

Becoming My Twin Sister



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



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Becoming My Twin Sister

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter One A Very Bad Feeling

Jennifer Marshall gave birth to twins, half an hour apart, on the 8th of August 1997. One was a boy and the other was a girl. She was too exhausted to be fully aware herself at the time, but everyone else in the delivery room was amazed at how very similar the two babies looked as they were laid side by side. They could almost have been identical twins, if only they had both been boys or both girls.

With her husband Howard standing by the bedside, Jennifer and he decided on names for their newborns, Andrew and Andrea.

The similarity between the two did not change even as the twins developed and grew up—apart from the obvious differences in sexual anatomy, and the fact that the son had his hair kept fairly short while

the daughter was allowed to wear hers long. Other than that, their height, their build, their blue-gray eyes and their dark brown hair were exactly the same.

As can be the case with identical twins, there was a strong connection between the two. They often thought the same thoughts, even spoke the same things out loud at the same moment, and they knew instantly if there was anything ever troubling the other; each would even feel an element of pain if the other was hurt. They were the best of friends, and during early childhood they were always in each other's company.

Things only began to change between them once they hit their teens and puberty began. Andrea started becoming interested in more girlish things, experimenting with make-up, buying clothes and shoes, and hanging out with her friends from school. Andrew began doing more boyish things, playing sports and trying to get the attention of girls with his own friends, not to mention sometimes getting into trouble from his boyish antics. He soon got in with a local gang and started to get into trouble with the police.

At home, however, they would enjoy the same food, listen to the same music, and enjoy the same television programmes.

In their late teens they began to see less and less of each other. Andrea had begun going steady with Ian Crompton, a boy from Andy's school, whom he knew.

Whilst Andrea went on to attending college after leaving school, Andy became a bit of a layabout and unemployed. Andy would hang around on the streets or down at the Mall with a group of his best friends, often not returning home until late. He didn't have a steady girlfriend, but he was a good looking boy—fresh faced, almost pretty, some might say. He attracted lots of female attention, and so he was able to play the field.

On a cold evening in February 2017, when the twins were 19 years old, Andrea went out to meet up with Ian as usual, telling her family they planned on seeing a movie. Andy went out himself 40 minutes later with his mates, Rick, Kyle, and Joe That is where Andy's life story changed dramatically.

The four boys kicked a can around at the deserted and shuttered shopping mall, hoods up over their heads and hands stuffed in pockets from the biting night air.

“Well, we ain't gonna be picking up any chicks tonight.” Kyle lamented, “It's way too cold; they'll all be sitting at home watching the box or washing their hair.”

“What time is it anyhow, Andy?” Rick asked. Andy glanced at his wrist watch. “It's a quarter after eleven,” he replied rather glumly. “Don't know about you guys but I think I may head back home anyway.”

Just at that moment it began drizzling. “It's been dead tonight, and the weather is crap, hell I may just go home too.” Rick agreed as Joe began throwing stones across the road at a tin can being blown about by the wind.

“Hey Andy—you okay, buddy?” Kyle suddenly asked his friend.

Andy had gone ashen and was evidently in discomfort. “No, man! I don't feel so good, and my heart is pounding in my chest.”

The other two now noticed the expression on Andy's face was distorted, showing both fear and extreme discomfort. Suddenly he placed his hands to his groin and let out a pained noise.

As quickly as it had happened it went away again, though Andy's heart kept beating fast as though he was having palpitations. He ignored his concerned

friends' questions as he took out his cell phone from his jeans pocket.

"Hey, Mum! is Andrea home from the cinema yet?" he asked as the phone was answered on the other end.

"She isn't? I dunno, Mum, I just have a bad feeling. Listen, I'm hanging up, I'm going to give her a ring on her phone, okay?" With that, Andy stopped his call and instead made a call to Andrea. After the initial ringing period the call went onto voice mail. Andy stopped the call and tried two more times before giving up.

Phoning his parents' home again, Andy informed his mum that he couldn't get in touch with his sister and he felt uneasy. His mum took it seriously; she knew how closely her two children were connected.

Upon arriving home at his parents' house, Ian Crompton put the kettle on to make some drinks for them, his older brother, and himself. He stopped what he was doing to answer his cell phone.

"Ian? Hello, honey, it's Mrs Marshall, Andrea's mum. Is Andrea with you?"

"Oh, hi Mrs Marshall. Err, no, I left her about an hour ago. I thought she would be back home by now."

"You left her? Didn't you see her home? Where did you leave her, Ian?" Jennifer pressed, more urgently.

"We went to go see a movie, but she was in a bit of a mood with me for some reason. After the show I said I'd take her home, but she was still being off with me and said she had a headache. She said that we could talk later and that she would find her own way home."

“And that was about an hour ago?” Jennifer asked for confirmation.

“Yeah. Say, is everything all right, Mrs Marshall? I saw her get onto her usual bus out of town.” Ian was now starting to feel uneasy himself.

Andy had wasted no time in heading home. The rain was now heavier, and he pulled his hoodie over his head as he cut onto the estate where he lived. His heart dropped and he felt sick when he saw two police cars, both with their lights still blazing, parked up outside his house as he came onto his street.

Opening the front door and entering, Andy was greeted with three police officers, one a female, standing in the hallway. Andy’s mum was sobbing hysterically and his dad had a comforting arm around her.

“Mum... Dad... What’s happened? What’s happened to Andrea?” He asked in concern, his voice breaking.

Andy sat in stunned silence as he learned that his twin sister had got off a bus and had taken a short cut across a local park, a park all of the teenagers in the neighbourhood used, and had been attacked by a rapist—attacked and badly hurt. In fact she was in hospital, in a coma, fighting for her life.

Andy wiped away a tear as he digested all of the information. His Dad made everyone a strong cup of tea, and the police left after half an hour.

George Fernandez took a last pull on his cigarette before tossing the butt into some bushes. He shoved his hands into his pockets. It was chilly, but he was waiting. In dark clothing, standing in the shadows, Fernandez was hoping for prey. He had that burning, yearning feeling that wouldn’t go away.

The 56-year-old Fernandez was a registered psychotic who had also been diagnosed as bipolar some twenty years ago. Together the two created a mix, at certain times, which made him want to rape innocent women. He had that need right now.

Fernandez had already committed a number of rapes over the past few years in this area alone. He believed in his mind that those women would want to be raped, they had needs too, and he was providing a service for the both of them. On two occasions he had made repeat attacks—raping a woman and then, weeks or months later, targeting the same woman. It was like a sport, hunting his intended prey rather than taking an opportunity.

Andrea Marshall was on her way home from meeting her boyfriend. It hadn't gone well, and she thought their relationship was going stale. She had called it a night and, rather than having her boyfriend see her safely home as usual, she had made her own way.

Andrea had stepped off her bus from town and was going to walk around the local park to the estate where she lived, but then she felt the first specks of rain on her face. She was wearing ankle boots that had a two-inch sturdy heel, not too bad for walking over grass. Maybe, she thought, she should cut through the park to avoid the rain before it got heavier. Many of the local teens used the park as a short cut.

As she walked along the path, she became aware of a shadowy figure coming out of some bushes from behind. It could just be some guy relieving himself, but it made Andrea's heart start pounding and she quickened her step. As she did, it sounded like so did the man, and he was following her.

She was feeling frightened but she knew, sometimes, it was better to face your fears. Who knew? The man might go walking right past her, walking fast to also get out of the rain.



Andrea turned to look and immediately was seized by the man, rushing her and clamping a hand over her mouth to prevent a scream whilst using his force to push her off the path and into shrubs.

But Andrea was made of tough stuff, like her brother and her Dad who had been a bare-knuckle fighter. She put up resistance, punched back, and used her knee, trying to hit him between the legs.

Fernandez was not used to any of his victims fighting back. Initially it surprised him, but then he struck out in anger, punching Andrea clean on the jaw and sending her falling backwards. As she hit the ground her head struck a rock and she knew no more, but that didn't stop Fernandez. He had that need and he quickly unbuckled his pants, unzipped his fly, yanked Andrea's skirt up to her hips, and forcefully tore her panties and pantyhose down to her knees.

None of the Marshall household felt like going to bed that night. They sat up, glued by the telephone in case there was any news. They planned together to go to Andrea's bedside as soon as they were allowed.

It was just breaking dawn and Andy was stifling a yawn, sitting up in his bedroom, when there was a knock on the door. Mr Marshall went to answer it. There was some talking and Andy heard a woman's voice. Before long both a man and woman had entered the sitting room, still talking.

"Good morning, Mrs Marshall. I am Detective Constable Marcie Bellwood, and this is Detective Constable Tom Bridges. I have been assigned to investigate the attack and rape of your daughter. May I?"

Marcie asked the question for an invitation to be seated on an empty armchair. Jennifer Marshall nodded her consent.

“I am really sorry for what has happened to your daughter Andrea, especially that she is currently in a catatonic state due to the blow on her head. This was sustained by her falling onto a rock rather than being hit with it by the perpetrator. The rock was semi-buried into the ground and had lain there for quite some time.”

“Oh, so what you are saying is, if you catch this filthy rapist he is safe from being charged with putting my daughter into a coma, it was an accident! Is that it?”

The detective stretched her lips. “Mrs Marshall, I understand that you are in a very delicate state at this time. We are on your side, truly. We want, indeed we badly need to catch this man. He is guilty of rape—and he will strike again if we don’t catch him.”

“How do you know that, detective?” Howard Marshall asked.

“Here is the thing. Do you remember a couple of rapes in this area a few years back? The papers made a big thing about two rape victims being attacked not once, but twice, each one within a span of several months between the first and the second.”

Jennifer nodded her head. “Yes, I do recall reading something about that. Do you think it’s the same man?”

“Hard to call, Ma’am.” Detective Bridges spoke for the first time. “If it is the same guy, he has also carried out another 17 rapes in this region.”

“Seventeen!” Howard exclaimed loudly, “We haven’t seen reports of any other rapes—well since the one you just mentioned.”

“We have tried to keep them a low profile sir. The thing is—” Detective Bridges began.

“Low profile? My daughter is laid in a coma, man, after having being raped. If people knew that some multi-raping son of a bitch was out there, she might have been more cautious!” Howard blasted, his face going red.

“Yes, wouldn’t everyone? But then everyone’s quality of life suffers, out of fear. It’s the same way that terrorism works: detonate a few car bombs here and there, and scare people into not going on holiday or carrying out their normal daily lives. You don’t defeat terrorism like that, you play into its hands. It’s the same with rape.”

“And you have to remember that these rapes are sporadic, over a period of a number of years.” Detective Bellwood joined in.

Howard was a tough man, but he let his emotions get the better of him as tears welled in his eyes. “My daughter, my beautiful daughter! She is only 19; her life could be ruined! What if she never wakes up again? If I catch him I’ll tear him limb from limb!”

Jennifer was more stable, taking things in. “Over many years? How come you haven’t caught him yet? Surely he has left enough clues.”

“That’s just it, Mrs Marshall. He hasn’t, which is also why we cannot say it is the same man. Whoever he is, he seems to be very careful: no semen or saliva specimens, no finger prints—nothing. All we have is an odd footprint and the fact that there seems to be a certain way that the rapes are carried out that has similarity to them. What we do know about your daughter’s case is it was premeditated, not like some opportunist who finds himself in a quiet place with a vulnerable young girl and just acts on impulse. This man knew what he was doing. He was prepared, he carried condoms, gloves, he was a sexual predator out for prey—and your daughter was unfortunate to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

Howard was now more understanding and just nodded his head in response.

“We have a profiler working on the cases. She believes it is the same man, and we have our own ideas as to what kind of man he is. The likelihood is that he is mentally unwell, which triggers off his attacks.”

“Do you have any photographs of your daughter that we can use?” Detective Bridges asked. “We’ll return them right back.”

“Yes, of course.” Jennifer got up and walked to her sideboard; Detective Bridges walked with her. There were a number of framed family pictures, including one of Andrea by herself. “You may use this one, but please do bring it back.”

Whilst receiving the photograph, Tom Bridges looked at some of the others, one in particular. “Is this photograph a recent one?” He asked, lifting it up.

“Yes, that was taken late last summer.” Jennifer replied.

“May we also use this one?”

Jennifer looked at the detective questioningly. “If you need to, I guess. That’s Andrea with her brother Andy. He’s upstairs, possibly fallen asleep.”

Bridges handed the photographs to Marcie Bellwood, but made a point of ensuring she looked at the top one. Fleetingly Marcie’s expression changed and her mouth opened as she turned her head to look at her colleague. He gave a knowing look in response.

“Well, I am sure you are all very tired after such an awful night,” Marcie said as she lifted herself from the comfortable armchair. “This is my card. If you need me, don’t hesitate to get in touch, and I will keep you constantly briefed on our progress.”

Howard saw the detectives back to the door; then he went to his wife, putting his arms around her to give her a comforting hug.

Later that day the Marshall family went off to Central Hospital to visit Andrea. Mum and Dad, Andy, and his 14-year-old sister Crystal all went together. What they saw distressed them terribly. Andrea was laid out on a bed with drips attached to her, her face was black and blue, and she looked as though she had gone 10 rounds in a boxing ring with a world heavyweight champion.

Other than the obvious facial bruising, she had a bandage wrapped around her head holding a large pad at the back where she had struck the rock, causing the head trauma which had left her in a coma. She was unresponsive, but Jennifer sat by her bedside, holding her hand and just talking to her. After a few minutes Howard had taken Crystal, crying, out of the room to get her a drink. Andy stood alone with tears in his eyes.

The family stayed in the hospital for two hours before leaving, telling the prone body of Andrea how much they loved her, and assuring her that they would visit each day until she recovered.

Chapter Two Are You Serious?

That evening Andy went out with his friends. A number of the gang were out this evening, many wanting to know the situation with Andrea and how she was. Andy couldn't tell them much, of course, but described how she looked and a little of what had happened.

Andy's friends were an unruly bunch, but they had all practically grown up knowing Andy, and

Andrea too. They were angry about what had happened to her. If they could have got their own hands on the rapist, they would have made a mess of him.

Some wanted to channel their anger, as the rapist was obviously not going to be available, and unfortunately it was two gay boys that caught their rage. The gang had been walking down a back alley when they came across the two young men kissing. It caused an immediate reaction.

Craig, who was a homophobe anyway, led the way. Pushing the bigger of the two, Craig spat, saying they didn't want their sort around the neighborhood and that it made him sick. Andy, who was one of the toughest members of his gang, did not want to join in with the actual abuse, but he began laughing as Craig continued his venomous attack. He too needed to vent his anger, and he personally couldn't understand why men would fancy other men—when, in his words, there were shitloads of sexy chicks out there begging for it.

But Andy stopped laughing when the tallest gay was punched to the floor and then kicked unmercifully. This wasn't his bag at all. Give him a rival gang member to fight and he would take the lead—but this wasn't right.

“Okay, man, lay off him, he's had enough!” Andy called out to Craig plus two others, TJ and Joe, who were continuing to kick.

Craig found the need to put a couple more kicks in as the gang started to depart. They left the young man hurt and bleeding, tended to by his boyfriend, who had been too scared to intervene himself.

“What's with you Andy? You goin' soft on the fags or somethin'?” Joe asked as they walked away.

“No, not really—but seeing my sister all beaten up today, then that guy, you know—it's too much.”

“Yeah, guess you are right,” I see where you are coming from, bro. Just a shame that faggot wasn’t the rapist.”

Seeing the bruised and battered face of the homosexual man brought back visions of Andrea to Andy and upset him. He was no longer feeling like hanging out that evening, plus he felt tired, very tired. He set off for home.

As he approached his house he saw that there was a car parked outside. He opened the front door, wiped his feet on the mat, and walked in. Sitting with his mum and dad in the lounge were a man and woman he had not seen before.

Andy’s mum, who was drinking tea the same as everyone else in the room, turned and smiled at Andy. “Andy, darling, this is Detective Marcie Bellwood and detective Tom Bridges. They came to the house early this morning; they are investigating what happened to Andrea.”

Andy gave a courteous nod without saying anything.

“Hello, Andy.” The woman spoke, smiling. She was quite young looking, with a trim figure and blonde hair gathered back in a bun.

“Andy,” Jennifer continued, “Detective Bellwood has something to ask you which she thinks could help in catching the rapist—the man who has hurt Andrea.”

Andy slipped off his hooded jacket and took a seat, looking at the woman and waiting to hear what she had to say.

