom, are you enjoying your new life?"

"Well, I'm struggling..." he said suspiciously. "Why? Did I do something wrong?"

"I don't think so, big brother... You definitely are doing your part very well... Waking early every day... Going to your course... behaving like a responsible man... And *Jasmine* is making great progress, too... So, I think we can move on with our plan."

"What you mean?"

"It's time for you to propose to her!"

"We're just pretending be a couple, remember? I don't think it's necessary to ask her to marry me!"

"You're wrong," said Anna, happily, realizing that even Tom was referring to Jasmine with female pronouns. "If we want to fool everybody, we need to do everything perfectly."

That's one of the most important moments for a couple. What will she say when someone asks her about how you proposed to her?"

"We can create a story..."

"We can't! It needs to be real. What would happen if one of you says a different story? People would start to doubt... and you don't want that, do you?"

"No!"

"Good... So, take this!"

Anna gave her brother a little box.

"What's that?"

"Open it."

Inside was a beautiful ring with a big and shiny diamond.

"Where did you get this?"

"It belonged to our grandmother and mother. Mom gave it to me a few months ago."

"But... I can't use it... It's yours..."

"Don't worry. You'll give me it back when this situation ends. But now, I think it's a perfect gift for your fiancée. All women dream about a ring like this. So tonight, you'll take her to a romantic restaurant, which I already made the reservation for. Don't forget to be a perfect gentleman and treat her like a lady."

"Did you talk about this with Jasmine?"

"Of course not! All women like to be surprised in these situations! But I'll prepare her for the date. Don't be late! Today will be an unforgettable day!"

"Surely..." said Tom, uncomfortable.

"I really need to do that?" asked Mark.

"Of course, silly!" said Anna, for the umpteenth time.

"But I don't want to people see me like that!"

"You don't have a choice. You need get used to going out as a girl, because you need be perfect in our grandfather's house."

"Okay..." said Mark, biting his lip nervously.

He was wearing a long pink dress, with delicate sleeves and a tight bodice, and high pink pumps. His makeup was perfect, with eye shadow, mascara, blush, and shiny lip gloss. He also was wearing big golden earrings, rings and a beautiful necklace.

"You're so pretty!" said Anna. "Nobody would think that you were a boy!"

"I hope so... But I'm still a man!!"

"Wrong, sweetie! Now, you need to think that you're a girl, and a girly one! Remember our training!"

"Where is Tom? Isn't he late?" said Mark, trying to change the subject.

"He'll get dressed elsewhere. Don't worry. *Your man* will be here very soon!"

Anna's words were prophetic. A moment later, they heard the front door opening.

Then, Anna dragged Mark down the stairs to the living room, where Tom was waiting. He was wearing a suit with black tie and he was carried a bouquet of roses.

"Mark... I mean... Jasmine... It's really you? You're... very pretty..."

"Thank you... You look good, too."

"Aren't you two forgetting something?" said Anna.

"Right... this is for you, Jasmine." said Tom, giving Mark the flowers. Then they kissed unwillingly.

"Good" said Anna. "You two can go! Have fun!"

Tom offered an arm to Mark and they left home like a couple in love...

"Everybody's looking at me..." said Mark, distressed, as they entered the refined restaurant. "I think they know that I'm a guy!"

"Nonsense!" said Tom, feeling Mark tremble at his side. "Everybody's looking at you because you're very pretty tonight! Calm yourself!"

Mark thought that it was very easy for Tom to say that. He was not the one who was wearing a dress and high heels.

"I don't understand why we need to do this!" said Mark.

"Well, Anna thinks that we need to get used to going out in public together... Maybe she's right. Anyway, this is a chance for us to do something different... Our lives have been so boring lately..."

"How your course going?" asked Mark, as they sat at the table.

"Crap, you know... Just calculations, chattiness, more calculations... At least, I met a very hot girl! You should see her!"

"What?" said Mark, crossing her arms in an extremely feminine gesture, like an upset girl. "So, while I'm pretending be a girl to help you, you're flirting with a slut?"

"I'm sorry..." said Tom, constrained. "I didn't think that..."

"Of course you didn't! Have you ever thought about someone other than yourself?"

"Now, you're talking like my sister."

"I know..." said Mark, scared. "I don't know what's happening to me... I can't recognize myself anymore! We need get out of this damn situation fast, Tom!"

"It's okay, *Jasmine*. Everything is going to be fine."

"Are you ready to order, sir?" said the waiter.

"I would like a scotch... and a glass of white wine for her, please."

"Of course, sir."

"Oh, and I would like to ask you something more..."

Tom whispered something to the waiter, which Mark could not hear. Then, the waiter moved away after a nod.

"What did you say to him?" asked Mark suspiciously.

"Nothing important..."

"And why the hell did you order wine for me? I can order for myself!"

"We're a couple now, remember? That's what men do for girls!"

"Just in a sexist world!"

"Well, my grandfather lives in a world like that, and he is who we have to convince."

After that, they talked about trivialities. When the dinner was served, Mark, who for the first time in a long while was far from Anna's supervision, tried to eat a piece of meat, but he was satisfied after only two bites.

"That's weird..." he lamented. "I used to eat a whole cow..."

"Women..." grumbled Tom, while he ate voraciously.

Then, the waiter approached again and whispered something to Tom. Mark just barely heard an apology.

"What's happening?" asked Mark.

"Hum... Jasmine... We have a problem..."

"What kind of problem?"

"Listen... I have to do something... but that dumb waiter accidentally told someone what is going to happen, and now everybody knows..."

"What are you..."

"Listen to me, Jasmine! When it happen, you need to react like a normal girl, do you understand? Do exactly what a girl could do in a situation like that!"

"But..."

The waiter returned. *Didn't that man hadn't other people to serve?* Mark thought. This time, though, he brought a bottle of champagne. While the man filled their glasses, Mark realized that all the people were looking at him. Then, finally, Mark understood.

"Please, Tom, don't do that!"

"I don't have a choice Jasmine... Here we go!"

Tom pulled out a little box of his jacket and knelt ahead of Mark. When he opened the box, his *fiancée* saw a shining ring.

"Jasmine, do you want marry me?"

Mark knew that he had no choice. Everybody was waiting for his answer.

"I do, Tom!" he said, weakly.

So, Tom put the ring on his finger and hugged him, while the people cheered excitedly. Mark was crying and everybody thought that it was tears of happiness, but, in fact, he was crying because he had never felt so humiliated. Why was this necessary? Surely, this had been Anna's plan... When, he thought that the situation could not get worse, a man stood up and shouted: *Kiss her, buddy!*

Soon, everybody was yelling: *Kiss her! Kiss her! Kiss her!* Mark felt Tom's hands going down to his waist. So, he just wrapped his arms around the neck of Tom and waited for the inevitable moment. It was a long kiss. They kept their lips closed, it's true, but it was a warm kiss. At the end, Mark concluded that he would need to visit a therapist for a lifetime..



CHAPTER 8

Some days later, Tom, Mark and Anna were travelling to Mr. Smith's house. Mark's training was finally over and they were ready for the last part of the plan. The humiliating memory about the night at the restaurant continued to torment the feminized man, and, to make the things worse, he was reminded of that incident every time that he looked to his hand, which boasted the brilliant engagement ring.

"Let's see if you two remember everything," said Anna. "How did you meet?"

"In my course" said Tom, readily. "Jasmine was a secretary there."

"Good! And how do you guys fell in love?"

"I was very sad one day..." said Mark. "And Tom was the only one who asked me what was going on and what he could do to make me feel better... Then, I accepted his invitation to go out and he was so caring and loving... All that a girl could dream... So, we kissed..."

"And how did you feel about that?"

"It was so nice... I felt he was *my* man..."

Anna continued to asking increasingly embarrassing questions. Mark was forced to repeat these answers so many times that he was afraid that he could start to believe them.

"Here's your new ID cards," she said.

"What?" Mark had not seen his driver's license and other identification cards recently, but he thought that he just had forgotten where they were.

"Did you steal my real ones?" he said.

"Of course not! I just I borrowed them... Anyway, until we finish the plan, those are your *real* documents!"

"Why do I need new documents?"

"How many times do I have to say it? We need to be perfect in all aspects! What's at stake is a fortune greater than you can imagine! Do you really think that nobody will try to stop Tom's ambition? If someone finds out that you're a boy... all our efforts will be in vain!"

"I guess you're right..." said Mark, reluctantly.

"Of course I am! Now, remember that all this will be over soon. We just have to stay with our grandfather for a weekend to show to him that Tom is a new person."

