

Baseballs To Butterflies & Bows



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An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Baseballs to Butterflies and Bows

by B C

The Diaz family was your All-American down-to-earth average family. Father Dave and Mother Mary plus then 17-year-old daughter Debra and 16 year-old Mathew. They lived in a nice house in the Great Lakes state of Michigan. Dad was an engineer in the auto industry and Mom ran her own little beauty shop called Cuts and Curls. School had just gotten out for the summer vacation so the kids were going to be on their own much of the time.

Matt was really excited and planned to play a lot of baseball as that was his passion and he was actually a really good shortstop and a very good hitter as well. Things started out very nicely. Mom and Dad sat down with them and assigned chores for each of them and also some restrictions and rules. Rule Number One was that they were not to have friends over unless Mom knew who it was. Matt was to have

no more than two at a time and there was to be absolutely no roughhousing or throwing balls in the house.

Matt's other passion was to tease and aggravate his sister Deb as much as possible. Things like hiding her personal undies and lingerie or putting super glue on her diary pages. He put her white clothes in the wash with his dirty baseball clothing and colored things, often ruining her nice blouses and bras and panties. Each day it seemed that he had a new surprise for Deb and she was really beginning to get fed up with his behavior.

Deb was working in Mom's salon on weekends and as needed during the week. Mom and some of the other ladies working there were teaching Deb how to do hair and nails and also beginning to help her with cosmetology; she was getting pretty good at all phases of the business. She really enjoyed this line of work and thought that she might make a career of it. Mom was proud of her and noted her skill and observed her as she worked with the customers. Deb was actually a very pretty young lady in her own right. Both Deb and Matt took after their mom and had her genes, much to Matt's chagrin. Despite the fact that Matt had his mother's soft looks and genes, he was still a very good athlete. Most girls around his age called him handsome.

With Dad often traveling with his work, Matt had the house all to himself and would choose to pull another prank on Deb. It seemed that he never tired of thinking up new ways to torture his sister and embarrass her in front of friends. His latest trick was to cut the straps on one of her new dresses and put just enough glue on the end of the strap to hold it for a short period of time. As she moved around or danced, the straps would let loose, allowing the top of her

dress to expose her bra or her bare breasts if she wasn't wearing a bra.

Deb had a date that night; her current boyfriend Stu was taking her out to dinner and a movie. Deb took her time getting ready and, after putting her hair in a shower cap (because she'd done it at the salon before coming home), she took a shower. She patted herself dry and then used a fragrant body lotion all over her body. She'd done her fingernails and toenails to match in a soft red. She sat at her vanity and slowly did her makeup.

She dabbed a creamy base on her forehead and chin and both cheeks, then blended it in with a makeup sponge. She darkened her thin eyebrows, added dark liner to her top and bottom eye lids, then used several shades of eye shadow, which is something she'd been learning to do at the salon that made them look sensual. She used a lip pencil to outline her lips, then colored them in with a dark pink lip cream, then finished up with some lip gloss to make them shine.

She put on her new matching bra and thong panties. They were both made from a sexy lace material. She added a matching suspender belt and rolled on some black nylons and attached them to the tabs. She slipped her feet into a pair of black 3-inch heeled pumps, pulled the dress down over her head and into place, then reached around and pulled up the zipper. The thin shoulder straps felt a little loose but she pulled them into place, brushed out her hair and came downstairs just as the doorbell rang and Stu entered.

"Wow, you look beautiful, Deb. I'll be the luckiest guy at the restaurant tonight. I love that dress on you too," Stu told her.

“Why thank you, kind sir. You don’t look so bad yourself,” she told him. “I’m ready if you are,” she said, grabbed her purse and off they went.

Stu had made reservations at a real nice restaurant and they were seated right away. Their meal was very good and Deb excused herself after finishing her meal to go to the ladies room. She did her business, then pulled the skirt of her dress back down into place firmly. She washed her hands, freshened her makeup and returned to their table. As she sat back down, the friction of the dress against her chair was all it took to pull the shoulder straps loose and, just as Matt had hoped, the top of the dress fell down, showing her lacy black bra, which exposed her breasts and nipples through the lacy material.

Deb could have died right there in front of all the well-to-do adults. She turned bright red, hurriedly grabbed her exposed breasts, got up and ran to the bathroom embarrassed and in shame, tears flowing down her cheeks. A nice lady about Deb’s age hurried in behind Deb and tried to calm her down. Shawn was the girl’s name. She opened her big purse and began looking through it. “Aha. Here, Honey, I have a couple of safety pins and I think that we can fix you up. May I?” she asked before putting her hands on Deb.

“Yes please and thank you. May I ask your name?” Deb replied.

“Sure, Honey. My name is Shawn Foster and if I didn’t know any better, I’d guess that this is the work of a younger teenaged brother who likes to pull pranks. He especially likes to pick on you,” Shawn said.

“I’m Debra or Deb Diaz and I don’t know how to thank you. It all happened so fast that I could only think about hiding but, to tell the truth, the more I think about it now that I’ve calmed down, it very well could have been my younger brother as the little shit has been pulling tricks and jokes on me now for months. I’ve had it with him and it’s just about time to turn tables on him...and soon,” Deb said.

“Well, I think that the pins should hold your dress together until you can get to a sewing machine. There are two reasons that I thought someone was pulling a bad joke on you. I too have a little brother who likes to pull jokes on me he thinks are funny. The second reason is that I could tell that the dress was brand new and very unlikely to come apart the first time that you wear it. So you see we are kind of in the same boat.

“I’m working on some ideas to really get back at the little twerp. I don’t want to do anything until I have a really good way to get him back for all the embarrassing things he has done to me over these past months. He’s really got one coming to teach him a lesson,” Shawn said

“Thanks again, Shawn. I guess I’m going to have to start carrying things in my purse to be ready for anything that my little demon of a brother decides to throw at me in the future. He always presents himself as the perfect little angel whenever our parents are around. I suspect that I’m going to have to get a new door lock for my bedroom,” Deb told Shawn. “Trust me. Though, he is anything but, an Angel. Maybe I should get your name and phone number so we can stay in touch and compare notes? Perhaps we might come up with a plan of revenge together,” Deb told her. They did exchange phone numbers and addresses and learned that they really didn’t live far apart.

Deb purchased a new locking door handle and got her boyfriend Stu to install it for her. After he finished, he gave her one key for her key ring and put the other new key over the door molding, in case she lost or misplaced the first one. Unbeknownst to Stu, Matt was peeking just around the corner and saw where Stu put the extra key.

That very afternoon, Deb went out with Stu. Dad was still away on business and Mom was out with a couple of her lady friends. "Perfect," Matt thought to himself. He got the extra key down, then installed a tiny camera in the corner of the room hidden amongst Deb's teddy bear collection where it was undetectable to the naked eye. He then closed and locked the door, went into the bathroom and installed a tiny camera there as well.

Later that night as Deb came home, she was feeling quite amorous from her date with Stu. She was still a virgin but she let him get to second base, then stopped him there. She entered her room and made sure the door was locked before taking off her clothes and getting into bed naked. She pulled her knees up, spread her legs apart and began to masturbate. Matt had dreamed about seeing girls do this after watching a few porn movies he found on the web. After watching, he always cleared out the memory on his computer. This however was something new and different. This was real and the fact that it was his own sister somehow made it even more erotic. He was feeling pretty good watching Deb getting herself off.

Then just about the time that he was about to have an orgasm, the doorbell rang. It scarred both of them and they both had major orgasms to the loud noise of the bell.

Matt hurried and cleaned himself off, then ran for the door which just kept on ringing. He opened the

door to find his best buddy Calvin standing there. "Geez, man, what were you doing, watching porn again?" Cal laughed "I've been ringing the damned bell forever. The guys are all on their way to the field for a game with the Hawks. Are you playing ball or are you playing with yourself?" Cal asked impatiently. "If you're coming with me, you'd better hurry, man, I want to get there in time to warm up some."

Matt said, "Yah, I'm coming. Give me a couple of minutes to grab my gear and I'll be ready. I was taking a little nap and didn't hear you at first." Matt started wiping his face as if he'd been sleeping. Deb heard the door slam, walked out and called Matt's name. When no one answered after several calls, she began to look around. She went to Matt's room, knocked on his door, and called out his name again. When no one answered, she slowly went in and looked around. She went to his desk and checked out his computer. In the rush, he didn't shut down his computer. Deb turned it on and was aghast at what she saw before her on the screen. Right before her own eyes she saw herself masturbating. There was no doubt that it was her and that the little pervert had been watching and taping her every move.

Deb called Stu and asked him if he'd help her again. When he got there, she explained what she'd found. He realized that the little smart ass must have found the spare key and had gotten in her room to plant the camera.

"Ok babe, calm down. This is what we are going to do. We will leave the camera in place so he doesn't know that we are on to him. You are going to have to be very careful about exposing yourself or doing anything that he can use against you. It looks like he wanted to use the tape to blackmail you. I will get you a tiny camera that I'll plant in his room and we will do the same to him as he'd planned to do to you. The

only other place that you would normally be naked is the bathroom. I'll go check in there," he told the still pissed-off young lady.

Stu found the tiny camera in the bathroom ceiling. He pulled it loose and turned on the shower hose and soaked the camera which ruined it and left it hanging there unusable.

"Ok, I found it and made it so he couldn't use it again. In the meantime you have to act normal and go on as if you were not aware that he can record you. Just be careful and don't let your guard down. Any time that you must be naked, stand over here where you'll be out of the sight of the camera. I'll pick up another camera that we can put in his room tomorrow when he goes to baseball practice. How about I hold on to the spare key so that he can't get in and move things around on you?"

That night at dinner, Deb told Mom that she couldn't find some of her new panties. When they looked all over, Deb called out to Mom to come in Mattie's room. When Mary came in, Deb pointed under Matt's bed.

"Would you like to tell me why Deb's panties are in your room stuffed under your bed, young man? Would you like me to get you some of your own to wear? We could go shopping and do that if you'd like," Mary said

Totally humiliated and unable to think fast enough, he looked at Deb with fire in his eyes. "I...I don't know, Mom. I didn't do anything and, no. I don't want to wear any stupid girls underpants. I have no idea how they got there," he said, knowing how this looked as he and Deb and Mom were the only ones in the house over the previous week.

“Mom, I don’t want them anymore after he wore them and did who knows what with them,” Deb told Mary.

“Don’t be foolish, Deb. It looks like most of them are machine washable and the few that are not, you can show Mattie here how to hand wash and dry them. We know that the panties didn’t walk in here by themselves, so our big baseball man is this only answer as to how they got here,” Mom said.

“Mom, that’s not fair. I didn’t do this. She probably did it herself just to get me in trouble. Like I said, I wouldn’t be caught dead in girl’s underwear,” Mattie said. As he looked over, Deb winked at him, letting him know that two could play the game. Her message was not missed by her troublemaking younger brother.

“They are called panties, Mattie darling. If I find that you continue to do things like this, I can promise you that you’ll be wearing a pair of your own very soon, dear,” Mom said.

Matt took this to heart and didn’t play any foolish tricks on Deb over the next week or so. He thought that his plan was foolproof but the fact that she found out about the hidden camera clearly proved that Stu must have helped her figure it out. His computer was mysteriously wiped out, further proving that Stu had to have helped her as he knew that Deb wasn’t smart enough to do this on her own. Then he remembered Cal knocking on the door and telling him they had to hurry to the ball field if they were going to get there on time to play that day. He wasn’t sure but there was a good chance that he didn’t lock down his computer in his rush to get his gear and head out with Calvin.

Matt's summer was filling up fast with ballgames scheduled for almost every day. He really had to get his chores done fast as Mom had laid down the law that his chores came first and baseball second. Matt was known all over the area as one of the top short-stops in the game. He was a natural and could also hit with the best in the league. Mom often came to watch him play. Dad did too, whenever he could stay home for a day or two between his many work trips

Then things started getting under Deb's skin again. Little things like using her brush and hair drier on his long sandy brown hair that now began to touch his shoulders. He liked it like way that in honor of his favorite pro player, Alex Rodman of the Cubs. He used her panties that were hanging in the bathroom to wipe chocolate off of his face and hands, then took a shower and knocked her bra and panties off the rod and the bra fell in the toilet. He just picked it up and draped it over the side of the tub.

Naturally Deb had a fit when she found all of her belongings scattered all over the bathroom and was quick to complain to Mom about it. When Mom asked Matt about it, he said he was in a hurry to shower and Deb's things were hanging everywhere. "They must have fallen off as I hurried out to go play ball," he said. "We had a big game and I was late."

"For being so careless about other people's belongings, you will do ALL of Debbie's chores for the rest of the week and your own as well. That means you are not to leave the house until said chores are completed correctly. If I come home and find that you didn't, there won't be any baseball for the rest of the year. That's how serious I am about this problem," Mom told him.

"Come on, Mom, that's not fair. I'm really good at baseball and it might just get me a scholarship to a

big name college if I keep getting better. You can't take baseball away from me," Matt said

"I can and I will if you keep heading down the path you've been on lately. So you'd better wise up. I'm not treating you any different than I would your sister under the same circumstances."

So Matt had to now get up at the crack of dawn and get going on his and Deb's chores. None of them by themselves were all that hard but combining them all together really gave him all he could handle. Mom made Deb his boss essentially. She would often find fault in some of his new chores and make him do them over to make them right. Then he'd run like the wind to get his ball gear and just make it in the nick of time to play. Some days he had to do without any warmup before they started.

Then unbeknownst to anyone, Deb had a girlfriend whose older brother worked at a drug company. She gave the girl free salon treatments and makeovers in exchange for estrogen pills that the girl's brother got for her. The brother got her several months' supply of another strong medicine. He told her that this second pill was a testosterone blocker. He asked her why she was taking them as she didn't need them "They are for guys who want to become girls," he told her. She said that they were to help a friend that wanted to do just that.

On his dresser, Matt had a big jar of muscle developer in powder form. It said on the label that it sometimes took a year but that you should start feeling stronger and have more energy within a week. He felt that it was working due to his good playing. The powder wasn't really all that helpful but Matt didn't know that and was faithful to take it daily.

When Deb got the first bag full of the hormone pills, it took her almost one full day to open all the capsules and pour their contents into a big jar until she had enough to start her little revenge on Matt the Brat, as she called him. She got hold of his Super Strength Muscle Builder container and poured over half of it down the toilet.

She then filled the container up with the estrogen and shook it all up good. Three days later her friend came through with a lot of testosterone blockers and Deb did the same as she did with the estrogen. Matt then began taking this concoction every day, not knowing its true composition.

After the second week of the double duty chores he had to do and then running off to ball practice or games twice a week, combined with the testosterone blockers and estrogen, Matt was feeling run down and moody. He couldn't understand why he felt so bitchy lately and kind of disoriented. He was even a little bloated. He decided to double up on his muscle and strength grower and took two full table spoons of the mixture on his morning cereal and in his glass of milk at dinnertime.

One day doing his chores, Debbie got on him about cleaning the bathroom and the kitchen, both needing to be done over right. "You know, Deb, you can just go screw yourself and leave me the hell alone. I did a good job on both while you sat on your ass and watched TV. So if you don't like the way I've done both mine and your chores, go eat shit and kiss my little white ass," he told her.