Marcie sat her cup and saucer down on a table, cleared her throat, put her hands in her lap, and looked as though she was trying to figure how to start.

“Andy,” she began, “we couldn’t help but noticing this morning your remarkable similarity to your sister.”

“Yeah, we’re twins, what of it?” Andy responded.

“Well—we have no idea who the rapist is, but we do believe that he has been responsible for many rape attacks in the region, over a long period of time. It is clear the culprit needs to be caught, and fast. It is only a matter of time before he actually kills some innocent young woman.”

“So are you wanting some help to look for him? I have lots of mates that would help.”

“It is not that simple, I’m afraid. Like I said, we have no idea of who he is, or where or when he may strike next. If it is the same man, there have been a couple of cases where he has done a double strike—raped a person and then, after a period of time, raped her again. That is unusual in itself and says a lot about his psychotic personality. I don’t know if you noticed; I do know that you and your family have had a long and stressful busy day, but the story has leaked to the local press and is on the front page. The rapist knows your sister is in hospital, in a coma.”

Andy’s mum lifted the evening newspaper off the table to show him, There was the headlines and, along with the body of the story, was a printed photo of his sister, Andrea.

Andy looked at the first few paragraphs, then looked back at the female detective.

“So what is it that you want of me? How can I help?”

“What if the rapist suddenly learns that your sister is back out of hospital? Possibly able to identify him? What if he wants to make another double strike?”

“If he touches her again I’d kill him! But the doctors have no idea how long she may be in a coma. We have been told it may only be a short period, but some say it could be weeks, maybe months.”

Detective Bellwood cleared her throat and looked steadily at Andy. “Andy, how would you feel about pretending to be your sister in order to flush him out?”

Andy pulled a face. “You mean like putting on a wig and a long coat to cover my body so he thinks I am sis? Sounds a bit gay, but I guess I’d do it if it meant catching him.”

Marcie’s gaze remained fixed on Andy. “Something like that—but it would need to be much more elaborate than just a wig and a long coat. We need to fool him; we need to convince him that you are Andrea. Most psychopaths are actually very smart. He would be watching, he would be observing, maybe for days or even weeks.”

“You mean actually wearing girls’ clothing—like Andrea wears? Makeup and all that kind of stuff?” Andy suddenly voiced aloud, “No way! No, I am not doing that shit! I’d be humiliated; I’d be laughed out of the gang. Get someone else to do it. I’m not into that.” Andy sat back indignantly, his face burning just from the mere suggestion.

“Andy, we could get anyone to just put on a wig in your sister’s style and cover their body with a long coat, and don’t you think the rapist may consider that himself? But you, you are the spitting image of your sister. I don’t even know if this idea would work—but it’s worth a try, and we have never had such an opportunity like this before.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, officer—I didn’t realise you had difficulty understanding English. I said NO!”

Marcie was not ready to give up the fight. “Think of your sister, Andy. This man really could rape her

again after she is back home. Oh, I know you gallantly said you would kill him if he did—but that would be after the event, after she had suffered twice. And that would still depend if we could find him— as well as land you in prison for murder. And that's IF she comes out. I hate to sound callous, but the hard truth is she may never come out of the coma. She could yet die or be brain dead.”

Andy felt tears in his eyes. He wasn't sure if they were caused by the detective's harsh words or by his own anger. “You are trying to emotionally blackmail me into this. It's a stupid idea, it won't work, it won't get Andrea's attacker, all it will do is cause me shame. I'd be the laughing stock of the estate; I'd never live it down.” He spat, angrily.

“Nobody need ever know, other than the people between these four walls and a couple of trusted others. The newspapers will just think Andrea did come out of her coma and out of hospital. What we w—”

“No, I am not doing it! I'm not dressing up in girl's clothes! That's final!” Andy yelled, cutting her off as he got out of the chair and rushed up to his bedroom, slamming the door.

Downstairs Andy's parents and the two detectives just looked at each other in silence, not knowing really what else to say.

Marcie finally spoke: “Well, I'd hoped it might have gone a little bit better than that.”

For a second night in a row Andy did not sleep well—this time for a totally different reason. On this night it was because he was mentally awake and anguishing. He loved his twin sister and was missing her presence, both physically and mentally. He would do almost anything to make the culprit pay—but not *that*. He couldn't.

For the one thing, Andrea was what you would call a very girly girl. She wore feminine clothes, latest fashions, lots of make-up, lots of different pairs of shoes. She was always perfectly presented. If he had to portray her like that stupid detective had suggested, then he would need to emulate her to the letter—no halfway measures. And yet, if he didn't, he felt he was letting her down. He felt guilty, and all of these things kept on attacking his mind.

Somehow Andy had drifted off, probably from exhaustion. The following morning he went solemnly downstairs for breakfast. There was a quiet in the house; his parents didn't know what to say to him and he didn't want to talk about it.

After breakfast and coffee, Andy grabbed his hoodie and went off with just an "I'm going out mum, catch you later." He didn't say where he was going or what he would be doing. He was actually going off to Central Hospital to visit and sit with his sister.

"I'm sorry, Andrea, sorry that this has happened to you," he said as he held his sister's hand. She seemed so lifeless, so unresponsive. "The cops have some silly idea to catch the bastard who did this: they suggested that I pretend to be you. I dunno just what they expect—maybe just some quick appearances walking down the street, but they want me to look and dress just like you—you know—wearing makeup and probably dresses and shit." He paused.

"I'm sorry, sis, I want to get the guy who did this, real bad, but I can't do *that!* I would be so embarrassed, humiliated—I know I look just like you, but I'm a guy, not a sissy." Andy bowed his head. He still had that feeling of guilt, of letting Andrea down. Perhaps in some way he hoped from his visit his sister would connect with him, tell him it was okay, that he needn't do anything like that—that she understood.

Andy stayed at the hospital for an hour, then moved on to the local shopping mall where he found a few of his friends hanging out. They still inquired on

how Andrea was doing, and he had to report that there was still no change at all.

Andy had returned home mid-afternoon and gone upstairs, putting his headphones on and blocking out the world with loud rap music. He failed to hear the knock on his bedroom door but saw his mum open the door, look in, and indicate for him to take off the headphones.

“Andy, the two police officers are back and want to talk to you,” she told him. She then left him to make his way downstairs.

“Oh! Leave me the fuck alone!” he groaned as he swung off the bed.

“Hello again, Andy.” Marcie Bellwood greeted as he entered the lounge, the male detective gave him a nod in greeting.

“Yo.” Andy replied, seating himself. It was just the two detectives, his mum, and himself; his dad had gone to work. Andy glanced at the female detective’s legs; she had a nice pair of shapely legs. Again he thought what an attractive older woman she was; his mind wandered into a daydream, that she had come because she fancied him—she was a cougar and she wanted her claws into Andy.

“Have you thought anything more about our suggestion, Andy?” Detective Tom Bridges asked, breaking him from his imagination.

“I thought I had already made it perfectly clear. I’m not dressing up in women’s clothes.” Andy replied stubbornly.

“We’ve been looking through your police files, Andy,” Marcie Bellwood joined in. “It seems you have been in trouble with the law a few times, haven’t you?”

Andy glared at the two officers. “What are you bringing my police record into it for? I’m not the one who raped and beat my sister!” Andy blasted, becoming angry.

Unfazed, Marcie continued. “Let’s see—recently you appeared in juvenile court for fighting in a street gang war and causing bodily harm. You were given a suspended sentence for that and told by the judge that if you re-offended within the next six months you could be given a term in youth jail—that was back in September. Then, in December last year you did reoffend; you were arrested for vandalism along with some of your friends.”

Andy was angry that these things were being brought up so insensitively, at a time when the law enforcement officers should be concentrating the rapist—not him. He became aware of his mum sobbing at the side of him, and looked to see her dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief.

“Mum, tell them. Why are they picking on me?”

In a more soothing voice, Marcie began again. “Andy, you are appearing in court in six weeks’ time. You could be sent to a young offenders’ institution. Don’t you think your Mum and Dad are suffering enough right now?”

“Here’s the thing,” Bridges joined in. “Andy, if you help us out in trying to catch the culprit, then it will go very much in your favour at your court appearance. Whether we have caught him or not, we will make sure the judge is fully aware of what you have done for us.”

“Plus, Andy,” Marcie then added, “you are unemployed, correct? Doing this for us, we can apply to make it a paid job. You would be paid for each week that you are working for us, as you would be working for the city.”

This was a huge game-changer. Andy had been fretting about his court appearance for some time, and he was scared that he could be locked away. If only he could bring himself to do *that*—then he could keep from getting locked up, he could do his bit to help find his sister’s rapist, and get paid for it too!

“We’ll leave you to consider things further, Andy.” Marcie told him as she and Bridges got up to leave.

“Wait,” Andy called in a small, unsure voice. “I wouldn’t have to look or dress *too*—feminine, would I?”

Marcie smiled, reassuringly and yet apologetically. “You would need to look and dress like your sister did. You need to be convincing, not only to the rapist, but to everyone outside this family, everyone who knows and has contact with you.” she told him straight. “Your mum has my card. Think things through, talk with your parents, and get back to me.”

Andy watched the two detectives leave the house; his mind was in a whirl. He really did not want to have to do this, but there were now lots of reasons why he should.

That evening, after his dad returned home, Andy asked for a word with him, alone. Howard was Andy’s idol, his role model. He was the toughest, manliest man he knew. Surely, he would give it to him straight.

“What is it, Andy? What’s on your mind?” his Irish-born father asked, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

Andy paused before answering. His dad still did a bit of bare knuckle fighting, not like he used to when he was younger and single—but, if his dad said that he would be prepared to do such a thing as Andy was being asked to do, then there should be no shame in him doing it.

“Dad,” Andy asked directly, “if the police asked *you* to dress up in women’s clothing to catch a rapist who had hurt your sister, what would you do?”

His dad sighed slightly and rubbed his big strong hands together. Then he looked Andy in the eyes before giving an honest answer. “It’s a tough call, Andy, and one that only you yourself can make—but do what you think is the right thing. There’s a bad man out there, so there is—one who has left your sister in a coma and could hurt others. And let’s be honest with ourselves: on a worst-case scenario, Andrea could yet die—and you could be sent down for the foolish things you have involved yourself in with that set o’ punks you hang around with! Can you imagine how devastated your Ma would be, losing both of her children?” Howard would commit himself no more than that.

Andy paused again before replying. “Dad, would you be ashamed of me, if I did dress up like Andrea?” He asked with tears forming in his eyes.

“No son, I would be immensely proud of you.” His dad replied honestly, putting his arm around him and pulling Andy in for a loving hug.

Chapter Three Andy’s Acceptance

“Hello—Is this Detective Bellwood?” Andy inquired as he held his cell phone to his ear.

“Yes, Detective Bellwood speaking, how may I help?”

“Detective—It’s Andy, Andy Marshall. I’ll—I’ll do it.” Andy had taken the longest moment to get the words out of his mouth, choking on his words. His heart was racing; he felt as though he was condemning himself to some terrible punishment. In some ways, to Andy, he was. Those few simple words were telling the police he was prepared to be seen in pub-

lic, dressed and made up like a girl. He was still far from sure of his decision—but he was committing himself.

Without actually hearing Andy say what it was that he would do, Marcie Bellwood seized on his words immediately. “Okay, Andy—well done. Leave everything with me and I’ll get the ball rolling so that we can begin.”

Later that day that Marcie returned to the Marshalls’ house, bringing with her another woman whom she introduced to Andy and his mum.

“This is Judith Gravely, Andy. Judith will be here daily to help in training you, and your Mum has kindly allowed her to live with you during the times you are Andrea to help you on with and out of prosthetics. Judith works for the police force on commission; she is a make-up artist. Amongst the things she will be doing with you will be to help you look exactly like your sister with make-up, as well as showing you all of the female mannerisms you will need to have perfected.”

Andy had geared himself up to start living as Andrea with immediate effect, but was to find out that Marcie had no intention of have him posing as his sister until he was perfected in every way.

“What do you mean by helping me in and out of prosthetics?” Andy inquired.

“You will be fitted with realistic breasts and groin, Andy. When you are in character, Judith will be on hand to place them on; then she will take them off when you are being yourself again.”

This was a new piece in the game, one that Andy had not even considered. He had now reluctantly agreed to wear female clothing and makeup; he hadn’t had the first thought about the anatomy of a female though. Okay, he got it, girls have tits, and it stands to reason that he may have to wear a bra with

padding—but what were these prosthetics they were talking about?

Judith provided the answer. “The prosthetics that we use are the most realistic available, top of the range for women who can afford them who have had a mastectomy. They are made of a silicone; they look exactly like a real breast with nipples, they are realistic to the touch, have a realistic weight, and they warm to the temperature of the body. The hip and groin area are of the same realistic material, but this comes as a one-piece. It is like a tight-fitting panty that is rolled up the legs; the vagina is fitted around the penis and the rest of the panty extends to the hips, which are padded out and around to the padded buttocks. There is an open area in the back for waste disposal, and there is a line connected to the penis and front of the vagina to urinate.”

Andy was in shock. He was going to be fitted with realistic tits and a vagina! He would die of shame and mortification.

“Won’t these things look false if inspected closely?” he heard his mum ask.

Andy looked at her as if she were daft. *‘Inspected closely’?* Just who did she think would be inspecting them closely?

“The edge of each item has a trim which is feathered, Mrs Marshall.” Judith replied, “which is a reason for me to undertake the putting on and taking off of the articles. A solvent is used on the trim to seal the item against the skin and then, with the use of some cosmetics, the joints will be undetectable—even from close scrutiny.”

Jennifer seemed happy with the explanation, but Andy felt horrified. Judith was a young, attractive woman of about mid-twenties, and she was going to be constantly fitting things to the most intimate parts of his body. That would be embarrassing enough, but she was fitting *female* body parts to him.

At this point he felt like saying he had changed his mind. In order for him not to balk out, he had to keep telling himself it was all being done to try catch Andrea's rapist, to prevent Andy himself from going to youth jail, and to get some cash in his pocket.

"Also, while I am here, I will be teaching Andy how to walk in heels, how to sit when wearing a skirt, how to eat, plus feminine gestures. We will also work on his voice to help him sound, not just feminine, but like his sister."

"Your Mum has given us some family videos, Andy," Marcie cut in. "I know you believe you know the sound of your sister's voice, but we will be using a machine to help you correct the pitch and tone that you can hear coming out of your mouth—then practice it."

There seemed to be too much being fired at Andy at once. He attempted to dismiss some things that had just been mentioned. "I already know how to eat," he protested.

Judith smiled. "You know how to eat as a *male*. No disrespect, but I will be attempting to instil into you to take smaller forkfuls of food and to eat slower and chew your food—which I will bet is what your sister did, rather than wolfing it down like you probably do."

Andy shook his head in defeat. "I'm never gonna grasp all of this!" he wailed.

"You will," Marcie assured him, "and Judith is a very good teacher."

"But you want me to change a lifetime of male habits in a day?"

"Who said anything about a day? I don't even want to contemplate you going outdoors as Andrea until you have passed every conceivable test. We need everything to be perfect, Andy, if we are to pull this off."

You are not just going to try fooling a rapist; you are going to have to fool everyone that Andrea knows. Your sister is lying in hospital in a coma; we have all the time we need to get this right.”

Judith was given Andy’s bedroom to use when she was there, and he was told to start using Andrea’s. His parent weren’t keen on a stranger using Andrea’s bed whilst she lay in a coma in hospital, plus they thought that it might help Andy get more into Andrea’s character using her room, where all her wardrobe was.

Andy, however, was not at all pleased with the idea. He was being taken away from his male bedroom that was built upon his character—games console, music CDs, along with everything else that was *him*—and being plummeted into a feminine room that reeked of perfume and flowers, with pink and lilac colours on the wallpaper and curtains, and heart-throb pin-ups plastered over the walls.

He had been told he could still spend three times as much time living as Andy as he would spend being his sister—and yet he would be trapped in this feminine cell throughout the ordeal. His bedroom was his escape, his seclusion when he needed it, but it would no longer be available to him.

Judith wanted to start the very next day, first thing after breakfast. Her first task was to work on her own technique. She had a number of photographs of Andrea to work from. After getting Andy to shave as closely as he could, she wanted him to sit so she could start working on replicating, perfectly, Andrea’s face to his.

