

TV FICTION CLASSICS

# "BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47

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# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

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## **BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER**

**by Kristi Love & Susan Henkin  
with a little help from Alice Trail**

**Illustrations by  
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"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

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## QUOTE BOARD

**"When you hear a man bragging about being  
masculine. . .chances are he isn't!"**

# BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER

by Kristi Love & Susan Henkin  
with a little help from Alice Trail

Continued from  
BORN TO BE A BRIDE TVC # 46

## Chapter 10

*Karen again,*

I was preparing dinner when Bob's car pulled into the garage. "Honey, we're home," I heard him call out.

"We? He must have Ted with him," I concluded. "I'm in the kitchen," I called out while drying my hands.

"We'll be in the living room," Bob returned.

I was a bundle of nerves as I left my kitchen. "What will Ted think when he sees me? What will he say? I haven't seen him in over a month. The last time we'd spoken was before the Las Vegas trip. At that time, his remarks were totally degrading, and I'm not looking forward to hearing them again!" Determined to stand up for myself, I entered the living room. Instead of a shout of defiance, I emitted a loud gasp!

Bob was standing by the fireplace next to a lovely young girl. She retreated a step when I entered, and her eyes grew as large as saucers. She seemed familiar, but I couldn't quite place her.

The girl turned a shade of pink, her legs wobbled, "Dad?" she started, then stopped with a bright blush.

Looking her over, I noticed that she was wearing a pink two piece dress. Her short skirt flared out attractively about her nylon encased thighs and her lovely trim legs shimmered in bare nylons as she stood nervously in pink three inch pumps. Her blonde hair fell about her face in long curls, while a gold hoop and a small diamond stud adorned

each ear. Her makeup matched her clothing perfectly. She bashfully held her hands together with her fingers intertwined, revealing long nails that matched her lipstick. She was gorgeous! "I thought you were bringing Ted home. Who's this?" I asked, totally confused.

"Karen, meet our daughter, Barbie. Barbie, this is your mother," Bob introduced.

"Barbie? My daughter? I don't understand. I thought you were bringing Ted to live with us," I gasped in confusion.

Bob laughed, "Don't you recognize your own son?"

"I don't. . .uh. . .Ted? Is that you? It can't be!"

"Y. . .yes, it's me," the girl whined in a tiny voice. "Is that you, D. . .dad?"

"S. . .say it isn't true," I whispered. "Say you didn't turn my son into this lovely creature!"

"Yes, dear. This is. . .or. . .was Ted. Now she is Barbie Anne Reynolds, our daughter."

"How could you allow Bob to change you into this lovely piece of fluff?" I asked Ted in a quaking voice.

"I should ask you the same thing," the girl squeaked, her high pitched voice cracking. "You can't be my father!"

Ted and I stared at each other for the longest time before Bob broke the ice. "You are both right. Karen, this is Ted. He agreed to impersonate my daughter, like you agreed to become my wife. Like you, he is being paid well. Don't you think he turned out quite nicely?"

I could barely stand. Bob had done the same thing with my homophobic son that he had done with me, obviously using the same carrot. This lovely creature bore little resemblance to my son.

"Barbie, this is your former father!" Bob continued.

"Former?" Ted asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes! She is now my lovely wife, Karen, just as you are my daughter."

I couldn't stand any longer and stumbled to the sofa. Ted wasn't doing any better and joined me.

Bob continued, "This is the last time you will refer to each other by your former names. From now on, you are both females, the Reynolds women. Karen, this young girl is our fifteen year old daughter, Barbie. Barbie, this is my wife, Karen. She is your mother, and you will address her as Mother or Mom. Do you both understand?"

We stared at him with unblinking eyes and weakly nodded our heads. Our world had turned upside down. The Lamb men were now the Reynolds women.

As Ted and I looked at each other, I saw something new



*I was astonished to find a lovely teenage girl standing next to Bob instead of my spiteful son.*

in his eyes. . . FEAR! He suddenly realized that this charade wasn't a game, that he had been enticed into something that could consume him like it had consumed me. "Y. . . you mean I. . . I'm to refer to my. . . my real father. . . as. . . as my mother from now on?" Ted squeaked.

"That's correct, pumpkin. I'm now your father," Bob stated.

"Yes Daddy," Ted weakly acknowledged.

"And this lovely woman sitting next to you?" Bob persisted.

"My mother," Ted whispered.

I turned beet red at his acknowledgment of me as his 'mother'.

As we talked, I noticed that both Lamb men now sat primly on the sofa in Bob Reynolds living room completely dressed a women. Our skirts were spread across our thighs, showing a lot of shimmering nylon. My legs were crossed at the knee while Ted's were held tightly together at the knees. Our smooth, thin hands were cupped on our laps with long nails shining in the room light. Our voices were high and lilting, our hair was long, curled, and dyed, our bodies were smooth, hairless, and soft, and our faces were attractively made up. To all the world, we were females.

"Now, I have the family I need. Karen, show our daughter her room. I'm sure she can't wait to get settled in. I'll get her other things from the car," Bob announced. He extended his hand and helped me to my feet, while Ted got up on his own.

"Come Barbie," I beckoned, taking Ted by the hand.

After Bob left, Ted asked, "What happened to you?"

"What happened to me? What happened to YOU? You were the one dead set against dressing like a woman!" I countered.

"I was broke and hungry when Bob made me an offer. I couldn't turn it down," he admitted.

"I started this thing for money too," I pointed out as we walked up the stairs to my old room. I couldn't get over the girlish appearance of my former red beret son. Why, he even walked like a girl in heels.

When I showed him his room, he asked, "Where do you sleep?"

"I sleep in the master bedroom," I answered, not wanting to discuss the matter.

"Where does. . . Bob sleep?" he persisted.

After a silence, I whispered, "In the master bedroom."

"Separate beds?"



*The Lamb men were now the Reynolds women!  
Where would this charade go? How could we  
return to our real selves?*

"Nooo," I stammered, bowing my head.

"You're sleeping with Bob?"

"We share a bed. . . we don't SLEEP together," I corrected. "Tonight is the first time. I'm sleeping there because you are getting this bedroom."

Ted mumbled something under his breath, then walked to the bed and tried it out for firmness. "Is Bob serious about us referring to each other as mother and daughter?" he asked, looking my way.

"He is very serious. We must refer to each other in the feminine gender, even when we're alone to reduce the risk of making a mistake in public," I explained.

Bob entered the room and deposited Ted's new clothes on the bed, saying Ted was responsible for putting them away. "Karen, you need to take Barbie shopping for additional clothes. I only bought the bare essentials while she was living at the Lamb house. She needs a complete wardrobe appropriate to her age," Bob said, taking my hand.

Addressing Ted, Bob said, "We'll let you settle in, pumpkin. Your mother should have dinner ready shortly."

"Okay. . .uh. . .Daddy," Ted smiled tentatively. Why was he so passive around Bob?

I dreaded going to bed that night, delaying the inevitable as long as possible. Ted went to bed early, saying he was exhausted. I didn't doubt him, I was exhausted myself. The difference was, he could go to his own bed in his own room, I had to share a bed with Bob. . .with my HUSBAND!

Bob went to bed around ten, but I waited another half hour before finally succumbing to exhaustion. Slipping into the master bathroom, I removed my clothes and makeup, pinned my hair on top my head, and slipped a long nylon gown over my body.

The bedroom was dark as I slipped out of the bathroom and quietly tiptoed to bed. I could make out Bob's outline on the other side, and resolved to the fact that this was my bed until he 'killed me off' when our little charade was over.

Thankfully, it was a large bed with plenty of room for two people. I slipped under the covers and stayed as far as possible on my side of the bed. Soon, I heard Bob's gentle snoring, and I calmed down. Maybe, just maybe, his intentions were pure since this was the only bed we would sleep in for the foreseeable future. I was playing his wife. . .people would be coming over.

I woke the next morning when Bob got up. Squinting my eyes, I saw him make his way to the bathroom. Thank-

fully, the night had passed uneventfully. In spite of my worst fears, I had slept very well.

Ted was the last to get up. He came downstairs wearing a pair of tight fitting jeans, a white blouse, and girl's sneakers. His outfit was casually feminine, but Bob would never allow me to wear such clothing. I know, because when I broached the subject, he said, "Barbie is a fifteen year old girl, and she shouldn't dress differently than other girls her age."

We spent the next few days getting use to the new order. A few days passed before Ted would speak to me on a regular basis. He was disappointed to find his dad so changed, so feminine. After a couple days though, his demeanor changed when he realized he couldn't put on airs while dressed as prissy as I.

Like Bob ordered, we always referred to each other in the feminine gender until it became natural. Soon, he was 'Barbie' and I was 'Mom', or 'Mother'.

My nerves rankled the first time I heard him call Bob, 'daddy'. That was my title, damn it! But no longer. Bob was now 'her' Daddy, and I was 'her' Mother or Mom.

"Barbie, let's go shopping?" I suggested one day.

"Why?" Ted responded, while watching MTV.

"You need clothes," I noted.

"I have all the clothes I need. I'm only doing this for a couple of weeks, you know," he snarled without taking his eyes off the television.

"No, I don't know!" I objected. "And, don't use that tone with me, Barbie! Now let's see what you have in your closet!"

Ted reluctantly followed me to his room. Bob had the room painted a soft pink and installed pink carpet. Frilly white curtains with tiny pink flowers adorned the windows, the bedspread was white with the same girlish pink flowers. The bed frame was white metal with lavender flower trim. There was a white dresser, a pink vanity, and a full length tri mirror. A small collection of cosmetics covered the table top, and several stuffed animals lay atop the bed. The room was girlish in every respect.

"See! I don't need anything!" Ted stated as I rummaged through his scant collection of lingerie and clothes.

"I think you had better get ready," I suggested to my son who was wearing blue jeans and a loose knit top tented by his padded bra.

"Okay," Ted answered nonchalantly.

"Well? Get ready," I commanded.

"Okay. . .okay, leave the room," Ted stated. Apparently, he felt uncomfortable undressing with me looking on as though he was a guy and I was a woman.

I got his hint and went to my bedroom to dress for our shopping trip. I was still uncomfortable shopping as a woman, but it was no longer terrifying. I changed into a white blouse, red skirt, nude nylons, and red three inch heels. I was astonished when Ted emerged from his room in a baggy sweatshirt, blue jeans, and scruffy tennis shoes. On top of that, he hadn't touched up his makeup. Seeing his unkempt state, I screeched, "Barbie! That will never do!"

"What? I look okay," he defended himself while looking in a mirror.

"You can't go looking like that. You have to wear a skirt and heels to go shopping!" I pointed a long polished fingernail at him.

"Skirt? . . .Heels? Why?"

"If you go shopping looking like that, someone is sure to recognize you as a male! You must wear this, and this, and this!" I shouted while indicating the items I wanted him to wear. This was his first shopping trip as a girl, and I didn't want him to embarrass me.

Twenty minutes later, he walked into the living room in a pink blouse, short white skirt, nude nylons, and white two inch heels. He stood in the door with his arms at his side and his head lowered.

"Walk around the room, head up, shoulders back." It did my heart good to watch him walk slowly with short steps as the tight skirt restricted his stride.

We shopped for a half hour before I whispered to Ted, "Barbie, you shop like a guy."

"What? But I am a guy. This masquerade is only for the holiday season," he stammered.

I looked around to make sure nobody was within ear shot, "Barbie, you have to examine the clothes. Pretend to have fun. Don't buy the first thing you find."

"All right, Mom," Ted sighed.

"Isn't this lovely?" I gushed, holding up a multicolored blouse.

"Yeah, it looks all right," Ted shrugged his shoulders.

"Barbie, you've got to show more interest," I instructed.

"Why?"

"Your deal with Bob states that no money will be paid if your true gender is revealed. If the money means nothing

to you, why are you doing this?" I returned to the rack of clothes.

Ted stood motionless, deep in thought. Slowly he moved towards me, "Da. . . Mom, I'm sorry. Uhhh, would you help me out with this shopping thing? I'm kind of new at it."

I silently gloated in triumph. "First, don't grab, pay, and leave like guys shop. Girls look, compare, comment and look some more. Also, your vocabulary has to change. 'Okay' is really a bland word. 'darling' and 'lovely' are more colorful words to use," I advised, loving how this experience was putting my cocky, bigoted son in his place. "Isn't this bra darling?" I gushed as I held the lacy pink demibra in the tips of my fingers.

We were in Frederick's of Hollywood shopping for intimate apparel, and Ted was extremely uncomfortable. I considered it sweet revenge for all the terrible things he had called me.

"Barbie? Is something wrong?" I asked when I saw him holding a skimpy black bra in his fingers.

"No, I'm doing okay," he lied, small beads of sweat formed around his hairline. "Yes, that bra looks darling. Too bad you don't have. . .," Ted trailed off as if he was thinking, "Dad can't have real breasts like Mom. He's only acting like a woman for the same reason I am!"

"I'll take this bra and the matching panties," I informed the clerk. "Honey, don't you want to buy something?"

Ted blushed under his light makeup. "No, I think I'll look around some more."

"How about earrings?" I suggested, knowing how Ted felt about his double pierced lobes.

"No, I can wear yours," Ted blurted as his hand went to the gold hoops in his ears.

"Barbie, you have to practice," I said, leading him by his arm into the earring store. "How about this pair?" I smiled, while holding up a pair of large, wide, white plastic hoops.

I noticed a glazed look as he stared at the swinging white hoops. "Y. . . yes, I'll take those, the smaller ones there, the large blue ones, and. . .," Ted stated in a monotone voice as if he was in a trance.

"Barbie, sweetheart. Are you all right?"

"Yes. . . yes," Ted said in a more normal girlish voice. "I'll take that one and the smaller pair next to it."

"Take off your present earrings and wear the ones you just purchased?" I suggested.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I'm your mother and I say so, that's why!" I

replied. I loved the feeling of power over him, but I knew I had better enjoy it now because it wouldn't last long. Reluctantly, he removed the gold hoops and replaced them with the white hoops.

I dragged Ted in and out of most of the stores in the mall. When we finally left, he was carrying an armful of packages containing everything from clothes to jewelry. He even had a pair of stiletto 4" heels. I didn't know if or when he would ever wear them, but I loved the look on his face when he told the salesman he wanted to purchase them.

## Chapter 11

True to his word, Bob did entertain a lot of friends over the next few weeks. Ted and I were always being introduced to new people and everyone seemed pleased that Bob was finally 'married'. They simply gushed over how lovely 'Barbie' was. They often commented to Bob in jest, "How did such a lovely child come from such an ugly cuss."

He would always reply, "Planning, careful planning." Nobody knew what he meant, but I had an idea.

Bob informed Ted and I that we would be attending the annual Christmas party with him at the Nero mansion, where he intended to formally introduce 'Barbie' to his business associates.

We were both extremely nervous as we dressed and applied our makeup in preparation for the party. This was the event we had been focusing on, the reason Ted and I were living as Bob's family. If all went well, Bob could get his promotion and Ted and I could return to our male identities with substantial bonuses.

I finished my bath while Ted was in his bedroom getting dressed. I went to my vanity to apply my makeup. I hadn't shaved in over two months and no beard was growing, so I didn't require much foundation. I darkened my brows an auburn color that matched the red highlights in my hair. I carefully outlined my eyes with dark eyeliner, curled my lashes, and coated them with luscious black mascara. I applied light blush to my cheeks and bright crimson lipstick that tasted like strawberries to my lips. I loved the feel and taste of lipstick and I couldn't imagine going without my feminine war paint.