"Then can I return to be a man?" asked Mark, hopefully.

"Not yet. You'll need to stay in your current form until Tom receives the inheritance. But mom said that our grandfather is very ill... I think that he'll be dead in a month, or so. Anyway, when we return to our town you and Tom don't need be so close, if you know what I mean..."

Mark knew very well, and he was looking forward for that moment... but first, he just wanted to survive this weekend...

When the car stopped in front of Mr. Smith's mansion, Mark felt his legs shaking. This was the moment... Was he really prepared?

"Are you okay?" asked Tom.

"I've been better."

"Don't worry. I know you can do this!"

"I hope so..."

They were welcomed by the butler, and led to Mr. Smith's bedroom. Inside, Mark, Tom and Anna saw many people around a large bed.

"Tom? Anna?" said Martha.

"Hello, Mom" said Anna. "We came to see grandpa."

"In other words..." said a weak voice. "You two just want to see if I'm still alive."

"Don't say that, grandpa! You know that we care for you!"

"You two only care about my money, like everyone here..."

"And Tom has a surprise for you!" said Anna, ignoring the last comment of the old man.

"Surprise? Coming from Tom, it's probably a bad thing..."

"You're wrong, grandpa!" said Tom.

Then, he embraced Mark's waist and made his way through the people to the edge of the bed. The feminized man felt even more nervous with everyone staring at him, but the worst was yet to come.

"Who is that girl?" Mr. Smith asked. Mark saw that, although very ill, the old man appeared to have an above average sagacity. His eyes seemed to be able to see the interior of people. What would happen if he found out the truth?

"This is Jasmine, my fiancée."

After such a declaration, everyone looked amazed, especially Mr. Smith.

"Fiancée, hum?" said the old man, suspicious. "Since when do you have a fiancée?"

"A few weeks..."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith" said Mark, with his feminine voice and a large smile. "Tom spoke so much about you!"

"Where did you two meet?"

Then, Tom and Mark told the story so often rehearsed. They even managed to complete each other's sentences, like a real couple. Anna needed to control an overwhelming urge to laugh. Who would believe that this girly girl was a womanizer some weeks before?

"So..." said Mr. Smith, at the end of the tale. "You were a secretary and Tom is attending a course on administration?"

"Yes, grandpa." said Tom. "I have decided to prepare myself to be your successor and I abandoned my old life... Fortunately, I also met a perfect girl."

"Very well... So you want to be my successor? You have to prove it!"



"But, grandpa..." said Tom, disconcerted. "I'm doing all that you wanted..."

"I don't believe in courses or shit like that. *I* will teach you how to be a businessman! You will work with me starting tomorrow. Let's see if you really are a new man! And about you..."

he said, looking at Mark. "You have to learn that girls don't have to work. They just have to know how to take care their husbands and children!"

"Ok, sir..." Mark said, staring at the floor.

"Well..." said one of Tom's aunts, who was looking in a peculiar way at Mark. "I think that we can teach her how to be a proper wife..."

"But..." said Mark, desperate. "We live so far away..."

"You really are such a dumb girl!" said Mr. Smith. "From now on, Tom and you will live here! That's the only way to make sure that he's really able to be my heir... and you also need to improve in some respects... did you understand me?"

"Yes, sir..." he said, defeated. Apparently, his bad dream was not finished...

That day was terrible for Mark. After the meeting with Mr. Smith, they were housed in one of the spacious rooms of the mansion. Obviously, Mark had to share the room *with* his fiancée. "You two don't need to pretend that you've never slept together" said Carla, Tom's aunt. "We know how things work nowadays..."

Perfect... Mark thought.

"Oh, we are so anxious to help you to be a good wife, Jasmine!" said Sandra, the other aunt. "You are very pretty, undoubtedly, but I'm sure that we can teach you how to show all your potential. You won't recognize yourself at the end!"

Mark already could not recognize himself, but such declaration made him more nervous. What are those bitches were planning?

At night, Mark and Tom went to their bedroom.

"What are we going to do?" asked Mark. "I can't stay a girl forever!"

"Don't be so overstated!" answered Tom. "It will all be over soon."

"That's what you said this morning, and now we're completely stuck here!"

"I know it's hard for you, but you saw my grandfather... he won't live much longer... we just need a little bit of patience, okay?"

The feminized man was so too tired to continue fighting. He was completely exhausted physically and mentally, which had a good side, because he just passed out in the bed and didn't wake up until the next morning. The first night sharing a bed with other man had not resulted in major traumas.

When Mark opened his eyes, Tom was already gone. However, he was not alone for long, because Carla and Sandra soon appeared.

"Good morning, sweet." said Carla. "I'm happy that you're awake. We have so many things to do."

"Hum..." started Mark. "Can you two give me some privacy for a while?"

"It's not necessary, silly" said Sandra. "We are all girls here, right?"

For some reason, Mark did not like Sandra's smile. Was it possible that the two women knew the truth? If they knew his real identity, Mark was lost. After all that he had done last summer...

"Where's Tom?" He asked.

"You really have a lot to learn..." said Carla, upset. "How can a girl not know where her man is?"

"He left the house hours ago..." said Sandra. "And that's your first lesson: a girl always has to wake up before her man and know where he is. Understood?"

"Yes..."

"Good. Now, get up!"

Even sleepy, Mark obeyed.

"Oh my gosh!" exclaimed Carla, horrified. "Did you really sleep in that?"

Mark looked at his simple cotton pajamas without understanding what was wrong.

"How can Tom remain interested in you that way?" said Sandra. "Do you want him to have an affair?"

"No..."

"Fortunately, we're shopping today. You need a new wardrobe urgently! For now, you will wear the clothes that we brought you."

"Thanks, but I don't think that it's necessary..." said Mark, catching a tiny and red thong, which surely would be dug into his ass.

"We aren't suggesting this, missy. Didn't you listen to our father? You have to do everything we say or Tom won't be his heir. So, just obey like a proper woman!"

"Okay, sorry..." said Mark, defeated. "I could put on the underwear alone, at least?"

"Right. You can go to the bathroom. But don't dawdle!"



Back in the bedroom, he put on a matching bra, while the women looked at his breasts.

"They are small, aren't they?" said Carla.

"My family's women don't have big ones..."

"Well..." said Sandra. "We need do something about that. You know how men like boobs..."

"Fortunately, we'll see Doctor Martin today as well. Maybe he can help."

"I don't need to see a doctor!" said Mark, moodily.

"You really are an impertinent girl!" said Carla, twisting Mark's arm. "Why are you so dumb? I told that you have to do everything that we say!"

"Okay... Okay... I'm sorry!" said Mark, with tears in his eyes.

Then, the women picked up a white corset.

"You don't have a feminine shape" said Carla. "So, from now on, you will use this all the time, understood? Don't try fooling us!"

The corset was very tight, and Mark thought that he could not breathe with it on.

"Please, Carla!" pleaded Mark. "Loosen this a bit or I'll faint!"

"A proper woman knows how to endure a little suffering!"

After the corset, Mark had to put on a white blouse with a big neckline; and an extremely tight pencil black skirt, which came to just above his knees. Then they handed him a pair of pumps with 4 inch heels. It was much higher than Mark was used to.

"I can't walk with these things!" cried Mark. "Please give me lower shoes!"

"Stop being such a bitch!" said Sandra. "You don't want to see us angry!"

Fully clothed, Mark felt even more vulnerable. His movements were extremely restricted with the corset, skirt and high heels.

"Now" started Carla. "We're going to do something simple with your hair and makeup for now. We're going to the salon today, too, anyway..."

The first stop was at a doctor's office. They were welcomed by a smiling receptionist, who took Mark's medical information before he met the doctor. After a while, she said that they were finished and Doctor Martin would see her now.

Mark, Carla and Sandra went to a spacious office. Behind a large desk, was Doctor Martin, a short man, partially bald man and with a big mustache.

"Good day, ladies. It's always a pleasure see you two" he said to Tom's aunts. "And who is this lovely girl?"

"Thanks, Doctor" said Carla. "You're very kind, but we think that this girl needs to improve a lot before she can be called *lovely*."

"And we expect that you can help us with that" said Sandra. "This is Jasmine, our nephew's fiancée."

"I understand..." said the Doctor, analyzing Mark as if he was just an inanimate object. "Can you stand up, Jasmine?"

Nervous, Mark did it. Then, the Doctor started to touch his body.

"I see that she has problems with some feminine features. How old are you, Jasmine?"

"21 years old."

"Right..." said the Doctor. "I'll make some tests, but I think that you have a hormonal problem. We're going to start your treatment immediately."