It helped her that the two were so similar, but she needed to get the exact match of skin tone by blending foundation. Once she had it exact, she could use

it from there on. She wanted to practice using concealer and powder to create the exact contours of Andrea's face, which had a more feminine shape, slightly higher cheekbones, wider eyes, narrower dome, and fuller lips than her brother's. All these things made subtle differences.

The twins' hair color was the same, but even though Andy wore his hair quite long for a boy, it was nowhere near the same length as his sister's. Hair extensions rather than a wig would be used to make it more natural. Once they were attached, Judith cut, trimmed, and styled the extensions to an exact match of Andrea's.

For Andy, it was a horrible ordeal. He felt as though he had sat for hours whilst Judith worked on her perfection. He had to endure such debasing things as having colours applied to his eyes, the feel of having false eyelashes (which Andrea always wore) attached, and then they and his own lashes being coated with mascara. It also included the pain of having his eyebrows tweezered into narrow angled brows, the same as his sister's, with the promise that his own brows could be filled by makeup to make them look normal.

Then there was the injection of collagen into the lips just to fill them a bit. The worst thing, for Andy, was the feeling of having lipstick smeared across his lips—which, to his mind, made him feel gay. He was more aware of the lipstick than any of the other cosmetics. The lipstick and liner also helped to give him the fuller-lipped look of his sister.

“I know this has all taken a long time, Andy,” Judith said, “but this was the initial make-over. Now that I know what is needed and what to use, it will be far quicker in future. Anyway, I am satisfied. Are you ready to look?” The question was rhetorical, as Judith immediately brought a big hand mirror over to him and placed it before Andy.

Andy was stunned—absolutely stunned! He had been used to looking like his sister all of his life—but there was always the differences which were obvious to them both, not least that one had a male and the other a female face. When Andy looked into the mirror now, he saw only Andrea.

“Would you like to come and look, Jennifer?” Judith called downstairs as Andy tried to come to terms with his own image.

Andy’s mum made her way upstairs, wiping her hands on a towel after washing up. She entered Andrea’s bedroom, looked at her son and gasped. “Oh my God! Oh my God!” she exclaimed, putting her hands to her mouth as her eyes teared up. Before her sat her daughter, Andrea, wearing her brother’s clothes.

Maybe Andy had secretly hoped that, although the spitting image of his twin, he would not look enough like her, like the female twin, for this dumb-arsed plan to work— but now he could not deny, as far as looks were concerned, that he would be undetectable as his sister.

They broke for a late lunch; then Judith wanted to try modifying his voice. She wanted to start this as soon as possible, as it was going to take a lot of practice on Andy’s part. When he began the deception, he would need to be able to comfortably and immediately change his voice to sound like Andrea’s.

Judith brought in items of machinery, which included some contraption that had a tape on it and gauges. They had recorded Andrea’s voice from some home videos and set her levels. What Andy needed to do was talk into the machine and keep modulating his tone, pitch and inflections until his voice matched the levels of Andrea’s on the gauges. Judith had purposefully wanted to start this process after doing the make-over to help Andy feel more in character.

The pitching was much harder than one would imagine. It took hours to get the pointers even close; then it was fine tuning. Once he had the scales on an even level, he then had to just talk or read and try keeping the gauges constantly at that level. Andy worried that doing this might permanently change how he spoke normally.

“Don’t worry,” Judith said. “The sound of your voice will be in your own head so you will be able to recognise between it and your sister’s; it will work much as an impersonator works. And it is not imperative that you have to sound exactly like your sister. Every single day, each of us can sound a little different from the day before—and, taken that you are supposed to have just come out of hospital from lying in a coma, anybody would instantly accept that you will come out sounding just that bit differently. The main thing is to take away the deepness and male gruffness in your voice. Luckily, being young, although your voice has broken, it has not matured.”

Before his day was over, Andy had his most embarrassing task. Judith had him first of all shave around his chest and around his groin. She then took lots of measurements of him, both around his chest and, humiliatingly, around the whole lower part of his body including his groin, hips and bottom. Judith set about making a plaster cast of those parts which were to then be sent to a prosthetics laboratory. The police had already talked his parents into giving their written consent to take similar measurements and casts of Andrea’s comatose body, seeing that she could not give consent herself.

At least Andy didn’t have to endure having makeup on his face for the next couple of days. His main training was to be his voice, but Judith told him all the things he should now do differently or not do at all when in ‘Andrea mode,’ and constantly watched him in order to correct him.

Although he was yet in his own 'Andy' mode, he did have to do everything as a girl would, to stamp it all into his brain. Sitting with legs together, talking with hand gestures, walking with posture, speaking from his upper chest instead of lower, eating daintily, sitting to pee on the toilet. Later, when in his sister's mode, he would have to do more enhanced mannerisms like playing with his hair or tossing it back, checking himself in a mirror and touching up his make-up regularly, smiling much more when talking, grooming himself, walking upright and not slouched, and a whole host of other things.

In the evenings Andy did everything he would do normally, hanging out with his mates, chatting up girls and making visits to see his sister, although there was still no change in her condition. He used the visits to tell his sister what was happening to him, what they were having him do. He had the need to talk to someone, to let out his feelings; he certainly couldn't discuss the matter with his friends, even if the police would allow it, and it was too humiliating a subject to talk with his parents.

It was on the morning of his fifth day that Judith presented him with a range of his sister's shoes. Luckily Andrea and he had the same foot size.

"I'm going to start you off slowly Andy. Your sister has a few nice pairs of what are called kitten heels. I want you to put them on and practice walking in them; it will be different, but shouldn't be too difficult for you. Your sister, like most of us girls, has lots of different shoes with different heel shapes and sizes. Once you have tried the kitten heels, we will steadily go up."

Andy's face reddened on having to put girl's shoes on his feet—but they would only be the tip of a very large iceberg that he would have to get used to. As small as the heels were, the narrowness of them did make him feel unstable as he walked.

He progressed to a chunky 1.5-heeled ankle boot which was easier, being firmer onto the ground, but unbalanced him by being more elevated. Next he moved on to wedge-heeled sandals. He eventually tried three-inch stiletto-heel court shoes which Judith wanted him to practice in over and over again.

Andy lost count of how many times he walked back and forth, but over time he felt his walk becoming smoother, more fluid and balanced, as he managed the heels more easily. The shoes strained his leg muscles at first and hurt his ankles and toes, but these were the type of heels he had to be most used to. Throughout his ordeal Judith called out instructions to him like swaying his hips, walking toe to toe, and pulling his shoulders back—which invariably thrust out ‘his breasts’.

Judith would let him rest his legs periodically when she would get into conversation with him, having Andy talk like his sister. He was pleased when, after the evening meal, he could put on his battered trainers and go out to meet with his friends.

As day six of his training arrived, he had to practice walking again. This time, for the first time, he had to wear high-heeled strappy sandals. His feet didn’t feel as secure in sandals, and he had to moderate his balance and posture. It didn’t help that he was required to take his socks off and wear the sandals bare-footed.

After a midday lunch, Judith had him putting together everything he had learnt so far. He had to walk about in the four-inch-high sandals, including turning and walking fast, whilst talking in the feminine voice of his sister and remembering the gestures.

He had to sit lady-like. Andrea had the regular habit of crossing her legs at the knee when sitting—something Andy never did—or occasionally sitting with legs on a slight angle with feet slightly under a chair and with one foot tucked behind the other heel.

Andy had been wearing high-heeled sandals throughout the day, and his legs were screaming by evening. More than once he had balked, come close to losing it, and almost called the whole embarrassing thing off—but his resolve hardened as his sister was now on her ninth day in a coma, and he and the rest of the family were becoming increasingly worried about her welfare. He really wanted the man who had done this to her *caught!*

A week after his training had started Andy had to endure his easiest and yet, to him, the most embarrassing day so far; he had to dress up in his sister's clothes. For the past six days it had all been about developing female characteristics, learning to modulate his voice, and learning to walk and balance in heels; he hadn't even had to wear makeup during those days. Now he had to learn how to dress and feel used to wearing female clothing. It was the part he had least looked forward to doing.

His day started by having to use depilatory cream all over his body, most importantly in areas that would be regularly exposed such as his legs, arms and upper chest. Luckily, at just nineteen years of age, Andy didn't have much hair on his body and his face, as yet, only produced downy hair—but he had to be smooth and totally hair-free.

His skin felt weird and hypersensitive after the treatment, especially his legs. Drawing up silky soft panties, and settling the panties around his groin, caused almost electric shock-like sensations. It also caused extreme embarrassment to him, not least because he felt a twinge in his penis. He was horrified that it might grow. He couldn't understand why he would get sexually excited by what he 'had to wear'.

Judith was an attractive-looking girl to whom, ordinarily, he might have been flaunting his masculinity in a rather futile attempt to woo her into bed. Instead he was putting on feminine underwear, which alone was a masculinity-killer.

The panties were followed by a matching, soft pink-coloured, silk and lace brassiere which Judith helped him into and fastened for him in the back, but she had him reach behind to feel where the clasps were. The sagging empty cups were filled with cheaper silicone breast inserts, as his body cast forms were not yet ready at the laboratory. Never the less, the feminine mounds that protruded from his chest made Andy's cheeks burn with embarrassment.

He then had to draw pantyhose up his legs, which only added to his discomfiture. Judith showed him how to bunch each leg up into a doughnut shape. He was told to feed the first foot into the bunched-up leg, and then had it slowly unrolled to his ankles before placing the second foot into the other leg and doing the same thing. He then slowly had them unravelled and drawn up his legs, the soft stretchy material caressing them like a second skin. Again he felt a twinge in his cock which was steadily growing. Luckily the hose was of a quite heavy, 60 denier, therefore not over-sensuous, and the stronger panty was able to keep his stiffening member in check.

He was quite happy to cover the shameful bra with a long-sleeved top, but he wasn't as happy with having a skirt that only covered his legs as far as mid-thigh. Having nylon-encased legs exposed below a short tight skirt just shouted out as being **wrong** to Andy's poor tortured mind.

Finally it was turn for a pair of heeled court shoes. His stocking-clad foot slipped effortlessly into the shoe, much easier than when wearing socks. Now the totally female attire on his body was complete. Andy felt as though he would never live down the humiliation he was feeling, being dressed in these feminine clothes. He felt like a sissy in all of this girlish clothing, and felt ashamed of himself for wearing it.

Judith had no time to concern herself with Andy's feelings. Now that he was fully dressed she took him

through the entire training process once again, walking in heels, feeling the difference with his gait now being restricted by the tight skirt, holding his body upright and pressing his chest out, instead of cowering as he tried to do in an attempt to hide the feminine mounds sticking out from his chest.

He had to learn again sitting down, this time being aware of his skirt, smoothing it down under him at the rear as he sat and ensuring it didn't ride up his thighs, as well as keeping his knees together.

With all of this training being instilled into his head, Andy was worried in case it all become second nature to him once all this stupid idea was over, and truly sissified his actions for life.

"You have done so well, Andy!" Judith praised her charge at the end of the day. "I now want to start putting everything together. From tomorrow you will go through makeup application with me again. I will apply it initially and will describe what I am doing. I will be here to do your makeup each day until I am instructed otherwise. However I want you to know what I am doing and be able to do it yourself, so that you can touch up and repair when you are out."

"With your makeup on and your extensions in, I want you to be fully dressed and go about the house throughout the day, walking, moving, sitting and talking as if you were your sister, I will be scoring you and looking for faults. The faults, once identified, will be corrected. Only after you are faultless can we take you to the next stage which will be presenting yourself, outdoors, in Andrea's everyday life."

The thought of that made Andy's legs feel like jelly, but he was also currently nervous even about being dressed and going about the house throughout the day. So far he had done all of his training in a secluded room away from the rest of the family. Other than the one time his mum had seen him made up like Andrea, nobody had seen any of his training. Now he was told to present himself, dressed and act-

ing like a girl, in front of his mum, dad, and younger sister Crystal.

Andy couldn't get the female clothing off fast enough and get back into his own things. Straight after dinner he went off to meet up with his friends, but was terrified in case he did anything girlishly, or if there was some cosmetics not fully removed that his friends might spot.

His friends were in the mood for causing mischief that particular evening, but he wanted to divorce himself from any of that. It would not go down well if, when he was doing something that could potentially help him in his forthcoming court appearance, he then got himself into trouble with the police afresh.

He used the fact he had to appear in court in five weeks time as a reason not to join his friends in anything they would get up to, saying he needed to keep his nose clean. Consequently he left the group to return home much earlier than usual.

Andy was reluctant to get out of bed the following day, knowing all that he would have to endure. It was a weekend, his dad was home with his mum, and Crystal wasn't at school.

The first thing Judith wanted him to do was shower and shave, running the razor over his whole body to ensure there was no re-growth of body hair. Once he was dried, Andy wanted breakfast because he was hungry, but Judith wanted to get him 'ready'.

"A full day as Andrea today, Andy, so the sooner we start the better." She told him sternly. He was going off Judith. She might be pretty enough, but she was way too bossy and domineering.

With that, Andy was sat down where Judith had lay all the cosmetics she needed, not only to make his face up but to shade and blend to give minute contour details of his sister. She showed him each item he she used, explained what it was for and how to ap-

ply it with brushes and sponges, as he watched the process in a large mirror.

Different coloured powders were applied to change the shape and contours of Andy's face, and then the usual cosmetics were used: eye liner, eye shadow, mascara, lip liner and lipstick. Judith winged the eye liner as his sister always did, giving the effect of much longer lashes. She drew past his lip line with pencil, then filled in with colour to give his lips a fuller, poutier look.

When all was done, she elaborately attached the hair pieces to his own hair and brushed and teased it all into place. She had Andy put on the bra himself, pull on matching panties and the opaque tights, before getting into a skirt and top and putting on a pair of heels.

He was ready, and his heart was pounding in his chest. All had been done behind closed doors, but he was now going to be presented to his family. He was so nervous, face burning, and he felt as though his legs would give way on him as he stood up and faced the door. Judith led the way, smiling, pleased with the results.

His family were all sitting together on a sofa in the living room, waiting to see the results. On quaking legs Andy tried his best to keep his posture and to walk as he had endlessly practiced. Coming into full view, he looked at his family. Jennifer had put her hands to her face and looked as though she could burst out crying. His dad was hard to judge; Howard just looked at him—his thoughts on his son dressed as his daughter remaining a secret, only known to him. Crystal just giggled and kicked her legs, trying to mask her big smile. "Mummy, Andy looks just like Andrea now," she said.

Judith instructed the Marshall family that today they had to address Andy as Andrea all day without fault and refer to him as 'her' and 'she'. It was imper-

ative that Andy learned to respond to that name when he was being her.

He was finally allowed breakfast, but staying totally in character, talking like Andrea and behaving as she would. He sat to the dining table, crossing his right leg over his left at the knee, adjusting his skirt and carefully and slowly ate.

Howard watched with heavy feelings, seeing his only son behaving so femininely. But he knew why it was being done, and he felt proud of his son's valiant efforts and commitment.

For Andy it was tough being constantly called Andrea and being referred to as a girl, all whilst totally being dressed like one. His much longer hair was a nuisance but, as it constantly reminded him it was there, it also reminded him to preen through it with his fingers regularly.

After eating, Judith had to remind Andy to take out a mirror and lipstick from his purse to freshen up his lips. When he needed to pee, Judith reminded him to sit and to mop afterwards. Andy did pick up a number of faults, during the day but overall he did very well—as did his family for playing their part.

There was a new twist after lunch. Judith told Andy she was going to do his nails, and it wasn't just a case of putting nail enamel on them. She was going to put acrylic tips on. These needed pasting, buffing, and shaping before a base and a top coat of varnish were applied. Now, with everything Andy did with his hands, he was immediately aware of the flashes of red that were now at the ends of his fingers.

Andy couldn't wait, after the evening meal, to strip out of his clothes, get the muck off his face, and go join in with some male stuff with his mates—but he was in for a shock. Judith wanted him to stay in character for the rest of the evening.

She told him he could go outside if he wanted, so long as he stayed in character—knowing full well he wouldn't. So he stayed home, dressed as Andrea, watching television with his mum and sister along with Judith. His dad had taken himself off to the local bar, feeling he needed a drink.

At eight o'clock Crystal went to bed. She came to Andy to give a kiss as she always did to her big sister when she was home. "Nite nite Andrea, love you," she said sweetly before going upstairs.

At eleven o'clock, before his dad returned home, Andy went to bed himself, his second early night in a row. Judith helped him remove the makeup and hair extensions, but his nails remained on. Worse, Andy found he had been given a long black nylon nightie to wear to bed.