I returned to my bathroom to place my 'BUSHMASTER II' gaffe over my 'DIVERT', which I wore all the time. While there, I slipped into a pair of red silk bikini panties, drawing

them over my widening hips. It seemed only natural to have a flat front between my legs with only the hair of the BUSHMASTER II showing through. I had almost forgotten how I looked with my maleness hanging there, it had been so long. I expertly nestled my breasts into the cups of my pushup bra by gently lifting each one and allowing it to settle into place.

I was ready for my dress, so I returned to my bedroom. I had barely entered my bedroom when the door opened suddenly and Ted entered. "Mother, can I borrow one of your. . .," Ted started, then stopped when he saw me. My lingerie consisted of a pair of silk panties and a pushup bra that did nothing to hide my expanding breasts and enlarged nipples.

Ted was wearing only a pair of panties. "You have breasts!" he exclaimed, pointing a long polished finger in my direction.

"So do you!" I coughed, not believing the girlish budding protrusions erupting from his chest. They must have protruded over an inch from his chest and his aureoles were huge, much larger than mine.

"But yours are real! I mean, they are so large!" Ted squeaked in his high girlish voice.

He was right, of course. My breasts hadn't stopped growing, and they now filled a full 'C' cup. Instead of pointed cones, they were large, full breasts that hung at least 4" from my chest. I had to wear a bra! "They just seemed to grow," I bowed my head.

"Mine too," Ted cried, confusion registered in his eyes. "What's happening to us? Are we becoming real women?"

After drying his tears, we giggled at our predicament. Neither of us had the slightest idea how to extricate ourselves. Suddenly, I realized this evening might not have the ending we anticipated, but I didn't voice my concern to Ted.

He returned to his room to finish dressing while I did the same in my bedroom. I sat on the bed and gently rolled my barely red, sheer nylon stockings up my legs. I loved the feel of nylon against my smooth, hairless legs. These stockings had elastic tops, so garters were not needed. Besides, garters would ruin the line of my dress.

Standing, I lifted my red, hand beaded, silk chemise dress from the bed and held it in front of my body. I was so happy when Bob allowed me to buy it. The top and back were sheer illusion, framed in dazzling scrolls of gold beading outlined with silver beads. The dress was so delicate and weightless, it almost melted in my quaking fingers. I



*“You’ve got real breasts,” Ted gasped upon entering my bedroom. “What the heck is happening to us?”*

carefully stepped into this delicate creation and lifted it over my quivering body. It hugged every curve and valley. I inserted my arms through the thin straps that held the dress up, and brought the top over my breasts and shoulders.

Reaching behind, I tried to raise the zipper, but it was almost impossible, so I asked Ted for help. He came into the room and nearly swooned when he saw my dress. "Oh, Mom! It's lovely. You'll to be the hit of the party!" I blushed and thanked him for his compliment. He quickly zipped me up and returned to his own room.

I stood in front of my vanity mirror and smoothed the lovely creation over my body to remove wrinkles and to make sure it fit correctly in all the strategic places. I knew this dress was gorgeous on me. It hugged my every curve and ended a few inches above my nylon encased knees. The only indication of breasts was the protrusions made in pushing the beading from my chest. I didn't mind because I wanted to present a modest image to Bob's boss.

Gravitating to my vanity, I brushed my long tresses until they gently cascaded onto my shoulders. For this evening, I chose to wear only one pair of earrings, and I knew just the pair! This was just the special occasion for wearing my stunning ruby ovals! Looking in the mirror, I loved the way they framed my face. Checking my 'look', I adored the way my red four inch pumps displayed my lovely legs. They were the perfect accent to my dress!

Glancing at my large zircon engagement ring twinkling from the light from the mirror, I had the strangest feeling that I wanted a real diamond. Oh, my ring was lovely, but it was fake, like my marriage to Bob. Did this mean I wanted a real marriage with Bob too? I shivered at the thought!

I glided into the living room to wait for Bob and Ted. A few minutes later, Ted made his 'grand entrance'. He was absolutely gorgeous in a shimmering, form fitting dress we had bought on our last shopping excursion. It hugged his body and highlighted his tiny waist and small but growing breasts. The tapered waist displayed his feminine hips and plump derriere to advantage. His skirt ended several inches above his lovely nylon encased knees.

His curly blond hair framed his head like a halo. Gold hoops and pearl studs graced his earlobes, and his makeup was light as befitting a teenage girl. A single line of light brown shadow and black eyeliner coated his eyelids and ruby red lipstick completed his feminine image.

"Oh, honey, you are gorgeous!" I gushed like a proud mother. "Every boy at the party will be after you."

"Mom, please! This is just a business arrangement. I'm not interested in being hassled by other guys and certainly not by a bunch of pimple faced BOYS!"

"Well, the Reynolds women are ready. I wonder where the man of the house is?" I pronounced. Ted seemed to take offense at my innocent remark, but made no comment. A few minutes later, Bob arrived, ready to go.

Coming over to me, he brought a dozen lovely red roses from behind his back. "For the loveliest woman I know," he grinned broadly.

"Oh, Bob, they're lovely!" I gushed. "I . . . I . . . don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything. Just thank me with a kiss," he smiled.

"Oh. . .," I stammered, looking, at Ted who was staring at us with eyes as large as saucers. Despite his reaction, I leaned over and gave Bob a peck on the cheek.

"I deserve more than that!" he proclaimed, taking me in his arms and kissing me passionately on my lips.

I wanted to cry 'stop, you'll ruin my makeup!', anything, but I didn't! I couldn't! Bob was so strong and domineering. At first, my arms were stretched away from my body. Then I pushed against his body with my hands to try and break the embrace. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, I stopped trying to escape. I wrapped my arms around his neck and returned his embrace. I moaned as the kiss lingered. Feeling Bob's tongue against my lips, I parted them slightly to allow him to enter. I couldn't, I didn't, want to resist.

I heard Ted gasp as Bob released me, but I couldn't meet his gaze. I excused myself to repair my makeup, and when I rejoined them to leave for the party, Ted had the strangest, stunned expression, as though he was seeing me in a new light. He remained silent, and I wondered what Bob had said to him in my absence.

All three of us were nervous as we approached the entrance to the Nero mansion. "Well, ladies," Bob announced, extending his elbows to each of us. We took the cue and wrapped our slender fingers around his elbow and allowed him to escort us to the door.

We were greeted by the butler who showed us in. We removed our coats, and he took them away. Ted and I continued to hang onto Bob's elbows for support as we strolled into the main dining room where the party was already in full swing.



*Ted gasped when he saw me in Bob's arms and bestowing upon me a deep, passionate kiss. I couldn't believe myself when I returned his kiss.*

When Jack and Winnie greeted us, Bob beamed, "Winnie, Jack, I'd like to re-introduce my daughter, Barbie Anne. You may remember her from the Halloween party."

"Of course we remember you dear," Winnie gushed! "My, you seem to get prettier all the time!"

With a bright blush, Ted bowed his head and thanked Winnie for the nice compliment as he felt Winnie's eyes examining every inch of his body.

"How are you Karen?" Winnie smiled, turning her attention to me.

"How long will Barbie be staying?" Jack asked.

"She isn't going back to Europe. She will be with us from now on," Bob answered. "Karen and I missed her so much that we've decided to enroll her in a local school."

Startled, both Ted and I turned toward Bob, but he didn't acknowledge our stares. What did he mean by Barbie enrolling in a local school?

"Oh really?" Jack acknowledged happily. "Our son, Todd, goes to Windor High. It has an excellent curriculum, and we highly recommend it. I'm sure Todd wouldn't mind showing a lovely girl like Barbie around the school!"

"Ohh? Thank you, Mr. Nero." was all Ted could muster.

We were introduced to many new people, and we met many we already knew at this fabulous party. There were several teenage boys there, and it didn't take long for them to zero in on Ted. He nearly panicked when the first boy approached. He knew what the boy wanted, he had wanted the same thing many times himself. Now, he was on the other side, and it was frightening.

I tried to stick close to help him cope with the constant influx of boys. Several times, when Bob pulled me away to meet new people and I wasn't available to help Ted, the boys descended on him like vultures. His expression was pure fright, but the boys obviously mistook his fear for innocence and that attracted them even more!

By the end of the night, the three of us were exhausted. I was tired from meeting so many people. In my anxiety to keep an eye on Ted, I had forgotten my own disguise and acted naturally as Karen. We had met the challenge and succeeded! Everyone was convinced that Bob was a happily married man with a family, the 'Ideal American Man'!

Ted came away confused and dazed, but the evening was a complete success for him as well. When we got home, he went directly to bed, seemingly to sort out his thoughts.

Bob and I went to our bedroom. After being so nervous all evening, we had a nightcap and relaxed. I reached



*Bob reached from behind and softly caressed my exposed nipples. "Oh, Bob," I softly moaned as he kissed me on my neck.*

behind my back to unzip my dress, but it was a struggle to reach the clasp. Bob had removed his shoes when I asked him for help. Standing behind me, he gently slid the zipper down my back. As I lowered my dress, he reached around and cupped my breasts in his hands.

"B. . .Bob?" I stammered. Chills ran down my back as I felt his warm breath on the back of my neck.

"You are absolutely lovely, Karen darling," Bob moaned as his mouth moved around and nibbled on my left ear.

"Ohhh Bob," I moaned as he moved his fingers across my nipples and kissed me again on my neck. A warm glow engulfed me as he squeezed my nipples. Slowly, he slid my dress down my body and kissed me wherever he found bare flesh. I moaned, never having felt this way before.

As my dress dropped to my feet and I carefully stepped out of it, Bob gently turned me around and pressed his lips to mine. "Karen, I love you!" he moaned as he pressed his body to mine and inserted his tongue into my mouth.

I can't explain my emotions, but I was on fire. I wanted this man more than I had ever wanted anything. To be his woman was the most important thing in my life!

Bob broke our kiss and separated our bodies to reveal my breasts in all their glory. He emitted a soft gasp and lowered his mouth to my waiting nipples.

"Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Boob!" I screamed when his tongue ran across first one nipple, then the other.

He picked me up like a feather and carried me to our bed. My arms encircled his neck, and I kicked off my heels on the way. He gently lowered me to the bed and brought his eager tongue to my waiting nipples. I couldn't contain myself and let out a long shrill shriek of pleasure.

Apparently, Ted must have fallen asleep because he didn't come knocking at our door. I shivered all over. When Bob came up for air after caressing my breasts for fifteen minutes, I lovingly gazed at him. "I love you too, Bob!" I stammered.

He leaned down and gave me another deep, soulful kiss. When we parted our lips, I said, "Let me pleasure you darling."

"What?" he gasped as I gripped his zipper and moved it gently down. He was out of his coat, shirt, pants and shorts in record time. He laid on the bed and I positioned myself above him. His fully aroused erection proudly proclaimed his manhood. I gently grasped it in my soft hands and started to move my fingers up and down the shaft.

"Oh. . .Bob," I moaned as I leaned over and took his



*"I hope Ted didn't see my sore, red nipples. I'd die if he found out just how womanly I was last night," I moaned.*

erection.

"Aaa. . . hhh," he screamed as I moved up and down his maleness and gently stroked his body. Bob and I pleased each other for a long time before he finally erupted. I shivered all over as I cuddled in his arms after we turned off the lights.

## Chapter 12

Bob went to work before I was fully awake. He leaned over and gave me a kiss which woke me immediately. "Thanks for last night," he whispered, "I'm looking forward to a more meaningful relationship."

Last night wasn't a dream! It really happened, and he looked upon our activities as a continuing affair. What did I want? I loved my feelings during our romp, but I was a married heterosexual man. I didn't want an affair with another guy, even if he was my 'husband'.

I crawled out of bed and examined my body. My nipples were sensitive even to the touch of my nighty. I wrapped myself in a long flowing silk robe and wandered to the living room. I curled on the sofa with my favorite fashion magazine and thought about the previous evening. Did I really satisfy Bob? What has happened to me? This was a business arrangement. When did it become sexual? What about Mary? What will Ted think? The thought sent a shiver down my back. I gasped, "I'd die if he found out!"

Mary already knows I dress as a woman! Will this end my marriage, my real marriage? "Last night was a fluke that will never happen again. I can't allow it to happen again!" I decided.

A shiver raced down my back as I thought of Bob's lips on my breasts and his tongue caressing my nipples. "I must resist the next time," I moaned.

"Next time? What do you mean?" Ted asked. He was standing in the kitchen doorway wearing a short nylon robe.

Startled by his sudden intrusion, I stammered, "Oh nothing. I was just. . . just thinking. . . about Bob's promotion."

"I hope that damn promotion hurries up. It won't happen fast enough for me," Ted joined me on the sofa.

"Oh? Are you unhappy with the money you're making?" I snickered, trying to take his mind off other thoughts.

"The money is great, but this dressing as a girl is getting out of hand," he answered.

"Oh?"

"Look at me! How did I get to look this way? I'm growing breasts for Christ's sake! Don't tell me it's irritation."

"Yeah! Well, you saw my breasts. They're a mature 'C' cup now," I countered.

"Breasts don't grow on men without help. I think Daddy is slipping us something," Ted speculated.

"I think it's the vitamins," I suggested, "My breasts started growing when I started taking those U.C.I. vitamins."

"Have you stopped?" he asked.

"Uh. . .no," I murmured. "It's easier to do this charade with breasts. I'd simply die if anyone found out about me. I'd rather have breasts than be discovered as a man."

"I know what you mean," Ted blushed. "I couldn't show my face in this town again if my friends found out that I was dressing as a teenage girl."

"Does that mean?" I started.

Ted turned a little red, and nodded, "Yeah, I'll continue using them too." He wiggled on the sofa wrapping his legs beneath him, and I watched his small breasts jiggle beneath his nightie.

I moved to make myself comfortable and caught Ted staring at my chest. I felt my breasts sway back and forth and I turned beet red when I saw him staring at my huge nipples clearly visible through my sheer negligee. They were still red from Bob's loving kisses the previous evening. I hoped Ted didn't notice them!

Wrapping my arms over my breasts, I excused myself and went to my room where I slipped on a sheer pullover blouse and my favorite skirt. They felt so comfortable while displaying my every curve from my waist to my thighs. I flicked a stray fleck of red lipstick from the corner of my mouth with one of my long lacquered fingernails, checked my earrings to make sure they matched my outfit, stepped into a pair of low heel skimmers and left my bedroom to start my housework.

Ted joined me later, dressed in a flippy, pleated gray skirt that barely covered his thighs and a silk blouse that made him look very chic and girlish. "I don't know what happened last night!" he sighed in a quivering voice. "I shouldn't be passing as Bob's daughter in front of dozens of people. Yet nobody questioned my gender. Nobody! To tell the truth, it scares me!"

"That's how I felt during that weekend at the cabin," I sympathized. "I didn't understand how I could pull off such a stunt. It was totally weird!"

"Well, you continued doing it, and now, look at you! You're living in Bob's house. . . AS HIS WIFE! HELL, YOU'RE EVEN SLEEPING IN HIS BED!" Ted spat in an accusing voice.

"It's not as it appears," I gasped.

"The hell it isn't!" Ted stated. "I saw your nipples this morning, and I know what causes those marks! I've made them myself on dozens of girls. You and Bob made it last night. DIDN'T YOU?"

I was caught. "I had too much to drink," I sighed.

"He made love to you like a woman, didn't he?" Ted pressed. "You are taking IT like a woman!"

"Me?" I stammered.

"Well, he won't get me! He's got until the first of the year to get that promotion, then I'm gone. He won't make a pervert out of me like he has you!" Ted shouted and stomped out of the kitchen.

I started to shake. Was Ted right? Was I a pervert? Had Bob made me into his woman? It can't be! I'm still Bill Lamb!

