

Part 2

Becoming My Twin Sister



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Becoming My Twin Sister Part 2

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter Seven - Losing old friends

Putting on a pair of jogging bottoms, a hooded top and his favourite pair of worn sneakers, Andy had felt compelled to take out the ear studs from his lobes before going out—but by now the guys had all seen him wearing them. If he took them out, it would send out a message that they had got to him and that TJ had been right. So, he left the studs in.

Andy was eager to go meet some of his friends at the bowling alley. They didn't always participate in a game of bowls when they met up there, but it was a good hangout and a place to chat up the babes.

Andy turned up a little later than the meeting time so that he could see who was there. He didn't want to be anywhere near TJ in case he lost it with him and got arrested for assault. If that happened, it would surely be brought up in his court appearance in three weeks' time.

Luckily TJ wasn't there. Craig, Rick, Kyle and Joe all were, along with Affy, TJ's younger brother. "Yo, good ta see you again, bro." Craig greeted with a high five, followed by the rest of the crowd.

"You shouldn't have just upped and left on Wednesday, man," Kyle spoke up. "TJ meant nothin' by what he said."

"He didn't mean anything by it?" Andy quizzed angrily. "He suggested I shouldn't hang with you guys in case I give you a bad rep because I let my sister get my ears pierced."

"He was gonna come along tonight but didn't wanna stir up no bad feelings, he asked me to pass his apologies," Affy then informed Andy.

As they spoke together, Andy caught Craig giving him a puzzled, frowning look.

The matter was soon forgotten about as they managed to get hold of some beers and Craig suggested they have a game, forming two teams competing against each other. The teams were Craig, Andy and Joe against Rick, Kyle and Affy.

Andy's team were in the lead, but Andy thought he was letting the team down as he wasn't scoring very well and had sent his ball into the gutter several times. Their lead was all down to Craig who had scored three strikes.

The problem with Andy's game was his fingernails. Kept long by Judith, and shaped, he could sense them each time he put his fingers into the finger holes, and it put him off on release.

Joe, who was used to Andy being one of the better players, quizzed him about it: What's wrong dude? You're throwing like a chick."

"Sorry guys, I just can't grip the ball properly today."

Joe automatically looked at Andy's hands and for the first time caught sight of the long elliptical nails. "I'm not surprised—what's with the fuckin' talons, man?"

All the rest were now taking note, including Craig.

"Yeah. What gives, Andy, Bro? First you turn up with your ears double pierced and today you got long girly nails. And—I noticed you had your eyebrows like all narrowed and all. You goin' queer on us?"

Andy felt his cheeks burning. "It's nothin' like that, guys. Andrea is stuck at home recuperating; she has nothing to do all day. She just wanted to do a few things with me, and I couldn't say no to her and hurt her feelings. That's all."

"Things like what?" Kyle asked. "I've heard of some poncy dudes letting their sisters put makeup on them and stuff." He said with a shudder.

"Yeah. Like you see that crazy shit on YouTube all the time. You haven't allowed her to do that to you, have you bro? No matter what happened to her and how she is feelin', that's just plain wrong," Joe joined in again. "No real dude would ever allow himself to be emasculated like that."

Andy was feeling more and more exasperated and ashamed as they carried on.

"You said she is stuck at home but I seen it on TV man, she is goin' out meeting with her friends and boyfriend again. And you must have gone out with her to get your ears pierced." Craig accused.

Finally Andy could take no more of the quizzing. “Fuck sake! Just lay off guys. I don’t have to answer to any of you, you can stick your fuckin’ game, I’m out of here.” And for the second time in succession, Andy turned tail on his friends and walked away from them.

Andy was in a quiet, sombre mood the following day. Part of it was because he felt ashamed. He wasn’t happy about the baiting from his friends, their constant questionings, but they had been correct—he had pierced ears! He did have plucked and shaped eyebrows, and, he had long, shaped fingernails. Hell—although nobody had pursued it—yes, he was also having makeup put on his face—and lord knows how they would have reacted if they knew he was actually going out wearing girls clothing or meeting a guy on a ‘date’!

He loved his sister, and he wanted nothing more than the man who had done this to her to be caught and slammed in jail. But pretending to be her—on what he suspected could only be a pointless cause, a major waste of time and money—was ruining his own life into the bargain.

He had another ‘date’ with Ian the following day and several times he was close to picking up the phone and cancelling. Just what stopped him from doing so, he really wasn’t sure.

He’d been made to feel humiliated by his friends. He felt like he could never look any of them in the eye again through shame—but then again, why would he even want to? Who were they to point a finger at him and question him?

The more he dwelt on things, the more angry he got. He wanted to wrap the whole stupid thing up, and perhaps he would have done had he not seen a news report of a woman found raped and murdered

not too far away. The police were not linking the crime to the one he was involved in—but seeing pictures of the woman made him feel guilty. That could have been his sister; if the rapist wasn't caught, it could be some other poor innocent woman. He didn't believe being dressed as his sister was any use at all, but if others did, then he couldn't just bail out. And that just made him feel even more angry and frustrated.

It was Tuesday. Andy looked at his phone. He had enjoyed being in his own clothes, sans makeup, for the last couple of days—but that was set to change that evening. He was reading Ian's text message saying how much he was looking forward to their 'date.'

As usual, Ian referred to him as "Cupcake." Andy had noted from reading past text messages in Andrea's phone, as instructed to do by Judith, that he had always done that—and she, in turn, called him Nutkins!

He wasn't looking forward to getting dolled up again as he was still was on a downer after Sunday, but he knew he should make the effort and not let Ian down; after all, it wasn't *his* fault.

By 7.00 p.m. Andy was again transformed into Andrea. As least this time he had played down what he was wearing: a pale blue short-sleeved top with a jewel neckline, a pair of black leggings, and a pair of pale blue shoes with straw-coloured wedge heel and closed toe. He wore a silver crucifix necklace and a pair of small dangly earrings fitted to his lobes, which felt strange but feminine to him as they swung at the slightest movement of his head. His eyes had been made up a little heavier than the last time he'd met up with Ian, with pale blended to medium blue eye shadow, eye liner winged out at the edges, mascara, and fuchsia-coloured lipstick. Judith had also put a decorative clip into his hair on both sides of his head.

While he was waiting for his fuchsia-coloured nail enamel to dry he received a text from Ian: “Hi Cupcake. Hope u r looking as 4ward to 2nite as I am?. Wondered if u fancied grabbing a coffee then going to see a movie? Let me kno. See you at r usual. Love you. Ian xx.”

Andy typed a reply as well as he could with the extension tips on his already long nails: “Hi Nutkins. Sounds good 2 me. Wots on? See u soon. Love u too. Bye. xx

He thought to himself that a movie could be a life-saver: he would be out of the public eye, and wouldn't have to make too much conversation with Ian. He also thought a movie would be good for him after the way he had been feeling for the last two days. A good action movie would be ideal.

Andy didn't feel as nervous about meeting Ian on this occasion as he had done on their last one. Again Ian was already there when Judith dropped Andy off and he came to the café door to meet ‘her’.

“Hi. You're a little early, but that's good,” Ian said as he leaned in and put his arms around his date, kissing Andy's cheek. Andy flinched a little but shrugged it off.

“I thought I'd get here in good time if we are going to see a film. Do you have a movie in mind?”

“Yeah, there's a film showing at the Roxy at eight, *It Happened in Paris*,” Ian stated as they sat down at a table.

Andy felt disappointed but tried not to show it. *It Happened in Paris* was a new romance chick flick. Andy had a notion that Ian probably would have chosen a film more to his own liking, such as *Mission, Middle East*, but was going for the romance film to please ‘Andrea.’

But what could he do? The chick flick would have been the film Andrea would have chosen for herself,

so he could hardly go suggesting the alternative. "That sounds great, Nutkins—I've heard a lot of good comments about that film," he replied, not actually having heard anything about it.

They both had mocha before walking the couple of blocks to the cinema. Ian reached for and took Andy's hand to hold, which weirded him out, but he fought against pulling away. "Keep thinking—this is Andrea's boyfriend," he told himself as they walked along.

Soon they reached the cinema, Ian paid, and they went to their seats at the rear of the stalls. It wasn't until the lights dimmed and the trailers started to come on that Andy began to realise that this may have been a mistake.

By the middle of the film, several young couples around them were already making out. A group of three boys and three girls were all heavily snogging, and girls were being groped by their dates. Andy feared the worst when Ian placed an arm across his shoulder, but he did no more than that and, although Andy felt uncomfortable, he was grateful that Ian wasn't trying anything.

Towards the end of the film one of the leading females was killed quite tragically. Andy was surprised by how much the incident got to him, unaware that *Estrigene 5000* was playing a part. He felt a tear trickle down his cheek and he brushed it away with his hand. Another tear followed and he repeated the process.

Ian had noted Andy wiping away tears and looked at him. He placed a hand on Andy's leg and rubbed consolingly; Andy was just pleased he was not wearing a skirt. Ian then used the arm that was over Andy's shoulder to pull him in as a comfort.

Andy neither needed nor wanted to be cuddled, but again he knew that it was something Andrea or any girl would allow, so he allowed it and found him-

self leaning in close to Ian's body as Ian stroked his arm.

'Please don't try to kiss me—*please* don't try to kiss me!' Andy thought to himself, as he knew he was now in a compromising and vulnerable position. But Ian was remembering his promise made to 'Andrea' on their last date and, as much as he would have liked to snog with his girlfriend, he had promised and he would keep his word.

Leaving the cinema at the end, Ian suggested they go for a burger before Andy's lift came to pick him up. Andy was hungry, so he easily agreed, and he even allowed Ian to put his arm around his waist as they walked together.

They were on the street where the burger bar was, and only maybe a dozen units away, when Andy felt the blood suddenly drain from his face. Approaching were Rick, Luke, Affy and TJ.

The first thing in Andy's mind was that they would know who he was; they would see him wearing girl's clothes and makeup, with a boy's arm around him. That would really be the end of him and his gang. He looked around to see if there was somewhere to hide. He was even preparing to pull Ian into a shop doorway and start necking with him until they passed so they didn't see him—but he hesitated, and then it was too late.

"Hey! Andrea. Wha'sup?" Luke called out as they got nearer.

"How you feelin?' Real sorry to hear what happened to you by that louse." Rick added.

Andy sighed in silent relief. They were buying that he was Andrea—but then, why not? Even Andrea's own friends failed to realize. "I'm good, thanks. I'm starting to get over it," Andy answered in his much-practiced sister's voice.



“Hey! Where’s your bro’? We ain’t heard from him since Sunday, he ain’t answering any of our messages.” Luke asked.

Andy thought about it before answering. “I don’t know what has been said, but he told me you had pissed him off over something.”

Affy was glaring all the time they spoke; TJ was not reacting at all. “Man, is he still broodin’ over that?” Luke said with a sigh.

“You wanna know what’s up, Andrea?” Affy finally spoke out, “You need to stop usin’ him as some sissy. He’s one of our main guys and you are doin’ all these girly things with his eyebrows and nails. Man, that’s not cool at all.”

“Yeah. And you got him putting earrings in his ears. That’s fucked up, man; you hear what I’m sayin’?” TJ joined in.

“Hey guys—I don’t know much of what this is about, but try to remember the ordeal Andrea has been through lately. Why not back off a little?” Ian suddenly said, a little irritably. With that he led Andy past his friends and on to the burger bar.

Andy felt relieved to have been taken out of the situation. It was now twice that Ian had come to the rescue like some knight in shining armour.

More than ever now, Andy was getting sick and tired of the boys he had regarded as friends. They’d infuriated him twice, and, now, to them, they had rounded on his sister—had he really been Andrea, what an awful thing to do after she had been raped and laid weeks in a coma! Andy was was feeling right then that he wanted nothing more to do with any of them.

In the burger bar Andy had pleasant conversation with Ian, learning more about him. Andy decided that he thought Ian was cool; he was pleased that he was his sister’s boyfriend. As Ian told a string of

corny jokes, Andy found himself giggling to them as he curled strands of hair around a finger. The situation with his loser friends was soon forgotten about.

Finishing a coffee, Ian began telling Andy small complimentary things like how he liked the way ‘she’ had her hair, the make-up she had used, and how he always thought how lovely her eyes and her smile were. As he listened, Andy continued, absent-mindedly, playing with strands of his hair and smiling.

Ian then became a little more serious. “I’ve noticed that the two times you have met me you have worn trousers. I don’t know if it has anything to do with—you know—that has put you off wearing skirts. I hope not, because you have fantastic legs and I’m always turned on when you are wearing short skirts and dark hose.” He suddenly stopped himself. “Sorry, I shouldn’t be going on about such trivialities.”

“I just feel more comfortable dressed like this at the moment, Ian. You know, it makes you wonder if I was raped because I was dressed too sexily.” Andy replied, voicing a thought that had been in his mind regarding his sister.

“No. You can’t think like that,” Ian told him earnestly. “Rapists are rapists; they want just one thing—no matter what a girl is wearing. I don’t think you should be blaming yourself for enticing him, if that’s what you are thinking. This is a serial rapist, and all of his victims would have been different: younger, older, slimmer, fuller figured.”

Ian then tried to change the subject. “I really want us to get back to how we were, Cupcake, but I respect your wishes of taking it slowly. I think though, a day out at the seaside together may be good for us both. Would you come?”

Andy didn’t want to make any new commitments of going out as Andrea; he had done more than enough recently, and he still had a slumber party,

which he was dreading, to attend the following evening. He really needed his own space and just being himself.

“It’s a nice idea, and yes, we will—but, don’t take this wrong or badly, I want to have a few weeks on my own, not seeing you, or my friends. I’m rushing into things too quickly. After a few weeks we will organise a day out together, promise.” Of course Andy was truly hoping and believing that Andrea would have come out of her coma by then to take up Ian’s proposal herself. Ian looked let down, but accepted the idea.

Shortly afterwards Andy phoned for Judith to come and collect him. As last time, they stood out on the sidewalk waiting for her arrival. When Judith pulled up she found the couple standing face to face with their arms around each other.

Seeing Andy’s lift, Ian briefly leaned in and gently kissed Andy’s lips before saying goodnight, much to Andy’s shock and surprise.

Chapter Eight - Living life as a female

Andy was having a hard time of it as Judith got him ready for his pyjama party at Arlene’s home. Because of what it was, Judith was putting more work than ever into securing Andy’s fake breasts and lower area, using a much stronger adhesive than she usually used, just to ensure there were no problems, and concealing the joints of the prosthetics to the skin with a harder, longer-lasting makeup.

“I’m going to get found out!” Andy lamented. “I’m going to be found out and they will know, not only that I’m really a guy but who I am—Andrea’s brother.”

Judith laughed it off. “No, you are not. We told you before; these things are very expensive top-of-the-range prosthetics. They are used by actors and the best drag queens. You could strip naked at

the party and nobody would be any the wiser, though I don't think you will be revealing more than your bra and panties."

"But—a lot of girls, acting girlish—and I know at these parties they enjoy doing each other's hair and makeup and things. I never should have allowed you to talk me into going!"

"If they do your makeup or your nails—so what? You now have your own nails; it's your own face—which passes perfectly as your sister as you are so identical. You are doppelgangers in every sense. I would suggest you try avoiding anyone wanting to do your hair, because they may discover you have hair pieces fixed in—but, if that discovery should happen at all, you can just say your hair was cut shorter after the rape for doctors to get to the head wound, and you are now using hairpieces until your own hair grows back. That's *if* there is a problem, which I am sure there won't be. Your female prosthetic body parts will be undetectable. Other than that, just use all your training—your mannerisms, your voice lessons, everything you learnt—you will be fine."

Andy was dressed in a skinny-rib, short-sleeved sweater, blue floral print, mid-thigh skirt, beige-coloured pantyhose, and a pair of low-heeled slip-on shoes. Judith packed a bag for him containing makeup remover, makeup, hairbrush, toothbrush, cold cream, shower gel, shampoo, body spray, fresh underwear and a baby-doll nightdress, a change of clothes for the following day, and a bottle of perfume. Andy, himself, wouldn't have thought of half of the stuff. He had stopped at male friends' houses before, taking no more than a fresh pair of jockeys, a comb, and a toothbrush.

Jewellery was a finishing touch. Judith put an odd-looking bracelet on Andy's left wrist which felt quite heavy. "This bracelet has a tracking device—we just got it in from the lab today," Judith informed him. It's an extra precaution for when you are

out—just in case, if anything ever went wrong, it will allow police to track your exact location.”

Nervously, Andy kept on looking at the time on the wall clock, feeling almost sick with nerves the closer the time got to 7.30. Almost on time a car horn sounded outside. Christine had arrived in her car and was running Andy to her friend Arlene’s house.

“Hey, Andrea! How are you, baby girl? Throw your bag in the back and hop in,” Christine greeted with a big smile as Andy came through the front door entrance.

Christine did most of the talking, non-stop, along the 20-minute drive to Arlene’s house, saying how excited she was for the night. “Arlene’s folks are away at a big function, they are gone for a couple of days, so it will just be us girls. We’ve got loads of booze and some DVDs to watch, and Arlene has ordered take-out food to be delivered later this evening.”

Andy was surprised as Christine left the main conurbation of the city and went into a more affluent area out in the surrounding countryside. “What? Does Arlene live out here?” Andy had to ask.