"What?" Mark exclaimed. "You can't start treatment before the tests results!"

"Are you questioning Doctor Martin's judgment, dumb girl?" asked Carla, angrily.

"He's a respected Doctor and obviously knows more about medicine than you!" said Sandra. "Sorry, Doctor. This girl really has a lot to learn about being a lady."

"It's okay" said Doctor Martin. "Although I haven't done the tests yet, Jasmine, I'm pretty sure about your problem, and I think that you want be healthy as quickly as possible, right?"

"Yes, but..."

"Nice! So, let's start!"

The Doctor picked up a large syringe.

"For some reason" he said. "Your body hasn't the right amount of female hormones. So, I'm going to treat you with a testosterone blocker and a large amount of estrogen. I'm going to inject the drugs once a week and you're going to take pills everyday... It's important that you don't forget that."

"Don't worry, Doctor" said Carla. "We'll remind her."

"Good! Now, turn around, Jasmine."

"Why?"

"Well, I have to inject it in your bottom."



Constrained, Mark dropped her skirt and thong. While the drugs were being injected into his body, he thought about what this crap would do with him.

"All done!" said the Doctor. "Here are your pills. Now, my assistant is going to take your blood for the tests and then you can go. We'll make a new appointment for next week."

"Okay, Doctor..."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Sandra.

"Oh, thanks Doctor Martin..."

"You're welcome. Have a nice day."

After that, Carla and Sandra led Mark to the shopping, where he was forced to try on dozens and dozens of blouses, skirts, dresses, lingerie and high-heels. To make the situation even worse, all the clothes were extremely feminine and revealing.

"I thought I was supposed to look like a decent wife..." he said, holding a pink blouse with a big neckline.

"So?" said Carla, with a raised eyebrow.

"With those clothes, people will think that I am a slut."

"Are you saying that Sandra and me are sluts? If you didn't realize it, we wear this kind of clothes..."

"Sorry, I didn't mean..."

"Did you hear her, sis? Jasmine thinks that we're whores!"

"Maybe she deserves a lesson..."

"What do you mean?" asked Mark, nervous.

"Well..." said Carla. "Do you know what our father thinks about women? They need to live for their husbands, but that don't mean that they need to dress like nuns..."

"In fact..." said Sandra. "He thinks that the women need to be attractive to their men..."

"We don't think he will mind if you're dressing a little provocatively..."

Distressed, Mark cursed the moment that he had opened his mouth to complain.

After shopping, they went to the beauty salon. The place was predominantly pink and many women were there. Mark was extremely oppressed with all those eyes looking at him.

"Hi, Sandy!" said Carla to a very girly young woman, with blue eyes and blond hair, who was dressed in a white mini-blouse, pink tight pants and high heels.

"Hello, girls! What can I do for you today?"

"Well..." said Carla. "We need you to help this poor girl... She's our nephew's fiancée and, as you can see, she needs to improve her image a lot..."

"I understand..." said the stylist, analyzing Mark. "Do you girls have something in mind?"

"Jasmine here wants to look more feminine, if you know what I mean... She never was a girl who captured the attention of men, but now she wants to change this story..."

"Oh, that's awesome! I always dreamed of turning a normal girl into a Barbie! I'm sure that you will love the result, honey!" said Sandy, hugging Mark as if he were an old friend. "Let's start! I have so many plans..."

Helpless, Mark was dragged by the girl through the salon...



Mark was taken to the back of the place, where there was a kind of bed in a little room.

"Take your clothes off, please!" said Sandy.

"Why?"

"We're going to start with a full body waxing."

"I don't need that!" said Mark, honestly. After Anna's products, his body was almost smooth as a baby. Just some thin hair had grown on his legs.

"Oh, I see that you don't have a problem with that, but trust me... after what I'm going to do, your skin will be so much softer and gracious..."

Mark looked at Carla and Sandra, and the women seemed like they would kill him if he said no to Sandy.

"Ok..." he said.

"Oh, great! You won't regret this!"

Sandy could not be more wrong. Mark was regretting it immediately. He felt as if she was plucking his skin off along with the hot wax.

"Stop crying like a baby!" said Sandra, angrily. "I can't imagine a woman who has never had a waxing! From now on, things will be very different, silly girl!"

After the waxing, Mark was taken to a salon chair, where Sandy started to look at his hair.

"You have a great face, but your hair is so boring!" she said. "I think I know what you need! You're going to be so beautiful!"

Without wasting time, Sandy divided Mark's hair and took some products.

"I'm going to start with the color! But to make it more interesting to you, I'll cover the mirror. You won't see the new you until it's all done!"

Then, Sandy applied a smelly and sticky product on his hair, which started to burn his scalp.

"Hold on!" she said. "Just a few minutes!"

When Mark thought that his head would explode, Sandy took him to wash his hair. After such a painful and uncomfortable procedures, it was very relaxing.

"Are you enjoying this? That's good! Now, let's cut your hair!"

Mark really wanted to see what Sandy was doing, but it was impossible. While she was cutting, another girl started to take care of his nails. The feminized man saw that the girl was putting long extensions on his fingers.

Sandy painted a green mask on Mark's face, and putted cucumbers slices over his eyes.

The makeover lasted for a long time, and Mark had dozed off a few times. At one point, he felt a sting in his ear.

"What are you doing?" he asked scared.

"I'm just improving your image. Stand firm one second."

Mark felt more stings in his ears and lips.

"Okay" said Sandy. "I think that's enough. Now, I have to remove your beauty mask to do your makeup, but don't try to look at yourself, okay?"

Sandy washed Mark's face and took up a pair of tweezers.

"To start, I'm going to shape your eyebrows."

It hurt a lot, but Mark strove to hold on. The next step was painless. With many brushes and other stuffs, Sandy did his makeup.

"Perfect!" said the girl, exultant. "Are you ready to see the *new* you, Jasmine? I hope you like it!"

Then, she took off the cloth that was covering the mirror.

"Oh my god!" said Mark. "That girl can't be me!"

"Believe me, honey" said Sandy, full of herself. "I told you that you would look fantastic! Modesty aside, I really did a great work!"

The girl in the mirror had a platinum blonde hair which hung down to the middle of her back, with well-shaped curls. Her eyebrows were extremely thin and high, giving her a constant surprised expression. Her ears had been pierced at least three times. Her face was extremely lush, with long lashes, pouty lips and perfect makeup. Her nails were bright red, with long extensions.

"How did you do that?" asked Mark. "My hair... my lips..."

"Extensions in your hair... a little collagen in your lips... and all done!" she answered, smiling. "How do you feel?"

"You can't imagine..."

"Now let's get your new clothes on and you'll be ready to show yourself to world!"

"I just can't wait for that..." said Mark, completely shocked.



CHAPTER 9

Tom was completely exhausted. After just one day working with his grandfather, he felt as if a truck had hit him. The old man was really a tyrant, who had forced Tom to work without rest. Moreover, he had yelled to his grandson many times. "You're a moron!" "Can't you do anything right, idiot?" "Are you listening to me? I'm trying to teach you this job, but you're too dumb!" As expected, Tom was very relieved when the day was over. With a drink in his hand, the guy wondered if he could stand it for much longer. *Just a little more!* He thought, hopefully.

Tom was at a restaurant waiting for Mark. During the day, he had received a message to meet his fiancée there. He could not understand why it was so important. He would see her at home, anyway. As he was there anyway, he seized the opportunity to release all his frustrations by drinking a lot. Then, he saw a hot woman enter the hall. She was blond, with beautiful eyes and pouty lips. She was wearing a red dress, which showed off her great legs, and high-heel pumps. Tom deeply wished he could grab this girl and have sex with her all night long. He had been waiting for this for too long... To his surprise, the girl walked straight toward him, swaying her hips sensually.

"Hello, babe!" he said. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"What you talking about, Tom?" said the girl. "It's me! Jasmine!"

"Jasmine? Can't be!" said Tom, gaping.

This girl could not be his old friend. However, on closer observation, he saw some familiar traits. Was it possible?



"B-but..." he stammered. "You look..."

"I know!" she said, exasperated. "Now, you have to act like my boyfriend, because your aunts are looking at us!"

Tom wrapped Mark's waist, and kissed him deeply.

"Okay!" said Mark. "That's enough!"

When they sat down, Tom saw his aunts at the other side of hall, looking satisfied.

"But what happened? I just couldn't recognize you!"

"I noticed! It's a long story. We can talk about that later, because right now we're being watched."

"Okay, babe! I can do whatever you want!"