My reflection in the hall mirror mesmerized me. The image was of a woman, Karen Reynolds. My hair, ears, face, breasts. . . my whole body said 'WOMAN'!

The physical changes were reversible. My body had been molded into the form of a woman, and it could be remolded back to its original form! "Yes! I still can return to being a man!" I thought.

Then, I realized something more fundamental than bodily changes had occurred. I now thought of myself as a woman most of the time! I buried my face in my hands and cried with the realization that I wanted to remain a woman. Last night had awakened something in me. The thought that making love with Bob might only be a one time affair made me ache. I wanted it to happen again and again! Ted was right. I was a woman. I was Bob's woman!

Bob returned home around noon and quickly realized something was wrong when he found me in the kitchen with tears streaming down my cheeks. When I told him what happened, his face clouded over, and he thundered, "It's time I had a talk with our daughter!"

I followed Bob to Ted's bedroom and found him sitting at his vanity staring at his reflection in the mirror with an angry look in his eyes. "We need to talk, young lady," Bob boomed.

"About how you boffed my father last night?" Ted

sneered.

"Barbie!" Bob roared. "You are not to raise your voice to me or your mother again! Do you understand, young lady?"

"Lay off the Barbie and the young lady stuff! He is my father, not my mother, and this girl stuff is a bunch of bull, so don't try to boss me around!"

Bob's face turned a deep red, and he spat, "The woman standing next to me is my wife, and you are my DAUGHTER! Furthermore, what we do in our bedroom is none of your business!"

"That's bull Shit!" Ted stood and sneered. "You can call it what you want, but it's perverted as far as I'm concerned!"

Bob is a big guy, but he moved faster than either Ted or I could respond. Crossing the few feet separating them, he grabbed Ted around the waist, lifted him in his arms, and roughly placed him across his lap. "I won't take that crap from a child of mine," he hissed. "You're a spoiled brat who needs a good spanking!"

"You can't do this to me! I was trained for special hand to hand combat in the army!" Ted gasped as Bob flipped his skirt and slip back to reveal his silky panties. With all his strength, Ted struggled to free himself while swearing a blue streak.

Despite Ted's best efforts, Bob held firm, and with a loud 'smack!' His calloused hand landed squarely on Ted's exposed panties.

"You can't. . .!" Ted sputtered as a deep flush spread across his face and neck as the painful blows descended one after another. Smack! SWACK! smack!

I was speechless at this turn of events as I stood near a window and watched my grown son being spanked like a child.

Ted did everything he could to not give into the pain. He wanted to take his punishment like a man, but after few swats, he cried out for Bob to stop. Despite Ted's tearful pleas, Bob continued his task. 'SWACK!' 'SWACK!' 'SWACK!'

"Stop! Please Stop!" Ted cried out as tears flowed down his cheeks. 'SWACK!' 'SWACK!' 'SWACK!' The blows rained down on his exposed panties. I was awe struck to see my full grown son crying like a little girl.

When Bob stopped, Ted was a quivering, blubbering hulk. Ted stood up and massaged his burning posterior with both hands. Then he quickly lowered his slip and skirt to hide his embarrassingly inflamed nylon covered rear.

"Get yourself ready, I'm taking you back to the Lamb

house." Bob announced.

"Huh?" Ted squeaked.

"I'm terminating the deal!" Bob spat. "I've tried to help you, but all I've gotten in return is resistance and disrespect. I've had enough! I give up!"

Ted stood red faced, his skirt hiked up so he could massage his very sore rear. "Okay!" he sobbed. "Give me my money and I'm gone!"

"You don't get any money!" Bob insisted. "You were to be my daughter until my promotion, and I haven't been promoted."

"What do you mean, no money?" Ted asked with a panic filled voice. "I earned that money, and I need it NOW. . .to live on!"

"That's tough! A deal is a deal. Men understand THAT!"

I followed Bob down the stairs and asked, "Wasn't that a little harsh?"

"No!" he snapped. "The little wimp isn't willing to live by our agreement. He refuses to accept our relationship. I don't have to put up with that kind of attitude!"

Half an hour later, Ted came down with a few of his possessions. He wore the most masculine apparel available, a pair of white shorts and a loose fitting sweater. Leaving all his dresses, skirts, lingerie, makeup, and anything else associated with being Barbie, he silently followed Bob to the car.

After they left, I broke down and cried. My whole life was falling apart! I'd made love to a man, my son hated me, and my wife didn't care what was happening to me. I was miserable!

"I hope Ted is all right," I stammered when Bob returned an hour later.

"That's for him to worry about," he stated grimly. "We have other things to concern ourselves with."

"B. . .but he's my son," I cried.

"I know," Bob softly replied as he took me in his arms. "Don't worry honey, I'm sure everything will be all right."

Despite his reassurance, I was in a funk the rest of the day. Bob recognized my mood and tried to comfort me whenever he thought appropriate. I was thankful he didn't make any advances when we went to bed. Sleeping with Bob was somehow comforting, but we slept on our own sides of the bed. I tossed and turned while he slept like a baby.

Three days passed without hearing from Ted, but Bob was adamant that we not try to contact him. I didn't agree,



*Before he knew what happened, Ted found himself draped over Bob's lap being given a sound spanking. "You can't do this to me!" Ted cried, but the spanking continued.*

but I went along with his decision. I had been hurt by Ted too many times over the past months to put up much of a fight for him.

Bob brought some papers home for me to sign. I was so depressed, I didn't look at them or ask what they were. I trusted Bob, so I signed where he indicated. After that, I never saw them again.

Christmas eve arrived with nothing to celebrate. Mary hadn't called and I guess Ted still thought I was a pervert. The tree was filled with presents, but we didn't feel like opening them and went to bed early.

The lights were off when I felt Bob next to me. I was about to protest, when he said, "Don't worry, Karen dear. Everything will work out. Merry Christmas!" He leaned over me and gave me a soft kiss.

My protest melted on his lips. I nearly swooned when his hands softly caressed my breasts and his lips touched my lips. It was the most sensuous, heartfelt kiss and caress I'd ever had. All my cares melted away and all I wanted was be close to Bob. When he started to break the kiss, I wrapped my arms around his neck and brought him back.

We didn't take it beyond kissing and soft caresses. We cuddled and I felt so safe. Everything would be all right as long as his warm body was next to mine. The last thing I whispered before falling asleep was, "Merry Christmas, Bob darling."

The next morning, we shared a late morning breakfast, talking over steaming cups of coffee. The telephone rang and Bob answered it, "Hello Ted, what can I do for you?" I came to instant attention.

"Humm, I'll have to think about it. I'll come over in a couple hours and we'll talk," Bob stated, then hung up.

"Ted has changed his mind. He wants to come back," Bob smiled.

"What! B. . .but he thinks we're perverts," I gasped.

"I know!" Bob smiled, "But he realizes that being with us is better than being alone."

"He will have to become Barbie again, won't he?" I stammered.

"Of course! Only more than before! He has to not only look the part, but act and feel it too," Bob stated.

"He is willing to do that?"

"Apparently so. I'll find out when I see him," Bob smiled like the Cheshire cat. I was sure he knew something he wasn't sharing.

Two hours later, Bob pulled into the garage with Ted. I was all aflutter. Would there be another shouting match? Why was Ted returning? Surely he would be happier as a man again.

Ted followed Bob up the walkway. He looked tired, and his blond hair hung sullenly about his shoulders in ragged strands. His clothes were slovenly, and he appeared small and vulnerable. Bob led him into the living room where I was waiting. "Karen, our daughter has something to say," Bob announced.

"I . . . I'm sorry for all those awful things I said," Ted whispered, looking down at the carpet.

"What did you say?" Bob asked pointedly.

"I . . . I'm sorry for my words of a few days ago," Ted answered, confused by Bob's question.

"Than address her in the proper manner!"

Ted turned beet red, but said, "I'm sorry for being mean to you, M. . . mother." This couldn't be my headstrong son. He sounded like a chastised puppy or a little girl.

"And?" Bob urged him on.

"Please accept me back into your family as . . . as your daughter," Ted stammered.

"And?" Bob prodded.

"I promise to be the best daughter I can," Ted whispered softly.

"Continue," Bob urged him on.

"I promise to always treat you and Daddy with respect as my parents," Ted cried, tears flowing down his cheeks. I couldn't fathom how Bob got him to say these things.

"AND," Bob said.

Ted responded to Bob. "Okay, I understand that you and Daddy will display affection for each other, and as my parents, you have that right."

I exhaled. Could this meek person really be my son? What happened to the pervert stuff?

"Give your mother a kiss and go to your room. Don't come out until you've made yourself presentable as our obedient daughter. There won't be any more of this rebellion stuff, will there?" Bob demanded.

Bowing his head, Ted whispered, "N. . . no. . . Daddy." He gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek and whispered, "I hope I become as pretty as you, Mother."

I spoke for the first time, as he was leaving the room, "Don't forget to shave your legs, dear." I blushed as soon as I said it. Where did that come from?

A spark of rebellion surfaced in his eyes, but it was

quickly replaced with submissive acceptance. "Y. . .yes, Mother," he meekly replied.

Bob was wearing a broad grin when I asked what had happened. "Loneliness got the best of him, along with hunger, rejection and realizing he didn't look like a guy any longer," Bob answered.

"Loneliness? Rejection?"

"Apparently everybody stared at him whenever he left the house. He'd forgotten his eyebrows are femininely shaped and his breasts protruded no matter how he tries to hide them. You can't hide such obvious features. Also, his skin has become so clear and translucent that he looks like a girl even without makeup. He tried phoning Mary, but she was too busy to talk with him. That was after he had to tell her who he was because she didn't recognize his voice. She told him she would 'straighten everything out' when she returned in the spring."

"I don't understand such indifference," I sighed.

"Neither do I," Bob agreed. "Anyway, after that, he called his friends, but none of them recognized his voice. They thought he was a teenage girl having fun at their expense and hung up. He had no money, and he was afraid to leave the house looking like a girl. He had changed too much to instantly return to being a guy. He knew that he would be a laughing stock with his appearance and high voice. He finally realized he was stuck being Barbie until I helped him return to being Ted."

"Y. . .you knew this would happen, didn't you?" I gasped.

"I didn't exactly know, but I strongly suspected it might. I knew how pretty he was as Barbie, and I knew it couldn't be reversed overnight. I suspected he would soon realize that too," Bob smiled.

"What now?"

"Let's have a hot cup of coffee while Barbie re-emerges, then open our presents," Bob suggested. I sauntered over to him and gave him an affectionate kiss on the lips. He was so smart, talented, and manly!

Two hours later, Ted reappeared in a pleated, pink mid thigh length skirt, a white nylon blouse with long billowing sleeves, white pantyhose, and pink slippers. His hair was tied back into a ponytail with pink woolen strings, revealing pink hoop earrings and pink heart shaped plastic studs. A light dusting of makeup and pink lipstick combined to give him the appearance of a lovely young girl. Light brown roots, visible in his otherwise blonde mane, were all that distorted this picture of femininity.

Waiting until Bob smiled his approval, I rushed over and gave my new daughter a peck on the cheek.

"You look very nice, Barbie, and your attitude appears to be vastly improved," Bob observed. "If you continue to be submissive and cooperative, we will forget your former behavior. Now, let's open our presents and enjoy our Christmas as a family." Bob had won an important victory, and Ted had learned that the world was a cold and lonely place without a caring family.

I opened my gifts from Bob and found a lovely necklace, a new pair of dangling pendant earrings, and some rather risqué lingerie. I blushed as I held a sheer lacy teddy from 'Victoria's Secret' in front of me.

"You must wear that!" Bob laughed. "You'll look great in it."

I placed the silky garments back in their boxes, silently vowing not to wear them in the near future. Keeping Bob's hands off me was difficult enough as it was!

Ted got some new audio tapes and video cassettes to help him become 'Barbie'. "Your big present will be your new teen wardrobe," Bob informed him.

Ted rolled his eyes back as if to say, "Just what I need, a bunch of girl's clothes. What a Christmas!"

"Here's something special for you, Karen darling," Bob smiled, and handed me a small package.

As a man, I would have ripped the wrapping away, but now I carefully removed the pretty paper without tearing it. "Oh Bob!" I gasped upon opening the small jewelry box inside and saw two full carat stud diamond earrings. "They're beautiful!" I cried, rushing over to give him a long lingering kiss of thanks.

"Here's a little something extra for you too, Barbie," Bob said as I stood before the mirror and inserted the diamonds into my ears.

Ted opened a similar jewelry box to mine and found his own diamond studs, although much smaller than mine.

"You will always wear those earrings as a symbol of your commitment to be my daughter," Bob informed him. "If I ever see you without them, our deal is off, and you will receive no money."

"Tomorrow, we'll go to the beauty parlor, Barbie," I volunteered, "Your roots are in need of care, and your hair has lost its body."

Ted glanced at Bob, adjusted his short skirt, and gave me an angry, suspicious glare. He obviously wanted to leap to his feet, throw the earrings at me, and shout his refusal

to wear them or return to the beauty parlor. Just as quickly, a strange expression covered his face, and instead of defiance, he emitted a sigh of resignation and answered, "Yes Mother, thank you." Bob beamed at this mother/daughter bonding.

### Chapter 13

The next morning, as the three of us shared coffee before Bob left for work, he announced, "Barbie, since my promotion is taking longer than I expected, I have enrolled you as a sophomore at Windor High. You start when school reconvenes after Christmas vacation."

Ted and I jerked to attention. By his tone, we both knew Bob was serious about Ted returning to high school as a teenage girl, and we wanted to find out the details.

"Todd Nero has agreed to help with your orientation," Bob stated. "Remember, you met him at his parent's party."

"Oh yeah," Ted stammered. He wanted to protest or outright refuse, but he was afraid to confront Bob.

Silence reigned for nearly fifteen seconds until Bob continued, "There's a lot more to being a teenage girl than looking the part. You must learn a whole new way of talking, moving, and thinking. Young girls aren't just little women, they are immature, and they behave that way. They not only think differently than adults, they dress differently, and have their own language as well. You must learn these things very quickly, or you will face intense scrutiny by the other students."

"Uh. . .b. . .but, Dad! I w. . .went to Windor as. . .as a boy," Ted cried, mounting the strongest protest he dared. "They are sure to recognize me."

"That was three years ago," Bob smiled. "All your schoolmates are long gone. Surely, none of the teachers will expect one of their former male pupils to return as a sophomore, and especially not as a girl!"

Ted blushed a deep red and toyed with his skirt. "But how?" he stammered.

"How can you learn to project yourself as a girl?" Bob anticipated Ted's inquiry. "Good question. You certainly can't learn it from a book. I've given it a lot of thought, and I think I have a solution."

I hadn't thought Bob was serious when he told the Nero's that Barbie might be staying for school, but I could tell by his decisive posture that he was dead serious.

"Where do you find most teenage girls this time of year?"

Bob asked, then answered his own question. "At shopping malls, of course! Shopping malls are a popular gathering place anyway, and they will be especially frenzied right after Christmas."

"Shopping malls?" Ted mumbled, not knowing where Bob was going with this.

"Yes! Don't you see? You have to purchase a new wardrobe for school, so we can kill two birds with one stone. While you shop, you can observe the other girls without being obvious. You must absorb every action, every giggle, every pattern of speech, every style of dress! When you can go to the mall and act like any other giggling teenage girl, you'll be ready for school. Your new audio and video cassettes should also help in that regard. Use them often and pay close attention to what they teach."

Both Ted and I sat back, speechless at Bob's directive.

"B. . .but that's impossible!" Ted stammered.

"It won't be easy, so you'll have to work at it," Bob concurred. "You just have to become absorbed in your new life, that's all."