"Are you really that stupid, Mattie Dear? Mom is going to hear about this and you are going to get it, Mr. Smart Ass."

Matt was mad at himself for mouthing off to Deb but she always seemed to know just when to push his buttons and get him pissed off and it usually didn't turn out in his favor. He didn't do that well at ball practice as his mind was on Deb and what she was going to tell Mom.

While he was away at practice, Deb took advantage and put one of her new dresses, the green and yellow sundress, between Matt's mattress and box spring. Debbie was called into work at the salon all afternoon as they were busy and Mom needed her help. When the day was done and they were driving home, Deb told Mom that she hated to get Matt in any more trouble but told her about him not cleaning very well and refused to redo the chore when she pointed out to him about the sloppy work. She recounted how he told her to go screw herself. "I didn't want you to come home to a mess so I redid the two rooms myself when he went to ball practice. Oh, one other thing. My new orange and yellow sun dress is missing, I couldn't find it anywhere. Mattie said he didn't see it in the wash he did this morning."

"I just don't know what's gotten into that boy lately or what I'm going to do with him if this kind of behavior continues. I can write off a certain amount to just being a teenaged boy but he's going beyond the limits of my patience. I know that all he thinks about is growing up and being a big league ball player, but I think that I might have to do something to shock him out of this phase he seems to be in at present," Mom said

When they got home, Matt was in the living room watching a ball game, which surprised Mary. She was starting to think that Deb was telling her the truth about him and her clothes. She thought he might be in his room on the internet looking at girls or porn but that wasn't the case at all. She vowed to

herself to start paying more attention to his behavior and habits in the future and see if it was true that he was feeling the need to dress up in girl's clothing when no one was around.

“Mattie, do you have any idea where your sisters new summer dress is? She says it was in her closet but it has mysteriously disappeared. You haven't seen it in your cleaning and doing your chores, have you?” Mary asked

He very innocently turned and said, “No Mom, Deb asked me about it earlier today and I told her that I didn't see her dress. I did two big loads of clothes in the wash today and it wasn't in there as far as I can tell,” he replied.

While they were talking, Deb hurried into Matt's room and pulled just a corner of the dress out where it could be seen. She then hurried into the kitchen and started dinner going. As Mary headed for the bathroom, she passed Matt's open door and a green-colored material, just barely peeking out of the middle of the mattress and box spring, caught her eye. Being against the white sheets it was hard to miss. She turned and walked into Matt's room and pulled and tugged on the green material and out came the dress.

“Matthew, will you come in here please?” Mom called out to him. When he appeared in the doorway, she held up the dress and asked, “What is this, Mattie?”

“Offhand I'd guess that that is a dress, Mom. Why are you in my room with it though?” Matt said.

“Matt, I asked you point blank if you'd seen Deb's new dress and you told me you didn't, then I walk by

your room and happen to see the green part of the dress peeking out from between your mattress and box spring. So not only did you see the dress, you lied to me on top of it,” Mary told the shocked young man.

“But Mom, I didn’t lie to you, I’ve never seen that dress before in my whole life. I don’t know what’s going on around here but I promise you I have no interest in dresses or any other girls’ clothing unless there is a girl in them,” he told her.

“Debra Sue, please come into Matt’s room,” Mary hollered out. When Deb got there, Mom said, “Deb, are you very sure that you didn’t just do this to get even with your bother and get him in trouble for aggravating you all the time? This has to stop as this is serious. One of you is lying to me.”

“Mom, how can you even think that of me? You’ve seen that this has been going on for many months now. I’m not so petty as to use my best clothes to get Mattie in trouble. I have better things to do. I think that he has a problem or is just curious about girls’ clothing or something. Maybe he wants to be a girl.” Deb lied and hated herself for doing that to her Mom but she was sick of her little brother’s tricks and jokes.

Deb came up with another plan even more diabolical. She began taking things from Mom’s vanity and dresser, at first just hiding them. For a while, Mom thought that she might have lost them or misplaced them herself but after a couple of weeks of more things missing, she had to believe what she didn’t want to believe. She called Matt into her room.

“Matt, I’m only going to ask you this one time. Have you been in my room? Some of my makeup and a few

small items of clothing are missing. Mattie, are you to blame for these missing things?”

“MOM, I thought we were through with all this. I would never go in your room unless you sent me in there. Why do you keep asking me this? I have no interest in girls stuff, and I mean *any* girls stuff. I’m a boy and I like being a boy. I love baseball and basketball and football. I’d feel mighty embarrassed being caught wearing any of those things in front of my pals,” he said

“I just don’t know what to think any more, Mattie, I mean there are times when I might misplace something or forget about it for a period of time but these things are positively not just getting up and walking out of my room and hiding some place,” Mom told him.

“Well, I’m not the only child in this house and I’m not taking any of the things from your room, so perhaps your asking the wrong child. Mom, I’d be willing to bet that none of the coaches would vouch for me for a sports scholarship if I were to get caught wearing girls things around town or school,” he said, sure hat he had nothing to do with any of this craziness.

Deb let it ride for a day or two before putting some of her panties in his drawer and a couple of pieces of jewelry in a box along with one of Mom’s lipsticks, then hid it in his closet. Mom was looking for a particular pair of earrings to wear the next day. While Matt was in the shower, she began to look through his things. She first came across the panties belonging to Deb, then happened to see the box on the floor in the back of his closet. She retrieved the box and upon opening it, found not only the earrings she was looking for but also several pairs of her old clip-ons as well, plus some of her old makeup items.

Matt came from the shower to find his Mom sitting on the edge of his bed with a look on her face that showed disappointment. He saw the panties and other items in the box next to her. He couldn't control himself. "Oh, not this again, What's going on here? Are you and Deb ganging up on me to get me in trouble?"

"I was about to ask you what's going on here. I've given you the benefit of the doubt about all of these things that you profess to know nothing about and that you would never be caught dead in but, once again, here we are with the facts saying otherwise. I think for the next couple of days that you are going to come to work with me down at the salon and you can immerse yourself in the womanly world of makeup and hair and waxing and all things that make a girl look her best. Maybe that will help you get over all of this or get you started in a different path for your future," Mary said.

"Mom, this is crazy. Look at me. Do I look anything like a girl? This just has to be Deb getting back at me for the practical jokes I've pull on her over the years."

"I have never thought that you looked like a girl," Mary lied, "but now that you bring it up, if you really look at your sister and I, you'll find many of the same features and like it or not, they happen to be feminine. Your bone structure, your smooth skin...with just a touch of makeup, you'd see the same facial structure as well. Even with all of your workouts and supplements, just look at your narrow shoulders and frame. I'm sorry but your arms are still thin, although well-toned.

"Mattie honey, I think it's normal to have a little curiosity over the opposite sex but you've shown an abnormal desire to see what it's like. Now you're go-

ing to get a little taste of it.” She shook his very soul with this unbelievable news.

“Mom, you *can’t* do this to me. It will ruin my life. Now that school is out, I just want to get my chores done and go practice baseball with my buddies. We have a rule that if you miss too many practices, you can’t play in the games. I know how this all looks but I’ll sign in my own blood that I’m not the one getting into your or Deb’s things,” he ranted on.

“That won’t be necessary, Mattie, Let’s just see how this week plays out,” Mom told him.

Matt then suddenly had a thought. Maybe it wasn’t Deb after all? Who was the only other person that had been in the house with him while he was doing his chores and waiting to go to ball practice? Calvin Short. But, why on earth would he ever have a reason to do this? Cal played in the outfield and hated it; when Matt wasn’t there, Cal played shortstop, the position that Matt played and was so good at.

Matt then spent the night fishing through his electronics stash. He found another mini camera and set it up in his own room, hidden from sight. Now he’d know who was coming into his bedroom and sabotaging him.

The next morning, Mom got Matt up very early and had him shower and get ready to go to the salon with her and Deb. He was getting dressed when Mom came back in and stopped him. “Whoa there, Mattie, Until we figure all of this out, I believe that these are yours as they were in your drawer.” She held up the pink satin panties.

“No way are you getting me into those, Mom,” he said indignantly. In a flash, Mom had him over her knees and began spanking his bare ass.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve done this to you, Mattie. I take no pleasure in this but if you resist, you can count on many more of these before we get to the bottom of this.”

Mom kept up until he was crying and his butt felt like it was on fire. Even worse than the pain was the humiliation and the fact that she’d do this to him, a 16 year-old boy.

Mary pushed him off her lap and again handed him the panties. Red faced as a fire hydrant, Matt pulled them on. She was hoping that embarrassing him would end all of this nonsense.

He finished dressing and they were off to the salon. Once there, Mom put one of the salon aprons on him just like all the girls that worked there wore. She gave him a broom and dust pan and told him to keep the floor clean around each of the stations until she decided what she was going to do with him today.

A while later she found him and took him over to Beth’s station. Once there, she turned her back on Mattie and told Beth what she wanted done, then told Mattie that she didn’t want to hear any trouble out of him. She walked away and out of sight.

Beth leaned him back over the sink, got the water temperature just right and began shampooing his long hair. He almost drifted off to sleep as Beth’s magic fingers washed and massaged his scalp. After rinsing and towel drying his hair, he thought she was done but then she got this really smelly stuff out and he knew that she was about to die his hair. He didn’t

know what color she intended to use and was horrified by the possibilities.

After what seemed like hours in that chair, she moved him over to one of the big dome type hair driers and she pulled the dome down over his head. Beth commenced the drying. Finally he was back in her chair where she parted his hair down the center of his head, then began putting these huge rollers in his hair. She put a setting gel on them and then back under the drier he went until Beth thought it was dry and set. She unrolled the rollers and brushed out his hair, leaving him with long bouncy blonde curls that came to rest on his shoulders.

Back in Beth's chair, she began thinning out his bushy eyebrows, causing him to tear up. He asked her not to take anymore off but, following orders, she kept at it until he had a rather thin arched brow over each eye. Next she started to put a foundation cream on his face. He held up his hand in an effort to stop her.

"Do I need to call your Mom over here, Mattie?" she said and he very reluctantly put his hands down. She then continued his first makeover. Eye liner, mascara, eye shadow, blusher, then she outlined his lips with a lip pencil and colored them in in a bright hot pink, followed by some gloss.

Beth then handed him off to Sue Lee to do his finger nails and toes in the same shade as his lip cream. After working on his cuticles and preparing the surface of his nails Sue Lee glued on acrylic extensions. They were not the long version but only came to one quarter of an inch over his fingertips. Then she filed each nail into a nice rounded oval. Sue Lee brushed on not one, not two, but three coats of the creamy pink polish. She told him not to move or touch his fingers to anything or it would ruin the polish and



she'd have to start over. She told him that his Mom said if she had to start over that she should use the Strawberry Red next time. Suddenly his mother appeared from nowhere and asked Sue Lee if he was ready. When Sue Lee said that he was, Mom took him by the hand and pulled him into the back of the building where her office was. She closed the door and told him to get out of those old yucky boys clothes. When he hesitated, she began to hold up one finger at a time and count like she used to do when he was a little child.

It looked like he was just on the verge of crying when Mom said, "Now none of that, Margie. You'll mess up your makeup and get raccoon eyes and we will have to start all over again. You are the one who was so darned curious about girls clothes so now you are going to get a chance to see and feel first-hand what it's like, my little sweetie pie."

At this point he knew beyond all hope that it would do no good to argue with Mom. He wanted to just die right there and then as he watched Mom pull out the clothes that she'd bought for him. First there was a matching pink bra and a sealed pack that looked like a woman's breasts. Next came this tiny piece of material with four long straps with what looked like some sort of buckle on the ends (a garter belt). Then came a pack of nylon stockings. He did recognize these as he'd watched Deb putting them on when she planned to dress up to go out. He noticed the strappy high heels and thought, "Surely she doesn't plan on having me walk in those? I'll break an ankle."

The final item that Mary took out of the bag took his breath away. It was a pink dress. It was sleeveless with two-inch shoulder straps and a squared neck. It looked to be narrow just under the breasts and flared out from the hips. It looked very, very short to his untrained eyes.

Once he was naked except for the pink panties he'd been wearing all day which now seemed like nothing compared to what had happened so far and also what was to come, Mom took the tits out of the package and applied a clear adhesive. She spread it around the inside of one tit, then placed it against his left breast and told him to hold it right there or he'd be walking around with uneven breasts. Then Mary prepared the right breast and did the same.

Once the adhesive set up, he looked like he had real breasts. Mary then showed him how to properly put on a bra by turning it around so the hooks were in the front. After hooking the two sides together, you spin it back around, pull it up over your breasts, slide your arms through the straps and make any adjustments that were necessary.

Next she helped him put the garter belt on and showed him how to roll the stockings up into a ball. Then just before putting his toe into them, she noticed that his legs were not shaved yet as she'd ordered. She quickly took him over to her shower and used the long hose to wet his legs, then smeared shaving lotion all over his legs from ankle to his crotch. She then shaved off all the little hairs on his legs, leaving them baby smooth. She had him pat dry his legs and apply a sweet-smelling body lotion.

Once that was done, Mary showed him how to roll the nylons up his now smooth legs and attach them to the tabs of the garter belt. She helped him slip his feet into the strappy two and a half-inch high heels, then buckled the strap across the foot and around the ankle. She then took the dress and slipped it over his head and into position. She zipped it up the back and had him stand in front of the large mirror on the wall. To say that he was shocked beyond belief would be huge understatement. It took a minute to realize that he was looking at himself.

“Now can you see just how feminine you are and how much you look like your sister and me? Please note that we brought out the girl in you with just a little makeup and some clothes. You said and I quote, ‘I’d never be caught dead in girls clothes.’ Well, I think your pals would love to hang with you now.”

It took several trips around the room to get his balance. He felt naked from the waist down as the skirt part of the dress was so short he thought people would see his private parts. Mom gave him back the apron he’d been wearing and pushed him out of the door and locked it so he couldn’t run back in there. She told him to report to Beth who had instructions to teach him how to wash and rinse and condition the customers’ hair. Matt felt physically sick and fought hard to keep from throwing up. He stood frozen to the spot for several seconds. It took all he had in him to walk across the floor to Beth’s station.

“Oh my! Margie, you look so good, honey. I love your dress. Is that new?” Beth said, teasing him. “Come honey, time to put your pretty little hands to good use and help out your Mom around here for a while.” It wasn’t rocket science but there were things to learn and it seemed that the customers loved to talk and ask questions.

Deb was reporting for work. She stopped and took out her cell phone and took several pictures of Mattie/Margie for safekeeping.

Now even though the shoes didn’t have spiked heels, his legs were beginning to really ache from standing in one spot for so long washing all these women’s hair. Some of the older ones gave him the creeps at first but as he got in the swing of things and listened to their many stories, he got to begin to like them. Plus these ladies seemed to just love him. He kept hearing, “Aren’t you just the sweetest little

thing, honey?” or “Honey, I have this grandson that would just love you to pieces.” By the time that Mom said it was time to go home, he was more than ready. He had never put in a full day of work like this, being on his feet for so long or having this kind of responsibility.