The dinner was delicious, but, as usual, Mark could not eat too much. Tom was drinking uncontrollably. At the end of the night, he was completely drunk.

"I think it's time to go home" he said.

"Okay" Mark agreed.

At Mr. Smith's house, they went straight to their bedroom. Stumbling, Tom locked the door and smiled at Mark.

"So..." he started. "Can you tell me now how were you transformed in a hot chick?"

Mark could not believe in his ears. After such a terrible day... after all he had sacrificed to help Tom... was he really saying that?

"It's over!" thundered Mark. "I'm not doing it anymore!"

"What you talking about, Jasmine?" asked Tom, afraid.

"I'm not Jasmine! I'm Mark! And I don't want to pretend to be a girl anymore!"

"Please, Jasmine! Don't say that!"

"Do you know what I had to do today? Of course not! Because you're so selfish! Your aunts, those bitches, took me to a doctor and he put female hormones in my body! Then, they decided that I have to dress like a whore! Finally, I went to a beauty salon and they did this with me!"

"I think they did a great job!"

"Did you listen to what I said?"

Apparently, not. Tom's eyes were staring lustfully at Mark's body.

"You're so pretty..."

Before Mark could realize what was going on, Tom was kissing him again. This time, it was not a fake kiss. Tom was acting as if he was with the girl of his dreams. Then, Mark felt Tom's hands on his boobs and ass.

"What are you doing, you idiot?" he said, a little before another kiss shut him up.

Then Tom led Mark to the bed and started to take off his dress.

"Oh, Jasmine, I want you so bad!"

"I'm not Jasmine! Please Tom, stop this!"

Tom looked owned. He massaged Mark's boobs incessantly and the feminized man groaned like a girl.

"Yes!" said Tom. "I know you're enjoying this, too!"

"No, Tom! I'm just..." Mark was interrupted by a new surge of pleasure, which made his moan even louder.

"Tell me! Tell me that you're my little slut!"

"I... I am..." while Mark was moaning in pleasure, he did not realize that Tom was taking off his pants. So, Mark felt something big and hard in his hand.

"Yes, babe!" said Tom. "You need to satisfy me, too!"

Mark saw that he was holding Tom's cock, which was pulsing intensely. It was so huge... With regret, Mark thought about his own cock, which was ridiculously small and lately unable to get hard... That thought quickly disappeared, because Tom squeezed her nipples, making him squeal. Mark did not know that his boobs could be so sensitive. He had never felt anything so intense...

"Please, Tom..." he begged again, weakly. However, his words sounded more like a horny girl begging her man for more. Tom answered promptly, intensifying the caresses. Without realizing, Mark started to masturbate him with his soft hands.

"Oh, that's so good!" said Tom, playing with Mark's boobs. "But you need to do something more for me, babe! Open your mouth!"



"I... I... Can't..."

While Mark talked, Tom put his dick in the mouth of *his* fiancée. The feminized man tried to resist one last time, but it was useless. So he just relaxed. Tom was completely excited,

and his cock was hitting deeply in Mark's throat. Without any choice, Mark sucked it intensely, wishing it over soon. Tom began to writhe and moan louder. Realizing what was going on, Mark tried to pull away, but it was too late... Tom came inside Mark's mouth, who gasped with the sour liquid.

"Yes, babe!" said Tom. "Swallow all like a good slut! I know you want it!"

Powerless, Mark ate it all. Afterwards, with tears in his eyes, he noticed that Tom had fallen asleep. Exhausted, Mark just closed his eyes trying to forget that night...

CHAPTER 10

"Wake up, silly girl! Don't you ever learn?"

Mark awoke scared.

"Your man woke up before you again!"

Mark realized that Tom's aunts were in the bedroom. Sleepily, he felt somebody pulling his blanket. Then a deathly silence engulfed the place.

"Oh my gosh!" exclaimed Sandra. "It is... So, she is..."

"I should have known," said Carla. "Obviously, she could never be a real girl!"

Mark was trying to understand what was going on when he saw that somehow he had lost his panties during the night. His little dick was clearly visible.

Completely humiliated, Mark tried to hide his *thing*, but Tom's aunts were faster and pulled the blanket completely away, leaving him totally exposed.

"I... I... can explain..." Mark said.

"That's unnecessary, silly..." said Carla.

"Really?"

"Of course" said Sandra. "We know who you are now..."

"Because we've known each other for a long time, right, *Mark?*"

Perplexed, the man stammered something intelligible. He had been discovered. The farce was over. But what would happen with him then? Surely, these women would tell everyone the truth. It would be a disgrace...

"We remember last summer," said Carla. "When you came here and harassed us... Now, you've come back pretending to be a girl..."

"I'm sorry!" said Mark. "I didn't want..."

"Oh, you don't need to apologize!" said Sandra. "We know exactly what's going on!"

"Do you know?" asked Mark, insecure.

"Yes, silly!" said Carla. "You *always* wanted to be a girl! Your behavior last summer was just a reflection of your restrained desire. You wanted to be like us. A pretty and proper woman! You wanted it more than anything! So, one day, you talk about this with Tom, and he decided to support you, like the great man that he is...After that, eventually, you two fell in love..."

"We prefer to believe in this theory..." said Sandra. "Because the other one... If you didn't want to be a girl, and you just pretended to be one to fool our father, then Tom and you will go to the jail for fraud... Can you imagine that? Technically, you are a man. So, you would go to a male prison... with your present shape... I'm sure that the other inmates would love that..."

"No!" said Mark, quickly. "You two are right! I always wanted to be a girl! That's the truth!"

"Very well..." said Carla. "So, I think we need to return to Doctor Martin's office very soon..."

"Why?" asked Mark, scared.

"Because, silly girl, he can surely help you to be a girl! Unless what you said is a lie..."

"No! Let's go see the doctor! It will be very nice!"

"Good..." said Sandra. "And, from now on, we're going to intensify your training..."

Inwardly, Mark knew that the women were lying. They knew that he never wanted to be a girl, but they were punishing him. Unfortunately, he had to play their game...

CHAPTER 11

Mark's life got even worse over the following days. Carla and Sandra were not lying when they said that the training would be intensified. The feminized man was forced to wear short skirts and high heels all the time. Furthermore, the women were changing his mannerisms to make him act like an airheaded trophy wife in all situations.

Tom, on the other hand, looked very ashamed of what he had forced his buddy to do, and was avoiding any physical contact with his *fiancée*. He said that he was very drunk that night, and that it would not happen again. However, if Mark thought that it was good news, he could not be more wrong.

"So, Jasmine" said Carla, one day. "Tom and you have some problem?"

"No, Ma'am. Why are you asking that?"

"Well, you two have been acting very cold with each other recently..."

"That's truth" said Sandra. "An unsuspecting person might think that you two aren't a couple in love."

"I understand" said Mark, nervously. "That's because sometimes I'm ashamed to show my affection in front of people."

He knew that this justification was very weak, but it was the only one that he had.

"Oh, silly girl, A proper wife can never be ashamed to show to everyone how much she loves her man! You have to be proud of it!" said Carla.

"Right, Ma'am" said Mark. "I'll change my behavior."

"And just for the record" said Sandra, maliciously. "You shouldn't talk with Tom about that, as if you two were faking something... You never know if someone's listening to what you two are saying... It's unnecessary to mention, obviously, because you really want to be Tom's wife for the rest of your life, right?"

"Y-yes" stammered Mark.

What did she mean by that? Had those bitches installed cameras or something in their room? With that doubt he would be forced to act like a girl in love even when he and Tom were alone.

After that, Mark started to walk arm in arm with Tom all the time. The feminized man even snuggled on the chest of her *man* sometimes, even during meals. Tom thought that this was very strange, but when he tried to ask what was going on, Mark looked anxious and said meaningless things.

Anyway, Tom had other things in mind. Emma, the hot girl that he had known weeks before, at the administration course, had called him to say that she would be in town some days later, and wanted to meet Tom. Tom had quickly said yes. He could hardly wait to meet a real girl after this much time... However, he did not know that someone else had heard the call...

"So, Jasmine" said Carla, days later. "How are Tom and you doing?"

"Hum... We are fine, Ma'am" said Mark, insecure.

"No, you're not!" said Sandra. "Do you know that Tom has a date tonight?"

"A date? I don't understand..."

"Of course you don't..." said Carla. "That's because you're a very dumb girl! You have to do something, and fast!"

Mark was led to the beauty salon, where his hair was bleached again, his nails painted and his face made over with a sexy look, with dark eyes, false eyelashes and wet red lips. The next stop was at the clothes shop, where he was dressed with a black dress, so short that it barely covered the top of his pantyhose, and high heels with 4 inches. To complete the look, the women gave to him silver bracelets, a lot of rings, hoop earrings and a necklace.