Ted stammered, "I'll. . .try."

"Marvelous!" Bob beamed. "If you work hard, I know you'll succeed. Now, one more thing! As Barbie, you are too young to drive. So hand over your license." I swear, I have never seen anyone more dejected than Ted was when he handed his driver's license to Bob.

After Bob left, Ted and I sat and stared at each other. Finally, Ted stammered, "He can't be serious! I can't act like a teenage girl for real. I'm a Red Beret, for Christ's sake."

"You are a former man and a former Red Beret!" I corrected. "Now, you are a teenage girl. You know first hand how obstinate Bob can be, so I suggest you try very hard to please him. In the meantime, we should get ourselves together for your trip to the beauty parlor."

Fifteen minutes later, Ted entered my bedroom wearing a pair of jeans, a red turtle neck sweater, and no makeup. He was really worried about this public foray, but he hadn't taken care of himself lately, and he didn't look very feminine. "I. . .I'm scared, M. . .mom," he stammered. "The women at the beauty parlor will know I'm not a girl."

"If you go looking like that, you're probably right," I concurred. "You don't look very feminine, especially in those clothes."

"My clothes?" he asked.

"Look at yourself. Your hair, your nails are unquestion-

ably masculine!"

"What can I do?" he asked meekly.

"If I were trying to convince someone I was a girl, I sure wouldn't wear jeans and a sweatshirt. You can't do much about your hair and nails, but you can change your clothes! You should be wearing a dress, nylons, heels, and makeup to make yourself look feminine. Nobody looks for a guy to parade around in dresses, so if you wear a dress, everyone will assume you're a girl. If you wear jeans, your gender will be open to question, and that means trouble!"

Ted thought for a minute, then excused himself. When he returned an hour later, he was wearing a pretty floral dress with a tight fitting bodice to accentuate his small breasts, a full skirt that flowed to just above his nylon encased knees, and white skimmers with two inch heels. He wasn't especially pretty, but nobody would mistake him for a guy!

I decided to wear a green silky polyester street dress, one of my favorites. The form fitting top empathized my breasts and small waist while the skirt flared delightfully about my nylon clad knees. Being fond of the way heels made my legs look sexy, I wore three inch pumps to set off my dress.

I introduced Ted to the beauty operators as my daughter and they greeted him cheerfully. When I told them he would not be returning to boarding school, they insisted he set up a regular appointment. He could hardly refuse!

Two hours later, a much different Ted walked from the beauty parlor, the operators having performed wonders. His head was covered with a mass of lovely tresses that curled down onto his neck, and his brows had been shaped into thin, well shaped arches that set off the rest of his face.

Both he and I had been talked into having a set of eyelashes applied. I thought they would just glue them on. Not until they were almost finished did I realize that they were permanent.

In a moment of weakness, Ted had them pierce his ears again. Now, he had three sets of holes in his ears. Gold hoops adorned the lower holes, his diamond studs graced the center, and keepers with small gold balls decorated his new top holes.

His nails had been neatly manicured and polished a lovely red to match his lipstick. I was very pleased hearing his heels clicking in unison with mine as we walked to the car.

I volunteered to go to the mall with him that afternoon, and he readily accepted my offer. During the drive, he

looked in the mirror and sighed, "I can't believe this is happening to me." He was worried about wearing a dress in public, but from his comment, I could see that he was more afraid of Bob!

When we walked into the teeming mob, Ted tried to hide in my shadow, but I wouldn't let him. "You have to lose your fear of appearing as a girl!" I admonished. "You came back and agreed to this masquerade, you know."

Ted and I wandered into a clothing store filled with teenage girls shuffling through the racks of clothes. We wandered from rack to rack pretending to look for clothes, but really observing the girls. I'd point out something they were doing, and he would point out something else.

After listening to a group of girls as they wandered by, Ted whispered in my ear, "I can't talk that way! It's so immature, so preppy, so. . .Valley Girl!"

"That's exactly the way you must talk to pass as one of them and blend in," I advised.

"Oh no," he sighed.

We wandered the mall and bought a few things, including a cute red jumper, a black leather skirt, two lovely blouses, a pair of jeans with flowers on the pockets, several slippers, bras, panties, and pantyhose.

In a woman's shoe store, Ted saw a pair that were rather nice, so we sat and waited for a salesperson. He and I were talking when we heard a masculine voice ask if we needed help.

Ted's face turned two shades of pale when he saw Thomas O'Brien standing before us. Thomas was one of the boys he chummed around with before going into the army.

Thomas saw the confusion on Ted's face, but I came to the rescue. "My daughter would like to see this in a size seven."

"Of course, Ma'am," Thomas politely responded while taking the shoe.

"Mom, tha. . .that's. . .," Ted stammered.

"Yes, I know," I nervously smiled.

"He'll recognize me! I. . .we. . .I'll be the laughing stock of the town," Ted whispered. "Let's get out of here before he comes back!"

"He didn't recognize you or he would have said something," I stated, feeling confident of my son's feminine disguise. "Be calm, or your nervousness will alert him."

Small beads of sweat formed at Ted's hairline and he appeared ready to drop his lunch on the floor. In fact, he was slipping his feet back into his skimmers in preparation

to exit the store when Thomas reappeared.

"I think this is what you are looking for," Thomas bubbled, giving no sign that he recognized his former friend.

"I . . . I . . . think . . .," Ted stammered.

"Yes, I think that is it," I chimed in. "Let's try them on."

"Here, let me help," Thomas suggested while sitting in front of Ted and taking his right foot into his hands.

Ted looked at me with panic in his eyes as Thomas removed his skimmer and expertly inserted his foot into the new shoe. I watched Ted's sparkling red toes enter the shoe and barely heard the hiss of nylon as his feet slid into the leather.

Ted was mortified as Thomas held his leg and inserted his foot in the other shoe. They fit perfectly. I knew Ted was wondering what his old friend would think if he knew the lovely legs he was holding belonged to his high school buddy. At Thomas' urging, Ted walked around the chair. Knowing the shoes looked lovely on his feet, he managed to whisper, "I'll take them."

"Will that be cash or credit card?" Thomas asked as he removed the shoes from Ted's feet and placed them in the box.

"Credit card," I acknowledged.

As we walked side by side down the mall, I could see that Ted's legs were about to buckle under him, so I found a bench to rest on.

"I . . . I . . . can't do it!" he cried. "I can't go through that again!"

"But you did, Barbie!" I smiled. "If a former drinking buddy doesn't recognize you, nobody else stands a chance!"

"B . . . but mom, that's why I don't want to be a girl," he whispered. "Thomas not recognizing me is scary. Have I really changed that much?"

"If you don't like being a girl, you can always return to the Lamb household," I suggested and immediately knew I'd said the wrong thing.

"The Lamb household? You say that as if it's no longer your home. Have you changed that much?" Ted questioned.

"I meant . . ."

"I know what you meant, but no thank you! I tried that, you know I did! If I try again, Daddy will send me away for good. I have to be his daughter until he gets that stupid promotion, whether I like it or not! Don't you see, Mom! I have to stay here. I can't make it out there, looking like THIS! Anyway, if I try to confront Daddy, I will just end up across his knees with my skirt at my waist." he squealed in

a voice higher than his usual contralto. With that, he gently massaged his posterior through the soft material of his skirt and re-lived the pain and humiliation of a sound spanking.

How far my son has fallen from the brash young man just out of the army! Only a few months ago, he wouldn't hesitate to degrade any man who would wear women's clothes. Now, he won't speak up for fear of a painful and humiliating spanking on his own silky panties!

Trying to keep his mind off my blunder, I observed, "Then, your only option is to make the best of the present situation."

"I guess so," he sighed. Since Ted's return, he and I were accepted as the females we appeared to be wherever we went. Ted did everything required to pass, but I knew he wasn't happy.

Bob laughed when I told him of our adventure. "That confirms my suspicions. He should have been born a girl."

Ted started to protest, but he fell silent. He was completely docile with Bob as his authoritative father, while continuing to resist me. I was his real parent, but I wasn't accepted as his mother.

"The stores are waiting, honey. Are you ready?" I asked Ted the next morning.

"Da. . .uh. . .Mom, I don't feel good. I must have caught something at the mall yesterday," he groaned.

Recognizing his plea as a desperate excuse to avoid another humiliating day in public while wearing a dress, I scolded, "I'll have nothing of that, young lady! Bob. . .uh. . .your father said you have to go shopping every day to prepare for school."

Entering his room, I saw my son lying in bed with a pretty pink blanket pulled under his chin while his pretty colored nails grasped the blanket. "I'm sick, Mom," Ted coughed.

He was a good, but not good enough. "I want you up right now!" I demanded while yanking the blanket from his slender fingers to reveal his babydoll nightie tented by the projections on his chest. I also noticed that he was wearing the diamond studs that signified his pact to remain as our daughter even while he slept. I guess he didn't want to chance Bob coming into his room and finding him without them.

"Get to the bathroom and remember to use lots of bath salts!" I insisted.

Half an hour later, Ted entered my bedroom wearing a short white terry cloth robe with his wet hair hanging in strings down onto his neck. "Take a seat, honey, and I'll style your hair. Why don't you do your nails?" I suggested, motioning to my vanity chair.

"That color is too red. I like pink or nothing," he moaned, holding up the bottle of scarlet nail polish.

"It's not too red. I love that color. It's vivid and lively," I replied as I started on his hair. Meanwhile, Ted was polishing his fingernails with the scarlet polish. I finished by teased his bangs into a fluffy puff. The style opened up his face, exposing his thin arched eyebrows and pierced ears.

"Uhm. . . Mom, would you go shopping with me today? I still need help learning to shop like a . . . a girl," he muttered.

I sensed his fear and I loved it. Revenge is so sweet! "Of course dear. Wear the clothes I laid on your bed, and we'll try a different mall today."

"Great idea," he enthusiastically agreed.

When he left, I decided not to wear a bra today, since the blouse I chose would hold my breasts secure. I slipped into a lovely, low cut white blouse covered with red polka dots. It was a light, sleeveless garment with a notched collar. I loved that it showed my substantial bosom to advantage.

I followed it with a tight fitting, black skirt that molded to my hips and legs to 2" above my knees. I chose barely nude nylons and red three inch pumps. On a whim, I wore the same shade of nail polish and lipstick as Ted. I brushed my hair into loose flowing waves that framed my face, accented my thin arched eyebrows, yet revealed my gold button earrings and sparkling diamond studs.

"Are you ready Barbie?" I asked as Ted reluctantly exited his bedroom.

"Mom, I can't wear this," Ted whimpered, knowing he couldn't hide while wearing this outfit. He had too quickly agreed to wear the clothes I selected, and now he was totally embarrassed!

I grinned broadly as I looked him over in his tight fitting red dress that perfectly matched his nails and lipstick. The dress hugged his hips to end 4" above his nylon encased knees. His legs were gorgeous in medium gray nylons and white sling pumps with 3" heels. The dress covered his upper body, but did nothing to hide his growing bosom.

"Honey, you look great," I complimented. "Don't forget to take your white purse."

"Mom, I can't go out looking like this!" Ted whined while



*Ted tried to hide his lovely legs from the two boys constantly giving him the eye. He knew what they were thinking!*

nervously playing with his thin gold hoop earrings.

"You're right," I agreed. "You're wearing only two pairs of earrings and no rings or bracelets. You simply must wear more jewelry."

He meekly followed me out of the house with two pairs of thin gold hoops, his usual diamond studs, several dainty feminine rings, and a tiny feminine watch. He tried to pull his skirt down to cover his thighs, but his efforts were to no avail.

I paraded my embarrassed son around the mall, taking lots of time looking at the various items in each store. He felt safer hidden amongst the racks of feminine clothes which concealed his ultra short skirt from passers-by, especially the boys.

"Barbie, we've got to leave," I announced as the lunch hour approached.

"B. . .but, I haven't looked at all the blouses. That pink one over there looks. . .uh. . .dreamy."

"There isn't time, dear. We're meeting your FATHER for lunch." I emphasized 'father' to reinforce Bob's new role as his father.

"Daddy?"

"Yes dear. He'll be in the vicinity, and he wants to join us for lunch." As we walked through the mall, I gleefully watched Ted squirm nervously as enthralled boys took second and third looks at this sexy girl walking past. His tight dress and high heels made him take short steps and swing his hips, which emphasized his girlishness even more!

"Karen! Barbie! Over here," Bob called out to from the entrance to an indoor cafe. He led us to a table in the middle of the restaurant next to two young men. He didn't say so, but I knew he chose this table to place us in an open, exposed area.

"Mom, I can't sit here," Ted moaned.

"Your father picked that spot, not me," I chided my feminine appearing son. "Either take the matter up with him or make sure to keep your knees together like a proper young lady. That short skirt shows an awful lot when you sit." Anger filled his eyes, but with Bob nearby, he held his tongue.

"Barbie, you look very adult and sexy today," Bob beamed as he scanned Ted's feminized body from his breasts to his long, exposed legs. "You take after Karen in the leg department."

"Honey, I'm her mother."

"Like mother, like daughter! You both become better looking every day," Bob smiled and took my hand in his.

I blushed at his overtly friendly action, but gave him a light peck on his lips and purred, "Thank you, dear."

To my surprise, Ted showed no reaction to my display of affection.

"Honey, look at these lovely clothes Barbie got for school," I exclaimed as I smoothed my skirt and sat beside him.

"Women!" Bob teased. "You two will spend me into the poor house!"

"You love every minute of it, darling!" I continued while opening a shopping bag. "Barbie got. . ." I discussed our shopping excursion while Ted tried in vain to pull his short skirt over his legs.

Bob had Ted and I on diets, so we had light salads while he had a full meal. While we ate, Bob and I observed how Ted handled public exposure. To his dismay, his provocative feminine clothing made him the focal point of every male in the vicinity, especially the young ones!

An hour later, Bob excused himself to return to the office and I promised to have dinner waiting when he got home. As soon as Bob was out of ear shot, Ted begged, "Mom, let's go home. I'm too embarrassed to shop any more. Please, please."

I remembered all the mean things he had called me, and I decided a little more revenge was warranted. "Only a couple more stores," I insisted while touching up my lipstick.

"Please. . . please. . . please! Everybody is watching me, especially those two guys over there," he pleaded while indicating two handsome young men who were paying him special attention. "I should never have let Bob. . . Daddy talk me into dressing this way! Come on! I have to go home and get out of these clothes!"

"Don't be such a prude! Relax and enjoy yourself."

"We're men, and it's inherently wrong for us to dress like this in public!" he whined and held his skirt for emphasis. "I feel totally weird sitting here in this sexy outfit under the eye of every man in the place!"

"Barbie dear, we agreed to help Bob until his promotion, and we must see it through! I know this is only a job to you. I use to feel that way too."

"B. . .but it's wrong," he commiserated.

"Don't be silly!" I responded. "Your father just complimented us on our attractive legs. No matter what you say, I'm not about to hide my legs in ugly male trousers. I'm a

woman now, and I'll wear dresses and display my feminine assets to anyone who cares to look! Now, fix your makeup or I'll tell your father how you behaved!" I replied indignantly, unaware of why I was being so adamant.

Then, softening my tone, I added, "You'll feel differently if you touch up your makeup and freshen your lipstick."

Ted glared at me, but slowly did as I suggested. To my surprise, he relaxed and his attitude softened as he doctored his makeup and lipstick under the watchful eye of the two men. He crossed his legs without adjusting his skirt as he had done previously. I even detected a slight smile as he glanced at the ogling twosome from the corner of his eye.

How had I known that applying makeup in public would have this effect on my son? Was my instinct brought on by the pills Bob provided or was it a result of my own experiences while dressing as a woman? Or something else?

