

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

BECOMING EMMA



*“Kevin, understand that you are no longer
a boy! As a girl, you’ll have to wear all
these luscious clothes...like US!”*

VOLUME 57

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
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BECOMING EMMA SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS- 1

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION
VOLUME 57**

Becoming Emma

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“Becoming Emma”

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Reward!


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‘LOVE EDITING’

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“I love writing about crossdressing...
What I hate is the paperwork.”

A decorative illustration of holly leaves and berries in the top left corner. The title "Becoming EMMA" is centered, with "Becoming" in a bold, blocky font and "EMMA" in a large, elegant, outlined script font.

Becoming EMMA

The full details of that train crash are still so vivid, so very painful to me. The heavy plate glass windows breaking in the carriage where I sat, the glass falling...falling and slicing, the intense pain that I felt, and the blood that gushed.

I recall each and every day of those weeks spent in hospital, the shock and trauma in finding out what had occurred in the accident, yet there was still worse to come.

Because of the extensivity of the injuries I had suffered, and the fact that I could never function as a man, the doctors suggested to my parents that a full sex change surgery be carried out on me so that I could have some form of future sex life. The remnants of my manhood were irreparable, but they could be used to fashion in fully functional vagina.

Doctor Reynolds, the house surgeon, said, "Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, you think that Kevin will be totally devastated if you give permission for such an operation, but what are your options? At least, as a girl, your son can lead a normal life."

"I took the liberty of performing some tests on Kevin. They reveal that he has a low testosterone count, below the normal average for a boy his age. Now that he has lost his manhood, he cannot produce any more. He has a very slim build, and his face has no strong masculine features. From a physical point of view, Kevin's transformation from male to female would be easy to make."

“Female hormones will ensure that his feminization will be very fast and effective. Within just a short period of time, nobody will ever guess that Kevin ever was male.”

“Mentally, it may be a different story. Changing one’s sex is a very traumatic experience, even for those that feel they are female and choose to take that path. To have such a major thing thrust upon you without your wish or consent...well, let’s just say that, for most healthy young boys, it would be their worst nightmare. Any self-respecting boy would cringe at the mere thought of having such a thing done. Yet I am afraid to say that, in Kevin’s case, he really has no choice, no choice at all. He is already permanently bereft of his manhood.”

As I was below the age of consent and legally a minor, it had to be the doctor and my parents that made the decision for me. It was my body, my life, but I had no say in the matter at all. Although reluctant, Mom and Dad, realising that I could not lead a normal life unless I had the surgery, after a few hours of emotional wrangling signed the consent forms.

They wasted no time. There was no point in stitching together my shredded maleness, then operating again sometime later to make me female. As I was prepared for theatre, my mother, who was sitting at my bedside, said remorsefully to my semi-conscious form, “Please don’t hate us for making this decision, sweetheart. The doctor assures me that given time you will adapt. Being female isn’t all that bad. I have been one all my life! Trust me, honey, it will work out all right, and in no time you will be...”

Mom’s words faded as the anesthetic took full effect. The room began to spin and I briefly cried out in a very frail voice for her to not let them perform the operation,

but my words would not form and were incoherent. As my eyelids grew too heavy to keep open, there was only darkness.

When I gained consciousness, I found that both my parents were at my bedside. They looked exhausted. Upon seeing that I was awakening, my mother smiled lovingly and said, “Hello, sweetheart, how do you feel?” I tried to ask if she had heard me ask her to cancel the surgery, but all that came from my mouth was a dry croak.

Mom held my hand and spoke, “The doctors tell me that the operation was a complete success, darling. You will be allowed to return home in ten to fourteen days. You can wear some of your sister’s clothing to begin with, then when you are feeling up to it, we can go shopping together and buy you a whole new wardrobe. There are some really lovely dresses and skirts in the stores at this time of year for girls your age. I saw a really beautiful...”

“Mom, no!” I cried, finding my voice at last. “I don’t want to be a girl! I am not wearing girl’s clothes. Don’t you understand? I refuse to live as a girl, even if they have done the operation. I won’t do it!”

“Oh, Kevin, honey, like it or not, you are a girl now. You are going to have to live the rest of your life as one, so why fight it, sweetheart? Your sisters and I will help you every step of the way. There is so much for you to learn about clothes, hairstyles, makeup, how to sit, walk, and talk like a girl, in fact all the little female gestures and mannerisms that just come naturally to us girls.”

I looked pleadingly towards dad for his support. “Tell her, dad, tell her you want me as a son. You were going

to help me become a baseball star, show me all about being a man, and how to pick up girls, remember?”

Dad shook his head sadly. “Sorry, but your mom is right, son. I know that it’s going to be rough, but you have to try. Just do all that your Mom tells you for all our sakes!”

I had a visit from Dr Reynolds the very next morning. Pulling a chair to my bedside, she sat and reviewed the clipboard she was carrying. Consulting the details, she checked her notes. “Well, Kevin, you are looking a lot brighter this morning than you were yesterday.”

“...Right. I’m here to explain to you exactly what we did and how it will affect you. As you are aware, your genitals were lost in the train accident. Nothing could be done to save them because of the severity of the injuries. We felt that because you are still young and your male hormones have not yet kicked in to give you fully masculine features, that you would stand a better chance of leading a normal life if we performed a full sex change surgery to turn you into a girl.”

“The operation was very successful and we were even able to save and reconnect your nerve endings. That is what gives you sexual stimulation, so there is no reason why you won’t be able to engage in a full, normal sex life as a female.”

“Of course, the loss of your genitalia will prevent you from producing the male hormone, testosterone. This alone would have prevented you from ever developing male characteristics. To speed up your feminisation, we have inserted slow release female hormones under your skin. Also, we will administer regular booster shots, the first of which you will receive later this afternoon.”

“The combination of the booster shots and the chips will work to change your appearance very quickly and prevent you from growing masculine facial hair. Your already youthful face, soft skin, and slim build will also help make the transition from male to female an easy one. I feel sure that you are going to make one very pretty girl.”

That evening at visiting time, Mom arrived along with my two sisters, Stacy and Louise, who were both obviously very upset and full of sympathy for me. Yet they were unable to hide their obvious excitement and glee at having their obnoxious and often teasing younger brother reduced to being a mere ‘sissy girl’, as I used to make a point of calling them. It seemed that I was now very much at their mercy, and it was payback time. Worse, I could tell from their expressions that they were going to love every moment of it.

“We’ve brought a present for you, Kevin,” Stacy told me. “I hope that you like it.”

Reaching into her bag, Tracy pulled out a very feminine nightdress and spreads it upon the bed. I wanted to complain, to tell her that there was no way that I would ever consider wearing such a thing, but I knew such protestations were pointless. Also, she seemed very genuine, not as though she had brought it to humiliate me. I needed the love and support of my family. I certainly didn’t need to alienate them.

“Uh, thanks, sis,” I said as she and Louise helped me out of the white hospital gown that I was wearing, and into the lacy and very feminine nightdress. Its low-cut neckline made the most of the little cleavage I had already begun developing from the hormones. The neck-

line was decorated with a thin red ribbon tied into a little bow.

If this weren't humiliating enough, Louise produced her cosmetic bag and said that she would do my face for me. "Really, Lou, there's no need," I said, feeling shame and anguish building up inside almost causing me to break out into tears, "I...I'm not ready for any of that yet."

"I really think you should. You're a girl now, and will have to learn to apply cosmetics sooner or later. There's no time better than the present." This got support from both Mom and Stacey, and so cringing, I relented and allowed her to start her work.

Soon I had foundation, blusher, blue eye shadow, and mascara applied to my face, along with a deep pink lipstick. "Okay, all finished," she announced.

"Now isn't that better? No self-respecting girl would be seen dead without her makeup!" Both girls began giggling, obviously highly amused, causing me to wonder if I had been set up. I didn't give them the satisfaction of a reply, but I knew that this was just the tip of the iceberg. There would be much worse to come.

The days rolled by quite quickly, and within a few days, I had begun to regain my strength and was up and about. My dressings had now been removed, and as I lay atop of my bed, a nurse used a mirror to show me my new sex for the very first time.



“Kevin, dear, you simply must understand that you are no longer a boy. But as a girl, you can wear all these luscious clothes,” his mother cooed.

The swelling had all but disappeared and the bruising had faded to just a pale yellowness. The morbid fascination that I had to see what they had done to me overrode my revulsion at no longer having a maleness between my legs.

At my young age, I had never seen a real woman fully naked, although I had seen photographs. I could clearly see that I now had a pubic mound with a distinctly female cleft...just like I had seen in those adult magazines my friend Billy Denver and I had found in his Dad's garage.

For the first time since the operation, the truth finally hit home. I was no longer a boy, no longer male; this wasn't some silly game, a dream, or something that would heal and return to normal after a while. No, this was all very real, and the truth about it was, like it or not, I was now a girl...I was a female for the rest of my life.

For the first time since that horrible accident and the following surgery, I allowed myself to cry, letting out all the anguish, fear, and torment that had been building up inside of me in great sobs full of pain and despair, tears for the loss of my male life...a life that was gone forever.

The strong female hormones were changing my body at an alarming rate, I had never had a masculine or athletic build, but my figure was now unmistakably female, my hips, thighs, and butt were more shapely and rounded whilst my breasts, though still small had formed into fleshy, conical mounds...and were still growing.

The most upsetting thing happening to me, however, was the changes to my face and hair. Okay, so my face

had never been what anyone could ever call masculine or handsome, but now it was becoming pretty, so pretty and feminine in fact, that, even without makeup, I was now to a point where it would be pointless trying to pretend to be anything other than a girl. My hair too, was now in great condition, full of body and shine, hanging long and straight to my shoulder blades.

