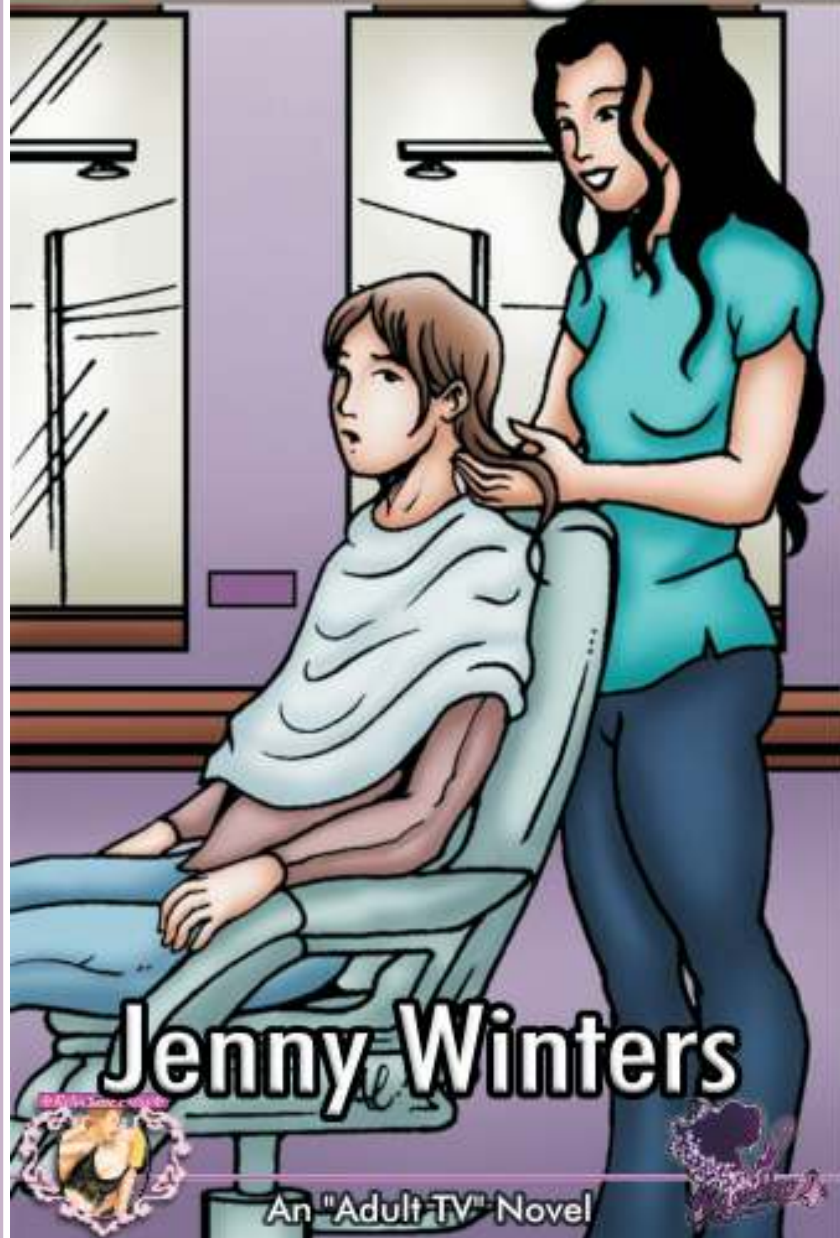


Amy



Jenny Winters

An "Adult-TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Amy

By Jenny Winters

“Do you really know about these huge things?” I remember Dad taking me to his yard where all the equipment was stored.

“I have to,” he replied. “I know how to drive them, repair them, maintain them and sell them.”

“Gee, that’s a lot to do all at the same time,” I replied, wide-eyed as the child I was back then.

I remember that day and how childish I was. It was my first visit after mom had passed away. I think I knew that Dad was involved in the business of agricultural and other machines; I got toy tractors to play with. I didn’t know that he owned a substantial business.

I was eight years old when mom was taken from us. It was sudden; a motorcycle went out of control, hit her crossing the road and disappeared never to be traced. Dad kept it all together and did all he could to look after me.

“It’s a pity you don’t have a brother or sister to look out for you,”

Aunt Martha said as she collected me from school. She wasn’t any kind of relation really, but a kindly widow neighbour lady who lived alone after her children had grown and left. She was the first of a succession of “aunts” who were willing to help out my widower of a father with his only child.

I think that was the first time that I realised how alone I was in the world apart from Dad and the people he hired to look after me while I was in junior school. He worked long hours, and through the weekends too.

“People want to buy and try when they’re ready to,” he told me. “If I’m not there, I don’t get a second chance to persuade them to buy from us.”

I had to grow up quickly then. I had to learn how to be responsible and self-sufficient. Dad usually dropped me at school or daycare in the holidays.

I didn’t much like the holidays. I had to mix with kids who were much rougher and who wanted to play ball games all day long. That wasn’t for me. I wanted to draw and write. I wanted to read and to learn. I wanted to grow up quickly to help Dad at work.

By the time I was twelve I was allowed to go home from school alone. I begged and begged until I was allowed to stay home on the weekends and holidays. It was much more comfortable to be on my own than it was to be in that group.

Looking back, I think I’m saying that I was contented as a kid. I was quiet and responsible beyond my years, with no wish to join the crowd. By the time I was fourteen, I was helping at Dad’s showroom ev-

ery weekend and during my vacations. I knew the catalogues as well as he did and sometimes better, especially when it came to understanding new technology.

Gradually, I learned to operate the tractors, how to connect machinery and, as my knowledge progressed, I started to learn about the prices, and trade-ins, the finance options, and the relation between price and economy of operation.

I was really excited when Dad took on a franchise to sell trucks as well. They were much more exciting than the tractors. They could go on the road. I had dreams of being allowed to use one as soon as I got my driver's permit.

I wasn't allowed to do the deals though. I was too young to sign the legal documents but gradually Dad began to take my advice and let me draw up draft agreements. He even put me on the payroll, even if it was far below minimum wage.

Life seemed to stretch seamlessly in front of me. Finish school, go to college for a qualification, then join the family business.

Little did I think when I was sixteen how everything could change.

The first change was girls. I began to notice them. I watched how they walked and listened to how they talked. They didn't shout and swear. They wore heels and trainers, jeans and skirts, dresses and scarves. They smelled nice and some of them were so pretty they took my breath away.

I dreamed of dating. Katie Hassall was the one I really wanted, but she accepted me as a friend; one to help her with her homework. That was it.

"You're not really boyfriend material." It hurt so much when she said that to me. "I mean, you're nice and kind, but you don't make my heart boom."

"I could try," I said. "Just give me a chance."

"Let's face it; we're never going to be more than friends," she replied. "I don't think of you that way."

"Are you sure?"

"I really like you and I like hanging around with you. I go for a guy with muscles, taller than me and without the hair; yours is longer than mine. If you were a girl, you'd be my best girlfriend."

Those words hit me hard; was I more like a girl than a boy?

I tried not to be downhearted. I still like the idea of getting a girlfriend. They didn't spit and hide round corners smoking and drinking. Well, some of them did, but they weren't the ones I was dreaming about.

My best friend at school was Derek Gentry. His father was about the biggest landowner around town and I knew his father was a good customer of my Dad's. I didn't see him much outside school; he was as busy working for his father as I was for mine.

When he told me that he was dating Katie Hassall, I think my fantasy world collapsed.

I didn't let anyone know and I didn't know that another change was coming fast.

“Chip, can you come down a minute?” Dad called from the door when he arrived home one Friday evening.

When I came down, there was a girl; well not a girl, a woman with him.

“This is Evie,” he said. “We’ve been on a couple of dates, and I thought it was time for you to meet her.”

“Hi Evie, I’m Chip,” I said, not knowing what to say next; I don’t think I’d been this close to a young woman before, at least not an attractive one.

Evie was slim and blonde, a little taller than I was, and dressed casually; a white silk blouse, black slacks, heels and a black leather jacket. I thought she looked cool and she was a lot younger than dad.

“Were you really christened Chip?” She smiled and pulled me in for a quick hug; her perfume was really sweet.

“I’m really Henry but I’ve been Chip for years,” I replied.

“I’m sure we’ll be friends,” she said, holding onto my hand. “If you don’t mind I’ll call you Chip as well?”

“Evie’s going to be around the house soon,” Dad said. “I’ve asked her to move in with us.”

I looked from one to the other, wondering what I was expected to say.

“Don’t worry; I won’t be in the way,” she said, breaking the silence which was getting awkward.

"I'm going to collect dinner," Dad said. "Is Mexican okay for you both? I'm going to leave you and I hope you'll be able to talk for a while; get to know each other."

"I think he doesn't know what to say." Evie smiled after Dad closed the door behind himself. "Come and sit with me and we can talk. He's really proud of you. He's told me how you're such a help in the show-room."

"I like working there," I replied. "Understanding the machines is something which comes to me easily."

"What about people, girls in particular? Have you got a girlfriend? A guy your age should be dating."

"I don't seem to appeal to girls." I could feel myself blushing. "I'm too short, too thin and I don't play sports."

"I'd guess they'd be jealous of your hair too." Evie reached out and touched my hair which was long straight and a deep chestnut brown. "I wish I had hair your colour and such great texture too."

"Yours looks good," I stammered.

"Mine is the product of my stylist's art." She laughed. "There's nothing natural about this blonde."

"I wouldn't be so rude..." I started.

"It's alright; you've not had a woman around for quite a while."

“It’s been me and Dad for years now,” I replied. “I see some of the ladies in the office, but I don’t really talk to them. I don’t know much about them at all.”

“You can think of me as a big sister then,” She said. “I’m about ten years older than you, and we both know that makes me younger than your Dad by a long way.”

“Don’t you have children?” I asked.

“No I don’t and I don’t think I can have any, so don’t worry on that score.” Evie looked at me. “I was married once, but it wasn’t good. We divorced, I moved away and then I didn’t date for years until your Dad persuaded me to go out with him.”

“I don’t know about the big sister,” I said. “I never even had a little one, or a cousin.”

“I don’t know about having a little brother either, so that makes us even. I don’t even know about being a mother.”

“I don’t think I want a mother,” I blurted out.

“Perhaps we can agree to muddle along together?” she asked. “I think your Dad would like that; I certainly would.”

Evie’s move into our home was smooth and didn’t cause me any problems. The meals got better and Dad was home more too. He seemed to be happier than I remembered and in tandem with that, business was doing well.

“You are in danger of becoming my top salesman,” he told me one day.

“It’s only because I’m here every day,” I said. “I like being involved and learning all the new technology is fun.”

“I’m glad you think so,” Dad replied. “I’m far happier when I’m re-selling some of the older items. I understand them.”

“I can give lessons,” I said.

“I’m happy to leave it to you and the company reps,” he said. “But you need to take some time off. Evie says I should worry that you’re not doing the things that other boys of your age should be doing.”

“Did she say that?” I wondered what they’d been saying about me.

“She thinks you should be off with friends your own age, maybe a girlfriend.”

“Did she say I should be drinking and smoking as well?” I smiled as I said it.

“I think you know what I mean.”

“Don’t worry about me,” I replied. “Girls aren’t interested in me, and I’m happy to help out here.”

“Well, as long as you don’t blame me if she comes up with some plan to brighten your life. Remember, she means well.”

“I know, and I’m glad she makes you happy.”

Dad sent me home early one Saturday afternoon. I had to collect some packages for Evie on the way. I

got there and she was sitting in the kitchen wrapped in a robe with a towel around her hair.

"It's alright, I won't bite," she called as she saw me hesitate at the door. "I'm thinking of what to wear to-night. Your Dad's taking me to some big social in town, where the traders meet for some charity fund raiser."

"I heard about that," I said. "I think my friend Derek's taking Katie as well."

"Didn't you want to come?" Evie took the parcels from me. "I'm sure I could ask your Dad."