"I think you're ready!" said Carla.

"Yeah" said Sandra. "Now, you have to fight for your man!"

Mark was taken to a fancy restaurant. All the women at that place were well dressed, but even so, the feminized guy turned all the male necks when he crossed the room. Despite all that time pretending to be a woman, he still had not gotten used to that feeling. Being desired by another man made Mark feel even more emasculated, and he could not blame the men, because he knew what he looked as a hot girl.

Then, he saw Tom at the counter, with a drink in his hand, and he was not alone. Beside him was a pretty blonde girl, dressed in a revealing white dress. Mark had understood what Carla and Sandra meant when they said that Tom had a date.

Mark was furious. After all his effort and sacrifice to help his buddy, Tom had the guts to just go out with another girl?

He was so selfish, stingy, evil ... Mark almost wept with rage.

"What do you think you're doing?" he shouted, getting the attention of the entire restaurant.

"Jasmine?" said Tom, surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"It's me who should ask this question! Who is this bitch?"

"That's Emma" said Tom, constrained. "I knew her at my administration course."

"And who are you to call me bitch?" asked Emma.

"I'm Tom's fiancée!"

"Oh, really? It isn't my fault with you can't hold your man!"

Upon hearing that, Mark's blood rose to his head and he slapped Emma's face. Then, without knowing why, he kissed Tom.

That act gave Mark great satisfaction, but it would have terrible consequences for him...

CHAPTER 12

Over the following days, Tom started to treat Mark like a real girlfriend. After the scene at the restaurant, he had concluded that his buddy really wanted to be a girl. Mark, fearing that Carla and Sandra were listening to their conversations, had no choice but to pretend that Tom was right in his deduction. The feminized man could not understand how his buddy could be such an idiot. They had known each other for so long, how could Tom think that Mark was really a faggot?

Maybe the hormones were thinking for him, because Tom did not look worried over the fact that Jasmine was a fake girl. Every night he kissed his fiancée with passion, and then Mark had to suck his cock. However, Carla and Sandra had plans to make the love life of the couple even more interesting...

"Are you sure that it is what you want?" Doctor Martin asked, during Mark's next appointment.

"Y-yes" answered the feminized man, weakly.

"You don't look convinced."

"She's just very thrilled," said Carla. "You know these silly girls."

"She told us just yesterday that she isn't satisfied with the results of the hormonal treatment. She thinks that it's going too slowly... She wants to be a pretty girl right now!"

"Well... If that's what you want, we can do some more procedures, Jasmine. But I have to ask you again... Are you really sure?"

"Yeah, Doctor Martin" said Mark, more enthusiastically, fearing that Carla and Sandra were unhappy with his behavior.

"All right! I can prepare the surgery room for tomorrow. Is it good for you?"

"It's perfect, Doctor! I can't wait! Thank you very much!"

In fact, Mark wanted to scream that he was a straight guy and did not want that damn procedure, but he knew that he had no choice.

The previous day, Carla and Sandra had said that he would be operated on to look more girly.

"What kind of operation?" he asked, scared.

"Nothing irreversible" said Carla, indifferently. "Just a touch here and there..."

"But..."

"Shut up!" shouted Sandra. "We have already sent a list of improvements to Doctor Martin and you will say that it was your idea, understood?"

"Can I at least know what *improvements*?"

"Oh, no!" said Carla. "We want to make you a surprise."

That night, Mark thought that this insanity had gone too far. He had to get away before it was too late. There was just one option: He had to flee that house.

After another *love session* with Tom, Mark waited his *future husband* fall asleep and got up, still with the taste of sperm in his mouth.

Cleverly, Mark did not turn on the lights, in case that the bedroom really did have hidden cameras. He dressed in the dark. At first, Mark thought about stealing some of Tom's clothes, but he dropped this idea quickly. With his feminized body, he would just attract unwanted attention. His best chance was going as a girl and afterwards, far from these crazy people, regain his true identity. He dressed a simple yellow dress and a pair of pumps with only 2 inches, to help his escape. Carefully, he took some money from Tom's wallet, put it in his purse and left the room.

The house was also dark and quiet. Mark went down the stairs slowly, afraid to make any noise and wake someone.

His heart beat rapidly. After so much time living a bad dream, he was close to freedom. He made it to the first floor and the exit was not far... Then, only few steps from the front door, the lights of the living room were turned on.

"Are you going somewhere, Jasmine?"

Mark almost fainted when he saw Carla and Sandra sitting in the place.

For one moment, he thought that he really was stuck in a bad dream. He wanted to speak, but his mouth opened and closed without producing a sound.

"We're waiting for an answer, Jasmine" said Sandra, very serious. "Where are you going?"

"I j-just..." Mark stammered. "Need some fresh air!"

"Oh, really?" said Carla. "And you need a purse to get some air?"

"A purse?" said Mark, foolishly.

"Yes" said Sandra. "That purse in your hands."

"Oh, I'm so silly sometimes," said Mark, improvising. "I'm so used to carrying a purse everywhere that I haven't thought about that... I just got up and took one."

"Awesome" said Carla, ironically. "I think you turned into a really girly girl. You're even fully dressed to get some fresh air."

Again, Mark did not know what to say. How could those women surprise him like that? The only explanation was that they really had hidden cameras in his bedroom, and they had to be good ones to be able to see in the dark!

"Do you know what I think, Mark?" said Sandra. The fact that she used his real name left the man even more concerned. "I think you're a liar! You never wanted to be a girl... It all was a plan to fool our father."

"Yes" said Carla. "You have betrayed our trust. We helped you, even after all the injuries that you caused us last summer..."

"I think that's time to finish this farce and tell everyone the truth."

"We have wasted too much time on you... But what comforts me is the fact that you will learn your lesson in prison."

"Oh, yes! The prisoners will have so much fun with you! Think about it, Mark! Think about how many cocks you'll have! All for you!"

"No, please!" begged Mark, falling on his knees at the feet of women. "I have been a good girl! I want it more than everything! I always hated being a boy! I love Tom and want to be his girly and submissive trophy wife! I enjoy sucking his cock! Even right now I have the taste of his cum in my mouth!"



The two women looked each other.

"All right, *Jasmine*" said Carla, finally. "We will pretend that nothing happened and give you another chance, but this will be the last one!"

"Oh, thank you! Thank you very much!" said Mark. "I promise that I will be a good girl!"

"We hope so," said Sandra. "Now, go to the bed. We have a very early appointment."

While Mark went back to his bedroom, he thought about what had happened. Any other time, he could just tell those women to go to hell and leave the house whether they liked it or not. However, at this moment, he felt so weak and fragile... To his despair, he felt this situation would soon worsen...

"Wake up, girl!" Mark heard a voice say. "It's time to you see the *new you!*"

He felt sick, as if he was hangover. Had he been drinking the night before? No... That was not the problem... The trip to the clinic was just a blur in his troubled mind. What had happened then? Oh, yes! Doctor Martin... That evil man had explained the procedures...Mark's eyes widened. The procedures! What had they done?

"Not so fast, Jasmine," said Carla, preventing him from getting up. "You're still recovering."

"What happened?" he asked. Something was wrong with his voice. It had been somewhat feminine before, but now his voice was incredibly high, sounding like a little girl or a cartoon character.

"Don't worry about that" said Sandra. "The surgeries were a complete success!"

Mark was helped to his feet. He felt as if he had taken a beating, because his whole body ached. A full-length mirror had been placed in the room, and when Mark saw his reflection, he froze. The girl at the mirror was naked, and Mark just could not believe that he was that person.

"What did you do to me?"

"Well..." said Carla. "We helped you to realize your dream... Isn't this what you wanted?"

"Y-yes" said Mark in shock.

"Oh, why are you already standing, missy?" said Dr. Martin, entering the room.

"We're sorry, Doctor" said Sandra. "But Jasmine was so anxious to see her new body... We just couldn't stop her!"

"I understand," said Dr. Martin, with a naughty wink. "But you have to be careful. Okay, Jasmine?"

"Yes, Doctor"

"Since you're finally awake, I think it's time to explain to you all the procedures."

"What you mean with *finally awake*?"

"Well, you stayed unconscious for nearly five days! That's why you have no more bumps and bruises!"

"Five days?!"

"Yes, but it's over now! So, let's start with your breasts! Since you were unsatisfied with their size, I decided to give you a pair of D cups! You didn't have a very feminine waist, so I performed a little liposuction and removed two of your ribs. You'll be the envy of every woman..."

