

CHRYSANTHEMUM

CHRYS AND

HER MUM



BY
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Chrysanthemum

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By Lauri Selkirk

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By “Z i z z l e ”

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Author's Note

Chrysanthemums, or "mums" as they are also called, have many varieties throughout the world. In the language of flowers, these varieties and even different colors carry significant meanings.

For example: a Chinese mum means, "cheerful under adversity". A simple red mum is defined as "I love", while yellow stands for "slighted love" and a white Chrysanthemum is "truth".

All of these defined flowers are portrayed by the major characters in this story, even as "mum" has yet another definition. Another way to call the female parent, "mother." As you read, see which applies to whom...

Chapter One

Chris Prentiss comes down to breakfast one morning to his parents' surprise wearing unmistakably feminine attire. That is right. Instead of a football jersey and battered jeans, he is wearing a sexy low-cut dress...and more.



Chris has on a sheer cotton voile dress that accented every curve of his newly-feminized alluring body. Due to the dubious exposure, he is wearing a backless bra with gel inserts that gave the illusion of a sexy girl with full bouncy breasts. Given this, it can be assumed that he was also wearing panties. He was. White high-waist bikinis that matched the brassiere; his member being discreetly tucked away for that smooth feminine mound, whether seen or not.

Back to the outerwear—he is wearing smoky-plum colored pantyhose that match his dress and skyscraper high heels.

For some time now, Chris has had very straight, long and shiny brunette hair. It is a definite asset to the present picture. This day, it was combed over from the left side instead of its usual part down the middle. The old way kept his hair off his face but the side part enabled the tresses to sweep across his forehead just above his eyebrows.

About the hair. Before this day, the surpassing growth of it was something his father never approved and there was constant contention about it. Oddly enough, his mother never joined in these discussions; stating only once that “the boy is growing, with a mind of his own and I’m not going to fight him. But you go right ahead.”

Now, the picture of what Chris’ father only guessed at what the lengthy hair could lead to stunned him speechless. His son was not stereotyping now, as his father had previously remarked that the long hair would make him “a swish.” Chris’ looks and actions fitted exactly for a budding young woman about to leave her teens!

Chris could tell that his father wanted to blow a gasket. In the past, Chris would match him yell for yell. However, this time, Chris calmly spoke without invitation, in a strangely soft voice, in explanation of his appearance.

He meekly said that several guys liked certain girls that went to their school. In trying to win them over, it was also found out that these girls just happened to be friends with each other, often hanging out together in a clique.

It was the girls’ idea that if the guys really liked them, that they would be willing to do anything to gain their affection. The girls then said that they noticed that in other cities and towns, there were rival macho gangs that wore

certain colors that showed to which gang they belonged.

“While none of the guys were effeminate in any way, there was a possibility of us ‘passing’ physically,” Chris then said abruptly. Clarifying this, he added, “If we liked the girls enough...since we could be good enough to be perfect, so as not to be readily hassled by bullies...for as long as they said, our ‘colors’ would be to switch genders. That is, they would dress like boys and we would be their girlfriends.

“We’re all almost graduates, this being our last school year, and already legal adults in many areas, having previously just fooled around with the opposite sex, we were told. If we were old enough to be committed to a serious dating, we could also be mature enough to take the infantile ribbing that we might receive at that out of love for them. Anyway, the girls-as-guys would be there to defend their partners, if necessary. Just as it would be in a regular situation. Eventually, of course, the roles would reverse back, having proved ourselves.

“On the whole, the basic idea would be that all of us would know for sure how each other’s partner feels, having been that person in a way. And in being empathetic, we would have relationships that would be strong indefinitely, since this is our last school year. It should lead to things like responsible sex and even marriage.”

Hearing it all explained so sensibly, Chris’ mother was proud of him and all for it. But his father was not.

Vivian Prentiss, an attractive woman in her mid-forties, was very impressed with her offspring’s beauty. Actually pleased to see that Chris had indeed taken after her physically on this unique occasion. She then said to her husband, “Look at it this way, dear. As a girl, you now have more control over your ‘daughter’.

“If Chris is to truly behave female, then it should rightfully extend to our authority over ‘her’, as a young girl. Otherwise, ‘she’ could fail in meeting her partner’s expectations. By enforcing a feminine state away from her company, she’ll present herself a better person with her partner, having done what was expected of her.

“As such, as our daughter, Chris will have an earlier curfew, just like any other respectable young lady. After all, girls that stay out late tend to have bad reputations and this would not look good in Chris’ favor. Her ‘boyfriend’ surely must know that in this switch that although ‘his’ parents might allow him later hours, that the situation has to be reversed all the way, what with Chris even dressing up this way.

As a proper young lady, she’ll have to do chores with me around the house, thus staying out of trouble outside. Especially from hooligans who might know her, in uncovering the temporary charade and make harassment or even molestation a more sure thing.

“There would be no more yelling and screaming between you two, as there has been in the past. She would behave demurely at all times, not just around her boyfriend, else we blow the whistle on her. Spoiling things with someone she obviously cares about, to willingly go to this length. You two would not be at odds because she will always be on her best behavior! Overall, we all gain something out of this!”