"No it's not for me," I replied. "It's not as if I'd be taking anyone and I'd only be a spare part with you."

"I'm sad you think like that." Evie held my hand. "I don't think of you that way."

"I never thought you did. I'm shy really; I guess I'm not the sociable kind."

"You're always the soul of charm in the show-room," Evie said.

"That's because I don't have to think what to say. I know about the machines. They ask a question and I can explain everything. Heck; I can explain everything to everyone, even the hillbillies from way out of town."

"And I guess there aren't many girls amongst them." Evie smiled. "You never get a chance to practise how to charm a girl."

"Let's accept that I'm too shy." I said wanting to end the conversation.

Evie looked at me and I could tell she was thinking of something.

"I think you need to let me demystify women for you." She picked up the packages and held out a hand to me. "Come on, we can talk while I let you paint my toenails."

"Did you really say what I think I heard you say?" I could feel myself blushing.

"Come on; I'm nearly your stepmother. I'm meant to be wicked."

"Wasn't that Snow White's downfall?"

"It came out well for her in the end. She was kissed by a handsome prince."

"That's not on my list of things to do."

"Come on and stop stalling. I've a lot to do to get ready. I'm sure your Dad wants me to be his glamorous arm candy tonight."

"His what?" I asked.

She laughed as she pulled me along.

"Now all you have to do is paint the nail. Be careful; don't smear the colour onto the skin around it." Evie waved her foot in the air. "It would be easier if you sat on that stool and I put my foot where you could work easily."

She indicated that I should sit on the low foot stool beside the chair in front of the vanity in the bedroom

she shared with my dad. I sat down and before I knew it, her foot was resting in front of me.

"They look nice," I said, feeling nervous. "Why do you need to paint them?"

"I'll be wearing open toe shoes," she replied.

"But you'll have stockings."

"I will, but they'll have open toes. You don't understand; it's a girl thing. It makes you feel different, like everything's in place."

"I'm remembering something," I said. "It was in one of those culture classes at school, where they teach about actors and plays. There was some quote about starting with the shoes."

"I think it was Marylyn Monroe." Evie smiled. "Well remembered; they said she started to get into character by imagining the shoes, or something like that."

"So the toenails start your character." I looked up at her. "What's this character about?"

"She's the one who needs to hide her nerves and make your Dad happy," Evie replied. "I always get nervous at times like these, and I don't want to get anything wrong."

"I'm sure you won't," I replied. "And I'll make sure you have great toes to start off."

"They look really pretty." Evie admired them when I'd finished. "If you were my girlfriend, I'd have to do yours in return."

"Maybe you can return the favour some other time," I replied. "But no one would see mine anyway."

"But you'd know they were there and that would be your character," Evie said. "Tell you what; let me paint yours now. Then you can tell me if it makes you feel any different later."

Five minutes later, I had red toenails. I put my socks back on when they were dry.

"You should show them off. You'd get lots of attention." Evie laughed and made me blush.

It was a prophetic concept, but neither of us realised it then.

It was a few months later when the colour had grown out of my toenails.

"How would you like to take my cousin Savannah to the summer fair?" Evie asked me, holding out her mobile for me to look at a photo. "She's really pretty and really nice. Her boyfriend dumped her at Easter and she's not been out with anyone since."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "If that's her picture and it's for real, then she's out of my league."

"You should never say that," Evie scolded me. "Think yourself worth it."

"I think you'd better leave me out of it." I really liked the picture. "I'm sure she could have her pick of guys."

"But she really needs someone good and steady like you."

Against my better judgement, I capitulated and agreed to meet her and take her to the fair. She was

as pretty as her picture, but her face when she saw me wasn't encouraging.

I tried my hardest to impress; I really did. I could tell she didn't want to be there and she didn't want to be seen with me. A group of her friends turned up and she soon detached herself from me and disappeared with them.

I did the only thing I could do to save face. I went home alone. I told Evie that I'd had a great time. It was obvious that she wanted me to say that. I got away with the pretence for a few days.

"You didn't tell me that Savannah re-connected with her old flame at the fair," she said.

"I had no idea," I replied. "One minute she was there, the next she saw some friends and walked away. That was the last I saw of her."

"She can be a bit of a bitch," Evie replied.

Maybe girls weren't made for a boy like me.

I kept out of Evie's way as much as I could after that. It was difficult because she and Dad were becoming joined at the hip. I could tell that they were really happy. I didn't want Evie to think that she had to make me happy too.

A strange thing was happening to me. I don't know if it was my hormones bouncing or my proximity to Evie. It could have been because I liked watching how she went from being a tomboy to being really glamorous. It could have been the scent of her perfume or the way she dressed.

Maybe it was the way she seemed to glide across the floor in impossibly high heels.

Then again maybe it was none of these things, but I started to watch how she moved and how she dressed. I watched her makeup and everything that made her such a woman. I saw how her hair changed from strawberry to ash blonde. I saw how she fascinated my Dad, and how she was beginning to fascinate me.

She occupied my thoughts, but for different reasons. I was at the top of a slippery slope, but I didn't know it then.

I shouldn't have let it happen.

She was absolutely super glamorous at the local Chamber of Commerce ball. She wore a tight black dress, off the shoulders, with strappy heels. Her hair shimmered and swung with every movement, showing her earrings glittering as they caught the light.

I think that was the first time I imagined what it might be like to be her. That was a thought too far, but I didn't realise it then. I fantasised about her dress and heels, the makeup and the jewellery. It was all in another world; a far more glamorous one than mine.

"How was your night?" I asked as Dad and Evie appeared in the kitchen next morning.

"It was wonderful." Evie held out her left hand for me to look at a ring on her third finger.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Evie gushed. "This is going to be second time lucky."

"She means you're getting a stepmother for real," Dad smiled. "I hope you approve."

"Of course I approve." I stood to hug Evie and then to shake Dad's hand.

It all felt good.

"My friend Anna has a daughter who's been stood up by her date at a party," Evie announced one morning as we were sitting after breakfast. "It's really important to her and she doesn't want to go alone."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked. "Things didn't go well last time."

"Anna's so worried for her. I wondered if you could stand in," she replied. "I've met her and she's really pretty and a nice person too. She's about your age and I'd pay for everything. Please say you'll do it as a great favour to me."

"Okay, I'll do it," I replied with a sinking feeling in my stomach.

"I'll ask her to come over this evening and you can meet her. Then when you go out, you'll have something to talk about."

"Does she know about tractors?" I asked.

"You're joking." Evie looked shocked until she realised that I really was joking.

I think I secretly hoped it wouldn't happen; that the girl would make other plans. It wasn't that way.

"This is Louisa."

Evie ushered her into the garden the following afternoon as we were sitting after work. She was small, slim and dark, with long tendrils of black hair tumbling over her shoulders in what looked like an untameable cascade. She wore jeans and white trainers, a white top and a bandana loosely around her neck.

"I'll leave you to talk." Evie ushered Dad into the house and left us alone.

"Thanks for taking me," Louisa said. "Please say you'll pretend to like me."

"Of course I will," I replied, already liking to be near her.

"It means a lot to me, the other girls in college can be cruel at times."

We got on well that evening, talking about this and that, everything and nothing, until Evie called to say that her mother was collecting her. We arranged that Evie would drop me off at her home and then a cab would drive us to the party.

The cab was waiting when I arrived. Louisa rushed out, looking striking in a tight dark red top with a scooped neck which showed the tops of her breasts and tight black trousers with heeled boots.

She wore no jewellery other than some sparkling white studs in her ears. Her hair was tied back loosely in ringlets. Her makeup was minimal, apart from some black eyeliner and mascara. I knew about makeup from watching Evie. I thought Louisa looked amazing and I wanted people to see me with her. Maybe then they wouldn't think I was such a loser.

The party was being held in a local restaurant. I knew it by reputation as a classy place, but I'd never been inside. As I looked round the room, I recognised a few of the boys there from school, but as I hadn't gone on to college, I didn't recognise many of the older ones.

It wasn't bad. I'm not going into the details of the evening, but we ended up spending time with a girl called Olivia and her boyfriend Tad. Apparently they'd been best friends since junior school. It was all very good and I took Louisa home at the end of the evening.

"I hope you didn't mind me talking so much to Olivia," she said as we walked to her door. "She's always been there for me."

"That's okay; I thought Tad was a nice guy too."

"Let's go out together again soon," she said and let me kiss her quickly on the lips; just a touch before the cab took me home.

"I liked her," I replied when Evie quizzed me about the evening.

We went out as a foursome a few times. We saw some movies and ate pizzas; we hired a boat and swam in the lake when it got warm enough.

I got to know Tad. He was a studious sort of person, determined that he'd get the grades to go to medical school. As the girls walked and talked together, it seemed we did the same. It was when we went to a drive-in movie that things started to change.

Louisa got out of the car which I had borrowed and clambered into the back seat of Tad's car with Olivia. I assumed they had much to talk about, although they never seemed to stop talking. They were always talking, giggling, looking at each other and even hugging whenever we were together.

What came next really shocked me.

Tad got into the car with me, leaving them to it. We were silent for a while, waiting for the movie to start.

"Aren't you going back there?" I asked as the intro started and the lights over the field dimmed.

"You don't get it, do you?" Tad said slowly.

"What don't I get?" I asked, turning to look at him.

"Louisa isn't going to come back and Olivia expects me to stay here." I turned to look at him, my face showing that I didn't understand it at all.

"They're dating," he said. "They're using us to hide it from both their parents. We're their disguises."

I thought about it and in that instant some things became clear. Why would Louisa go out with me? I was shorter than her, slimmer and with longer hair. I thought it was because I had good earnings and money to spend. Now maybe I should have been thinking differently.

"And what are we supposed to do?" I asked.

"Nothing, I guess." Tad looked at me. "I don't mind, I'd rather be dating you than Olivia."

"I don't understand." I looked at him as he leaned towards me and quickly kissed me on the lips.



"Now do you understand?" he asked quietly. "You haven't slapped me or screamed, so I don't think you object too much to being kissed."

"I've never been kissed before."

I was shocked by his action and my reaction. I didn't feel threatened and I wasn't scared.

I took Louisa out a few times after that evening. We went to the movies and to the theatre. We hiked and swam together. I was beginning to think that I had a real secure relationship here. I should have known better.

"I've arranged for us to go to Pilgrims Lake," Louisa announced one evening. "It's a birthday treat for Olivia. She's coming with Tad and we have adjoining accommodation."

"That's nice," I said with less than full enthusiasm. "Are you sure that you want them along?"

Of course I knew the answer before I put the question. We'd made out a few times, but when I thought about it, I knew she was always holding back.

"It's going to be lovely," she said. "Show a little enthusiasm. I know that they both think you're good company."

So we went a couple of weeks later. Pilgrims Lake was a sprawling resort, with hiking and cycle tracks, a pool, and an entertainment complex which had just about everything for a break away from the stresses of the work-a-day world, and by we got there, I was feeling pretty worn out with how busy I'd been.

I should have seen it coming but I was stupid and I didn't. We had two units designed to cater for two people. They were in a small clearing, and quite private from other units.

After dinner on our first night, we walked back the short distance from the restaurant. We stopped as if to wish each other a good night.

Olivia kissed me gently as Louisa kissed Tad. Then the girls kissed; not just a peck, but a real full-blooded kiss on the lips, bodies pressed close and lingering. With arms around each other, they walked into Olivia's unit. Tad and I started at each other.

"You knew that was going to happen?" He looked at me as he posed the question.

"I had no idea," I said slowly, thinking that I should have guessed.

"That leaves me with you to share." He gestured towards the second unit. "They won't be coming out before morning."

"I don't think that's a good idea," I said. "I don't want to repeat..."

"Oh, that was pure impulse. I thought you wanted to be kissed," he said. "I'm sorry if I upset you. I won't do it again. Now can we go in; it's getting colder out here."