Seeing his new attitude, I arose from my chair and smoothed the wrinkles from my skirt. When Ted followed suit, I led him around the mall mostly window shopping, but placing him on display wherever possible. He had to learn these things or he would never pass at school.

"Mom, can we go home? These heels are killing my legs," he begged as we strolled along the mall.

"Then, you must wear them more often to grow accustomed to them. Now, the next time you whine about going home, I'll leave you here. I'm sure a pretty girl like you would have no trouble getting a ride home with one of those cute guys from the restaurant."

His puppy dog eyes suddenly filled with fear and he was the perfect daughter the rest of the afternoon. He didn't even balk when I led him into the woman's bathroom.

When we got home, I told him to help me with dinner because he had to learn to cook. "Uh. . .okay," he meekly answered. I chuckled as he cleaned the vegetables.

"Hi honey," I greeted Bob when he returned from work. I patiently waited for my evening kiss and wasn't disappointed as he planted a wet one on my creamy red lips. Ted merely shrugged his shoulders as a sign of disapproval, but said nothing. I didn't care what he thought because I liked kissing Bob and planned to continue doing so.

As Ted prepared for bed, I instructed him to remove his top. His nascent breasts erupted from his chest like two small cones topped with large feminine nipples and aureoles. "Your panties too, we have to get rid of that nasty bulge before it ruins your pretty panties."



*"Freshen your lipstick, Barbie," I suggested.  
"Give it some time, you will feel differently  
about being a girl. It can be fun!"*

He had removed his 'DIVERT' after returning from the mall, and his genitals pushed out the front of his white nylon panties. "It. . .it's got to be there," Ted stammered, looking at the bulge between his legs.

"Put on this tighter fitting 'DIVERT'," I instructed. "Then, use this camouflage covering. It's called a 'BUSHMASTER II', and its realistic lips will give you a completely feminine appearance. Be sure to apply lots of 'Barely There' cream before donning the smaller 'DIVERT'."

Seeing the soft, curly blond hair appearing between his legs after he following my instruction, I observed, "You must wear them at all times, including when using the toilet. You'll need a smooth girlish front when you attend gym classes."

"Girl's gym?" Ted gasped. "You don't expect me to attend girl's gym at school!"

"Of course, dear. You are a normal teenage girl, and I can't think of a reason to excuse you from your exercise class."

"I can!" Ted shouted. "I'm not a girl, for one!"

"Now Barbie," I soothed, "You must forget such foolishness. You are a girl until your father gets his promotion, and that's that!"

"But, girls take showers after gym class. How can I possibly pass in a shower? Everyone will see my. . .," he cried.

"That's the beauty of the 'BUSHMASTER II', dear. It's a very realistic representation of a girl's intimate parts. The edges adhere to your skin so you can wear it in a shower without problems," I explained.

"Wear it in a shower? With a room full of girls?"

"Yes, dear. You can even go to the bathroom while wearing it. You must always wear it except when it's removed for cleaning in the privacy of our own bathroom. You must realize that you are a girl until Bob says differently!" I stated firmly.

Ted was flabbergasted by my strict demands. "Remember to sit when using the bathroom and wipe yourself afterward. It's mandatory now. Also, no more cotton sleep tops for you. We bought lots of lovely nylon sleep sets, and I want you to wear one every night."

Reluctantly, Ted went to his dresser and removed a frilly, white baby doll sleep set with pink lace trim on the shoulder straps and hem. The bikini panties had similar trim around the leg openings. The top tented over his growing breasts, but left his smooth arms, back, and legs

totally exposed.

The next morning, Ted was flabbergasted that the clothes I selected for him to wear were even sexier and more revealing than those he'd worn the day before. A shiver raced through his body as the tight fitting black nylon top glided over his smooth shoulders to end at mid-waist. Like the dress from the previous day, this top showed his breast development to advantage.

He stepped into a matching black leather skirt that sexily molded his hips and thighs to the hem 4 inches above his nylon covered knees. With both garments on, he realized that two full inches of his waist were exposed. "Oh, my God! I can't be seen wearing this!" he exclaimed, but did not remove his outfit.

He finished dressing by stepping into a pair of lovely black sling pumps with open toes and backs. Their 3" height molded his legs so they were as lovely as any girl's legs.

"I remember when my vanity only contained a couple of jars. Now, it's almost completely covered with creams, lotions, makeup, and perfumes!" he whimpered as a tear trickled down his hairless cheek. The stream of tears grew when he realized how feminine he now appeared even without makeup.

"Pumpkin, are you okay? Do you need help with your makeup?" I asked.

"No, I'm all right," he sniffled, wiping his tears away with a tissue. His hand shook as he outlined his lips with a dark red lipstick pencil, followed with two coats of creamy scarlet red lipstick.

We returned to the outside mall we'd gone to the first day. Ted was more relaxed as we window shopped during the morning. After sharing a lunch, I announced, "Sweet-heart, I should be back by around four o'clock, depending on the length of the meeting."

"What meeting?"

"Remember when your father volunteered me for the woman's auxiliary at the country club? Well, today is the first meeting on the spring dinner and dance."

"I . . .I'll stay in the car while you have your meeting," Ted volunteered.

"Not on your life, young lady. You have shopping to do. Please pay the lunch bill." As I walked away, a glance over my shoulder showed Ted frozen his chair.

*Bob again,*

Though Ted thought he was alone at the mall, I didn't think he was ready to be on his own as a teenage girl. Unknown to him, I was keeping an eye on him in case he got into trouble.

From a distance, I watched him reluctantly get up and pay the bill. He was obviously very nervous. When he exited the restaurant, he looked around for a place to hide until Karen returned. Instead, he saw two of his recent drinking buddies headed in his direction! I could see the panic in his eyes as he turned on his heels and scampered away. Just as he was about to escape, he saw three young women he knew approaching from the opposite direction, cutting off his escape. In desperation, he ducked into the nearest shop to hide until the coast was clear. Unfortunately for him, his buddies lingered directly outside the store.

"May I help you, Miss?" a male voice asked from behind.

"I just. . ." Ted started, then realized he was in the shoe store where Thomas worked. He turned to see Thomas standing behind him.

"Do you have this in 'bone'?" Ted asked in a shaky voice, pointing to a pair of stiletto heels on a nearby rack.

"I believe so," Thomas beamed. "Please have a seat while I look. Say, weren't you in here with your mother a couple days ago?"

"Me? Yes, I bought a lovely pair of heels, and I liked them so much I decided to return," Ted replied. He looked for a chair out of sight from his friends, but to his dismay, none were available.

"Here's a pair in ivory and another in 'bone'," Thomas beamed, interrupting Ted's thoughts. "I didn't know what shade you had in mind. Why don't you try them both?" Thomas offered as he gently raised Ted's foot and removed his shoe.

"I love when girls wear nail polish on their toenails. It shows they care about their feet," Thomas commented, holding Ted's nylon clad foot in his hands and allowing his fingers to move slowly in small circles over the sole of Ted's foot. Ted couldn't believe he was getting excited by Thomas' attention, yet he didn't want it to stop.

"Uhm. . .yes," Ted stammered, "Let's try the other pair."

Thomas skillfully slid the pumps onto Ted's feet and led him over to a short mirror.

Ted examined himself in the mirror, staring at his curvaceous calves, trim ankles, and sexy heels from the front, sides and behind. Unable to understand why, he was



*Thomas and the boys outside the store admired Ted's curvaceous legs and trim ankles. Strangely, Ted enjoyed the male attention and liked the way his legs looked in the mirror.*

proud of his lovely nylon covered legs.

Looking up, Ted noticed that the guys outside the store were staring at him, but they showed only admiration and desire, not recognition. Despite himself, Ted found himself liking the attention. "Let's try another pair," he suggested.

When Thomas grasped the back of Ted's calf to remove the pumps, he gently stroked Ted's nylon clad leg with the tips of his fingers.

Ted knew this shouldn't be happening, but, for some reason he didn't understand, he wanted his former buddy to continue.

"I don't mean to be forward, but my name is Thomas. Would you be so kind as to tell me yours?" he asked while slipping a new pair of pumps onto Ted's feet.

"Barbie Anne Reynolds," Ted answered almost automatically. "I like this pair."

"I'm going to the movie in the mall after work, Barbie. Would you like to go with me?" Thomas asked, looking directly into Ted's eyes.

"That would be nice, but I don't think my boyfriend would understand," Ted giggled.

"Well, I envy the guy for having such a cute girlfriend, especially one with such great legs," Thomas said.

"Thank you," Ted softly replied, still not understanding why he felt flushed and proud at being asked for a date, especially by a former buddy who absolutely didn't recognize him.

I love it when a plan comes together! Despite his expressed desires to the contrary, this once deceitful, black-mailing, freeloader was beginning to accept the feminine role I had decreed for him. "Revenge is sweet," I thought as I watched him react to the advances of this handsome young man who was seductively caressing his nylon clad calves. He was confused by his emotions and embarrassed by his actions, but he was no match for the potent creams, lotions, and hormones flooding his system.

*Karen again,*

I met Ted at the mall as promised, and to my surprise, I found him in a very congenial mood. I was astounded that he had purchased a dress, two mix and match skirt, blouse, and sweater sets, and several pairs of shoes, all in teen fashions.

When we returned home, he voluntarily changed into a light blue, baby doll dress with a puckered top and short sleeves. The neckline was scooped, and the skirt hung from

a high empire waist to three inches above his knees. His legs were bare except for his thin white girl's knee socks and white skimmers. All in all, he was lovely.

After dinner, Ted spent the rest of the evening watching videos on hairstyles and makeup after which he practiced for a couple of hours. He ended by carefully walking a white line wearing his ivory heels.

From that day forth, I allowed Ted to venture out on his own wearing outfits of his choice. He sometimes wore slacks, jeans, or shorts, but they were always very stylish. After a week, I began to believe he could pull it off. His speech became more like the girl's at the mall, and he used the same phrases and speech patterns, even when alone with Bob and I at home.

## Chapter 14

One evening, Bob announced that we were going to the New Year's Eve party at the country club. I wasn't worried since I'd been to the club many times as Karen Reynolds and nobody questioned my status as Bob's wife. Still, it was weird to have people I'd known as Bill Lamb not recognize me and accept me so completely as a woman.

Before the party, Ted was a nervous wreck. He was still afraid he would meet someone he knew that would see through his disguise. For the gala event, he wore a simple black dress that displayed his emerging breasts to advantage. Since the hem fell to five inches above his sheer nylon clad knees, it highlighted his attractive legs. He wore black skimmers with three inch heels, and his hair flowed about his face in a flurry of curls. Perfectly cut bangs covered his forehead and gave him a juvenile appearance.

I dressed elegantly. After all, this was the start of a new year. After donning my tightest 'DIVERT', I attached my 'braless bra' which consisted of two plastic half cups placed outside and under my breasts to push them up and in to produce the effect of larger breasts than I actually had. The rest of my breasts were uncovered along with my nipples. I carefully rolled a pair of super sheer, pale gold nylons up my smooth, hairless legs. As I smoothed out the wrinkles, I felt pride in my feminine legs.

I decided against wearing panties, not wanting unsightly panty lines to ruin the flow of my dress. This way, I could enjoy the feeling the silk lining of my dress against my skin. My dress cost a bundle, but it was worth every dime!

My gown was a designer original made from glistening gold silk. The dress was strapless to expose my upper breasts to wonderful advantage, except for a sheer gold chiffon extension from the top of my dress to my neck where it was attached to a bejeweled choker. The dress hugged my feminine body to my feet, following my every curve. It felt so. . .so sensuous on my body. I couldn't imagine returning to rough, scratchy shirts and trousers after wearing such a lovely creation.

I coated my feminine brows a sable brown. Sable shadow went under each brow, and a soft red was blended to give my eyes a large sensuous look. I coated my long eyelashes with dark mascara and carefully curled them to appear long and full. Light glistened off my shiny crimson red lipstick, and red blush accented my high cheekbones.

My long auburn hair was curled, pulled onto the top of my head, and allowed to cascade about my face in a waterfall of curls. The style exposed my ears to reveal the diamond studs and tear drop earrings that graced my ears. Two brilliant points of light and a gorgeous tear drop glistened from each ear. I stepped into gold evening pumps with 4" heels, took a deep breath, and turned to face my mirror.

"Perfect. . .perfect!" The form fitting vivid gold silk dress started with a plunging neckline and ended in a flair of chiffon about my evening pumps. My breasts flowed into a deep valley for all to see. "Too bad my breasts aren't bigger," I moaned, lifting them for effect. I remembered the impersonator in Las Vegas. What was the name of her doctor?

Bob was speechless and Ted was flabbergasted when I presented myself in the family room. How could I possibly be his father? I didn't feel very fatherly right then.

I was the hit of the party and succeeded in taking the heat off Ted, who was introduced to everyone as our daughter. Bob made a point of stating that Barbie was here to stay and would be attending Windor high school during the coming term.

Jack and Winnie introduced their son, Todd. He was a tall, handsome seventeen year old lad with the look of an athlete, and he quickly took a liking to 'Barbie'.

Ted gave me a look of helplessness when Todd asked him to dance. He knew he couldn't back out, so he raised his eyes in a show of resignation and accepted the offer.

When a slow number started, Bob offered me his hand, and I accepted it with grace. He guided me gracefully across the dance floor and I relaxed in his arms. Toward the end of the number, I rested my head on his shoulder and felt



*Bob was speechless as I entered the living room. Even Barbie smiled in appreciation for the way I looked. I was ready to start the new year with my loving 'husband' and lovely 'daughter'.*

safe and secure enough to dance all evening.

Ted was sitting at our table when we returned. The two boys sitting with him excused themselves and departed. "How did it go?" I asked.

"Oh. . .uh. . .all right, I guess," he stammered, a flush coming to his face. "Todd said I was pretty."

"Well, you certainly are!" Bob agreed with a wide grin. His family had passed another obstacle.

"Todd says he is looking forward to my attending high school with him next term. He has made it his mission to show me around and introduce me to everyone," Ted giggled.

Bob and I glanced at each other over Ted's reaction.

The party was wonderful. I felt like I'd always been a woman. I felt perfectly at home as Bob's wife, and everyone now accepted Ted and I as the 'reynolds Women'.

After we arrived home, Ted excused himself. The nervous energy from the evening had completely drained him. He would sleep much better tonight knowing nobody recognized him as a male.

I turned to Bob to thank him for the lovely evening. "Bob darling, I had. . ." was all I uttered before his lips smothered any further conversation. I was completely caught off guard. As his lips pressed against mine, my blood started to boil. I didn't want anything in the world as much as I wanted him at that moment. We were in a passionate embrace for nearly a minute before Bob broke the kiss off and picked me up in his arms. I circled my arms around his neck and nuzzled my cheek into his neck as he carried me to our bed.

He helped me out of my dress in record time while I helped him remove his tuxedo. Neither of us could get the other undressed fast enough. Soon we were rolling around on the bed naked except for my concealing 'BUSHMASTER' covered by my panties. Our bodies pressed tightly against each other as we passionately kissed. I couldn't stop from wiggling my body against his to get maximum reaction.

Bob's hand moved down my bare back to fondle my plump feminine ass. I felt his fingers slide from my ass into the crack between my cheeks. I knew instantly what he wanted. "No, Bob!" I broke away. "That won't happen until our 'arrangement' takes a different turn."

"What turn?" he stammered. "Don't you want me to make love to you? I love you, Karen."

"I love you too, darling," I cried, "and I'll do all my wifely duties except that."