"Why do I need to wear this?" Andy asked in annoyance. "Nobody is ever going to see me sleeping!"

"It's all part of your learning, getting in touch with your feminine side," Judith explained. Andy didn't want to get in touch with his feminine side. This was all degrading, debasing, emasculating—call it what you will. Still, reluctantly, he put on the soft wispy nightgown and settled into Andrea's bed in a very femininely decorated bedroom.

Andy woke with a groan the following morning as he turned in wakefulness, feeling the silky soft night-dress he had slept in. He moaned to himself again as he saw the flash of his red finger tips. Why, oh why, had he agreed to do this?

Judith was up early, keen to make a start on Andy's make-over. He was going to portray his sister for a second continuous day. On this day she wanted him to do some of the makeup himself under her tutelage, putting on foundation and concealer, and us-

ing the big soft brushes to apply powder that would contour his face. He also did his own eye shadow and lipstick.

For today he would be wearing one of Andrea's dresses rather than a top and skirt. To Andy, the dress felt even more feminine to wear than the top and skirt combination. He would also wear 3.5-heeled strappy sandals for much of the day and, for this, Judith wanted to pedicure and paint his toe nails.

Feeling ashamed walking about the house with red painted toenails on show, Andy just tried to switch off from what was happening to him. He was just grateful that none of his gang mates could see him like this. Unknown to Andy, his Dad was fighting his own battle, seeing his only son feminised almost beyond recognition.

And the day just got worse. Mid-morning Marcie Bellwood turned up, as she wanted to observe for herself how well Andy was doing before allowing him to pose as his sister out of the house. Her scrutiny of him would be much more exacting than Judith's.

For Andy this was a whole new level of embarrassment. It had been bad enough looking like and having to act like his sister, a female, to his own family. Judith was also bad enough, but she had seen him each step of the way in his feminisation. Detective Bellwood was an outsider, someone he hardly knew, but she knew he was a young male, seeing him all dolled up, head to toe, as a girl. He felt as though he could die of shame.

"Soon Andy," Marcie told him, "you will be posing as Andrea before hundreds if not thousands of people. The whole key to this thing is for you to show total confidence. If you were your sister she would not be reddening in front of every person, bowing her head or stooping in shame, trying to hide away or not looking at anyone she thought would be reading her—because she would have the confidence of being

a real girl and would have portrayed herself as such, her entire life.”

“The good thing is that Judith has done an outstanding job. You look exactly like your sister—honestly. That is what people will see when they look at you, and that is what you have to show—as if you had been a girl, wearing girls’ clothes, your entire life.”

Marcie stayed with the family through till four o’clock, observing everything that Andy did. Before leaving for home she wanted a private word with Andy’s parents and Judith. Andy went to ‘his’ bedroom to listen to music.

“Andy looks brilliant,” she said. “I am thrilled at just how much he resembles his sister. He has done well in walking balanced and daintily in high heels, he has also done well in mannerisms, when he remembers, which to be fair is most times. The only thing I am concerned about at this moment is his confidence.”

“That will develop,” Judith told her boss. “I had thought of taking him out with me into the public tomorrow, to get him used to being amongst people and having people see him as a girl.”

“The problem with that is recognition,” Marcie answered. “Andrea’s face, even to those who never knew her, has been splashed over the newspapers. If people see Andy and recognise the face of his sister, but see him acting weird or shy, they may start talking or asking questions. Plus, we still will not have disclosed Andrea’s waking from her coma or being released from hospital at this point; it could well jeopardise the entire operation.”

“So if we can’t afford to test Andy’s reactions out in the public, just how do we go about presenting him to them for the initial entrance?” Howard asked. “I mean, until he does go out, we have no idea how he will react—right?”

“I’d like to say by giving him much longer to get in tune with being his sister, but that all takes time, and I am keen to get this thing on the road,” Marcie replied, “It is unfortunate, in a way, that your daughter is such a feminine girl, wearing girlish clothing and heavy make-up. Had she been a more typical girl of these days, wearing pants, even jeans, and heavier tops and no make-up, it would be so much easier for him—even more so had she been tomboyish. Instead, Andy has to wear only the most feminine of clothes and all the girly make-up, plus learn all the feminine mannerisms after nineteen years of being very boyish.” Marcie paused for a moment, gauging Jennifer and Howard and then continuing.

“There is one way, though: I would like to dare suggest the use of a special medication, Estrigene 5000. It is a formula not available to the public, but it creates femininity in the user. It will take off the rough boyish edges and boyish mannerisms of Andy and, by feeling more in tune with his feminine side, he will feel less subconscious and more confident in his presentation.”

Howard shifted uneasily in his seat before speaking. “Now, hold on there; let’s get clear on this one thing, shall we? Is this medication you’re talking about some form of female hormone?”

Marcie looked at Howard steadily, then nodded. “Yes, it is, but not like, let’s say, oestrogen. Estrogens would feminise the user’s body and face. Estrigene 5000 creates more femininity, more quickly, over a shorter period.”

“I can’t say I am happy about Andy taking something that will have him prancing around like some goddamn sissy and that could affect him for life!” Howard blasted. “That’s my boy up there, so he is.”

“Estrigene 5000,” Marcie said, “is stronger than normal estrogen, over a shorter period, like I say. It will only give short-term affects, so, if Andy is going to be Andrea for a day, it will give him that boost for the

day. By the following day it will have worn off. If Andy is, that following day, being Andy, he will be back to normal.”

Howard still wasn't overly convinced. “Is there any side effects with this thing at all, to be sure? If it contains estrogens then—well, can it start breast growth?”

Marcie had hoped not to have that question put to her. “Yes,” she admitted, “but it will only develop primary breast growth over a sustained period of use, and any growth will recede once the medication is stopped. Andy will only be portraying Andrea over stunted periods, so there should be no cause for concern.”

Howard looked to his wife, who was more level-headed. “What do you think about this thing, Jen? Should we go along with that idea?”

“I don't think we have much choice, love. If this is going to work, we need to ensure Andy can cope with presenting himself, as his sister, outdoors, or all the hard work will have been for nothing. If it has no long-term adverse effects, then let's go with it.”

Marcie smiled with relief. “We shall have the prosthetic forms from the lab tomorrow. It is another thing that will be hard for Andy to get used to. I propose we give him another few days of getting used to wearing the forms before we start testing him outside.” She looked at Judith. “I will make an announcement in tomorrow's papers that Andrea has come out of her coma, to start the ball rolling.”

She paused again before speaking. “I shall leave it up to you as to whether you want to let Andy know about the medication. I don't want to make out that we are deceiving him, but if he knows what it is—what he is taking, he may well reject taking it himself.”

Andy was relieved that he could get out of his female persona later that day, having been in a female mode, including sleeping, for the past thirty hours. He caught up with some of his friends after a few calls. On this evening he just wanted to do all the most boyish and manly things he could do, to shake off the horribleness of dressing and acting feminine.

Throughout the evening, however, he felt ill at ease—as if his friends would spot something different about him, or somehow know what he had been doing and make fun of him. And it already felt strange to him not having to walk with care wearing heels. He constantly glanced at his nails as if they might suddenly turn red.

Chapter Four Becoming Andrea

Judith arrived at the Marshalls' home later than usual the following day, carrying several boxes.

“I need for you to shower thoroughly, Andy, and towel dry,” she said as she sat in the kitchen sipping coffee with Andy and his mum. “I have the prosthetics to put on you today.”

Andy wasn't keen at all about having these girly parts put on his body, but he had no idea at all just how chagrined he would feel when actually wearing them. He still hadn't gotten over the embarrassment of being naked in front of the attractive young woman, but he had to grin and bear it after coming back downstairs from the shower 20 minutes later.

Judith began by wiping around his body, his bottom, groin and chest. She began with the vagina panty, which required Andy to sit down whilst she fed the flesh coloured garment which matched Andy's exact skin tone, up his legs like they were his boxers, only much tighter, and then worked it up around his groin, stretching and tugging until it was all settled tightly in place. Judith had to position Andy's penis

just right so that he could pee through a tube-like device that his penis fitted into.

Andy hardly dared glance down at what had been positioned around him, and barely heard Judith telling him that the prosthetics were surgical grade and of a very high quality. That caused him just to glance downwards and could hardly believe what he saw: instead of his cock was a girl's very realistic-looking vagina with realistic labia, complete with delicate folds of skin. He felt his face burning and looked away again, fast.

In the rear the 'panty' was open around his buttocks so that Andy could relieve himself. Judith then carefully took out any creases in the filmy, feathered flange so that the panty was nicely sealed to his skin with very hard-wearing adhesive glue, before using more cosmetics to blend the garment perfectly to his actual skin. Throughout the process Andy continued to avert his eyes, not wishing to see what was being put between his legs.

Then came the breast prosthetics. These were secured individually onto Andy's chest, again with a strong adhesive. Again Andy really did not want to look at the shameful protuberances being affixed to his chest, but Judith wanted him holding the right form whilst she worked on the left; she wanted to ensure both breasts sat symmetrically over the pectoral part of his chest and looked perfectly natural.

Andy's face burnt as he held the right form securely. It felt just like holding a real girl's tit, something he had done many times, and it was made worse because these forms had been cast from a mould of Andrea's own breast—so, in his mind, it was as though he was holding his sister's breast.

Eventually both breasts were on and secure, and had again been blended to his own skin tone with cosmetics. Once more Andy had not dared to look, but Judith was going to end that.

Andy held the two forms against his chest for what seemed like ages whilst the glue set. When he was finally able to release them, he was suddenly amazed at their weight and downward pull from gravity.

“I want you to look into a full length mirror to see how you look, Andy,” Judith instructed.

“I’d rather not,” he replied. He was already having a hard time coping with the sudden weight of the breasts and, even though he was hardly moving, there was a sway and bounce to them that he could sense. “Can you just put a bra on me to cover them up?” he asked. He never would have thought he would ever actually ask someone to put a bra on him before now.

“Stop being silly, Andy” Judith lectured. “You will have to get used to seeing yourself with these prosthetics sooner or later. It’s far better to get yourself familiar with them now.”

Andy walked gingerly towards the mirror. He couldn’t feel the usual sway of his man junk between his legs anymore, but in place of that was the swing and sway of his new 36C breasts. He felt a need to support them with his hands to stop the sway and bounce.

What greeted Andy in the mirror was both shameful and bizarre. He gazed upon the naked body of a female with the head of a male— like in photoshopping where you put someone’s head onto someone else’s body. He cast his eyes down and saw a mat of fuzzy realistic hair around a very realistic looking vagina. He looked at the vaginal lips. He saw no sign at all of his own stuff, no sign at all that he was wearing some prosthetic panty—just a girl’s groin.

He looked back up at his tits. They seemed large, round and firm, with sticking-out nipples surrounded by dark areolas. He had no idea that his sister had such a nice set of jugs.

But he felt ashamed seeing himself like this; he felt emasculated.

“Now let’s complete your transition, Andy,” Judith then requested with a smile, understanding how he must feel. “Sit at the makeup table so that I can do your makeup and hair.”

“Could I at least put the panties and bra on now—please?” Andy asked pleadingly. In spite of the fact he was wearing false breasts and a panty, he still felt wholly naked, plus he wanted to cover up the girly parts from his view as much as possible.

Judith smiled again; she helped him into a set of lilac satin and lace panties and matching bra. The bra helped lift the downward pull of the breasts, but now presented to him a very realistic-looking cleavage. The whole thing was torturing his mind.

Soon Judith had the full makeup on, contour and shading, eye shadow, liner, false lashes and lipstick, plus painted nails. She finished up by weaving in the hair extensions and brushing it all into Andrea’s usual style. Andy was finished off by putting on beige pantyhose, three-inch heeled shoes, and a skirt and blouse. He was then taken to be presented to his mum, feeling totally embarrassed by how he looked and what he was wearing in front of his parent. His legs almost refused to move forward.

Further to his chagrin, Jennifer wanted to see the breast forms, so Andy had to reluctantly open up his blouse to show her his new breasts harnessed in the cups of the lacy lilac bra.

“My god, they look so real!” Jennifer gasped. The dark nipples could be seen through the thin material of the bra and tented out slightly.

“These are as realistic as you can get and, as you know, modelled off your daughter’s own size.” Judith chirped.

“Do they come off easily? Could they just fall off?” Jennifer asked.

“No, they are perfectly secure. I do have a remover so they can be safely taken off and cleaned. As Andy is going to be living between being himself and his sister, there is no problem at all. If need be, they can be slept in and worn easily for a week at a time, though we do suggest their removal more regularly for hygienic reasons and cleaning purposes. They are fully waterproof, so Andy could swim whilst wearing them or take a bath or a shower; they will warm up to Andy’s natural body temperature.”

“Can I see the other—between Andy’s legs?” Jennifer then requested.

Andy had been standing there, with a burning red face, holding his blouse open for his Mother’s gaze but now he had to draw a line.

“No, Mum!” he screamed. “This is embarrassing enough!”

“And, it’s Andrea now, Mrs Marshall,” Judith corrected. “When she is like this you must always remember she is *she*, Andrea, your daughter. That’s most important.”

Having got away with not exhibiting his shameful new body parts further, Andy began buttoning up his blouse.

“Okay, Okay—I understand. I’ll go make a nice cup of tea. Would you like a coffee, Andrea, sweetheart?” she asked, knowing her daughter always chose coffee over tea.

Andy just nodded to his mum and walked off in his heels to his new room.

He hadn’t been sitting in Andrea’s bedroom longer than 20 minutes, playing computer games and sipping his coffee, still feeling very weird and noticing

the slight lipstick stain along the rim of his mug, when he received a text message tone on his phone.

He decided he would answer it after the next stage of his game—but before then there were another seven text alerts.

“What the hell!” Andy thought, before remembering that the phone he was using was actually Andrea’s phone. Even as he picked it up to look, another three messages had come through. He found lots of messages coming through for his sister.

‘Hi hun, can’t believe it, you’re awake, had been so worried. Love u babe, B in touch again soon. Beth.’

‘Just heard the great news! Can’t wait to come visit you in hospital. Hugs, Trixie.’

‘Thnk God Ur safe. We wuz all so worried in case ya never came around. This is great news. L.Y, Stace and the girls.’

‘So glad 2 hear you r recovering. Get in touch pls Rea. Hugs n kisses. Yas.’

All the messages were along the same lines, people pleased to hear she had recovered, wishing her a speedy recovery, couldn’t wait to see her—texts, Facebook messages, etc. It had begun. It was obvious that the police had made their statement of Andrea recovering in hospital. If only that was true! Now the task of him having to play the role of his sister had begun.

Among the messages was one from Ian, Andrea’s boyfriend, saying he was overjoyed to know she was okay and adding, ‘I know this is probably not the best moment, but are we okay? I know you were a bit off with me that night but I sincerely hope things are still good between us as I would hate to think we may be breaking up.’



Andy chose to ignore the Facebook message; he couldn't be dealing with a concerned boyfriend right yet. The others he replied to, saying thank you and that he was unsure when they would let him out of hospital.

Another text was from someone called Phil, a guy from Andrea's college. From his message it was obvious he fancied Andrea; he asked if she had dumped that no-good boyfriend yet so that he may have a chance. That really surprised Andy as Andrea had never mentioned anything about this Phil to him, but it also appeared that he was just a chancer who his sister had no intentions of dumping her current boyfriend for.

The news release was confirmed when his mum brought up the local paper to his bedroom. On the front cover was a photo of Andrea and the headline, **Raped local girl comes out of coma.**

"Judith wants to take you out with her tomorrow. She will drive you out of town to another town where Andrea won't be so known, to see how you cope with being out in public and to correct you in any behaviour failings you have." Jennifer explained.

"Oh, great!" Andy sighed, dreading the idea.

By now he had received well over thirty new well-wishing messages, including another from Andrea's boyfriend and responses to some of the replies he had sent. One of Andrea's friends, Beth, said she couldn't wait to see her again and go for a coffee. Andy had always had a huge crush on Beth, but he had thought it wrong to make a move on any of his sister's friends.

Andy was pleased to abandon the shameful prosthetics at the end of the evening, but not before his little sister had come home from school and his dad had returned home from work. Andy's face burned in embarrassment as Crystal burst into giggles and proclaimed, "Look, Mummy, Andy has some tittles."

His family would all have had to see him sooner or later, and so at least that mortifying part of the whole escapade was now over. They would eventually get used to seeing him in Andrea form.