Mattie asked, “Mom, where are my real clothes? I hope that you don’t expect me to wear these things home. Someone will surely see me and that’s not something a guy could ever live down with his pals.”

“Margie honey, the clothes you are wearing right now are your own clothes for the remainder of this week. As far as your pals go, you might be surprised and find that they want to date you. After all, you are a beautiful young lady with good manners. I heard nothing but very nice compliments on my younger daughter all day long. Many of the ladies are going to ask for you in the future. You’ve really gotten off on the right foot, honey. As a matter of fact many of them have already set up appointments and have asked for you. You might be the reason that my business is picking up so fast. And as for your pals, I might just let you date one or two of them if you’d like to. Because I’m sure that they are going to want to date you.

“Here baby, fix your lipstick like Sue showed you,” she said, handing him the little cream lipstick container and a brush. When he hesitated, Mary said, “Just because it’s just you and me here in the shop, don’t think that I won’t take a strap to your backside. In that short dress. your almost bare legs might take the brunt of the strapping.”

Matt took the container and did the best that he could with shaking hands. He had to wipe it off and start over twice, then did pretty good on his third attempt. His mind was racing a million miles an hour.

How was he going to get through a whole week of this without being found out by his pals. He suddenly got a vision of the whole team coming down here and seeing for themselves. Then another thought hit him. He'd already missed practice today and obviously he would miss the game tomorrow. If he missed any more without a good reason, he would not be able to play in the next game and so on. He might not be able to play until the middle of next week which would give Calvin a chance to get some valuable playing time at Matt's position.

The ride home was uneventful. That was until Mom pulled into a nice restaurant just before leaving the downtown area. One look from Mom told Matt that there would be no negotiations. Once again on shaky legs, he followed Mom in. Deb was already at a table and waving to them. Mom whispered to Margie, "Don't forget to smooth out your skirt under your legs with your hand and keep your legs together or you'll be giving the men and boys a peek at your unmentionables." He looked at her and didn't get it at first because he was so nervous about just being here. Then it sunk in and he did as recommended, although he was just a little clumsy doing so.

He felt like every eye in the crowded place was looking at him and knew his secret. He leaned over and whispered to Deb after she asked if he was ok. "Deb, every person in hear is staring a hole through me and they all know that I'm not a real girl."

"Margie, they are looking because you are a really beautiful girl. I've been a girl since birth and you've only been one for a day and it's you they are looking at. You are by far the prettier of the two of us. Relax, honey and just enjoy it," Deb whispered back. "think that I might just like you a whole lot better as a little sister then the jerk of a younger brother you've been over the last year or so."

They had a very nice meal even though Matt only picked at his. Mom then informed him that they were not leaving until he at least ate a portion of his salad. He just wanted this day to be done and be home so he did as told.

There were two messages on the answering machine. Dad said he was still working at the new plant and wouldn't be home until Friday. The second one was from Cal asking what was going on. "Hey, you weren't at practice today and you know the rule. You can't play in the game tomorrow. You'd better get your butt to practice on Wednesday. If you get home early, call me and I'll come over."

"Yes Margie, please call Cal and have him come over for a while. Maybe you two could go out for a walk hand-in-hand, I think that you might make a cute couple," Deb teased.

Now while everyone was away working, Deb had given Stu her key to the house and he'd had this special device made. He used a device to look for electronic devices and found Matt's hidden camera, then watched what was on it, deleted it and wiped it clean. He'd called Deb at work that afternoon and told her all that was on it but didn't know the boy's name. She reasoned that the only other person that had been in the house was Calvin.

Mom helped Margie out of his dress and lingerie and handed him a cami and a robe. She told him how to clean his makeup off and get ready for bed.

When he heard a knock at the door, he bolted for the bathroom and locked the door. It turned out to be Stu. He and Deb went into the living room and watched TV. Deb got out the family picture album and leafed through, asking Stu if it was this boy or

that. Most of the pictures were from when the boys were very young and Stu didn't recognize any of them.

The next morning was a repeat of the first day of Matt's punishment ,as he saw it. Mom had a different dress for him to wear today. It was a little more modest than yesterday's dress. This one was short-sleeved with a rounded neck line, a tight form-hugging waist and the skirt came down to an inch above the knees. In order for Matt to wear this dress, Mom had anticipated what he'd need to fit into it. He still had on the breast forms so she had him put on the bra like she showed him yesterday. He fumbled a bit but managed to get it on. This bra was yellow with a bit of white lace. Then she had to help him with matching corset with suspender tabs. Once in place, it was tight and gave his middle a fair amount of shapeliness. She then placed a foam insert on each hip, further giving him shape

He rolled up the stockings and attached them to the tabs, then Mom helped with the dress. It was yellow with a butterfly on each short sleeve and a couple of smaller ones just above the breasts. His shoes, although not considered spiked heels, were narrower than yesterday's heels and were two and a half inches high. They looked small but his feet slipped right into them.

Mom brushed out his long bouncy curls and applied lipstick from a tube. This one looked a little more red than yesterday's dark pink. She put the lipstick and his new feminine wallet with his ID and other important things and put them all into his little yellow purse with a long skinny strap. She then showed him how to put one arm and his head through the strap so the purse rested on his hip. She reminded him that he'd better not lose it because if he did, he would have no money or identification

As they headed out the door to the car, Matt found these heels a little more challenging than the more chunky heels he'd worn yesterday. It took a while to find his balance in these narrower heels. He prayed for all he was worth that none of his friends or neighbors would recognize him all dressed up like this. He couldn't hurry too much because of these damned heels. It bothered him as each step caused a loud click, or at least he thought so. It suddenly hit him that Mom wasn't wearing heels and neither was Deb. "Mom, why am I the only one wearing these damned high heels when I'm the only one here that shouldn't ever be seen in them?" he asked.

"Well, honey, you are the one that's been dying to see and feel what it's like to be a young lady. If our things keep showing up in your room as they have been, this little lesson might just become a permanent thing, I'm sure that Dr. Benson could help you out with some testosterone blockers and a regiment of estrogen and other hormone enhancers. You just tell Mama when you're ready and I'll take you to visit the doctor." Mom said in the way of an answer.

"That'll be the day," he whispered under his breath so Mom couldn't hear. They had no problem traveling to work that morning so Matt thought maybe his prayers were answered. They arrived early and Mom had him help the girls get set up by refilling shampoo and doing whatever was needed. She then told him to go with Beth. Beth helped him out of his dress and handed him a robe to put on. She got him into her chair and brushed out his shoulder-length hair. She then took several long strands, braided them and put a band around the end to keep them from coming loose. She then did the same on the other side, then pulled both braided sections around his head, braided the remainder of the two sections together and let them hang down the middle of the back of his head.

From there Suki took him over to her brightly-lit vanity and began work on his makeup. She took her time and really did a good job on his face. She used his face as her canvas to highlight her expertise in cosmetology. She first cleaned his whole face with makeup wipes, then she took a base foundation and used a makeup sponge to blend it in. Then she used darker tones of powder to make his cheek bones look higher and his nose a little narrower. She used a soft brush to blend them in and it tickled his nose as the brush was so soft. She then applied a dark line along his upper and lower eyelids using an eyeliner pen. She then used several colors of eye shadow blended in from his eyes to his eyebrows.

Then she applied mascara to his already long lashes. A pair of tweezers were used, with some light resistance on Matt's part, to shape his brows and make them thinner; she created a nice high arch. When Matt saw this in the big wall mirror, he got tears in his eyes. Next Sue worked on his lips. First she used a lip liner to outline his thick pouty lips, then, using a brush, she painted his lips with strawberry red lip cream. It was the long-lasting all day variety "for the busy working woman." She added some lip gloss and was happy with her work. She'd turned him from an average boy to a beautiful young woman.

Sue Lee cleaned his nails off and redid them in bright red to match his lips. She measured his ears and put a dot on each one. Before he realized what she was doing, he heard a "Pop" and felt a little sting in his ear. He turned to confront her on this but before he could object, she took his other ear. He heard that same "Pop" and she turned him to see in the mirror. "Oh My God!" he repeated over and over again.

"How am I supposed to go and play ball with the guys when I look like I'd make a better cheerleader

than one of the star players? This is probably going to ruin any chance I had to get a scholarship. I should be playing in a game right now if it wasn't for all of this," Matt said, pointing at his new feminine image."

"You take up with your mother, Margie. I do what I'm told to do," Sue Lee said in her broken English.

Mattie looked for and finally found his Mom in her little office. "Mom, look what they've done to me. This isn't funny. I hope that you know that this is most likely going to cost me any kind of scholarship to any of the good schools. I can't believe that you'd do this to me over some stupid clothes that I didn't take in the first place. I'm missing the game today and Cal is playing in my place and he thinks he is going to keep it. Mom, did you hear anything I just said?" She was looking intently at some paperwork.

"Yes dear. Oh my, you really look beautiful, honey. Now I need you to walk down to the store two blocks down and pick up these items for me. There should be two boxes and you might want to take that little pull cart to make it easier on yourself. You don't have to run in those shoes but we do need the items from the box as soon as you can get back here. You get this done and maybe tomorrow you can go to practice with your buddies," Mom told him.

He wasn't happy with that response at all but when he heard that he could get back to his own life, he took the cart and a check and hurried down the block to the store, unaware that in the heels his hips were swaying and his butt had a cute little wiggle in it. He was almost frozen on the spot as he passed a couple of cool girls from his class coming at him. He stood his ground waiting for the worse but they smiled and kept walking right past him. He took a deep breath, let out a huge sigh, then continued on.

He went in and asked for the boxes for the Cut and Curl Salon.

“You must be new. What’s your name, honey?” Mr. Best asked.

“I’m Matt, I mean Margie, sir. I have a check for you if you’ll tell me the amount.”

“It will be \$37.95, honey. Say, you look kind of familiar. Are you related to Mary, the owner?” he asked.

This took Matt by surprise and before he could think of anything, he said “Yes Sir, she’s my mother.”

“Well, you tell her Phil says hello. If she sends your smiling face down here for supplies again, I’ll give her an extra 10% discount just because you are so damned cute.”

“Yes sir, thank you sir,” Mattie said. He stacked the boxes on top of each other on the cart and was out of there and back to the salon in no time.

Today his Mom had him help Beth doing a few hair coloring jobs. He put on the rubber gloves and watched her do the first one by herself, then she had him do one as she closely supervised. Margie mixed the dye, then brushed out the hair, getting all knots and tangles out. Then she divided the hair into four sections. Next, following Beth’s instructions, she rolled up three sections and held with a clip. Then she applied petroleum jelly all along the hair line, then put on a pair of rubber gloves and applied the dye with wide brush and made sure to get every hair coated. She repeated the task on each section and let it set before washing it out, then drying under the hooded dryer. “Mrs. Vance, there will be no charge to-

day as I'm training Margie here. I'll be supervising every step to make sure that everything is alright so don't worry. You are in very good hands. Margie is Mary's daughter and has been around this business all her life," Beth told her.

Mattie found it hard at first working in the rubber gloves but got better at it as the day went on. The worse part was putting the sections getting up and getting them to stay there but even that was becoming easier as the day came to an end.

Because they were so busy that day, someone overbooked the appointments, their closing time also ran over and Mom decided that they would stop and eat out again. Mattie didn't want to hear that as all he wanted to do was to get home and get out of these miserable foot deforming shoes and all of these clothes, especially the bra and corset. He used the cold cream that Deb told him to use to get his makeup off with, then got in the shower. Once done, he used the lotion all over his body and it actually felt pretty good. Deb brought him in clean panties and a nightgown and robe. "Don't look at me like that, darling. These were Mom's instructions. Go argue with her if you think it will do any good," Deb said.

Deb then called Stu and asked if he was able to find out any more information on who was getting her things and putting them in Matt's room.

"No not yet but I think that I have another idea that might work. I'm going to park down the street. Whoever it is knows that you'll all be going to work and the house will be empty. I'll hide in the room and if I hear any noise, I'll jump in the closet and surprise them," he told her.

The next morning, Matt thought he was going to be able to sleep in and then go to ball practice. He got up early to go to the bathroom; while there he decided to get the polish remover and clean off his nails. It felt as though he'd just gotten back to sleep when Mom came in and pulled the covers back. "Time to rise and shine my little angel."

"Mom, you said I could get my life back and go play ball today. I did everything you asked and more. Now you're going back on your word?" he said.

"I'm not going back on my word by any means, Margie but your practice isn't until this afternoon so you've still got time to work this morning. Remember your punishment for lying doesn't officially end until a week from Sunday night. So let's get moving or I might have to add more time on to your lesson," she said.

"Well at least could you please stop calling me Margie?" he asked.

"I guess we could go with Maggie," she said.

"Never mind. I'm sorry I asked," he replied.

"You know that Margie is short for Margaret. We could go with that if you'd like."

"No, please. I'm sorry I brought the subject up, Mother."

"Now you've wasted even more time and we are going to have to hurry. I've laid out your clothes for today, so get a move on," Mary said

After washing and doing his morning hygiene routine, he wrapped a towel around himself and hurried

into his room. The breast forms were still firmly attached to him so he put on the bra and struggled into the corselet with the hanging tabs. He pull on the matching panties and fed the tabs out the legs of the panties, then sat and rolled on the nylons and attached them to the tabs. There on the end of the bed was his dress for the day. It looked really short. He stepped into the dress, pulled it up, put his arms through the short sleeves, and began to button it up the front. It had a two-inch wide belt around the waist that was really unnecessary because it fit like a glove. The shirt flared out and came to about two inches above the knees. As he looked into Mom's long wall mirror it looked like one of those old-time uniforms that the ladies were wearing in the movie 'A League Of Their Own' wore. He was just about to holler out for Mom when she appeared in the doorway and said, "Let's go. We have a business to run, you know."

"Mom, you can't be serious about this dress. I can't go out in this and work in the salon looking like a lady ball player," he said

"Don't worry, honey, your apron with cover almost all of you. Seeing as you love baseball so much, I thought the uniform would be appropriate. Plus it has two reminders for you the think about all day long. First, how much you say that you love baseball and second, the dress also reminds you of your punishment for apparently lying to me about your secret desire to either be a woman or just dress like one."

He stood there pouting and then Mom said, "Margie, would you like me to start adding days to your punishment? I don't intend to argue with you every time I tell you to do something. You seem to think that my orders are optional. So from now on, when I ask you to do something, you can assume

that it's an order. If you stall or talk back to me, I'll add one day each time."

Once at work he got busy and only occasionally got to speak to his Mom. Each time it was the same thing. "Mom, you said I could go to ball practice today. When can I change clothes and go and can Sue Lee clean my nails off?"

After many attempts to get her to let him go, she finally said. "Ok, let's go. I wouldn't want you to miss practice."

"What? You mean that you want me to go like this and let them see me looking like a sissy girl? No way. I would die of embarrassment right there on the field. Please Mom, you can't be serious," he cried out.

"Let's go, honey. You'd better be in the car in three minutes or I start adding days," she warned. When he didn't move, she added three days, then when she thought that he wasn't going to move, she grabbed his ear and pulled him out to the car. It hurt like hell as the newly pierced ear was still quite tender. She opened the door, pushed him in, reached over and buckled his seat belt. She then handed him his ball glove and hat. Now he knew why she had Beth put his now blonde hair in a ponytail. Mom reached over and pulled the ponytail through the hole in the back of the hat. She then handed him his favorite game shoes. "Even I wouldn't try and make you play in those high heels." She smiled at him.