“Yeah, her parents are like proper well off—her dad owns a number of companies and her mum works in television as a producer,” Christine replied.

Andy wanted to know how Christine had come to know Arlene, but stopped himself in case it was something Andrea should already know. However, Christine supplied the answer herself. “Arlene and I have been pen-friends from about ten years old. Wait till you see her place—like ohmygawd; it’s a big mansion in its own grounds.”

And it was. The building seemed to sprawl out within landscaped gardens, a large white house with four pillars in front leading to the door.

Arlene came to greet her new arrivals, first kissing and hugging Christine and then doing the same to

Andy. "Come on in girls, almost everyone is here." She invited.

In a spacious lounge with several sofas and easy chairs, the other party girls sat around drinking and talking. Yasmin was already there and, to Andy's surprise, so was Trixie, who hadn't been on the last day out and had missed the invite. Then there were Bex, Maisy and Charlotte, friends of Arlene, and all quite posh speaking. Still to come was Sue, another of Arlene's own friends, which would bring nine girls in total.

Andy wasn't sure if he would get on with the posh girls even though Arlene had been really nice. Yasmin and Trixie were talking to them okay, though, and they all came over to say hello—Maisy pouring two flutes of champagne for the newcomers. Andy found that they weren't snobbish or pretentious at all, and he began to settle.

Drink and snacks and chatter lasted for the next hour, during which time, Sue, a pretty girl with long blonde hair, was dropped off by her boyfriend. At twenty past nine Arlene suggested the group got comfortable so that they could sit and watch the first of two DVDs. This, Andy discovered, meant getting down into their nightwear, nightdresses, night gowns and slippers. Some of the girls only wore flimsy nightdresses or negligees with matching robes—there was a lot of female skin on show, and cleavage, which was quite the distraction to Andy.

Then it was time for the first film whilst they all settled down on the sofas to look at the huge, wall-mounted, plasma-screen TV. The film was *It Happened in Paris*. Andy simply pretended that he hadn't seen it and, towards the end of the film, he recalled afresh how Ian had pulled him in close to hold and comfort him.

There was time for a break and girly fun, plus charging up glasses with alcohol again, before the next film, along with the delivery of six large boxes of pizza, plus extras, arriving right on queue.

The last film was a horror, *The Pit of Death*, much more up Andy's street. He was on a sofa with Yasmin and Charlotte. As the film started to get scary, both girls grabbed cushions to hug in front of them. Andy felt obliged to do the same, especially as all the other six girls were doing likewise. At the scary bits it was time to lift the cushions to your face and hide, which Andy also did, but he didn't join in with the screaming. He had perfected Andrea's tone range, but doubted that his vocal chords could hit a high-pitched scream.

Finally the film was over; then followed a discussion about it and the bits that were most hair-raising. Arlene then led the girls up to the bedrooms; there were four guest rooms in the home plus Arlene's own bedroom and that of her parents. Each room had a double bed for two girls to sleep together. Her own friends already knew the bedroom layout, having slept there before.

Arlene, even though she could have had her bed to herself, had she wanted, elected to have her best friend Maisy join her. Andy worked out that this would leave one double bed for just one person—he wanted to ask Arlene if she wouldn't mind him taking that one, but as he waited to speak to her, Yasmin approached.

“Hey Andrea, you and I can share a bed together, girl,” she stated rather than suggested.

“Erm, well—huh—all right,” Andy found himself agreeing.

Before anyone settled down in their beds, though, Arlene had everyone assemble in her own spacious bedroom and, as Andy had suspected they would, the girls did some mutual grooming. Trixie wanted to paint Andy's toenails for him, and removed the light pink colour before repainting them a bright red.

It surprised Andy when Arlene then brought out eight packages, one for each girl, and all containing items of lingerie as gifts. Some were expensive negli-

gees, some were bra and panty sets in silk. Andy found he had a set of panty, garter belt and sheer black stockings, the same as Trixie.

All the girls gushed at their gifts and all wanted to try them on there and then. That's when it became embarrassing for Andy. Not only was he looking at girls removing their bras and stepping out of their panties—but he was expected to do the same. His face burned red with mortification.

He looked at Trixie to see she was already wrapping her garter belt around her slim waist, settling it on her hips. Andy had worn pantyhose a couple of times so far—but stockings and a garter belt seemed the ultimate in feminine wear to him, something no red-blooded male should ever wear.

Feeling extreme discomfiture, Andy slowly removed his pantyhose and peeled his panties down his legs. Nobody was even looking at him, as they were wrapped up in their own gifts. He had noted that Trixie had put on her garter belt before her panties and he did likewise. Unlike her, however, he was finding it hard to clasp the ends together from behind, so he fastened it in front then, swivelled it around, as he had been shown to do with brassieres.

His cheeks flushed and he felt an unexpected twinge in his hidden penis as he felt the garter straps dangling against his naked thighs. He sat down in order to draw the sheer stockings up his legs, scared in case he ran them. The stockings didn't have the same amount of pull or elasticity of pantyhose, but they felt very smooth and clung to his skin.

Trixie, already fully in her new underwear, saw Andy struggling to attach the garters to the stocking tops and came over to help. "I thought you had worn stockings before, hun?" she asked.

"I have, but only the hold-up sort." Andy lied.

Soon the four garters were attached and Andy experienced the pull caused by the garter straps

against the stockings; the stockings themselves felt amazing on his recently shaved legs and made him—made him feel feminine.

All the girls were admiring and thanking Arlene for their gifts and admiring one another's. Andy did his best to join in and kissed Arlene's cheek in way of thanks. He then covered over the sexy underwear set with his soft nightgown as Trixie had done.

Nightcaps before bedtime, then all the girls started to slowly drift off to their own rooms. It was quarter to two in the morning, and Andy felt both tired and a little inebriated.

Yasmin left her gifted baby doll nightdress and panties on to sleep in. Andy, almost reluctantly, unfastened the stockings from the garter belt and peeled the silky translucent stockings from his legs. He felt ashamed and questioned himself for enjoying such feminine clothing.

He was also feeling concerned about getting into bed with Yasmin—she was a looker with a shapely, sexy, dusky-coloured body. He was concerned about getting a boner that might break through his prosthetic sheath. Fortunately the drink and tiredness played their part, along with the soft comfortable bed and pillows, and he was sound asleep in no time.

Waking was a different matter later that morning. As he gained consciousness, Andy found Yasmin, who had fallen asleep back to back with him, now facing him, with her slender arm draped partly over him. He gazed at her face and took in how beautiful she was in sleep. If only he wasn't playing the part of his sister.

After just laying for around ten minutes, Andy decided to get up before Yasmin woke so he could get dressed without being nude before her. He was highly embarrassed about his feminine parts being exposed to the gaze of others.

The clothes Judith had packed for his new day comprised of a quite tight, mid-thigh miniskirt in a slate gray, and a lilac top with short sleeves and a U neck. He put the fresh bra and panties on, but decided against wearing the honey-coloured pantyhose. The last item in the bag was a pair of black court shoes with a slender three-and-a-half-inch heel.

He was sat carefully applying his day's makeup at a vanity table when Yasmin stirred, stretched, and wished him good morning. Andy smiled and bid her the same.

"What time is it, babe?" Yasmin asked as she shuffled out of bed.

"It's a quarter after nine," Andy informed her as he applied a gray eyeshadow.

Yasmin was much faster at getting dressed than Andy had been, and he couldn't help sneaking a look at her lush C-cup breasts through the mirror of the vanity before she harnessed them in a cream-coloured lacy bra.

The two left the bedroom together and found that four of the girls, including Arlene, were already sitting downstairs, fully dressed. Two others, Trixie and Christine, were yet to come down; one girl, Maisy, had already left the home as she had to work at her daddy's business.

"Good morning, you two," Arlene greeted with a wide-awake smile and no indication of the alcohol she had consumed the night before. "Pop into the kitchen and ask Lucy, our maid, to fix you breakfast—we've all eaten. You can have cereal, fruit and whatever or a cooked breakfast." She invited.

Yasmin had croissants, cereal, an apple and yoghurt with fruit juice, whilst Andy went for bacon, egg, beans, and mushrooms with a coffee.

Bit by bit the pyjama party-goers left for home, leaving Andy and Yasmin plus Christine and Trixie, who had shared a bed and who had got up half an hour after Andy and Yasmin.

“Well this has been super, and thank you for coming, girls,” Arlene said. “We shall have to do it again sometime. I have all of your numbers now, and Mumsy and Daddy are often away for long weekends.”

Everyone thanked Arlene for her hospitality and the gifts, and all said they would love to attend another party. Andy mumbled something in agreement, whilst not expecting ever to see Arlene again.

“Hey, what you guys doing now? We should go into town and do some shopping seeing we have taken the day off,” Yasmin suggested.

Trixie cried off, saying she had to get back home or her parents would ‘go ballistic’. Christine said she was planning on running Andrea back home, then returning to spend the day with Arlene to catch up.

“I can run Andrea back in my car,” Yasmin suggested. “You don’t have anything planned, do you, babe?” She asked turning to Andy.

Caught off guard, Andy just shook his head as he didn’t have anything planned.

“That’s brill. We can go back to mine first for a change of clothes for me, have a bit of lunch, then hit town to do some retail shopping. Is that okay with you, honey?”

Again Andy just nodded his consent. It was obvious Yasmin wanted to enjoy the day, and with the others crying off he didn’t want to let her down. Plus, he was finding he really liked her. Who knew what might happen, after all this was over?

As planned, Yasmin drove Andy to her modest apartment, changed her clothes (as, unlike Andy, she

was wearing what she had worn to Arlene's), then fixed some sandwiches and a hot drink for them both before driving them into town.

Andy, not knowing any of the clothes shops well, just tagged along with Yasmin and watched her pulling out various items and asking his opinion. For effect, occasionally, Andy did the same.

It was when he was pushing hangers along a rail of skirts that he saw one that he actually liked. "Hey, Yas—what about this one?" he asked, pulling it out and holding it up.

"Oh, wow. That would look gorgeous on you, babe. Hold it in front of you and let me take a look."

Andy did as requested and held the skirt in front of him, but suddenly questioned himself why he was considering an item of girl's clothing as something 'he' would like to wear.

"You got the legs for that skirt, babe, it was meant for you. Let's go to the changing room for you to try it on and see if it fits." Yasmin suggested.

Next thing Andy knew he was being shunted to a changing room to try the skirt on. The changing rooms were full of women of all ages, and there were individual cubicles each with a curtain to pull across. Andy was now feeling very vulnerable in this female environment.

Quick as he could, he tugged the gray skirt down his legs and stepped out of it before pulling on the new skirt, which had a white background with a bold floral pattern of vivid violet and blue flowers with bright green leaves. The skirt was figure-hugging, which accentuated his false silicone hips.

"Step outside, girl, and let me see." He heard Yasmin's voice from outside. After a last look in the mirror Andy opened the curtain and stepped outside, his walk being restricted by the tightness of the skirt against his naked thighs.

“You just gotta buy that, baby girl!” Yasmin enthused.

The shopping therapy continued for some time and in several other stores, with Andy carrying the bag containing his new skirt, which he thought he could give to Andrea when she recovered. He promised himself, though, he would be spending no more of his limited amount of money on female things.

Watching the pair looking through clothing was a man who was keeping himself at a distance. It wasn't until Andy and Yasmin were leaving the store they were in that George Fernandez approached them.

“Hey, how's things? I haven't seen you about for ages, how's Monique doing these days?” Fernandez asked as if he knew 'Andrea'.

Andy was taken aback and at first wondered if it was a case of mistaken identity. He was about to say that the stranger had got the wrong person.

“And how's your mum and dad keeping, Andrea?”

'Andrea!' So this person did know his sister. It was obvious that Yasmin didn't know him, as she just stood and remained silent, but Andy had to keep up the pretence of being Andrea.

“Oh, Mum and Dad are fine; I don't know about Monique, I haven't heard from her because I've been in hospital for a while.

“Hospital? Oh no—nothing bad I hope.”

Andy didn't want to get into a conversation with someone he didn't know but who obviously was an acquaintance of Andrea. He didn't want to make any slip-ups in a long conversation, so he excused himself. “I wasn't good but I'm okay now, thanks. Look, I'm sorry, I'm due to meet my boyfriend soon; I really can't stay and talk right now.”

Fernandez was content with the brief encounter. He had done what he wanted to achieve, make an introduction, show his face, and see if there was any recognition from Andrea towards him.

Continuing on their way and opening the big glass doors out to the sidewalk, Yasmin quizzed her friend. “Meeting your boyfriend? What’s that about, babe? You didn’t say you were meeting Ian.”

“No, I’m not. But have you ever been in a place where someone knows you but you don’t remember them, yet pretend you do just to be polite?”

Yasmin nodded.

“I don’t know him from Adam, know his name or remember any Monique,” Andy confessed. “I think he is obviously a friend of Mum and Dad’s who I may have briefly seen when I was younger.”

The two decided to call it a day for shopping, Andy was getting footsore in his 3.5 heels anyway. They called in for a Starbuck’s before Yasmin ran Andy back home.

“What’s the crack, Andy?” Howard blasted when his femininely dressed son walked in to his home. “You should have been home first thing this mornin’, so you should.”

“I went to Yasmin’s house and from there we went shopping.” Andy confessed.

Howard looked at the ‘Young Woman’ bag that Andy was carrying. “And what have you bought? Let me take a wee look—a skirt! You bought yourself a skirt? Oh for Jeezus Christ sake, Andy, you are getting too much into the character playing your sister, so you are. I think we need to pull a stop to this.”

Andy felt belittled and humiliated from his Dad’s attack. Was he right? Was he getting too much into character? Spending too much time portraying a girl? He actually felt relieved that his dad wanted to

put a stop to his dressing. His mum, Jennifer, was also about to say something, but Andy quickly tried changing the subject. “I think I bumped into a friend of yours in town; he said for me to say hello to you.”

“Who was it?” Jennifer asked.

Andy suddenly had a blank expression. “I didn’t think to ask, I just pretended that I knew him and I think he just expected me to. He did mention someone else called—who was it?—Monique.”

“Monique? Who do we know called Monique, Jenn?” Andy’s dad asked his wife, who had a good memory for names and faces.

“I’m not sure. There was one Monique about six years ago; remember that party of Tom’s we went to? Monique and her husband Arnold were there, and they had a friend called Darren with them. What did the man look like, Andy?”

Andy described the man to his parent.

“Yes, that does sound like it could be Darren—Darren and Tom and Monique—you and Andrea were only about twelve or thirteen then. Fancy him remembering you, or rather, Andrea.”

Then Jennifer looked at Andy and her expression changed. She almost looked apologetic about something.

“Andy, honey—there’s been an incident,” she began. Andy looked quizzically at her.

“I know what your dad has just said about putting a stop to your being Andrea—but, in actual fact, you probably need to be her for quite a bit more than intended.”

Andy’s inquisitive look extended into a furrowed brow. “What do you mean, Mum?” He then became scared in case Andrea had taken a turn for the worse.

“It’s Judith, honey. She’s been involved in a car accident. Some other driver ran headlong into her.”

“Really! Is she okay?”

“Cuts, bruises, some whiplash and shock, but the main thing is she has broken her right arm.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, but how does that involve me being Andrea longer?” Andy questioned.

“Because she cannot be taking the prosthetics on and off you with her broken arm. Doctors say it could be weeks to mend.”

“Well that’s easily sorted; I’m sure she isn’t the only one who can do that kind of stuff.”

“It’s not that simple, honey. We were visited by DC Bellwood last night to inform us of the accident. The thing is, the police really want to restrict the number of people who know you are playing the part of your sister. They don’t want to pull in anyone new, in case what we are doing gets leaked.

“So why don’t I just get out of these things and be myself, either until Judith is mended or Andrea comes around?” Andy asked.

“The police don’t want you dropping the part. I don’t know what they’ve got, but police intelligence thinks the plan is starting to work. They want you staying in character, plus—what you are wearing is very expensive and specialised; without knowing how to take it off properly it could be ruined.”

“So what are you saying?” Andy asked in dismay. “I’m expected to wear all this, continuously, for two weeks or more, and dress up as a girl all that time?” Andy asked in dismay.

Andy had reacted badly to the news that he was supposed to stay in character as his sister, continuously, for a few weeks or more. It wasn't that he was scared of being found out that he was really Andrea's brother, a boy in a dress, nor that he didn't enjoyed himself hanging out with Andrea's friends, or even that he felt uncomfortable about meeting with his sister's boyfriend on dates. To the contrary, Ian was being like a true gentleman and giving him the space he'd asked for, and he had fun, lots of fun, when out with Andrea's friends. But that was the problem—he *was* enjoying it, and that concerned him, especially after what his dad had said; maybe he was getting too steeped in the role and it was changing him, psychologically.

He couldn't do much about having a pair of breasts and a vagina for a few weeks, but he could cut down on how much contact he had with the girls or Ian. For the rest of the time he would just stay at home, wearing his own clothes over his feminised body.

That weekend he had gone with his family in Dad's car, to see Andrea. It meant visiting the hospital for the first time, as her. The busy staff just believed Andrea had an identical twin sister when the family turned up.