Howard and Jennifer had been used to seeing the striking similarity of the twins since their birth—but now, with the hair and makeup and with the feminine contours, it wasn't a similarity; it was like an exact replica. "It's as if Andy is Andrea's doppelganger, to be sure, it is!" Howard exclaimed.

What really concerned Andy—and he was disgusted with himself for even thinking it—was that, if Andrea did not pull through, his parents might want him to keep putting in an appearance of Andrea, just to keep her memory alive. He couldn't wait for the whole thing to be over, and he hadn't even really started yet—never mind carrying on for what could be years, just to please grieving parents.

That evening Andy would have liked nothing more than to go out, as himself, with his mates— but he couldn't face them. He felt too ashamed of how he had looked and been dressed throughout the day, even though his friends would have no clue, whatsoever, as to how he had been dressed.

Andy woke with his alarm the following morning, not that he had ever really slept. He had been too aware in his mind that Judith wanted him stepping outside, dressed, that day, and the idea mortified him. He considered saying he felt unwell and just burying himself in his blankets all day long—but even that would have brought no escape.

Judith thought it was a great opportunity for him to sleep in the prostheses so as to get more used to them on his body. His parents agreed, so he was now in bed with a set of very heavy, very realistic breasts

and a very realistic vagina, covered over by a flimsy black nylon nightdress and panties. Judith had added that it would save time building them all back on in the morning, though she still would have to use the cosmetics to blend the edges again. Judith had again stayed overnight in Andy's bedroom.

During the night, Andy had to get out of bed and go to the loo to relieve himself. Feeling his breasts swaying about in the nylon gown and having to sit for a pee like a girl was very emasculating for him—plus it was the first real opportunity to see that the piping worked and that he could pass urine through the artificial vagina. It worked just fine, much to his dismay.

In the morning Judith was already up, had breakfasted, and had laid ready all the make-up and clothes for Andy's big day. "Good morning Andy, did you sleep well?" she asked cheerily. "Your mum heard you stirring and is getting you some breakfast."

"I didn't sleep well at all, really," Andy confessed when seeing her.

Judith's bright smile turned to one of concern. "Oh, really? Why was that?"

"Because I'm nervous as hell about today. Supposing someone sees me leaving here; supposing people can see I'm a guy dressed as a girl and taunt me?"

"Nobody will. I promise. Just carry yourself as you have been training to do—if you didn't, that would be your only give-away. Part of the reason for today's exercise is to build your confidence in your disguise. Once you feel confident that nobody can read you, you will only go on to appearing even more genetically female to the public." She assured.

Andy looked at the girl with almost pleading eyes. "Please—can you go easy on me—just for today—until I get used to it a bit?"

Although she could guess what it was that Andy was getting at, she quizzed him. “What do you mean, Andy? Go easy on what?”

“You know—the makeup and stuff. And please say I don’t have to wear a dress or a skirt!”

“But you have already worn those things, and you looked good in them.”

“Wearing them in the house is one thing; wearing them outside in public is something else. I wouldn’t feel quite as ashamed if, just in case someone recognised I was a boy, if I wasn’t wearing overly feminine things. Oh, and I can’t say I am overjoyed to hear that I look good wearing girls’ stuff.”

Judith recognised the real fear that Andy had, and knew that would be counterproductive. She also knew that, if he was so scared, he could flat out refuse to go out, maybe even abandon the whole plan. She smiled.

“Okay, I will go lighter with the makeup, and you won’t have to wear a dress or a skirt today—but it’s just for now, until you get used to having your face painted and being seen outdoors in female clothes. But, Andrea, you do need to look just as your sister would look, as soon as possible.”

Andy sighed with relief. He was more than ready to wear a bra and panties just so that he could cover up the false feminine body parts he had acquired, and take the downward pressure off from the breasts that were currently covered over with one of Andrea’s dressing robes. The robe was also feminine and only came to his knees. He tied the sash of the robe tightly around his waist, which only emphasised his breasts more.

Both his dad and younger sister were already out, so there was just the presence of his mum to embarrass him, but he sat and ate the breakfast she had provided as she busied herself around the kitchen.

As soon as he was finished, Judith was prompting him to get started. He needed to shower and wash his hair. Using a soapy sponge to wash around his breasts and between his legs was the weirdest thing ever and, more than anything else, seemed to shred away at his masculinity.

Judith gave him a very sheer pair of panties to put on, saying he would need them. She touched up around both his breast and vaginal prosthetics, then gave him a pair of yoga pants to put on. Once he had the pants in his hand to confirm he wouldn't have to leave the house in a dress or skirt, Andy relaxed. The yoga pants weren't as good as having a pair of girls slacks or, better still, jeans, which he had hoped for, but they were at least a little thicker than leggings.

What Andy did not realise, and what Judith was not going to broadcast to him, was how the tight-fitting Yoga pants really made his butt stand out, a butt that was far more prominent than his own owing to the prosthetics. Judith had also picked out a peasant-style top to wear which, to his dismay, was a light shade of pink and was made from a soft cotton and lace.

Then he sat to have Judith work on his makeup. As promised, everything was light-toned (whilst still evident), and she used the powder pallets to contour the shape of his face. She used a light pink lipstick and mauve on his eyelids. Judith was careful with the thickness of eyeliner she used, but she did go heavier on mascara to make Andy's eyes stand out a bit more.

Andy was again relieved when he was given a pair of black ballet flats to wear on his feet. They were obviously girl's shoes, but they beat the hell out of wearing high heels of any description.

He was slightly deflated just seconds later. "You can wear those flats for the better part of the day," Judith told him, "but I am bringing along a pair of two and a half inch heels for you to wear later. You

need to be learning how to walk in heels on the sidewalks.”

Everything was finished off with some jewellery in the shape of a necklace and a few dress rings, Andy already having had his finger nails painted pink to match the top and a dousing of perfume.

Standing in front of his mum and Judith, the two females critiqued him, looking for any possible flaws. There were none; he looked just like an attractive late teenaged girl. Andy’s mum had tears in her eyes, thinking how exactly he looked like Andrea. Her concern for her daughter’s health was rising in her thoughts as she pictured her, lying in the coma, in hospital.

“Head up and back straight, Andrea. Don’t forget to smile, don’t slouch when you walk, and talk a lot using arm gestures.” Judith’s instructions brought Jennifer back to her living room. “Are you ready to go?”

“No!” Andy replied honestly.

“I’ll go to the car and see if the coast is clear on the street; then you come out and get into the passenger side. Don’t run to the car as if you are scared witless in case anyone is looking. Just approach the car and get in—in the way I told you, sitting and then swinging your legs inside. Okay?”

With that, Judith left the house to go to her car parked out on the street. She gave a nod of all clear and got into the car. Andy was soon getting in beside her, his heart thumping as though it would break out through his chest. The engine started; Andy fastened his seat belt and they were off. It was too late to back out now. He would be driven somewhere, he would have to get out of the car and be seen by people, lots of people, fully dressed as a female. The thought mortified him.

Each time the car stopped at traffic lights and cars drew alongside to a stop, Andy felt like sinking into his seat. A few times the other drivers would glance in, and Judith would talk through the side of her mouth whilst looking forward. “Just give them a smile, Andrea,” she would encourage. Then she, too, would turn, smile and wave, receiving a smile back.

Judith drove 30 miles to another city where there was less chance of anyone recognising the feminised boy. Along the way Andy received a text message alert on Andrea’s cell phone, looked at it, and saw that it was from Andrea’s boyfriend, Ian. Andy groaned as soon as he saw who it was from. “Oh, get lost and leave me alone!” He sighed louder than intended.

“Who’s that from?” Judith inquired.

“It’s from Ian—he’s the guy Andrea was seeing before the attack.”

“What, you mean her boyfriend?”

“Yeah.”

“Have you been replying to any of his messages?” Judith continued to quiz.

“Er—No! He’s Andrea’s boyfriend. I wouldn’t know what to say to him and I’m sure as hell not going to text sappy stuff to another guy.”

“You need, to Andrea! Yes; he’s your sister’s boyfriend, which makes him ‘your’ boyfriend when you are portraying Andrea. At least for right now, reply to him, don’t ignore him. When you start really going out as your sister you will also need to be seeing him. Otherwise questions will be asked; people will start wondering—including, possibly, the rapist.”

“I don’t even get it—why would the rapist be keeping close watch on what ‘Andrea’ would be doing anyway? He’s a rapist, he’s already raped her—surely he would just move on.”

“Because he is a psychopath! That much we do know. He has attacked women again after raping them before; he gets some kind of pleasure out of it. With your sister, this is the first time someone has been critical after one of his attacks; it’s hit the news. He will be watching. He will be worried about Andrea coming around and maybe giving a description whilst, at the same time, he will be getting a kick thinking of successfully attacking her again when there is that fear element of taking high risks.”

“What? You mean like an adrenaline rush thing?”

“Yes!”

They talked more at length as Judith drove. After the conversation was over, Andy reluctantly replied to Ian’s text message, knowing he would have to write at least somewhat like how Andrea would reply.

‘Hi Ian, huny. Sorry 4 not txtng sooner, feeling very out of it at mo. Thanx 4 ur concern. On sedation, will text l8ta. Luv u lots. Andrea x.’ Andy decided that would do for now, just to keep in touch.

Soon they were at their destination and Judith pulled into a side kerb in the city centre. “Right Andrea, here we go—your big test. I want everything to be as natural as possible, but I will be watching and correcting anything wrong. Don’t concern yourself with trying too hard; I want you just to be as natural as you can be, remembering all of the training. Start by exiting the car in a ladylike manner. Don’t look around to see if people are looking at you; that will just draw attention. We are going to have a fun day—so let’s go.”

Getting out of the car, dressed as a girl, and stepping into a sidewalk full of people was the scariest thing Andy had ever done in his life. Judith was quickly by his side, starting conversation, in a bid to keep his mind occupied and preventing nervousness taking control. She talked about what she had planned for them to do and places to go. Every now

and then, when nobody was close, she would give Andy corrections. “Straight back and pull your shoulders back, Andrea.” “Take shorter steps.” “Look forward and head up, try not to look at people to see if they are looking at you.” “Smile as you talk to me. Make a few hand gestures as you talk.”

In fairness, the corrections made were few, as Andy was able to remember everything of his days of training. As they walked and he realised that nobody at all was looking at him, gasping or snickering, he began to relax. The more relaxed he became, the more confident he felt.

The first exercise for Andy was just walking around with Judith up a variety of streets, some busy, some not so, allowing Andy to get used to walking around as Andrea and being seen by people. Most people were just getting on with their own lives and schedules, and took no notice at all. A few did take notice, as Judith explained was normal when two attractive young girls walked by. Men were checking them out; females were looking at the opposition and what they were wearing.

After a while Judith wanted to take Andy into a café for a drink and a bite to eat. The main purpose, other than to quench a thirst and give themselves sustenance, was to see how Andy sat himself at the table and how he ate and drank. A few corrections were again made, including telling him to slow down and take smaller bites; he was eating faster than his previous training because he was nervous. Judith also wanted to place Andy in a more relaxed setting where people were more likely to look around and glance at people.

“Take notice, Andrea,” Judith said in a low voice. “Nobody is double looking at you; nobody is whispering about you being a boy in a dress. We are just two females sat having a bite to eat in a café.”

After the café it was off to a big shopping mall. As well as looking around boutiques, Judith horrified

Andy by telling him she was taking him into a jeweler's to have his ears pierced.

"It's vital, Andrea; your sister's were double pierced on each lobe," she reminded him before he could shout objection. It was true, and Andy couldn't disagree, but he thought that the police were now taking too many liberties.

"No. I can't. I want to help catch my sister's rapist but I do have my own life. Getting my ears pierced wouldn't just be like clothes, or even these fake tits and cunt which can be taken off. You can't take off pierced ears at the end of a day; I would have to live with them permanently!" he blasted, forgetting to keep his sister's voice.

"Moderate your voice Andy—and your tongue!" Judith reprimanded, not liking his terminology for vagina. "If that's the way you feel I can't force you, but we may as well go home right now. More than clothes, hair, voice or anything else, it's things like pierced ears that people will notice. Stop wearing earrings and the holes will close when freshly pierced—but you cannot make the holes disappear immediately from someone who has had them a long time. Her close friends would notice she wasn't wearing earrings, and then that there were no holes."

"What about clip-ons?" Andy suggested.

"Only so many varieties, most likely not the sort your sister wore, and you cannot get clip-on studs."

The debate ran for some time as Judith tried to impress the importance to her charge. Andy managed to bring it to a close by telling Judith he needed the toilet. Of course he had to use the ladies'; Judith went in with him for support.

Going into a stall, Andy then had to hoist his yoga pants and thong panties down and sit to relieve himself, blushing as he felt the urine coming out

through the far too realistic vagina nestled between his legs.

Later they were looking through racks of tops and skirts in a boutique, with Judith telling Andy what different types of skirts there were. He had never known there were that many different types or names.

“What’s this one called, Andrea?”

“Oh—that’s a pencil skirt with a side slit for walking,” Andy answered.

“And what’s this one?”

“That one is a flounced skirt,” he again answered correctly.

“Well done. How are your ears feeling?”

Andy felt like reaching and touching his fingers to his newly pierced ears. “Weird, not so much pain as numbness—and I can feel them, feel their presence.” Andy was sporting two silver studs in each ear.

“I think you are a superstar for agreeing to doing it. Just remember to keep them clean and disinfected. Let’s go have a look at tops now. Again, there are lots of differences. When you go out with Andrea’s friends, which I am sure you will, they will want to browse through clothes. Look at things with interest, ‘Ooo and Ahh’ about them, and suggest what may look good on one of your friends, or state how much you love something yourself.”

Andy rolled his eyes. This whole venture was going to be a nightmare. There had just better be a result at the end of it to make it all worthwhile.

“That’s a flutter sleeve; that one is Puffed sleeve; that one has a square neck, and the one next to it is asymmetrical. This one is called a tunic, and this one is a peasant style like the one you are wearing,” Ju-

dith informed a bored and tired Andy before having him try naming them himself.

“I have catalogues in the trunk of my car, so that you can browse through and learn names and styles. The main purpose of this exercise is getting you to experience browsing and looking; you never really will know if you are being watched.”

“I personally think this is just one big waste of time. There are thousands and thousands of girls out there for the guy to target. You may catch him—but not through me.”

“Don’t be so negative. Our profiler people seem pretty certain of what they are requesting. It’s going to cost a lot of money doing this—my time, and plain-clothes officers who will be observing; all the training, and the prosthetics. They would only risk using so much money if they had a pretty good reason,” Judith reassured him. “Anyway, it’s starting to get late. We’ll grab a quick drink in a café, then set off for home.”

Along the way back Andy questioned his pierced ears again. “I can take these things out of my ears when I go meet my friends, can’t I?”

“No!” Judith exclaimed. “They need to stay in for six weeks while they heal.”

“What! I can’t have these in my ears for six weeks! How can I go hang out with my friends with four fucking studs in my ears? Surely I can just put them back into the holes afterward?”

“No Andy. You would cause a lot of damage to the flesh and cause yourself a lot of pain—plus the posts probably wouldn’t just go back in, as the flesh would start healing. And think of it: your friends would see the four puncture marks anyway.”

“Oh! Fuck this game! This is ruining my life!” Andy protested as they headed back to the car.

When they reached Andy's home, Andy took himself straight to his room in a sulky mood, putting on his earphones and blasting his ears with loud music. He was reluctant to let his family see what he was now sporting, but the pads of the earphones reminded him even more of what he now had in his earlobes.

Judith who was now staying nights at the Marshalls' home, explained to Jennifer and Howarda about Andy's most recent addition. Both parents understood and accepted the need for Andy to have had his ears pierced.

"Of course," Judith explained, "hopefully, if this thing goes really well and we get the rapist in double-quick time, then Andy can just take the studs out right away, and the flesh will just heal over with barely a mark. Otherwise they need to stay in for six weeks, and be constantly turned so the flesh doesn't heal around the posts. After six weeks he can take them out, but should not go longer than twenty four hours without wearing either studs or earrings—when he will be able to start wearing different ones."

Upstairs Andy took off his earphones to answer a call on his own cell phone.

"Hi Kyle, what you guys been up to? —No, I'm not going to be able to meet up tomorrow night. Yeah. We visit Andrea each evening. Say hi to the guys for me, I'll be out with y'all just as soon as Andrea recovers. Yeah, that's right—she's come out of the coma now. Thanks, buddy—I'll pass that on to her."