As they pulled into the ballpark's lot, it was almost the reverse of getting in the car at the salon. Mom opened the door and pulled him out. He lost his breakfast right there next to the car.

As she walked him over to the other players already warming up, all eyes were on him. “Hey lady, this practice here is for guys only, we don’t play with any girls,” one of the boys yelled across to them.

“I think that you are going to have to change your rules then because my daughter is probably better than any one of you out here. I’ve already checked the rules and since you are playing on city-owned fields, anyone in the same age group can play. So before you go saying anything else that you are going to regret, why don’t you just let Margie here show you what she has?”

The boys were all silent, then began talking amongst themselves. One of them finally asked, “What position does the little princess play?” Mom turned to him as he was wishing a mammoth storm would come and drown the whole field. “Well, Margie, what position do you play?”

“I’m a shortstop,” he said.

“that’s my position, pick something else,” Cal said, still trying to figure out who this mystery girl was.

Mitch, one of the bigger boys, said, “Ok, guys, let’s get this over with. You...girl...play short. Cal, you play right field. Timmy, you pitch me some and let’s just see what she’s got.”

Timmy wound up and threw thirty some pitches to Mitch. Mitch blistered the ball right at Mattie. He easily fielded the ball and threw to first, making the ball sting the first baseman’s glove and hand. Mitch hit them right and left and high, making Mattie jump and snare the ball. He didn’t miss a single one; he even had to dive for a couple of them but got up and threw to first in a flash. The boys all stood around

with their mouths open, unable to believe what they were seeing.

“Can you hit the ball, though?” Mitch asked.

Matt didn't say a word, he just walked up to the plate and selected a bat. Mitch told Dean, their best pitcher, to give her some heat. On the first hard fast ball that Dean threw, Mattie swung and you could hear the crack of the ball meeting the bat. The ball flew over the center field fence with plenty to spare. He stood in the batter's box and belted one ball after another all over the park, many over the fence.

“Well, I'll be damned. if I didn't see it with my own eyes, I'd have lost a bundle betting there was no way you could ever do what you just did. I don't know who you are or where you came from but you are welcome to play with us any time,” Mitch told her.

Then all of a sudden the world stopped. Mom stepped up and said, “You already do know him. Boys, meet your pal Mattie Diaz. He is being punished for things that are personal to our family and he has to stay this way for another two weeks. We'll see from there if he stays this way or not.”

You could have heard a pin drop. They came and surrounded Mattie, unable to believe that this was even possible. “Holy shit! Sorry, Ma'am. Matt, you'll be our secret weapon.”

“One more thing, boys. While he is dressed as the girl that he appears to be, we are calling her Margie. Second thing is she still has to work at the family beauty salon to pay off her punishment,” Mary told them. She could just barely hear someone in the back say, “Damn, I'm sure glad that she isn't *my* mother. I'd run away from home for sure.”

“Ok Margie, you can stay and practice with your buddies and I’ll see you at home. I expect your chores to be done and don’t go anywhere else or there will be more trouble for you, honey,” Mary said, then got in the car and drove off, leaving him there, feeling as if he were naked amongst all his buddies. They had a million questions for him. He just kept saying, “Let’s play ball. This is why I couldn’t come to practice or the game for the last several days.” He just wanted to play ball but couldn’t help seeing the curiosity—or was it lust—in their eyes, especially Calvin’s.

Calvin was absolutely flabbergasted and couldn’t pull his eyes off of his former best friend. However he was also very disappointed that Mattie showed up at all because that meant that he wouldn’t be able to play shortstop, the position that he coveted. He would now have to play in the outfield which he hated, if he was to play at all. His mind started to work overtime, knowing that he was going to have to come up with ways to get Mattie more feminine in the eyes of his Mom to keep him away from the ball park. He’d thought that what he’d done putting Debbie’s things in his room was going to keep him in trouble with his Mom and away from the ball field but that didn’t seem to be working out. Somehow he was going to have to find a way to get closer to Mattie and keep the pressure on him. “Hell, the way he looks right now, I can’t even believe that he is a boy anymore. He looks like the prettiest girl in the whole school.”

In the meantime Mattie dazzled them with his unbelievable play in the field. Even though their minds saw him as a beautiful girl, they came to know that this was their friend Matt as no one played shortstop the way Matt did.

Once they’d had enough for the day, Cal offered to give him a ride home. “Well, Mattie or Margie which-

ever you are, I have to say that you are a knockout as a girl. Who would have ever thought your Mom would really do this to you, or that she even could? Why...why did you let them do this to you? There is no way that I would have let my Mom do this to me. Did you even put up a fight at all?" Cal asked as they drove along.

"That's big talk from a guy who got a spanking from his Mom right in front of all of us at the pool party not all that long ago. My Mom may look weak but trust me, she knows how and where to hurt you the most if you do not do as you're told to do. All this started weeks ago when my sister Deb's clothes and personal things began to show up hidden in my room. I never had a thing to do with any of it but whoever was doing this was really good at it. The evidence was really all stacked against me. Hell, even I would have accused me of the deed if I were looking at the evidence. Mom even threatened Deb and promised to punish her severely if she was the one doing this to get even with me over the practical jokes I've pulled on her over the years.

"Deb swore she had nothing to do with this and said many of the things were brand new. So Mom knew that she didn't do it and that only left me. So what you are looking at now instead of watching the road is the result of my punishment. You missed my turn off, dude. Come on, you know darned well where I live. What are you up to now?" Mattie said, not liking the way that Cal kept looking at him like he was a real girl, one he wanted to make out with.

"Well Margie, I thought that we'd stop at the hang-out and get a burger and a shake. I'm starving and I know that you must be hungry too after such a long hard workout," Cal said

“No way, buster. I’ve had enough humiliation for one day. Turn this crate around and take me home now,” Mattie said.

“Too late,” Cal said as he pulled into the hangout where all the kids loved to go and mingle and eat. Cal hurried and jumped out of the car, taking the keys with him. This little trick really pissed Matt off but he wouldn’t get out of the car. Cal went inside and began talking with several of the other kids. Then Matt noticed that many of the kids were looking out the window at him. The surprised expressions on their faces said it all.

Soon several of them came out and tried to get Matt to come in. Jill Thomas, one of Matt’s friends and the head cheerleader said, “Come on, Mattie. Everyone has already seen you. I’ll look after you. Your big mouth friend Cal has already told everyone what happened. I think that it really sucks and I don’t think for a minute that you are gay or trans or even at fault for this. You might just as well come in because everyone has already seen you.”

Jill opened the door and took his hand to help him out. “I’ll say this for your Mom, she doesn’t do things half way. You look amazing even if you do look a little frazzled and worse for wear from all the baseball you just played. Cal said you were there all afternoon,” she said sincerely, pulling him to his feet and into the little diner.

“Come with me a minute so I can at least tidy you up a bit,” she told him. Without a second thought, she pulled him right into the girl’s restroom with everyone watching him, unable to stop staring at what used to be the school’s big star shortstop. Some of the girls had their hands over their mouth and the boys stared with open mouths.

“Jill, I can’t be in here,” he exclaimed, embarrassed beyond words.

“Honey, I can’t take you into the boys room. seeing as how we are both dressed rather femininely, I think this is the better choice.” Jill then took a paper towel, wet it and wiped off the dirt from his knees, his elbow and his forehead. From her purse she took out a tube of red lipstick that matched his fingernails. When he tried to resist she told him he already looked the part so he might as well do it right. She said that it was better than looking like a sloppy girl from the other side of the tracks.

“According to Cal, your Mom made you do all this. He felt that you were a natural at being feminine and yet so athletic at the same time,” she told him. That really pissed him off at Cal as it seemed like Cal wanted Mattie this way. As he’d found himself doing more and more lately, he submitted to her will. She applied the red lipstick and gloss, then took out a compact and dusted his cheeks, nose, and chin with the feminine smelling powder.

“Jill, I promise you that I never did anything to cause all of this. I never wanted to be a girl before and I sure don’t want this now. I told my Mom over and over that I had nothing to do with Deb’s clothes ending up in my room and I begged her to listen to me. I also told her that this is going to ruin any chances I had to get a scholarship to play ball at a big school. I’m embarrassed and humiliated beyond belief. Is there any way that you could get me out of here without facing all the kids out there and take me home?” he asked

“Honey, there’s only one way out of here and that’s the way we came in...through the front door. I know that some of them are going to make cracks about you but most of the gang here loves you. We’ll set



them straight. Things always have a way of working out. Who else has been in your house when these things have happened?" she asked.

"My sister's boyfriend Stu has been trying all kinds of things to catch whoever has been doing this. He even set up a little surveillance camera and found nothing strange as yet." He didn't know that Stu had seen someone in Mattie's room but couldn't get a good look at the intruder's face and didn't want to tell anyone until they could be sure who it was. "So we still don't have a clue, although I'm starting to wonder about a person who might have an ulterior motive and it's only just beginning to make sense."

"Ok honey, now just be yourself and let's get out there and face the crowd. Don't let them get you down. We'll grab a bite and then I'll take you home. Hey, who knows. I might like having a girlfriend with a little extra between her legs," Jill said, laughing. "I'm only kidding so don't get all worried."

Once out in the midst of all the gang that had been waiting for him to appear, he was bombarded with questions. "What's it like to go from stud to hot babe?" "Are those boobs real?" "Why did you let your Mom do this? I can't believe that you didn't run for your life." "Do you like wearing dresses and makeup and getting your hair done?" They went on and on until Matt asked Jill to get him out of here and take him home. She whispered that that would be the wrong way to handle this and it would leave the kids thinking all kinds of things that were not true. She said it was better to stand tall and tell them what's happened and that none of this was his idea or desire.

Matt stood there in the middle of the pack and began telling his side of the story but about half way through, he began to tear up. Soon his emotions took

over and he began to cry out of humiliation and couldn't finish. Jill tried to finish his tale of woe. She then took the shaken Margie out to her car and drove off. When they got away from the diner, she pulled the car over, undid her seat belt, leaned over and hugged Mattie.

"It's going to be ok, honey. I can't imagine what you're going through emotionally but I'm here for you, babe," she said. Then the hug turned into a kiss on the cheek and moved down to his full red pouty lips. "Wow. I'm sorry, Mattie, but I've wanted to do that from the first moment I saw you today. I think that you are really brave to let your feminine side out and just be what you appear to be. I hear that you haven't lost a step on the baseball field either," Jill said.

"Thank you...I think. Jill, please, I appreciate your help and affection but I really need to get home and get my chores done before my Mom gets home or she is going to add more time to my punishment. To tell the truth, I don't know how much more of this I can take," he told her

They pulled up to his house. Matt thought he saw someone run around the back, jump the fence and disappear. He started to thank Jill for bringing him home and turned right into her waiting lips again. He felt something stir within his groin as his penis tried to grow but couldn't because of the corselet that held it trapped and tightly tucked back. He was now growing more confused than ever about his own body. He broke the kiss, thanked her again and walked into the house.

Once inside, he went right to his room and began to search his room. He was rewarded eventually by finding several pairs of panties, skirts, blouses and a new dress. He took them into Deb's room and put

what needed to be hung in her closet. He folded the panties and bra neatly and put them in her drawer.

Then he hurried through the house, dusting, cleaning, and sweeping, as well as putting the dishes away from the dishwasher. He started a load of whites and folded the load out of the drier. He was just putting the vacuum away when Mom and Deb pulled into the drive.

“Hello honey. It looks like you’ve been busy. The house looks very nice and clean but I don’t smell anything cooking for dinner,” Mom said.

“Mom, you know that I don’t know the first thing about cooking or baking,” Mattie told her.

“Well, my little beauty, you’d better start learning. Being beautiful can surely get you a good man but feeding him and making his favorite meals is the way to keep him,” Mom said. “There are several cookbooks in the pantry there.” When she saw that Mattie looked panic stricken, she laughed and told him that she was only teasing.

“That’s not funny, Mom. I’m starting to worry about wearing all these girls’ clothes and trying to still be a boy. I know it’s only been two weeks but it’s confusing at times and it’s scary that a lot of the kids are accepting me as Margie. I mean you have to know that all I’ve ever wanted to do was become a major league ball player and that’s not possible as a girl, real or make believe. And what is Dad going to say about all of this when he comes home Friday or Saturday? He’s not going to like this at all, so what happens then? I know that we haven’t been that close because of all of his traveling for work but I’m pretty sure that he wants a son and not two daughters,” Matt said.

“We’ll just have to make you extra beautiful when Daddy comes home. Don’t you worry about Daddy, I’ll handle him. I’ve already told him what’s going on here at home and he agrees with me that we’d rather have two girls than a boy who lies and steels. I’m sorry to say nothing has come up to make me feel like you’ve told me the truth as yet. Just then the doorbell rang. “Please go get the door, Margie dear.”

He slowly made his way to the door and was relieved to see the Chinese takeout delivery guy. He took the bags of food and asked him to wait. He went to his mom and got some cash to pay the guy. He handed the guy the money and told him to keep the change. The guy winked at him and said, “Thanks, beautiful,” causing Matt to blush.

The surprises just never seemed to end in Matt’s life these days as he saw Deb coming into the room carrying several items. “Mother, what’s this stuff doing in my drawers and closets,” she said and put the clothes down on the table.

“Margie, did you put these things in Deb’s room?” He didn’t know how to answer now and just stood looking at her. “So it seems that you *are* the one doing these things.”

“No Mom! I did it because I thought that someone put them in my room to get me into more trouble. I thought these things were Deb’s and so I put them back in her room,” he told her.

“Well, they certainly are not. I bought them for you. You can’t wear the same clothes every day like boys sometimes do. We women have to change daily. Those are the things you’ll wear the rest of the week,” Mary told him.

Friday morning he was a mess as he saw his outfit for the day. It was another dress to be sure but it was snow white and had short capped sleeves with a rounded neck that revealed more cleavage than he cared to show. It was tight in the waist and the short skirt flared out and swirled when he turned around. It stopped just a couple of inches from his knees. She'd given him his corset to hold him in at the waist and groin as he worked but, today she gave him tan nylons with the tight ringed tops called holdups to keep them in place. He wore red 3" heels that matched his red nails and plump smooth red lips and the yellow, blue, and red colors of the butterflies that were all over the white dress.

"Mom, did you forget that today is our game? I can't wear these things to play ball. If they didn't laugh me out of the park, I'd most likely break an ankle before the first inning was over," he told her.

"I'm well aware of that, dear. We'll take things with us for you to change into for your ball game," she said. "I think that your ear piercings are sufficiently healed by now." He was relieved that she was removing the studs that had been in his ears for days now but that relief was short-lived as she then put in 2" gold hoop earrings, then placed a gold bracelet on his right wrist and a gold feminine watch on the left. Lastly she gave him a cute little gold necklace with a cross on it for around his neck. It hung right in her new cleavage, threatening to draw even more attention to his breasts..