Yesterday I had a visit from the hospital hairdresser, a young lady called Kirsty, who came to work on my hair for me. “Hi, your mom asked me to pay you a visit,” she told me. “She thought that perhaps a new hairstyle and some highlights might cheer you up. I could also shape your eyebrows and do your makeup, if you’ll allow me?”

I didn’t want any of that. I wanted just to be a boy again, but knew that could never be. I shrugged in resignation. “Okay, I suppose...if that’s what Mom wants. I suppose I had better keep her happy, but don’t do anything too girlish to me, okay?”

Kirsty began her job and started a conversation as she worked on me. “Your Mom told me all about you, Kevin. To come out of that terrible accident only to find that the surgeons had no choice but to turn you into a girl must have been a real shock. How do you come to terms with something like that?”

“To be honest, you don’t,” I told her, “I’m trying to accept it to please mom, but I haven’t...and I don’t think I ever will. Everything is so much different now. It’s one thing being a girl in here, but how do I become a girl out in the real world? I know nothing about being a girl or living as a girl. I don’t know what they like or dislike, what they talk, about or anything.”

“I had a girlfriend before my accident, but she won’t want me now. I wanted to be a baseball player like dad, but what chance have I got now? I’ll never have a rela-

tionship again, no romance for the rest of my life...and what do I wear for clothing...? I don't want to wear yucky feminine things."

Kirsty tried to console me as I felt tears of self-pity and despair welling up inside me once more. I cried so easily now. "You may just find that you'll like wearing 'yucky' girls things. I certainly do. As for relationships, you are a girl now, so what's to stop you having a relationship with a boy?"

"A boy! You have to be joking. I'm never going to kiss a boy. I'm not like that," I protested indignantly.

"You weren't like that, but actually, a boy is the opposite sex to what you now are," she told me.

Whether I wanted it or not, Kirsty's visit brought me yet another step closer to womanhood. She had given my already lengthy hair a fashionable 'long bob' style, it's ends now curling inwards to frame my face, backcombed it from the crown and cut long bangs that reached down to my now thinly arched eyebrows. My formerly dark brown hair was now several shades lighter and blonde highlights had been added into it, giving it a very feminine appearance.

Kirsty had also done an excellent job with my makeup. I didn't want to be, or even look like a girl, but on checking out my reflection in a mirror, I found it very difficult to find any signs that I had ever been a boy.

. .

I remained in hospital for a further ten days, during which various tests were carried out and my daily injections of female hormones were increased to two a day. The tests showed that my body was no longer producing testosterone, and levels of any male hormones in my

body were now virtually non-existent whilst the levels of female hormones were getting increasingly higher and saturating my body.

The hormones were also continuing to increase my breast size and I was now issued with a plain, white cotton-training bra. If wearing a bra wasn't humiliating enough, I was both dismayed and embarrassed to discover that the breast growth I had already developed now easily filled it's small cups. It wasn't just breast tissue either; my nipples had also become swollen and very sensitive. Dr Reynolds informed me that this was merely the start, and that I should expect my breasts to grow much bigger.

I asked if there was anything that could be done to keep my breast growth minimal, but I was informed that owing to the amounts of hormones that I had to have, breast growth would develop naturally.

Yesterday, as I lay in bed, my 'darling' sister, Louise, suggested that, as I was now a girl, it would surely make sense for me to start using a girl's name. Smilingly, she said, "look, Sis, the way that you appear now, we can't keep on calling you Kevin, can we?"

Of course, Mom and Stacey were in full support of the idea and the dye was cast. Various feminine names were suggested, including; Rebecca, Michelle, Debra, Emma, and, to my utmost horror, Brittany!

Mom said, "Okay girls, ease off. It's only fair that Kevin be allowed to choose his own female name." Then, turning to me, she asked, "Is there any of those names the girls have suggested that you like, honey...or is there any name that you like of your own?"

I wasn't ready for having any change of name, especially changing it for a girl's name. I liked my own. I knew that any name I may choose would be my new

name for the rest of my life. I really couldn't think of any others right then, so I decided it best to go for the one that sounded less feminine while still girlish.

Blushing furiously I said, "If I must, then I really like Emma. If I'm going to have a new name, it may as well be one that I like." The truth was, even though it was one of the less girlish names suggested, I really did like that name.

Mom and my two sister's were delighted, especially Stacey who had suggested it in the first place. "Good, girl," Mom said, "Now, how about letting your sister's choose a middle name for you?"

This was not good news and I didn't see the point. I didn't even have a boy's middle name. I was getting wise to the fact, however, that any objections I made were futile.

After much debate, deliberation, and disagreement, my sister's finally agreed upon the name of Jayne. Mom said that she would see to making my new names legal and permanent that very day. It would take time to go through, but for all intents and purposes, from that day on, I became Emma Jayne Weaver.

The visits that I received from my Dad were few and far between. Mom tried to explain that it was too upsetting for him to see his only son, who he had such high hopes and ambitions for, turning into such a pretty and feminine young lady.

"Please try to understand, Emma, your Dad still loves you very much, but he knows how much this enforced change of sex has upset you and it makes him feel awkward, angry, and embarrassed that he is powerless to do anything to help you."

“He shouldn’t feel that way, Mom. It’s not his fault that this happened to me. I know that there is nothing he can do about it,” I answered.

“Part of his awkwardness is because he knows that you hate what has happened to you. He cannot help feeling, as your father and protector that he should do something to help you. This is just an idea, sweetheart, but if you want to spare your dad his feelings, then let him think that you are now coming to terms with being a girl, even to where you enjoy it. That way he will stop feeling like he should be doing something that he knows he can’t.”

“I’ll try, Mom, for Dad’s sake, but it’s a lot easier said than done,” I replied.

Tomorrow I finally go home. In a way, it will be great to be back in the comfort of my own home, but the thought of revealing myself to the world, as a girl is terrifying. More daunting still is having all my friends and neighbours see me like this.

I always enjoyed my life as a boy. In spite of my smallish build, I always excelled at sports and had played well in the school’s football and baseball teams. I was also good on the track events.

Before my accident, I had been dating for over nine months Rachel, one of the school’s prettiest cheerleaders. She was a real babe and many of the bigger guys couldn’t understand what she saw in me. Rachel had even tried visiting me in hospital on several occasions, but each time I had refused to see her. How could I let her see my developing femininity? I was afraid of her asking to see my new sex and ridiculing me, or worse, pitying me.

At just before eleven, Mom and my sisters came to collect me. Once again Dad had chosen to wait outside in the car.

“We have spent an absolute fortune on new clothes for you, Emma,” Mom told me cheerfully. “Your sisters helped choose all of the latest fashions, in fact, we are going to need a larger closet to put them all in! Stacey and Louise have also picked out the clothes you should travel home in so don’t blame me! They won’t even let me see what they chose. They want it to be a surprise.”

Turning to my two sisters, Mom then said, “I’m going to get a coffee and leave you two to get your sister ready for going home.” I dreaded what they may have chosen for me, and looked at them pleadingly as Mom disappeared down the corridor.

“Just wait until we have finished with you, Emma dear. The boys will take one look at you and think they have died and gone to heaven,” Stacey told me.

“You haven’t brought anything too girly, have you?” I asked in concern. “Don’t forget I have never worn any girl’s clothes before except for these panties and night-dress. I’d feel very embarrassed being seen in a dress. Lot’s of girls wear jeans these days,” I said, hopefully.

“Sorry, sis, but you need to show Dad that you are fully acceptant at being a girl like we told him. If you went home wearing anything unisex, you wouldn’t give him the right message. Anyway, the sooner you find out how delicious and comfortable girl’s clothes are, the sooner you will start enjoying your new life as a girl.”

With that, Stacey and Louise began emptying a large bag onto my bed. I had no idea what many of the things were called, but they all looked soft and ultra feminine. I

was not going to get out of this. Not one item looked remotely unisex. As my two sisters began busying themselves dressing me in the new alien apparel, I felt the little bit of masculine resolve I was still harbouring, rapidly slipping away.

My new sex was encased in a pair of sheer black lacy panties. A black low-cut under-wired bra followed. The feel of its lacy patterned cups against my soft young breasts made my sensitive nipples harden.

Stacey handed me a pair of sheer pantyhose that she had removed from a pack. I balked at this, I could understand the need to wear panties, and the bra to support my nubile breasts, but pantyhose was just a very feminine item without any real use other than to glamorise a girl's legs.

"I don't need these," I protested, "Not that many real girls wear nylons these days, so why should I?"

"First, Sis, you are a real girl now. Second, having always covered your legs in long pants, your skin is pale, more so from having spent a period in hospital. The nylons will give your legs some colour. Further, it's a bit cold outside. They do actually keep your legs warm, and they feel nice!"

Again I had no option but to follow my sister's bidding. After showing me how to gather up the filmy nylon, the pantyhose were drawn up my slim hairless legs, and the panty part positioned over my now rounded butt.

Before I could dwell on the silky feel of the nylons, a black, figure-hugging skirt followed up my smooth legs, sending confusing, sensual feelings to my brain as the soft material of the skirt delicately brushed against the slinky nylon of the hose.

I slipped my arms into an off-white translucent blouse and attempted to close the tiny buttons up the front. Confused, I commented, "These buttons are sewn on the wrong side."

Both girls giggled at my comment before Stacey corrected me, "No silly, girl's clothes have the buttons on the opposite side from boy's clothes. You will quickly get used to them."

Once buttoned, I noted that a lace fringe covered the buttons, giving me a frilly, feminine front. Once it was draped over to my feminine figure, I noticed how much it emphasized my young breasts. I could actually faintly see my black bra through the sheer blouse material. I groaned in despair at all the feminine things being put on me, and tried to conceal the pleasure I was deriving from their feel on my body.