"Two ribs?!" exclaimed Mark, who was groping his body while the doctor spoke.

"Oh, yes! A critical procedure, but modesty aside, I did a great job! Then, I put the fat removed from your waist on your buttocks... For your face, I added a little collagen in your lips, raised your cheekbones, and scraped your jaw line to make it more delicate."

"And what about my voice?"

"Oh, I'm glad that you noticed that!" said Dr. Martin, radiant. "Carla and Sandra said to me how much you wanted to be as girlish as possible, so I did a simple adjustment in your vocal cords. Are you happy with it?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mark, unable to get used to his strange new voice.

There was a part of the procedure that the Doctor did not talk about yet, and Mark was very afraid about that, but he had no choice. He had to know...

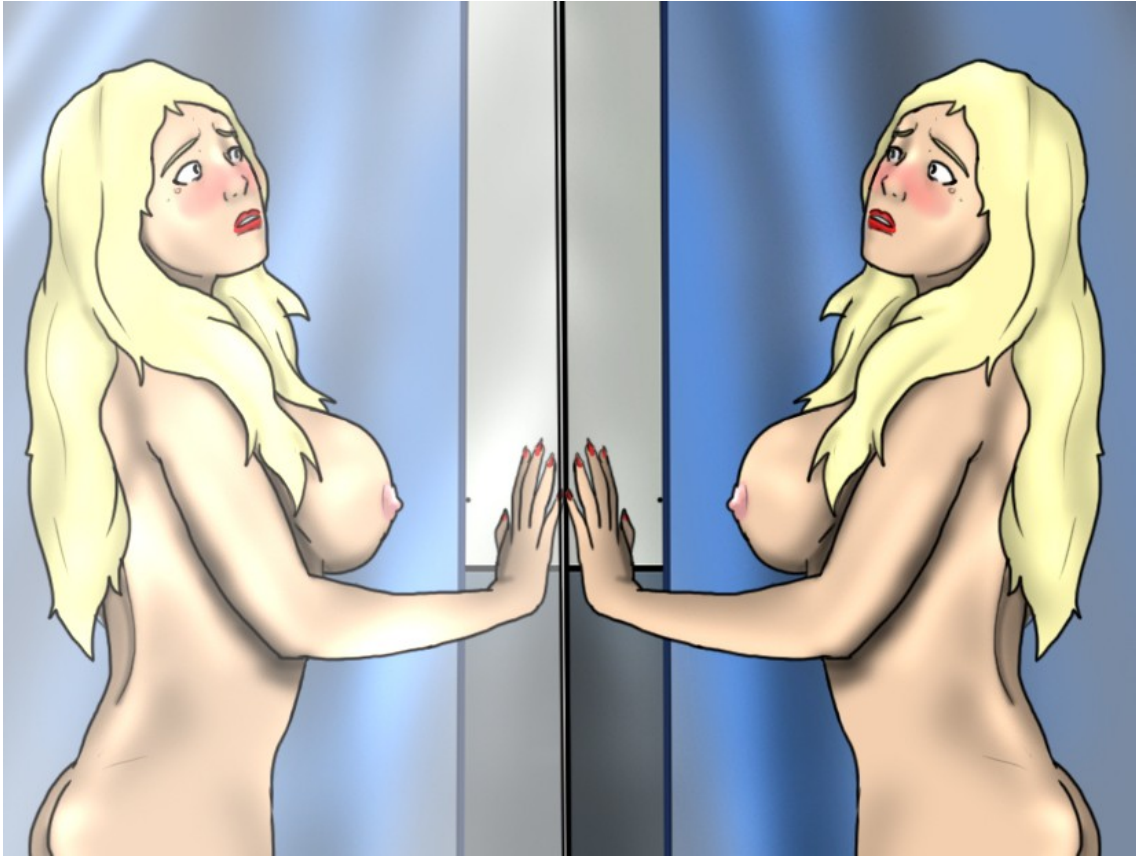
"And... my... v-vagina?"

"Well, I couldn't give you a real one... right now," said the Doctor. "There are laws... You have to attend some programs... But I gave you the best fake vagina available in the market. You'll feel like a normal girl right there..."

"But my penis is still there?"

"For now... yes!"

Mark did not remember a time when he had felt so relieved. If he still had a penis, there was still hope.



CHAPTER 13

After a few days, Mark could finally leave the clinic. During his stay, he had occasionally heard Tom's voice out in the clinic corridor, but Carla and Sandra didn't allow him to enter Mark's room, saying they wanted to surprise their nephew.

It left Mark even more fearful. If Tom had been treating him as his real fiancée before, what would he do when he saw this new body of *his girl*, with a functional pussy?

As expected, the Mark's first stop after leaving the clinic was at a shop. His old lingerie and clothes did not fit in his new measures. Mark thought that it was a waste of money. He hadn't had opportunity to wear most of the clothes he had bought on his last visit to the mall, but, since the women were paying, he said nothing.

His new wardrobe was even sexier than the last one. All the blouses and dresses showed his big boobs, the skirts were indecently short and the shoes had at least five inch heels.

At home, all Tom's family was there to welcome Mark. The feminized man was very surprised with the look of lust on Mr. Smith's face.

"I see that you'll have a beautiful wife, Tom!" said the old man.

"She's pretty," said Martha, Tom's mother. "But you don't think that it was a little too much? I mean, Jasmine, honey, you're going to have backaches with your new breasts..."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "A man needs a lovely wife waiting for him after a hard day of work, right? And now, Tom deserves it, because he's become a responsible man!"

"Are you sure that this is what you want, sweet?" asked Martha, to her future daughter-in-law.

"Yes, Ma'am" said Mark, looking to the ground. "I want to be beautiful for Tom. I love him so much!"

Martha still thought that there was something odd about Jasmine, but she decided to say nothing. Maybe she was just overprotective of her son, which was normal for a mother. Moreover, she had to agree that Tom had never been so responsible. Surely, Jasmine was an important factor in that change. For the first time, her son was looking happy to be with just one girl, and she had to respect that.

"And how about you, Tom?" said Carla. "What do you think about Jasmine now?"

Tom had a look that was worrying Mark. He was looking like a beast about to strike its prey.

"She... is..." he stammered, as if he had forgotten how to use his mouth to speak. "Perfect!"

"Oh, so sweet!" said Sandra. "Love is beautiful, isn't it? And I'm sure that Jasmine will make you happy tonight!"

Mark felt a shiver hearing this.

"Why not now?" asked Tom, almost drooling.

"Because now you have to work to do!" said Mr. Smith, laughing. Mark had never seen the old man so happy. He thought that Mr. Smith himself would want to have fun with his granddaughter-in-law if someone gave him one or two pills of Viagra.

"Yes... work... right..." said Tom. "I'll see you soon, babe!"

Before he left, he kissed Mark passionately, and the feminized man felt the erection of *her* fiancé...

When Tom got home, his aunts told him that Jasmine was waiting in the bedroom. When, he opened the door, the place was dark.

"Jasmine?" he asked.

"Go to the bed and take off your clothes, honey" said Mark, with a seductive voice.

Then, he lit just one light and stepped out of the closet. Tom's heart stopped for one second. Jasmine was dressed in a black and semi-transparent baby doll, with dark stockings and black high-heel mules.

"Do you like what you see?" Mark asked.

In response, Tom just opened and closed his mouth without a sound.

"I think that the answer is yes..." said Mark, giggling.

Then, Tom started to stand, but Mark said him to stop.

"I have a few surprises to you..."



Mark started to dance in front of his fiancée. Tom just could not believe in his eyes. His buddy had become not just a girl, but a very hot one. Mark also could not believe what was happening. A while ago, he was just a normal guy, who liked sports and girls, and now he was

the girl! A girl with big boobs, a sexy body, and a functional vagina. As if that was not enough, two crazy women were forcing him to act like a perfect airhead bimbo!

He continued to dance. The training for this had been exhaustive. Carla and Sandra had forced him to roll his hips all day wearing high heels. At least, the women allowed him to have a few drinks for the night. He really needed that, because he had to do things so humiliating...

The feminized man approached the bed. With a manicured finger, he motioned for Tom. When *her* fiancée was on the edge of the bed, Mark sat on his lap wiggled slowly, and felt Tom's growing erection in his ass. Mark turned and knelt, kissing Tom's cock, while his long nails scratched the thighs of the man. When the cock seemed about to explode, Mark sucked it deeply and hungrily.

Tom could take no more. He tossed Mark on the bed and ripped his lingerie. Voraciously, he sucked the nipples of Mark's breasts and fingered the pussy, making his fiancée scream with pleasure.