Andrea still looked no different. Andy was losing faith that she would ever respond. Even if she did, she might be mentally damaged for the rest of her life. Either way did not bode well for him, and the secret of what he had been doing would come out. Also, he now started harbouring resentment towards Andrea for being in the predicament he was in. The more visits he made to see her still looking the same,

the more that resentment could fester. He decided to stop visiting.

But that only left Andy doing nothing. He could no longer go out and meet his mates—turning up with tits protruding from his chest—or they really would have something to say. He constantly got calls and texts from Andrea’s friends wanting him to come out and meet them, but he was making excuses. He’d even had a conversation with Phil, the guy from Andrea’s college who had designs on her. Phil was missing seeing Andrea at college, but there was no way that Andy could fill that role. Andrea was brighter than he was, and he had no idea of where she was in her studies.

“Why don’t you and I just meet up?” Phil suggested. “I’ll take you for a meal somewhere in town, somewhere real nice.”

“Phil, you know I’m with Ian.” Andy protested.

“So—it’s just a meal together. He doesn’t own you, Andrea. Anyway, I thought you were going to ditch him so that you and I could get serious?”

That threw Andy. Was Phil just saying that or had Andrea really suggested it?

“Look, for now, Phil, I’m still seeing Ian, okay? I’m not sure when I’ll be back in college, I’m still convalescing, but I’ll keep in touch.”

“Okay, if that’s your wish. I’ll keep in touch till I see you, but seriously, ditch that loser and be with a real man. You know you want to—and I’ve got a big hard cock just itching to get to know you.” Andy screwed his face up and ended the call at once.

Andy dwelt on the conversation. It didn’t seem like Andrea had cheated on Ian with Phil, but had she really talked about ditching him? Phil had talked about being with a real man. He sounded older and probably more educated than Ian, but Ian had twice stood up for Andy. In fact, Ian was the only one who had

not pestered him with texts since vowing to stay in. Andy had said he wanted a few weeks apart, and Ian had respected those wishes without complaint.

By the Wednesday of the following week, Andy's boredom was getting the better of him. He was sick of being holed up in his room playing video games and listening to the same music, and Bellwood was pestering his parents to get him out and being seen.

He had received a text from Beth who was concerned about her friend, and on impulse he decided to call her. He still had a huge crush on Beth.

"Hey, how are you, sweetie?" Beth's sweet feminine voice answered the call. "The girls are all missing you, nobody's heard from you since that party you had at Arlene's."

"I'm good. I just thought I'd have a few days' rest at home. It's taken a lot out of me, babe."

"That's good, but not *too* much time, eh! Too much not going out makes Andrea a dull girl." Beth laughed, bringing a smile to Andy's face.

"True—I'm just not in the mood for crowds at the moment."

"Well, how about just you and me meeting? We can have a couple of cocktails in the Jug and Barrel."

The Jug and Barrel was the bar where Andy had gone with Andrea's friends, a little quieter and frequented mostly by youngsters. A night out with Beth would be like being on a date with her, Andy thought—except he would be dressed as a female.

"That sounds great, Beth! Yeah, I'm up for it," Andy responded.

"What about tonight—say, meet at eight?"

"Tonight! Well, yeah, okay. I can manage that." Andy agreed, surprised by how soon Beth proposed to meet up.

He was suddenly excited. He was going on a one-to-one date with Beth, plus it would get him out of the house and get Bellwood off his back. Yes, he needed to get out. Just because he was trapped in plastic tits and a fake snatch was no excuse for him being stuck in for two weeks—he needed to get out.

After the call, cell phone still in his hand, Andy scrolled through the contacts list. On a whim he selected another number.

“Hi. Yeah, I’m good thanks, are you? Look, I know I said I wanted a few weeks alone time, but a girl can get bored, ya know. I just wondered if you fancied meeting up somewhere this week?”

At least Andy didn’t have to go through the rigmarole of having the breasts and lower-half silicone prosthetics fixed to him for his evening with Beth, as they were already there. He just had to decide what to wear, and then what makeup he should wear with it. Easy—right?

He now knew the girl of his dreams liked to dabble with either sex. Lesbians, he believed, more often than not, sort of dressed more mannish—but then he knew of lipstick lesbians where one would dress like a dyke and the other, less dominant, would be all feminine.

But then he was meeting her girl to girl, as friends. Beth liked to dress sexily too, and often wore a dress or a skirt—should he do the same? Judith would have been a great help in his dilemma. He could ask Mum, but she would almost certainly want him dressed right down so that he didn’t court trouble for himself.

In the end, he selected a standard black A-line knee-length skirt, a cream-coloured flutter top, and a pair of black three-inch-heel pumps. Andy thought he looked quite good. Although he was out for the

evening he didn't go too heavily on the makeup, using a light eye liner, mascara, and pale blue eye shadow with a salmon-coloured velvet finish lipstick and a touch of blush.

Beth, who didn't drive, met him at the main bus station in town. Together they walked to the Jug and Barrel, arms linked, where Beth ordered two pitchers of 'Sex on the Beach' cocktails.

Being alone with 'Andrea', Beth wanted to know more about what had happened on the night of the rape and what it was like coming out of the coma, but only if her friend was happy talking about it. Andy told her as much as he knew but had no idea what coming out of a long coma was like—and didn't want to dwell on that subject too long, in case his sister never did come out of it.

So the conversation changed to boyfriends. "I take it you are fully back with Ian now?" Beth asked.

"Well, we are seeing each other still and I have a date with him on Friday, but I have told him I want to take things slowly as my head is all over the place at the moment. He wanted to take me out for a day at the seaside."

"You should go! Getting away like that, away from this city, would do you good. But why just a day? Why not a naughty weekend?"

"Well, he probably would want longer, but that would mean an hotel or chalet, and him wanting us to sleep together—which I'm not ready for. Just a day away solves that problem and my not having to reject his advances. What about you, what you up to?" Andy then asked to move things on.

"Me? There's a girl I have been really interested in for a while, but she's already seeing someone and she's straight. I've had a couple of dates with a few guys recently, but most guys are douche bags and leave you hurt."

Andy thought he would press his luck and ask a question which his sister most likely already knew the answer to. “Who do you prefer, Beth? I mean between boys and girls?”

Beth looked thoughtful but at least didn't come out with 'I thought you knew'. “I like the company of girls better than guys, as they aren't as hurtful, but I guess I do prefer sex with a guy,” she replied.

Andy might have tried to pursue the topic, but just then a couple of guys came up to their table with the intention of hitting on them. “Hey, gorgeous ladies,” said one of them, “it's good to see you out tonight and looking so ravishin'. I'm Dale and this here is my best buddy Tyler. Say, can I buy you lovely ladies a drink?”

“Well, you could, but you'd be wasting your money. We're together, if you know what I mean?” Beth replied confidently, putting her hand on Andy's knee.

“Uh—hey, no problema, ladies, have a good evening, you hear?” the talkative one responded before they both moved on.

Beth began giggling. “Sorry about that, Andrea, I hope you weren't fancying either of them. I just thought I'd get rid of them.”

Andy laughed. “No, you did good. I'm enjoying just us two talking.” He tried to ignore the slight strain on his groin prosthetic from having Beth's hand on his knee.

As the cocktail pitchers were nearly empty, Andy got up to buy two new ones. He had to stop and think how strange it was, out in a crowded bar, dressed as a sexy woman, getting hit upon by guys—but somehow, it also gave him a buzz.

At the end of an enjoyable evening, the two called a cab to share. Beth lived further afield than Andy but more or less along the same route, so Andy was

dropped off first. Before he got out of the cab, Beth wrapped her arms around him and gave him a big hug. “Night sweetie, don’t forget—don’t lock yourself indoors, get out and join us, we all love you, you know.”

Andy got out of the cab feeling warm all over from the hug. He’d have liked to think it was more than it was, but he knew that girls were just more intimate with each other than guys were.

After a more or less boring day at home, Andy found himself counting down the hours to his ‘date’ with Ian later in the evening. It was on impulse, after arranging to meet with Beth, that he had also arranged to meet Ian after the call. It was because he was getting bored at home, he told himself.

He had showered, carefully, as he didn’t want to wash off the concealing make up around his prosthetics even though he had been told it was all waterproof. His mum helped him do the hair extensions that afternoon. She gathered it all up into a high ponytail, which he rather liked the look of. It felt feminine swaying around at the back of his head, as well as being cooler on his neck.

With a few hours to go, Andy got dressed in matching pink and white lacy panties and bra, a black satin top with flounced sleeves and V neckline, and a pair of tight-fitting, destructed blue jeans showing off his bare knees. On his feet he wore a pair of black espadrilles.

For the evening he used a heavier eye liner and blended blue and gray eye shadows, and coated his lips with a shimmering ‘summer sunset’ lip colour. Fish-hook drop earrings went into his lower piercings, and small gold rings in the upper ones. It was his dad who was running him into town, looking over his son with a scarcely believable look. Never

had he imagined he would ever be running his pride and joy, all dolled up, for a date with a young man. Howard kept his thoughts to himself, as he knew all of this was for a purpose.

“That’s a strong, sweet-smelling perfume you’re wearing son; what is it?” his dad casually asked.

“They call it Olympia, Dad. It’s one of about a dozen bottles that’s in Andrea’s room.”

“Take it easy now, son, and—you know, keep that boy’s hands to himself,” Howard said as a parting shot as he dropped Andy off at the usual spot. Ian waited until Andy’s father had driven off before leaving Café Romara to greet him. They weren’t staying there; Ian was wanting to take ‘his girlfriend’ to an Italian restaurant for a meal together.

The food was gorgeous at the restaurant, and it was washed down with a bottle of house wine. “If I’d known you planned on taking me for a meal, I’d have worn a dress,” Andy apologised, feeling a bit underdressed now in his ripped jeans.

“You look just swell, gorgeous as ever.” Ian complimented.

After they had finished dessert, the two got into small talk. Ian wanted to ask about the rapist, and if the police were actually doing anything or were any closer to catching him.

“Investigations are on-going, but I’m not allowed to talk about any kind of police involvement or activity,” Andy responded.

“If I had one wish, it would be that I could catch him myself, track him down, and knock the living daylights out of him for what he did to you,” Ian muttered with a look that he was holding back extreme anger.

Andy sensed that, and thought it was sweet that Ian cared so much for Andy’s sister and wanted to be

protective of her. “Hey, this idea of yours about going for a day at the seaside—I think that would do us both some good. Do you have any day in mind?” he asked to get away from the sensitive issue.

Ian’s eyes brightened up at the mention of the day out. “Really! How about tomorrow, or is that too short notice? I understand if it is.”

Andy screwed his face up. “Well, it is, but also, I’ve arranged to meet some of my friends in town tomorrow daytime,” he answered apologetically. It was true. Andy had arranged to meet up with Andrea’s friends that very morning for some Saturday shop browsing the following day.

“Well then, how about a week tomorrow? I can’t do anything midweek as I have some important tests coming up at college and I need to do lots of revision.”

Andy considered the date and looked at his phone diary. The following Saturday would be two days before he was due in court, which he was really concerned about. Going for a day at the seaside a few days beforehand could be a nice distraction from it.

“Yeah, okay, that sounds great—next Saturday it is, then,” Andy said with a smile.

“I’ll do all the arranging for it so that you don’t have to worry,” Ian volunteered. “Would you be okay meeting me next Thursday evening, and we can then plan and finalise everything?”

Again Andy looked at the diary in his phone, but he already knew his week was relatively free. “Yeah, that’s also good with me. So shall we meet at the Romano, say 7.30, and then have our day out on Saturday?”

Knowing ‘Andrea’s’ father would be picking her up after their meal, Ian just stood by Andy’s side, talking, until the car drove up; he then said a cursory goodnight to his date.

Andy stretched languidly in bed, feeling the silkiness of the nightdress he was wearing caressing his skin. He looked at his bedside clock. "Shit!" he said. It was quarter past ten already and he was meeting some of the girls in town at twelve-thirty.

Getting out of bed, Andy made his way to the toilet and sat to relieve himself. It was getting ridiculous; he had been wearing his breasts and fake vagina now for eleven days continuously. It was becoming hard to remember having a flat chest, and it was eleven days since he had last seen his penis! *That* wasn't supposed to happen.

Skipping breakfast but accepting a coffee from his mum, Andy quickly donned bra, panties and pantyhose, pulled on a sleeveless top with a keyhole opening, and stepped into a light orange bubble skirt and a pair of cone-heel sandals with a wide heel strap. Luckily his nails were already painted.

He began applying his foundation, then started on his makeup, while his mum, trying to help, messed with his hair. When he had time to look at what she had done, he saw that she had put his hair up in a Bohemian bun—and he really liked it.

"What time is it, Mum?" he asked in a slight panic.

"Ten to twelve, honey. I'll call you a cab to get you into town." Andy finished his nearly cold coffee as the cab sounded its horn outside. The weather was neither hot nor cold, so he grabbed a light blouson jacket from his sister's wardrobe. He gave his mum a kiss bye—something he had never used to do—and, picking up his clutch purse, made his way to the waiting cab.

Once again Andy had a really good day out with 'her' friends. They were all so full of fun, and he spent most of his time laughing and enjoying himself. Out with him today were Pamela, Adele, Stacey, Trixie

and Beth, plus Charlotte who they had met at Arlene's slumber party. In spite of his good intentions, Andy bought himself a rose-coloured top with puff sleeves that he really liked, a new set of panties and bra that were white with small red roses and white lace trim, plus a necklace that caught his eye.

The girls crowded into a fast-food shop for something to eat; then they made their way to the park by the riverside where they just relaxed and had ice cream. A few younger guys walked by with some rather suggestive, loud comments. None of them were on the pull, though; they were just enjoying themselves.

Then talk concentrated on the following evening; those who didn't need to get up for work early Monday morning began talking about going to a nightclub. Of course they wanted Andy to come along, knowing he was off college sick.

"We'll meet in the Bunch of Grapes bar," Trixie suggested; "then we'll go on to Downtown Nightclub, dancing."

Andy didn't have much money left and he still had to meet Ian later in the week, but he didn't like staying in at home, especially with his girl parts preventing him chilling like he normally did. It just didn't seem right, and those same parts also prevented him meeting with some of his regular mates. So he agreed to go along—plus, he really was enjoying the girls' company and getting to know them all so much closer. In a way, he couldn't help feeling he would really miss all of this when things went back to normal.

After an evening meal, Andy's parents and Crystal were setting off to go watch a new Walt Disney movie that was showing. Andy had been invited to go along—as Andrea, of course—but Andy told them he already had made plans to meet the girls again.

Before going to the family car, both parents warned him to be careful and not do anything silly. Crystal came and kissed him bye like she used to do with Andrea, but had never done when he was Andy.

Andy was sitting at his vanity in the skirt and top he had selected and high heels, trying a few different looks with his hair after completing his makeup, when there was a loud banging on the front door. The knocking worried him; he elected to just ignore it and hope whoever it was would just go away. But it persisted.

After some time he heard a voice calling loudly from outside—Kyle’s voice. “ANDY—ANDY—open the door, buddy, we need to talk to you.”

Hesitantly, Andy went to the front window in his parents’ bedroom and looked out through the lace curtain. He could see Kyle, Dom, and Tyler standing there. “ANDY! We know you’re home. Come on, we need to talk, bro.”

It was obvious that they knew his parents were out, as the car was gone from out front. Andy’s heart was pounding, but he thought it best to go answer the door before the neighbours started to complain about the noise. He opened the door part way and looked out at the three.

“Oh! Hi, Andrea. Can you get Andy down from his pit?” Kyle asked. “Bet he’s got his earphones on loud.” Andy noticed the other two gazing at the deep V-neck top he was wearing, showing a fair amount of cleavage.

“He’s not in,” Andy replied testily. “Do you want to leave a message?”

“Shit! Oh, ‘scuse my language, Andrea. We can’t get hold of him; he’s not answering our calls or texts—I think he’s pissed off with us—oh, ‘scuse again. But we need to talk about what we are going to say in court—get our story straight, it’s just over a week away.”

“Okay, I’ll tell him to get in touch then, bye.” Andy couldn’t close the door fast enough—and he hated how Dom and Tyler had been looking at his tits and legs as though he was a piece of meat, whilst Kyle just looked awkward.

Andy rang a cab to get him into town to meet the girls. He was feeling totally confident of getting into a cab now and not being read. He walked from his house to the cab in total confidence, assured that anyone seeing him would just assume he was Andrea. He now walked, in the three-and-a-half-inch spike-heeled pumps he was wearing, like he had been walking in heels for years.

The taxi dropped him off at the Bunch of Grapes bar. After a deep breath to get his confidence, he walked into the bar hoping he was not the first to arrive.

He wasn’t. Trixie, Yasmin and Christine were already there with drinks, Pamela and Beth joined soon after, and then Arlene came with Maisy. They all enjoyed a few rounds to get themselves lightened up and in the mood before going to the Downtown nightclub, a ten-minute walk from the bar.

There was a large dance floor, loud music, and strobing lights in the club. The dance floor was already packed. The girls all found a large table where they could sit together, but nobody sat there very long as they were up dancing—even Andy. He’d paid attention to a lot of dance moves from the girls and imitated them. He had a blast.

Andy had lost count of how much he’d had to drink at the end of the night. He’d even accepted drinks, twice, from young men and had been happy to chat with them. (His friends tried telling him he had been flirting, but he hotly disputed that!) At 2.30 a taxi arrived to drop three of them home: Andy, Beth and Christine.