I hesitated for a moment and then realised that there wasn't much of an alternative, so I unlocked the door and we went inside.

It may sound trite in view of what happened later, but I enjoyed that evening. Tad was good company.

We played some video games which he won, then a silly card game which he also won. We were drinking and I think that made my concentration low.

We chatted all the time; he with a host of anecdotes that made me laugh. From the way he was talking, I knew he expected me to listen and to be impressed. It all felt good, even though I would rather have been with Louisa, I understood that wasn't going to happen.

When I could no longer keep my eyes open, Tad decided that I should go to bed. I went to bed. I had the bedroom and he slept on the couch.

Nothing else happened.

By now, you've guessed; if things had stayed that way, you wouldn't be reading this.

You'd have thought I'd have learned from this experience, but I didn't. I really liked Louisa, and we had been out a few times together. It seemed as if that little flirtation with Olivia was a one-off.

Louisa and I didn't sleep together but I thought we were growing closer. We didn't make a foursome with Olivia and Tad for a while, but I knew the girls were keeping in touch by the things that were said casually. I kept in touch with Tad too.

I don't know if I wanted to understand more, or if I simply wanted to be involved. These were my friends, after all.

Meanwhile my day job was getting busier. We were selling tractors and cultivators, harvesters and

ploughs; all manner of equipment as fast as we could get it shipped in. I did the technical stuff and showed the controls and the features.

Dad could always charm and flatter the customers so they didn't realise they were buying so freely and perhaps spending more than they intended. The computer and GPS stuff passed him by. That was my job. But they always went away happy. Dad had a way, and the sales rolled in.

My bonus rolled in too. I spent most of it on Louisa.

I should have known better. I thought I was really getting closer to Louisa. I took her everywhere and treated her well. I thought we were having a good time together. She even let me make love to her, although I realised after that she was less than enthusiastic.

I thought it was just me and that I needed to be better.

Things changed when summer vacation came around. We went to a resort in the mountains. It was a pretty place with bike rides and hiking tracks, swimming and boating lakes, cinemas and restaurants. The nearby town had a new mall with almost everything.

We'd been there for a few days when, much to my surprise, Olivia and Tad arrived as we were sitting outside the restaurant after dinner. Louisa and Olivia hugged enthusiastically. I had a sinking feeling as I went to order another drink. Before I had time to say anything, the girls had walked away, arm-in-arm.

"It looks like it's you and me again," Tad said, looking across the table at me with a strange look in his

eye. "We got on well last time, so let's make the best of it."

"I came on holiday to be one of a couple," I said clumsily. "I never thought that I'd have to spend part of it with another guy."

"I know what you mean."

"Do you?" I asked. "Look at them. No one's ever going to question two girls together behaving like that; hugging and holding hands. It's what girls do all the time. But two guys; they're going to look at us like we're gay lovers."

"Is that so wrong?" Tad asked innocently.

"It's not what I expected this holiday to be about."

"I think we should talk to the girls about it before it all gets ruined."

"You're saying that you don't want it to look like you're a gay couple?" Louisa looked at me with something approaching disgust. "I didn't think you were so narrow minded."

"I'm not, but what if it were to become known?" I asked, quite reasonably in my mind. "Our customers aren't known for being liberal and open minded. Dad would hate it if anything I did would make them think about going somewhere else."

"That's not unreasonable." Olivia looked from Louisa to Tad. "Let's sleep on this. There must be a solution."

"You only want to get Louisa to yourself tonight," I said bitterly.

"It's not like that." Louisa took my hand. "We can't always control who we love. I don't want to hurt you."

"What do you think, Tad?"

"I'm easy," he replied. "I always knew Olivia was a friend, not a girlfriend."

"It's getting late," Louisa interrupted. "We should talk this out in the morning."

Olivia stood and held out her hand. Louise took it and Tad and I were left alone in the cabin.

I went to sleep in the bedroom and left Tad stretching uncomfortably on the couch in the living room.

"Do you want to go home now?" Louisa asked when we met for breakfast.

"Not really; I hoped to be away from work. If I go back, I'll be into the office immediately," I said.

"Do you get along with Tad?" Olivia asked.

"Sure, we get along fine," I replied. "I didn't expect to look like his boyfriend on holiday."

"I think we have a solution," Louisa said slowly. "I don't know if you're going to like it, but please think about it before you turn it down."

"That sounds ominous." I looked at the other three in turn.

"What if you pretended to be Tad's girlfriend?" she said quickly. "I don't mean that you have to sleep with him, but you could have fun in the daytime away from work."

"That's not going to work," I sneered. "You must think I'm stupid."

"We don't at all," she replied. "You're not thinking this through."

"What's there to think about other than it could never work?" I snapped back. "I don't look anything like Tad's girlfriend, even if he had one."

"That's a minor detail." She held up her hand for silence. "How would it be if we could make you look like his girlfriend, just for the time we're on holiday. Olivia and I could do our thing and you could enjoy the place with Tad, without being embarrassed and no one would be any the wiser."

"That could be really fun." Tad looked at me with an expression that suggested interest. "Think about it, Chip; you'd be getting a view from the other side."

"I'm not sure that I want to join the other side, as you put it."

"Come on; you can't say you're not interested," he replied. "You'd have the three of us to look out for you. It's not as if we're asking you to swim with the sharks."

"I'm worried that I be exactly what I'd be doing if I went along with this crazy scheme."

"Please think about it carefully." Louisa looked me in the eye. "It would be a great favour and I'd love you forever if you could do it."

"I'll think about it."

I wavered because when she looked at me like that it was hard to refuse her anything. I think at that moment I'd have agreed to anything, but I wasn't going to say so.

It was an awkward day. Olivia and Louisa disappeared somewhere. Tad was nowhere to be seen when I emerged from a troubled night. I was left to think and think again about what had been said.

The big question was difficult. Did I want to go along with their suggestion that I become Tad's girlfriend for the duration of the holiday? I wasn't thinking beyond that.

I didn't want to remember but my thoughts kept returning to that moment when he kissed me. His lips were soft and I submitted. I blushed when I remembered how willingly I had submitted. My memory said how much I wished that the kiss could have gone on and on. I tried to suppress it, but I couldn't.

What did that mean?

I wasn't alone for long. Louisa arrived first and sort of took over. I sat at the table as she made coffee and then I sat some more as I waited for her to say whatever she'd come to say.

"We think we could make you look really good if you wanted us to," she started. "Don't react; just sit and listen to me. If you agree, we'll make you over. If you think you look stupid or wrong, we'll stop but you have to agree not to stop halfway. You're going to

look wrong part of the way through. That's what happens when things aren't finished as they should be."

"I don't know." I suddenly felt frightened, even though I was really tempted to let them go ahead. "What about Tad? How will he react to having me around pretending to be something I'm not; something I don't want to be?"

"Don't worry about that," she replied. "He's trustworthy and kind. He's been following Olivia around like a faithful puppy since high school. She thinks he might be a little bit gay, but he's not the sort of guy to be unkind. I'm sure he'll look after you."

"I don't want him to think I'm doing this for..." I didn't know how to end the sentence.

"I'm sure he won't think that," Louisa dismissed my fear that he might be a predator.

"What makes you think I could look good? I never thought about that."

"Well, you're slim and you're the same height as I am without heels. Your hair is super; it's long and straight. It has a swing to it when you leave it loose."

"I don't do that. I always tie it back for work."

"You're not at work this week," she replied. "I've never seen any beard growth either."

"I don't have any," I replied. "I guess that gene passed me by."

"That's really lucky for us all," she laughed. "What about body hair?"

"If you're asking if I have some, the answer's yes."

"We'll have to get rid of that as a first job," she replied. "It might hurt a little, but lots of men have the same treatment."

"It won't show either when I'm back at work." I forced a laugh.

"Only you will know, unless you show someone."

"I think I've decided to agree," I said softly. "I'm still wondering if I've made the right decision, but let's do it."

Before I had a chance to change my mind, I was hustled into Olivia's car and driven down to the mall.

"It's a salon," I said when she parked in the lot.

"Well spotted; it also says that it's unisex on the window, so you're safe there." She opened the door. "They'll have you hairless before you have time to think about it."

I followed like a dog who knows he's on the way to see the veterinarian. I didn't have time to object or even think.

"They're used to guys coming in here; they have a lot of gays in town."

"But I'm not one."

"It doesn't matter; they don't discriminate," she replied. "I promise they won't embarrass you at all."

They were obviously ready for me and for the next couple of hours my dignity was assaulted by hot wax.

It hurt. It hurt my pride too when the hairs around my privates and inside the crack of my bottom were stripped away. The soothing balm afterwards was a relief.

"Everything feels different," I said in surprise as I walked to the car. Even my clothes feel as if they aren't the clothes I came in with."

"That's the difference that being hairless makes." Olivia laughed as she opened the door and we drove back.

"That seemed to take ages, but it wasn't that long." I looked at the time on my mobile. "How many more treatments have you planned for me to endure?"

"Well, there's hair and makeup, nails and a nose job, maybe breast implants too." She smiled and I hoped she was joking. "Seriously, nothing else is going to take that long. Most of it we'll do this afternoon and evening. Tomorrow evening, you should be ready and you can take girl Chip for a test run."

"You make it all sound so simple and easy." I think I shuddered in fear at the thought.

"It *is* simple and easy; if you want to hang around with me, you'll make it easy too," she replied. "I think I'm going to like having two girlfriends, even if I do have to share one with Tad."

I didn't ask. Did she mean sharing *me* or did she mean sharing *Olivia*.

A question like that is best left unspoken.

Tad was nowhere in sight when we got back to our accommodation. That left me in the enthusiastic hands of Olivia and Louisa. It seemed that they were both determined to make me over. More than that, they had a plan and they weren't going to allow any interference from me.

The started slowly and I didn't object when Louisa began to paint my toenails. I didn't tell her that I'd been there before.

"It's essential," she explained. "You'll know they're painted red even if you can't see them."

"Well most of the time, they'll be hidden in my socks," I replied but I didn't think of saying this was a repeat of something I'd said with Evie.

"So you'll be able to keep them prettily painted all the time, even when you're back at work."

"So why are you doing this to me?"

"They may be hidden under socks." Olivia smiled as if she knew a secret that I didn't. "But they won't be hidden when your legs are bare and you're wearing peep toe sandals."

"Is that in the planning?" I asked.

"Of course it's in the planning," she replied. "By the end of this holiday, you're going to be walking in the most outrageously high heels."

"And you'll think it's the natural thing to do," Olivia added from the side where she'd stood watching. "Those toes look really nice. Do you like them?"

"I think I do," I replied. "I can always remove the colour before we go home."

"Why would you want to do that?" She looked at Louisa for an answer as if she was the one involved. "Your feet won't be on show when you're at home. We've already established that; here's no need to remove anything."

"Stop bickering." Olivia held up her hand. "There's a lot to do today, especially if our new girl's coming to dinner with us."

Our new girl. I started to ask a question but then it dawned that the meant me and that I was to go to dinner with them.

"I don't look anything like a girl."

You will by dinner time," Olivia replied. "The next job is to do your fingernails to match your toes and then to tame your eyebrows. That's going to be uncomfortable but you're big and strong so you can endure a little discomfort."

"I don't want you to do that." I stiffened as if to resist.

"Don't be a silly girl, let me finish your fingernails." Louisa reached to take my hand. "Hold still or I'll smudge it all over."

I sat compliantly as she painted my nails.

"They're not really long enough and the shape is awful, but it's the best I can do until we can get you into a nail salon."

"Okay." I rather liked the colour of my fingernails. "I don't think I could cope with nails like yours."

"They're not too long for every day." She held out a hand for me to see. "You wouldn't notice them after a few hours. I've had them much longer for a party and then they were a bit of a pain."

"I hate the thought of having to cope with long ones," I said. "But if you think I should have them like yours, then okay."

"What? You're agreeing to it?"