"So, they really ripped off your cock?" he asked, unbelieving.

"Yes, Tom!" said Mark, sensually. "I have a pussy! Just for you! Please, fuck me now!"

He was not faking anymore. Despite the humiliation, Mark was incredibly horny. What was happening with him? Was he a real faggot now? He did not want to think about it that moment. All that mattered was to have a big thick cock inside him.

If this was what he wanted, Tom did not disappoint.

"Are you enjoying this?" asked Tom.

At first, Mark had felt a little pain, but soon a pleasure never before felt spread across his body.

"Yes, Tom!" he screamed. "Fuck me harder! Fuck me like the slut that I am!"

Those words made Tom even more excited. He fucked faster and deeper for a long time, until the couple exploded in a wonderful orgasm.

After that, they hugged and Tom said, just before falling sleep:

"I love you, Jasmine."

Without a choice, Mark answered:

"I love you too, Tom."

However, those words were not a complete lie.

CHAPTER 14

The next morning, all the family was smiling strangely at Mark and Tom. Even Mr. Smith acted odd, grabbing his grandson and saying *that's my boy!*

Mark realized that maybe the people had heard what had happened in his room the night before. When he thought about that, he became so ashamed that his face was ruddy. Fortunately, Tom's mother glanced at Mark as if to say that everything was okay.

The following days were more of the same: sex at night and feminine training during the day. However, there was something coming that would shake things up...

Anna, Tom's sister, had a secret. She had never wanted to help her brother to be Mr. Smith's heir. It was all part of her evil plan, and everything was going the way she wanted.

"All done, Michael?" she asked.

"Yes, honey. The guy is ready" answered the man, hugging Anna.

Michael was Mr. Smith's long-time assistant, and while Tom had lived as an irresponsible drunk, the old man had told Michael that he would be his successor. Obviously, Michael was very disappointed when Mr. Smith changed his mind. It had been easy for Anna bring the man to her side. In fact, she had no feelings for Michael, but it was important that he believed she was madly in love with him. Her plan was simple: She would make Mr. Smith so disappointed with his grandson, that he would never again consider him to be his heir. Then the old man would again name Michael. Anna would marry Michael, and then she would steal the inheritance from Michael somehow. After all, deceiving a man in love was the easiest thing in the world.

"Oh, Michael" she said. "I just can't wait to be your wife! We're going to be so happy!"

At least I will, idiot! She thought.

Mark was exhausted. After a whole morning of dance practice under the relentless supervision of Carla and Sandra, he needed rest. Incredibly, the women said they needed go out for the afternoon, and Mark would have a little slack. He hardly believed it. After so much time, it would be the first time that he could have a little free time.

What he did not know was that the urgent call that had made Carla and Sandra so desperate was a fake. Just a part of the plan of another person...

"Hello, Jasmine!" said Anna, appearing suddenly. "Oh, you look so good! These boobs are real? I just can't believe that you made so much progress! Do you remember the time that you were a guy, just like your *fiancée*?"

"Hi, Anna" said Mark, nervously. "Please, don't talk about that so loudly."

"Don't worry!" said Anna, smiling. "I didn't come here to screw up your happiness. I was just wondering if you're interested in spending some time with me. You know... *girls* fun!"

"I don't know if..." started Mark.

"Oh, I'm glad you agree!" said Anna, dragging Mark before he had chance to say anything else. "There's so much I want to talk about with you! I heard that you've started to suck Tom's cock... Do you like it?"

Definitely, was going to be a long afternoon. Mark almost longed for Carla and Sandra.

They spent most of their time shopping, and Anna took every opportunity to mention how perfectly Mark looked like a total bimbo. At dusk, they stopped at a pub to a drink before going home.

"Are you alright?" asked Anna, while she and Mark drank the second glass of wine.

"I don't know" said Mark. "I'm a little sleepy."

"Really? I'll take you home then."

When Mark rose, he almost fell. It was weird. Had Anna put something in his drink? The answer was yes, and it was not just a tranquilizer...

Meanwhile, Michael was doing his part in Anna's plan. He had entered Mr. Smith's house with a suspicious looking man, who was taken to Mark and Tom's bedroom.

"Do you remember what do you have to do?" asked Michael, for the umpteenth time.

"Yes, sir" replied the other man, impatiently. "Just let me do my job, okay?"

"Alright. I'll see you soon" Michael left the place hoping everything would work as planned.

"So, she said what?" Tom asked Anna, sometime later, when all the family was reunited.

"Jasmine said that she want to surprise us all!" answered Anna. She had already left Mark unconscious in his bed.

"All of us? In her bedroom? I thought that kind of surprise was exclusivity for Tom!" said Mr. Smith, laughing. It was amazing how the mood of the old man had improved since he had made peace with his grandson.

"That's weird..." said Tom.

"Well, I'm just repeating what she said. So... let's go?"

CHAPTER 15

Mark woke up suddenly. His body was incredibly hot, as if it were on fire. He had never felt so horny. His nipples were so erect that they ached and his fake pussy was completely wet. With eyes still closed, he started to masturbate.

"Oh, babe, you're so sexy doing that," said a male voice. "I can't wait to be inside you!"



Mark was surprised. There was a naked man in his bedroom, but he wasn't Tom. The man was tall and strong, with a short dark hair and a deep voice.

"Who are you?" asked Mark, shrilly.

"I'm a friend."

"But I don't know you."

"You're talking too much, babe" said the man, climbing in bed. "Just act like the little slut that I know you are."

The stranger massaged Mark's boobs and the feminized man moaned in pleasure. He caught the man's cock, which was so big, and thought about how it would be nice to have it inside him. And then, something happened in his mind. He could not do it. He was Tom's fiancée and this man was just a stranger.

"Leave me alone!" he shouted.

"Oh, don't be a bitch!" I know you want it!"

"No!"

Then, Mark grabbed a vase and hit the man over the head.

"Oh, you will regret that!"

The stranger hit Mark's face just when Tom and the others entered the room.

"What you think you're doing, you bastard?" said Tom.

"Please, Tom!" said Mark. "Help me!"

Anna had not expected this. She thought that Mark would be having sex when the family entered the room. Instead, he was fighting with the other man. What could have gone wrong? She had spiked Mark's drink with a mega dose of a sex stimulant, enough to keep someone horny for hours...

It did not take so long to Tom dominate the stranger.

"I really want to understand what is going on here!" said Mr. Smith, seriously.

"I don't know what happened" said Mark, crying. "I just woke up and this man was here, trying to rape me."

"And where were you before that?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I had gone out with Anna... So, I became sleepy..."

"I knew it!" said Tom. "It only could be your fault, Anna!"

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Smith to his granddaughter. "You said that Jasmine had a surprise for us, and when we got here we found this man trying to rape her."

"That's a lie!" shouted Anna. "Jasmine told me today that she had a lover and that they were fucking even in my brother's bed! For some reason, she thought that I didn't have the courage to tell the family. So, to unmask her, I invented this story of a surprise!"

"That's a very weird story!" said Mr. Smith. "She didn't look like a woman in love when we arrived, right?"

"She was acting. And that isn't all!" said Anna, getting ready to play her last card. "She's not even a real woman! Jasmine is Mark, Tom's buddy! They're trying to fool you, Grandpa!"

"This is the biggest pile of bullshit I've ever heard!" said the old man.

"You think so? Then look at this!"

Anna pulled the sheet with which Mark was covering his body. For one moment, all the family could see her fake pussy.

"That's impossible!" said Anna. "I bribed the secretary of Dr. Martin and she assured me that Mark hadn't had a sex change operation! This can only be a trick! I have proof!"

Michael stood quietly in the corner, watching in horror at what was happening. He had trusted Ana, but she had lied the whole time. Jasmine wasn't a man. He had been a fool. There was only one thing to do. Michael came out from the shadows and told the whole truth...

CHAPTER 16

Weeks later, while Mark was getting ready for an important occasion, he thought back to that fateful night. The whole family had been very angry with Anna and Michael. In an act of benevolence, Mr. Smith fired Michael but did not report him to the police, thanks to his honesty, albeit late. Anna had been institutionalized in a mental hospital to 'recover her mind', all the while screaming that she had evidence to prove that Jasmine was actually a man. Nobody listened to her. She had remained institutionalized all these weeks and would probably stay there for a long time yet.

"Jasmine, honey, why are you so distracted?" asked Carla, coming into the bedroom.

"Sorry, Ma'am, I j-just..."