Andy’s home was in darkness when he arrived back and said goodnight to his two drunken friends.

He slipped off his heels and did his best to get into the house and up to bed without disturbing anyone—but no doubt he would be in hot water with his dad in the morning.

As Andy had expected, he had a lot of raised voices and questions to answer to the following morning, something his sore head couldn't really handle. Jennifer was very displeased because Andy, now almost like her new daughter, had been out and acted irresponsibly and come in way too late. Howard was distressed to see his son disappearing into a world of femininity, as it appeared to him.

His parents didn't ground him—they didn't even feel like they could, with the whole charade being set up by the police—but Andy himself elected to take a break from going out as his sister. He hoped it might pacify his parents and give him a break from all the feminine activity too. He realized he had been out as Andrea for four of the last five days.

He never contacted Kyle or the others about the court case. Marcie Bellwood had told him not to contact anyone about it, and she had got him a different lawyer from the one representing the other three.

But Andy had never been an indoor person. He wasn't into sitting watching TV with his parents and younger sister, and all he was now doing was moping around the house feeling bored. He still had no desire to meet his male friends, even if he could get out of the prosthetics.

Jennifer noticed her son's frustration and unsettlement. "Darling, why don't you give some of Andrea's friends a call, see what they are doing and go meet them?" she suggested.

Andy didn't need much more persuasion. He really had a desire to get out and, although he would be in denial of it, the same desire included getting ready

and dressed as a girl. It added to the excitement of going out somehow—and it was with his parents' own recommendation.

As luck would have it, when Andy called Beth, he learned that a few of the friends—Beth herself, Yasmin, Christine, Arlene and Adele—had already made arrangements to meet up at a restaurant and then go for drinks. They were about to phone 'Andrea' to see if they could persuade her to join them.

"That sounds fab. Yeah, I'll come and join you," Andy confirmed, even though he hardly had any money until Friday. When he mentioned to his mum that some of the girls were meeting up, Jennifer offered to sub him enough for a night out. "But I want you back in good time tonight, young lady," she warned.

Andy shrugged off his mum calling him 'young lady'. He was kind of getting used to being referred to as 'she' and 'her', and he reasoned that his parents had to keep him in character.

Things changed for the better that afternoon when Judith turned up unexpectedly. She'd been in hospital that morning getting a cast removed from her arm, and thought she had enough movement and flexibility in her fingers to get back on the job.

"I'm sure glad to see you!" Andy greeted her. "I've been wearing these prosthetics for fifteen days non-stop without showering under them. My skin feels like it's crawling, and my chest has an irritation, like a constant tingling. I need a shower so bad."

"The material has been designed to let your skin breathe and it's treated so as to prevent any infection, but I get that your skin will sweat beneath it," Judith confessed.

"Only thing is, I'll need them going back on again later," Andy warned her, "because I'm going out to meet my friends."

“To meet *your* friends?” Judith asked in astonishment, before realising he was now referring to Andrea’s friends, rather than his male friends, as his own friends. “Okay, I’ll release you now, and you can go get a nice deep bath and fully wash yourself. While you are upstairs I will give the prosthetics an antiseptic wipe and clean.”

Andy had Judith remove the prosthetics in Andrea’s room while his mum was downstairs. His body did itch all over, but his chest was especially irritated with a constant itching.

When the prosthetics were peeled from his chest, Andy was startled. Both areas around his nipples had swollen in a conical shape—not massively, but definitely noticeable, and his nipples also appeared to be longer and thicker than he could recall.

“What the fuck has happened here?” Andy exclaimed.

“I’m not sure, maybe a reaction from the continued use of the prosthetics. However, now that your chest can breathe a little easier it should just go back down to normal,” Judith suggested, having no knowledge of the Estrigene 5000 pills that DC Bellwood had talked Andy’s mum into giving him.

Andy wasn’t pacified and almost hesitantly put his finger to his nipple. He was rewarded with something quite like a shock. “Man, they feel quite sensitive,” he complained.

“I’ll report it to DC Bellwood. Maybe she knows of a reaction to the prosthetic,s or may know of some cream we can use to help soothe them.”

Trying to shrug the swelling aside so that he could get clean, Andy got into the bath full of sweet-smelling sudsy water and Judith did as she said he would, giving the prosthetics a good clean with a cloth, soap and hot water before spraying the inner areas with an antiseptic spray.

Andy was enjoying his soak so much that time got away with him. He had been intrigued, when washing his chest, by the sensation he felt. It was a mixture of sensitivity, which made him flinch a little to the touch, along with a rather pleasant feeling that somehow caused a reaction in his hidden penis. Eventually Judith had to call him to tell him that, if he was much longer, she wouldn't have time to redo his prosthetics for him to go out.

Before long he was ready and fully made up, with the prosthetics cleaned and back in place on his body again. He cursed himself for not having a pee before Judith put the lower prosthetics on, as it meant sitting to relieve himself and having to wipe with toilet paper afterwards—something he'd had to endure each time he had needed the toilet for fifteen days.

Andy decided to go smart casual, with a cotton and lace scoop-necked top along with a pair of black boot-cut trousers. Wearing some soft ankle socks, he placed his feet in stylish brown leather ankle boots with a 2.75 spool heel. Several bangles jingled on his wrists along with the security bracelet, drop earrings with a post through his lower piercings, and a couple of dress rings for jewellery. His own re-manicured finger nails sported a hot pink nail polish that matched his lipstick.

Andy had originally expected to be going to meet the friends by taxi as he had been doing whilst Judith was off sick. Now she was back, she offered to give him a lift into town—but she was pleased that he had picked up enough confidence in his feminine appearance to travel alone by cab.

Having not had much opportunity to catch up whilst she had been off, Judith was keen to know all that had been happening and what he had been doing. She was particularly interested to know how the pyjama party had gone, and she was genuinely pleased to hear that there had been, no matter how briefly, a response from his sister in hospital.

“I bet you just can’t wait for her to fully come around, get better, and put all of this feminisation behind you, can you?” she asked as she drove.

In honesty, Andy wasn’t entirely sure about that. He hated himself for it, but he knew a part of him had started to enjoy being Andrea. He loved the time spent with her friends; he even enjoyed the part where he was getting ready for a day or night out as her, the excitement of selecting an outfit, putting on makeup to make himself look pretty, checking himself to make sure everything looked good, and even the thrill of just being out disguised as something he was not. It gave him an adrenaline rush.

“Yeah—I guess,” he mumbled in reply, bringing a sidelong look from Judith.

“So what else have you got organised for the week?” she then asked, to move on.

“I’m meeting Ian tomorrow night,” Andy answered in a more positive tone. “He suggested a day at the seaside on Saturday, and we are making arrangements for it when I see him.”

“Oh, that will be nice for you. Which resort are you going to?”

“That’s one of the things we will be discussing.”

“I have an appointment with a specialist to check my arm tomorrow afternoon, but I should be finished in time to get you in your falsies and help with your hair and make-up.”

“If you have somewhere to go, then don’t bother coming over; I can see to myself. Honestly, I got quite good at it while you were recovering.”

“But you’ll want your prosthetics off tonight, so I’ll need to put them on for you again tomorrow.”

“It really is okay, honestly,” Andy said with a smile. “I’ll just sleep in them again—it’s not going to harm

me after doing it for two weeks, and at least my body feels all fresh and clean again now.”

“Well, if you are sure—I suppose I could do with resting the arm a little bit more.”

By this time they had arrived at their destination. Judith did insist that he phone her to pick him up. Andy agreed, then quite confidently got out of the car and walked to where he was meeting Beth, Yasmin, Christine, Arlene and Adele. Judith watched him go, impressed with how much he had learned and how much more confident he looked presenting himself as a woman, compared to the first time they had gone out. He held himself and walked just like any young lady.

Once again Andy had great fun with the girls in the group, and easily allowed himself to feel like he really was one of them. When they moved on to a bar they were in high spirits, talking loudly and animatedly and giggling—including Andy.

It didn't take long for guys to start gathering around six attractive, shapely girls who didn't have any men amongst their number. Andy found himself being chatted up with the rest of them. On a couple of occasions some guy would suggest swapping phone numbers and meeting up—to which Andy would reply, “I have a boyfriend already” or “I'm already with someone.”

Arlene, being new to the group, didn't know any of the girls very well, and had never met Ian. She had a quiet word with Andy after hearing his refusals. “Andrea, hun—we're all out having a good time. You know, it's okay to have a steady and still have some fun with other guys—none of us would ever make your fellah any the wiser—or just flirt a little back with them—even some harmless snogging.”

Arlene meant well but, of course, had no idea that Andy was not who she thought he was. “No, honestly, Ian and I are solid,” he answered. “I'd never cheat on him.”

“Not even with that Greg who was chatting you up? The sandy haired one? He has a lush body, babe—and by what I could see tenting his jeans, he sure had a fancy for getting your panties down to-night.”

Andy just blushed and tried to laugh the comment off—but he was neither a girl nor gay. This was a charade for his sister only, and he was as heterosexual as they come.

So the rest of the evening went smoothly for him. Beth, much to Andy’s jealousy, did get into some steamy kissing with one guy, Arlene ended up giving Greg her own phone number, and Adele decided to stay later in the bar with a guy called Christian after everyone else was calling it a night.

Andy walked a distance away from the bar after ringing Judith, so that he didn’t get the third degree about underage drinking from her again.

As he was not going to be seeing Judith the following day but had slept in his female mode, with all his female body parts fully attached, Andy just went about his day at home in female character. His family had become used to seeing him walking about the house now in girls’ clothes and looking like his sister. Still, for some reason he felt jittery today, a kind of nervous excitement.

His dad had gone off to work, and his mum had run Crystal to school, as he sat down in his nightgown after breakfast and then painted his toenails for no real reason. When Jennifer returned she asked Andy if he would like to go down to hospital to see Andrea. There had been a few more positive signs that she might be responding.

It meant going dressed, of course, but that was bothering him less and less now, and he had already gone once before in his female mode. “Sure Mum, I’ll

just put on some makeup and get dressed,” he replied.

Half an hour later he came downstairs, with tasteful day makeup applied, his hair straightened and put up in a high pony tail, and wearing a burgundy cardigan, tight-fitting blue jeans with the knees through, and a pair of brown penny loafers on his feet. His mum said nothing, but he just came across as any ordinary, trendy teenaged girl to her as she looked at him, both in his demeanour and looks. She wondered if any possible lasting damage had been caused to her son during this charade.

Although there had been occasional eye flickers and finger movements from Andrea over the past couple of days, she was still unresponsive as Andy and his mum sat by her bedside. Andy held her hand in his own, with their long elliptic burgundy painted nails that matched his cardigan.

Andy tenderly talked to his sister, informing her of how he really liked all of her friends and hoped she would soon make a recovery. “You have some really swell friends, sis—and Ian is a great guy too; he really cares about you,” he told her.

Early in the evening as Andy was deciding what he should wear to go meet Ian, there was a telephone call.

Andy wasn't wanting to dress too femininely, as he did when meeting the girls, but for a different reason this time. He was afraid that, if he dressed too girly for a meeting with a boy, then his Dad might get upset and start thinking wrong things about it again. He knew his Dad was having a hard time seeing his son looking so girly, though he never mentioned it.

The telephone call was from the hospital where Andrea was. At first when he heard where the call was from, Andy panicked in case it was bad news—but it wasn't; it was good news.

Andrea had made a small response again; there had been a flutter of her eyelashes and movement in her finger, followed by a brief moment when her eyes had actually opened before closing again. The family were overjoyed and immediately wanted to go to the hospital to see her. Andy, although delighted himself, had already seen her that day and didn't allow himself to become too excited about it, thinking it may not really mean much. But he didn't want to let Ian down—and he could hardly phone him and say, 'I can't meet you because the real Andrea has made a couple of positive movements'. Plus, he was quite excited about the forthcoming day out at the seaside, something he had not done in years, and he wanted to make arrangements for it with Ian.

The rest of the family were eager to go, however, just in case she came fully round, which left Andy in the house alone. Now, without his Dad being around, he had a re-think of what he should wear. He knew he had dressed down on the last few meetings with Andrea's boyfriend, and Ian had commented that he liked to see his girl in short dresses or skirts, showing off her lovely long legs. Okay, Andy didn't quite have his sister's legs, but he didn't think they looked bad at all since he had been shaving them smooth almost daily and using lotion on them. He smiled as he thought about wearing the lovely skirt he had bought for himself that time he had been out shopping with Yasmin—he had been dying to wear it, and now was an opportunity.

Once he had it on, along with a pale violet Empire style top, he had to consider his legs. The white skirt with its vivid floral pattern now made his bare legs look a bit pasty. Then he had a new idea—Dad had gone out so, why not?

Andy was soon admiring the look of his legs once they were adorned in the stockings with garter belt that Amelia had given him. Now his legs did look so much better and had a nice glossy sheen to them. He wasn't wearing the stockings for any other reason, of course, than to make his legs look less pasty.

He applied rather dark, sultry eye makeup for the evening, which gave his eyes an alluring look with the darker, blended, eye shadows, lashings of mascara and eye liner. He had fixed heavy hoop earrings into his lower piercings, with a smaller lighter hoop in the upper piercings.

Once again it had to be a ride in a taxi to town because of his family being out and Judith not being there—more expense, but he knew that Ian would insist on paying for everything for the evening, anyway. That was always a perk of meeting Ian.

It was obvious that Ian did approve of how Andy was dressed when they met; he could hardly keep his eyes off his hot date. After a pleasant meal they sat side by side in a bar having a drink and Ian started occasionally stroking his hand down Andy's silky thigh. Rather than being shocked or annoyed, Andy didn't try to stop him, as he actually enjoyed the sensation.

As they talked, Andy again thought to himself what a pleasant guy Ian was—as well as having a good athletic build and good looks, he was good to talk to and intelligent. Andy looked at Ian as they talked. For the first time, he noticed how blue Ian's eyes were, kind-looking too, and full of mirth. Andrea had made a good catch for herself. Hell, if Andy had been a girl, he thought he could even be interested in Ian himself, but, of course, he wasn't—he was a guy, a heterosexual guy who didn't go for men.

Ian told Andy all the plans he had made and the destination he had chosen. They would get a coach at 9.30 on Saturday morning so that they reached the resort for just after 11.30, which would give them plenty of time to look around and go on the beach.

All in all they spent a pleasant evening together. When it was over, as he was not going to be waiting for a pick-up, Andy called for a cab, even though Ian had offered to escort him back home.

“Make sure you take the taxi right to your front door, baby,” Ian said meaningfully. “That *thing* is still out there, and I would die if anything else was to happen to you.”

“I will, baby, I promise,” Andy replied.

They stood on the sidewalk together waiting for the cab to show up. They stood together close at first; then Ian put his arms around Andy in a light embrace. Andy found it more comfortable to do the same with his arms and put them around Ian, as they continued to talk a little more.

As they spoke and Andy looked up into the face of his date, he was startled to suddenly feel an unfamiliar churning in his stomach and a tingling in his lips.

Ian looked down into Andy’s face. “You know, you are so goddamn beautiful, I feel like the luckiest guy alive to have you as my girl—even though we aren’t yet fully back to where we were. I don’t know what it is, Andrea, but I find you even more irresistible now than—well, before that night.”

“Why is that?” Andy asked, his voice sounding weak.

“I dunno. I think maybe because of what happened to you, your personality has changed a bit; for the better, to me. I just feel more drawn to you than I did before, but I can’t put my finger on it.”

The prickling quiver in Andy’s lips seemed to intensify and he suddenly realised he had a burning desire to kiss Ian. Not just a kiss to the lips, but a full-on passionate kiss. He tried to quickly shake that from his head—that couldn’t be—he wasn’t interested in guys, he was straight. He wondered if it was maybe just the moment along with the sexy clothing that he was wearing; maybe the alcohol he had consumed was playing a part of it.

Andy managed to contain his feelings, but still found himself giggling at little things Ian said and

rolling his hair around his finger, watching Ian's lips move as he talked.

He was still gazing into Ian's eyes when a car sounded its horn. Looking, Andy saw his taxi had arrived. "Thanks for a lovely evening, Ian," Andy said. "I'm really looking forward to Saturday."

Unlike previous meetings between the two, this time it was Andy that made a move. Placing his hands either side of Ian's face, he leaned in and gave him a brief kiss on the lips. He wanted to let it linger, but he pulled away. "See you Saturday, Nutkins."

For some strange reason, he had a big contented smile on his way home and a strange warmth in his body.

Although nothing had been planned, Yasmin phoned the following morning to say she and a couple of other girls were meeting up that evening to have a few drinks and a dance. They were planning on going to the Bunch of Grapes and on to Downtown, but Andy reminded Yasmin that he was going to the seaside early the following morning.

Yet a big part of him was excited at the prospect of getting 'dolloed up' to go out with the girls again. He couldn't put his finger on just how it made him feel. 'Liberated' came to mind, but more than that. So he agreed to go to the Bunch of Grapes with the girls, but to go home from there rather than on to Downtown.

By giving Judith the day off with her arm the day before, after he had returned home from his night out with Ian, Andy had slept once again in his female, silicone shell. So, he stayed as Andrea for the day and got himself dressed up and made up for his evening out. Once again, his Dad, Howard, was taking in just how much his son seemed to be changing. He didn't know much about Andy's fall-out with his guy mates

but he did know he hardly hung out with them anymore, seemingly now preferring dressing as a girl and going out with Andrea's friends.