"If I have to go this far, why not go a little further?" I said. "I don't want you to do anything to my eyebrows though."

"Why ever not?" Olivia looked at me hard. "It's only a little tidying. I'm not going to leave you with really thin brows. That was fashionable a while ago. Today's fashion is for heavier brows, but they have to be nicely shaped."

"Men do it as well as women," Louisa added. "Think about those television presenters."

"They're not human, are they?" I asked sarcastically. "Now I know why I don't like them."

"Stop prevaricating and let me do your brows."

I knew when to give in. I sat quietly and let her get on with it. It seemed to take ages. I wasn't paying attention properly as I tried to switch my mind off from the constant irritation of the plucking tweezers. That was possibly a mistake. There was a click and I felt something squeeze my ears.

"Keep still or you'll be lopsided," Olivia said. "I'm piercing your ears."

"Dad will have a fit if he sees me with earrings." I felt a cold sweat coming on as a second click told me that the other ear had now been pierced.

"Nonsense; your Dad won't say a thing," She replied. "I'd bet that most of the guys in your father's workshop have pierced ears. It's not been a girl's exclusive for years and years. Heck, many of them have several piercings, and not just ears."

"I don't want to think about that." I shuddered at the thought of all those piercings, just as I realised that piercing my ears hadn't hurt; it had been little more than a pinch.

I took the mirror that Louisa held out to me. "Did you have to use diamonds? They're going to be hard to conceal."

"If you really want to conceal them, just hide them with your hair," Louisa said. "And they're not diamonds; they're some sort of simulation."

"I don't care, they're impossible to miss." I looked again.

"You can change them for plain studs when you go home."

"I may just leave them out altogether."

"That would be silly; the holes would close."

"I can't tell what you did to my eyebrows."

"They were tidied up; they didn't need a lot of work. I took out the stray hairs and a few from underneath the brow line to give you more space for makeup."

"I don't need space for makeup."

"Every girl needs space for makeup, especially one who's going to be going out with Tad."

"I won't be 'going out' with him in the girlfriend sense," I replied.

"That's a bit of a puny response," Louise laughed. "Look how far you've come already. This is like a car trip where you can't get out of the car as it's traveling."

I think I should have shouted for them to stop the car.

"We need to hurry." Louisa looked across at Olivia who nodded in return.

"What's the rush?" I asked.

"We have to get you ready," Louisa said.

"Tad has to see you as a girl, an attractive one at that, or this isn't going to work."

"What do you mean?" I didn't understand.

"You know Louisa and I want to be together." She started slowly like I was going to have trouble understanding. "That means we're a foursome; you and me, Tad and Olivia."

"I get that."

"As far as our parents know, Tad is taking out Olivia and you're taking me out."

"That's what I want to do."

“Me too, but I want to hang out with Olivia, and you don’t want to hang about with Tad any more than he wants to hang about with a guy.”

“Are you sure of that?” I asked. “Sometimes the vibe off him isn’t that clear.”

“You’re imagining things. He’s just a gentleman in the old-fashioned sense.”

“I don’t want to hang about with a guy either,” I said, realising that I was being stupid in view of all that had happened to me that day. I’d gone along with it, hadn’t I?

“But if you looked like a girl, Tad would be happy to take you out and Olivia and I could complete the foursome,” Louisa said. “Then no one’s going to think anything about two girlfriends hanging about together. Our parents and friends wouldn’t know a thing about it.”

“Does that mean that I’m your decoy?” I asked.

“Yes, and I promise to reward you for it all.” Louisa kissed me gently. “You’ll like your reward.”

From the look on her face, I didn’t doubt her.

“It’s a crazy situation,” Olivia added. “We both like guys and love to be with them, but we love each other too.”

“And you’re being such a wonderful guy for helping us.”

I was more confused than ever.

"There's not much time. We've got to get you ready." Louisa said at the time. "Tad's picking us up in a couple of hours."

"Does it take that long to get ready?" I asked. "I usually make sure that I've showered and my shirt is clean and that's it."

"That was when you were a boy." Olivia sounded stern. "As a girl, you have to take a lot more care."

"You don't expect me to pretend to be a girl now, do you?"

"What do you think we've been doing all day?" Olivia replied. "For our purposes, you're a girl; all you have to do is accept it."

"And learn to behave like a girl." Louisa added.

"I can't do that." I felt more scared than ever. "I've no idea how to behave as a girl, especially when she's out with a boy."

"You're going to have no choice." Louisa pointed me towards a chair. "Don't worry, we'll be with you. All you have to do is act like we do."

"Is that supposed to be easy?" I replied.

"You'll get used to it." Olivia returned with some shoes; high heeled shoes. "Start with the shoes to get into character."

"I've heard that before, maybe it was in some trashy novel?"

"Maybe but remember Cinderella; one shoe changed her life," Louisa said.

"Shoes can change your body posture and with that you can change your life. Heels give you power," Olivia added. "You're always conscious of them and you'll find that not only do you move differently, but you'll sit differently and act differently."

"Think carefully, tonight you're on the girls' side," Louisa joined in again.

"Boys don't wear heels," I said firmly.

"But you're not going to be a boy this evening," Louisa replied. "You're going out of here as a girl, even if we have to get a cop to evict you from this place."

Louisa swung the shoes in front of me and stroked them suggestively. "Stilettos are a weapon that we girls use against men."

"But I'm not against them."

"You're not against them except in the nicest way if you're lucky," Olivia added and they laughed so much that I couldn't help joining in.

The heels stood ominously at the side of the room.

I sighed. "Okay, let's see if they fit."

Inevitably, they started on the makeup. It was a new experience. I'd seen how Evie transformed herself from the girl next door to a glamorous vamp to go out with Dad, but I would never have believed that it could change me so much too.



All I could do was watch and let them get on with it. They knew what they were doing and I supposed that they'd planned it all out. It was like a whirlwind and I wasn't given time to do anything but go along with it.

The first change was to my fingernails. Much longer ones were glued over mine; deep red and elegantly shaped to a rounded point. They must have had them all along.

"They'll flip off," I said as I looked at them. "They're too long for me to do anything with my hands."

"Well, they won't come off. That glue is the best and I can think of something you could do with your hands." She made a gesture. "I'm sure Tad would love it."

"It's never going to happen," I replied. Louisa raised her eyebrows as if to question.

I wasn't prepared for the scents and the feel of all the products they used on me. Brushes and sponges, tweezers again, and then pencils and smaller brushes; the false eyelashes felt heavy and strange against my eyelids.

"Isn't this a bit too much?" I complained after I'd been sitting still for them for ages whilst they worked on my face.

"It's all essential," Louisa replied. "Wait until you see the result."

"I don't have to wear that, do I?" Louisa held something lacy to me.

"It's a bra," she said.

"I recognised that; it's what a girl would wear."

"And a girl would wear makeup and false eyelashes too." She shrugged her shoulders. "Think of it as the duck test."

"I know; if it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it's probably a duck."

"Good girl; we've not spent all this time doing the first half of the test for you to give up on the second half," she said quite fiercely. "Now stop complaining and get dressed."

"But it's a bra; I have nothing to put in the cups."

"But what nature's forgotten, we can stuff with cotton... or something more appropriate." Louisa held out two quivering blobs of something or other.

"What are they?" I asked as I felt the softness of the first.

"They're breast forms," she replied. "My big sister used to use them to make her tiny breasts look impressive when she wanted to impress the boys."

"Didn't they find out?" I asked.

"They did so she stopped wearing them and when she left home they stayed in her drawer until I liberated them for you to wear."

"You mean that this was all planned?" I paused and thought. "How did they find your sister was wearing them?"

"Guess." Louisa smiled enigmatically and made an unmistakable gesture with her hands. I didn't ask for more details.

Putting on the bra was bad enough but the weight and the feel of the false breasts was something entirely different. They were cold at first and the movement as I moved was disconcerting. I was so conscious of them, but as they warmed to my skin and didn't fall out when I moved, it became easier.

They wobbled; a strange feeling but quite erotic when I forgot about everything else and gave in to the feeling. The panties which matched were equally as humiliating. My little man stood to attention at the first touch of the lavender lace.

"You'd better go and do something with that," Louisa said. 'And before you ask, don't look at me. I'm not going to help."

I retreated to the bathroom and closed the door. I sighed and turned to the mirror. It was the first time I'd had the chance to see myself without one of the girls around. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I looked just like I could be one of them, despite my hair hanging in its usual low pony and my flat chest.

"I'm beautiful," I thought and then looked again. "Be honest, I'm not beautiful, but I'm not bad looking as a girl. I could date me." I laughed at the thought.

I took care of you-know-what and returned. I felt embarrassed but I don't know why.

"What took you so long?" Louisa asked as I returned. "You have to get dressed and then we're going out."

"I can't go out like this," I protested.

"Of course not; you need your dress and those heels on your feet," Louise replied.

"Some jewellery wouldn't be a bad idea too," Olivia added "Remember Tad's coming to pick us up."

"No, you don't understand," I protested again. "I mean I can't go out dressed like this. What would happen if someone saw me?"

"Tad can probably guess what you look like." Louisa said. "Lots of people are going to see you."

"What if I'm recognised?"

"Do you think anyone would recognise you? Look in the mirror."

I didn't reply. I knew what I'd see if I did look in the mirror. I was beautifully made-up, with shining lips and long heavy eyelashes.

They helped me into a grey shift dress. The skirt was tight against my thighs and the bodice clung tightly to my padded breasts. The neckline was quite high, for which I was grateful. The sleeves came past my elbows, but ended in a plain cuff halfway down my forearms.

"I think some long silver earrings would look good with that dress." Louisa looked me up and down.

"Yes, but her ears have only been pierced today. It would hurt too much to change them now," Olivia replied. "Now sit and let me help you with your shoes."

"They're really high." I looked at them, with the thin heels tapering to a small point and delicate straps to go round my ankles.

"They're not that high," Olivia said. "Remember to keep your head up and steps small. If you have to go down any steps, make sure you hold onto something."

"You can hold on to Tad."

"I'm sure he'd love that," I replied, wondering which way I meant it; ironically or because Tad would love a boy clinging onto him.

I stood gingerly. The new weight distribution made me feel very self-conscious and quite wary of my balance. I took a few faltering steps around the room. I didn't say a thing, but I knew I could do it. Walking in heels wasn't so bad after all.

"Hey, that's good." Louisa applauded. "But at the moment, your hands say more truck driver than woman. You need a purse. That'll give you something to do with your hands and make it look more feminine."

I tried again; purse over my shoulder with one hand on top. She was right, it did feel more feminine.

Not having a pocket to put my other hand in helped too.

"Remind me, why we are doing this." I hesitated as the girls tried to get me out of the door when Tad's car arrived.

"My parents think I'm going out with you," Louisa said slowly as if I was too stupid to understand. "Olivia's parents think she's going with Tad."

"I get that," I said.

"But I want to go out with Olivia and Tad won't go out with you, unless everyone thinks you're a girl."

"But does he want to go out with me?"

"You've no idea." Louisa shook her head. "He's aching to get his hands on you. He's one of those guys who love a girl with a penis."

"Is that all I am to him?" I don't know why I said that; it was as if I understood everything. "What about his parents?"

"They know he's a bit gay sometimes."

"Okay, but what about mine?"

"Your stepmother would think it's cool," Louisa replied.

"Oh yes, I can see her now inviting me to borrow one of her party dresses," I said sarcastically.

"She'd think you were her dress up doll." Louisa pointed. "After all, you told me that she painted your toenails once. I think she secretly likes the idea of having a stepdaughter instead of a stepson."

"That's really weird," I said and stood still to let the thought sink in.

"Stop thinking and get out there." She pushed me out of the door.

I was terrified. I moved automatically, my mind racing. How could I do this? How could I reveal myself dressed like a girl for the first time, and to Tad who knew I was really a boy underneath?

That wasn't what the mirror was telling me as I took a last glimpse of my female form before I was pushed out of the door.