My nylon-covered feet were slipped delicately into a pair of white shoes with three-inch heels. I attempted to stand on these stilts, only to wobble slightly. "It will take some getting used to, Emma," Louise giggled, "but soon you will be walking in heels like you were born to it."

It was Louise's task to carefully apply my makeup, a little heavier than she had done previously, and in shades a bit darker than before. This done, she lovingly brushed out and styled my long, girlish hair.

When they had finally finished with me, my sisters stood back to review and admire their handiwork, and for once they both seemed lost for words. When I was allowed to check my reflection in a mirror, I could see why. The wide-eyed creature staring back at me was unquestionably female. Her long, luscious eyelashes fluttered across her attractively made-up eyes.

The shock of the image caused the girl's glossy, red painted lips to form a wide, silent 'O'. I staggered back

on my unaccustomed heels, the edge of the bed catching me behind my knees and forcing me to sit. In an awe-struck voice, I heard Stacey gasp, "Oh wow, Louise, what have we done?"

After the initial shock of seeing the full extent of their work, they began speaking at once telling me how pretty I was. It was at that point that Mom returned. "Have you girls finished with your sister ye...Oh, Lord...Emma?"

Mom stood in stunned silence before rushing forward and hugging me lovingly to her bosom. She was delighted with my transformation, which made me feel all the more awkward. I was not ready, would never be ready, to be such an obviously convincing girl. It had all happened so quickly.

"Oh, darling, I'm so very proud of you," Mom gushed. "Not only have you come through a near fatal accident, but you have also come to terms with this forced change of sex, emerging as a beautiful young woman. I may have lost my only son, but I have gained a very attractive daughter, a real heartbreaker. Oh, sweetheart, you will have so much happiness being a girl, just wait and see.

Wobbling down the corridor with mom and my two sisters ready to catch me if I should stumble and fall was embarrassing. Although I knew that I made a convincing girl and so shouldn't feel that everyone was looking at me as a boy in girl's clothing and makeup, the unusualness of presenting myself in public as such made me feel awkward and very self-conscious.

We passed a doctor and nurse that knew of my situation. Both stared as we approached, then in quaking

voices wished me well. “Uh...Kevin, you are absolutely lovely,” the doctor complimented.

“Her name is Emma now,” Louise corrected, “and yes, she is pretty, isn’t she?”

“Please return and visit soon, Emma,” the nurse smiled.

“She has to return for regular checkups,” Mom noted, “I’m sure Emma will come by to visit on those occasions.” I turned two shades of red, as I was discussed in the third person, but I was afraid to speak for fear that my voice was still too masculine.

It was worse still on the sidewalk outside the hospital by the main road. I cringed in humiliation when we reached the car and saw Dad’s expression as he saw his beloved son for the first time, fully bedecked as a teenage girl. He looked so sad and I felt like such a disappointment to him...as if this new sex I had been given was some kind of betrayal.

A slight cool breeze passed by, sending a chill up my nylon encased legs. I tried to negotiate the stairs without help, but thankfully Mom was there to take my elbow for stability. “You will soon be able to run down stairs or dance the waltz in those lovely heels, Emma,” she encouraged. I had my doubts, but I kept them to myself.

She helped me as I walked to the car. True to her word, I gained confidence with each step until I was walking unassisted by the time we reached the car.



A breeze caressed my legs as I tried to negotiate my high heels down the stairs to the car. Dad was aghast at how feminine his only son looked.

I was asked to join my sisters in the back seat. I felt so exposed as I searched for the best method to enter the car without exposing my frilly lingerie to my father. It was bad enough that he had to see me in my skirt and blouse. My lace panties would blow his mind.

Giggling at my efforts, Louise patiently showed me the proper method to enter a car while wearing a tight skirt. I sat in the seat, and tried to swing one leg in before the other, but my tight restrictive skirt taught me the folly of that approach. Finally I kept my knees together, and swung both of my legs in together. Doing such I minimized exposure of my panties to my father who was watching my efforts with a pronounced frown as he held the door open for me.

We drove the two miles back home in total silence. I had one or two more surprises in store for me once we had returned to my familiar home. The familiarity of our house did not extend to my bedroom. I discovered that it had been changed beyond all recognition.

It was now decorated in shades of pastel pinks and mauves. There was a new vanity table against one wall with a top cluttered with items of jewellery, scents, and makeup. Dolls and stuffed animals were placed upon my bed now bedecked with a lacy spread.

Checking out my double-door closet and drawers, I found that every item of male clothing had been removed, even unisex items such as my old faded blue jeans, Tee shirts, and several pairs of sports shoes...everything had been replaced with the most feminine of girls clothing imaginable.

I groaned when I noticed that there was no pants or slacks of any kind, just skirts and dresses. As for shoes, it seemed that I was expected to only wear high heels. Of the eight pair stored at the bottom of the closet, nothing

had a lower heel than two and a half inches and ranged from stacked to stiletto. It became apparent that my life was going to become a feminised nightmare, one from which there was no awakening. I'd asked that nothing too feminine be given to me to wear, but they had ignored my pleas. Now, I either wore this stuff or stayed indoors for the rest of my life!

Next day, to my discomfort, friends and neighbours began calling at the Weaver household. Some came out of general concern to see how I was, but the majority came by way of morbid curiosity, wanting a close look at the boy who had been turned into a girl. Mom did a good job of separating these people and turning them away. I heard her talking to them at the door, saying, "Emma's resting right now and I don't want to disturb her. Give her another week and she will be right as rain. Thanks for stopping by."

Two weeks passed, and I hadn't left the house. I was upstairs in my feminine bedroom practicing applying makeup. Louise was giving me hints as I tried this technique, then that. Most of my efforts were miserable failures, but I was getting better with each attempt. My biggest problem was applying eyeliner, closely followed by eye shadow. I finally got it right and was applying new lipstick when I heard the doorbell ring.

The rest of my family was downstairs watching television, and when the doorbell rang, Stacey jumped up saying, "I'll get it."

A few minutes later, to my utter horror, Stacey entered my bedroom leading my two best friends from school, Billy Denver and Stan Kramer.

They stood before me, mouths agape, and obviously feeling as embarrassed as I was as I attempted, unsuccessfully to stretch the hem of my short skirt so that it concealed the sheer nylons I was wearing.

I was wearing a short pleated white skirt, sheer pantyhose, and a stylish stripped sweater that had a low-scooped front to show a little cleavage from my expanding breasts. I stood confidently on my 3" white heels.

My hair had grown quite long and now hung to my shoulders, styled by Louise into a very feminine style. Luckily, my makeup was properly done or else my embarrassment would have been without bounds.

Billy swallowed hard, licked his lips, and stammered, "Kev...? Is that really you? We heard what happened...the accident and all, but we didn't expect you to have changed so much...to be so...uh... pretty. I thought you'd just be, well, you know... uh, like yourself, but just dressed up as a girl. You...you really have become a girl! Your face...and your hair! Uh, and y...you're wearing short skirts and nylons..." he finished, blushing furiously.

"Uh...hi, guys," I stammered. "Yeah, it's me. My...my sisters are...uh...teaching me..." I had a difficult time keeping my breath. I wanted to run to my closet and hide, anything to not be exposed to my friends dressed and looking like I was.

"Wow, you even sound like a girl," Stan gasped. "Are you sure you were once a guy?"

"I...I..." I couldn't respond. I was tongue-tied.



"Is that really you, Kevin?" Billy gasped at seeing me so femininely dressed.

Dad stood at my bedroom doorway. “I think that will be all for now, guys. It’s been a long week and Emma needs her rest. Why not call back in a week or so?”

I stood in mortification as Dad showed them to the door. It was just too much for me. Now even my best buddies had seen me like...like this! I burst into tears, sobbing my heart out. For the first time since coming out of the hospital, Dad put his arm protectively around me, tears of compassion forming in his own eyes.

“Oh, Dad, I don’t think that I can cope with this anymore. I don’t want to be a girl. I feel so lost.”

Turning to my Mom who was watching me with love and understanding in her smile, I said apologetically, “I’m sorry, Mom, I have tried, but I never wanted any of this. I just can’t be a girl.”

Dad hugged me tightly and said, “Come on, chin up Ke...er...Emma. I know that it’s not easy for you to deal with, but you are a girl now. Nothing can be done about that. You just have to learn to accept it. You do make a very nice looking girl! You seem so natural, and you are young enough to adapt. Dr Reynolds said that the strong female hormones beginning to change your body will also change your mind in time, making it easier to accept what you have become.”

“But that’s just it, Dad, it scares me to think that I could become so girlish as to accept being a girl, to want to be a girl, because I don’t.”

“I know that you don’t right now, but please try, Emma. Please, for all our sakes.”

I looked into Dad’s eyes and, in a tiny little voice that was scarcely more than a whisper, I replied. “Okay, Dad, I’ll try.”



In the days that followed I did as I had promised and really made an effort, taking an interest in my clothes, hair and makeup. I even mastered walking in high heels...even those with four-inch heels! I knew how tough it was for Dad to lose his son, but he was braving up to it. I had to do the same.

The more I allowed my enforced femininity to take hold of my life, the closer it brought me to my sisters, far closer than I had ever been as a boy. I spent lots of time with them and their friends, who after their initial interest in my predicament, which they were highly amused about, began accepting me as one of their number.

I listened to all that they told me and tried hard to remember everything. I even allowed myself to be talked into becoming a honey blonde by one of the friends, and having my ears double pierced by another!

Eventually, the day that I dreaded the most came: my return to school! Mom insisted on driving me to school rather than letting me catch the bus as I had always done. I was grateful to her because I was very nervous. It was really strange to see the familiar faces again, all of who surely knew that I was a girl who used to be a boy.