*"Could I have this dance?" Todd asked Barbie. Ted was a bundle of nerves but he accepted the offer and followed the handsome young man onto the dance floor.*

"Why," he had a hurt look on his face, "if you love me and I love you?"

"Because I'm not really your wife," I answered. "This ring may look real, but it's a fake like our marriage."

"Our marriage isn't a fake in my eyes," he groaned.

"Well, it is," I emphatically stated.

"What could make it real?" he desperately asked.

"Commitment," I firmly stated. "I want a long term commitment."

"Commitment? What kind of commitment?"

"Look at me, Bob. Do I look like Bill Lamb?" I displayed myself to him.

"No. . .of course not! I could never make love to Bill Lamb. You look like, act like my wife," Bob said.

"Yes I do! You know as well as I that I can never simply return to being Bill Lamb now. I'm committed to being a woman. I can't be anything else now! What have you committed to?" I asked.

"Committed to?" Bob asked. "Me?"

"You plan to 'drown Karen off' when you get your promotion. That's an easy way out for you, but what about me? Obviously, I can't return to being Bill Lamb."

"Ohhh. . .I see," Bob suddenly understood. As we faced each other on the bed, both of us naked, my commitment was obvious.

"So you want commitment, eh? Obviously, I don't want to drown you off."

"You're the man with all the ideas. You're the one who knows what he wants and how to get it. You come up with a way to make me your real wife and I'll submit to you like a real wife," I said.

He looked at me with love written over his face. "I promise you will never leave. I'll find a way to make our marriage real, honey," he whispered taking me in his arms.

I melted into his body, and purred, "I hope so, sweetheart."

## Chapter 15

Ted sweat bullets for three days before 'Barbie' started school. This was the same high school he had graduated from three years earlier. Back then, he was in college prep, but since he was returning as a sophomore coed, he would be taking a secretarial curriculum.

The school had a semi-uniform for the students. The girls were expected to wear a pleated skirt, white blouse,



*"It's obvious how committed I am," I exclaimed, sweeping my hand over my feminized body. "How committed are you?"*

and low heel shoes. They could wear any other top over the blouse they wished to give their outfit individuality.

We pondered what type of top he should wear for his first day of school as a coed. Finally, we agreed on a red cable knit sweater that complimented his ivory skirt, nude nylons, and flats.

Monday morning found us scurrying nervously about. I was helping Ted get ready, but he was beside himself with anxiety. Despite his reservations, a very pretty fifteen year old 'girl' picked up 'her' purse and walked to the car.

"Honey, don't be nervous," I tried to calm him when I stopped in front of the school.

Ted was fidgeting in the passenger seat. "But I don't. . ." he stammered while nervously toying with his skirt.

"Everything will be all right," I assured him. "You look wonderful, so don't worry. No one will recognize you. Trust me."

"But what if someone does recognize me?" he cried, his voice quivering on the edge of breaking.

"Barbie, nobody would ever guess you are anything other than what you appear to be, a perky 15 year old girl. You are Barbie Anne Reynolds now and nobody will think differently!"

"Okay, but be sure to stay home all day just in case," his voice quivered. He took one last look in the visor mirror to check his makeup and applied a creamy lipstick before exiting the car. "Wish me luck," he said, then walked toward the school with his skirt blowing gently about in the wind.

"Tell me about your day sweetheart, and don't leave out a single detail!" I chirped when I picked Ted up after school. "First, did anyone recognize you or suspect you were a boy?"

"Thankfully, no," he admitted with a blush as he straightened his skirt about his nylon clad legs. "When I walked up to the entrance, memories of the last time I was at this school filled my mind. Since then, I'd served two years in the army as a Red Beret. To return wearing a skirt is very embarrassing."

"The other students were clustered in groups when I made my entrance. Every so often, I noticed a boy or a girl looking at me, but nobody acted as if anything was out of the ordinary. After I checked in at the office, the bell rang, and I went to my home room. I didn't have trouble finding it because the school hadn't changed much in the last three years. As I walked toward the back of the room to take a seat, I noticed everyone checking out the 'new girl'. Every



*"I was petrified as I stood before the class to introduce myself. "My name is Barbie Ann Reynolds," I whispered. I was sure Mr. Almond would see I was a boy!"*

nerve in my body was on fire and I swear, I've never been more nervous. I did calm down a bit when no one seemed to suspect I wasn't what I appeared to be. For the life of me, I don't know what possessed Daddy to think I could look and act like a teenage girl!"

"The teacher arrived and I nearly dropped through the floor. He was Mr. Almond, my senior advisor! I couldn't believe he was now my home room teacher. I was deathly afraid he would recognize me!"

"Good morning, class," he greeted us cheerfully. "My name is Mr. Almond, and I'll be your homeroom teacher this semester. To help us get to know one another, I want each of you stand and tell us your name and the activities you enjoy."

I was ready to faint when Mr. Almond said, "I see we have a new student. Please come to the front of the class and tell us your name, dear."

"I slowly rose and did as instructed, my shaking knees made my skirt sway back and forth. Looking down, I became completely aware of my lipstick and painted fingernails. 'Hello, my name is B. . . Barbie Anne Reynolds. I. . . I spent the past two years going to school in Germany, and I. . . I'm new at this school. Looking around the room, I saw all the kids looking at me, but I didn't see recognition on their faces.

"Barbie, you look familiar. Have we met before?" Mr. Almond asked.

"N. . .no sir," I squeaked.

"Uhm. . .you look familiar, but I must be mistaken," he pondered with a puzzled look on his face.

"I was near panic, fearing he would recognize me, but when the next student rose, the crisis quickly passed. I couldn't believe it! I was actually passing as a fifteen year old sophomore coed! How could that happen?"

"I somehow regained control of my wits as time passed and no one made any suspicious comments. The rest of the hour was spent handing out class schedules. When Mr. Almond handed me mine, he gave me a long searching look. He was obviously trying to remember something. Suddenly the bell announced the end of the first hour."

"After making my exit, I leaned against the hall wall and emitted a deep sigh of relief. I noticed my breasts tent my sweater, my blond hair lying against my shoulder, and my skirt swinging about my smooth legs. 'I did it!' I sighed."

"Hi, my name is Diane. . .Diane Smith," a girl came up to me and introduced herself. "I think we are in the same



*“Barbie, this is Amy,” Diane introduced me to one of her friends. Ted’s knees shook as the girls completely accepted him as one of them.*

next class. Business English?"

"I think so," I tried to smile. "I'm new here."

"Yes, I heard. You've been in Germany. That's groovy! I'd love to hear more about it," Diane smiled.

"We walked together and I was conscious of my skirt swaying in time with Diane's.

"Hi Melody. Hi Amy. This is Barbie Reynolds. She's been in Germany for the past few years and she's new here," Diane introduced me to two other smiling girls.

"We agreed to meet for lunch, and I followed Diane to my second period class. Introductions in the second period went much easier because I was a lot less nervous knowing everyone accepted me as Barbie."

Apparently everything had gone much better for my once arrogant son than he imagined. Everybody accepted him as the fifteen year old girl he appeared to be and he had even made three new friends. He would have loved to date any one of them when he was Ted Lamb, but now that was impossible! As he rambled on about the events of his day, I innocently asked, "Did you meet any boys?"

"What?" he blustered.

"I wondered if any guys came on to you."

He got red in the face, before answering, "Y. . .yes, a couple boys came on to me during lunch, but I handled it all right, I guess. Todd Nero helped a lot."

Bob was home to greet us. He gave me a kiss, and Ted didn't give it a second thought. "How was your first day at school, pumpkin?" Bob asked.

Bob listened intently as Ted reviewed his day. When Ted finished, Bob seemed extremely pleased that he now had a daughter in the local school. His family was taking on an air of permanence needed for the promotion.

The next day, Ted returned to school much more relaxed. He dressed just as nicely, only he wore a different top over his blouse since that was how the other girls dressed.

A few weeks later, Ted announced that his new friend Diane had invited him to a mid-week slumber party. "How should I tell her I can't go?" he asked.

"That's wonderful, darling. I'm sure you will have a wonderful time," I smiled.

"Mom, I can't go!" he insisted.

"Why not?"

"WHAT?" Ted shouted in a high, feminine voice, while defiantly crossing his arms under his bra and pulling his

soft sweater tightly about his expanding feminine breasts. "I'm a MAN, and I can't go to a girl's slumber party! I can't, and I WON'T!"

I chuckled at his ridiculous attitude, knowing he wasn't in a position to do anything except obey. "Your father wants you to fit in as a school girl, so you will attend Diane's party tomorrow night, young lady!" I stated with authority.

Ted pleaded for me to not make him go, but his begging ceased when Bob insisted that he go. With the realization that Bob's word was law, he ran to his room and hid for the rest of the evening.

The next morning, he was sullenly quiet, but when I picked him up at school that afternoon, his attitude had changed. "Mom, please, oh please, don't make me go to Diane's tonight," he begged, placing his slender fingers on my arm.

"I'm afraid your fate is out of my hands," I replied. "You heard your father. You are to go to the party and do your best to fit in with the other girls. Since you didn't carry anything to school to wear tonight or to school tomorrow, I picked out some cute things for you. They are in the garment bag on the back seat," I smiled while enjoying my pay back for the awful things he had said to me over the past months.

Having no choice, Ted reluctantly carried his books, garment bag, and cosmetic case to Diane's front door. Amy and Melody were already there, and I heard several loud squeals as he went inside. To his eternal embarrassment, he was picking up the actions of his girlfriends as he became more and more like them!

"Barbie, how was your first slumber party?" Bob asked at dinner the following evening.

"I . . . it w . . . was okay, I guess, he stammered.

"Tell us about it!" I giggled.

"Yes, and don't leave out a single detail!" Bob sternly replied.

"Well, after a snack, Diane's mother herded us into the den and announced, 'All right girls, you have to do your homework before you can start partying and talking about boys.' Sure enough, later that evening, we sat on Diane's bed and talked about school and boys."

"I think Todd has the hots for you, Barbie," Amy giggled.

Not wanting to give myself away, I blushed under my makeup and whispered, "He's cute."

"He's really cute! And a hunk!" Melody injected.

"Yes," I softly agreed, a shiver ran up my spine.

Like four teenage girls, we talked about boys, clothes, makeup, dating, and more boys. It was fun, but before we knew it, Diane's mother shouted up the stairs, "Girls! It's time for bed."

"Amy can take my bed, Barbie gets the guest bed, and Melody and I will sleep on the floor," Diane stated.

"Whew!" I sighed, relieved that I was spared the trauma of sharing a bed with one of those nubile girls. Reluctantly, I took my garment bag, wondering what Mom had packed. I was hoping against hope that my pink baby doll nightie wasn't included. To my relief, I found my long white nylon sleep shirt. You know, the one with the red bunnies.

Amy emerged from the bathroom wearing a long football sleep top over her panties which were visible as she reached up to towel her long hair dry. I entered the bathroom, locked the door, quickly slipped from my clothes, and jumped into the shower. Some of my nervousness evaporated with the warm pulsing water. I was glad I could wear my 'BUSH-MASTER II' concealer in the shower, but I knew it wouldn't stand a close inspection by the girls. As I moved the soft soap covered wash cloth over my body, I gave a jerk when it touched my sensitive nipples.

I turned off the water and was about to pull back the shower curtain when the bathroom door opened suddenly and Diane came bouncing in. I quickly pulled the shower curtain back to cover myself, being extremely self conscious about being seen naked by the girls. I dropped one hand over my artificial vagina while the other held the shower curtain and I stammered, "I locked the door."

"Oh, that lock hasn't worked in ages!" Diane laughed while looking at my budding breasts. "Anyway, why did you lock it? You have something to hide from the rest of us?"

"Uh. . .no, I guess I'm a little shy, that's all." I explained.

When she left, I grabbed a long fluffy towel, dried myself, and quickly stepped into a pair of white nylon panties. "Oh well," I thought as I pulled the long sleep top over my head. "After seeing my breasts, she won't suspect I'm a boy." When I rejoined the other girls, I was relieved to see that they wore sleep shirts similar to mine.

An hour later, we all crawled into our respective beds and turned off the lights. We must have talked for another half hour before the room became silent. I was in a dimly lit room full of lovely girls in their night wear. This was every guy's fantasy, but I couldn't take advantage of it.

Strangely, I didn't want to do anything except slide my

hand under my panties and insert my fingers into my false vagina to massage my manhood. I spent nearly fifteen minutes, but it remained shriveled and small. 'I wasn't naughty Daddy, really I wasn't! I was a good girl!' Tears formed in my eyes, and I rolled over and buried my face in the pillow to muffle my sobs. I was so ashamed!

When I awoke the next morning, I realized where I was, and I wondered how I could get dressed in the presence of these girls. Looking at them sleeping, I slowly lowered my smooth legs from the bed and tiptoed to the bathroom, grabbing my bag as I went. I removed my sleep top and nylon panties and replaced them with pink nylon bikini panties and a matching bra. I slipped my 'Budding Breast' forms into the cups to fill them out. In spite of my bizarre situation, I smiled as the mirror reflected the image of a cute, teenage girl. I glanced between my legs and saw that the slight bulge looked completely girlish. That done, I quickly slipped back into my sleep shirt, returned to bed, and slipped beneath the covers.

When the first girl stirred, I quickly announced, "I'll use the bathroom first."

"I hate morning people," Diane moaned and turned over.

"I was safely in the bathroom when the girls started getting up. I washed my face, and as I removed the rollers from my hair, smooth bouncing curls tickled my shoulders. I applied dark pink lipstick that matched my polished nails.

"Barbie, get a move on! You're not the only one that needs to use the bathroom," Diane shouted through the door.

As I made my exit, Diane bolted past me and quickly sat on the toilet. I looked over my shoulder as she pulled down her panties, but for some reason, this erotic scene didn't affect me. I merely turned back into the bedroom as if I were a girl myself! Only then did I wonder what Mom had packed for me to wear to school. Seeing the miniskirt and thin white peasant blouse with lots of ruffle made my stomach knot up with concern over what the girls would say.

"I love that blouse! Can I borrow it some time?" Amy gushed as soon as I had the frilly garment on my shoulders.

"How about right now?" I blurted out without thinking.

"You are funny sometimes, Barbie," Amy giggled and removed her top and displayed her firm breasts. I couldn't help staring as she put on her bra and positioned her breasts for comfort.

"Barbie, aren't you wearing nylons?" Diane asked.

I blushed bright red at having forgotten my nylons, so I

came up with a quick excuse to cover my faux pas, "Uh. . .yes. It's just that Mom didn't send a camisole or slip, and I was nervous about wearing this thin blouse. Look! My bra is clearly visible through the thin fabric!"

"Oh, don't be such a prude, Barbie!" Diane chastised. "Your breasts are nothing to be ashamed of. Give the boys a thrill!"

"Okay, if you're sure," I answered hesitantly while the other two girls giggled their approval. With them looking on, I buttoned my blouse and carefully rolled on my smoky gray pantyhose. I looked at my colorful toes, trim ankles, curvaceous calves, and shapely thighs and couldn't believe I was dressing as a girl in the presence of real girls who had no idea of my gender!

To further conceal my identity, I stepped into my short skirt, pulled it into place, and closed the side zipper as if I had done this sort of thing all my life. When I slipped my feet into my two inch pumps, my image was a cute, blond teenage girl. A tear formed in my eyes as I thought how I had spent an entire night with three girls who accepted me as one of them. "Thoughts like, 'How could I have fooled them? How had I changed so much? What had happened to my manhood?' filled my mind.

Both Bob and I were so proud of how well Ted had managed the pajama party. Another hurdle had been passed. Ted had passed as a teenage girl amongst other teenage girls in the intimate confines of a pajama party. This had a profound affect on Ted. He couldn't understand how he could pass so well nor why the intimacy with the girls hadn't set his male hormones in motion.