Chapter Five Living as My Sister

Andy groaned when he was woken by his mum early next morning. “Come on, And—rea,” she said, correcting herself in time. “Judith is downstairs waiting for you to get breakfast so you can go out again.” The name of his sister painfully reminded Andy of his situation—as if he needed any reminder that he again had worn breasts and a prosthetic vagina to sleep in, covered by a short nylon nightie and panties.

Things got worse. They were going out again today, but this time Judith insisted, after the relative success of the previous day, that he dress more femininely. Cleaning his teeth in the mirror, Andy looked at and groaned at the double pierced earlobes he now had. “Fuck my life!” he sighed at his reflection—a reflection that also showed his rather finely shaped eyebrows.

Andy was wearing a short blue skirt, sleeveless keyhole-front top with a darker blue neckline matching the skirt, opaque black pantyhose, and a pair of black ankle boots with reasonably sturdy 2.5-inch heel. He looked down at the top, which revealed cleavage through the keyhole feature.

“Why do I have to wear this?” He questioned, “You can see my—things through that hole.”

“The point is, Andrea, I want you to start getting used to the feeling of men glancing at you there—and they will. I could have given you a V Neck, or a scoop or even a plunging neckline, but I’m trying to break you in easier. With that top, you are just presenting a naughty glimpse of cleavage.”

Andy sighed and rubbed at his soft nylon-clad legs which were causing an itch. He was at least grateful that today was a Sunday and there wouldn’t be quite as many people around the town centres.

The day followed much the same path as the previous day, with Judith watching and correcting slight mistakes, leading Andy to hold his body more erect with chest prominently out, rather than hunching as if trying to hide his breasts. Talking animatedly, smiling and eating and drinking in a restaurant, Judith ensured he sat to his seat properly and kept his legs together.

Different today, of course, was that he was wearing a skirt, which made him very conscious of how much leg he was showing. He knew he had to be more careful in the larger heels. There was a difference between walking on a flat carpeted floor and walking on less even, paved sidewalks in heels.

And it was true: both he and Judith were getting many looks from passing men, and from some women. Some men were very rudely obvious; others were more discreet, admiring two pairs of shapely legs. Then there were the ones that were looking at the peephole cleavage on show.

Judith purposefully asked Andy to ask males for the time, or for directions in the town they were in, a different town than they had visited the day before. It was to observe how Andy interacted, to convince him that his voice passed the test to strangers, and to let him see how differently the people responded to him now, as Andrea, than they had done when he was male. It also allowed Andy find out just how many men spoke to his chest rather than to his face.

“Do you see how differently girls are treated from boys?” Judith asked as they made their way back to the car at the end of the day.

“Yeah, very much so; I never knew. I guess I could place myself like that, too, though I never mean to do it, or be so offensive or disrespectful when talking to girls I don’t know.”

“It’s a guy thing, I suppose. But I want you to be able to realise your errors so that you know to expect

it yourself on a daily basis—and especially, when out dressed, *not* still to do it yourself!”

Andy was glad to be heading home. It had been a long, tiring and trying day. His feet and ankles hurt from wearing heels for such a long period, and he was keen to cover his legs up in a pair of pants again.

“Tomorrow we go for real,” Judith alerted him during the hour and 45- minute drive back.

“What do you mean?” Andy asked, a little concerned.

“Tonight I want you to call a couple of Andrea’s friends. Tell them you have been let home from hospital and to arrange to meet up tomorrow.”

“I can’t do that!” Andy gasped in fear. “I’m not ready!”

“I think you are—Andrea. Sometimes the best way is to be pushed off the deep end. You sink or swim—but I’ll be right there to ensure you don’t sink.”

“How are you going to get round meeting up with Andrea’s friends? They won’t know you, and they will know all of her main friends?”

“That’s easy,” Judith answered with a smile. “I’ll be coming along as your carer, working for the hospital. You have just come out of a coma, will be a bit weak and disoriented, so you need a nurse to be with you.”

Andy concerned himself for the remainder of that day, frightened about meeting Andrea’s friends, people that really knew her—and knew *him!* What if they could tell he was not her? What if he was disclosed as an imposter—worse, as her brother, dressed up like her? He would have to kill himself if they saw through him; he couldn’t live with the shame, he thought.

That evening after eating, the family sat in the lounge watching television. Judith prompted Andy, who had been relieved of his prosthetics at last, and was sat in his own clothing. “Look through Andrea’s phone, Andy. See who you can contact, who you think are your sister’s closest friends. Don’t forget to use your practiced voice.”

Jenny squealed with delight when she heard Andrea’s voice on her phone. They had been best friends since they were eight years old. “Of course!” she enthused. “You tell me the time and place, and I’ll be there. Oh, I’m so glad you have rung; it’s so great to hear you again. I wanted so much to come visit you in hospital, but we were all told by the police that nobody but direct family could visit. How are you? It’s so good to hear from you, babe.”

Yasmin had a similar reaction. She and Andrea had always sat together in class right up to leaving school. “I was so scared you would die! What happened to you was horrible, I hope they catch the bastard who did it and chop off his cock and balls!”

So, Andy had committed himself to meeting with the two friends the following day at noon in a city centre café. He was still nervous, but also relieved that neither girl had detected his voice.

Judith had gone easy with Andy the following day. He was back with his prosthetic breasts and vagina, his face was ‘made up,’ but at least he was wearing a pair of slacks rather than a dress or skirt, and he wore a fairly plain tunic style top in pale blue with some fancy embroidery around the neck. On his feet he was wearing a pair of white ankle socks and black ballet pumps.

That didn’t stop him from being more nervous than he thought he ever could be—and his nerves grew even worse as Judith parked her car in the city centre, a short walk from the café where he was meeting Andrea’s best friends, Jenny and Yasmin. He took a deep breath as they approached the shop,

and inwardly prayed he could get away with his deception.

He had expected to see the two friends; what greeted him was about seven or eight girls, all with big beaming smiles on their faces. All of them left their seats, rushed up, and hugged their 'friend'. Luckily Andrea had, at one time or another, brought all of them to the Marshalls' home, and Andy had also met a few whilst out with his sister.

Receiving kisses and hugs from this bevy of beauties was an embarrassing reward for Andy, and he experienced the totally new and unusual sensation of having his 'breasts' crushed against those of his friends.

He almost died on the spot when he saw Beth, the girl he had always had a big crush on, amongst the group. She and Andrea were very close friends, but he had purposefully omitted her from those he had contacted, because he knew he would feel ashamed of her seeing him in female clothing and wearing makeup.

The owner of the café quickly picked up that this was the local girl he had read about in the newspapers who had been raped. He told her that anything she wanted to eat or drink was on the house. His other customers were also taking interest and wanted to say how sorry they were that this rape had happened to her.

Andy felt a little overwhelmed by all of the attention; Judith stepped in to ask them all to allow Andrea to sit down and give her a little bit of space. She received a few glares from the group, as if to say, 'Who the hell is this person and why is she pushing her nose in?'

"Oh, err—girls, this is Judith. She has been looking after me in the hospital and is going to be caring for me until I am fully recovered." Andy quickly introduced her, using his Andrea voice for the first time as

he noted the resentment from Andrea's friends. That changed things; now the group were all apologetic and thanking her for looking after their close friend.

"I can tell you are still out of sorts, Rea," Yasmin said. "Your voice is a bit more deep and groggy, and it's not like you to be wearing pants rather than a short skirt."

"I—I was in a coma for a long while. You'll have to excuse me, Yas, I have some memory loss too—which the doctors say should return eventually."

The girls were now all sympathetic and concerned. Some started to ask questions about the rape, but others, with a bit more about them, quickly told them such questions were inappropriate and would inflict memories their friend would rather not think about.

The group stayed in the café for over an hour before Jenny suggested that some "retail therapy" would do their friend the world of good. "Come on, hun, you know you can't say no to browsing in the malls," she told him. Judith just listened, observed everything, and just smiled slightly at Jenny's suggestion. So it was seven eager girls and Judith who, without requiring Andy's own opinion, shepherded him out of the café and towards a large mall.

"Oh wow! Look at this skirt—it's absolutely gorge!" Beth announced as the group looked through the rails of a dress shop in the mall. Taking it off the rail, Beth put the skirt up against Andy. He took immediate note of how short it was.

"That is so *you*, Rea—don't you think so, Trixie?" she asked, turning to another girl.

"What do *you* think of it, Andrea?" Trixie asked.

Andy glanced towards Judith and remembered her instructions to him. "Yeah, it's so, fab. I love it."

“You simply have to have it, girlfriend!” Beth continued to enthuse. “Come on try it on in the changing rooms.” She carried the skirt and dragged Andy lightly along by his arm.

“I haven’t really brought much money with me,” Andy replied honestly.

“Let me buy you it, my pressie to you for getting better,” Beth insisted as they reached a cubicle.

For the first time Andy was pleased that he had an artificial vagina under his panties as Beth stood while he shimmied his flared pants down his legs, stepping out of them and into the skirt. The skirt fit around his waist perfectly; it was down his legs that it was missing some length.

“You should wear it out! I’ll get the sales girl to scan it. We are all in skirts today and you should be too. Your legs have gone a bit pale, though, probably from being laid in hospital. You could do with some hose. Wait right there and I’ll be back!”

Before Andy knew it Beth had returned with a pair of nude-coloured tights for him to put on. Andy realised these were far more delicate than any had worn so far. He knew nothing of denier, but the lightest pantyhose he had worn had been forty denier, opaque. These were ten denier, and he was scared of ripping them or putting a run in them as he drew them up his legs.

Beth looked at his ballet shoes, thinking her friend would be better with the new skirt if she was wearing a pair of heels, but decided to go easy in case Andrea wasn’t very firm on her feet yet.

How had this happened? He had been relieved to leave his house that morning wearing girls’ pants and flat shoes. Now he was wearing a skirt that showed off nearly the whole of his nylon-clad legs, and he was wearing strappy sandals with a two-inch stiletto heel! And his gifts weren’t done with yet.

Jenny bought him a lovely pendant necklace, and Trixie insisted on buying the matching earrings.

Yasmin wanted to pay to have Andy's nails done. He hadn't put any lacquer on the false nails Judith had given him, and so he was guided to a nail technician who painted them beautifully a pastel blue; she then stuck a tiny gem towards the tip of each, and three in a row on the thumbnails.

As it was a hot day for the time of year the party of girls all then went to get ice creams before continuing their shop browsing. Andy found he was starting to relax in their company, more so because nobody suspected him of being anyone other than Andrea. And he was actually starting to enjoy himself; the girls' sense of fun, merriment and enthusiasm was infectious—so different than being out with his boy gang.

He received two messages on his phone while they were sitting around eating the ice creams. One was from 'friend' Adele, who apologised for not being able to get out from work to meet up with them all. The other was from Andrea's persistent boyfriend, Ian. It read: "Hi! I'm suspecting you must be still angry with me cos you haven't replied to my last three texts. I know you sed u were feeling out of it but I really would like us to meet so we can talk and sort things out. Can we please meet? You know how much I love you and don't want to lose you?" xxx

Of course, both messages were inquired upon as to what they were. When Andy read out Ian's message, with a nonchalant look on his face, the girls all Ahh'd.

"That's so sweet— Ian really cares for you, ya know." Trixie said.

"You guys always look good together," Susie prompted.

"Yeah, call him back Rea, you guys should totally go meet up," Yasmin said.

Defeated by Andrea's friends, Andy walked a short distance away from the group and rang Ian's number.

"Hi—Andrea," Ian greeted as he answered the call.

"Hi. How are you?" Andy asked, trying to think how Andrea would communicate.

"All the better for hearing your voice. I've been concerned about us, ever since that night, and I have beaten myself up about not being there to see you home and protect you."

Andy only knew from the conversation his Mum had with Ian as to why he hadn't seen his sister home.

"It's okay, Ian, it's not your fault it was me that said I would see myself home—fate, I guess."

"Are we still good, Andrea? I've been missing you like crazy and was so worried after the incident, but I was told I couldn't visit."

"You and everyone else—couldn't have talked to you though, I was in a coma. Yeah, we're still good." Andy felt as though he was committing himself with that last statement as he paced up and down the sidewalk whilst talking—but he couldn't be responsible for breaking up Andrea with her boyfriend.

"Can we meet then—if you are well enough? How is tomorrow for you?"

"No, Ian, sorry—I have lots of things that need doing. Let's make it Friday." Andy was hoping that his sister might have come out of the coma by then and be able to go meet Ian herself.

Andy screwed his face up a little as he said bye and made a couple of kissy noises down the phone, just for good measure, before going to join the group of girls again. Judith was interested to know what had

been said and what had been planned between the two of them.

Eventually the afternoon was over and Andy said goodbye to the friends with kisses and hugs, especially enjoying the hug from Beth. Then he and Judith made their way back to the car after promising another meet-up later in the week, on Thursday evening.

“So, how did you find the experience?” Judith quizzed.

“I don’t know, really. Relieved that nobody suspected I wasn’t Andrea for sure.”

“And did you enjoy the afternoon?” Judith continued asking.

Andy thought about it. “Yes, I suppose I did really,” he admitted. “A bit daunting being centre of attention, and it sure was embarrassing having to undress and dress in front of Beth in the changing room—but yeah, it’s been fun.”

“You did really well today; I’m impressed. I’m giving you the next couple of days off to be yourself again. We’ve started the ball rolling now. You’ll be amazed how word of mouth will circulate, from people who saw and recognised you, that you are back on your feet and socialising. Hopefully it will get to the ear of the rapist.”

“You mean Andrea getting out and socialising.” Andy corrected.

“You *are* Andrea,” Judith told him, “and you will be right up to your sister recovering.”

Andy didn’t reply, but just hoped Judith’s words did come true—that his sister would recover.

It was an amazing feeling to disrobe from all of his feminine clothes and have Judith release him from

his silicone prison. First thing Andy did was to scrub the makeup from his face; then, with extensions out, he got under the shower. The best thing was that there would be no more dressing up and posing as a girl for two whole days.

But then, as he lathered his hair with shampoo, he thought further forward. He would have another outing with the girls—not too bad, but scary—and the day after, he would meet Andrea’s boyfriend. How was he going to handle *that* one?

He was more or less un-femmed as he came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around him—except for his acrylic nails, all prettily painted and jewelled. There wasn’t much he could do about them, and Judith had gone home for the next two days.

Andy woke in his own bedroom, in his own PJ’s, and stretched and smiled. He was happy as he sat on the edge of his bed to start dressing for the day, but weirdly his clothes didn’t feel like they used to do on him any more. His socks felt thick and prickly, his underwear felt heavy and cumbersome, and his jeans both harsh and restrictive. At least his printed T-shirt felt okay—but it now seemed unusual not having the twin protrusions tenting the front out. “What’s this about?” he grumbled to himself. “Don’t tell me I’m getting too familiar in girls clothes!”

The first of his “two days off” was actually very non-descript. It seemed ages since he had last hung out with his own mates, but he wasn’t itching to join in with any of them either during that day or the evening.

Jennifer inquired as to why he wasn’t meeting his own friends, to which he just raised his hands. “Huh, Duh! I have long painted fingernails, Mum. I can hardly go meeting up with the guys like this, can I? And Judith isn’t back with us until Wednesday.”

Jennifer thought she might be able to come to the rescue and got out her nail varnish remover—but one

look at her son's pretty, painted fingers with delicate designs, not to mention the gem stones, made her think twice. Plus, she had never tried to trim acrylic nails that were firmly glued on.

"Told you," Andy said glumly before going to his room to play video games for, more or less, the rest of the day. He did agree to go, with hands stuffed in his pockets, along with his family to see Andrea in the early evening. It was 17 days since her attack, and still there were no signs of her coming out of her coma.

Andy had tears in his eyes as he looked at her seemingly peaceful body. He was concerned, like the rest of his family, that she might never pull through, but he was also doubly concerned about what would happen if that was the case. Her friends and the media were all being told she was up and kicking. How, then, would they explain that she never revived? His disguise story would be exposed.

The following day, Andy expected, would be more or less the same—until Jennifer took a call from DC Marcie Bellwood.

"I'm just putting you in the picture, Jennifer," Marcie began. "We've had word that a number of news programmes want to interview Andrea, now word is out that she is out of her coma and out of hospital."

"But— But Andy is— well he's Andy today!" Jennifer tried explaining.