Before he could complain, they were walking to the car with his hips swaying and heels clicking on the walkway. As they drove to the salon, Mom said, "Honey, you are going to have to learn to do your own makeup and hair eventually so I thought that I'd have Beth and Suki work with you this morning. It will be like a training session. As you watch and

learn, we'll have you practice doing your own. I mean a girl your age should already know these things. We can't always be with you if you need to repair or redo yourself while out on a date."

"That will be the day when I'm out on a date dressed like a dumb old girl, Mom. I have no intention of ever being someone's date. By the way, have you determined yet just how long this punishment is going to last? I just want to get back to my old life and be myself again," Matt said.

"I don't know exactly, honey, I'd say that that depends on you. We still have not gotten to the bottom of your desire to take and try on your sister's and my clothing, lingerie, and makeup. You could help yourself if you told me the truth."

"This is a no-win situation, Mom. I've told you the truth over and over again right from the start. I've never lied to you about anything. I've had nothing to do with any of this. Plus I've been meaning to ask you how long are these breast forms supposed to stay on? They have really began to itch these past few days."

This was one more knife in the heart. At the place where Mom bought these breast forms, they'd gotten mixed up, or so Mom thought. The truth is that Cal slipped into Mom car and switched the regular breast forms for these special breast forms that transsexual male to female boys get from Thailand. Cal ordered them online many weeks ago and was waiting for the chance to replace them for the ones that Mary had ordered. The forms were rated to stay in place for at least three weeks. What Mom didn't know about yet was that these were experimental and were lined with hundreds of tiny little pin-like bumps inside the breast forms. When the wearer's body temperature reached a certain degree, they produced a series of different female hormones such as estrogen, progester-

terone, a testosterone blocker, and Follicle Stimulating Hormone. It was being absorbed into Matt's body. This was causing his own breasts to begin to grow and his body change in ways that he wasn't nearly prepared for.

"Let me call the store where I got them and ask," Mom said. She found the phone number and called. They told her that with the new adhesive they should hold firm for at least three to three and a half weeks. "You have at least two weeks to go if you don't mess up and earn more time on your punishment, in which case we'd just clean them up and put on more of the adhesive. Then you'd have another three weeks. By then I should think that you'd have learned enough to come work with me full time. With you and Deb, we'd have a really good crew and our growth would be incredible. You wouldn't even need college then and the goal would be for you and Deb to eventually take over the business."

"No offense, Mom, but I've no intention of spending my life trying to make these old smelly women look pretty, or in some cases, even normal. No thanks. You already have a real daughter that likes this stuff and she's the one who you should be working with," the feminized boy said.

"Never say never, my sweet naïve precious young child. Life has a way of throwing many curves in your well-planned path as you go through life. I'm willing to bet that three weeks ago you would have bet a lot of money that you wouldn't be wearing a dress and makeup to play baseball with the boys? Am I right?" she said.

As they walked into the salon, Beth and Suki were already there and set up to start right in. Beth greeted him. "Good morning, baby girl. You are looking good this morning. We are all ready for you. I

know that you must be excited to get going. It's been a few weeks now and it looks like you are going to be Margie for a while longer so Mom wants your hair a little more blonde."

She had Mattie get in the chair and she put a cape around her and made sure that it was tight enough so that the hair dye wouldn't get on his dress. She leaned him back and washed his hair, then used the dye mix she'd already prepared. Beth was wearing rubber gloves as she covered his head and made sure that all the hair was covered. She sat him up and handed him a new copy of *Seventeen*, the magazine for young ladies and said that she'd be back soon to wash him out.

Even though he fought it, he was getting used to the different odors that filled the air in the salon daily. Sue Lee walked over, inspected his nails and found that only one of them had a little chip in it. She went back to her station and returned with some tools of the trade. She made short order of repairing the chipped nail and recoating it with the bright red polish. Earlier that morning Mattie begged his Mom to at least let him wear a lighter shade of polish but she insisted on the bright red. He was starting to think that maybe he shouldn't go play in the game that day. Sure his team had seen him now but the other team hadn't and his team's parents hadn't either. If he went, he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was really going to get called out and made fun of by everyone. He wondered if he would be able to keep his mind on baseball.

Beth then interrupted his daydream and laid him back. This time she added her own homemade conditioner/moisturizer to soften his just dyed hair and keep it healthy. "It consists of raw eggs, honey, two table spoons of olive oil and some yogurt." She rubbed it in all over the head and made sure where

the hair was long to get it completely covered. She then rinsed it all out with cool water and towel dried the newly blonde colored hair and let the air finish drying it.

This done, she sat him up and Suki plucked and shaped his brows a little higher, creating more arch and making his eyes look bigger. Next she gave him the works: Base foundation, a long-lasting eyeliner on top and bottom lids; she darkened his thin arched brows, glued on false eyelashes, brushed on a dark mascara, before using several shades of eye shadow blended in to highlight softly and make the eyes look dark and mysterious. She applied a darker shade of blush to both sides of his nose and his cheekbones, chin, and forehead. Then she took a lip pencil and outlined his pouty full lips before taking the smudge-proof strawberry red lip cream and applying it with a lip brush. She stopped several times to ask him if he was getting what she was doing and how she'd done it. "Margie honey, you are one incredibly beautiful young lady," she said sincerely

As Mattie got out of her chair and turned to look into the mirror, he was shocked beyond comprehension. It just didn't seem possible to take an average good-looking male and make him another person all together. Especially one so ... Yes, he had to admit it. He looked beautiful. He walked back to Beth's chair and she was ready for him.

"Oh My. Suki really knows her stuff, don't you agree? So, Margie, seeing as how you are going to go and play ball, as your Mom informed me, we are just going to add a few long spiral curls to your hair and put it in a ponytail for today. But we are going to add a little flair to it first."

She combed his hair forward, then scribed a line and brushed the rest of his long hair back. Then she

took her scissors and cut straight across just above his eyebrows, creating perfect bangs. Then she combed the sides and top all back into a ponytail high on the back of his head and pulled it through the hole on the back of his baseball cap, which she placed on his head.

As his hair began to dry, he was beginning to see that it was getting lighter and lighter. He was now a total blonde. Mom walked over just then and gave her approval, "Gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous. Good job, girls. Do you think that he learned enough to at least make herself presentable on her own if need be? Starting tomorrow, I want Margie to do her own personal grooming. You are free to offer advice or a little help but she must learn to do this on her own," she said. Mom then handed her son-turned-daughter some girls tennis shoes and socks and told her to take off the heels and hold-up nylons. "Your bag is in the car with your glove and baseball shoes."

Mattie turned and looked in the mirror. He couldn't believe that he was looking at himself. This had to be a dream or a coma that he was going to eventually come out of. He saw a beautiful girl with a face to melt the strongest man's heart; she was wearing a baseball cap from his baseball team. She had these huge gold hoop earrings fully visible as her long blonde hair was pulled back tight and poked out of the hole in the back of the hat. She wore a gold chain and cross that hung around her neck and rested right in the cleavage on her chest where you could see just a hint of the tops of her ample breasts.

"Well, Darling, if you are done admiring yourself in the mirror, we'd better get going so you have time to warm up," Mary told her.

"Mom, can I please take off the watch and bracelet? I won't be able to throw the ball with these on and

they might get broken while playing,” Mattie asked and was shocked when Mom agreed with him. She let him take them off but he had to keep the necklace and earrings on. The earrings were going to bother him as with each slight movement of his head, he felt them bounce around.

While riding to the park, Mattie pulled down the passenger visor and flipped up the lid on the mirror. As he looked, he still couldn't believe that the image staring back was himself. He was actually beginning to feel a little vain; he couldn't even think of any girl in their school that looked as good and so totally hot. He looked into those big green eyes that Suki made up to look so sensual and those plump red lips that looked like they were begging to be kissed. They sure didn't look like the lips of a boy on his way to go play in a baseball game. Suddenly a chill came over him and he loved the way those big hoop earrings looked on his head with his now blonde hair pulled back into a girl's style ponytail high on the back of his head.

Up to now he hadn't had a chance to really look himself over. He adjusted the mirror and got a really warm feeling inside as he looked at the cleavage peeking out of the top of the dress he was wearing. He was still feeling stimulated around his fake breasts for some reason. Not only did they itch but the nipples hurt if he bumped them into anything, including his own arm.

“My goodness, someone is suddenly full of themselves. You evidently like what you see, don't you, Margie honey? Well, that's good because you are going to see a lot more of the same over the next several weeks. You can try all kinds of different looks. The girls at the salon are enjoying working on your new looks. I know you said you'd never work in the shop unless made to but this new look that you're currently displaying might just be starting to make you



think differently about it,” Mary said. He didn’t answer, he just kept looking at his image with mixed emotions flooding his mind.

“You can start putting on your knee-high socks and ball shoes if you still want to play today, Margie dear,” Mom said knowingly

“Of course I want to play. You can’t keep me this way forever and when my punishment is through, I’m going back to being all boy, which is all I wanted to be, Mom,” he said but less convincingly now.

As Mary pulled into the ballpark’s lot, Mattie noted that the place was packed. They never had this many people show up for one of their games. As he swung the big door open, some people clapped, some laughed. One small section held up signs saying “Go join the Girl’s team, Maggie or Margie or whatever your name is.”

Players on the other team kept saying that they would never bring a girl to play in their league. Some of the people who came out of curiosity now had their first chance to see Mattie up close and refused to accept the fact that Margie was really a boy dressed as a girl. This had to be a trick of some kind. The crowd just kept a ruckus going and wouldn’t let them get the game started.

Finally the umpire held up both hands, waving them in the air for people to take their seats. “Young lady or young man, whichever you are, come with me. I want the visiting coach to come also and your Mom or Dad.”

He led them into the big bat room and ordered Matt to bare his bottom to prove if he was male or female. Mattie turned to his mother with a look of panic

on his face. Mary nodded and told him to go ahead. The only way he was going to get to play baseball with his team today was by proving she was actually a he.

Slowly Mattie, still facing his Mom, pulled the front of his dress up. With the other hand, he pulled his panties and his jock strap down. The umpire was getting impatient. "Come on, let's get this over with. I'd like to finish the game before midnight." Mattie turned towards them and, sure enough, there was his little squished penis.

"Where are your balls, boy?" the coach of the other team asked.

Matt reached down and was finally able to pull them out of his body cavity where Mom had made him put them. They slowly filled his sack and proved once and for all that he was still all boy.

"The reason for the dress and makeup is personal. Mattie is being punished. Is there anything else that you'd like to embarrass my son about?"

The ump told her, "No, I'm more than satisfied. Can we just go and play some ball now? Coach, it's up to you to explain this to your team."

The game finally started and the first batter popped one up high on the infield; the second baseman lost sight of the ball and Matt called him off and made the catch. The next batter hit a line drive over the first baseman's head for a double. Then came a strike out. The next batter was their biggest hitter. He screamed a grounder that handcuffed the third baseman.

Matt had to be off at the crack of the bat and dove head first, caught the ball, was back on his feet, and

threw the big man out, ending the scoring threat. That was only one of many amazing catches and put-outs that day. Matt also hit two home runs and the team won 5-1.

His amazing performance was despite all the cat calls, name calling, and yelling from fans trying to get under the skin of this amazing shortstop who almost single handedly took this game from them. They secretly admired his guts to be there dressed like a girl and play ball like no one else on the field that day.

They lined up and shook hands as a gesture of good sportsmanship. One of the opposing players told him, "Great game, Margie."

Another one of them, Chris, asked, "Is this a full time thing with you? If you want to hang out some time, I'd like to get to know you better." He handed her a little piece of wadded-up paper with his name and phone number. At the bottom, it said "Text me."

Matt was embarrassed and stuck it inside of his ball glove as he had no pockets or any place to put it. Cal saw the exchange from this other guy and instantly felt something strange. Jealousy perhaps? When this all started he just wanted Matt to get in trouble and get him out of the way but after seeing how hot he now was, he was feeling something new and different as he looked at his best friend.

They rode home with Mary, then Cal and Mattie went up to his room. Matt said that he had to shower and get some the dirt and grime off of him but Cal didn't move. He said, "I'll wait for you. I don't have anywhere to be this afternoon. Maybe your Mom will let us go out for ice cream or something?"

“What? Are you asking me on a date? I don’t think so, pal. You do know that I’m a boy despite what you see when you look at me all weird and all? Yeah, I see the way you’ve been looking at me all goo-goo eyed,” Matt said.

“Well then, let’s prove it.” Cal walked over into Matt’s face and said, “Kiss me and see if you don’t feel what I’m feeling.”

Mattie was so shocked by Cal even thinking this, let alone saying it that Cal took advantage of the moment of confusion. He reached out, held Mattie in his arms and kissed him right on the mouth. Matt pushed him away, “Are you crazy, man? What the hell was that?” he shouted and ran down to the shower.

When he heard the bathroom door open, he was afraid for a minute that it might be that crazy assed Cal. Then he heard his Mom say, “Margie, is everything all right? Why is Calvin still here while you are showering? He asked me if you two could go out for ice cream. You know that you still have a couple of weeks to go on your punishment, so you will still be in a dress and makeup.”

“Yeah Mom, I do know that and when I told him so, he tried to kiss me,” Mattie told her.

“You’re kidding me. Calvin, your best friend, tried to kiss you? Whatever for? He knows you’re a boy; he’s been your best friend since third grade. Although I do have to say that when you are made-up and pretty, I can see why a lot of boys would want to kiss you. You are beautiful, Margie and that could make other boys forget what’s in your panties until it’s too late,” Mary said.

“Thanks, Mom, that’s a big help. I just want my life back, a life that I did not deserve to lose in the first place, as I never did anything wrong. I do not want to be any kind of girl, hot or otherwise. For one thing its way too much work. My life was simple and easy as a boy and I surely don’t want to be some guy’s date.”

“Well, honey, I don’t agree 100%. As part of your punishment for snooping around and getting into your sister’s and my lingerie, I told you that you were going to experience what it was like to be a girl full time for a while. That includes dating a boy. Now you did play ball today and most of the people and players didn’t believe that you were a boy. I’ll talk to Cal about watching his steps with you. He just ran home to get his Dad’s car. He says that he doesn’t want to go to any of the local places so you aren’t embarrassed by someone who knows you. That was thoughtful of him,” Mom told him.

Then Mary help him dress. Matt put on his own bra and panties, then Mom showed him how to roll up the leg of the stockings. Once again she told him that he must put the straps of the garter belt through the legs of his panties, then attach them to the stockings. That way if you needed to use the restroom you could simply pull down the panties and go rather than have to pull down everything and get it all back in place when you’re done. Once Mattie had done this, Mom showed him the dress she’d bought him.

It was a red sleeveless number with a rounded neckline over the shoulder straps; it had a belted waist line and flared skirt that was mid-thigh. Nothing too fancy or sexy but, Mattie thought that it was way too short for his liking. His Mom handed him a pair of red 3” pumps, then had him sit at her vanity as she brushed and blowdried his long blonde hair which still had plenty of curl on the ends. She corrected him on the way a lady sits down, using her

hand to smooth the skirt or dress under her to keep it from bunching up and wrinkling her garment. She also showed her how to bend at the knees or stoop to pick up something from the ground so as to not expose her unmentionables. "When on a date," she said, "don't wolf down your meal like a linebacker. Take small bites and chew thoroughly."