"You do know, when Andrea recovers, this dressing up as her will be over, don't you, son?" he warned. "Don't get too used to it. You have your own friends, remember, just as the girls you are meeting tonight are Andrea's—and that Ian is Andrea's boyfriend, so he is."

"Yeah, course I know all of that, Dad. But didn't DC Bellwood ask that I be seen out as often as I could as Andrea, to give more chance of attracting the rapist to me?" Andy tried to explain it off. "And what do you mean about Ian? Of course he is Andrea's boyfriend; you make it sound as though I'm trying to steal him off her. I go for girls, Dad, I'm not gay." He said, offended, "I'm just trying to keep Ian interested in Andrea so that he doesn't stray and she lose him."

As well as Yasmin, that evening, Pamela and Jenny were there, plus Yvonne and Rose. These were two more of Andrea's friends whom he had not been out with yet, but whom he had seen with Andrea in the past and who had messaged him (as Andrea) a couple of times. Yvonne was quite loud and bubbly, and was always out for a laugh; it seemed that Rose was man-crazy and a total flirt. Between the two of them, they had guys hanging around the group all night like flies.

Andy was feeling relaxed and confident enough now to talk and even harmlessly flirt a little with some of the guys who had an eye for him, and he was happy to have several drinks bought. One of the guys felt there was a price to pay for a drink, though, and got as close in to Andy as he could, pressing his body sideways into him. Andy felt uneasy but didn't want to cause a scene.

That moved on to the young man putting his arm around Andy's waist possessively as though he had claimed him, which again Andy felt uncomfortable with. The final indignity was when, as they talked, he

suddenly lunged forwards pressing his lips to Andy's, while his hand went straight to Andy's chest to grope his breast. As Andy tried to mouth a protest, the guy slipped his tongue into Andy's mouth, which resulted in Andy strongly pushing him away.

"Hey! What's the matter with you, you frigid bitch?" The guy protested—but Andy's friends were soon around to protect him and ward off the man. They all believed the reaction had come about because of their friend's rape. Some moved Andy away from the incident whilst a couple of others explained the situation to the man, who protested, "How was I supposed to know?" He did not seem overly concerned that he may have been causing a true rape victim great distress.

Andy decided to go for a bus home after that. It was fifteen after ten anyway, so not too late. He did ensure, getting off the service bus, to walk around the park rather than through it; he was, after all, wearing a short tight skirt and high heels.

Chapter Nine - A day away

"But what should I wear? Mum?" Andy was getting flustered. It had been a long time since he had gone to the seaside, period—and as a girl, never!

"Are you planning on swimming in the sea? If you are, you need to take one of Andrea's costumes. Wear flip-flops—or at least take a pair with you to change into. I can get you a towel to spread out on the beach. Don't wear too much makeup, as it's set to be a hot day and it will melt off your face. You'll need sun blocker."

"I can't take too much, Mum, it just means lots to carry. But what do I wear? I mean for going to meet Ian. I'm going to be late. The bus leaves town at 9.30, and it's already ten past eight!"

"Wear a nice summer dress; you could wear your costume underneath. Don't bother with pantyhose,

too hot for that, darling. As for carrying it all—surely your boyfriend will carry your bag for you?”

“Ian is not my boyfriend, Mum—he’s Andrea’s!” Andy protested, his cheeks reddening.

“Same difference, honey—you are being Andrea, he thinks you are Andrea, and therefore he should carry your bag for you. I’ll put some snacks and drink in there.”

“Do you think I should bother painting my nails?”

“Oh, indeed—especially your toenails, wearing flip-flops. You want some colour in your feet, so do your fingers to match. I can do your nails for you whilst you apply some light makeup.”

Andy was still flustered, whilst his mum seemed cool as a cucumber. He could have done with Judith here, but as he had slept in the prosthetics last night and could now apply his own make-up proficiently, and as he was going out for the day, there was really no need for her—except for helping suggest things for him now.

Finally Andy was on the service bus to town to meet Ian at the bus station. He was nervous and excited all at the same time. He was wearing a light cotton summer dress in red with a white berries pattern, his hair up in a high pony tail, bare arms other than the security bracelet, and wearing medium size hoop earrings in his lobes. He had with him a saddlebag with all the extras his mum had suggested him taking. In spite of his mum’s suggestion he had put on a pair of beige-coloured pantyhose. He knew that Ian liked seeing (and feeling) nylon-clad legs—not that Andy was expecting, nor wanting to have his legs stroked by Ian again—oh no, nothing like that. Why would he? No, the hose was just to give his legs a bit of colour, he said to himself.

He had gone light on the makeup—a bit of foundation and the contouring creams and powders, a light blue shadow on his lower lids, a few strokes of mas-

cara on upper and lower lashes, and a shade of light pink lipstick called 'Kiss Me Kate'.

Ian was already waiting for him at the bus depot. He smiled as soon as he saw Andy approaching. "You made it! I was getting a bit concerned in case you changed your mind," he said as he greeted his date with a kiss to the cheek.

"No way, I'm excited," Andy replied as Ian reached to take his bag from him.

They sat on a seat in the bus shelter together waiting for the coach to roll into the station, then got on board. At 9.30, right on time, the couple boarded and sat together on a double seat, and the bus began pulling away. Andy sat on the window side so he could look out the window.

He had got up a lot earlier than he usually did to ensure that he had everything he needed, to look presentable, and to get out to town in time for the coach. He hadn't slept too well either as his mind refused to switch off at first, both from excitement and from apprehension about his trip out to the seaside with Andrea's boyfriend.

At first the pair talked a little, but Andy's eyes soon grew heavy as they travelled along through open country; eventually he nodded off. Upon waking, he found he had his head resting between Ian's arm and his chest.

Ian realized that Andy had stirred and smiled at him, brushing hair that had fallen over Andy's face with his hand and looking into his cobalt-blue eyes. "Hey, sleeping beauty," he said with a smile.

"Oh, sorry—I didn't mean to fall asleep." Andy apologised whilst blushing at the remark, and at where his head had been resting.

"That's okay, baby. I've said it so many times to you before, but you really do have the most beautiful blue eyes," Ian then commented as he continued

staring into Andy's face. The compliment gave Andy a funny feeling that he was unsure of.

With Andy's head still in a position over Ian's shoulder, Ian pulled Andy close for comfort. Not knowing what else to do, Andy didn't try pulling away and making things awkward between them right from the start of their day out, but just allowed himself to stay there—and it was quite comfortable.

Shortly afterwards Andy felt Ian's other hand gently stroking his thigh—but again, he liked the feeling, it was nice, and he allowed it.

On arrival at the seaside, after leaving the bus and taking in the fresh sea air, they walked around the sea front for a while, eating ice cream along the way. They then walked to a fairground and went on some of the rides, had hot dogs and soda, and then queued to go on the roller coaster. Andy had never been on a roller coaster before and found himself gripping on for dear life as Ian whooped and put his arm around him for security. He wasn't sure, but on some of the twists and turns, Andy even thought he may have girlishly screamed a little.

All in all, he had a memorable day. They had a meal at the seafront with Andy keeping a possessive hold of his new asset, a big stuffed animal that Ian had won for him on the rifle range.

As evening drew in they walked along the beach together. Andy had allowed Ian to hold his hand; it seemed natural to do so. Andy's heeled shoes were sinking into the soft damp sand; now he wished he had taken the flip-flops out of the saddle bag that they had put with other belongings into a locker. He slipped his shoes off and continued walking in his stocking feet, holding the shoes along with his animal.

There were very few people on the beach now, just two couples and a mother and father with three young children running besides them, and nobody really close.

Ian suggested paddling in the gentle waves as they walked. Andy thought that would be nice, and would cool his feet from walking in heels all day.

At first the two were just getting their feet wet as they walked along, but they were getting a little braver and waded into the rippling waves a little deeper. The waves were now lapping up Andy's legs, soaking his pantyhose and the bottom of his dress. Andy rolled up his dress to just under his crotch, with Ian feasting his eyes on Andy's shapely, nylon-adorned legs.

As they continued along their way Ian found a small dead crab floating in the water and picked it up, tormenting Andy with it. Andy laughed and shrieked as Ian brought it to his face, threateningly. Andy began running away giggling with Ian giving chase.

They stopped for breath, both still laughing and facing each other. Ian, dropping the crab, looked into Andy's eyes and placed his hands lightly on Andy's hips.

Suddenly, impulsively, it was Andy that leaned his face into Ian's and kissed him on the lips. He had no idea what had brought him to do that.

He backed off in surprise. He had just kissed another guy on the lips. He wasn't gay. Ian believed that he was his sister—a real girl—but Andy knew they were both guys. His face reddened.

"Sorry." He tried to apologise, but Ian took the initiative, holding onto Andy firmly and kissing him back.

Mentally, Andy scolded himself. Things had been going okay, they were having fun, having a laugh. Why on earth had he gone and kissed Ian? Why had he felt the compulsion to kiss another guy? He felt disgusted with himself—but so why were his lips quivering as if an electric current was going through them?

If he was being honest, he was finding the kiss from Ian was not at all repulsive. In fact, it was nice, comforting, not unlike any of the girls he had ever kissed. He was allowing Ian's own kiss to continue, even allowing Ian's tongue to invade the inside of his mouth—and he was responding by sucking upon it.

The kiss was brief, however, and when they broke from it Andy felt renewed embarrassment. His face was flushed, whilst Ian was thinking that was the best, sweetest kiss he'd ever had from Andrea. There was a short period with neither saying anything, almost an uncomfortable silence between them.

Nothing more was said. They just continued walking along in silence, Ian once again taking Andy's hand in his. Andy, having instigated the kiss, thought it would be unfair and baffling to Ian to spurn him from holding hands.

They continued walking to where the beach finally ended and the land began rising steeply to form a cliff face. On the last bit of beach there were some rocks scattered around that had eroded from the cliff, and there were little rock pools. In a small inlet they stopped and sat down on one of the larger rocks.

Ian broke their silence. "I have really enjoyed today, here, with you. I'm sorry if that kiss made you uncomfortable, if you still aren't ready."

"It has been one of the best days of my life," Andy admitted truthfully. "And don't apologise for the kiss—it was I that kissed you. Maybe I shouldn't have led you."

"Well, I'm glad you did, but I'm still sorry if you weren't ready. I'm really glad that you came with me today, though, because I wasn't sure where we were going—or if we still had a future." Ian faltered, as he didn't want to mention the rape and bring back bad memories, but still he went on: "The night when—hum, you know, *that* happened to you—I just thought you were getting tired of me. I really like you, Andrea, and I would hate for us to break up."

Andy really liked Ian as a person, and he felt it was his obligation to make him feel secure in the relationship for his sister. He had no idea what had really happened, or what had been said, on that last night. “Honestly, don’t worry, Ian. I like you too. I promise we aren’t breaking up; I wouldn’t have come today if that was the case.”

“That kiss just now may have been brief,” Ian began to confess, “but it was the sweetest kiss ever, I swear. I have to admit that it has turned me on. I know you have always said that we should wait to do it together, but here, now, with you—I feel—if ever there was a more perfect moment.”

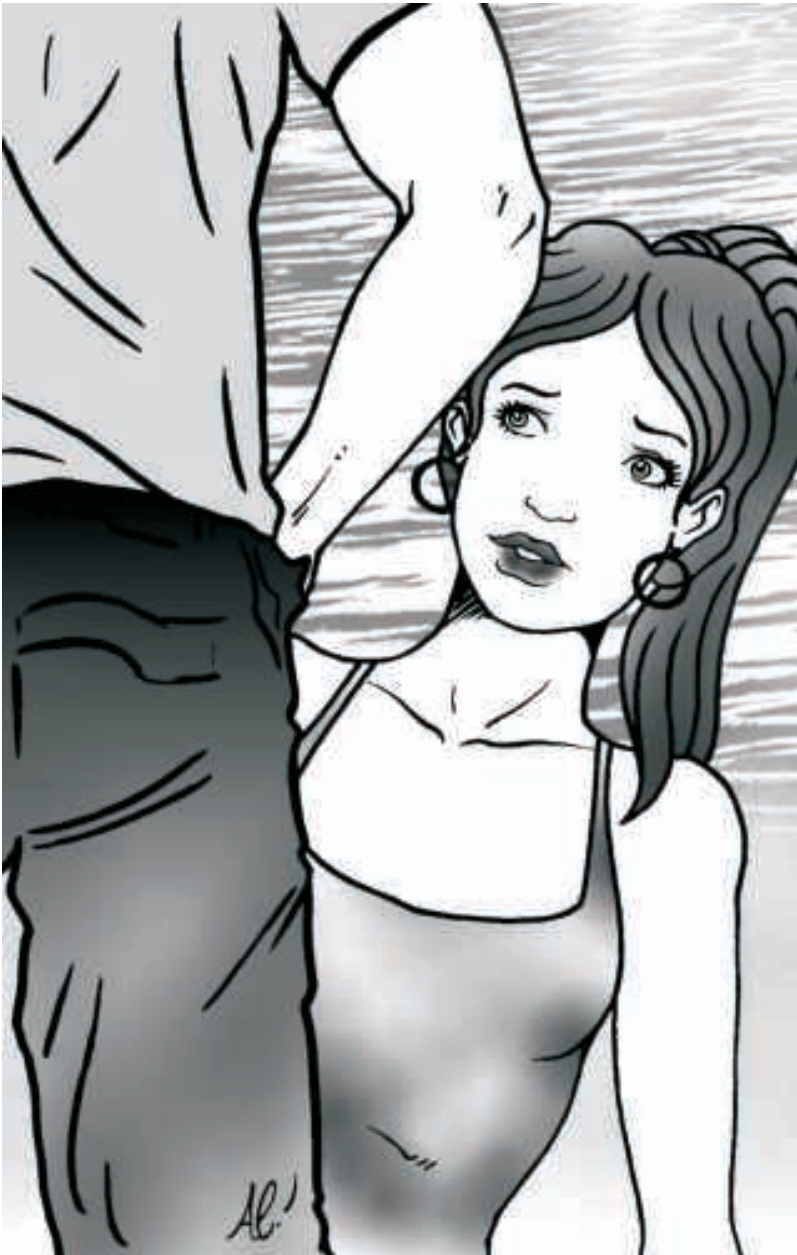
It started to occur to Andy that his sister and Ian had not yet had sex together, but, from that kiss, Ian was perhaps now hoping that it could happen—right here, right now! In some strange and weird way, Andy even felt rather proud that he, not Andrea, had had that effect on Ian.

Andy was in a dilemma. He was heterosexual, he did not want anything sexual with a fellow male, but he didn’t want to destroy his sister’s relationship with her boyfriend either. Ian was obviously feeling insecure, and a total refusal would not help the matter. In some way he had to get out of the situation whilst not letting Ian down too badly.

He thought he had come up with a perfect excuse. “I’m sorry, Ian, I cannot bring myself to having sex just yet; it’s too soon—I still have bad memories from the rape, and I am still bruised and sore in my pussy from the beast’s savage attack on me.”

Ian immediately felt bad for suggesting anything, and gave Andy a hug in comfort and understanding. He held Andy’s head to kiss him again.

Andy cursed to himself. Why on earth did Ian have to be such a nice and understanding guy all of the time? It made him feel bad for letting him down.



The most bizarre thing then happened. Andy felt turned on. He surprised himself by surrendering fully to Ian's lips again. Even more surprisingly, he felt his own, locked-in cock responding to the kiss, and allowed the kiss between them to last much longer than before as he encircled his arms around the back of Ian's neck.

They broke for air, both slightly breathless, Andy's face flushed with embarrassment.

"I don't want to be putting you in any disposition," Ian then said, "and I will fully understand if you say no. But—well, you see—I'm so hard and turned on, maybe you could relieve me in another way, you know? If you are bruised inside."

Andy's eyes grew wide as he realised Ian was suggesting a blow job. Already he was having a hard time just coming to terms with the fact he had been passionately kissing another dude, but sucking cock was something else entirely. He didn't believe he could ever do such a thing. Meanwhile, though, Ian was already opening his flies hopefully and taking out a semi-erect penis.

It didn't go unconsidered to Andy that it was he who had got Ian so worked up by kissing him passionately. He stared at the thing in front of him, the first time he had ever really looked at a cock that was other than his own. Then, tentatively, he slowly reached his fingers towards it, testing himself.

Immediately, as Andy's fingertips, with their glistening, pink-painted finger nails, touched the soft flesh of Ian's semi-flaccid cock, Ian started to become fully erect. For the second time in an hour Andy berated himself. Why had he gone and touched the thing? Now he had fully worked Ian up, and now Ian would expect satisfaction.

Andy bit down on his pink-painted lip. 'Why the fuck did I go and touch it?' he chastised himself. He suddenly realised that, from initially just touching the loose warm flesh of Ian's semi-flaccid cock, his

fingers were now, somehow, fully wrapped around a hard shaft. He could feel the risen veins of Ian's erection and the pulse going through them. Now, if he pulled out of the situation, leaving Ian cold with a full erection, he knew Ian would be bitterly disappointed. It could well end in him getting angry and splitting up with his sister, and it would be Andy's fault—he would have caused it.