As our car pulled up outside of the school, I looked out of the window and saw that all the kids were outside waiting to go in. They seemed to look our way, a sea of expectant, curious faces, making my heart pound and a sense of fear overwhelm me.

“Would you like me to walk in with you, darling?” Mom asked, sensing my fear and embarrassment.”

“No thanks, Mom. This is something that I have to face alone. You can’t be with me all day. I’ll be fine, honest.” I picked my school bag off the back seat, nervously opened the door, and climbed from the car.

The first thing to hit me was a gentle spring breeze that blew around my smooth bare legs. I was wearing the school uniform for girl students, consisting of a pink pleated skirt, white blouse and a striped tie in the school colours, and upon my feet, a pair of black shoes with a sensible one and a half inch heel.

Unseen, my underwear consisted of plain, white cotton panties, matching bra, and a slinky white camisole. I had pulled my now blonde hair back and tied it in a high ponytail. My makeup, which older girl students were allowed to wear, consisted of a light coat of pink lipstick and a touch of mascara.

After a slight hesitation, and with heart pounding, I took a deep breath, held my head up high, and began walking towards the school building, looking far more confident than I felt. For a moment or two everything seemed to move in slow motion, then stand still. Not a sound broke the deadly silence. Then, unexpectedly, a group of girls broke away from the crowd of faces and rushed towards me.

I stopped in my steps, quaking, not knowing what to expect. As they got ever nearer, I recognised Rachel amongst them. She stopped in front of me, her face full of uncertainty about her former boyfriend.



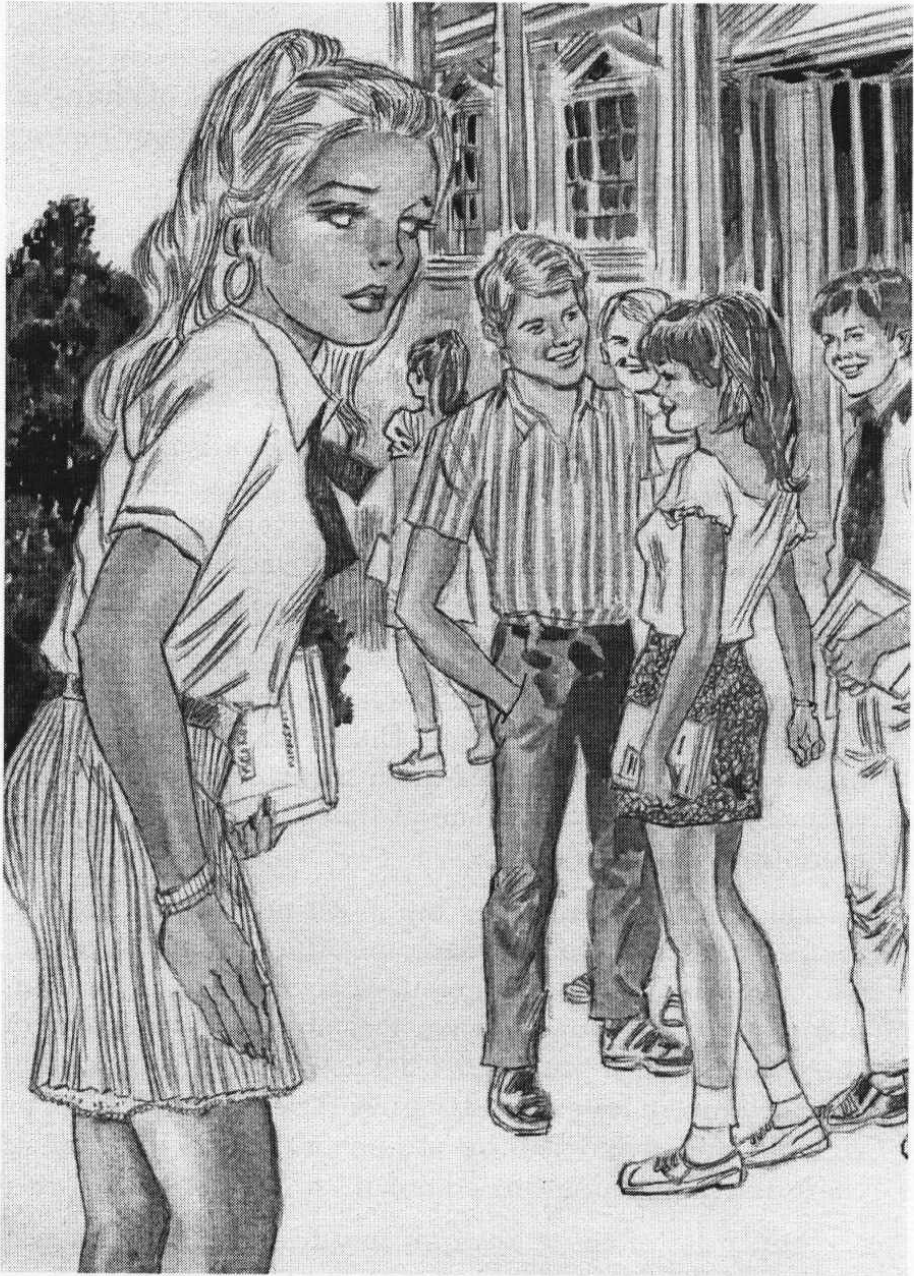
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My knees were knocking against each other as I approached my friends for the first time as a girl. What would they think of me? Would they laugh and make fun of me?

Forcing a smile, I said in a nervous voice, “Hi, Rachel. I’m sorry that I wouldn’t allow you to visit me in hospital, but as you can see, there have been a lot of changes. I wasn’t certain about how you would react about having your boyfriend turned into a girl...”

Letting her schoolbooks drop to the ground, Rachel stepped forwards and kissed me tenderly on my painted lips, sighing, “Oh, Kevin, I have been so worried about you. I’m so pleased to see you again. I’ve missed you so much.”

As if some unseen signal was made, all of the other girls began talking at once and asking questions. Most of the girls told me how surprised they were at how pretty I looked. Some of them asked if I enjoyed being a girl instead of a boy, and did I feel different being a girl.

Here I was, surrounded by some of the most attractive and popular girls in the school: Sharon Dodd, Evie Layton, Debbie Gibbs...even Claire Taylor, last year’s home coming queen, all of them wanting to spend time with me. Yet as a boy, none of them had ever given me more than a second glance.

The guys, on the other hand, all my former friends, seemed reluctant to approach me. Rachel said that this was something I had to get used to now that I was an attractive girl. “Boys always feel shy and awkward in the presence of a pretty girl. I know that it seems silly, but they are in awe of pretty girls. They fear rejection or ridicule and avoid feeling stupid or foolish in front of their mates by being turned down.”

“But a lot of those guys are my friends. They know I was a boy. They no more want to approach me for a date than I want them to. I just want them to remain being my friends.”

“Perhaps it’s time, now that you are a girl, to make friends with all the other girls,” Rachel suggested. Maybe she had a point, but I wasn’t on the same wavelength as the girls. I didn’t think like them nor could I identify with them.

Luckily, my two very best friends, Billy Denver and Stan Kramer who had gotten over their shock at my new appearance stayed friends with me. Unfortunately, even though I told them that my name was now Emma, they still insisted on calling me Kevin.

They were fascinated by my transformation and what I was wearing. “What’s it like having to wear all that girly stuff, skirts, makeup, and all?” Stan asked sincerely. “There’s no way that I could do it. I’d hate to be turned into some sissy girl like you have been.”

I took no offence at Stan’s words, knowing that he didn’t mean any harm. I then tried to answer their questions as honestly as I could. “At first I couldn’t really come to terms with what had happened to me. Even knowing that I had no choice in the matter didn’t make it any easier. I hate to admit this, guys, even to myself, but I’m beginning to enjoy being a girl. That may be due to all the hormones being pumped into my body. I don’t know. I didn’t want anything put inside me that would cause me to accept being a girl, but thinking about it, as I have been turned into a girl anyway, anything that can help me accept what I now am can’t be a bad thing.”

“What I do know is that whether caused by the hormones or not, I am starting to enjoy wearing my hair long, putting on makeup, and even wearing pretty dresses and high heeled shoes. How many boys my age have experienced the sensual feel of sheer nylons on their smooth hairless legs...or the sensation of having your own breasts cupped and supported by a lacy bra or Basque?”

“I think I understand what you are saying,” Billy replied, “But to experience that stuff is one thing, but to be turned into a girl for the rest of your life! I couldn’t handle that. I’d go insane. It isn’t just a question of wearing girl’s things is it? Lots of men do that for enjoyment. Now that you appear as a girl, people will automatically start treating you like one.”

“Yeah, and you’ll start behaving like one, doing girlish things. You’ll start hanging out with the girls at school instead of your mates. You’ll talk with them about hair and makeup and all the other silly things that girls talk about,” Stan joined in. “You may start walking and talking like a girl, giggling like one...even thinking like one. You’ll be ruined.”

“I’ll never get like that. I may have started liking some of the girlish clothes because they feel nice, but I will never start acting or thinking like a girl.”

“Bet you will,” Billy said. “It’s your whole life we are talking about. You have to change, if not in the near future, certainly at some time in your life. I mean, what are you going to do for a living? Work in some woman’s job? Be a receptionist, secretary, or something, or even a sales assistant in a woman’s fashion boutique? You may even train to be a hairdresser or a beautician...or a nurse! Once you are working in a job like that, you cannot do anything else but change.”

“That’s if you pursue a career,” Stan joined in again. “You may just become a housewife...be a wife, a mother to your family, spend your days doing shopping, cooking, ironing, and cleaning...ugh!!”

“I’ll never do that because I’m not interested in men...nor can I have children, even if I wanted them. I may have been given a girl’s body, but I never asked for it.”