Now I know that the heels I was wearing were not as high as they felt that first time. Nonetheless, I congratulated myself as I walked, hearing the click of the heels on the pavement. I did as they said. I kept my back straight and my head up.

I didn't dare to make any eye contact with anyone, and I was oh-so-very conscious of the shape that the false breasts had given me. I think I secretly thrilled as the seemed to move in my bra as I walked to the car.

I was surprised at first when I was invited to get into the front with Tad but as Louisa and Olivia settled into each other's arms in the back seat, I understood why.

The journey wasn't too far but we were far enough outside town for no one to recognise us. We walked round a small mall. Tad feigned a total disinterest, which is what I would do, but the girls had other ideas.

They took me from shop to shop, and expected me to give an opinion on everything from the colour of a dress top the design of shoes, from the shade of eyeshadow to the scent of a perfume. At first I thought it tedious, but then I started to enjoy it.

This, I understood, was what girlfriends did with each other. They shopped and chatted. Maybe they didn't buy anything; that wasn't important. It was the shared experience of being together.

I knew I could get to like this.

From the shops we went to an Italian restaurant in the next mall. Again the girls chattered and did their best to include me as we discussed the menu and diets, the wine list and of course, what the other girls there were wearing and how they looked.

Tad joined in with this. He was quite enthusiastic as the length of skirt and the height of heel entered the conversation.

"Too many girls walk like truck drivers," he observed as a couple of larger girls left the restaurant.

I think it was then that I noticed his hand had crept onto my knee. I didn't know what to do. Should I scream or subtly remove his hand. I did nothing, but when his hand started to move up my thigh, I placed my hand over his, gave it a gentle squeeze, and moved it back towards my knee.

I think he got the message.

From the restaurant we went to the movie theatre at the other end of the mall. The girls held hands quite unselfconsciously and I let Tad hold my hand as we walked.

I'd often thought about walking with a girl and holding her hand. This was different. I think that's when I got that feeling that I was letting him lead and I was accepting that I was to be submissive.

This, I decided, was as good as it could get for now. The thought made me pause a little. Had I allowed myself to get too far into the female role? I dismissed

the thought and decided that friendship was good, no matter where it was coming from.

I was feeling really good. My friends were around me and if anyone passing by read that I wasn't a girl, I didn't notice.

The choice of movie wasn't mine. I preferred real stories, be they sagas or murder mysteries. I never liked the super heroes or the movies with so many special effects and no coherent thread to the action.

This means that when we took our seats, I wasn't really paying attention to the screen. The girls weren't watching much either as they whispered or cuddled together. This must have given Tad ideas too, because his hand returned to my knee.

I removed it, but in an instant it was back and moving upwards. I removed it again but couldn't suppress a slight smile or maybe it was a small giggle. Either way, the hand returned and despite my hand over it, commenced to get further and further up my leg.

It was a nice feeling. I knew I shouldn't be thinking that it was a nice feeling, but it was. The hand progressed until it was at my crotch. It stayed still once it got there. My hand was on top of it, staying further progress.

One finger escaped my grip and then another. I knew I shouldn't, but I didn't resist when he started to touch my penis. I should have pushed him away, but it was a nice feeling and I couldn't help my response was immediate.

I could feel his fingers around my shaft. I tried to resist but it grew and swelled as he squeezed and massaged it. I had no fraction of my attention on the

screen and I wriggled to allow him better access. I think I moaned as well, for Olivia who was sitting next to me turned and gave a knowing look as I squirmed.

"You'd better stop," I whispered urgently turning to look at him. "You're going to cause something embarrassing."

His hand withdrew a little and he leaned in towards me and before I knew it, his lips were on mine and his tongue was tantalising my lips. What could I do? I allowed my lips to open and then his tongue was edging into my mouth, twisting and feeling. It was delicious.

I knew it shouldn't be, but I didn't want it to stop.

The journey back to our accommodation seemed to take ages. Tad drove with his hand on my knee. I knew that the girls saw it, and they saw that I wasn't objecting or doing anything about it. As soon as we arrived, they disappeared. We went into our lodge.

"That leaves us alone," I said to Tad, feeling quite bold. "Are you going to finish what you started?"

He pulled me towards him. I didn't resist. I didn't want to resist but turned my face up so that he could kiss me again. The touch of the slight roughness of his top lip where he had shaved reminded me that this was a boy kissing me.

Any lingering thought of objecting faded away when his hand returned to my penis which grew instantly.

“Do you think that’s wise?” It was a suggestion but said softly as I did nothing to pull away from his caressing hand.

“You’re making me feel the same,” he said.

He put my hand on the bulge in his trousers and I think it was then that I felt a surge of power. I was doing this to him. I hadn’t understood that I could do it and now I wanted to feel inside to make sure.

I know that doesn’t make sense, but that was then.

My hands went to his belt. I tugged and pulled clumsily because my false nails got in the way, making me frantic to get my hands inside. It can’t have taken more than a few seconds, but I felt so inept until my fingers touched, pulled, then wrapped round his thickening shaft.

I looked down and there it was in my hand, feeling strong and hard. It was so much bigger than mine, even when I massaged mine to its fullest length. I saw the foreskin. I pulled it gently away, exposing the tip even more.

I think I knew I was going to kiss it the moment I touched it. I tried to be elegant as I slid down to my knees. I held the tip away from my face and looked up at him. I paused a moment to let him think of what might be coming next and then I put my head down.

I got a faint hit of revulsion at the first touch of my lips to the tip. I licked it quickly in case my resolution to do this faded. It didn’t taste too bad; a little salty perhaps but I’d expected that. He shuddered slightly.

I took the tip into my mouth. I’d read about this and seen the pictures but I never thought I’d be the one on their knees doing it. I tried to concentrate on

breathing through my nose as I took a little of the length into my mouth. He pushed forwards and caught the back of my throat. I gagged and pulled back to cough inelegantly.

I got my breath back quickly and knelt up again. His penis was still there, still stiff and strong and still tantalisingly close to my lips again.

"You don't have to," he said softly, rubbing a hand along his length, as if inviting me to take over.

I reached out and wrapped my hand around that shaft and at the same time took it into my mouth. Now that my hand was there, he couldn't push too much of the length into me. I had control and that gave me a renewed feeling.

Was it power or control that I was experiencing? Either way, it was intoxicating. I was in charge now.

I took the length from tip to my hand into my mouth. It was enough for me then. I started bobbing it in and out, rubbing my tongue underneath the length and swirling it around. He tried to make me take it further by holding my head and pushing my face to his groin, but I held my fingers firmly in place.

The taste of him came again. It wasn't as horrible as I'd anticipated and I knew I could make him lose whatever control he thought he had. I felt him stiffening. He held still and the first pulse came, then another and another until he was gushing into my mouth.

I swallowed a little but it was coming too fast and my mouth was full anyway, so it tricked and dribbled down my chin. I could feel it running down my neck. I remember thinking that I hoped it wouldn't stain the lovely dress that I was wearing.

Maybe that was the moment when my fate was sealed. I was thinking like a girl.

I think that flipped a switch in my head. Once I started, I couldn't, didn't want to stop. Tad must have thought he'd found a monster.

In truth, his penis fascinated me. I loved the way I could command it to grow. Not only that, but I could tease and tantalise. I could be demanding, even when I knew he was exhausted.

But that wasn't going to happen tonight.

The next step was a little more delayed. Tad went back to the other lodge in the morning and the girls came to mine.

"We're going to make sure you're ready for the day," Olivia explained. "I'll clean off your makeup. You really should have done it last night, but I guess there were other things on your mind."

"What makes you say that?" I asked innocently.

"I saw the smirk on Tad's face," she replied. "The cat's well and truly out of the bag."

"I think I have a request," I said.

I knew that Louisa and Olivia were playing with a big rubber penis. Well, maybe not rubber, but something like that. It was long and flexible; I'm sure that I don't have to explain the shape.

"You need to lubricate it first or it's going to hurt and it's not going to go in," Olivia laughed when I whispered my request to borrow it.

When they left me alone, I rushed into the bathroom and locked the door. It was long and pliable.

It did hurt, even with all the lubrication I could use. Strangely, I liked the hurt. It wasn't a really painful sort of pain. It made me curious and left me wanting to find out what the real thing would feel like.

I made an excuse to come back alone in mid-afternoon. I locked the door of the lodge. I knew what I wanted to try.

In the time that I was alone, I experimented. I stood over the arm of a couch. I lay down on my back, with my legs in the air. I knelt on the bed. I used my fingers to squeeze some lubrication inside me, and then teased and pushed, penetrating myself.

It was all very frustrating.

When I was alone, my thoughts drifted. There was a dress and some heels, lingerie and cosmetics beckoning to me. I guessed that the girls had put them there. I don't know what they intended, but I didn't wait. I knew how to dress as a girl and I did so.

I wasn't experienced with makeup but I knew what to do with mascara and eyeliner. I guessed that smudging it carefully from the lash line over the eyelids would look good, so that's what I did. I chose the palest lipstick. I knew that I didn't know how to create a larger lip line, but I knew that shiny and soft-looking was all that I needed.

I left my hair loose. I bent forward and brushed it over my head so that when I stood and tossed it back,

my hair was full and down my back and over my shoulders. I thought I looked quite good.

I was all dressed and feeling light hearted and flirty. I think I was going too fast for Tad.

I played him to the limit later that same afternoon. I think I'd drained every bit of his energy. I used my mouth again and then I brought out my plastic toy. His eyes registered shock. I think I knew it would, but I didn't understand why. The plastic penis was wider than Tad's; it was longer and much less flexible.

I knew that it wasn't warm in the way that flesh is warm but I never thought about the difference in size and girth. I wasn't deterred though. I was determined to take this to the next level.

"If this can go... you know where, I don't think you'll have any trouble."

I ran my fingers round the nape of his neck and kissed him with my tongue going in and out to emphasise my meaning.

"Are you sure?" What a silly question.

"I've been doing most of the heavy lifting in this relationship?" I told him. "The girls are having fun, now it's my turn and you're going to show off some new skills with that penis of yours."

His eyes told me that he was shocked, or maybe he was scared. I didn't ask.

"You need to work some lubrication into me and then slather yourself with it too. It's going to be hard to get in, and I'm going to moan. I may scream, but whatever you do, don't stop."

I put a pillow on the bed, under my rear. I lay on my back and raised my feet, beckoning him to come closer so that my legs could go over his shoulders.

He got the idea. Thankfully I didn't have to give any more instruction. He knelt closer and then lifted me so that my rear cheeks were level with his penis. An electric shock went through me as the tip touched that gap between the cheeks and moved forwards.

It hurt; I screamed and urged him to keep going. It hurt some more but in between the spasms of pain which made me clench, there was something else; another feeling. He pushed some more and I could feel something inside me shifting through the pain. He ignored my squeals of pain and listened to me instead.

"Don't you dare give up," I gasped, panting to keep my breath and trying to relax.

"Breathe deeply." I think I gave myself the instruction out loud as I tried to push back and open those recalcitrant muscles deep inside.

It still hurt, but I got a picture in my mind's eye; silly really. I could see the tip of him going further, deeper inside. I think some sort of madness took over, or maybe it was pure lust. I wanted to be taken away from myself.

I could feel that something was building inside me. There was something like a tingle through the pain. I could feel something momentous building. I pushed as he pushed in a rhythm. Each push was accompanied by a grunt as I let out my breath.

He pushed and held still. I thought I could feel his balls against my cheek. This told me that he could go no further, but he wasn't entirely still.

There was stiffening, then a swelling; I could feel it expanding inside. My penis gave up and spilled everything all over my tummy and ran down to my thighs. It didn't matter because at the same time, his penis started. A throb, then another.

Maybe there was a slight hesitation but then another and another as if on a chain deep inside me. I arched my back and pushed back to get more of this new sensation. It seemed as if it would never end, but then suddenly it became weaker and then I could feel the girth shrinking.