"Yes, I'm aware of that from Judith. She is rushing around to your house as I speak to do a quick job on Andy. I hope he's in."

"He's in his room with his music blaring out."

"Then I think you need to alert him. So far I think three television teams are all wanting to get an interview."



Andy couldn't believe what his mum was telling him. When this whole thing had first started, he had been promised he would be spending most of the time as himself, with just a few brief appearances as his sister. Over the last nine days he'd had just one day's reprieve—yesterday. Now he was being told he had to dress as Andrea on what should have been a second day off, with Andrea already 'booked in' for the following day and the day after.

"This is taking over my life, Mum!" he complained. "I'm almost playing my sister 24-7!"

Just then there was a hurried knocking on the door, signalling Judith had arrived. Jennifer went to answer the door.

"Hi Jennifer, I'm guessing that DC Bellwood has been in touch about the news reporters?" Judith said in a rather out-of-breath voice as she entered the home carrying her usual two bags.

"Yes, she has. This must be annoying to you on your day off?"

"I'm getting paid for it, but it's Andy's day off from being Andrea, poor thing. Still, if we are going to pursue this—to be honest, it's this kind of media coverage that may draw the rapist out faster."

Judith didn't see a need to put the groin prosthetics on Andy, but she did want to do the breasts and hair, along with a bit of makeup, and have Andy just dress casually. It was a few hours after she was finished that the first of the news reporters turned up. Marcie Bellwood was also there to ensure the reporters did not ask too many leading questions and to try to steer Andy from giving his real self away.

"Can you remember anything about the attack?" asked one reporter, who introduced herself as Mandy Childs.

“No. I was just cutting through the park as I usually do. I was grabbed from behind. I tried fighting the man off but I fell and hit my head; that’s all I can remember.” Andy replied, sticking to what the police reconstruction report had given.

A number of questions were asked while Andy tried putting up with cameras zooming in on him and boom mikes hanging over his head. As he answered, the other news report teams arrived and began asking similar questions.

“Hi Andrea, Melody Curtis here. Did you get a good look at the assailant’s face?”

Marcie was quick to jump in at this question. She actually wanted it broadcast that ‘Andrea’ had seen the man’s face but that ‘her’ memory, as yet, was dim. Marcie’s idea was that the rapist might try to get to ‘Andrea’ before ‘she’ could get ‘her’ memory back. “Andrea has been able to supply the police with a sketchy description,” Marcie said, “but she is still recovering from a coma and her memory is slowly returning to normal, when, we hope she can give us a better image. If there are no further questions, I think we should allow Andrea to rest. I shall be happy to answer anything else outside of the family home.” Andy sighed with relief after the reporters had been ushered out by Marcie.

Eventually Marcie came back inside. “You did well, Andy,” she said. “They have gone now, and Judith can help you back out of your disguise. Be careful, because there may be a few rogue journalists camping out on the street for the next few days, hoping to get a scoop on something or harass you with more questions. Be vigilant.”

Jennifer offered Marcie a drink before she left; Marcie accepted. Judith helped Andy out of the breast prosthetic upstairs. After ten more minutes Andy came down in his own clothes, with the light makeup removed.

“I was thinking, Andy,” Marcie said. “Some of these reporters are quite smart. If they are watching the house, they may eventually deem it strange that you and your sister are never seen at the same time. Go about your usual day as Andy. On days you are portraying your sister, maybe once or twice Judith can give you a quick cleanup after Andrea has come into the house, go out a back way, and then re-enter the house as yourself whilst they think Andrea is already home.”

“I’m not really going out much as myself,” Andy informed her glumly.

“Why ever not? It’s important for both siblings to be seen coming and going from the house. If Andy just disappeared, people really would smell a rat.”

Andy explained that the constant dressing as Andrea made him self-conscious about hanging with his friends. “And anyway—I have pierced ears! And *these!*” Andy complained, lifting up his hands to show his long tapering acrylic nails.

“Judith can remove the nails for you easily enough.” Marcie assured him.

“And my ears? I have to have these studs in my ears for six weeks.”

“I wouldn’t think it a big problem. Lots of young men get their ears pierced these days, all different sizes. It’s youth culture. You could even tell them that your sister prompted you, and that you wanted to please her to help her feel better. Who knows, some of your friends may even be envious and want pierced ears themselves.”

That evening Andy really did feel he just wanted to be himself, be normal. He took DC Bellwood’s advice and his mother’s prompting, and went out to meet up with the gang who were hanging out around the shuttered shopping mall.

There was eight of the gang out, and they gave a cheer when they saw Andy turning up. “Hey, good to see ya man. How’s it goin’?” Nathan asked, putting up a high five.

“Goin’ good Nat. How’s things?”

“How’s your sister Andy?” Dom asked.

“She’s good. Recuperating at home.” Andy replied.

“I saw her on the telly before I came out. Thought you may have been interviewed yourself Bro?” Dom continued.

“I was in the room —just off camera,” Andy lied.

“Good that you’re here—we’re gonna do a raid on Khan’s quick mart store, grab us some smokes. Play some ball outside, get him to come out and complain whilst a couple go in and grab some packets from the shelf,” Craig informed Andy, smirking.

“Count me out on that activity, Bro! you know I have to keep my nose clean till the court case.”

“Aw, come on, man! Chill! Nobody will be any the wiser.” Affy protested.

“Nope—no can do, not while all this police activity is going on with my sister.”

“Hey man—Wot the fuck! You got yo’ ears pierced. When did that happen?” Luke suddenly asked as a passing car’s lights caught reflection on the studs. Luke was about to say how cool they looked but T.J., Affy’s elder brother, spoke out first.

“What you doin’ to yo’self, yo? That’s not cool. You looks well stupid, like a sissy, do ya get meh, bro?” T.J. wasn’t the biggest of the group but liked to come across as hard and street, and he had a big mouth.

“My sister has double pierced ears; she wanted us to be alike. I didn’t have the heart to say no to her when she is still recovering.” Andy replied, using the reason that Marcie had suggested.

The comments had alerted Craig, who was just giving Andy a weird look but didn’t get involved.

“No offence bro, but ya needs ta get ‘em taken out if you is walkin’ about in our company, init?” TJ persisted.

“Lay off, TJ, Andy can do what the hell he likes. I think it’s well considerate that he did it to please his poor sister.” Rick responded, stepping up for Andy.

“Ya’ll don’t get it blood, it will make us look like, well, bad to our rivals, Yo, —prancin’ around wearin’ wimmin’s jewellery and wotnot, do ya get meh? We’d be a laughing stock to dem.”

“He does have a point,” Nathan agreed, surprising Andy.

Normally Andy could have taken TJ down in a heartbeat, but he didn’t feel like he had that kind of fight in him after a week of wearing female disguise.

“You know what; I don’t need this fuckin’ shit from you guys!” Andy protested. “I’ll wear what I damn well want. If you want me hanging around with you or fighting your fights for you, let me know when this PRICK isn’t around with you.” Pointing a menacing finger at TJ, Andy stormed off, still glaring at TJ and ignoring shouts from some of the gang to return.

Jennifer could tell that her son was upset when he returned. She knew his meet up with his friends hadn’t gone well, but she decided not to interrogate him about it and motioned to her husband not to, either. Andy just sulked off to his bedroom.

Chapter Six Making New Friends

Andy stayed as Andy for most of the day on Thursday, but knew he would have to become his sister again later in the day, as he had promised to meet Andrea's friends again. Although he had already broken that ice, he was feeling nervous all over again about meeting them and pretending to be a girl on an evening out—especially so as Judith, although offering to run him into town to meet the girls, was not going to be chaperoning him that evening. She wanted to see how he could manage without her. It was a gamble for Judith because if Andy screwed up in any way, the game would be over.

For his wear, Judith had chosen a sweater top with pink hearts at the front. He had not been happy about wearing it, but he was told that most real girls, including his sister, would be quite happy wearing it. He also had a just-above-the-knee khaki-coloured skirt which was quite figure-hugging and had a side slit for walking, a pair of honey-coloured pantyhose, and a pair of black peep-toe shoes with a t-strap and three-inch stiletto heels.

With his nails rebuilt with acrylic and painted a frosty pink, his hair extensions in and full makeup, Andy was regarded as ready for the off. Jennifer gave her son a big hug, and begged him to be careful and not do anything silly. Just what she meant by that, Andy had no idea.

Judith, as promised, ran him into town near to where he was meeting the friends, ensuring at least some of them were already at the café before driving off. She was calling in at the police station where Marcie Bellwood was working, staying late to catch up on paperwork and receive the report from Judith as to how well Andy was adjusting.

“So you think he is getting a little more settled into the role?” Marcie asked Judith on her arrival.

“Yes, today is a big test, and of course I just hope he doesn’t screw up—but I’m confident that he won’t.”

“And what about Andrea’s boyfriend? Has Andy met him yet? I think that is a vital thing to happen. The rapist would have read and heard on the news that Andrea had a boyfriend and had been with him on the night of the rape. That pretence has got to be continued.”

“He’s got a meeting—well, I suppose, a date with the boy tomorrow, though he is not looking forward to it.”

“The Estrigene 5000 may help with that a little. Has he been taking it?”

“He has been given it in small doses, mixed with food and drink, for nearly a week now, including before he came out this evening. You did say to feed it into him slowly at first.”

“Yes I did.” Marcie replied. “That’s good; it may just help him feel more at ease about meeting the boyfriend.”

From being dropped off Andy made his short walk, as steady as he could in the slim heels, to the door of the coffee shop. Inside were Yasmin, Jenny, Adele and Beth, all looking delighted to see their ‘friend’ again.

He had seen his sister greeting her friends many times, both whilst out and when some of them had visited his home, so he knew to hug and kiss cheeks, unlike fist-bumping or high-fiving his own friends.

Sitting gingerly to prevent his already short skirt from riding right up his thighs or snagging his tights, Andy soon got into conversation with the girls. It was hard for him because it was mostly about new make-up, recent dress shopping trips, boys, dieting, movie heartthrobs, boys, gossip, what each other

was wearing and, did I mention—boys. All the girls were talking in high, excited voices with laughter interspersed.

When two guys came into the café, Adele prompted everyone to check out the fit talent. “Oh my god—that one with the man bun is like so gorgeous!” Jenny said, holding her clasped hands to her chest and with a dreamy look in her eye.

Andy pretended to go along with them. “Yeah, I think his dark haired mate is so fit, look at his biceps, he must work out a lot. I wouldn’t mind those strong arms wrapped around me.”

But he was in for a rude shock when three girls walked in together and he saw Beth eyeing up one of them who had incredibly long legs. “Now that, girls, is the kind of babe for me,” she said. “Look at her gorgeous legs, going right up to her nectar hole. I’d muff-dive her in an instant.”

The other girls all laughed and called her incorrigible. They obviously knew she was attracted to girls, but for Andy, it was as if his life was ended. Beth, the girl he had always crushed on, was a lesbian!

Shortly afterwards they were joined by Christine and Trixie, and plans were made to move off from the café and onto a bar.

Andy was again taken by surprise. He believed most of the girls would be his and Andrea’s age of 19 as they had been in Andrea’s classes—maybe some younger, certainly none older than 21.

He couldn’t question anything or he might give the game away, but from listening he learned that there were a few bars where the owners never bothered checking IDs, which the girls often frequented, including his sister. He found himself more or less having to join the six friends. Even his own gang mates never got to go into bars; they either stole bottles of

booze from stores or went to stores where they were never questioned.

The first bar was dimly lit and full of youngsters in their twenties or thirties. His group all ordered pitchers of cocktails and sat down by a window. After several drinks they moved on to another bar where there was louder music and dancing, and more girly drinks.

Some of the group got up to dance. Whilst Beth, Adele, Jenny and Trixie danced together a couple of men in their mid-twenties approached the table where Andy, Yasmin and Christine sat. There was a bit of light flirting from the two girls, but the guys, knowing they wouldn't score there, moved on after a while.

It was different on the dance floor, where the four girls had paired off with four guys and Andy saw Beth kissing one. Normally he would have been jealous, but he was more relieved that she was also into guys. She had to be Bi, which, in his mind, still gave him a shot at her.

Eventually all seven assembled at the table. As the drink started to go to Andy's head and he became merry, he was easily encouraged to get up with everyone else to dance until closing.

As the friends all began to leave, a few of the girls talked about meeting again for shop browsing on Saturday afternoon. Andy called Judith to come pick him up and run him back home. In his intoxicated state he agreed to meet with Yasmin, Adele, Christine and Beth—before realising he had just signed up for a third consecutive day of dressing.

“Have you been drinking alcohol?” Judith quizzed as she began to drive the smiling Andy back home.

“Yeah, just a few cocktails and some Alco pops.” Andy replied.

“Cocktails—so you bought them in a bar?” She further questioned.

“Um yeah—nobody questioned us.”

“That’s beside the point, Andy. You are under the legal age to drink alcohol here, or go into a licensed bar. I am with the police, you know; you could get me into trouble along with yourself.”

“Sorry,” Andy slurred, a bit shamefacedly. “But I have had a wicked time—that was fun.” He tried tugging his skirt down, but without much success. It was bunched right up to his butt, revealing most of his thighs.

Judith glanced at him and broke into a half smile. “Just don’t go telling DC Bellwood what you have been doing. Okay?”

Because Andy wasn’t going out until late again the following night, Judith took off the prosthetics and Andy had a shower before going to bed in the early hours of the morning. As he lay to go to sleep he reflected on his evening. Sure it had been great hanging out with a group of really sexy, good-looking girls, but at no time had he been eyeing them up like an hungry predator, a lion amongst an herd of deer. He had just joined in with their fun and had really enjoyed himself.

He then thought about his friends in the gang. The evening had been so different from hanging out with them, so much more enjoyable, with no real threat of getting into trouble with the law, unless for under aged drinking. There were no concerns about getting involved in gang fights; it had just been so much more relaxing.

Andy slept in until mid-morning the following day; then he got up, had breakfast, and joined his family going to the hospital to visit his sister. His mum wanted to know all of what had happened the previous evening. She was very disapproving when she

heard he had been drinking in a bar and getting slightly merry.

“You could have gotten yourself into a fix, Andy—men could have been coming on to you.”

“Well they didn’t—at least, not really. A couple of guys came sniffing around hoping to pull Yasmin or Jennifer, but then they just went on their way. I would have stopped them had they got too annoying.”

“No Andy— you weren’t out as yourself, you were out and dressed as a young lady, and that made you vulnerable. You were drinking, which also would lower your inhibitions.”

“Gee Mum, back off!” Andy protested. “Apparently Andrea went into bars with her friends all the time.”

“Don’t bring your sister into this when she is unable to defend herself,” Jennifer chastised. “When you are going out as Andrea you need to act like her, like a well-behaved, polite, decent young lady.”

Andrea had no change about her. She still lay there attached to tubes and looking like she was just in a deep sleep. Jennifer cried along with Crystal. Andy’s Dad held them both in comfort whilst Andy fretted as to what would happen if his sister never came around again. It had been nineteen days since her assault. Would she even be the same as she was before, if she did regain consciousness?

In the afternoon Judith called around again, ready to get Andy into character. Andy was not looking forward to meeting Ian at all. This was going to be different from going out with a bunch of her friends, which was tough enough, but meeting Ian was on a whole different level. This was a boy dressed as a girl, meeting a boy who was romantically linked with the girl he was portraying.

Andy had already received a text with lots of kisses from Ian, saying how he was looking forward to seeing 'her' again, and suggesting they meet at their favourite café. He also had another text from Phil, the guy from college who had designs on his sister, asking when she would be returning to college and how he was longing to look into her big brown eyes again. He was a pest, and Andy even felt annoyed on behalf of Ian regarding this man who was trying to come between Ian and his girlfriend.

Other messages were from some of the girls who had gone out last night, with message prompts and nudges. He also received two messages from friends apologising for TJ's words and telling him to get back out and join them. They were going down to the bowling alley on Sunday after meeting up in a café.

"We should start getting you into your prosthetics, Andy," Judith suggested as the time reached four in the afternoon.

"Do I really need to go meet Ian?" Andy asked beseechingly. "What if he—he *tries something*?"

"Just tell him you need some space, play it calm, tell him you are still recovering and need a bit of time. Being raped actually does put many women off from meeting men for a long time; it makes them scared and untrusting. But it really is vital that you at least meet up with Ian, be seen with him, as part of what would be your sister's normal activities."