Billy studied me with a disbelieving look. “You know what some of the guys are saying? They’re saying that you gave in much too easily, that any normal healthy guy would have done anything, anything at all to stay male. Some say that even if it had happened to them against their will and there had been nothing they could do about it, no way would they ever wear dresses and put on makeup. They say that perhaps you were just a sissy all along that always liked dressing as a girl...and that you’ve used this accident to ‘come out’. Is that true, Kevin?”

I deliberately took my time in answering. I needed to get things absolutely straight in my own head. I was that confused. With tears in my eyes and my voice thick with emotion, I replied, “No, Bill, it isn’t true. I can honestly tell you that before the accident I had no wish at all to wear girl’s clothes, and absolutely no desire at all to actually become a girl. I was totally devastated after the surgery was completed. I felt as though my whole world had fallen through. Like you have already said, how could I possibly come to terms with spending the rest of my life as some sissy girl? I never thought I would, but not only have I to come to terms with it, I love being a girl and wouldn’t want to become a boy again even if I could.”

“Perhaps how I now feel is due to the female hormones that I take, but whatever it is, my life as Kevin is a distant memory and I want it to stay that way. It is much easier for me to continue my life if I regard myself as always having been a girl. Please forget that Kevin ever existed. Now I’m Emma Jayne Weaver, and I really couldn’t be happier.”

Both Billy and Stan were sad at hearing my confession. They had hoped, albeit now as a pretty girl, I would still be the same Kevin as before and still join in the

things I used to do. They felt like they had lost a best friend, but promised to still be friends with me.

Two days later, Billy called to see me at home. “I...I don’t know if you know or not, but Stan is going out with Rachel now,” he began nervously. “He’s not stealing her or anything, I mean you two can hardly stay together...”

“Billy, it’s all right,” I cut in. “Like you said, I can hardly carry on as Rachel’s boyfriend, can I? I expect Rachel to move on and find someone else. I can’t think of anyone better than Stan or yourself, my two best friends.”

“I...I don’t suppose...” Billy began to blush furiously and became so nervous that he was stammering. Asking him what was wrong, I was taken totally by surprise when he suggested that I might go out with him.

“You mean you want a date with me?” I asked in disbelief. He seemed so nervous about asking me out that I took pity on him and accepted.

“You will!?” he said with a look of delight on his face. I smiled and nodded in reassurance, as he seemed so nervous. The thing was, although I tried hard not to show it, I was just as nervous as he was. This would be my first ever date as a girl. Even though it was only with my best friend, I was thrilled at the prospect of being taken out.

What do I do? What should I wear? Do I wear my hair up or down, and what should I do if Billy tries to kiss me...or even more?

Those and dozens more questions like them bombarded my mind. Having zero experience on what girls do or how they act on dates, I did the only thing I could do, I asked my sisters for their help and advice. I expected them to poke fun at me, but they were really ex-

cited and made it their personal challenge to prepare me for my big date.

When the time came, I felt like a living Barbie doll, something for them to play with and dress up. Lacy black satin panties and a matching under-wired bra came first followed by black, lacy patterned hold up stockings drawn up my long smooth legs. Stacey even allowed me to wear her new red, off the shoulder sleeveless dress with a side split high enough to show teasing glimpses of my extra lacy stocking tops. A pair of strappy red sandals with slim four-inch heels was slipped onto my feet, my red painted toenails being visible beneath the lacy stockings.

Louise hot brushed my long blonde hair giving it volume and height. It was back combed and flicked, reminding me of the style that Farah Fawcett Majors wore in TV's 'Charlie's Angels'.

Stacey made sure that my makeup was done to perfection, a real work of art. My full lips were outlined and filled with a glossy dark red, giving me a sexy pout. My now long, tapered fingernails were coated in a matching red. The small studs that I was wearing in my pierced ears were removed and replaced with two sets of large gold hoops. A dab or two of expensive perfume and I was ready.

Billy arrived several minutes early for the date. He looked really smart. It was obvious that he had made a real effort. As a true gentleman, he brought with him a banquet of flowers for Mom and a single red rose for me. So romantic!

Billy looked totally stunned at seeing me, and for a moment or two just stood with his mouth agape. Finally,

he spoke, “Wow! Emma, you look terrific! Absolutely gorgeous!”

Smiling, with a blush coming to my cheeks, I shyly said, “Oh, why thank you, Billy. You look very smart yourself.”

Dad came out as far as Billy’s car with us when we were ready to leave. “Make sure you look after my daughter, young man. I want Emma back home safe and sound no later than 10.30pm. Have you got that?”

Looking a little flustered, Billy replied, “Yes, Mr. Weaver, sir. I won’t let you down.”

Billy rushed to my side of the car and opened the door for me, his eyes never once leaving my long, shapely, nylon clad legs as I climbed in. As we pulled away, I asked where he was taking me. He laughed, “It’s a surprise. You’ll just have to wait and see.”

Ten minutes later, we pulled up outside ‘Monroe’s’, one of the classiest and most expensive restaurants in town. I immediately turned to him, “Billy, you can’t afford this place. It’s awfully expensive. Why don’t we just see a movie instead? We could even grab a burger and French fries on the way home.”

“Don’t worry about the cost, Emma. I want our first date to be special, something that we can remember,” he responded, looking a little hurt. “You’re worth it, so let’s enjoy ourselves. Honestly, I can afford it.”

He opened the car door for me, and then took my hand supportively as I stepped from the car. He made me feel like such a lady.

The evening went perfectly and Billy was perfect company, much different from how he was with me when I was still a boy. He was the perfect gentleman, opening doors, and adjusting my chair for me to get in and out at

the table, all the things that I used to do myself in order to impress my date.

It felt really strange to be on a date with Billy and have him acting so polite and curbing his language. We had grown up together, climbed trees, played football and baseball, went chasing after the girls together...all the things that best friends do. Now, Billy was treating me just like a lady...and I enjoyed every minute.

After a really enjoyable evening, we arrived at my place by 10.22pm. Dad would be really pleased that we had got back early. Billy switched off the engine and the radio, then turned to face me.

“I really have had a great time tonight, Emma. Thanks for being my date. I didn’t know how it would go, if it would be like going out with my best friend, Kevin, or with the beautiful girl he has become. I’m going to really miss having Kevin as a buddy, but if I’m honest, I would much prefer having Emma as my steady girlfriend.”

“You want us to go steady? Wouldn’t you feel awkward knowing who I really am...or rather, who I was?”

“I can accept that you have become a girl...not just physically, but after being in your company all evening, everything about you is now more feminine...how you act, how you talk, even how you think, and it’s all so natural. Hell, Emma, you couldn’t have been prettier and more feminine had you been born a girl. I know it was something that you didn’t want to happen, but I’m really glad that they made you into a girl, because, if you were still my friend, Kevin, I would never have done this....”

Without another word, Billy pulled me into his arms. Though shocked at first, I easily melted into his strong embrace. His lips found mine, and my former best friend kissed me tenderly. Mental messages that I shouldn't be doing this, that this was my life long buddy...and he was male dissipated as the kiss became ever more urgent.

I enjoyed the kiss and our tongues probed deeply into each other's mouths. The old argument that I should not do anything sexual with a male because I had been a heterosexual male myself evaporated as a sense of femaleness washed over me from the inside out. Billy was male, but I now was female. I felt female and that made it all right.

Any last resistance from my former male psyche disintegrated just as soon as Billy began fondling my full, sensitive breasts. I gasped in pleasure and arched my back as I pushed into the growing hardness inside his trousers.

To my consternation, Billy pulled away. I was afraid that he might feel that it was wrong, as I had done. "No, Billy, it's all right," I tried to reassure.

"No, Emma, it's not all right. I mean...it is all right, me and you, but I don't want it to be like this," he tried to explain, blushing. "...You ought to know, I've...I've never made it with a girl before," he continued, looking embarrassed, "and I want our first time together to be special...for both of us."

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My best friend was 'turned on' by me. Had I really become such a girl? I felt butterflies in my stomach as he leaned over and kissed me on my lips. Yes, I was such a girl!

I smiled. Yes, I knew that he hadn't laid a girl yet. I'd jokingly mocked him enough times about it in the past. "Billy Denver, you are a kind, considerate, and romantic guy...and that is why I like you so much, and why I want it to be you that makes love to me as a woman."

We straightened out our clothes and I checked my hair and makeup before I allowed Billy to walk me to my door. When we arrived, Billy hesitated, and then asked, "So, what you just said...does that mean I can take you out again?"

"Yes," I smiled, "Yes, I'd like that. Thanks for a really brilliant evening." I then gave Billy a quick peck on his cheek before going indoors to tell my parents and sisters how my date had gone.

Three months passed quickly since my first date with Billy. Most of the other kids at school easily accepted me as the girl I had become, which wasn't surprising really because I continued to become more and more feminine with each passing day. Some of the girls suggested that I tryout for a place on the cheerleading team. I did and was accepted! It seemed so strange. Not so long ago, I would never have dreamt I would be a pretty cheerleader. Cheerleaders used to cheer me when I played for the school football team.

Billy and I continued seeing each other and it wasn't long before everyone recognised us as an item. Stan, meanwhile, was going steady with Rachel and we would often go out together on double dates, Rachel and I fixing each other's makeup and fussing with the clothes the other wore to make sure we looked good for our men.

Then, at Christmas, as I opened up the present that Billy had bought me, I shrieked in delight. It was an engagement ring!

“I love you with all my heart, Emma. So much so that I can’t imagine living life without you. Will you marry me?”

I looked at him with love in my eyes. “Oh yes,” I cried, “Yes...Yes...YES!” kissing him lovingly on his lips.