Andy suddenly had a strange feeling, like he was connecting to his sister, receiving her thoughts and impulses so that he could do what was expected. So, playing the dutiful brother, Andy lowered himself until he was face-on with the rigid member, hesitantly opening his soft lips and bringing his head forward so that the tip of Ian's cock was now just touching his lips. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, trying to make his mind go blank as he opened his mouth a little further and felt the penis entering.

Bit by bit he let more of Ian's cock into his mouth until it was as deep as he felt he could take it without gagging. It felt so weird; he had another guy's cock, warm and with the texture of the skin, the feeling of pumped-up veins and the feeling of throbbing against his tongue, inside his mouth. How was he allowing himself to do this? He was a straight guy!

Remembering well what many girls had done to him in the past, Andy drew his lips back up the rod, coating it with saliva; then he ran his lips back down towards the base again, and repeating the process. He could taste Ian's pre-cum in his mouth.

He was doing it; he was actually sucking a man's dick! After the initial feelings of repulsion about it had passed, Andy began putting more effort into what he was doing, holding his lips more firmly against the erection, using his tongue to swirl around the member, and bobbing his head up and down a little faster. He again tried to recall what the girls had done to him when giving him head.

He pulled back up for the eighth time, stopping at the tip and letting the end of his tongue lick in circles

around the glistening dome, and teasing the slit before going back down. He repeated this several times more and also added something which he recalled liking having done to him: his hand cupped, massaged and tickled Ian's balls.

He wanted to ask Ian to let him know when he was close so that he could pull away, but the time came much sooner than expected. Ian, fully aroused, was firmly holding Andy's head in place, preventing any quick withdrawal. Ian suddenly shuddered. Before Andy could react he felt the cock twitching in his mouth, and then spasm after spasm as Ian began releasing his salty cum into Andy's mouth.

Andy did the only thing he could do to prevent choking: he swallowed. It was too late to avoid it. A salty taste filled his mouth. It wasn't as overly bad or repulsive as he had expected. As the deed had now been done and Andy could not have prevented it, he decided he might as well just finish the job off. So, with a few more sucks in order to get everything out, he then cleaned up Ian's shaft with long licks of his tongue.

"Oh fuck! Oh man, oh my God—that was fantastic!" Ian gushed breathlessly. Andy sat back and took in the reality of what he had just done—he had just sucked a man off. Although he didn't want to really think about what had just happened, it did give him a sense of pride that he seemed to have pleased Ian so well.

After gathering themselves together and straightening their clothes, the two walked back towards the resort's seafront, arms around each other, ready to meet the bus back home.

Chapter 10 - Andrea Comes Round

It was twenty past ten when Andy and Ian arrived outside of Andy's house in a taxi. Ian had made sure to see 'Andrea' home safely.

“Thank you again for everything, a great day out with a great girl, and—you know—that was absolutely mind-blowing!” Ian gushed, being careful what to say in earshot of the cab driver, but knowing his date would know what he was on about.

It was obvious that Ian wanted a goodnight kiss, but Andy took a tentative look towards his house before allowing it. The house seemed to be in darkness; it seemed they were safe from being seen. He looked back at Ian, and their lips met in a lingering kiss. Andy didn’t understand what was happening, but he did know he was developing strong feelings for Ian.

“I better go,” he quickly said. Their lips met once more before Andy climbed out of the taxi and set off towards his house.

The first thing that struck him was that his dad’s car was not in the drive. Going inside after unlocking the front door, the next thing to strike Andy was the eerie quietness—a quietness that said, not that everyone must have gone to bed already, but that the house was empty.

“Mum? Dad?” He called, not too loudly in case Crystal was asleep. Putting down his bag and stuffed toy, he stole upstairs and looked in Crystal’s bedroom. It was empty!

Now he was starting to worry. He went back downstairs and into the kitchen, flicking the light switch. There was a note on the kitchen table in his Mum’s hand writing:

“Andy! Fantastic news: your sister has regained consciousness. We are so happy! She came out of her coma about seven o’ clock. She is very disoriented and rather weak, but we have all gone to see her. We may be back before you get home, but ring me on my cell, if not. Love Mum xx”

Andy suddenly had mixed feelings that he never would have suspected having. He was delighted and relieved that Andrea had pulled through, but in the

pit of his stomach he suddenly felt empty, almost depressed. Andrea coming back meant that his being *her* would soon end. He'd had such fun hanging out with her friends—and then, there was Ian.

He had never in his wildest dreams ever thought he would have romantic feelings for another boy—but he had. Was it just temporary, mixed-up feelings from him acting and dressing like a girl for so long, or were they real? Whatever, Ian was Andrea's boyfriend, and she would want him back—and he would want to be with a real girl.

The euphoric part of him wanted to go and see Andrea himself, but it was late, he was dressed as a girl, and he had all his female bits attached to him. As much as he wanted to, he just rang his Mum instead. The family were still there, at Andrea's bedside.

"Mum," he began, "it's me. I'm back home—I got your note."

Jennifer had a quick word and then passed the phone to Andrea herself. She sounded so weak and confused, but she recognised his voice; she remembered him. They spoke for about seven or eight minutes, tears running down Andy's cheeks, leaving mascara trails; then he was passed back to his Mum.

With nothing much left to do and feeling weary after his long day, Andy removed his make-up, took out his extensions, put on a nightie and climbed into Andrea's bed. Sleep came slowly, though, as he thought things through in his mind. He wondered: had it been about seven o'clock when he had given Ian the blow job? The same time that Andrea had come out of her coma! Was there any significance to that? What had happened? He fell asleep reliving sucking Ian's penis—still unable to believe he had actually done such a thing.

Judith turned up at the Marshall household early the following morning with no idea about the good news regarding Andrea. Only Andy was awake. His mum, dad, and Crystal had all been at the hospital until the early hours and were sleeping in a little. Luckily, as it was Sunday, Crystal could sleep in as she didn't have school.

Making Judith a drink of coffee, Andy sat down with his visitor and filled her in on the developments at the hospital and some of the details about his trip to the seaside, though obviously not *everything*.

"It's wonderful news, Andy," Judith said. "You must be so relieved."

"Yes, of course! There were times I thought she may die, or even if she came around she may be—like, you know, vegetative." He hesitated, but then asked, "Does this mean I will be stopping pretending to be my sister immediately?"

Judith took it that he was eager to be himself again. "We'll have to see what the police department say. Unfortunately, I think you will be required to stay playing Andrea for a while longer yet. Andrea may have recovered, but she is going to be in hospital for a while—and, because of the length of time she has laid motionless, she will need physiotherapy to get her body fully responding again and to build her strength up. Meanwhile, the monster that did that to her is still out there, and still needs catching."

"I would like to go see her. I wanted to go last night, but I was trapped in my feminine body bits and I didn't want to turn up and let sis see me like that. Can you get me out of everything?"

Judith smiled. "Of course I can, and I'll run you to the hospital myself and then go for a coffee while you see your sister."

"I'll be out of this feminine suit again tomorrow too," Andy added sullenly. "It's my court appearance tomorrow."

"Oh my, of course it is. Well, I wish you luck with that. I think the gallant things you have been doing will go well for you."

Andy couldn't believe his eyes when he walked into his sister's hospital room. She had a small private room, and it had a police officer on guard outside—just in case. Andrea was actually sitting up in bed, with some large pillows propping her up.

They hugged before Andy sat on a bedside chair and they talked. Again she sounded very weak, but colour was in her face and she seemed fully *compos mentis*.

"I've heard what you have been doing," she told her brother, which brought a blush to Andy's face. "Don't be embarrassed, I think it's really admirable," she said; then she started giggling.

"What?" Andy asked sheepishly.

"Sorry, but I never thought I'd know the day when my rogue of a brother was wearing dresses and high heels."

Andy put an embarrassed smile on his face; then he went on to tell her about his exploits playing her, and how he had really got on with all of her friends. "I have to confess, I have really enjoyed hanging out with them, and even being one of them. I never knew you went into all these bars drinking alcohol, though. You kept that secret, you naughty thing. But don't worry; I'll keep it secret too."

"Well, you must have done the same thing to know, then," Andrea countered with a smile. "And—you've been hanging out with my boyfriend. Mum told me

the reason you weren't here last night: because you had gone off to the seaside with him, you floozy!"

Andy's face burnt red, which just made Andrea laugh at his embarrassment. "Your face is a picture. It must have been so embarrassing for you out with a guy dressed as a girl. Lucky for you, I know you are too hetero to have made a pass at Ian."

Something in the way that Andy looked from her comment dropped the smile from her face, and she looked at him inquisitively.

"I'm sorry, Andrea—it was all innocent at first," he said sheepishly.

Andrea looked at her brother in astonishment. "Have you—have you developed feelings for him?" she asked directly.

"I'm not gay, Andrea!" Andy protested, turning even redder. "In fact, I've got a big crush on Beth."

"Oh, I know you have with her, you always have had—but what's happened between you and Ian? Andy, you can tell me; I won't judge you or be annoyed with you. I'm your sister; you can tell me anything—what you have done? I can't praise you enough for all that you have done for me to catch my rapist."

Still red with embarrassment, Andy nodded his agreement and told his sister about his seaside trip, telling her some of what happened and even going so far as to admit that he liked Ian, a lot. "Not that it really matters; he is your boyfriend and you are getting better, so I'm out of the equation anyway. I'm just sorry for having done something like that to your boyfriend."

Andrea's eyes were lit up by the revelation that her big tough brother was interested in another boy—and she didn't seem perturbed by it being her boyfriend at all.

“So do you reckon you have deep-seated gay tendencies?” she asked.

“No! I’m not gay. What I mean is, I couldn’t do anything like that if I was—well, *me*. It’s only when I am dressed—I feel and act differently.”

“Funnily enough,” Andrea began, “for a few weeks before my attack I was thinking the relationship with Ian wasn’t what I wanted. That night of the attack I came home alone because I wanted to tell him he was dumped, but I couldn’t do it then and there.”

Andy was surprised and, weirdly, felt relieved that she was going to dump Ian, but then his face became solemn. “But anyway, none of that matters. I am not you, I am not female. Ian wouldn’t want anything to do with me if he learns the truth—maybe other than smashing my teeth in for deceiving him.”

Andrea actually laughed aloud. “I’m not too sure about that, Andy; you are probably more suited to Ian than I am.”

“*What?* What do you mean by that?”

“Well, you see, one of the reasons I was going to finish with him is because he is bi-sexual. I didn’t mind that too much, I guess, but he had often said to me he wondered what it would be like to have gay sex. He even suggested once for me to use a dildo on him. It kinda put me off him—plus, there is a guy in college that I am getting on really well with.”

“Really?” Andy spluttered in shock.

“Yes. Also, and get this—Ian had a big fascination about trannies, men who dress up as women. He had all these magazines and had downloaded all kinds of crap off the internet. His biggest fantasy was having sex with a she-male who was dressed in a short skirt, black fishnets and high heeled strappy sandals. e is bisexual. He admitted that to me. Once a couple of guys dressed as women came into a bar we were in,

and he wasn't able to stop taking looks at them, hoping I didn't notice."

Andy didn't know what to say. The information he was hearing had dumbfounded him.

"The thing is, Andy, knowing you like I do—how would *you* feel about having a boyfriend? And, maybe being his tranny girlfriend? I mean, if Ian was still interested in you when he learns you are not me, would you still continue dressing for him?"

Andy's mind was a complete blank. He had never expected any of this. "I dunno—I can't even believe I am even talking about having another guy as a partner—but if I did, I think, yes, I would definitely be more comfortable about it if one of us at least looked like a girl, rather than two boys—and I guess, under the circumstances, that would be me, wouldn't it?"

"Why don't you get in touch with Ian when all this is over? Let him know who you really are, and how you feel. And how *do* you feel about dressing as a girl?"

"I was mortified at first, I hated it, it was so embarrassing—but I got used to it. It began to feel nice and I loved getting myself ready to go out—making myself—pretty! I even have these fake breasts and pussy they put on me."

Andrea giggled again. "Yeah, I've heard about that—I just have to see my brother wearing those. Hey, you know what? Let me tell you this. While I was in my coma-like state, I remember dreaming that you had a pair of your own breasts. Isn't that weird?"

"What, you actually dreamt about me having these false breasts?" Andy questioned with a wry smile.

"No, no, no—you had *real* ones. We were like sisters, and we were going out on a double date." Andrea laughed lightly before continuing. "You know, this dressing as me really is affecting you, isn't it?"

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you are sitting cross-legged, one leg over the other knee, like a girl, with your hands folded in your lap. I’ve never seen you sit like that before.”

Andy quickly put his feet to the floor, side by side, making Andrea laugh again.

Their talk lasted another twenty minutes until a nurse came and said she wanted Andrea to rest. Kissing his sister affectionately on the cheek, Andy phoned to let Judith know he was done.

“Hey sis—Don’t go tell Mum or Dad—especially Dad, what I have told you about Ian—at least not yet!” Andy said as a parting word, while his face reddened.

When Andy arrived home his family were all up, and they had visitors: DC Bellwood and detective Tom Bridges. “I’m really glad to hear your sister is recovering, Andy,” Marcie said, “but she will be contained in hospital for at least three weeks yet. In that time I would like you to continue being your sister. In fact, if we can draw the rapist out in that time, it would be the safest thing for Andrea, so she does not suffer a repeat attack herself.”

“Yes, Judith told me that would be expected of me. I’m okay with that,” Andy replied, secretly happy to be continuing his feminine charade but not wanting to show it.

“That’s brilliant, and thank you. You may not feel like it as we have had no results yet, but you are doing a marvellous job. I’ll see you in court tomorrow.”

It was strange for Andy being face to face with guys who had always been his friends, but who were now off with him, as they sat outside the courtroom waiting for their case to be heard.

“We came around to your place—we needed to get our story straight, man!” Tyler blasted. “You never got back to us or answered our calls.”

“Yeah, Andrea said she would get you to give us a call. I take it you got the message from her?” Kyle asked.

“Yeah, sure she did—but I’ve been busy, man. Andrea still needs a lot of care and attention; I’m helping the cops track down this rapist. I’ve got all sorts of things going on.”

“You ain’t hung out with us in ages, man. I know you got some beef with TJ but that ain’t got nuthin’ to do with any of us. What we done wrong to you?” Kyle persisted.

“What have you done wrong? Man, you are all as bad as each other—how you have turned on me. Gee, I let Andrea do my nails and got my ears pierced, and you turn on me like I’m a leper. I don’t need that shit, man!”

The debate came to an end when the court usher called the defendants into the courtroom and they stood before the judge as the case was read. During proceedings, Marcie Bellwood, who had already been sat in the courtroom, approached the judge and handed him a note, which he read.

On summing up and handing out his sentences, the judge looked over at the boys. “You are all repeat offenders who do not seem to be learning right from wrong, and I feel this court now needs to issue a stronger deterrent to you. I sentence each of you to spend four months in confinement of a young offenders’ institute.”

Andy felt his heart crash to his feet. Just as his sister was recovering, he was going to be incarcerated for four months!

“Galloway, Adams, and Cross, you shall be taken down immediately. Marshall, your sentence will be

suspended for six months. If you do not re-offend during that time, the matter will be closed. You are free to leave the courtroom.”

Andy was well aware of the stares and mutterings he received from the other three as they were led away. He wasn't entirely sure what had just happened or what the judge meant, and stood confused until Marcie approached him. “Well done, Andy! I'm sure you will not let the judge down. You are free to go. Wait outside and I'll run you home.” She smiled.

Andy was buzzing. He had his sister back and continuing to improve whilst convalescing in hospital. Because he had agreed to play being her to catch a rapist, he was still a free man, whilst his former associates were now in a young offenders' institution for four months. His sister had insisted he continue seeing her friends, as her, until she felt strong enough to take her own life back. He could even add that he had discovered his sister had planned to end things with her boyfriend, someone that, somehow, he had developed feelings for—even though he had always believed he was strongly heterosexual—but that one needed some deep thought.

But right now he was buzzing because, the day after his court case, Judith had once again put him in his realistic silicone feminine parts and he was dressing, as Andrea, to go meet a group of her friends. Yesterday's court case had been so stressful that, now it was over, he literally wanted to let his hair down and find a stress release—and there was no better way, he had discovered, than getting dolled up.

The day had been glorious and it was still a warm clear evening, so he wanted to go out feeling cool and having the delightful freedom of light, airy and sensual clothes. As such he decided to wear a lavender-coloured cross-over, spaghetti-strapped top and,

because of his realistic breasts, he went braless. He also wore a clingy black miniskirt that only reached a third of the way down his smooth naked thighs, and a pair of black three-inch heels. Yes, sure he was wearing a skirt again, and by freedom of choice—and why not? It was comfy and made his legs feel delightfully free, as well as cool in the warm environment.

He wanted to make sure his dad didn't see what he was wearing or smell that he was reeking of perfume, though. He waited until the moment he saw his taxicab draw up outside the house before gathering up his clutch purse and exiting the front door with a quick "Bye Mum—Dad, my taxi is here I won't be home late."

He was soon seated in the taxi as it pulled away from the house; the driver was getting a lung full of the provocative perfume he had doused himself in.