My muscles took over. I was trying to hold it but he slipped away and out. I could feel something dribbling down my thigh. I knew what it was.

I'd done it and right at that moment, it felt wonderful.

I think I fell asleep immediately afterwards. I woke when the light of the day was bright outside. I was alone, but I could hear the shower in the bathroom, and Tad's tuneless singing.

I stood and at once the stickiness around my rear made its presence known; worse than that, I could feel something trickling down the inside of my thigh. I knew what it was and the totality of what I'd done hit me.

I didn't know how to feel though. Should I panic? I knew I couldn't get pregnant and I was pretty sure that Tad was clean in his habits. Should I regret it all and repent? I didn't feel like that at all. In fact, I wanted those feelings again. Was I really gay or did I want to be a girl?



That was a whole new couple of thoughts and ones I didn't want to consider. I remembered "never complain, never explain." Then there was something about your friends not needing it and your enemies never believing it.

My friends were here with me and I thought they'd sort of pushed me into this. Enemies; I didn't think I had any yet. If this became common knowledge, there could be all sorts of consequences. That brought out a cold sweat.

Then Tad came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped loosely around his waist. I didn't think. I went up to him, pulled the towel off, and took his hand.

"Would you like to help me with the soap?"

It was a corny line which I hate to remember but he took the hint. As the water cascaded over us both, I knelt down and took his penis in my mouth. I don't know what compelled me to do that there and then. It was an impulse but I didn't hesitate.

I think we were both a little shy and sheepish as he dressed an hour or more later, and then he kissed me and left.

I was alone with my thoughts.

My thoughts; I didn't know what to think. I was in a state of total confusion. All the certainties I believed had been shaken in those episodes. Was I so different, or was I the same but with new understanding. It was too much to think about.

So I decided to stop thinking.

I gave in and let the girls dress me and make me up. I stayed in girl mode for the remaining days of our stay.

Don't expect me to explain how I did it. I thought of those movies where the girl acts to attract a boy. I did all that I could remember. I clung onto Tad's arm; I looked in his eyes and laughed at his jokes. I held his hand when we were walking and touched him when we were sitting.

He got the message. His hand was around my waist, then it dropped to my cheek where it lingered and stroked. I made sure that he saw the girlish things. My nails scratched him playfully. I made a fuss of checking my makeup and re-doing my lipstick. I played with my hair, giving him those girl-type hair signals.

It worked. I was surprised how easily it worked. I could tell by the way he was looking at me. He knew what was in my panties but I think that was the main attraction.

Each night, the girls would pair off together. Tad didn't even think of sleeping on the couch, but came to bed with me. Each morning, I was a mess. I was sore, but I was getting to like it too.

The girls knew what was going on. They made sure I looked my most feminine every day that was left of our holiday.

I got used to it and I played it up with Tad. I laughed at his jokes and I made eyes at him all the time. I touched him and held onto him. I kissed him quickly and frequently in public. In private, I kissed

him hard and once or twice, I let him put his penis in my mouth.

And I really worked it; the sex got better as I got more used to it and he got more assertive with me. I think we discovered some new positions too.

I got to like being this girl for him, but then the holiday had to end and I had to go back to reality.

It didn't seem right to be back in my old room and back in my old routine. Work was work and shiny new tractors were shiny new tractors, but somehow they weren't as shiny as before. Don't get me wrong; I pulled my weight in the business and our sales held up well, despite the world's attempts to handicap our business.

Back home, we dated but with a lot more discretion. It didn't matter to the girls. They were expected to hang around together. Tad and I weren't expected to hang around together in the same way and it got restrictive fast.

I didn't see much of him; he was studying hard for medical school anyway. And fun as it was to be exploring my anatomy, that wasn't on the exam curriculum.

Of course I should have been more sensible, but when did ever sex and sensibility go together? And every little bit of me wanted sex. From nothing, I'd become an insatiable sexual being, even if it was the wrong sex.

The girls were only too willing to conspire with me. Tad was a willing conspirator too. I'd head out on a

Saturday afternoon with Louisa. She'd make a great show of being my girlfriend. Evie liked her and I think she was happy that we seemed to be a couple. Little did she know how little she really knew.

We'd drive quickly to our hiding place for the weekend. It was often a lodge somewhere, hired on AirBnB, for the four of us. Once there, the male Chip would disappear and reappear as female. I was getting good at the change.

I'm a quick learner and makeup was becoming second nature to me. I loved watching the changes I could make to my appearance. I wasn't so good with hairstyles, though, and needed Louisa or Olivia to help me.

I insisted that Tad stayed out of the way as I changed. I didn't want him to see me halfway. I know it was silly, because once we'd been together and done the usual night time things, any illusion that I was female under all that finery was destroyed.

Even so, I loved being feminine enough to be treated as a lady wherever we went. We went to restaurants and the theatre, clubs and bars. I was never challenged and, although I feigned outrage when someone else's hand explored my bum, I was happy that they'd taken me for the girl I felt I really was.

As insatiable as I was, Tad could always be persuaded to rise to the occasion. I swear that the exercise made his penis bigger and more responsive. When I told him this, he said it was because I sucked it so hard.

I loved being the female in this relationship, even though I was often the one to initiate the sex. Maybe it's a girl's privilege?

But I was a little careless.

"I think you and I need to have a conversation," Evie said one morning as we sat at breakfast.

I remember the day well. It was one of those early fall mornings. Dad had headed out early to see some new harvester demonstrated, and as there were no appointments for me, I'd lingered at home far longer than usual.

"A conversation; what about?" I could feel a blush coming to my face.

"I'm not stupid, Chip." She looked at me full on. "I notice things."

"Like what?" I challenged.

"Like your toenails are painted."

"But we did that together; it was our bonding ritual."

"That was weeks ago and it's not a colour that I ever used," she replied. "And your eyebrows are shaped in a way that they never were before the holidays."

"Oh, that. Louisa said they were too bushy, so I let her shape them."

"It's not just that," Evie persisted. "I notice things; the way you're moving and the way you check yourself in the mirror. I've seen you when Louisa and Tad come to pick you up. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were acting like Tad's girlfriend."

"You're imagining things."

"Okay, if that's what you want me to say, then I'm imagining things," she replied. "I want to be on your side. I want you to trust me. I'll support you whatever's going on, but I can't if I have no idea what's going on."

I felt a cold chill; so this was me being discovered.

"Have you said anything to Dad?"

"Not a thing and he's not observant anyway, unless it has wheels and an engine." Evie smiled. "I wonder sometimes how he noticed me."

"You're good together."

"But this isn't about me." Evie reached her hand towards me but I didn't take it. "I think you need a friend. You need to talk to someone who's not involved in whatever, someone who wants to support you."

"Can we not do this?" I stood up to leave the kitchen.

"That's fine, but whatever you're feeling, if you want to talk it through, I'm here for you."

I didn't feel so good after that. I'd been so careful. The toenails were a mistake, but I'd got so used to them that I'd gotten careless.

I didn't know what to say.

It wasn't over. Evie didn't let it rest. I came home a week later. It was Sunday evening and she was waiting for me.

"Come and sit with me, Chip." She met me at the door. "Your father's gone to a sales convention so there's only you and I home for the next few days. I want you to level with me."

"There's nothing to say," I replied, feeling a blush rising to my cheeks.

"Chip, don't lie to me. I can smell you've been wearing perfume. It's not a male deodorant that I smell."

"It's a new one," I tried.

"It isn't; it's Chanel. I use it myself sometimes. I don't have it right now but you do."

"You must be mistaken."

"Maybe but these photos don't tell lies." She spread several prints across the table. "This is you, isn't it?"

"I guess."

I saw the photo of myself in dress and heels clinging onto Tad; I hesitated thinking how to get out of this one.

"I don't mind; honestly I don't." She came to put her arms around me. "There's nothing wrong with how you feel."

"But I don't want to let Dad down." I could feel that I was going to start crying.

"I won't allow you to let him down," Evie replied. "He's not a monster and despite his bluff exterior, I'm sure he wants you to be happy."

"I don't think I can be happy," I replied. "Not now; not that you've found out."

"There was nothing to find out." Evie held me. "I could tell there was something going on. You changed and the little clues were there."

"I was so careful."

"You weren't careful enough," she said. "A girl notices things about other girls all the time. We're not too far apart in age and I could almost scent how you were becoming more like a girl every week."

"Was I that transparent?"

"You were to me," she replied. "The way you talk has changed. You're walking differently too, not to mention the perfume and the little traces of makeup. You've had your ears pierced too. I know boys do that, but you never did until now. I know you've been careful, but something always remains."

"You must hate me for what I've become."

"I'm on your side. I don't mind, in fact I'd love to meet the girl in you if you're willing."

I hesitated and looked at her for a few moments. I couldn't see anything in her eyes other than a sincerity that surprised me.

"I don't know if I dare."

"If you're saying that, I guess you're saying that you're a girl sometimes."

I looked at her in horror. What had I done? What had I admitted?

"I guess I'll have to admit it," I sighed. "I don't know how it happened but I feel more like myself when I'm a girl; well, at least a girl on the outside."

"It's not a bad thing." She lifted my chin from where it had slumped on my chest, and made me look at her. "I'm willing to help you."

"You are?"

"I always wanted a little sister," she said. "You can pretend to be mine, can't you?"

"What about Dad?"

"He loves you," she replied. "I think I can handle him. I can see a way out of this too."

"I can't" I replied honestly.

"Leave it with me," she replied. "All you need to do is let me meet this girl who's going to be my little sister."

I hugged her; I think I cried a little too.

After that I had no option. I spoke to Louisa and to Tad. I called Olivia but she didn't pick up. When Evie was out, Louise came across to help me transform.

Okay, I know you're thinking I could do this myself by now. I could, but I was far too nervous. The

thought of having to reveal myself to Evie meant that I needed some extra courage, and some extra confidence.

"Cinderella shall go to the ball," Louisa whispered when she saw me.

I blushed. She knew what I was about to do was the scariest thing but I knew it was my own fault that I was in this mess.

"Who do you want to be?" she asked. "We could do natural girl, or I could make you into someone so outrageously sexy that your stepmother would..., well, I don't know what. But she'd be amazed."

"Let's do it," I decided impulsively. "If I'm going to do this, I might as well get it over and once it's done, I should have nothing to fear."

"You've nothing to fear at all." She opened her purse. "How about a bit of Dutch courage first; I have vodka as well as all the cosmetics you could ever wish for."

"Give me that bottle." I reached for it. "I think I need something to calm my nerves."

I don't normally drink but my nerves were jangling that evening. I'd have grasped at any straw that floated by.

"Let me be glamorous and sexy, but understated and keep it believable," I said as the vodka burned my throat. "I want her to see me as a real girl, not some drag queen."

"I have no idea what you mean but I guess you want to be normal, feminine, and pretty," Louisa replied. "You get changed into that classic little black

dress that Tad likes so much, then I'll do your hair and makeup."

I looked at her wondering if it could be that simple.

"Wear your best lingerie too; garter belt, stockings and heels."

"Why do I need to wear all that?" I asked. "It's not as if Evie's going to inspect me."

"You need to feel as far away from being a boy as possible," she replied. "The way you look and feel is as important as whatever you're going to say."

Then it struck me forcefully that I didn't know what I was going to say. I think I did my makeup on autopilot, with Louisa guiding me. It seemed easy and a natural thing to do now that I'd made the decision.

False eyelashes went on perfectly and then so did my eyeliner and lip liner. It was as if some hidden force was guiding my hands. My dress was an understated pale pink with a cowl neck, and fell to my knees.

I looked at myself in the mirror and felt a frisson of fear. There was no turning back now. I stepped into nude three-inch heels, and turned to check my profile.

"My breasts look too big," I said.

"Don't be silly; you're a girl, we have breasts," Louisa dismissed my complaint. "Anyway, what do you think Evie's expecting you to look like?"