We found ourselves a small church with a modern, open-minded vicar who was willing to bless our union. It was quite an affair with just our families and some very close friends in attendance. Stacey, Louise, and Rachel were my bridesmaids. Billy chose Stan Kramer to be his best man.

Who would ever have believed that just over a year ago, I would be standing in a flowing white satin wedding dress and bridal veil, looking radiant as a blushing bride. The ceremony was simple and yet very beautiful.

That night Billy and I made love together for the very first time. He shouldn’t have had any fears, he was a wonderful lover...and I discovered how wonderful sex as a woman was as my body shuddered with orgasm after orgasm. That night I found out what being a woman really meant, and for the first time since my operation, I felt complete once again.

THE END

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Later the Present Day

Afterwards I lit a cigarette and blew a long stream of blue/gray smoke towards the hotel room ceiling. I glanced over at Max. He lay silently with his eyes closed, sheen of sweat covering his muscular body after our strenuous lovemaking. He had made it perfectly clear just how he felt about me.

Earlier that day

Pushing away his plate, his steak barely touched, Max reached across the restaurant table and gently took my hand. He had been on edge all evening, quiet and withdrawn. I knew better than to push him. Nervously I tugged at the hem of my short tight black skirt, very aware at how little it covered my shapely thighs, encased as they were in a pair of lacy patterned stockings.

Max cleared his throat, “Jennifer, darling, you do know how much I love you, don’t you?”

Sighing, I replied, “Yes, Max, I know...”

“Why won’t you make a commitment and move in with me? Don’t you trust me?”

Trying to search for the right words, I took my time in lighting the cigarette I had just placed in my mouth. With tears filling my eyes, my husky voice filled with emotion, I finally replied, “Nobody knows what I have

been through since I moved to London three years ago. Let me tell you, Max, the streets are not paved with gold, predators more the like. Looking back, I see what a fool I was, but at the time, meeting Sylvia was like a dream come true. It was my salvation..."

1997

The journey from Wallasey on Merseyside to London's Victoria coach station had taken just under six hours. I climbed from the coach feeling stiff and grateful to be able to stretch out my legs. The small Nike sports bag slung over one shoulder contained all of my worldly goods.

Glancing around, I realized that I was the only person on the coach who had nobody waiting to meet me. Nor for that matter, did I know anyone here or have anywhere to go.

Like most runaways drawn to the bright lights of the big city, I had no idea how I was going to survive now that I was here. The £200 cash that I had brought with me would not get me very far. I had no doubts that I had to find some form of paid work, and quickly.

I found a single room in the Finsbury Park area of North London. Mrs. Krantz, the landlady, said that the rent would be £30.00 a week and demanded that I gave her one-month in advance. She snatched the money from my hand and I watched it disappear into the folds of her dirty gray cardigan. I followed her up three flights of stairs to the small room that would become my home for the next three years.

I really tried my best to find work, but at each attempt I was told the same thing...that I was too young and too inexperienced. I thought that employment would

be going begging in London, but instead, within just a few weeks, it was I that had been reduced to begging in order to eat. When my rent money finally ran out, I began to despair, wondering what on earth I could do to survive. Yet, no matter what, I was determined that I would not go back home to that brutal, drunken father of mine.

I met Lauren during the early hours of a cold, wet November morning in a small all night café in Kings Cross. I was huddled over a mug of tea and an over-grilled, greasy cheeseburger, doing my best to make both last me as long as possible while trying to ignore the stares from the owner, who obviously didn't want me there, while he stood behind his counter polishing cups and glasses with a filthy, once white tea cloth.

The sound of Lauren's voice made me jump and I stared at her as she pulled out the chair opposite me and sat down. "Mind if I join you?" she asked. I shook my head in reply.

Sipping at her coffee, she nodded in the direction of the café owner. I hate sitting on my own in this place. That creep of an owner is forever coming onto the girls...the slime ball. She then reached across the small table to shake my hand, "By the way, my name is Lauren."

After a brief hesitation, I replied with a smile, "My name is Chris. Pleased to meet you, Lauren."

Despite the fact that we were total strangers, or maybe it was because of it, we really opened up to each other. Lauren told me that she was an only child who had been sexually abused by her alcoholic father from an early age. She ran away from home at just eleven years of age. After only four nights on the street, a woman

called Sylvia found her. “She was kind to me, took me in, and helped give me a better life, letting me join her family. Becoming a girl seemed a small price to pay for having both a home and a new family.”

“What do you mean ‘becoming a girl’? You are a girl!”

“Oh yes, I suppose I am now,” she answered.

“Now?” I asked feeling confused. “Hold on just one minute. You can’t seriously be telling me that you are...were once a boy!?”

Lauren’s face turned sad as she slowly nodded. “Huh, being a girl isn’t all that bad. I soon got used to it. One of the best things about being a girl is the power I have over men. Most of my clients really get off knowing that I’m really a feminized boy; well, far more girl than boy now, if I’m really honest.”

I studied Lauren really closely for the first time. Surely she was pulling my leg. There was nothing at all, even slightly, masculine about her. She wore a vivid pink low cut top, which revealed a far from masculine chest...indeed she had ample cleavage! She also wore a short red knitted skirt that clung tightly to shapely thighs. On her feet was a pair of black ankle boots with three inch spiked heels. She simply couldn’t possibly be a guy!

Lauren also wore a $\frac{3}{4}$ length red woolen topcoat to protect her from the cold early morning air. Her attractive face was made up, but not overly so, and her long dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

I shook my head in disbelief. Jeez! How could any normal boy allow himself to be turned into a girl? And, if I read it right, then work the streets selling their body as a prostitute, for crying out loud! It just seemed so insane!!

Lauren looked me directly in the eyes, obviously not at all ashamed or embarrassed about having been almost totally turned into a girl, wearing girl's clothes, and making money from having sex with men. In a voice charged with emotion, she softly said, "Don't judge me, Chris. I had reached the point where I had nowhere else to go and no one to turn to. I was just a child alone, hungry, and afraid. Have you ever gone six whole days without food? Or beaten up in some filthy stinking alley to have your shoes stolen from your very feet? No? I thought not! I wouldn't have survived without Sylvia's help. I would be long dead by now, just another statistic. I owe Sylvia my life."

I found it hard to comprehend how any normal male could be changed to appear almost female, complete with breasts. Or sleep with other men, who do revolting things to you. But we parted on friendly terms and I wished her the best.

I was starting to feel desperate with only six days to go before the advance paid to Mrs. Krantz ran out. I had tried over and over to find work, all with no success. The more dishevelled I began to look the less likely anyone was to employ me. I needed help, and the only thing that kept going through my mind was Lauren and this Sylvia woman. I didn't have to go down the same road as Lauren, but maybe she could help me in other ways. It certainly wouldn't do any harm to meet her. I had to find Lauren and ask her to put me in touch with Sylvia. I could think of nothing else.

After three hours of looking, I still hadn't traced Lauren. Feeling cold and exhausted, I decided to call it a day and head on back to my flat, when as if by magic, there she was. She was getting out of a punter's car on Caledonian Road. The driver of the car sped off quickly as I

called out her name and ran across the road to meet her. She remembered me.

Over coffee and Danish pastries in a nearby café, I asked Lauren if she would tell me about this Sylvia woman who had helped her in time of need. Lauren finished her coffee and lit a cigarette before answering me. "Before we go any further, Chris, I want you to understand that despite the way that she makes a living, Sylvia is a very kind and caring person. She would never hurt a fly and she has nine other girls like me on her books. Plus she has a client list of well over a hundred male customers who pay very well for our services, all on a regular basis. They are all vetted and most of them are clean, safe generous businessmen."

"Sylvia is also very selective when it comes to taking on 'new' girls. They have to be young, ideally tall and slim, and with the type of face that can be easily feminized. They also have to abandon any male lifestyle, living as a female twenty four seven."

"Oh! I'm not saying I want to become like you. I don't think I could. I thought she might be able to..."

"Sylvia only deals with people who are prepared to work for her in this way. That's her business, Chris. Don't disregard it without at least giving it some thought and hearing what she has to say. You chose to run away, and if you don't want to go back home and you don't want to starve, you have to be prepared to make certain adjustments in your life...and it's good money. I've already mentioned you to Sylvia and she was keen to meet you. You've obviously come looking for me because you are desperate, so...? Shall we go meet her?"

The taxi pulled up outside Sylvia's North London home a little after 8.00pm. I was surprised by how large

it was. Lauren paid the driver from a wad of notes in her purse and we got out of the cab and walked up the long driveway towards the main pillared, entrance.

As we neared the door I hesitated and turned to Lauren to express my fears. "I'm not certain about any of this, Lauren. I know what you are saying and I can see you are financially much better off, but I honestly don't think that I could cope with living my life as a girl. I wouldn't make a convincing girl and would be laughed at. As for having sex with, with...you know, with other men..."

Lauren laughed in amusement, "Hey, it's really no big deal. Being a girl is a lot easier than you would think, and personally, I think you would make a very convincing girl. But like I said, Sylvia will assess you on that score and wouldn't even consider taking you if she didn't think you would pass."

"As for the sex side of things, well it's just something you learn to do in order to survive, and after a while you get used to it and stop even thinking that you are having sex with a man. It's just a job."

Still far from reassured, my heart pounding, I followed Lauren on weakening legs to the door. Sylvia was not at all the matronly figure that I pictured her to be. Lauren had informed me that she was fifty four years old, but thanks to her well toned, shapely figure, still pretty face without a sign of aging, and her shoulder length blonde hair, she easily could have passed for forty.

As she approached me I could see that she was already appraising me. Hello, honey, you must be Chris. I have heard a lot about you from Lauren, but I'm afraid her description doesn't do you any justice, dear." Reaching towards me, she gently cupped the sides of my face

in her hands. “You have terrific bone structure, my dear...so wasted on a boy!”