The group of girls he was with were all having a wonderful time. After initially meeting in their usual café, Beth, Trixie, Yasmin, Pamela, Christine, and Andy all made their way to the Downtown bar. His 'new friends' were all dressed in similar fashion to Andy, in short skirts and heels. It didn't take long in the Downtown bar before young men were being attracted by the bevy of beauties in their short skirts. Andy found that he had a number of his own admirers trying to pick him up.

At first he showed no interest, and tried to just ignore pick-up talk and just chat to his own crowd of girls, but they soon started breaking away as they found 'interesting' boys. Andy was disheartened once again to see Beth getting close to one boy who was tall, athletically built, and (Andy had to agree) handsome. He felt pangs of jealousy when the young man and Beth began necking.

The girls had been buying rounds, and some of their admirers were also buying drinks. One boy, Todd, who was trying to pick up Yasmin, bought her and Andy a drink because they were sitting together.

Then another young man asked Andy what he wanted to drink, and Andy accepted.

As the drink started to affect him, Andy wondered about himself. He knew, even though he didn't understand it, that he had feelings for Ian; he had to admit he had done homosexual things with him. Had his playing the part of his sister somehow turned him gay—or bisexual? It had to be bisexual, because he was still so attracted to Beth—but he had always regarded himself as straight as they come. He had never before been attracted to other boys, in any way.

“So, do you and your friends come here a lot?” The boy who had just bought him a drink broke him from his thoughts.

“Uh? Oh, yes, sometimes.”

“It's my first time in here. If I had known there were such gorgeous babes as you coming in here, I would have been in long ago. What's your name, darlin'?”

It took a few seconds to ensure he gave his sister's name in his increasingly drunken mind. “And—rea. It's Andrea. What's yours?”

“Hi. I'm Danny. Pleased to meet you, Andrea. Are you seeing anyone at the moment?”

Danny was obviously trying to pick him up. Andy looked around. Yasmin, the last of the crowd he had been left talking to, was now paying all of her attention to Todd and laughing with him.

Again Andy wondered if he was becoming bisexual because he was playing the part of an attractive young woman—or was it just Ian that he had an attraction to? Ian was out of the equation, though. Soon Andrea would be back on her feet and dumping Ian. Ian would never know the deception of her brother playing as her and, even if he did find out, he would be angry about being deceived by him.

Again Andy was brought back to the here and now as he felt the boy taking hold of his hand which was resting on his left thigh.

“Your friends all seem to have ‘copped off’ with other guys. Do you fancy going over to a quiet corner? Just you and me? I’d like to get to know you better.”

Had he become bisexual? Had he always been, without realising it? Or was it just Ian? He needed to know the answer, to understand himself—and what was happening to him. Here was another boy, quite good-looking, trying to pick him up. Maybe he should test the water, try and find out if he did fancy guys as well as girls. He had no idea that it might be the Estrigene 5000 that was altering his way of thinking.

Danny carried the drinks over to a secluded area and sat, very close, by the side of Andy. Danny felt the boy place his hand on his naked thigh.

“You are very beautiful, Andrea.” Danny told him, moving his head in close.

It was now or never. Andy closed his eyes and met Danny’s lips. At first their lips just rolled together, but then their mouths parted and their kisses intensified, with Danny’s tongue swirling around inside Andy’s mouth.

Andy was a bit out of breath when they broke, but his thoughts and feelings were all over the place. With Ian he had played the part of being Ian’s girlfriend. There had been a reason—to keep Ian interested in Andrea whilst she recovered. He had played the part of Andrea, fully, like the cops had asked him to do—but this was not playing a part, for Andrea or the cops. He hadn’t needed to kiss Danny; nobody had requested it or expected it from him. It had been his own free choice to kiss another guy, and he didn’t know how he felt about it.

But he had always been so damn straight—so heterosexual! He loved girls, loved their bodies, loved making out with them. What he had just done sud-

denly alarmed him. He was scared of what he was, or what he could be becoming.

“Sorry babes, I have to go to the little girl’s room—I’ll be back shortly,” he apologised. Danny wanted another quick kiss before he went.

Andy reluctantly obliged, then moved out of his seat quickly. He was feeling freaked out and wanted to leave. He wanted to tell his friends he was going home, but he could only see two of them and they were obviously engrossed with their guys, so he just fled out of the bar and out into the city street.

It had been so warm all day. It was still warm and humid, but the weather had changed. It was darker, and there were some dark grey clouds building in the sky as he made his way to the bus stop. He paused and thought it may be best to phone a taxi, but he was short of money. Maybe Judith would pick him up if he rang her?

Suddenly there was a roll of thunder, and the heavens opened up into a torrent of rain. In his skimpy clothing Andy was getting drenched fast. He started to run for the cover of the bus stop.

Running as fast as he could in his slender three-and-a-half-inch heels, his wet clothing starting to mould against his feminine form, he suddenly became aware of a car pulling in alongside of him and sounding its horn. He ignored it and carried on running, feeling a bit concerned. The car horn blasted again and again he ignored it. He didn’t know the car; it wasn’t any of his friends.

The car moved to draw alongside of him once more. “ANDREA!”

He suddenly stopped at the calling of ‘his’ name and looked. The car window wound down some more and Andy peered at the driver with wet in his eyes. Suddenly there was recognition. “Oh, hi, its Darren, isn’t it?”

The man was silent for a minute and then smiled. “Yes, we meet again. Look, it’s pouring and you are getting soaked to the skin. Hop in, can I run you home?” he called from the driver’s side of the car.

Andy didn’t know the man well at all, but he was soaking, his arms and legs were wet through and his clothes were sticking to him. He hesitated, wondering if it would be wise.

“Come on, get in, Andrea—Jennifer and Howard would never forgive me if I let you catch your death.”

Andy smiled appreciatively. “Well thanks, Darren.” He reached to open the car door as his security bracelet slipped down onto his hand from the wet. As he sat himself in, trying to pull his skirt more decorously down his wet thighs, he reached to pull the wide open door closed—not realising that his bracelet had fully slipped from his hand and into the running water gushing down the side of the road into the drains.

“Have you been anywhere nice?” George Fernandez asked. He had no real need to ask Andy the question, as he had been tailing him and his friends all the way from the café, and had sat and watched Andy kissing Danny. All the while he had been hoping for an opportunity such as this.

Fernandez had his car stereo playing music, so he and Andy raised their voices to speak. “I’ve been out with a few friends,” Andy replied with a smile.

“Lucky I was passing. This damn rain has come from nowhere, oh yes, just from nowhere,” Fernandez replied as the car sped down the road.

Andy was feeling relieved to be out of the rain and was smiling whilst shivering, until the car did an unexpected turn left.

“I think you are going the wrong way for my house, Darren.”

“I know a short cut, yes I do.”

“But this road leads out to—”

Andy was suddenly aware of ‘Darren’ reaching for and putting something over his face.

“What are you—?” He was about to ask a question, but as Fernandez held the gas mask over his nose he lifted up a canister and sprayed something out.

Chapter 11 - Captured

The Marshalls had become used to Andy getting more and more into his female character and staying out later. They had tried to ignore it, tried to ignore that their son might be getting too deeply into character. It wasn’t healthy for a young man.

Jennifer had wished she had never agreed to let Andy be given the Estrigene 5000. It was a female hormone, and it must be affecting him. Luckily, once Andrea was herself and Andy could stop pretending, the effects would wear off—but for now he was acting way too girlish, and he hadn’t the slightest knowledge of what he had been given every day for over five weeks.

Consequently they had put his lateness down to yet another late night out with his Andrea’s friends, and they had all gone off to bed. Howard planned to have strong words with his son the following morning. Not until Judith arrived at the home the following day to take off Andy’s prosthetics did his mum discover that his bed had not been slept in.

Calls were made to several of Andrea’s friends. Their common answer was “Yes, she was out with us, but she was chatting to a boy and then she just disappeared without telling anyone.”

Several police cars were outside the Marshall home by midday, and DC Marcie Bellwood was trying to piece things together. They had it from the girls

who had been out that night that they had been in the Downtown bar—drinking non-alcoholic drinks.

By 1.30 pm, Marcie was looking at CCTV recordings in the bar. Several times Andy had appeared in camera view—by the bar talking to a boy (Danny) and then, in a corner, necking with the same boy. The images surprised Marcie, but she was following an investigation and kept her thoughts to herself.

By four o'clock Daniel Mayweather was being brought in by the police department for questioning. He was a known rogue—but could he be the rapist? Video evidence saw Andy leaving Danny and not returning; later it showed Danny himself leaving. Statements from his parents showed that he had arrived home 40 minutes after leaving the bar on his own, which was the approximate time it took. He told the police he had no idea where the girl he was with had gone.

Marcie received the news from her officers later still that the security bracelet they had been trying to trace had been discovered in a drain along the road side. For the Marshall family, their world was tumbling apart again. Just as one of their children was recovering, another had now gone missing, and anything could have befallen him.

Andy tried to get as comfortable as he was allowed to. He was in some dank, smelly, dimly lit cellar, lying on an old mattress with his hands tied behind his back and his ankles tied together. His shoulder hurt from how he had been laid upon it.

He heard a door opening from across and above the room, and a little more light poured inside. A light switch was hit; the suddenly increased light dazzled Andy as Fernandez began making his way down a wooden staircase.

He stood over Andy for a while, looking down lecherously at Andy's long smooth legs; he then knelt down. "Sandwich. Eat it," Fernandez said, holding a sandwich to Andy's mouth. Andy shook his head without a word. Fernandez then lifted up a bottle of water. "Drink," he said, placing the mouth of the bottle to Andy's lips. Again Andy shook his head violently in refusal.

"You better eat and drink something soon, young lady, don't want you starving or dying of thirst, do we?" With that Fernandez began walking back towards the staircase.

"Why have you brought me here?" Andy called out, demanding to know but using his practiced female voice. He didn't know what was going on or who the man was—but for now it was evident that his female disguise was still a secret. His question went ignored.

During the course of what could have been the rest of the day or evening to Andy, Fernandez came down a further three times trying to either entice Andy to eat or drink. Finally all light faded. Andy presumed night time had fallen. There were no more visits from Fernandez, just pitch darkness. Andy drifted into sleep, on and off through the night, from sheer exhaustion.

Andy woke by the sound of a door key being turned once again. Through sleepy eyes he saw that there was some light of day once more in the cellar prison he was in.

"Good morning, sweet thing—I hope you are ready to eat by now," Fernandez said as he approached. "I don't like my girls all skinny." He had a bowl of warm porridge and a mug of hot tea. Andy was shivering cold and his stomach was rumbling. If he was ever going to do something in order to try escape or stay alive, he had to eat something. He nodded his head.

Fernandez spoon-fed Andy and held the mug to his mouth so he could drink. When both food and drink were gone, Andy tried asking questions again.

“Why have you brought me here? What are you going to do to me?” he asked in a quiet voice.

“You are here because it’s out of the way. What am I going to do to you? Not figured that fully out yet, have I? I certainly intend having a repeat performance with you and, now that I have you here, you could satisfy my needs for some while. After that, I may just dump you somewhere—don’t really know.”

The way the man spoke made Andy believe that he was in some way deranged. It then slowly began to dawn on him: this was him! This was the rapist! That’s what he meant by repeat performance—he thought he had Andrea again. This was the bastard that had raped his sister and left her in a coma.

Andy felt his blood boiling. He began struggling at the ropes binding his wrists, but he knew it was no good. They were tied too tightly, and all he was doing was rubbing the skin raw on them.

“Oh please, give up Andrea, silly girl. You will leave here when I am ready to let you leave. I want you a little stronger first, more energetic—so I do hope you will eat your dinner today when I bring it.” With that Fernandez took away the bowl and left the cellar to Andy.

Andy’s fury had died down and he was thinking more rationally when Fernandez came back down a few hours later. He again allowed himself to be spoon-fed. Fernandez then sat on a box, just watching him. Then he came back over and started pawing at Andy’s body, groping his breasts and running his hands down his body and legs. Andy felt repulsed, but managed to stay calm. Then Fernandez, with unexpected strength, spun Andy over onto his front and pulled him up into a kneeling position as he fondled Andy’s silken panty-covered backside under the short skirt he was wearing.

The hands suddenly stopped groping. “The fuck is *this*? What the *fuck!!!*” Fernandez’s voice sounded both surprised and angry. Tentatively he pulled at what looked like thick skin that had peeled away from Andy’s body.

The soaking from the rain, nearly forty hours ago, had loosened some of the solvent of his silicone forms and washed away some of the cosmetic concealer that Judith used. That, together with rubbing more of the concealing make-up off as he slept on the hard mattress, was now exposing the joints of his female disguise.

Fernandez began examining him hysterically. He found similar tell-tale signs on Andy’s boobs. “God damn you!” he shouted. “You’re not Andrea! You’re not even a woman, are you?” Andy felt that his life was now in real danger. “What’s going on? Who are you? Tell me now.”

“I’m Andrea’s twin brother—set to catch a rapist.” Andy replied as confidently as he could, though he felt terrified. “I’m set to catch *you*.”

“What the fuck! The police—set a trap, set a trap, did they? Fuck them!”

“Yeah, and I’m wearing a tracking device that will lead them right here to you.” Andy said so—but then he felt the blood draining from his face, as he realised the bracelet was not on his wrist.

He was surprised when Fernandez just stomped away, cursing, slamming and locking the door at the top of the stairs. He was pissed, big time.

It was several hours later that Fernandez came back down into the cellar, somewhat calmer. He pulled Andy from the mattress he was laid on, doubled the mattress up, and tied the two ends together. Then, with the mattress upright on its two ends, Fernandez pulled and grabbed Andy so that he was positioned over the looped middle of the mattress.

“Well, not my style, not my style at all—but you’ll do—you’ll do. Want to be a girl? Want to feel what your sister felt?”

With that Fernandez began loosening his trousers. Andy, realising what was intended, began panicking and struggling vainly against his cords. When he knew he could not break free, he began pleading.

He felt his skirt lifted and his panties pulled down; then something that felt cold and wet was being roughly fingered into his bum hole. Soon his worst fears became a reality as he felt Fernandez inserting himself inside of his backside. The ordeal, extremely painful, lasted for at least five minutes. Then Andy was just cast to the floor, feeling the horrible feeling of cum oozing out of his orifice.

“Not bad, not bad, actually; surprising. I’ll use you a few times more before the end. I’ll make a woman of you.” With that Fernandez set off for the staircase and out of the cellar, leaving Andy sobbing.

Andy lay on the cold floor all night without any return from Fernandez; he couldn’t even sleep on the mattress which was still tied in a fold. It was a dimly lit morning light when Fernandez next appeared. He seemed quite chirpy. Andy feared he was going to be abused again.

“Good morning, lady boy. I have food and drink. Don’t want you weak, I have plans for you later. I got some lipstick—your face is a mess. I’ll freshen up your pretty lips after you have eaten.”

Andy again allowed himself to be fed. He had to—he would be too weak otherwise, and his throat was parched. Once he had eaten, Fernandez had Andy pout, and he traced a bright red lipstick over his lips.

“Pretty pretty—You look like a girl. You’ll do—you’ll do.” Then Andy was left to the cellar again as Fernandez climbed the stairs.

The light was left on as he closed and bolted the door. He hadn’t done that before. Andy lay in dismay, dreading what was coming later and wondering if he would ever get out of this mess alive. It seemed that, just like his twin, he was going to be raped—but not, like her, only once.

He had lain, stiff and aching, for about an hour when his eyes caught sight of the mug that Fernandez had brought down the morning before—a red ceramic mug. Now it seemed to glow out its presence.

Andy made his way over to it by rolling and pushing his body along; then, with his back turned to it, he searched it out with his hands until he grasped it. Standing to his feet, he dropped the mug on the cold hard floor, but was disappointed to see it remain intact. He tried several more times, without success.

It was on the fifth attempt that the mug dropped from his hand and broke into two parts. Using the sharp break, Andy strove to get the piece where he could rub the cord that bound his wrists, rubbing the cord up and down the jagged break. At first it seemed fruitless and he was getting nowhere—but, bit by bit, the cord was fraying.

Andy could only guess that it was late afternoon when Fernandez returned to the cellar. He hesitated at the door, surprised that he had forgotten to turn off the light.

“Hmm, careless. Oh well!” Again he seemed in high spirits.

“Got a nice plate of food for you—got to get your strength up, then we can have some fun,” he said as he walked to Andy, who was lying on the floor with his hands still behind him.



Fernandez placed the plate of food and a drink down on the floor and reached to pull Andy into an upright sitting position so that he could spoon-feed him. As he grabbed Andy's shoulders and pulled up, Andy's right arm swung out in a solid punch to the man's jaw.

Startled, Fernandez reeled back before both Andy's left and right fists began pounding into his face; Andy had learnt much from his bare-knuckle-fighting dad. But Fernandez recovered enough to block a shot, grabbed Andy's arm, and swung him to the floor. Fernandez rushed at Andy to take advantage just as Andy's hand lifted the food his captor had brought and landed the plate clean over Fernandez's head.

Fernandez was dazed and Andy repeated his fist attack, pummelling the man's face which was now bloodied in several places. Andy did not cease his attack, letting out all of his anger—both for what had happened to his sister, for what had happened to him, until the man lay motionless.

Andy had already released the bonds around his ankles, then loosely tied them again. He now used Fernandez's own cord to tie his hands behind his back.

Andy then walked stiffly and painfully up the stairs, bolted the door, and began searching Fernandez's home for a phone.