She watched as Mattie tried himself to duplicate the makeup lessons that Beth had been showing him the past many days. He didn't do too badly but, Mom felt that he needed more help on his eyes. She then worked on them for him, creating a sensual and mysterious look. She had him put another coat of the red smear proof lipstick and gloss on and told him that he had the All-American sweetheart look now.

She helped him with a pair of dangle earrings and matching necklace, then gave him a bracelet and a feminine watch to wear. Last, Mom used a spritz of her favorite perfume and declared him ready.

When Cal saw Margie again now, his eyes lit up the whole room. "Wow, Margie, you look really beautiful. I don't know how you do it, but each time that I see you, you look even more incredible," he said nervously. "If you are ready, we should get going. I hope that you are hungry because I sure am."

It was pretty clear that Cal had run home, showered, shaved, and put on some nice clean clothes before returning.

Cal offered his arm to Margie and Margie pushed him away. "Cal, what are you doing. You'd better clear your head, man. We are not dating. Don't forget that I'm a guy just like you and I can still beat your ass, so don't go trying to act like we are a couple," he told Cal.

“Ok, I got it, sorry, I was just trying to be helpful,” Cal replied. As they started out the door, Mom handed Margie her little clutch purse with ID and necessities and of course her cell phone, even though Mattie told her that he couldn’t use it with those long red finger nails. As Margie turned to go down the walk, she turned her ankle on the still unfamiliar heels. If Cal hadn’t caught her, she would have been laying face first on the ground, scratched up or worse. She straightened up, smoothed down her dress and meekly said, “Thank you.” On her very next step, her ankle felt sore and a little weak. This time as Cal offered his arm, Margie took it for support and balance. Cal tried to hide a little smile.

Cal opened the car door for Margie and closed it when she got in. As he got in on his side and began driving, Margie said, “Look man, sorry about that back there. I shouldn’t have to tell you that I’m a real mess. I mean that I’m all boy and it’s killing me to be going around looking like this. I don’t know how Deb convinced my Mom that I was getting into her clothes and personal stuff, but now I’m screwed for I don’t know how long. When the word gets out around school, and it will, I won’t be able to show my face. I can probably kiss my dreams of a scholarship at a good college goodbye too. Who’s going to take me serious anymore?”

“I’m sorry for you. I know it must really suck to be punished for something that you didn’t do. But on the bright side, you are the most beautiful shortstop that I’ve ever seen. I wouldn’t worry about the kids in school. Maybe this will blow over in a week or two,” Cal told her.

“Thanks a lot. You just don’t get it. I don’t want to be beautiful or wearing dresses. I just want to be me and play ball. Something is slowly happening to me

both mentally and physically and it's really scaring me to pieces."

Cal then softly put his hand on Margie's knee and said, "At least you do know that I care and will be there for you no matter what. You are my best friend and that is never going to change."

Suddenly Margie realized that Cal's hand was on her thigh and he smacked it pretty hard.

"Damn, Cal, what the hell do you think you're doing? I just told you that I'm not some dumb girl and you'd better not be treating me like one, friend or no friend. You do that again and you can turn this car around and take me right back home," she said. She knew that would only be more more time in skirts and dresses as Mom insisted that he go out to eat with Cal, but, she wasn't going to tell him that.

They were driving about an hour or so when Cal pulled into this nice looking restaurant. Cal came around, opened the door for Margie and offered his arm. "Ok, thank you but no funny business," she said. Cal shook his head and offered the arm again.

They walked in and many heads turned. "Oh, dear God, they have figured out that I'm a boy and not a girl," she whispered into Cal's ear.

"No, honey, they are looking at you like you are some classy model or Goddess," he whispered back. "Why is it that you can't seem to see how beautiful and elegant you are? I know that you've seen yourself in the mirror and you *must* know that there is nothing about you that says 'Boy.' You know that you'd have died for a date with someone that looked even half as good as you as few weeks ago," Cal said sincerely.

As they were showed to a table, Margie felt naked and afraid. She clung to Cal's arm hard and sat as he was trying to be the ultimate gentleman and held the chair out for her. She looked around and asked the waitress if they could get a booth instead. She felt that it would be more private and she could hide behind Cal. "Honey, we have no booths in this restaurant. This is a high class place," the waitress told her.

Cal ordered a bottle of wine and showed the waiter his fake ID. Because the waiter's tongue was almost hanging out, he didn't even ask Margie for hers.

Halfway through dinner Margie told Cal she was about to pee her panties and asked what she should do. "I'd say that the men's room is definitely out so unless you'd like to take your chances out in the parking lot, I believe that you are going to have to use the ladies room, darling."

"Would you at least walk over there with me?" Margie asked.

"Now how would that look to everyone here that a beautiful grown woman was afraid to go to the bathroom? Just walk slow and wiggle that pretty tush of yours and you'll be fine. I'll watch from here," he told her. "Take your purse. You might want to touch up your lips."

While she was gone, Cal slipped a little something in her wine to make her a little more relaxed and agreeable, hopefully even a little horny.

When she was done she washed her hands as it wasn't as easy as when she was a boy and could just "whip it out" and be gone. She touched up her lips with a shaking hand, then hurried across the room to their table, unable to stop her tush from wiggling as

she walked. "Is everything alright?" Cal asked, smiling.

"I guess so, after I almost had a heart attack in there. There were a couple of ladies in there and when I thought that they were going to expose me, they told me that they thought I was beautiful and that we made a cute couple. I told them we were just friends and they said... Oh, never mind."

"Wait a minute, babe, you can't stop there. What did they tell you?" Cal asked.

Margie squirmed in her seat and after a sip of her drink, she said, "They said I shouldn't let that big hunk get away." She blushed and then tried to laugh it off. "For a second I almost told two total strangers all about us. That we were two boys out on a date, one dressed as a girl in panties and the other wanting to get into them." Cal just grinned and didn't say anything back.

"You don't have a clue, Calvin Shores, I've now seen the world from both genders. As a guy you just unzip, whip it out, go, and you're done. Girls have to just about undress, then sit down. Real girls and girls like me who are all folded back don't pee in a strong clean stream. No, we dribble and spray, then have to redress ourselves, wash our hands and touch up our makeup. I'd be happy to trade places with you any day!" she told him.

They finished the meal and Cal slid out and offered his hand. Margie took it without even thinking about it. Being that she'd finished off her drink and was feeling no pain now, Cal decided to test his luck. He pulled Margie close and kissed her on the lips. She didn't seem to mind at all and even kissed him back

to his surprise. Cal paid the bill and they left with Margie clinging to his arm tightly.

Cal drove them to a little park that he'd seen on the drive there and pulled over. Margie was leaning over and resting her head on his shoulder. Cal then got her out of the car and half-walked, half-carried Margie to one of the benches along the river. They appeared to be the only ones there that night.

They sat for a while kissing and making out when Cal got her down on her knees in front of him. He unzipped his pants and pulled them down along with his underwear. He then slowly pulled Margie's head towards his rock hard penis until her lips were touching him down there. He rubbed it back and forth across those bright red lips, driving himself mad. Slowly Margie opened her mouth and Cal slid in between those gorgeous lips.

Once he was fully in her mouth he took his cell phone out and took picture after picture of Margie performing this awesome task. He got her to look up at him with his rock hard cock buried deep in her mouth and took more pictures. "Do you want me to cum in your mouth, Margie?" he asked her. Margie just grunted and Cal took that to mean yes.

"That's a good girl. Now use your tongue too," Cal told her. Then as he looked at that beautiful face, he could hold back no longer. Cal grabbed his cock and began pumping it back and forth. Suddenly he felt the orgasm begin and then he saw stars as he blew his load into Margie's throat and mouth. He slumped back on the bench, trying to recover from the intense sensation he'd just experienced.

Finally he pulled poor Margie up and onto the bench beside him, gave her a big hug and kissed her on the lips.

She was starting to come out of the drug-induced state she'd been in. "Take me home, you bastard. That was a really low thing you just did to me. Unfortunately for me whatever you must have given me in the restaurant there has left my whole body weak or I'd beat your ass to a pulp."

Cal helped the poor girl/boy back into the car and headed for home. Neither one spoke as their minds were flooded with thoughts of what had just taken place. They both knew that it was something that couldn't be taken back or erased from their minds. Cal felt as if he'd taken control of their relationship from that moment on while Margie felt disgusted at the thought of what she'd just been made to do. But why did her body feel so alive and why had she taken to giving him head so easily. She was now even more messed up mentally and emotionally than ever. What she'd just done made her sick but, on another level, she liked it.

Once home, Cal walked her to the door with her hanging onto his arm. She had no idea why she didn't smack him when he bent down, kissed her on the lips and said, "Goodnight, Margie, I'll call you soon. Thank you for a wonderful night, one that I will never forget." Cal turned and walked away, leaving her standing there wondering how things could get any worse for her.

As she turned to open the door, she made a quick attempt to brush and straighten out her dress. Then she brushed her hair back and opened the door. Right there in front of her was her Mom. "So you don't want to ever date a boy or be a girl? Then what was that little display on our front porch? It sure looked to

me like the two of you were really doing a good job of kissing playing Dueling Tongues,” she said.

“It was that jerk Cal, he wouldn’t take no for an answer,” Margie said.

“Well, you sure as hell didn’t do anything to try and stop him with your arms locked around his neck and standing on your toes to reach his lips,” Mom said, smiling. “So it would seem that you love being a pretty girl. I’ll bet all eyes were on you as you entered the restaurant and you were eating up the attention.”

Out of all of what Mom said, what stuck in her head was that she had to stand on her toes to reach Cal’s lips. That would mean... No it couldn’t be! Was he really shrinking in height? He and Cal were the same height at one time. There were other things going on as well. He hadn’t shaved his face in over a week now and come to think about it, he’d noticed that there was no hair on his chest whatsoever. His skin was feeling softer and his hands looked smaller too. Suddenly his mind was once again in panic mode.

“Mom, can I just go to bed? You can pick on me all you want in the morning, I’m exhausted and I’m totally confused. I’m not sure what’s real and what isn’t right now,” she said just wanting to go to sleep and wake up from this nightmare in a few hours.

“Ok, darling but not until you shower, do your nightly routine and let me brush out your hair,” Mary told her. “I’ve bought you some new lingerie and I’ll put it on your bed for you. Then I’d like you come and have a hot cup of tea before bed. It’ll help you get to sleep and stop worrying about all you’ve been through lately.” Mary had bought a new tea with a

slight little additive she put in to knock her new daughter out.

It felt so good to get the water as hot as she could and just stand there under the spray. It was causing his mind to just relax and a calm came over him. He washed his long blonde hair which he still couldn't get used to seeing on her head. Then his mind started drifting off, unable to get away from the idea that he secretly found their sex play hot. Try as she might to deny it, it had also been stimulating to see all of the men watching her every step as she wiggled her behind. Margie knew in her heart that she did in fact look pretty hot. It was a different feeling than she'd ever felt before. Sure she got a lot of attention and got applause and admiration from playing baseball because of skill and hard work. But as Margie, she was just learning that looks, fancy dresses, hair and makeup were all she needed. All she had to do was look pretty. She remembered just recently telling her Mom that being a girl was too much work but, it was getting a little easier as time went on and she was learning to do things without even thinking. In just a short time of becoming Margie, she found feminine things were already becoming second nature to her. Her shower completed and wearing her new silky soft lingerie, for the first time she enjoyed it as Mom's magic hands brushed and dried her long hair. Margie couldn't ever remember feeling this close to her mother.

Deb came in and seeing them there like that, thought, "Oh, what a special Mother-Daughter moment." She ran, got her camera, quietly slipped back into the room and began taking picture after picture of the two of them.

The next day at practice, Margie had to again wear the very short dress. Something felt different though and Margie was a half-step slower than before. She

also didn't have quite as much zip on the ball when throwing to first base. Although she managed to get a few weak hits, she didn't come close to a home run this day. The coach finally asked, "Margie, are you ok? You don't look like you are the same person as yesterday. I don't care who you are; you know that all of my players have to bring it every day or stay home," the coach told him.

"I don't know, Coach. I'm not feeling so good all of a sudden. I don't have my usual jump. Maybe it's some kind of bug going around or something."

"You head on home and get some rest for the game tomorrow. In the meantime I'll have Cal take some ground balls and play a little shortstop just in case you don't feel better tomorrow," Coach said.

Hearing that the coach was going to play Cal over him at shortstop was like a knife in his gut. That was always his position and he could throw harder with the wrong hand than Cal could with his good hand. This bothered him all the way home. How was it that Cal seemed to know so much about all Mattie's problems, even before Mattie knew what was happening. Now that he thought about it, Cal was in his room and around his house almost as much as Deb and he were. If Deb was truly sincere and she didn't do any of these things, that left Mom, Stu, or Cal. Mom had no apparent reason and Stu had even less reason. That left only Cal who suddenly seemed to have the greatest reason of all. Cal wanted to play shortstop on the team and Mattie was the one who stood in his way.

The more that Margie thought about it, the more she was convinced that she was right about the whole matter. The biggest problem for Margie now was the fact that he/she was getting weaker by the day and didn't know why, plus the itching in her

chest was driving her to distraction. She was finding it hard to concentrate.

The next day Margie told Mom her theory about Cal and that she was getting weaker with each passing day. She also told her about the constant itching coming from under the breast forms. "Mom, I think that it's time that I see a doctor to find out what's going on with my body," she said. "I'm beginning to get really scared that something bad is happening to me physically and mentally."

Mary spent the day thinking all of this over and remembered having similar feelings about Cal. He seemed to be sneaky much of the time. She didn't like the fact that Cal seldom looked her in the eyes when talking to her.

"OH MY GOD! If this is all true, that means that I've punished Mattie severely and God help me he was telling the truth the whole time," she thought.

Mary called her doctor and made an appointment right then. It turned out that that there was a cancelation that afternoon at 1:00 PM. Mary said that would be fine and that they would be there. "Honey, let me get that solvent to remove your breast forms."

Mary walked over to her closet where she'd hid the solvent but it wasn't where she'd put it. She all but tore her closet apart looking for it. According to the instructions that came with the forms, this solvent was the only safe way to remove the forms; the usual solvents would cause harm to the skin. There wasn't time now to try and figure it out as they needed to get going to make the appointment.

“Mom, I don’t want to go wearing a dress,” Margie exclaimed.

“I don’t think that there is a choice right now as the special solvent has come up missing and we don’t have time to find out what has happened to it,” Mom said.

It took about 35 minutes to get there; upon arrival the receptionist had Mom fill out the usual paperwork. It was only minutes before they were called back. The nurse handed Margie one of those thin robes and told her to strip down to panties and bra. Red-faced and embarrassed, he slowly did as ordered, then noticed the table with the metal stirrups on the end. He swallowed hard and looked at his mother. “Mom, this is a gynecologist, a doctor for women and girls. Why on earth did you bring me here? You should have taken me to my own regular doctor.”

“I thought about that but look how you are dressed. Don’t you think that this might be a little less humiliating than marching into your regular doctor in front of a bunch of boys staring holes in the pretty young lady.”