Somewhere inside of me, I had gone ahead with meeting Sylvia because I felt sure I would be of no use to her. That way at least, I could pacify myself by saying, ‘at least I tried’. Now I was not so sure. She seemed to think I would make a good-looking girl!

In spite of my new-formed apprehensions, Sylvia made me feel most welcome and relaxed. After dinner, which was more food than I had eaten in a month, she listened with compassion and sympathy as I explained my current situation and what had led to my being in London at all.

After I finished my story, Sylvia replied, “Okay, Chris, I’m prepared to lend you some money to get you out of trouble. Let’s say £120, for your one-month’s rent and further £150 for living expenses to tide you over for now. But this is a short-term fix, and when that money runs out, you will be back in the same situation. The long term solution comes with a price and that price would be to work for me as one of my girls.”

Seeing the look of consternation on my face, both Sylvia and Lauren burst out laughing. Sylvia responded, “Don’t fret, honey, I’m not planning on turning you into a girl overnight, although that would be nice. What I propose is to give you some nice new clothes to wear, and yes, without looking so worried, I DO mean girl’s clothes! Later we would see about a few cosmetic changes to your face and hair. So, does that sound okay? Is that going to be life threatening?”

“No,” I bashfully agreed whilst thinking of her proposition. Then, after a period of thought, I reluctantly nodded, and sighed, “Okay, I’ll try. I have no other alternative.”

Sylvia beamed and clapped her hands in delight. “Good, that’s settled then. Let’s see what we can find you to wear before you change your mind.”

Within a matter of minutes, I was blushing furiously as I stood naked before Sylvia, my discarded male clothing in a heap on her bedroom floor. Sylvia flitted and fussed from cupboard to closet as she selected items of clothing for me to wear...only to toss them onto the bed in favor of different colors and styles. Finally she made her choice, and before I really knew what was happening or had time to feel embarrassed, I had been dressed as a female.

A matching lacy white bra and panty set came first, the cups of the bra having been filled out with a pair of cone shaped foam inserts. A lacy garter belt and sheer black stockings followed, and then a tight black, shape hugging miniskirt, it’s hem only falling as far as mid-thigh.

Sylvia’s choice of a sweater was ultra feminine, made from soft fluffy cream color mohair, and with a cowl neckline. Upon my stocking feet I wore a pair of black strappy shoes with a two-inch heel that fit comfortably.

Sylvia then sat me to her dressing table that had large illuminated mirrors. She carefully applied a whole range of cosmetics to my face, the feminizing affect that they had, startling me.

Just as I began to think that things couldn’t possibly get any worse or more humiliating than they already were, they did! Sylvia produced a wig for me to wear that was blonde in color, long and straight, reaching down to well past my shoulder blades and with bangs that came down to my eyebrows. The affect of the wig was remarkable, totally transforming the shape and features of my face.

In a trance-like state I made my way across to a full-length mirror and, upon seeing my reflection, stumbled back, almost falling. I could not believe just how much like a girl I actually appeared to be!!!

Merrily laughing, Sylvia turned her attention to Lauren and said, "Hey! You had better watch out, there's a new girl in town and she looks as though she may be serious competition for you!"

A little while later, while I was still trying to get used to the feel of the new, softer, more sensuous clothing on my body and the feel of hair around my face, Sylvia informed me that arrangements had been made for Lauren and I to meet two of her clients at the Regent's Hotel in Bayswater at 10:30pm.

"Don't worry Chris, the guys are real pussycats," Sylvia informed me, "They are both good looking fellas, each in the twenties and working as stock brokers, in the city. I'm sure that you will have no trouble with them."

I felt I was being put with men too soon, I needed time to get used to appearing as a girl and then, maybe, in the company of men. It was no use trying to persuade Sylvia to be lenient; I thought I would try appealing to the better side of Lauren.

"They are only two guys, they are not roughs who will treat you badly." Lauren told me, "...and the longer you put it off the harder it will be, you should go straight in at the deep end, let things take their course."

"Yes, but I have never been with a guy before, I've never even held another man's hand... let alone...."

Lauren cut me off. "Sylvia has accepted you, given you a chance. She has two mail clients expecting two girls, don't let her down." Lauren warned.

The men were smart, and handsome... for men, though I had never had any attraction for another man. I tried doing what Lauren had told me to do and just clear my mind from what I was doing. As such, despite the revulsion I felt at having my body explored by the rough, hairy hands of another male, I managed to hide my true feelings, forcing myself to do what ever I had to do, preying that it would soon be over. The man had a real kink for men dressed as girls and was so turned on that I didn't have to wait long at all.

Later, as we traveled back to Sylvia's in a cab I could hold out no longer and just burst into tears, shamed by what I had done. Lauren put her arms around me and gave me a supportive hug, "Shhh, Come on, baby, it's over now, it's always hard the first time, but it will get easier, I promise."

I awoke the following morning to the delicious smell of fresh coffee and frying ham rising to the room I had been given. I was unable to find my own clothing so, having nothing else, I just put back on the clothes that Sylvia had given me.

I glanced across the room over to the long blonde wig that was on a stand on the dressing table, after a moment or two's hesitation I fixed back on my head and carefully brushed it into place.

I made my way down the stairwell following the sound of babbling voices that took me into the kitchen and rather shyly eased the door open. I saw Sylvia, Lauren and three other, teenaged girls, sat around a large oval table made out of pine. Sylvia looked up and saw me peering in.

"Good morning, honey, Come on in and join us. Just sit yourself down and help yourself to something. As soon as you have had your breakfast I'll sort you out

with some new clothing for today, and then, of course, there's the small matter of the money that I owe you from last night, Don't worry, I hadn't forgotten!"

The three other girls all introduced themselves to me as Claire, Tanya and Fiona. Claire and Fiona were very chatty and friendly whilst Tanya sat very quietly and subdued. I was relieved that the new girls just accepted me and didn't mock me for being a guy who was dressed as a girl, but then again, why should they? Even if they were real girls, they knew that Sylvia had many other girls just like me.

As I followed Sylvia out of the kitchen after my filling breakfast she whispered to me, "Don't go taking too much notice of Tanya, she isn't ignoring you it's just that the female hormones she has been taking for the past five months have really started to kick in over the past couple of weeks. Her new breasts are growing quite large and her whole body shape has become much more feminine. She's feeling very emotional at the moment, unsure if she has done the right thing and having doubts as to whether she really wants the body of a girl."

With a change of clothing plus two hold all's full of all the latest teenage girl's fashions, along with the £70 I had been given, I was beginning to feel happier. All the male clothes I'd owned were in dire need of a wash and repair and it seemed a long time ago since I'd last had so much money in my hand.

The girls were friendly and acceptant of me, my belly felt contented, I felt clean and I was even getting used to the soft tickle of my blonde wig as it swayed around my face and the feel of the soft, hugging female clothing that I was wearing. Maybe I could get used to this, after all.

I handed the black cab driver a generous tip as he dropped me off outside my flat. With a flash of white teeth he smiled and said, "Thank you missy, you take good care now." I then watched as he carefully maneuvered the cab back into the heavy, late afternoon traffic on Blackstock Road.

Once inside I decided to make two journeys up to my flat with the heavy hold all's. Half way up the steep flight of stairs carrying the second bag, Mrs. Krantz opened the door of her own flat and stepped out into the dimly lit landing. Her initial gasp of shock at seeing me dressed as a girl and wearing makeup, turned into a spiteful laugh.

"Well, what have we got ourselves here then? You never told me that you were a transvestite!"

I averted my eyes and blushed furiously, feeling ashamed to be caught like this and wishing the ground would open and swallow me up. I could hear her laughter following me as I quickly entered my own flat, slamming the door behind me; if only she knew what I was really doing.

Nine Months Later...

Nobody was more amazed than I at how quickly the potent female hormones that Sylvia had talked me into taking, had taken over my body and began transforming it. Even after such a relatively short period of time my feminization was well under way. My full, ripe breasts and shapely figure were now unmistakably female and my face had become very pretty; even beautiful!

I had been the only 'girl' of Sylvia's who was not being given the hormones and, with what I was doing, how I was dressing and how I was living each and every day, it seemed to be the right thing to do; all the girls told me

how much easier I would accept things if I really had the body and looks to fit the part.

They were right. The changes that were happening to me, although frighteningly daunting at first, were also comforting, after all, if I had to live full time as a woman, then I would sooner be a convincing one so that nobody could tell I was really a male... and I was now certainly that!

I wore my own hair long and feminine, in fact, almost identical in style and color to the wig that I had used; part of my disguise to hide behind. I had also learnt from most of my clients that they found my long, silky blonde hair a real turn on.

As Lauren had predicted I did get used to having sex with or servicing men, once I had beaten the psychological aspect of what I was doing then most were just real easy money, many of them thought, just being with a young male who was 90% female, was such a turn-on, that quite often they had ejaculated before things had even got started.

This new life of mine meant that money was no longer a problem to me, I was working five or six nights a week and making an average of between £100 and £300 per night, plus tips. Most of the money that I was earning I saved up, needing only enough to pay for my rent and make-up; I'd decided to keep the flat going, despite Sylvia's offer of free accommodation. I wanted to feel that I still had some independence.

I told myself that this was not going to be forever, I would give it two years, three at the most to really save up some money then, being financially stable, I would go back to being a male and start over again, with the choice of staying in London and developing my own

business... or at least buying shares in one. Or, I could go back home with my head held high.

It was one evening over dinner and a glass or two of wine with Sylvia and some of her girls that I mentioned my future plans. The girls all thought I was someone who really knew where I was going and had aims but Sylvia remained silent, but with an expression of concern on her face.