"Police department. How may we help?" Andy sighed with relief and had tears in his eyes as he heard the lady desk sergeant's voice on the other end of the phone.

Jennifer was terrified to answer the door and called for her husband, Howard, as she saw Marcie Bellwood's car draw up outside her house. She feared the worst. This wasn't like Andrea. Andy had been

missing for three days. They must have found his body; they must be coming to break the news.

Howard opened the door, the big man looking anxious himself. Jennifer came to his side, putting her shaking arm around his waist and fighting back tears.

Marcie looked at them both. “We’ve found him,” she simply said.

Jennifer’s anguish got the better of her and she collapsed, sobbing uncontrollably.

“Jennifer, it’s alright. Andy is safe and well.”

“He—he is? Where is he?”

“He’s in district hospital. Don’t worry, he’s exhausted, but he will be in for just a few days for observation and tending a few cuts and bruises. Jennifer, Howard—your son is a hero.” She smiled widely. “He has caught the rapist.”

Both Jennifer and Howard just looked at the DC, surprised and unable to speak.

Chapter Twelve - An ending or a beginning?

It was Monday morning. The first thing that Andy had wanted to do on being released from hospital himself was to go along and see his sister. His parents had phoned to say that they would join him.

“I can’t believe what happened to you. I am so, so sorry,” Andrea apologised.

“For what?” Andy questioned.

“You got raped. You got raped because of what you were doing for me,” Andrea explained with tears in her eyes.

Andy immediately put his arms around his twin and hugged her. “No, don’t you apologise for anything. I knew what I was doing when I did it—when I pretended to be you. I knew I was taking a risk—though, to be honest, I always thought it would be a waste of time. But, what if I had never pretended to be you? You would have recovered and, he would have come after *you* again.”

“Well I think my twin brother is marvellous—a true hero—or should that be heroine?”

“Let’s say hero, shall we? I did what I needed to do, and dressing as a girl is now a thing of the past for me.”

“Are you sure? What about Ian, about what we talked about?”

“I’m neither gay nor a crossdresser—I don’t know what came over me with Ian. Hopefully he will never know the truth.”

Andrea smiled at her brother. “Are you serious? While you have been resting in hospital you have been in all the newspapers and the news on TV—your photo has been shown everywhere. You caught a serial rapist, you are big news.”

Andy’s face burnt deep with embarrassment. “Oh no, this is awful! Everyone knows? Are you joking? Ian? All of your friends? All of *my* friends?” Andy covered his face with his hands.

“Yes, probably your friends, if any can read,” Andrea retorted. “Certainly all of *my* friends know—and yes, Ian too.”

Andy thought he would die of shame. “So, they all know I was dressing up as you? Oh, my God! And Ian—what on earth must he think of me after what we did together! My life is over.”

“Pardon me? What did you do together?” Andrea questioned.



Andy revisited his tale about going to the seaside, and this time he gave his sister the full tale, omitting nothing. She was greatly surprised by what her brother said he had done, but took it calmly.

“Wow! I never in a million years would have thought you, of all people, would have done that. Was it for me, though? Or did a big part of you want to do it for *you*? Because you were turned on by Ian?”

“I’m not going to lie to you—yes, I did feel turned on—it’s when I realised I really liked him, but I’m confused by that because I’m not gay,” Andy confessed, his face still glowing red.

Andrea arched an eyebrow. “But you do say you *like* him? Well, don’t be soft—phone him. Like I said, he now knows you were pretending to be me—I’ve talked to him. He knows why you did it, and he thinks you were being the most loyal brother ever. He also told me how much he liked your company—he likes *you*.”

“But I’m not gay. I think I felt okay when I was dressed as you because—because then I felt like I was female, but I could never have a relationship, you know, kind of guy on guy, if you know what I mean—psychologically, that just wouldn’t be right to me. Don’t get me wrong, I have no problem with homosexual relationships—it’s just something that I couldn’t do. I do like him as a person, though—I could be like a good friend.”

“Phone him and see what happens,” Andrea again recommended, smiling.

“And your friends—I bet they think I am a right sissy.” He went even redder. “And Beth—I can never face her again.”

“I have been constantly called on my phone about you. And a lot of my friends have been visiting me over the last few days, when they realised I was still in hospital. We have spoken and none of them are the least offended that you deceived them, pretending to

be me. They know you did it for a good reason, and they all think you are a true hero, too. Not only that—they all said how much they enjoyed your company. They told me to tell you they would be delighted to make you an honorary ‘girl’ member of the group, if you wanted. You could hang out with us, dressed, any time you wanted, as one of the girls. Arlene said she’d be happy to buy you your own wardrobe.”

“That’s really sweet of them—but I know they go out as a bunch of girls so they wouldn’t want me, as a guy, tagging along with them and you. And, like I say, I’m happy not to have to be in dresses anymore.”

“Are you so sure about that? You told me how much you liked their company and being one of them. You told me how much you liked it when you were getting ready and dolled up for a night out. Just because you no longer have an excuse to do it, don’t deny yourself what you enjoy doing, Andy. It’s got to beat hanging with those low-lives you call your mates—and getting into trouble with the police through them.”

They were still talking together when the rest of the Marshalls turned up; both he and Andrea received warm hugs. Andrea was still going to be in hospital for at least another week; she needed physiotherapy to gain muscle strength, and to learn to walk on her weakened legs again, after the time she had laid comatose.

Andy had a lot to consider on the drive home in his dad’s car. Would he really be denying himself? Did he want to continue dressing up in girls’ clothing? Could he really just become such a different person? If he did what his sister was suggesting, would his parents be annoyed, ashamed, and angry at him?

He returned to a warm reception on his street. All of the neighbours wanted to come and pat the ‘hero’ on the back and tell him how well he had done, even people who had never given him the time of day before. Nobody even questioned or looked at him funny for going out dressed as a girl, for six whole weeks.

In the house he looked at the newspaper reports. Every one of them hailed him as a hero and spoke about how brave he had been. He was accepted by society for what he had done, which had been his biggest fear—not being accepted, and even being ridiculed.

But not everyone accepted that what he had done was heroic, selfless, and brave. The following day Andy met up with his friends. Now he could tell them the true reason he'd had his ears pierced, had long painted nails, and had plucked eyebrows.

Maybe some of them thought it had been admirable and conceded they wouldn't have the guts to do it themselves, but Craig and the gang accused Andy.

Andy stood up for himself, saying how he had done it all for Andrea, and to catch a rapist who could go on attacking and harming innocent women.

“I can accept that you were doing it for your sister and trying to help catch a rapist, but—*shit!* What self-respecting male would dress as a girl? And, the papers say you have been with Andrea's boyfriend—on fuckin' dates, Bro! You've become a fag, Andy—you crossed the line there. You make me want to vomit.”

“Yeah, and helpin' and workin' with the cops! That's low!” TJ accused. “Is that why Tom, Kyle and Tyler got hit harder in court and you walked away shit free, yo? Do you get what I am sayin', Mutha Fucka?”

“You guys can think what the hell you want of me, I did the right thing. But you know what? I don't even need you arseholes in my life; all you have ever done is get me into trouble. I'm through with you, the lot of you. Fight your own damn battles from now on.” Andy walked right through the pack of his former friends and used his shoulder to push Craig out of his path, glaring as he did, daring him to try retaliate.

“Well we don’t want no freakin’ faggot in our gang!” Craig called after him, when Andy was a safe enough distance away.

Now Andy had no friends at all. Of course he had been invited to still hang out with the girls—if he wore a dress—and he could still be a guy friend with Ian—if Ian was okay with that.

“I’m really sorry if you feel I deceived you, or if you are embarrassed by what happened at the beach, Ian,” Andy said, feeling nervous about the phone call he was making the following day.

“No, Andy,” Ian responded, “I fully understand the reason behind it all, and I think you were incredibly brave doing something like that. You’re such an admirable brother.”

Ian then told Andy not to feel ashamed about the seaside incident. “I’ll be honest with you,” he said. “You weren’t the first guy to suck my dick. I won’t describe myself as being gay—I mean, I was really in love with your sister. So, I guess I’m more bisexual, but with a big preference to girls. And I don’t have hang-ups about sucking cock myself, as long as it’s attached to someone who looks like an attractive girl. I do kind of have a thing for trannies and she-males.”

He went on to confess that he got a big turn-on from people wearing fishnets and black high-heeled strappy sandals, but he said that Andrea rarely wore such things for him.

“Has your sister told you that she has finished with me?” Ian asked. “Apparently she has had a crush on some guy at college, called Phil—who is more her type.”

Andy said he was sorry to hear that news, but kept quiet about already knowing his sister’s intentions.

He also kept quiet about Andrea telling him all about Ian's kinks.

"It's up to you, Ian," Andy said, "but I got on well with you. I think you are a nice person, and I think Andrea maybe hasn't given you a chance. If you would ever like to hang out or meet up for a drink, I mean, as friends, I would be cool with that."

The two agreed to meet, just for a drink, the coming Friday.

Andy told his parents about his plans for meeting Ian, which brought a frown from his Dad. "He was Andrea's boyfriend, and you were only meeting up with him as part of posing as your sister, to be sure. Why would you want to see him now? Especially when Andrea has dumped him?" he asked.

"Because he is a nice person, Dad. I got on well with him. We are just meeting as friends. I thought that may please you, rather than me hanging with Craig and that lot."

"So you didn't develop 'feelings' for him? I mean, you spent the day at the coast together—like girlfriend and boyfriend."

"Yeah, I obviously know that, Dad—and so did you, when I went to meet him dressed as a girl—but you accepted it. You didn't try stopping me or raising any concerns then. This time I'm meeting Ian on Friday as myself."

Howard didn't look convinced. "I just want to make sure that that funny stuff hasn't changed you in any way. I was never in favour of it, so I wasn't. It was your Ma who got talked into it."

"What funny stuff?" Andy questioned.

Now, at last, Andy was told all about the Estrigene 5000. He was shocked and livid to know they had been given him such a thing without consulting him and asking him if it was okay for him to take it. It now explained a lot: his new emotions, his feeling good being dressing as a girl, his questioning his own sexuality—and his puffy, itchy chest too.

“I don’t believe you guys! You question me and yet you do such a thing to me without my knowledge! How could you?” Andy took himself up to his room for the rest of the day, refusing to talk to either of his parents. He cried in the solitude of Andrea’s bedroom.

The following morning the Marshalls were visited by DC Marcie Bellwood, along with her colleague Tom Bridges.

“The date has been set for the trial of George Fernandez, Andy,” she told him. “You will have to attend as a witness, and I need a statement from you now. Also, there’s something I kept from you at the start of all of this because I didn’t want it to jeopardise what you were doing for us—but there was a reward of £10,000 for any information leading to the arrest of the rapist. That reward is now yours; you’ve earned it.”

Andy was shocked but delighted about the reward money—ten thousand pounds! Even so, there was something he needed to get off his chest whilst he had the DC in his home. “There is also something else that you kept from me, DC Bellwood,” he said—“a certain female hormone you had been suggesting my mum put in my food.”

Marcie was not ready for that accusation but explained the reason why. “It is now obvious that Fernandez was following you, watching you, as we suspected he might. The slightest indication that you

were not Andrea could have given the game away to him. We had to have you acting as naturally as possible.”

Andy listened without responding further, but moved on to another matter. “Andrea’s friends have said they would love for me to continue hanging out with their group, but as a girl. Could I be allowed to use those prosthetic parts, if I decided to?”

“No, I’m sorry. They are very expensive and also government property, Andy, plus you would need Judith’s continued help in putting them on properly. Are you seriously thinking of keeping up with your girl persona?”

“Yes, I’m thinking about it, now and again—otherwise I will be Billy no mates,” he said, blushing with a slight smile.

“I think they should and probably would accept you however you are, after what you have done.” She smiled.

Andy blushed red. “Well, I have to confess I rather liked dressing up as one of the girls to meet them.” His face then became even redder. “If I can’t use those prosthetics, is there something else I could ask you?”

On Friday evening the bus into town pulled up at the bus stop. As it came to a halt a pair of shapely legs, adorned in black fishnet stockings, came into view as the wearer stepped from the bus. On the feet of the person was a pair of black strappy-heeled sandals with a one-and-a-half-inch platform, taking the spiked heel up to 5”.

Andy walked nervously up to where Ian was waiting. Ian was expecting him to be dressed in male clothing. He dropped his jaw as he saw the hot-looking girl was Andy.

During the bus ride to town, many passengers had recognised Andy from the television and the newspapers. Many of the bus's commuters told him how well he had done and how brave he had been. Those people on the bus who hadn't recognised Andy straight away had certainly heard of him and joined in the clapping and cheering. Everyone was just accepting Andy, in his now well-known female persona, without question.

Andy came and sat alongside Ian on the bench where he had been waiting for Andy's arrival. As he sat, Andy mischievously hooked his right leg over Ian's knee, placing it in between Ian's; he couldn't help notice that Ian was getting an instant erection. "You like?" he asked, knowing he was wearing the type of clothes that Ian found a huge turn-on.

Slipping his arm around Ian's shoulder, he used his right hand to turn Ian's confused face towards him then, wordlessly, guided Ian's head forward so that he could kiss him. Andy's tongue slipped between Ian's teeth and then enjoyed the feel of Ian sucking on his tongue. When they broke, all Ian could say was "Wow!"

"So, I asked—do you like? Black fishnets and towering strappy sandals, right?"

Ian nodded, then finally spoke. "Does this mean that you would be my—'girlfriend'?" he asked.

Andy didn't answer; he just smiled and then lip-locked with Ian again. He knew that Ian had said he could accept a guy in a relationship so long as he looked like a stunning girl—and Andy couldn't have any kind of sexual relationship with Ian if he looked like his male self. So, this seemed the perfect solution, no matter what his parents may think.

Breaking off the kiss again, Andy replied, "Yes, I can be your girlfriend. I couldn't possibly be your *boyfriend*; that wouldn't feel right for me, and I know it wouldn't feel right for you. So, we can only have a relationship when I am dressed, okay? Oh, and I

don't want to seem demanding, but I would also like to have a relationship with someone else, too. Would that be a problem for you?"

Ian thought briefly, then nodded his total agreement. He had never wanted to lose Andrea—but now he still had her, in a way, in Andy. If that meant sharing the love with someone else, he would be all right with it.

"I'm fine with that as long, as I also get to have you. I won't ask who the other person is—but what do I call your female alter ego? I can't go calling you Andy, and your sister is back to claim her own name."

"Call me Angela. I am Angela Marshall," Andy told him, gestating with his manicured hand and with a smile.

"So, Angela, what would you like to do tonight on our first date?"

"Ooh, I dunno—where are you going to take me?" Angela asked. Then she kissed her boyfriend again.

Epilogue

After the incident was all over, Andy's lifestyle changed dramatically. Mum Jennifer took Andy's changes in her stride and just went with the flow. Dad Howard was disappointed but remained supportive of his son and the changes that were occurring.

For Andy he had found and was embracing the different side to his personality, and he now had two loves in his life. He'd found that Beth, being bisexual, had always had a secret crush on Andrea; she was the one that Beth had said she was interested in but was straight and had a boyfriend. Because they were twins and looked so much alike, she had also secretly been attracted to Andy. When Beth learned that Andy had been playing his sister—and Andrea revealed to her that Andy also had a crush on

her—Beth made a move on her friend's brother. Now Beth had the best of both.

Andy did take up the offer of friendship with Andrea's friends. He much preferred being with them, as a girl, to being with the male friends he'd had before. He would go out with the girls twice a week, as Angela.

With Beth he would either meet her as Andy or as Angela, though, as Beth really liked his Angela side, he more frequently found himself out on dates with her in his female persona. Beth had confessed she liked girl's tits but also liked a man's cock.

To please both her, and Ian, Andy had talked to Marcie Bellwood about continuing taking the Estrigene 5000, which she agreed upon, as long as he consulted with a doctor first. Eventually Andy really could give Beth the best of both worlds as his breasts began to bud and develop—but that was as far as he would ever go in his femininity, apart from letting his own hair grow long.

In regard to Ian, Andy had already said he would only date him and have sex with him when as his female self. This meant Andy was spending even more time as Angela.

On a few occasions, even though Ian wasn't really that way inclined himself, Andy would encourage him to also dress up female so that they could have some 'girly fun' together. Because both Ian and Beth were bisexual, on a few rare occasions they would also have a threesome together.

Andy never would have believed it of himself, but he had now adapted to being both bisexual and transvestite.

Of course he was now recognised everywhere he went, especially when dressed as Angela, but nobody shunned him or called him out. He was still seen as a hero (or heroine) in his home town, and just accepted

for what he was when he was out and about as his Angela persona.

Maybe some people inwardly believed that he must always have had a tendency to crossdress before his sister's rape, and it was not just a way to trap a rapist—but that did not remove the heroic part he had played in catching a dangerous, psychopathic rapist. Not that Andy cared anymore what people thought of him; he was now just being his new self.

With his reward money, Andy bought a car that he had always wanted, but which his hard working family could never afford. He made it dual registration so that Andrea could share it. He and Andrea had become even closer since the events; he would often dress as Angela to go out on girly shopping sprees with her and her friends, and do each other's make-up.

As for Andy's so-called male friends, Andy never hung out with them again. Within a few months, Craig and three others had each been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for 'gay bashing'.

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