“Mom, tell me the truth. Did you or Deb hide this magic solvent so that I’d have to stay this way longer?” she asked.

“Why, Margie Diaz, I would never lie to you. I despise liars. If you remember that’s what led to all this punishment in the first place. I thought, based on all the evidence, that you were lying,” Mom said. Just as the words left her lips, the doctor walked in.

“Well, it seems that we have a case of gender dysphoria here, Miss Diaz,” the doctor said. Margie



thought the doctor was talking to Mary. She'd never been called Miss before in her life.

"I believe the Doctor is talking to you, dear," Mom said. "Doctor, this whole case is very complicated. If I may Doc. Benson, it all started with my daughter, I mean my other daughter..." She continued to recount the entire saga, being careful not to leave any possibly important details out.

"My goodness, that is quite a story. Let's get a blood workup and see what's going on in the poor girl. I'll take a quick look at Margie and see if anything jumps out at us." The doctor did a full exam and found nothing out of the ordinary with Margie. "I did notice a little lump under her arm that I'd like to check out further. Other than that, I found nothing other than what you already told me. Margie's body is definitely going through some major changes and I hope that the answer will be found in the blood work I've ordered.

"You can go ahead and get dressed now, honey. I do want to ask if you one more thing. I know that you said earlier that you were in no pain. Are you experiencing any pain or discomfort?" t

"Well, just a little discomfort in my belly every morning and then there's the itching that I already told you about. I could swear that my chest is slowly getting bigger and I don't have the strength that I had only a week or two ago. My dream was to play major league baseball one day but I'm now someone more interested in shopping and more suited to chasing butterflies. Even my brain is changing, I never would have thought about something like butterflies three weeks ago."

“For now all we can do now is wait and see what the blood work has to say. I can’t see anything physically that would cause these things to happen or why you would be losing your strength. I’d like to see you again. How about this coming Friday? I should have the blood results back and hopefully we can see what’s going on inside of you,” the doctor said. “Mary, I would like you to pick up some multi-vitamins for Margie in the meantime. I think that they will help restore a little of that strength she says she’s losing. I’ll see you and Margie back here in my office in a couple of days.”

As they drove away, Mary couldn’t help but see Margie as she pulled down the visor and looked into the lighted mirror, then pulled her lipstick out of her purse and carefully applied it to her smooth beautifully formed lips. She did this as if it were the most natural act she’d ever done. Then out of nowhere came, “Mom, I don’t think I feel like playing baseball today. Do you think that you and I could just go do a little shopping, maybe pick up an outfit and some lingerie?”

“Why sure, honey if that’s what you want? I have a lot to make up for with you. I’m so sorry that I didn’t really try and find out who did this horrible thing. I should have known that you’ve never really lied to me before. As far as the game goes, you are the best one on the team, I hope that’s not why you don’t want to go play ball. I told you that you do not have to wear a dress while playing. At the moment we can’t do anything about the breasts, your changing figure, your long hair or beautiful face. It’s going to take a while for your eyebrows to grow back, if they ever do, “Mom said.

“No Mother, it’s not that at all. just don’t have the desire to play today and face them all again. I just

want to buy something pretty as that's the way I feel today."

So that's just what they did. Margie was all smiles as she and her Mom shopped the afternoon away. Margie bought herself a very pretty dress and some new lingerie. They called home and when Deb answered, Mom told her that she would stop and bring home some Chinese takeout.

When they got home Deb said that Margie had a phone call on the answering machine. Margie hit the "play" button, not knowing what to expect. It turned out to be that Chris kid from the ballgame last week. He said his name was Chris Stout, that he was the one who gave her his phone number after the game last week. He wanted to know if she'd go to the summer dance Friday night at the old music casino in town with him.

Margie blushed almost crimson and went in her room to find the dress she'd worn to play in that day. It was still in the clothes hamper and she dug out the crumpled paper with Chris's phone number on it.

Margie picked her cell phone out of her purse and called the number on the crumpled piece of paper. It rang twice and someone picked up. "Hello, this is Chris," he said happily as they'd won the game 7-1 against Margie's team.

"Yeah. Chris, you can start by taking my name and number off your phone. Believe me when I say that you don't want to date me or get mixed up with the likes of me. I thought that it was made clear to everyone at the ball park that I am not a real girl. If you didn't get the message, well, here it is. I'm only a girl in the way I dress and look. Underneath all that makeup and pretty clothes I have a penis just like

you do Iso dating me would only end in one of us or both getting hurt. It's not going to happen," Margie told him.

"Margie, I heard what they said at the ballpark to allow you to play, I also heard what you just said and I don't care one bit. I really liked what I saw and heard and I'm only wishing to get to know you better. All I ask for is a chance for me to know you better and you to know me better. The dance is a very public place so you know that I'm not going to pull anything crazy. If for any reason you don't want to stay, I'll bring you home or you can call your Mom to come get you if you are worried. So what do you say? Will you go to the dance with me? I'll tell you right up front that I'm not a very good dancer but I promise to do my best. I'm looking forward to getting to know you better," Chris said with hope in his voice. From the moment he first saw her, he could think of nothing else but her.

"I don't know, Chris. I'm not all that comfortable in my new skin, so to speak. I mean there will be kids there that I grew up with and they only ever knew me as Matt. It's hard to have them seeing me this way. Plus I'm a real mess mentally right now. I don't understand what's happening to my body or my mind. All I know is that both my body and my mind are fighting to turn me into a girl.

"My Mom asked me about going to play ball today. She even had my regular old ball uniform and said I could wear it if I wanted. I said 'No, Mom, I don't feel like playing ball today.' I then told her that I'd rather go shopping for a dress and some new lingerie. I always hated shopping for anything so why am I saying and doing things that I always hated before? Oh My God, I'm sorry for blabbing on and on, I told you that my mind is all mixed up and messy right now. So you'd be better off dating anyone but me. "

“You can tell me anything that you want and it will stay just between you and me. I can only imagine how I’d feel if something as life changing as this happened to me. Look, you’ve known me casually for some time from playing ball these past years so you know that I’m a pretty decent guy. Everyone needs someone they can count on and trust to confide in and know it won’t go any farther. Be like a beautiful Butter fly and spread your wings and fly. If this is going to be your fate, you’ll have to accept it and go on living. So will you let me be you friend and go to the dance with me, Margie Diaz? It’s not like I’m asking you to marry me or anything. Well, not yet anyway,” he laughed.

There was a war going on inside her head at this time. One side of her brain was saying “No, you can’t. You are still a boy and Chris is a boy. Come on, Matt, you are not gay.” The other side of her brain was telling her to go for it. “He’s hot and he sure isn’t gay so go test your new life style by dressing up and showing it off, girl. Go have some fun at the dance.” Then against his own will, she heard the words as they left her mouth.

“Ok, Chris, I’d like to go with you but I have to check with my mother. What time and where?” she said.

“Oh, thank you, Margie. You won’t regret it. I’ll pick you up Saturday night around 6:30 PM. The dance is being held at the old Music Casino in town. If you would like, we could grab dinner someplace first. I know several places not far from the Casino I’d be happy to pick you up at 6:00 and we could have a quiet dinner and have a chance to get to know each other better and still make the dance by 7:30. Just let me know so I can make a reservation for us. If I don’t hear back from, you I’ll assume that we are on for

dinner and I'll pick you up at 6:00. I'm really looking forward to Saturday," Chris told her.

When Margie returned to the dining room, Mom and Deb were eating and talking. "What was that all about?" Mom asked.

"That was Chris Stout, one of the guys I played ball against. He asked me out to dinner and the dance Saturday night at the old Music Casino. At first I was sure that he was pulling a joke on me but he wasn't. The longer we talked, the more confused I got. I told him that I would if it was OK with my mom. I've known him for quite a while. He is a pretty decent guy and he fully understands my current condition so that won't be an issue. He said that he really just wanted to get to know me better."

"All things considered, I don't see why you can't make up your own mind and do as you think is best for you. I don't have to worry about you getting pregnant," Mom snickered "If you think that he is an ok guy and that he'll look after you then you go ahead and go. You deserve a little happiness after what your own mother did to you, because of that sneaky Calvin Shores. I still plan to deal with him at some point when I'm able to come up with something special for him."

Margie worked at Mom's salon the rest of the week. She was being more and more acclimated to the world of woman's fashions and the way women think and act. She also learned about the world of high fashion and glamor and how makeup can change a person's looks in so many different ways.

On Thursday they got a call from the doctor's office and Mom and Margie went right over. When Dr.

Benson came in only minutes later, Margie was just tying the loose strings on the flimsy gown.

“Margie, we got the results of your blood work back and it seems that either you lied to me or someone is adding female hormones to your food or drinks. What I found is that you are on a very high dosage of estrogen, a pre-estrogen and several other hormones, in addition to a strong testosterone blocker. Your body and your mind have already begun to change, I’m sure that you are already aware of both of these facts. Now can you think of anything that might have changed in your normal diet? Are you taking any pills or aids?” the doctor asked.

“No I’m not. The only thing besides food that goes into my body is my powder muscle builder that I take each morning with my breakfast. It’s supposed to build muscles and give you more strength and energy. I’ve been taking it for years and these changes only started a couple of months ago. Plus they have stopped doing what they are supposed to do. I’m losing strength daily.”

“I need you to go home and bring me back that muscle builder today if you will. I believe that this might be the source of your problem. Mrs. Diaz, I’d like you to bring me this Calvin Stores boy. I suspect that he has something to do with all of this.”

They hurried home and while Mary looked Margie’s container of muscle builder she had Margie call Calvin and asked him to come over. Calvin, not being the brightest young man, thought that maybe Margie was coming around and they could finally hook up.

As soon as Cal got there, Mary said they had a couple of quick chores to do and if he’d like to come

along, they could stop for ice cream. Calvin wasn't worried about ice cream; he was only thinking about after they got back and being alone with Margie so he readily jumped into the car.

When they pulled into the doctor's office, she told him to come in with them and he did without question. Once inside, the nurse took the container from Margie. The doctor came out and called them in. "You too, young man. I'd like to ask you a few questions." the doctor said to Cal.

Once in the examination room, the doctor turned to Cal. "I'm giving you one chance to come clean, young man. If you don't tell the truth, I'll turn this whole matter over to the police," she said which totally caught Cal off guard. He was so scared that he confessed all.

"I stole Margie's sister's clothes and hid them around Matt's room to try and get him in trouble so that his Mom would ground him and not let him play ball. It looked like he wasn't going to get in trouble so then I went online and got this capsule that said if you put it just under the skin, it would release hormones that would help a boy turn into a girl. One night when Margie and I were out to dinner, I slipped something in her water to knock her out for a while, just long enough to make a tiny cut under her left arm and slip the capsule in. But that was only two, maybe three, weeks ago. That couldn't have changed her that fast, could it?"

"You swear that that is the only thing that you ever gave her or did to her?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, I swear to God that's all I did," Cal replied

“Well that’s enough to get you into juvenile home if the Diazs wish to press charges but you are right, there is something else going on inside Margie. I’m afraid that she has passed the point of no return. Mrs. Diaz, do you have the solvent to remove the breast forms?” she asked.

“Yes, I have it right here in my purse.” Mary took it out and handed it to the Dr.

“You, Mr. Stores, can wait out in the reception area. You’d better not leave if that’s what you’re thinking or I’ll go straight to the police and let them deal with you,” the doctor warned

After he was out of the room, the doctor had Margie strip to the waist. She slowly and patiently applied the special solvent. Little by little the breast form peeled away. As it finally came loose all three gasped and said “OH MY GOD!” Right before their own eyes they found a perfectly formed conical real flesh and blood breast.

Once the other breast form was off it was plain to see that this breast matched the first perfectly. The Doctor felt the beautifully matched breasts. They were firm, yet soft to the touch. After she fondled the pair for some time, Margie got a shiver from the stimulation. All the doctor could do was shake her head in amazement.

Then came another surprise; as the doctor went to move the breast form she, felt a sharp little prick on her finger tips. After looking the breast form over carefully, she discovered that the whole inside of the form was covered with tiny little needle-like teeth. Being glued in place, the wearer wouldn’t feel the little teeth unless the form was moved from side to side or up and down. She then sent the breast form to the

lab for further examination. The lab responded in very short order. What they found was that the form contained a host of female hormones. The wearer's body heat made the forms constantly emit hormones, essentially overloading the body with gender changing chemicals.

As they discussed the effects of the combined hormones from the implant and the breast forms, the report came back on the power drink mix. It too was laced with powerful female hormones and testosterone blockers. Poor Matt never stood a chance. It was no wonder that he was feeling ill once a month or that he'd lost his strength and power to play ball the way that he'd been used to.

Saturday finally came and Margie was a nervous as a bride on her wedding day. Around noon Margie had Beth do her hair for her. Then while she sat under the big hair drier in rollers Sue Lee did her manicure and pedicure and soon had them shining a bright red.

Once back home, she changed into the new lingerie Mom had bought her that day. She wore a red pushup bra that could barely contain her still growing breasts. Next was a red suspender belt followed by red lace-trimmed panties that matched the bra. Mom had taught her how to roll up the nylon stockings and then she slipped her feet into a pair of three-inch pumps.

She sat down at her new vanity and did her own makeup as she'd become very skilled in this area. Using sponges and brushes, she used her face as a canvas and created a masterpiece. She started with a sponge and applied a smooth base. Then she worked on her eyes, dark eye liner, mascara, several shades of blended eye shadow. She used a lip pencil to outline her pouty full lips, then colored them in with a

bright creamy red lipstick, followed by a shiny lip gloss. She dusted with a fine powder to set her face.

She looked in the mirror and still couldn't believe her eyes. How was all of this possible? It seemed like it was just yesterday that she was a happy-go-lucky young man and a great shortstop looking forward to a scholarship and possibly becoming a professional baseball player. Now she'd somehow been turned into some beautiful fairy princess.

Then a chill swept over her whole body and she felt a warm tickling in her stomach. Then she began to realize the fact that she was about to go on a date with another boy, one that she didn't really know all that well. "OH GOD! WHAT AM I DOING?" she said out loud to herself.

Before she knew what was happening, she heard the doorbell ring and her Mom yelling that her date was here for her. She wanted to run and hide as this all seemed so strange to her. In the past, it had always been he who stood awkwardly inside the front door being announced to pick up his date.

"WOW! You look really amazing, Margie. I never realized just how beautiful you are. You'll be the Queen of the ball tonight and I'll be the proudest guy there," Chris said.

Chris was a real gentleman and offered Margie his arm. Not quite knowing what to do, she put her hand threw his bent arm and was soon thankful, for his strong muscular arm that helped her balance on the still unfamiliar high heels. He opened the door for her and waited for her to swing her legs in. As he looked down, he couldn't resist the glorious view of her breasts before closing the door. He could hardly keep from laughing out loud as he ran around the back of

the car and to the driver's door. Chris couldn't believe his good luck. Chris took his Dad's big Continental because he didn't want the center console between them, like the one in his sports car.