"Well I'm not going to meet him wearing anything girlish— like skirts or a dress, or heels!"

"Fair enough. I'll find you some jeans or pants of your sister's to wear."

"Oh, and I have a problem," Andy then mentioned.

"What's that?"

“I’m supposed to meet him in ‘our’ favourite place—but I don’t have a clue where that is, and I can hardly go asking him!”

“Hmm—I see what you mean,” Judith replied. “Still, it wouldn’t be too outrageous for you to ask—playing on a bit of memory lapse after the coma. Better still, look through your sister’s diary. I would suspect she has written it down somewhere.”

“I can’t do that—Diaries are personal. I’d feel like a—a disgusting snoop.”

“It’s Andrea’s diary—and you, currently, are Andrea. And you are doing it for all the right reasons. To be honest, you should really look through the diary from cover to cover. There will be a mine of information in there which is vital for you to know, so that you are fully up to date with contacts and activities of Andrea right up to her assault. You won’t be so on the spot then when asked certain things—and, in case anyone ever got suspicious, you could answer things that only your sister could know.”

That actually made sense to Andy. He began thumbing through Andrea’s diary as Judith got his prosthetics on, concealed them and made his face up.

Andy found what he was looking for—Café Romaro. He also found a few entries where he was mentioned by Andrea, in a nice way. She did write concerns about the gang he chose to hang around with, saying she thought they were bad influences for him and were getting him into trouble.

Andy was helped into an underwire bra and matching panties in red with small white flower design and white lacy edges, a delicate pink Peplum top, a pair of soft cotton, black trousers with a wide flare, plus a pair of black ballet slippers with a little white bow at the top. He looked feminine without being *overly* feminine. His face had been tastefully

made up with a pale pink eye shadow, mascara and eye liner and a pale pink lipstick.

Andy still had a fluttering in his stomach as he sat nervously in the passenger side of Judith's car on his way to meet Ian. He had met Ian several times before, and quite liked him, but this was a whole new ball game.

In some ways it was much like meeting Andrea's friends the first time. He knew them all to recognise and speak to, but he was meeting them on a different level, as one of them and supposedly knowing them, their lives and personalities more intimately. Girls got so much closer to each other than boys did with their friends, and shared so much more.

Now, with Ian—his sister would know him on that much more intimate level, they would have shared a lot and they would have been passionate. Indeed, from some of the entries he had read in Andrea's diary, he *knew* they had been passionate—very.

He was disturbed from his thoughts as he felt Judith swing her car in and come to a stop. Across the sidewalk was a well-lit café with a large neon sign lit up in pink, reading **Café Romaro**. He was here and he felt his stomach knot up. He felt sick.

“Right, Andrea, we're here. Obviously I cannot accompany you. Just give me a call when you are ready to be picked up—and no drinking in bars, okay?”

Andy opened the door of the car, stepped out, and took in a deep breath of air before walking to the building. More than 20 people sat around tables as he opened the café door ready to start looking around for Ian, but there was no need. He saw Ian rising from a table and walking to greet him. Ian looked as nervous as Andy felt.

On reaching him, Ian placed his right hand on Andy's shoulder, left hand lightly on Andy's left hip and leaned in for a kiss, kissing to the left side of

Andy's face, quite close to but not on his lips. Andy felt his face flush.

"Hey cupcake, how are you feeling? You look good, considering. Come on to the table and I'll order a drink—are you hungry?" Ian took Andy's hand to lead him to where he had been sitting; then he went to order a Latte, Andrea's favourite drink. Andy sat himself down, opposite to where Ian had sat.

Ian returned with two coffees. He hesitated as to where to sit, by the side or opposite to Andy; then he took the seat he had been using, facing Andy.

"I have been worried sick since your attack," Ian confessed, "worried in case you were permanently injured; worried you may never come around; and—worried about *us*. I feel so guilty about not walking you back home that night—and I have been so nervous about even seeing you again tonight."

As Ian spoke, Andy looked at him. He was a good looking boy, and Andy could see why his sister would be attracted to him. Ian's words about Andrea's health struck a nerve with Andy— all that Ian said he had been worried about, Andy still was. He knew, unlike Ian, that those concerns were still very relevant, and he felt tears starting to well in his eyes.

"Don't blame yourself, Ian; it was my choice to go home by myself, and my choice to cut across a dark park." As he spoke he was aware of people at nearby tables, rather obviously ear-wigging the conversation.

One woman was not as discreet as others. "Oh, you are that girl who was attacked and in the papers, aren't you?" she asked, sounding way too loud. "Oh, dear child! I'm so sorry for what happened to you, dear. Are you okay now? I heard you had been released from hospital."

Some of those who had been listening, but not showing it, were now looking in on the conversation.

Andy really did not want to get drawn into such conversation.

“She is fine, she is on the mend—but, if you people don’t mind, my girlfriend is still recovering and has come out just for a quiet drink. Thank you for your concerns but now, if you wouldn’t mind leaving her in peace,” Ian told them all quite firmly without being rude.

Andy was impressed and felt a thrill that Ian had stood up to protect him. He looked at Ian and mouthed quietly, “Thank you.”

Looking for conversation, Ian started to ask questions about the night of the rape but Andy asked him not to as it was all bad memories, instead Ian shifted to talking about the both of them and if things were still good between them.

“Yes, Ian, things are still good between us but, I beg you, please give me time. I don’t want to rush back into how things were with us as my attack was pretty traumatic. I need—I need time.”

Ian’s face suddenly looked pained and concerned. “You are going to suggest we have a break, aren’t you?” he asked. Ian had never liked those words as, in most cases, the break never ended; it was a way of splitting up, without the dumping. Ian really didn’t want to lose Andrea.

Andy sensed it in him and wanted to reassure him, not hurt him. “No, silly—we can continue seeing each other, but just not as we were—not until I can put things behind me. It’s too soon for that—just good friends for now. Can you deal with that?”

Andy had been resting his arms on top of the table and Ian reached to take Andy’s hands in his. It made Andy feel uncomfortable, like it was a bit gay having a guy holding his hands—but he fought against pulling away so that he didn’t send negative messages.

“I can deal with that, of course I can, babe. As long as I feel I haven’t lost you and we will get back to normal when you are ready to,” Ian said with feeling.

Andy smiled reassuringly. “I promise. I’m not dumping you, I want us to get back to how things were between us—but that took a lot out of me, it’s shattered my confidence. Just bear with me—babe.”

The couple had more coffees and some cakes as they sat talking for a couple of hours. Andy felt happy that he had kept Andrea’s love life intact whilst finding a way of holding Ian at bay from himself. He had quite enjoyed the evening and he had a greater opinion of Ian than before, not that he had ever spoken to him much.

“I’d better be getting back home; I’ve enjoyed tonight,” Andy told Ian as the clock got close to quarter past ten.

“What about you getting back home? I’m concerned for your safety now. I can call a cab and drop you off at yours, then continue on to mine.” Ian offered.

“No need honey, I’m getting picked up by a friend of my mum’s. In fact, I’ll call her now,” Andy assured, feeling weird calling Ian terms of endearment.

The two walked out of the café together and stood talking outside until Judith’s car pulled up.

“Oh, there’s Judith now. I’d best not keep her. Thanks for tonight.”

Ian reached for and took Andy’s hands in his, holding them down in front. “Thanks for coming, cupcake,” he said, “and thanks for reassuring me about *us*. I’ll text you. Get home safely.” He had been told to take things easy and he didn’t want to spoil things. In spite of wanting to do more, Ian just leaned forward and softly kissed Ian’s cheek close to the corner of his mouth.



Andy felt strange as he walked to the car. He knew Judith would have seen the kiss to the cheek, but she never raised the matter. In fact, it was what Judith had been hoping to see. She kept conversation with Andy down to just asking how he had got on.

It was decided, because Andy had arranged to see some of the girls in town the following afternoon, that he would stay in his prosthetics, and Judith would stay over at the Marshall's home to make sure he was perfectly ready for the meeting.

Andy had wished now that he hadn't been so ready to agree to meet Beth, Yasmin and the others, as he was increasingly concerned about the amount of time he was having to live as his sister. He needed a break from it— some *him* time. But it was too late to pull out and disappoint Andrea's friends.

Before he went to bed, his mum was keen to hear about the night and how things had gone on. His dad wasn't as keen, feeling uncomfortable about the fact his only son, his pride and joy, had gone out to meet a girl—on a date!

Being in his prosthetic boobs and vagina to sleep, Andy felt more comfortable by keeping his panties on to sleep in—to cover up his groin and not be too heavy and uncomfortable around there as his boxers would be. He wore a thin nightdress, with the cups of the nightdress preventing his boobs from moving around too freely.

The following morning Andy just came down for breakfast in one of Andrea's thick pink dressing gowns and a pair of her fuzzy slippers, as he knew, in a few hours, he would be getting dolled up as her once again. Crystal, not being at school, giggled at how her big brother was dressed.

“Could you please make sure you are closely shaved before we start your makeup,” Judith requested. “Not just your face but arms and legs as well, please.”

Andy still hadn't started growing any proper facial hair, and he constantly had to shave the almost non-existent hair on his arms and legs—but he carried out the request nonetheless, whilst feeling put out by the request.

Having done Andy's hair and makeup, Judith was looking at his finger nails and decided to remove the acrylic tips.

“You know, your own nails have grown pretty long now. I can file and shape them instead of keeping on doing the tips. They won't be as long as they are now, but it will save time, and all we need do is paint them,” Judith suggested.

Andy was all for not having nails as long as they were, and agreed to let Judith do her manicure. He was actually surprised by how long his own nails had grown. By the time Judith had finished shaping them into ovals, they looked quite feminine—especially once the pink lacquer had gone onto them, along with his toenails.

Part of the reason that Judith wanted Andy's arms and legs shaving over was that he was going bare-legged in a short-sleeved, short-skirted summery dress and wearing black 3.5 stiletto-heeled shoes on his feet. With a necklace around his neck and a few dress rings on his fingers, Judith took out the lower keepers in his earlobes and replaced them with silver hoop earrings with a 3” diameter.

She planned to spend the afternoon with Andy and the group, just to keep notes on how well Andy was performing. Andy was already getting to know some of the girls on a different level from how he had known them before, and he was also now armed with information he had picked up from their social media sites and Andrea's diary—although he felt he couldn't let go as well as he had done two nights previously, with the assistance of alcohol.

But it turned out that Andy had a really enjoyable afternoon, even with Judith's company. The girls who had met up—Yasmin, Adele, Christine and Beth—all now knew Judith as a carer for Andrea and had accepted her into their group. There was also a girl Andy had never met before, Arlene, who was a friend of Christine's.

They browsed in various shops, had coffee and cakes, did some more browsing, sat in a little park and had ice cream. Most of the girls were doing hunk watching, laughing and giggling about what they could do with such studs; even Judith got involved with that.

Andy was enticed into spending money on clothing he would probably never wear, certainly not after however long this air-brained scheme lasted. "Oh God, girl—you just have to have this skirt, it would look so good with your long shapely legs," he was told by Christine, placing a skirt to him.

New girl Arlene suggested a top that would go perfectly with the new skirt and received support for her recommendation from all of the others, except that Judith kept out of this one. Beth even tried to encourage some ankle boots with a slim four-inch heel—which Andy totally rejected.

"I'm not made of money, Beth." Andy protested, "and I'm on sick at the moment."

But at the end of it all Andy couldn't deny that, once again, he'd had a really fun time out with the girls and could easily allow himself to just believe he was one of them. He wondered to himself, seriously, if he didn't now prefer the laid-back, relaxing company of the girls to that of his so-called friends, even though it meant he had to involve himself in doing totally alien girly things with them, like browsing for skirts.

"Thanks for letting me join with you today, girls," Arlene said to the group before they parted company.

“I’m having a sleepover on Wednesday night at my place, and if anyone would like to join us you are more than welcome.”

Adele and Beth cried off as they had an early start at work the following day, but Christine was already going and Yasmin said she would also like to.

“Why don’t you go along, Andrea?” Judith suggested to Andy, shocking him with her suggestion. He looked at her in disbelief. “ME! I can’t go!” he told her, almost forgetting to keep Andrea’s voice.

“Sure you can,” Yasmin prompted. “Come on, girl—Chrissie and I are going. It will be cool, and you ain’t nothing planned for the day after.”

“She’s still a bit jittery after her attack; give me a minute with her, girls,” Judith begged. She led Andy just out of earshot, which allowed the other girls time to explain to Arlene about the ‘attack’. Arlene was stunned to learn the beautiful brunette girl she’d spent an afternoon with was the girl that had been on all the local TV stations, talking about being raped and left in a coma.

“What you playing at, Judith? I can’t go to a—a *slumber party*, full of girls!” Andy hissed.

“Why ever not? Do you doubt the realism of your prosthetics? Your body will look just like every other girl’s there—well, except you may have bigger boobs than some of them,” Judith told him with a wicked grin.

“But slumber parties are so girly and—*intimate*. I’d be read!”

“I don’t think so. I think it will be a perfect way for you to get more in touch with your femininity so that you act the part more naturally. You will get a better insight into how young girls act and express themselves.”

“I don’t want to get in touch with my femininity; I’m a guy! And I don’t want to start acting naturally more girlish. I just want this thing to end, so I can get back to just being a regular guy!”

“From what I have seen on the two occasions I’ve been out with you, you get in touch with your femininity, quite naturally, already. If you want this charade to end soon, the fastest way is to draw the rapist out. The more you do as Andrea, the less likelihood anyone would question if you are your sister or not. There’s no better way to disprove any possible doubting Thomases out there than if you joined in with a slumber party.”

The discussion went on for a while longer before Judith stepped back to the group of girls before Andy. “She was a bit concerned about a few issues,” Judith said, “but she now says she would like to come along. Thank you, Arlene.”

“Yes—go girl!” a delighted Yasmin shouted, holding up for a high five to the returning Andy.

Arlene spent a bit of time apologising that she had not realised who Andy was, and saying how sorry she was for what had happened, before exchanging cell numbers with her and Yasmin.

Andy was glum and silent on the drive back home.

“Are you seriously so hacked off about me suggesting you go to that party at Arlene’s?” Judith asked as she drove.

“I’m really nervous about going to such a thing—and there will be girls I don’t know at all.” Andy began, “But I’m also getting concerned about how much I’m having to play my sister. When DC Bellwood first asked me to do it, I was told I’d only be pretending to be sis on odd days, and most of my life would still be as me—but from going out dressed as Andrea last Saturday, I’ve only had two days off from

it. Even then, I had to get dressed as a girl because of the news film crews visiting. It's taking over my life!"

"Well at least you now have three days of being yourself before this slumber party," Judith mentioned.

"No, *two* days. I've arranged to meet Ian again on Tuesday," Andy said, shocking his mentor.

"You're meeting Ian on Tuesday? When did that happen?"

"He texted me this morning while I was in the bathroom shaving my arms and legs. Asked if he could ring me—I allowed it; we talked; then next thing I know, he asked if we could meet up on Tuesday—and I just agreed."

Judith laughed. "We did want you to make contact with Ian," she said, "hopefully see him once a week, though we would have been satisfied with every other week. To be honest, Marcie and I thought we would have to push you into seeing him again—but for the girl who really did not want to be seeing your sister's boyfriend, you arrange to see him, by your own agreement, just four days since seeing him last."

Andy felt a bit indignant by Judith's mocking. "I'm not a girl," he reminded her testily. "He sounded so apologetic about what happened to me—I mean, to sis. It was hard to say no. Plus, he is Andrea's guy; I need to keep him sweet for her."

Judith wondered just *how* Andy meant by 'keeping him sweet,' but she thought she should lay off the poor boy for now.

Once they were back home, Andy was keen to get out of his prosthetics and into his own clothes, with the knowledge he did at least have the next two days as himself. His Dad roughed up Andy's hair with his hand as he returned downstairs. "Nice to see you

again, son, so it is. I've missed you!" he said with a smile.

"Nice to be back, dad. Do either you or Mum have any idea of how long they want me to be playing Andrea?" Andy asked.

Howard shook his head. "I think maybe they want the pretence for a few more weeks, or if Andrea improves. I don't want them forcing you to dress like—like that, for any longer than that. It could have a bad psychological effect on you, so it could, son."

Andy agreed with his dad with a nod of his head, but decided to play down how much fun he'd had that afternoon. He didn't mention that he had bought his own skirt and top—which, of course, he would give to Andrea, once she was well.

END OF PART ONE