The next day, after returning from school, Ted announced, "Todd asked me to go to a movie with him Friday night, but I told him I had to get my parent's permission. We all know I can't go on a date with a horny seventeen year old boy, so how do I put him off?"

I was pleased at how well Ted was assimilating into the school routines, and I was ecstatic that Todd had asked him for a date. "Tell him YES," I exclaimed. "There is no better way to be accepted as a girl than dating a viral young man!"

"That's right, Barbie," Bob agreed. "Tell Todd you have our permission to go out with him, but you must be in by eleven."

"I shouldn't have a curfew," he moaned. "After all, I'm really a full grown man."

"You were an adult male, Barbie," Bob corrected. "But

you are a fifteen year old girl now and my daughter. Unless you want a sound spanking, you'll do as I say without complaint."

"Y. . .yes Daddy," Ted replied, bowing his head in submission.

Bob had spanked Ted several times over the past weeks, but he no longer had to do it forcefully like the first time. He would merely tell Ted to get into position, and Ted would demurely raise his skirt and slip to his waist. With his panties revealed, he would obediently lie across Bob's knees to receive whatever punishment was due. As a result, he now submitted to Bob as his father in all matters with little or no argument.

On the night of his date, Ted was a bundle of nerves when he came home from school. "Have you selected your outfit?" I asked.

"No," he stammered.

"Okay, come to your room, and I'll give you a hand," I offered.

"Oh, would you Mom? That would be bitchin! I really do want to look totally hot for Todd tonight!"

What has happened to my once brash son? Only a few months ago, he had nothing but scorn for men who wore women's clothes and had a relationship with another man. Now, he talked like a typical fifteen year old girl and he wanted to wear a pretty dress and look good for a horny young stud!

"Why don't you wear this?" I asked, holding up a salmon colored dress I had removed from his closet. He had bought this dress on one of his shopping trips alone, and I wondered if he had a date in mind when he brought it home. It had a low scooped front held up with spaghetti straps which would slightly reveal his blossoming breasts. It was form fitting over his small waist and rounded hips before flaring to mid-thigh to display lots of shapely leg.

"Yes! That dress is totally awesome! And I could wear my ivory pumps," he replied with a cute giggle.

"Don't you think heels are too much for a casual date," I asked.

"Heels make my legs look so sexy, Mom! Please let me wear them!" he pleaded.

"Well. . .okay," I relented.

"Thanks, Mom. You're completely cool. . .for an adult," he squealed, giving me a kiss on the cheek. "Now, go away and let me dress. I'll call if I need you."

Two hours later, Ted came down wearing the chosen dress and three inch pumps. He was beautiful! His long curly blonde locks were pulled off his face, his thin arched eyebrows were brown, yellow eye shadow blended with dark brown to coat his eyelids, and his full sensuous lips were painted rosy pink to match his nails. Two pairs of large thin gold hoops hung from his pierced ears along with his diamond studs, and several gold chains dangled from his wrist.

"I sure had it easy when I was a guy," Ted sighed as he ran his fingers through his bangs. "I would just put on a clean shirt and jeans and run a comb through my hair. Now that I'm a girl, I need forever to get ready. Guys sure have it easy!"

I smiled at his observation through a girl's perspective. "Yes, but I wouldn't trade places with them," I laughed.

"Isn't this lipstick completely awesome?" he sighed. "I've got to get another tube when Amy and I go shopping tomorrow."

The doorbell rang, and Ted nervously asked, "Do I look all right? Is my makeup on right? Is my hair right?"

I assured him that he was lovely. Judging by the way Todd stared in awe, he thought so too!

Ted allowed Todd to take his hand and lead him out the door. I smiled as I watched them walk down the sidewalk. Ted's long blonde hair swung to his shoulders, his nylons shimmered in the night lights, and his short skirt fluttered against his legs as he walked next to Todd. "My son is going on his first date as a girl," I murmured.

Bob got up early the next morning and went to work, leaving Ted and I to eat breakfast alone. He was in the kitchen having toast and coffee when I arrived. His short robe barely covered his skimpy baby doll nightie and slightly exposed his breasts as he scanned the latest 'seventeen' magazine.

"How was the date?" I asked, sitting opposite him and pulling my legs under me. My robe separated to expose my long nylon nightie, shapely legs, colorful toenails, and full breasts. My breasts showed signs of my earlier lovemaking episode, but I was no longer ashamed to display them.

"The movie was okay, but we spent most of the evening getting to know each other," Ted smiled. Then with a slight blush, he continued, "When Todd escorted me to the door, he took my hand in his. As I started to open the door, he pulled me to him and kissed me gently on the lips. I was totally taken back by his aggressive act and without thinking, I returned his kiss."



*"You look gorgeous, Barbie," Todd proudly exclaimed. "Do I really?" Ted gushed, adding a bit more swing to his walk. My son was going on his first date as a girl!*

Before it went to far, he broke off the kiss and said he would catch me in school. As he drove away, I stood silently in the moonlight and watched him. I was kissed by a guy nearly five years my junior and I liked it. Ted touched his lips with his fingers as tiny tears flowed from his eyes. "Mom, I feel so odd? I have the strangest desire to be around Todd. I feel like I WANT to be his girl."

"Oh, honey, why are you crying?" I asked going around the table and taking him in my arms.

"I'm scared, Mother! I don't know what has happened to me. I've come to love wearing my lovely clothes. It's like I sometimes want to really be Barbie Reynolds. At those times, I..I sometimes actually think of myself as yours and Daddy's little girl!" Ted started to cry in earnest.

"Oh, Barbie honey. It's all right. I understand! I went through the same thing myself," I soothed.

"I'll bet it's those darn vitamins!" he spat.

"You're still taking them, aren't you?"

"Of course! Daddy says I have to and I can't disobey him. Every time I try to, I find myself over his knees with my skirt at my waist. I don't want to risk another session of pain and humiliation! Besides, he is my father."

"Do you want to return to being a boy?"

"Sometimes, but I think the vitamins are affecting my emotions as much as they are changing my body. Was it that way with you?"

"Yes darling," I sobbed. With that, we spent the next ten minutes crying on each others shoulder. This was our first ever intimate sharing. It was a wonderful mother/daughter bonding.

## Chapter 16

I began to despair that Bob would ever make a commitment. I was happy, but I could never return to being Bill Lamb. Bob's promotion was imminent and soon he wouldn't need either Ted or me. What would happen to us when we were 'killed off'? This didn't seem to worry Ted. He was caught up in being a high school girl, his whole world revolving around school, girlfriends, and boys. I resolved to do everything possible to keep Bob interested in me because I didn't want to be thrown onto the street. Besides, I loved him!

I sat at my vanity and glanced at Bob in the side mirror. I smiled to myself because he paid more attention to my dressing than to his own preparations. I brushed a clear



*“After the date, Todd took me into his arms and gave me a kiss. I couldn’t help myself. . . I loved how it felt. I liked being his girlfriend,” Ted sobbed.*

sealer on my dark red lips, did my upper eyelids in grays and greens with a thin line of green shadow under my lower eyelashes, and added a touch of pink blush to accent my cheeks. After brushing my bangs, I allowed my hair to flow in rich curls down my back.

"Sweetheart, how does my makeup look?" I purred, turning to face my husband.

He just sat staring at me, not answering. My ample breasts overflowed the lace confines of my black, satin and lace merry widow with a plunging V-wire center, and my matching bikini panties fit tightly over my expanding hips. "I'll take your silence as acceptance," I sighed. He never took his eyes from me as I sexily walked to my dresser and took out a pair of nude nylons.

Still trying to entice a response, I sat at my vanity facing him and sensuously rolled the nylons up my legs. The wide elastic band at the top held them taut on my thighs, but I asked in a sultry voice. "Honey, do you think I should wear a garter belt?"

"If you want too," his voice cracked.

"I do want to! I want to look sexy for you," I cooed, threading the lace garters under the waistband of my panties and sliding my feet into lovely velvet high heel slippers that made my legs take on such a feminine shape.

I took a shimmering silk slip from a hanger and let it flow over my body. It felt so sensuous as it caressed my womanly curves. There were so many pleasures with being a woman. With a seductive glance at Bob, I reached into my closet and pulled out a dark green dress with elbow length pillow sleeves and wide satin bows at the shoulders. I shivered as the silk lining caressed my body and I faked difficulty closing the back zipper. "Sweetheart, could you help?" I cooed.

"I'd love to," Bob stammered. Quickly standing up, he carefully closed the clasp while I slid the gold posts of my jade earrings into my ears, followed by a jade necklace surrounded with Austrian crystal. Bob helped me with that clasp too.

The dress hugged my body and accented my small waist and feminine hips. The just above the knee length skirt showed my nylon covered knees, calves, and ankles to advantage. Legs like these could only belong to a woman!

I fastened a matching bracelet to my right wrist and slipped a large cocktail ring of Austrian crystals onto my pinkie finger. Standing back so my husband could observe the overall effect, I asked, "Honey, what do you think?"



*"I do want to look sexy for you," I cooed to my 'husband' sitting in our bedroom watching me dress.*

“Oh my darling, you are gorgeous!”

Now, THAT was the response I wanted! I smiled, slid my hand around his elbow, and pushed my hips against his before planting a lingering kiss on his lips.

That evening, as I carefully prepared for bed, I wanted Bob to want me, to lust after me! I examined myself in the bathroom mirror to make sure everything was perfect. I wore a thong teddy of vivid blue scrolled lace that left the tops of my breasts completely exposed as my large brown nipples peeked through the sheer lace. A thin blue ribbon emerged from the between my plump cheeks, leaving them completely bare for Bob's pleasure. The back of my teddy dipped to well below my ribs, and I smiled at my sensual reflection in the mirror.

“Sweetheart, I hope you are well rested,” I cooed in the sexy soprano that was now my natural voice. I couldn't fake a male voice, even if I wanted.

As I slowly sauntered towards my husband who was already in bed, just enough light came through the windows to illuminate my scantily clad body. Instead of getting in on my side of the bed, I crawled up from the bottom and slowly slithered toward him. Smiling like a Cheshire cat, my hands caressed his legs. As I slowly licked my lips, I stopped when my knees straddled his thighs. With my face only inches from his, I cooed, “See anything you like?”

“Everything!” Bob throatily answered in a mesmerized whisper as he untied the tiny bows at the front of my teddy and fondled my warm breasts.

An hour later, Bob and I settled into a cuddling, exhaustive sleep. I snuggled up to him with my back into his chest and my bare ass pressed into his hips. He draped an arm across my side and cupped one of my full, warm breasts and aroused nipples in his fingers. I pushed myself further into his body. His drained manhood pushed into the crack of my ass, but the hidden blue silk prevented it from going any further.

## Chapter 17

Everything came to a head during the middle of March. Since we had allowed Ted to attend pajama parties and go out on dates, he had become a perfect fifteen year old daughter. Everything about him, his body, his giggles, his laughter, his clothes, his actions, and his emotions, were completely girlish.



*"I hope the boys hurry back with the tickets," Ted giggled as he touched up his lipstick.  
"I can't wait to get Todd on the dance floor."*

As for myself, I tried new looks often to keep Bob interested. This particular day, I was alone in the house, and Bob was due home from work soon. Preparing to look good for him, I freshened my makeup, applied a dark coat of lipstick, and arranged my hair in long flowing curls. Going for a casual look, I wore a tight fitting halter top that fit my ultra-feminine figure to a tee while allowing a titillating view of my deep cleavage. This blouse required that I go braless, and my breasts jutted out proudly as if they belonged to a teenager!

"This tight fitting, mid thigh length skirt may be too short for a woman my age, but it should excite Bob," I thought as I fastened a wide belt around my narrow waist and stepped into white 3" heel slippers.

"Honey, how was your day?" I asked Bob just before giving him a wet kiss when he arrived home.

"Has Barbie left for her party?" he stated without acknowledging my inquiry.

Taken back by his abruptness, I replied, "Y. . .yes, she left a few minutes ago. Why? Is something wrong?"

"No. . .no. . .everything is great!" Bob answered while remaining stone faced. "I was promoted today!"

I was floored! Everything we had worked for had suddenly come true. 'GOOD NEWS!', Bob got his promotion! 'BAD NEWS!', I was no longer needed! I just knew he was about to tell me how I would be 'killed off'. I was devastated!

"Let's go to the family room," Bob suggested, taking me by my elbow.

I passively followed his lead as had become my habit, but I was shivering as we sat on the sofa. "Here comes the blow," I thought as Bob gathered his thoughts.

He took my hands and said, "Karen, when I first asked you to act as my wife, you know I was looking for a temporary solution to my problem. Our contract is now complete. You can return to being Bill Lamb or. . ."

I started to panic as he slid my zircon wedding ring from my finger. His face was calm, while I wanted to scratch his eyes out. How could he abandon me after all we had been through, after all the changes he had made in me? I wanted to scream, to run away and cry, anything but stay here! "Or? Or what?"

Bob sank to one knee in front of me and held out a small velvet covered box. "Karen, will you be my real wife?"

What did he say? I was dumbstruck! This wasn't what I was prepared to hear!

Bob looked me squarely in the eyes and asked, "Karen,



*"Karen, will you marry me?" Bob asked. I was completely taken back.*

*"Yes, a thousand times YES!" I cried.*

are you okay? I asked if you would marry me for real.”

My tongue was stuck to the top of my mouth, and tears formed in my eyes.

Bob took my hand and pushed a wide gold band past my long colorful nail to the base of my ring finger. I silently watched as he followed it with a huge diamond. “A green emerald would look nicer with your eyes and hair, but I decided on a diamond because it is so feminine. You are the most feminine woman I’ve ever known, and I want you to be my wife, for real and forever,” he smiled. “Will you, Karen? Will you be my wife?”

“Oh. . .YES! A thousand times YES!” I cried, finally finding my voice as tears streamed down my face.

“Why are you crying?” he asked.

“Because I’m happy, silly! Women always cry when we’re happy!” I gushed. Throwing myself at him, I gave him the biggest kiss of his life. He had asked me to marry him for REAL! We French kissed for a long while before breaking apart to catch our breath. “Darling, let’s make love like husband and wife. I want to truly be your wife,” I gushed while pressing my body against him as hard as I could.

Bob took me in his arms and we tumbled to the floor, hugging and kissing like teenagers in heat. “You’re not wearing a bra,” Bob noted.

“I’m not wearing panties either,” I smiled and placed my lips to his. Our tongues played tag as our hands caressed each other sensitive regions.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” Bob gasped.

He had a difficult time getting up because of the raging erection in his pants. We held hands like love struck kids as we walked to our bedroom. We slowly undressed each other until neither of us wore any clothing. Bob picked me up and we gently kissed as he lowered me onto the bed. Just the thought of what was happening turned me on like a torch.

Slowly, Bob moved on top of me, his chest compressing my mature breasts. My whole body was alive as he kissed and caressed me. I ran my fingernails up and down his back as he lovingly sucked my nipples and gave me love bites on my neck. I felt his long hard erection against my body and I slid my hand down to take it in my soft fingers. I wanted to satisfy my husband. I wanted him to know that I was his wife and that I loved him.

Bob backed off and gently directed me to lay on my back in front of him. My breasts erupting from my chest and my legs were spread so he could kneel between. Slowly he took



*We made love like love struck kids. He asked me to marry him for real! I was going to be his real wife!*

my legs and lifted first one, then the other above his shoulders. He lovingly caressed my smooth legs and administered kisses to each as he positioned me for his onslaught. My body tingling from every nerve and flushed with the excitement of the moment. He gently inserted a finger into my waiting opening and an electrical charge raced up and down my body at this first intrusion. My husband was about to take me as a woman. We were going to consummate our love for each other!