"I'm really sorry, Margie. I'll try not to bring this subject up again tonight but I have to ask you this just once. What does it feel like? I mean I can't even begin to imagine how they turned you into this beautiful young woman from an athletic, muscular boy. You were headed for one of the best colleges on a baseball scholarship and now I don't for one minute doubt that you could get one for girls' basketball, or cheerleading," Chris said

"Well, at first it felt really odd. I'm still adjusting to not only my body but my mind as well. I cried myself to sleep almost every night in the beginning but I'm gradually getting used to seeing my new body this way. Having breasts is a real pain as they always seem to be in the way. Plus they've become more sensitive as time goes on. Knocking them into anything is like getting hit in the balls feels like for a guy. Plus what's really strange is I'm beginning to think and feel more like a woman each day but I still have these flash backs of being a guy," Margie tried to explain to Chris.

"Witch brings up my question for you. Why did you ask me out knowing that I'm still half boy? Are you gay or Bi-curious, or just plain old curious?" Margie asked him

"Honestly, I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't a little curious but that's not what made me ask you out. I like you as a person. You were always very competitive but fair. You treated everyone the same. Then, after your change, I thought that you were really cute and had some real guts out there playing ball in a dress. Then when you walked in tonight and I first

saw you, I'm not so sure of what I am anymore. You probably noticed that I couldn't even speak. You blew my mind away," he said.

"I thought you were cute too with your red cheeks and mouth that wouldn't work. That really helped me get over being so embarrassed. I never dreamed I'd ever think of a guy as cute. That's something a girl would say." She smiled

"Well, we've got all of that awkwardness out of the way so maybe we can just enjoy the time together for the rest of the night," Chris said.

Chris had reservations at an upscale restaurant and they did enjoy the night, starting with a really nice dinner and some good conversation. Several times when talking about this college or that pro team, Margie corrected him and darned it, when Chris looked it up on his phone, she was right every time

"You know what, it's really nice having a girlfriend that's not only beautiful but is so well-versed in sports," he said.

"Oh, so now I'm your girlfriend?" Margie said, teasing him.

Chris blushed at his mistaken declaration. "No...you know what I meant. You're a girl that is a new friend so that means you are a girl...friend," he mumbled

"Ok, just checking because if I'm your girlfriend on our very first date, then how soon before you purpose? Because I distinctly remember that you said to me, and I quote, 'Come to the dance with me. It's not like I'm asking you to marry me'." With that she

turned to face him and gave him this sexy little grin. For reasons not known even to her, she leaned over and gave him a little teasing peck on the lips. After they each regained their composure, they enjoyed their meal and more small talk, getting to know each other better.

They finished up, retrieved Chris' car and headed for the dance. Chris felt like a King with his Queen as they walked in and almost all eyes were on them. The music was mixed with half fast songs and half slow. Margie surprised even herself and Chris lied as he actually was a very good dancer and she matched him step for step. With each slow dance, he pulled her closer and closer to him. Finally she put both arms around his neck as there was nowhere else to put them. Then she felt both of his hands on her ass. Soon she found her head snuggled into his neck and shoulder. Then he whispered that maybe they should go. She wasn't sure that she heard him right, looked up and found their lips mere inches apart. They just stood there until they could feel a warmth building within their stomachs. Chris looked down and said, "You're so freakin' gorgeous, Margie," then kissed her softly on her beautiful red lips.

Margie returned his kiss with passion and ran her bright red fingernails through his hair, massaging it with her perfect long oval nails. They continued to kiss and the fire within each of them grew. Inside her head her mind was yelling, "Stop, what in hell are you doing?" but she couldn't stop. She couldn't pull her lips from his and she didn't want to.

Chris reached down, took her hand, pulled her away from the dance floor and into the big Continental that was waiting for them. He helped her into the opened door and went around and got in the driver's seat. She scooted over next to him and he put his arm around her. He drove them to his house and helped

her out. "Is this your house? If so, I feel a little strange barging in like this," she said.

"Don't worry, Margie, My Mom is great and I'm pretty sure that she knows all about me. My Dad is completely unaware of my feelings or desires but, he's out of town so not to worry," he told her.

As they entered, they were greeted by Chris' Mom. "Mother, this is Margie Diaz, Margie, this is my Mom. We are just going to hang out for a little bit."

"Well, you kids just be safe please," Mom said.

The two kids kind of snickered and Chris said, "No problem, Mom. We're just friends who are getting to know each other better."

Margie sat down on the edge of his bed. Chris joined her and being very turned on by her, put his arm around her and began kissing her again. Suddenly Margie saw where this was headed. If she didn't stop it now, she was afraid where it would end. "Chris, you really are special and I'm so turned on it hurts but I just can't," she said.

"You mean your mother? Margie, you're 18 years old and you can legally do what you want," Chris said.

"No, that's not what I meant. Are you forgetting one little thing? I don't have a vagina!" she whispered, rather embarrassed.

"Margie honey, there's more than one way to express your affection or love," he said.

"Chris, please don't ask me to let you do that. I can't even imagine doing that," she said.

“Oh, it’s not what you’re thinking. I was referring to orally pleasing one another. I wasn’t asking you to do anything that you don’t want to do or are not ready to do. I’m quite happy just spending time with you. I’d be lying if I said that you didn’t have me totally turned on right now but there’s no hurry. Just kissing your beautiful sweet strawberry tasting lips is enough for now,” he said.

“Ohhhh, don’t I feel foolish. It took everything in me to stop because the truth is I didn’t want to stop. These hormones are really messing with my mind and my body,” she said.

They ended up just lying there in a passionate embrace, talking and stealing a kiss every now and then. The heat was building between them though and suddenly she felt her whole body orgasm at once. “Chris, I need to use your restroom,” she said.

“That first door is my walk-in closet and the one just past it is the bathroom,” he told her.

Once inside the restroom, she pulled down her panties to find that she’d ejaculated in her panties just as she’d suspected, without ever getting a hard on or touching herself down there. She wiped herself up as well as she could and went back into the bedroom. “Chris, I’m sorry but I need to go home now.” She blushed beet red. “I had an accident and soiled my panties,” she told him.

Chris handed her a pair of his younger sister’s panties and said, “Please don’t be embarrassed. I...I kind of felt it. These are my younger sister’s panties. You are about the same size as her so I think that they will fit you just fine. She has so many that she’ll never miss them at all,” he said.

Margie opened them up to find that they were thongs. She almost choked but didn't want to make a scene or seem ungrateful so she just said "thank you" and went back into the bathroom. It took some doing to get herself situated and tucked into the thong style panties. She then straightened out her dress and touched up her strawberry lips, making them look soft and colorful. They looked so creamy smooth. Once this was finally accomplished, she re-joined Chris in the bedroom. She walked over to him, put her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. "Thank you for a really wonderful evening. I really enjoyed it," she said.

You think *you* enjoyed it? This was one of the best nights of my whole entire life. I hope that we can have many more nights just like this one," he said.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs, there stood Chris' Dad. "Hey Dad, when did you get home? I thought that you weren't supposed to get back until Sunday. Welcome home, it's good to see you. Oh, excuse me, this is my friend Margie. Margie, meet my Dad." Mr. Stout couldn't take his eyes off of the young beauty. Finally Mom elbowed him in the ribs.

"Hello, young lady. It's very nice to meet you," he said. "It's all very clear now what's been keeping my son so happy lately. He's been going all over the house humming and singing. You've made him a changed man for the better. I wondered why he was showering so often lately and his manners have been very much improved. I suspect that you are to be credited for that as well. I thank you for making a gentleman out of my boy.

"What do you do for a living? Are you a model or something?" Mr. Stout ask.

“No sir, nothing as glamorous as that. Chris and I were in the same grade but in different high schools. Now that I’m out of school, I’ll be working for my mother at her Salon as she needs the help right now. My sister and two or three others work there now. I hope to go to college in the fall at U or M. I had a 4.0 GPA and got a small academic scholarship but that won’t be nearly enough to get into their medical program. I’ll figure it out though and find a way. I am determined to do this.”

“I apologize if this is embarrassing but I have to ask. You’re not the young ball player that was being scouted by hundreds of schools as a greatest short stop that this state has ever seen and then turned you into a young lady, are you?”

Margie blushed deeply. “Yes, I’m afraid that that’s me. We actually found out what happened. Turns out my best friend was jealous of me and wanted to play shortstop. He figured if he got me in trouble with my Mother she would ground me giving him my position at shortstop but it seems that he got a little carried away and over did it,” she said and raised her arm to show Mr. Stout where the implant was. In doing so, her sleeveless blouse allowed him a look at her breast and this caused him to become aroused. He felt ashamed as he felt his cock swell and put a little bulge in his pants. He had to excuse himself and walk away.

When Chris couldn’t come and see Margie or take her out, he always called her and they talked about everything under the sun. By their 5th date, things were heating up even more and they made out with more feeling each time. On each of their dates, Beth did Margie’s hair in a different way and continued to teach her how to do what she was doing. Suki continued to do her makeup depending on what the kids were going to do that night. She showed her how to

bring out different colors and shades and Margie was almost good enough to work in the salon and do other ladies' makeovers.

Margie continued to grow and change both mentally and physically. She was now a 36 full B cup. She let Chris play with her breasts; finally on the 6th date, she let him remove her blouse and bra and lick and suck on her tits. It seemed to her that with each time he did this, they were more pointed and larger, plus she needed the extra pair of panties that she now carried with her all the time.

“Margie, I’m about to explode and I need some relief. I’m begging you to give me some head. We’ve been together for several months now and I’ve been filling your needs as best that I can. You know that I’m not going anywhere and I want us to be together for life but every once in a while I need some relief too and I don’t want to go to anyone else to get that release, You’re my one and only.”

Margie knew that the day was coming when she’d have to capitulate and give into Chris. After all he was always putting her needs first and looking after her, she knew that he loved her and her feelings for him had grown and grown over the months. He was the only one of all her former baseball buddies that tried to be a friend while he was going through all of these life changing events. She felt that she really did owe him. Plus her own carnal desires were growing daily; she’d been fantasizing what it would be like lately.

This night they decided to stay in and watch a movie. After only minutes into the movie, Margie excused herself to use the restroom. Chris had his own bathroom which only accessed from his huge bedroom. She took about 15 minutes in the bathroom. She refreshed her makeup and took off her outer

clothing, leaving her standing in a black bra and matching panties set. She was also wearing black silk stockings rolled up and attached to a black garter belt and a pair of 3" patent leather high heels.

She left the light on in the bathroom and just stood in the doorway. Chris looked her way when the door opened and as he took in the view, he said, "Oh dear God, you're beautiful. What's going on?"

"Well, I thought that my boyfriend and lover deserved a special treat, but if you're not interested I can put my clothes back on and we can just watch the movie," she told him.

"Are you kidding me? I've be waiting for this for months. Please don't tease me. Get your butt over here now, baby, before I tackle you right where you stand," he replied.

Margie did tease him a little more as she came towards the bed, wiggling her hips seductively. She whispered in her high toned voice, "Do you want some of this?" She ran her hand over the length of her body, stopping only to caress her breasts and groin. "Come get it, big boy," she said and walked over to him. She looked up into his eyes, then brought her gorgeous red lips so close that you couldn't put a piece of paper between them. Chris could smell her fragrant perfume; their lips touched ever so softly, then harder and harder they pressed their lips together. Margie held her lips to his and began to unbutton his shirt. She ran her hands over his bare muscular chest , causing him to shiver.

Chris was erect and hard just looking at this former ballplayer now turned all woman. She excited him just by him looking at her in her matching black and sensual lingerie. They were each reaching the

boiling point when suddenly she sunk down on her knees and touched his manhood with her soft hands with the bright red nail polish. She moved her hand up and down like she'd seen in a few porn videos lately. It felt strange to handle another man's penis. It also felt good. She remembered from before all of these changes happened to her body just what felt good to Matt. She unhooked the clasp on her bra, baring her perfect firm and conical breasts and slowly took it off, further driving him wild.

She swallowed hard trying to muster up the courage to follow through with what she'd started. She moved close, kissed the tip, then ran her tongue all around the tip. "Is this what you've been wanting, dear? Have you been wanting my big red lips around your cock?" she said and took him in deeper and deeper into her mouth until he touched the back of her throat.

"Oh my God! Yes...please don't stop. Where on earth did you learn to do that?" he mumbled, barely able to speak.

"I went and bought a little imitation Chris at the adult book store so that I could practice before I could get my hands on the real thing," she whispered in her new high-pitched sensual voice.

"Well, you are one hell of a fast learner and I love what you're doing right now, so please...don't stop," He begged and she didn't. Chris looked down to see that beautiful face and those plump red lips and he couldn't hold back any longer. His initial shot which had been building up for several months, hit the back of her throat and there were several volleys follow.

Margie swallowed as fast as she could but it was hard to keep up with him. His cum ran out of her mouth and down her chin. She shocked him as she continued to lick and clean him up until he couldn't take any more. "Wow!" was all he could say.

"Wow indeed," she responded.

"Don't worry, babe, I told you that my little sister has many pairs of panties and she'll never miss a few pairs," he said, grinning ear to ear.

"All I can say is that if I'd have known that this was that good, I'd have done that a long time ago. Now I'm starving, though. Could we go get something to eat?" she asked him.

"You really are my kind of woman, because I was thinking the same thing. If you'd like to go clean up, I'll get you some clean panties. Are there any special type or style you prefer?" he asked.

"No, I'm not that fussy, although I'm not that crazy about those tiny thongs. I guess that if we are going to continue dating, I'm going to have to start putting a couple of extra pairs of panties in my purse," she chuckled.

He took her out to a nice restaurant and they had a great meal. As they drove on the way back, Chris happened to see the local tattoo parlor. "Hey, let's stop and look around." Chris had something in mind already and he found just what he was looking for. He told Margie what he had in mind and told her that he would get one if she would. He got a little caterpillar with a smile on its face on his right shoulder, and she got a colorful little butterfly on her left shoulder. He had told her that he'd watched her turn from a great baseball player into a beautiful butterfly.

The girls at the salon thought that her new tattoo was really cute and also very fitting. One of the girls had gotten pregnant and was having to quit. Chris had quite an inheritance. Not long afterward he bought the salon for more than it was valued at so that Margie's Mother could retire or she could continue to manage the salon. She would now have enough money to hire some top notch beauticians and cosmetologists. He made sure that Deb had the funds to do whatever she wanted to do as well.

As for Margie, she and Chris got married in a private ceremony and headed off on a whirlwind honeymoon. Margie was now a woman in every sense of the term but one and Chris liked her just the way she was. It was one of his greatest joys to walk into the finest restaurant or hotels with the most beautiful woman in the place and have the jealous admirers not know what was under her dress or skirt. Margie's dreams of playing baseball faded away and she'd come to love her new life of being pampered and adored by her man.

Then one day she noticed that her top was wet and that there was a round circle all around her big nipples. The continuing high volume of hormones now had her lactating. Chris had thought that he'd sensed the sweet taste of a mother's breast milk. They applied for an adoption; when you can throw enough money at the right people, you can expedite things. They now had little twin babies, a girl and a boy, whose mother was killed in an accident. There was no other family. So immediately Margie's breast milk was put to good use. She got great pleasure from her darling little babies suckling on her big nipples.

There was much more to Margie's story but we'll have to leave that for another time.

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