"I think she's just excited!" said Sandra. "She's remembering the whole journey so far, right, Jasmine?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"I understand!" said Carla, retouching Mark's makeup while the long white dress of the feminized man fluttered around him. "I think today is the happiest day of your life! After so much time lying to yourself and trying to act like a boy, while you were a girly girl in your heart, today you're going to marry the man of your life!"

The whole family still felt the trauma inflicted by Anna. Therefore, they decided that the best way to cheer everyone would be celebrating the wedding of Tom and Jasmine as soon as possible.

"So, Jasmine" said Carla. "Why don't you tell us how happy are you?"

"Oh, it's like a dream that comes true!" said Mark. "I always wanted to be a girl! It was so hard to pretend all my life that I was a normal boy! So, I opened myself to Tom, and he just accepted me like I am! He supports me and we are in love! Today, we're getting married and I'm sure that we'll be so happy!"

"Oh, Jasmine, your speech is so inspiring!" said Sandra. "It's a shame that your parents aren't here to see you now! The daughter that they never knew!"

"Yes" said Mark, lying.

"So, would you like to see your parents?" and Carla.

"Of course! And I would love it if they accepted me like I am as well!" said Mark, improvising.

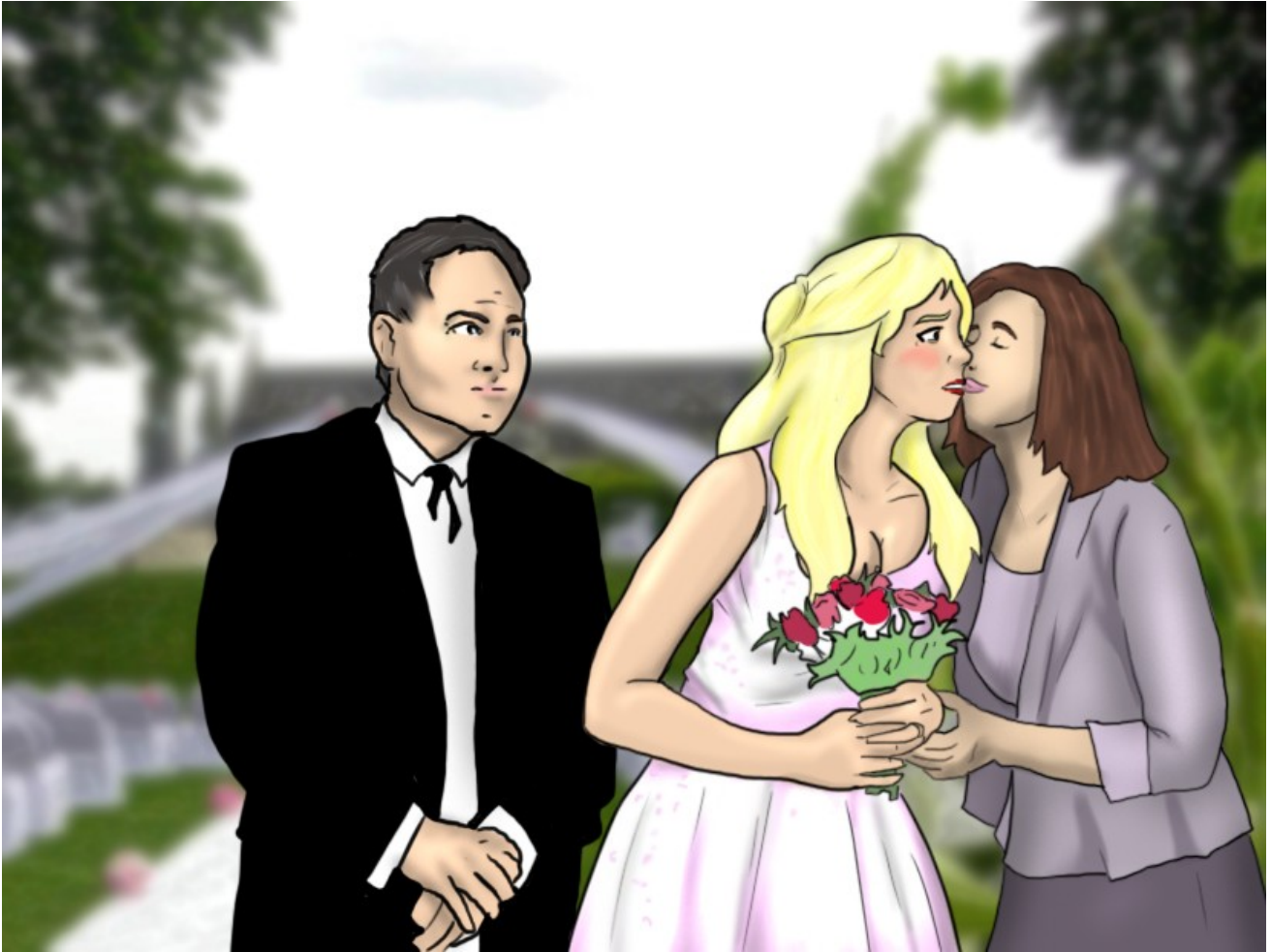
"Then" said Sandra, with a devilish grin, "we have a wonderful surprise for you!"

In the large mirror in front of him, Mark could see the reflection of two people coming into view.

"Mom? Dad?" he said, with eyes full of tears. "I... I..."

"You don't have to say anything, sweetheart!" said his mother. "We heard everything right now."

"But..." Mark simply did not know what to say.



"And I'm a little angry with you!" said his father, seriously. But then a smile came over his face. "You should have told us how you felt! We would have understood!"

"Yes, honey!" said his mother. "We loved you as our son, and now we love you as our daughter! In fact, I always wanted a pretty daughter like you!"

"Oh, one more thing!" said his father. "Those women told us that your future husband's family doesn't know that you were once a boy. I understand your fear. Some people really are judgmental. We won't reveal your secret, but you can't keep lying. After all, you need to teach good values to your children. For now, we'll let you finish getting ready. See you at the ceremony!"

Mark could not believe it. Carla and Sandra had just destroyed his ego completely, and there was still one more surprise...

"Now" said Carla. "We'll tell you how things will work from now on. You're going to be Tom's wife, and Tom will be our father's heir. So, you have to convince Tom to keep our husbands on as important executives of the company. We don't want to lose our standard of living."

"And if I refuse?" asked Mark.

"In that case..." said Sandra. "Let's say that we find that evidence that Anna was going on about. She really is a silly girl, right? She had all those photos, more than enough to prove that you were really a boy, and yet she tried to pull off that plan... Maybe she thought our father wouldn't be convinced with just photos... He needed to see it with his own eyes. Who knows? We still have the testimony of Dr. Martin who could testify at any time. So if you want to avert a scandal, you'll do exactly what we're asking. Any questions?"

There was one...

"What did my father mean when he said that I have to teach good values to my children? I suppose that he didn't know that pussy is a fake, but, even if I had a real one, a transsexual can't get pregnant, right?"

"About that..." Carla said.

"What?" Mark asked.

"Well..."

"Well what?" Mark insisted.

"You don't have a fake pussy. Dr. Martin performed a full sex change. It was an experimental procedure that involved transplanting the reproductive tract of a donor woman into your body. It was a complete success! He said that it would probably take a few months to get your periods started, but I think that it'll happen soon. And, of course, all this is irreversible."

Mark was in shock, again. He was already saying *I do* to the priest's question before it sunk in. He was officially a married woman... a *real* woman.

ONE YEAR LATER...

"Maid, did you hear what I said?" asked Jasmine, who was lying on a lounge chair by the pool. "I want an orange juice now!"

"Yes, Ma'am" said Carla, hastily.

"And you" said Jasmine to Sandra. "Massage my feet!"

"Yes Ma'am."

It had taken some time, but Mark, now Jasmine, got her revenge.

Mr. Smith had died some months prior, and, as expected, Tom was named his heir. After that, Jasmine hired a private detective, who managed to find out where Carla and Sandra were keeping the evidences of Anna. After that, a few "anonymous complaints" led to Dr. Martin being arrested for illegal medical procedures. The police even found out that he was practicing medicine without a license. Carla and Sandra's leverage was gone.

However, Jasmine decided not to be cruel with the women. She just forced Carla and Sandra to be her maids sometimes.

In fact, Jasmine was happy with her new life. She was rich, had a loving husband and had gotten used to being a woman. It was not bad after all. Sex as a girl was so much better! Furthermore, she was three months pregnant, and had discovered that the idea of being a mother pleased her immensely! Maybe it was just the hormones talking for her, but who cared?

I can't complain, she thought. I really can't...



THE END