When Louisa finished brushing my hair and then arranging it in a messy bun, I looked in the mirror

again. I remembered what she'd said and knew I'd gone too far to back out. I didn't think I could do anything. I took a deep breath to calm my beating heart, but I was still nervous.

I checked my earrings, squirted some more perfume around my neck and wrists, took a final look in the mirror, and stepped out of my room. I heard my heel clicking on the floor and then on the stairs as I went down to meet Evie.

If she wanted a little sister, this was her opportunity I told myself with confidence failing with every step.

It was too late to turn back.

I saw Evie's face as I walked into our lounge. She was sitting at the far side of the room and I was conscious to walk gracefully as I stepped towards her.

"I didn't expect this." She stood and came towards me with her arms out. "I told you that I'd have loved to have a little sister, but not one who looked as good as you do."

"You're only saying that." I broke from her arms. "I feel really foolish to think I could get away with this."

"Don't be silly; have you seen yourself? Have you really looked in the mirror?"

"I think I was fooling myself when I was away with my friends. They surrounded me what we went out but now I'm alone and you're inspecting me." I think I was gabbling; not really knowing what to say. "I don't think I can do this."

"Why were you doing it?" Evie asked.

"It was for Louisa and Olivia. They want to be a couple and Tad and I were their disguises."

"There's more to it than that."

"So Tad and I pretended to be a couple too," I said, trying to stop a tear rising in my eye. "I didn't want us to look like a gay couple, so I dressed as a girl."

"How did that make you feel?"

"I loved it." I looked at her as I spoke. "I loved the feel of the dresses and the heels, the makeup and all the other little things which made me feel as if I was really a girl. I knew it was a silly illusion, but I really loved it all."

"There's still more," Evie prodded away.

"Okay, I liked it," I said throwing caution to the wind. "I liked it when he kissed me and treated me like his girlfriend."

"Is that all?"

"I guess...." My voice faded away, as Evie nodded knowingly.

"Would you like to do this more; stay as a girl?" Evie asked.

"He would, I'm sure." Louisa came into the room and took my hand. "Look at him; he's wasted as a boy."

"Looking at him, I can see what you mean." Evie looked hard at me. "And Tad; what does he think about all this? I thought he was heading for medical school."

"I think he likes me," I stammered. "As much as I like him and I'm not going to stop him studying."

"And what would Tad think about that?"

"I think he'd stay with me," I replied. "And even if he doesn't, I can't think that I'd want to give this up."

Evie stood quietly for a few moments. I waited for some reaction. She looked up and looked at me.

"Okay, I'll do what I can to help you," she said.

"How do I tell Dad?" The thought hit me hard as I realised all the implications of what I'd said.

"I think I'd better start that conversation." Evie put her arms out to me. "Have you thought what you're going to be called? You can't be Chip forever."

"I'm going to be Amy." I'd been thinking about that for a few days. "It was my grandmother's name."

We didn't resolve too many things that evening but Evie and I talked non-stop over the next few days whilst Dad was still away.

"You can't go on working for your Dad as Amy," she emphasised.

"I know but I'll not let him down."

"Isn't that going to be hard; switching from boy to girl every day?"

"I'll pretend that I'm a girl dressing up, like an actor," I replied. "I know the customers wouldn't trust a girl selling them our machinery."

"I know we girls have made great strides but you may be right there," she replied. "Things should

change and I'm sure they will, but asking them to accept your change so suddenly may be a bit much."

"Tad goes away to study at the end of this semester. I guess I can cope until then."

"What would you do after he goes?"

"I'll go with him," I replied. "He has a place to stay. It's the benefit of his trust fund."

The next couple of weeks were hard. I worked as I had done before and sales were good. Dad would normally have been pleased but there was a tension. He wasn't hostile but the easy informality of the past seemed to have slipped away.

He didn't mention Amy, although Evie told me that she had talked to him about me and Tad. I think he was ignoring the issue, hoping that it would go away. It was like tiptoeing on eggshells around him but I didn't want to provoke a confrontation.

There were little things. I was conscious of him watching me in the showroom and in the yard. I had no idea what he was thinking because he didn't say anything. It was awful, like I was waiting for the axe to fall; to be dismissed and told to leave.

But it didn't happen like that.

"I've arranged for you to go and stay with my cousin Eleanor. You haven't met her but I'm sure you'll get on," Evie said a couple of weeks later.

It was an evening after dinner when Dad had excused himself, probably because he knew what was coming. I knew he wasn't comfortable around me and

it hurt. It hurt but I wasn't going to start a confrontation.

"Does Eleanor know about me?" I asked.

"I've told her and she says she's expecting Amy to be good company."

"Does that mean I'm to go as Amy?" My heart skipped a beat with excitement.

"As soon as you arrive, Chip disappears," she replied. "Eleanor had a brother who died. He didn't get support from their parents when he needed it, so Eleanor is very willing to support you."

"Do you think Tad could visit?"

"I'm sure she'd be happy if he wanted to."

"But where does she live and what am I to do there?"

"That's a really coincidental surprise." Evie was almost gloating. "Her family business is in plant and machinery hire. She thinks it's going to be a novelty to have a girl on their team."

"Won't it put off the customers if she takes me on?"

"She's seen your pictures and I've told her that you know how to behave," Evie replied. "So it's up to you to prove that I'm right."

"I'm sure I can learn about the machinery," I replied. "I'm a little nervous about the rest."

"Don't be; think about it. If this works, your Dad could hire a girl called Amy who's been working in plant and machinery hire."

"I daren't suggest it to him," I replied slowly.

"I've suggested it already," Evie replied. "I think he was relieved. He's not such a dinosaur in his social attitudes.

It's just that most of his customers are."

"His customers are susceptible to the charms of a pretty girl." Evie smiled. "I'm sure they'll get used to it."

"I don't know how long Tad's going to be in classes for, but he's got periods of work experience," I said to no real purpose.

"He's going to be in classes near Eleanor's home on the other side of the state," Evie replied. "I already checked."

"How did you do that?"

"Let's just say I have connections." She tapped the side of her nose in a knowing gesture. "And Eleanor says he's welcome to visit with her too."

"You've thought of everything."

"No, I'm sure there'll be a lot of hurdles that neither of us has thought about."

I hugged her fiercely.

When the day arrived, Evie dropped me at Eleanor's door. All I had were the clothes Chip had travelled in and a couple of cases of Amy's things. I remember how hard it was to say our farewell.

"Your dad's sending you another car in a week or so," she said. "Chip's car is being replaced."

"So there's less to connect Amy to Chip." I realised the intention.

"He's finding this so difficult but you should be happy that he wants you to be happy."

"I'm not coming in," she said. "I've been told not to. You have to change into Amy as soon as you get through the door."

"Is this really it; time to go?" I sat, stunned at the prospect before me.

"Get your bags and go." She leaned across the car and hugged me, then pushed me away. "Go," she said and I could see a tear in the corner of her eye.

The door of the house opened as I lugged my cases down the path. Eleanor was older than I'd expected, but had a welcoming smile.

"I didn't want to see you like this, so let me show you to my guest suite and when Amy arrives you can come and introduce yourself and we'll start from there."

I understood what she meant. She wanted Amy and didn't want to cloud her thoughts with who was underneath. I liked that.

It took me two hours of increasingly nervous choices as I went through the process of becoming Amy once again. Don't get me wrong; I was so grateful to have this organised for me, but there was still some fear about how I'd be accepted into her home.

I showered and washed my hair, drying it roughly to make it look fuller than it really was. My makeup was confined to eyes and lips, quite light for the daytime.

I opted to dress comfortably in a denim skirt and a powder blue top with a round neck and half sleeves. I wore low-heeled sandals and tucked my hair behind my ears to show off my earrings. I wished I'd thought to do my nails but it was too late for that. Hesitantly, I went down to find Eleanor.

"I'm in here." She heard me coming and called from the rear of the house.

She looked me up and down as I walked in. She was so still and quiet that I wondered if I'd done something wrong.

"Welcome, Amy," she said, finally coming to me and taking both my hands in hers. "I think you'll be fine here. It's probably going to be a little uncomfortable at work but you'll have to get used to that. You're in a girl's world from here on in."

"I'm sure I'll learn about the machinery quickly. I'm used to the farm machinery, so the things they hire shouldn't be so difficult."

"I didn't mean the machinery." She shook her head. "I mean the wandering hands and the innuendo. You're a pretty girl and most of the people you'll be working with may not be as politically correct as they should be."

"I can always answer back," I replied.

"Of course, but I'm talking about wandering hands, the accidental touches, not to mention the

more polite questions about the colour of your panties."

"I've been warned that a bit of casual sexism is to be expected and I'm as prepared as I can be," I replied. "A girl in my position has to be extra careful; I know that."

"As long as you're prepared and don't let them upset you." Eleanor took my hand. "I'll show you round the house and then we're going out for dinner."

It was my first time out in a strange place.

A couple of days later when Eleanor had done her best to show me around the town so that I wouldn't get lost, I came home to find a new white Ford Ranger on the drive. I wouldn't have thought anything of it, had there not been a big pink ribbon bow on the hood. I think I squealed with delight when I read the note from Dad.

I called home and got no reply; Dad had his mobile switched off. Eventually, I got Evie.

"Your dad's still a little strange," she said. "He won't talk about you much, but I know he loves you. He's confused and concerned, and doesn't want to get involved in anything right now. I suggested he call you, but he told me to deal with it."

"I don't want to hurt him."

And he doesn't want to hurt you," Evie replied. "It's just a lot for him to process. He'll come around; give him time."

"Tell him I said thanks for the truck."

"I will. He said a girl with a truck has to have a bit of credibility." Evie laughed. "I didn't get what he meant and told him so. He said you'd understand."

"I think I do," I replied.

And I did understand. If the car you drive is an extension of your personality, then the truck fitted mine. I remember watching girls in trucks at home. The way they looked so confident and in control. It didn't harm that they usually looked good too.

"I can be like that too," I said to myself, running my fingers through my hair to loosen it.

I took a picture of the truck and a selfie to send to Tad. He replied instantly. His message had a row of kisses at the bottom. I called him straight away and arranged to drive over to his campus dorm and pick him up the next day.

It was good to meet him. I really felt hugely feminine as he bent to kiss me before inspecting the truck. We went to a drive-in movie. I didn't see much of the screen; I was too busy being kissed.

"You've really made a mess of my makeup and hair," I said as I prepared to drive off the lot. "You'll have to let me sort it out."

"You're such a girl," he chided.

"Listen, buster, if you want to take me for pizza, I'm not going anywhere looking like I've done ten rounds with a monster groper."

He sat back and watched me as I repaired the damage and brushed my hair into some sort of order.

"I'm thinking I should go blonde," I said as I patted the last strands into place.

"I think you'd make a lovely blonde," he replied.

"The thought came to me then. I replied, "I remember watching Betsy Callaghan from school in her father's truck, with all that blonde hair blowing in the wind. The boys couldn't look away."

"And were you one of the boys?"

"Of course, but how could anyone ignore Betsy? She was a walking dream in a low-cut top and the shortest of tight shorts. You can't pretend not to have noticed."

"I noticed," he replied. "How could I not have?"

"I've thought seriously about it though," I said as I realised that I had been thinking about these things. "If I'm ever going to work back at Dad's place, I have to be as far away from Chip as possible."

"Is that what you want to do?"

"I think so," I replied. "It's my family business and my place is there. You're going to be studying for a long time. Working there would be ideal."

"Have you run this past your father?"

"No, but that's why I need to change my appearance so much," I replied. "Evie's hinted that he's not against me but against us."

"But you said he didn't want to see you."

"I know, but I think he'll come round if I can present him with a way to do so without losing face."

"And you've got a plan." Tad squeezed my hand.

"I have a plan," I smiled back. "And you want to know what it is, because you're a part of it too."

"So tell me."