Later, as we were all leaving the room she called me and asked if I would stay behind. As the other girls went out of view she turned to me and said calmly, "There's no need to look so worried Jennifer, please, sit with me and we shall have another glass of wine."

Sitting alongside me on the leather settee, Sylvia took her time and composed herself, obviously feeling very awkward about something and trying to find the correct words.

"You know that I am very fond of you, Jennifer, indeed I like you a lot and I just want what is best for you. You have adapted very well to this way of life and you have always shown a great deal of sense, keeping away from trouble and drugs and knowing what you want from life..."

"...Look, Jennifer, I may as well be straight with you, you mentioned earlier that when you gave up this way of life you wanted to go back to living as a man again! ...You do realize that such a thing is impossible now, don't you?"

"Impossible! ...What do you mean? Why should it be impossible? Surely, once I stop taking the female hormones then my own body mechanism, my own testosterone levels will reassert themselves and I will start becoming masculine again. Okay, maybe not straight away but..."

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Sylvia shook her head sadly, cutting me off, "My darling, if only things were that simple, but please don't fool yourself. The potent female hormones that you have been taking have done an excellent job to you; indeed your feminization is almost total... just look at yourself! You are a beautiful young woman now, maybe a woman who has a maleness between her shapely legs, but there is nothing else remotely masculine about you.

"Do you honestly think that just by merely stopping taking the female hormones you would suddenly become male again? No, sweetheart, it does not happen that way, stopping the use of hormones will only prevent you from becoming even more feminine. Surgery, at the very least, would be required to remove those gorgeous full breasts of yours but your face will always remain pretty, your voice girlishly high and your figure shapely and feminine. At the very best Jennifer you would just be an extremely effeminate young man, neither one sex nor the other. Tell me, do you really want to live your life like that... a freak! An object of people's ridicule and pity... or be a truly lovely woman?"

Finding my voice, my eyes moist with tears, I looked desperately at Sylvia and sobbed; "Are you really sure of your facts Sylvia? I mean, I have spoken to lots of the other girls and they too had the idea that changing back was just a question of stopping taking the hormones, in fact two of them had the same idea as me."

Sylvia shook her head solemnly, "Yes, dear, I am absolutely certain. It would help you immensely if you could put such foolish thoughts of ever returning to being male out of your head and just enjoy what you have become, a girl. The extent of your feminization goes much further than the obvious physical changes... it isn't just your body that has changed dear, the way that you walk and talk, your emotional state... in fact every

little movement and mannerism are now just so feminine... haven't you noticed? Please, face up to it Jennifer, you are now a girl."

"But I never meant to become a girl. I worked for you just to get out of a tight scrape. I dressed as a girl because that was what was required. There was never mention that I would actually become a girl...forever!!"

I sought different doctor's opinions. Each listened sympathetically to my story and carried out various tests, but they all reached the same conclusion. Sylvia was not wrong. There was absolutely no way back to my former masculinity.

I was totally devastated. How would I ever come to terms with having to spend my entire life as a female? It was like a terrible nightmare. I could never escape from the femininity I always believed was just short term.

Lauren and the other girls were very supportive. Without their help, support, and encouragement, I wouldn't have gotten through the following months. Lauren was my rock, even going as far as moving in with me. I was in no state of mind to work and was close to having a breakdown. She worked to keep the both of us...as well as taking care of the everyday household chores such as shopping, cooking, cleaning, and the like.

Eventually, with the other girls help, my future began to look a little brighter as I came to terms with what had happened to me, forcing myself to be positive, to concentrate on all the good points about being a woman...of which, if I was honest, were many. As a boy, I was nothing special...a bit of a wimp really, but I made a stunning female, having the face and figure that most real women would die for, and as a woman, I got to wear

the prettiest and slinkiest clothes imaginable, sensuous lingerie, beautiful figure hugging dresses, sexy high heels things that most males could never experience. The same went for makeup and for my silky long blonde hair. I could change my look and style as often as I wanted to. I loved it!

When I did start working again, there was simply no stopping me. I had a terrific sexual appetite and the power I had over men made me feel so superior, the pore mites were powerless to resist me.

That's my story and that is when I found Max. He wasn't just after paying for sex; he wanted me. He wined and dined me, bought me expensive clothes and gifts, treated me like a human being, and more so, like a lady. He made me laugh and made me feel special, made me feel loved and wanted. He was a handsome, successful businessman with everything going for him, a man who could have had his pick of women, but he picked me.

Earlier the Present Day

"...My darling, Jennifer, I know what you have been through, and I would like you to take the final step...the step into complete womanhood so that you can become my wife, and the mother of my daughter, Emily. You know that she thinks the world of you. I love you with all my heart, darling. I know that I can give you the support you so badly need and that we can all live happily together as a family.

Reaching into his suit jacket pocket, Max took out a small black box and with an expectant expression full of hope, he slid it across the table towards me.

With my hands shaking, I picked the box up and opened the lid. I had an idea what it was, but my heart skipped a beat when I saw that it contained the most beautiful diamond engagement ring I had ever seen!

“Jennifer, please say that you will marry me...?”

Later the present day

As Max lay there, I looked again at the sparkling ring on my finger. Yes, I had accepted his offer of marriage...how could I refuse? I loved this man and he loved me, for all that I was. I had no chance of ever been a man again, so I may as well be an honest woman. I nudged him playfully, wanting to make love to him again, but I also had a great desire to make love to him as a woman.

Six Months Later

The surgery was a great success and I am now a woman in every conceivable way, there really is no going back now. Max and his twelve-year-old daughter, Emily, from a previous marriage, are very loving and tender towards me, and for the first time in my life, I truly feel secure and loved.

Our wedding is set for next month, a traditional church wedding, and my dress is like something out of a fairy tale, a mass of tulle, frills and lace. Tanya, Fiona, and of course, Lauren and Emily will be my bridesmaids, while Sylvia will be my maid of honor. We will then fly to California for a two-week honeymoon. I really do feel like such a lucky girl!

All my fears and worries about being a woman have proven groundless and I really couldn't be happier. Max is everything I could possibly want in a man, and our sex life is simply out of this world. Being made love to as a woman is so much more satisfying and fulfilling and takes me to heights of ecstasy that I never thought possible!

With only a six-year age gap between us, it is not surprising that Emily and I feel so close to each other. We are more like sisters than stepmother and daughter.

Standing before the full-length mirror, I turn this way and that to admire my reflection, closing my eyes and taking in a deep breath to savor the full sensations of being a woman. The soft caress of my long blonde hair against my face, shoulders, and back, its very touch sends tingles of pleasure through my body.

I star in awe at my full breasts, straining in the confining white lacy material of my bra. Cupping my breasts, I moaned softly in pleasure as I feel my nipples harden, prodding into the palms of my hands.

As my right hand strokes down my body, my fingers find their way to my new female cleft and probe their way inside. How different to having maleness hanging there, I thought, as I arch my back and gasp, tossing back my long blonde hair. The only thing that I am denied of is having Max's children. Had I really wanted to remain being a male?

The End



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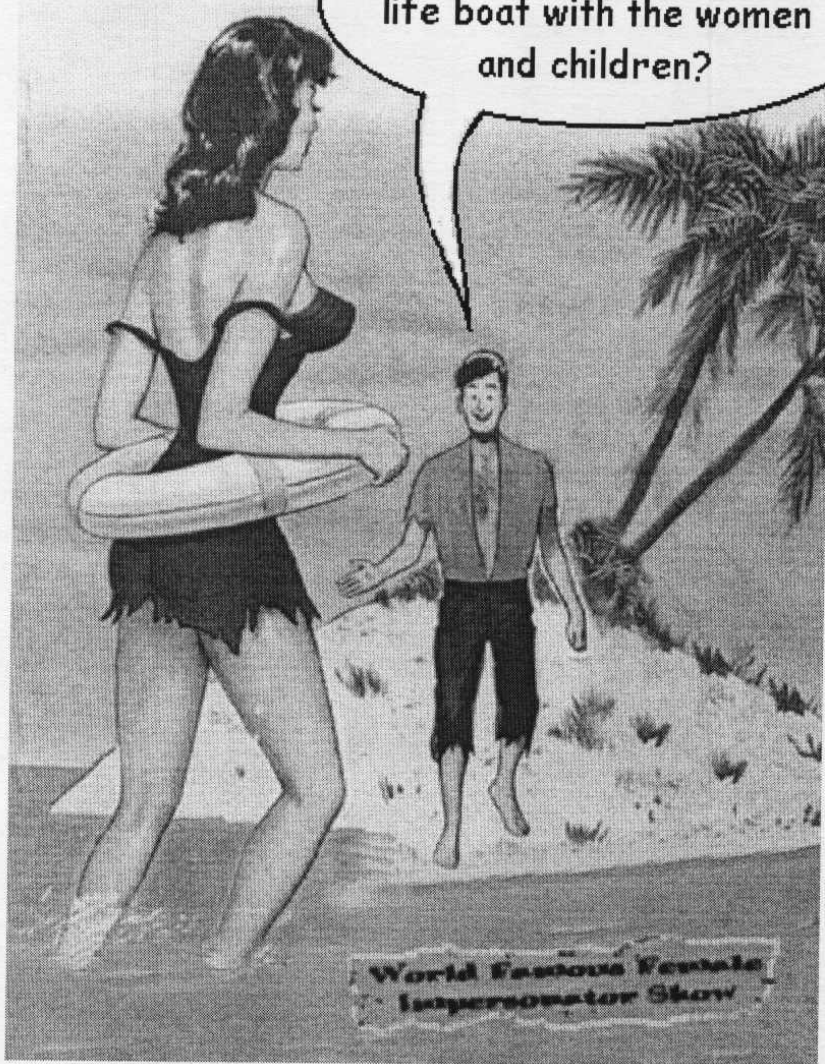
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