I gave him a final smile of love before he mounted me as my husband. I jerked as he started to penetrate my 'feminine' opening. There was resistance at first, then suddenly I felt him enter. I let out a scream at suddenly feeling bloated. . .and the pain! My screams turned to moans as my body ignited and waves of pleasure coursed through my body. Bob took my breasts in his hands and caressed them while I pushed against him to attain maximum depth. I was being laid by my husband and I wanted it all. I felt like I would burst when he released his warm stream deep inside of my body. I was truly his woman. I was now Mrs. Robert Reynolds. . .forever!

Bob had gone to work by the time Ted returned home from Diane's. "Hi Mom," he greeted, smoothing his pleated skirt beneath him and taking a seat opposite me.

I looked up from my *Cosmopolitan* magazine and gave him a warm smile. Bob and I had made love again this morning and I was feeling perfectly feminine.

"Mother? You look different. Is something wrong?" Ted asked.

"No dear, nothing is wrong. In fact, everything is perfect," I purred.

"What's going on then?" he asked.

"Your father asked me to marry him last night," I softly answered.

"Daddy asked you? But you're already married to him."

"I mean really married. He asked me to be his wife forever and ever," I sighed.

"You. . .you mean he wants you to be his real wife. Like forever?" he cried.

I flashed my lovely diamond, "He gave me this diamond as an engagement ring. Isn't it lovely?" I smiled.

"But how? I mean. . .you're married to Mrs. Lamb. How can you marry a man? Legally, you're still a man!" Ted had stopped referring to Mary as 'mom' when he realized that I now filled that function. I was his only Mom.

"I asked Bob those same questions this morning, and he said I was no longer married to Mary! He even showed me the divorce papers."

"WHAT?" Ted gasped. "WHEN?"

"Apparently I signed some papers requesting a divorce last December. Bob sent them off to Mary along with an offer to help her with a business deal. He would help her get a big overseas account in exchange for her signature on the divorce papers. She agreed!" I stammered.

"WHAT?" Ted cried.

"That's why she wouldn't speak with you just before Christmas. She was closing that deal!" I explained.

"Mom divorced you to close a business deal?" Ted gasped.

"That's what Bob said. So, now I'm a single woman," I stated with finality.

"But you're still a man. . . legally," Ted pressed.

"The paperwork is being processed to make me legally a woman," I giggled.

"Ohhh?" Ted questioned.

"Bob's taking care of everything. He prefers that I have a sex reassignment operation, but he won't insist if I don't want it."

Ted let out a loud gasp. "Sex change operation? Are you going to do it?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

"Oh! You're really going to become Daddy's wife?"

"Yes honey. I want to be his wife! I want to be Mrs. Karen Reynolds!" I stated emphatically.

"Oh, Mother!" Ted exclaimed, giving me the biggest hug. "I'm so happy for you."

I was astonished by his reaction. My son was happy that I was going to become a real woman and a real wife? I didn't understand and asked for an explanation.

"Mother! I've known for the longest time that you are a woman now and that you love Daddy. Now, I'll have a real mother, not a fake!"

"Oh, honey," I cried. Taking him in my arms, I resolved to be the best wife and mother who ever lived! I decided that now was the best time to drop the other bombshell. "Honey, your father finally got his promotion. He's officially a Vice President. All our work has finally borne fruit," I happily announced.

"You mean?" Ted stammered, fidgeting with his short skirt.

"Yes dear," I interrupted, "The purpose for our becoming women is finished. Last night, Bob gave me the option to

return to being Bill Lamb. If I decided to return to being a guy, he would do whatever was in his power to help me adjust."

"But you said you are going. . .," Ted said.

"When I told him that I didn't want to return to being a man, he proposed marriage and I immediately accepted!"

"Oh, Mother," Ted gushed, rushing into my outstretched arms again. "I'm so happy you decided to stay as my mother."

"Your obligation is over too. He promised to help you to become Ted Lamb again and pay whatever you ask."

Ted stepped back and covered his open mouth with his hand. The color drained from his face as he realized he was free. He could return to being a guy! "But. . ." he stammered.

"So?" I smiled, "When do we start?"

Ted turned two shades of white. His mouth moved, but the only thing that came out was, "Ahhh. . ."

## Chapter 18

TWO MONTHS LATER. . . . .

*Bob again,*

It was mid June and Prom night. Although only a sophomore, Barbie was going with her steady boyfriend, Todd Nero. Karen was helping her get ready when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it honey," I announced from downstairs. "MARY!?" I blurted, upon seeing who was standing on the steps. "I didn't expect you back in town for a couple of weeks."

"Hello Bob. We finally meet. I'm only in town for a few days. My house looks as though no one has lived there for quite a while. Do you know where I can find Bill and Ted? I guess I lost track of them, what with the divorce and pressing business."

"Come in, Mary," I replied while trying to regain my composure. I invited her to take a seat and offered her a drink. Heading to the bar to make her a stiff one, I advised, "About Bill and Ted, uh. . .they. . .well. . .it's hard to explain. Maybe I had better just show you."

I could tell Mary was confused by my uncertainty. "Karen! Would you please come down here," I called out.

"I'm helping Barbie with her Prom dress, dear," she answered.

"Who is Karen?" Mary asked. "I thought you were single."



*"Mary! I was your husband but I'm Bob's wife now,"  
I gasped upon seeing her sitting on our sofa.*

Who is Barbie?"

"Uh. . . wait a minute, Mary," I replied while turning two shades of red. "Karen, I think you should come down right now. It's important! We have company."

*Karen again,*

Bob and I were going dancing after we saw Barbie off on her big night. If I do say so myself, I looked elegant as I entered the living room to meet our guest. My long, curled hair flowed down my back, my face was beautifully made up, and several large gold hoops dangled from my ears. My blue, tight fitting, below the knee length dress hugged my every curve. The open front and sleeveless collar allowed my mature breasts to peek above the low bodice. Sheer nylons caressed my legs, and I walked easily in matching blue evening pumps with three inch spike heels and pointed toes. "MARY!" I gasped upon seeing her on the sofa.

"Do I know you?" Mary asked.

I stood next to Bob and took a deep breath. The dreaded moment when I would meet my ex-wife had arrived. Deciding to come clean, I stammered, "I was your husband, but my name is Karen Reynolds now. I'm now Bob's wife!"

"Remember when Ted told you Bill was impersonating my wife?" Bob interjected.

If Mary hadn't been seated, she would have fallen to the floor. She took a deep breath and muttered, "You're Bill?"

"Mother. . . Mother," Barbie called from her bedroom. "I need your help."

"I'll be right there, dear," I answered. "Bob darling, please entertain Mary while I help Barbie. Todd will be here soon."

I felt Mary watching me as I walked from the room, knowing she would notice the gentle sway of my hips caused by my high heels.

*Bob again,*

"BILL? Is that really Bill?" Mary gasped after catching her breath.

"That WAS Bill, but Bill no longer exists. Her name is Karen now," I corrected.

"I. . . I don't understand," Mary gasped, still trying to catch her breath. "You and Bill. . . are living together as husband and wife?"

"Her name is Karen, and we are married."

"MARRIED? But he. . . she was my husband."

"The operative word is 'was'! She is now my wife."



*“Hello, Mrs. Lamb. My name is Barbie Anne Reynolds. I’m going to the prom with my steady. . . a boy named, Todd,” Barbie blushed.*

"He has breasts? A high voice? Curves? Long hair and arched brows? Are those pierced ears?" Mary rambled on.

"Yes, Karen has all those things. Everything about her is real. She and I love each other very much."

"Love? Married? But how? Bill is a man."

"No she isn't, Mary. She is all woman!"

"But she is. . . was my husband?" Mary stated.

"Yes, but you divorced him. . . and I married her. We were married three weeks ago. She is now my wife---legal and proper!" I proudly announced.

Mary was stunned! "My son, Ted? What happened to him?" she asked as panic filled her voice.

"Ted? I needed a family, not just a wife. After Bill was so successfully transformed into my wife, I thought maybe. . .?"

"NO! It isn't so!" Mary shouted.

"I'm afraid so. Ted is now my daughter, Barbie."

"Your daughter? My son is YOUR daughter?" Mary gasped, near fainting.

"Yeap!"

*Karen again,*

At that moment, Barbie and I strolled down the stairs. Todd was due at any moment, and I had to introduce Barbie to Mary before he arrived.

Barbie's hair was a mass of bouncing golden curls that surrounded her face and flowed over her shoulders. Her thin arched brows sat above huge brown shaded eyes, and her frosty pink lips and peach blush highlighted her cheeks to give her the image of a lovely sixteen year old girl. Large white balls swung from the ends of fine gold wire that pierced her lobes. Diamond studs and white balls alternated as they lined her ears.

Her strapless floor length pink gown exposed her thin translucent shoulders and arms. The bodice was cut just deep enough to reveal a generous amount of feminine cleavage and the gentle swelling of her growing breasts. The top of her gown was held up by twin crystal straps that hooked to a jeweled collar around her neck.

The tight waist of her lovely gown accented her tiny waist and full feminine hips. The pointed toes of her satin evening pumps peeked from under the hem of her long dress, revealing ten pink nails through her sheer nylons.

"Hello, Mrs. Lamb," Barbie announced with her eyes diverted to the ground. She was obviously nervous about meeting her real mother as the girl she had become, but she

wasn't ashamed. "My name is Barbie Anne Reynolds. I'm going to the Prom tonight with my boyfriend, Todd, who will be here shortly. It's very nice to meet you."

Mary was dumbfounded! Her eyes were as large as saucers and her mouth was hanging open. I was afraid she was about to have a heart attack.

"Ted?" she uttered, "You're my son? What happened to you? To your voice? Why do you call me Mrs. Lamb?"

"No, Mrs. Lamb. I'm Barbie Reynolds now and Daddy and Mother's daughter," she stated gesturing towards Bob and I. "This is my natural voice and Daddy insists that I address adults respectfully by their last name."

"How? Why?"

"At first, I hated wearing pretty dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup," Barbie answered. "I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed all the time, but gradually my body and feelings became feminine. Now, I love being a teenage girl and look forward to this summer when I will become Barbie for real!"

"But you're my son," Mary whispered.

"No she isn't, Mary," Bob intervened. "On Ted's twenty first birthday, he signed official papers to reassign his gender and become my daughter. It was his first and last official act as an adult. Ted ceased to exist legally and during summer vacation, it will become a reality. Barbie has become a real person and I have officially adopted her as my daughter. You no longer have a son!"

That was more than Mary could take. Her eyes rolled back and she fainted into a deep swoon.

"D. . .did I say something wrong, Mother?" Barbie anxiously asked while Bob went for some ice and smelling salts.

"No, dear. Everything will be all right. The changes are just more than she can handle right now, but I'm sure she'll adjust," I assured my lovely daughter, not wanting her evening ruined because of Mary's unfortunate and badly timed arrival.

Mary came around, and after collecting her thoughts, she stated, "I'm so confused. She looks so lovely, so real?"

Regaining her composure, Mary gasped, "In that dress? You're going to a dance with a boy?" She couldn't stop staring at her former son, now my daughter.

"Yes, Mrs. Lamb. We are going steady. Todd's a real hunk. He's lettered in practically every sport! You'll love him, he's heavenly!" Barbie gushed while holding out her wrist for Mary's inspection of Todd's class ring?

Mary grasped Barbie's soft hand in hers and stared at

the large masculine ring dangling from a charm bracelet. Mary ran her fingers along Barbie's palm and noted how soft and small her hands now appeared with her long polished nails. Undoubtedly, the hand she was grasping was that of a teenage girl.

"I normally wear Todd's ring on a chain around my neck," Barbie continued, "but it would look out of place at the Prom tonight. I wouldn't dream of not wearing it, so I decided to wear it on my wrist."

All Mary saw was a cute, perky teenage girl standing before her. "You're going steady with a boy?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lamb. I'm a normal girl, and I date boys! I'm so happy to be Todd's steady girl," Barbie gushed. "All the other girls at school are simply red with envy. I can tell by the way they stare at us when we hold hands or when they see me wearing his letter jacket. He's the hunkiest guy at school."

"You mean that you even act as his girl?" Mary gasped. "Girls kiss and pet and. . .?"

"I'm not acting! I AM Todd's girl, and he is my boyfriend," Barbie giggled. "And WE kiss!"

The front door bell rang to announce Todd's arrival. I excused Barbie and myself so we could answer the door. "Be home by 2 AM, dear," I said after taking a picture of the handsome couple.

"Mom, can't I make it 3 AM? Todd will protect me," Barbie cried.

"Okay, but no later. You take care of her, Todd," I stated.

"I will, Mrs. Reynolds," Todd said as they left with Barbie holding his arm. The clicking of her heels was the only noise made as he escorted her along the walk.

When I entered the living room, Mary was just returning from watching Todd help Barbie into his car. "T. . .that's my son, Ted?" Mary gasped.

"No, she use to be your son. Now she's my daughter," Bob corrected.

"But he. . .she is so young looking. Ted is twenty one years old," Mary gasped.

"Barbie turned sweet sixteen last month, and she loves her new life," I announced. "You heard what she said."

Mary was completely confused. Her husband was a man's wife, and her twenty one year old son was his sixteen year old daughter. This was more than she could take, and she slumped into another deep faint. Coming out of it a few minutes later, she took a moment to collect her thoughts before asking, "What did you do? Ted looks so feminine.



*"I'm not acting," Barbie blushed, "I even have a steady boyfriend. Todd really likes me."*

Those curves? What are his measurements?"

"She is 33-20-36 with a padded C cup. Soon, she won't need the padding. She claims to be too fat at 115 pounds, but teenage girls always think that they're too fat," I answered as I sat next to Bob and took his hand in mine.

"How big are YOU?" Mary gasped.

"I'm a 34D," I admitted sheepishly, lowering my eyes to glance at my lovely breasts.

She looked at Bob and I holding hands and the large diamond ring on my finger, and stated, "You realize I could make life miserable for you. One word from me and you would lose your job, your reputation, everything."

"Yes, I know, but you won't tell anybody anything!" Bob exclaimed, losing his smile.

"What's to stop me," Mary replied with an evil smile.

"You would lose everything too," Bob intently answered pointedly.

"How?" Mary stammered.

"I've checked your financial records. Everything you own and could borrow has gone into your business, which I must say, you haven't managed very well. I have bought out your creditors and I could call your loans due, sell off your assets, and make money. With your business gone and your reputation as a manager shot to hell, you'd be pushing a shopping cart within a week!"

Mary covered her mouth. Bob knew everything about her business dealings. He was independently wealthy and he could ruin her even more than she could damage him.

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*Barbie leaned into Todd's arms as they enjoyed a slow dance at the Prom. The adoring smile on Barbie's face showed an adoration for her boyfriend.*

He could take her former husband and son, move elsewhere, and start over. She had lost her husband and son to this man, she couldn't let him take her precious business away.

"I . . . I . . . won't make any trouble," she whispered. "I wish the t . . . three of you happiness." That said, she rose from her chair to leave.

"Thank you," Bob smiled.

"Yes, thank you, Mary," I gushed and got up to give her a womanly hug. "I hope we can become girlfriends in the future."

"Uh. . . yes," Mary said as she opened the front door.

Bob and I stood in the front door as she slowly walked down the sidewalk. I held onto my husband's strong arm and leaned into him for support. The last hurdle had been crossed. I was forever a woman. Bob had been promoted to Executive Vice President, and I had been Promoted to Womanhood!

### The End

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First time crossdressing