"Here's the outline. You've a couple of years of classes and then they'll send you out for clinical experience with classes at regular intervals. We get a house near home and arrive as a married couple. You go to class; I go to the family business as a lowly hire and work my way up."

"And your Dad's going to go along with this?"

"He doesn't know about it yet, but I think he will."

Work was hard. I was so scared going in there as a girl and, although I thought I was prepared for everything, I wasn't. The casual banter of the workplace drifted inevitably to sex. I got my rear pinched and my bra strap twanged. I tried to laugh it off.

That lasted a couple of days and then at the next twang, I turned and slapped the guy across the face. It was a loud slap and a very public one. His face turned from shock to anger. I thought he was going to hit me, but then...

"You had that coming."

A voice came from across the desk, a few hand claps and then some laughter. He turned away and looked sheepish as his face turned red.



"I've been hoping someone would do that for ages." A lady from another office came in to see what was causing the commotion. "Well done."

I could feel myself shaking with nerves even though I knew I'd won this one.

"You should be ashamed of yourself." The lady crossed the room and stood in front of him, finger wagging as she told him off. "I'm Maggie; come with me and we'll get you calmed down."

She took my arm and started to lead me away. I was still shaking with the shock of what I'd done.

"And you..." She turned to him. "You'd better get your apology rehearsed because if she tells the boss, you'll be walking away from here."

We sat in the ladies' bathroom and I took a few deep breaths.

"He's not usually bad, just a nuisance," Maggie said. "I think you really showed him where to get off."

I think there was a different attitude in the office after that. I couldn't help myself learning about all the machinery. It came naturally to me and soon I was getting customers asking for me.

I didn't want to draw any attention to myself and shied away from it, but inevitably got drawn in to the technical side of things.

"I'm going to go blonde," I confided to Maggie who'd become my workplace friend.

"Well, you unsettle them now; that's really going to rattle their cages." She laughed. "I think it will suit you."

"I'm a bit afraid, but I want to do it."

"Then do it; you'll soon learn how to handle it."

"You make it sound like something I should be wary of."

"Some guys go crazy when they see a stunning blonde and you're halfway there already."

"How so?" I asked.

"You're pretty attractive as you are." Maggie laughed. "Don't take that wrong, but as a blonde, you'll find more attention. Don't forget, they're going to think you're dumb too. You'll be able to sell them anything."

So I went blonde. I went to a classic light blonde; the kind of shade that I knew would make guys heads turn. I got my nails done too. They were a little too long for work, but no one could miss them. A deep red shade was my favourite. I even cried when I chipped one on the hitch of a trailer. That taught me to be more careful and wear gloves in the yard.

Maybe I wanted that attention. I wanted to be looked at as a feminine sort of girl, not just the one who knew all about machinery, even if I did.

Tad liked it. I think it made him more attentive too as guys checked me out wherever we went.

"What if they knew?" I whispered to him more than once.

The months passed and I think I forgot how to act like the boy I was, or rather, the boy I used to be.

Tad's semesters passed and my plans for a house back home were developing. Without telling anyone, I searched the property websites. I watched the prices and planned.

At work, the blonde girl had developed too. Now Amy was the one who was asked for details and instructions. I couldn't help loving it and played up to the guys and their wives too when I could. I was very demure.

I know that my figure, with the breast forms which were almost permanently glued to my chest, was admired. I knew too that the wives and girlfriends I saw in the showroom weren't put off by me.

I was always dressed simply, with necklines which couldn't reveal anything, even if I had something to reveal. More importantly they didn't show the join!

I had good legs and almost always wore heels, even with jeans or trouser suits. When Tad gave me a ring with a shiny ruby surrounded by diamonds, I made sure to show it to everyone and wore it always. I think it added to my status and, of course, my disguise.

As Tad's semester was ending, I decided to discuss my plans with Evie. She'd kept in touch and had occasionally travelled across the state to see me. I told her about my plans to buy a house back home.

"I'm sure your Dad would help out," she said. "He always asks after you. I always ask him to see you. He agrees but never does anything about it."

"Maybe you could ask Tad and me to dinner."

"Would you dare come?" Her eyes opened wide.

"If we come and you don't tell him who I am until we're there. He'll either have to accept me or reject me. I hope I can guess right," I suggested.

"That might work."

"How would he feel if I really had breasts?" I slipped the idea into the conversation. "I've been thinking I should. The endless gluing on of the falsies is really tedious."

"Would you do that?" Her eyes widened with shock. "I suppose it's natural for you to want them."

She saw my look and realised what she'd said. "Natural. Hey, what's natural?" She laughed. "Seriously, would you?"

"I've been thinking seriously. It would make me complete," I gave voice to the idea for the first time.

"You're not cutting..."

"No, I'm not going to have anything cut off," I assured her.

"It's expensive."

"I've been making good bonuses here and my expenses apart from nails and hair are low."

She laughed at that. "Typical vain girl, you are." She paused as if thinking. "I'll ask your Dad if he'll contribute."

"Do you think he would?" I was astonished.

"I think he understands that Chip isn't coming back and that Amy might." She looked at me. "If you really want to, that is."

"Amy isn't going to go away," I said. "I'm too much of a girl for that to happen. I read the style and fashion magazines and those articles that tell a girl how to please her man in bed."

"Do they work?"

"Tad seems to enjoy the things I do to him."

"Hey that's too much information."

"Maybe it is but I can't believe that I lived for years without realising that there was a girl living inside me."

"I can't believe that I started dreading a stepson," Evie said. "Now I have a stepdaughter."

"I think you like me better this way."

"I think I do; you're so feminine. I can't believe you were a boy."

That was the moment when I knew I had to get breasts.

I waited until I knew that Tad would be studying hard and on revision course. I didn't tell him what I was going to do. I remember saying that he should study without the distraction of coming to see me for the weeks before his exams.

I knew which surgeon to approach and made the appointment by email. I specified a small "C" cup or a

big “B” cup. I didn’t want porn star boobs either. They had to look and move as naturally as possible.

I saw the surgeon and she showed me a whole range of photos. I agreed that her results appeared to be what I wanted and thus the date was set.

I was incredibly nervous as I went to the clinic. I knew that once I entered the doors that there would be no turning back. I wish I could say that it was a pleasant experience. It wasn’t a bad one but there were days of discomfort and doubts that the colour of my chest would ever be normal again.

The weight of my new breasts took me by surprise. You would have thought that after all those months of glued-on breast forms that I would be prepared, but I wasn’t.

These were fixed and it was a different feeling altogether. The nipples were sensitive and the weight inside my chest moved and shifted in a completely different way. It was such a relief when the bruising and discolouration faded away and my skin stretched so that they hung and moved as if they were real. I thought so anyway.

I couldn’t wait for Tad to see them. I had my roots touched up and got the hairdresser to give me an up-do. My makeup was perfect, enhanced with false lashes. I’d gone to town on them and on my nails.

When Tad arrived, I was made up beautifully and deliberately chose a low-cut black dress, as short and tight as I dared. Guess what he saw first. He couldn’t take his eyes off them until I reminded him that it was rude to stare.

All the time we were in our favourite restaurant, his eyes kept straying as if he was mesmerised. When

we got back to my place, he wasted no time in unzipping my dress and taking my breasts in his hands. They were more sensitive than I imagined they would be and in no time at all, I was transported to new pleasures.

He came into me and started filling me up so deep and so strong that I thought he'd never finish. I knew two things instantly. The first was that he really liked this version of me. The second thing was just how much of a mess I'd be in when he started leaking out of me.

But that was for later.

I went ahead with the house purchase. It was a small house on a smallish plot of land, about a mile away from my parents' house which Evie now shared with Dad. It wasn't too close to the other houses around which were on much bigger plots, so there was some privacy.

I'd been really careful with money and managed to pay it off with the builder's own finance. That was difficult but there's not much that a lawyer won't do for money. I demanded strict confidentiality. It wasn't a good feeling to have Chip on the documents when I was now Amy, but that was a problem for another time. This time, the house was mine whatever name was on the title.

The advantage of a new house is a simple one. It's equipped and fitted out and there's no remedial work required, so it was easy to move our things in.

I didn't hurry. Tad was going to be continuing his education with some work in the local clinics and

hospital, basically as a cover for his supervisors, so he moved in first and I stayed in my old apartment to keep my job.

When I'd done all this, I let Evie in on the secret.

"You've got it all planned out." She looked round my little house with some amazement on her face. "Your bonuses must have been good."

"All I need to do now really is to reconcile with my father," I said, ignoring her query about my finances.

"What can I tell him?" Evie looked serious.

"Tell him anything, but don't tell him where my house is," I said. "You live with him and he's not spoken to me for a few years now."

"He wouldn't recognise you." Evie grinned. "But he'd certainly look twice at your figure."

"That's something that we girls have to bear," I laughed. "Please can you do something soon? I'd like to see him."

"I'm sure he wishes you were back working with him. He often says how much easier it was way back then and I don't think he understands about you and Tad."

"Should I see him on my own?"

"Let me think about that," Evie replied. "Either way, I'll plan something soon."

True to her word, Evie called a week later. "You're invited to dinner on Sunday. He says to come about six."

"That's when it's going dark," I said. "He wants to make sure the neighbours don't see what a disgrace I am."

"It's a big shift for him," Evie said. Go easy; I've told him something of your news, but left enough out for you to have something to say."

"Is Tad invited too?"

"He is and I've warned your father that you're wearing his ring, so he'd better be polite."

Sunday came and both Tad and I were getting nervous as the hour approached. Tad had that air which doctors always have; calmness and confidence. He was tense but tried not to show it as he dressed in chinos, an open neck shirt and loafers.

I wished I could dress so quickly and exude such confidence. I'd gone to the salon the day before to get my roots done and my nails were perfect. My hair misbehaved as it always seemed to do when I was trying to be so precise. I ended up piling it into a messy bun; chic but not as formal as I'd intended.

As I finished my makeup, I thought what a shock it would be for Dad to see me in full makeup for the first time. I'd got to the stage where I didn't think anything of it.

My lashes were extended as a matter of course and I always made sure that my lipstick was fresh and my mascara didn't smudge. The guys in the office had

come to recognise that I moved in a cloud of perfume, with heels clicking across the floor.

I sat and looked at myself in the mirror. I wondered if it was too late for me to tone it down. I thought hard and then decided. I was my own woman now. It may be hard for him to accept me, but Tad knew me this way.

I zipped up the back of my fawn shift dress and smoothed it over my breasts and down my hips. The skirt was tight and came just above my knees. Nude heels on, I turned and inspected myself once again.

I checked my earrings and then the ring so prominent on my left ring finger. I patted my hair, as if to put a stray into place, took a deep breath and went to the living room.

"It's now or never, Tad," I said.

He took my hand and squeezed it. "It's going to be alright."

He kissed me lightly and hand in hand we walked to the drive and got into my shiny Explorer.

Everything seemed to be in slow motion as I walked the final few familiar steps to the door. Evie must have been waiting, watching for us. She opened the door and stood back to let us in.

I think I hugged her more warmly than I'd ever hugged her, as I felt the butterflies in my tummy working overtime. Tad came next and received a warm hug too. I walked in with my head high and as elegantly as I could.

Dad stood at the other end of the room. I could see that he was struggling to keep his emotions in check. He remained motionless for what seemed like an age as he looked me up and down.

Then his arms were open and I fell into them. He kissed the top of my head and nuzzled in my hair. I could feel a sob inside him, as I held on tight.

"You look like your mother," his voice faltered. "I'm sorry it's been so long."

I could feel a tear rising too, and groped in my purse for a tissue. "You'll ruin my makeup," I chided him gently with a smile on my face.

I don't think any of us ate much as we sat and talked. We maybe drank a little too much wine from what I remember and it was all right in the end.

So a few months later, Tad and I formally moved into the house. The new girl started work in the family business. I was introduced as Chip's distant cousin from Kansas who'd grown up around all the machinery.

That explained how a slip of a girl could know so much and it's where my story ends.

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