Les Prentiss still grumbled but saw the wisdom of his wife’s words. Especially in not having Chris backtalk him, in his feminine decorum. What he did not catch, however, was Vivian’s immediate use of feminine pronouns. Chris was already changed in gender, in her eyes.

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As breakfast was consumed, the doorbell rang. Ordinarily, Chris would have ran for it. But seeing the two women stay put as if it was not heard, Les went to the door.

Les then saw a slim boy wearing jeans and an oversize work-shirt, untucked outside the pants. His hair was a close- cut pompadour hairstyle that looked suspiciously feminine. The giveaway of the feminine boy-cut was the obvious flip curls in front of each ear; just enough curl to simulate masculine sideburns.

“Hi, I’m Alison Stephens. I suppose Kryss told you all about me,” said the pseudo-male. As an afterthought, Alison smacked ‘his’ forehead. With a

slightly deeper voice, *he* said, “Don’t tell Krys that I blew it this early,” and extended *his* palm to Les for a handshake. Numbly, as the hands were pumped, Les now fully understood the veracity of what he had been told.

“If she went through with it, then her name is even to be spelled different, in keeping everything in place. K-R-Y-S instead of C-H-R-I-S and I’ll be A1 instead of Alison.”

“Krys” now came out to see them talking. “Al” then let out a wolf whistle that shook Les up, what with him knowing the truth.

“Yo, Krys! Kew-well!” Al said, maintaining the huskier timbre. “Lookin’ good, babe! Still, it is a little Pollyanna. We gotta jazz you up if you wanna be seen with me!” At that, the duo left for school, leaving behind a still-benumbed father, unable not to watch his son’s rear wiggle in the short skirt, as the couple walked away, hand in hand.

Chapter Two

“You want me to be a whaaat?!” Chris Prentiss exclaimed, after hearing his mother unveil a very contrived plan, the night before.

“Keep your voice down, Chris,” Vivian said calmly. “You know that some time ago, I made sure that your room was soundproofed, just so you can play your music as loud as you want without disturbing your father and I. But if he comes home unexpectedly early, just because we’re coincidentally having this private talk, he can pass the door and make out muffled voices if we yell at each other. And that’s you and your father’s pastime, not ours. Is it, sweetheart?”

“I don’t know just how nosy Les is, but he might be able to make out our voices, if not what we’re saying. He may feel compelled to freely barge in here, then. To lock the door would have him highly suspicious. Lately, you two need precious little to pick a fight and I don’t want it now. I want him to be completely unaware of what we’re doing.”

Vivian then took a long pause before continuing. “You’re not the only one unhappy with your father. You’ve known about my unhappiness with him

because I confide in you. Do you want me to be always unhappy while your father gets away with everything?"

"No, Mom," Chris now quietly replied. "You've always been on my side, while all me and Dad do is argue.

"...But you're really asking me to be a girl! I thought that you were just talking before!"

"Well, Alison will be your 'boyfriend'. You won't have to do this alone. I had to talk to her before actually getting your things together tonight because you're going to need help in pulling this off. You can do this, despite tomorrow's sudden debut, because I know you can.

"For now, with just the clothes, a change in hairstyle and speaking softly, you'll be perfectly believable as doing something for the first time. You'll be getting better as time passes, and the better you are, the more you'll make your father squirm. Obviously, I can't be at your side every moment, but I'll be there when it counts. Otherwise outside, as the masquerade must be thorough, Al, 'he' will be there for you, should trouble arise."

"You told Alison?" Chris gasped, almost not hearing everything else.

"Yes, and she agreed to help. Now, is there a problem?"

"No, I guess not," Chris resigned with a sigh. At least he would not be alone. Then, in a sudden afterthought, he blurted in a panic, "What about school? What about the kids at school?"

"Do you love me, Chris?" his mother asked, nearly exasperated after having outlined everything already, including protection.

"Aww, you know I do, Mom."

"Then trust me, baby. In all this time you and Alison have been going together, with him being so busy, your father's never even met her before he will tomorrow morning. For school tomorrow, 'Al' will be coming here on purpose, just like any other guy picking up his girlfriend. Now, Les will be seeing 'him' quite often," she laughed at her pun. "Just like I've already done with your new clothes sizes, I'll take care of everything.

“C’mon! It might even be fun!”

After another pause, she says, “And speaking of everything, I’m going to run your bath, so that you can begin to smell fresh and sweet early. Before then, we’ll depilate your budding hairs, to make your body smooth all over. I’ll take care of them permanently later, so it won’t be such a bother to do it every other day.”

Vivian had not been totally outgoing with this information. Upon use, Chris would know that the creamy depilatory liquid smells awful. Regardless of the odor, the cream’s effect lasting about a week for him, he will be glad that he will not have to shave his sparsely-growing beard every so often, anyway. Not knowing fully his mother’s plans, Chris will be thankful for his mother’s strategy for not having to shave. Growing what little he previously had was an irritant to shave it off, again and again. So he was very thankful to know that his mother cared about him so much. Especially considering, despite how he felt, Chris had never complained about the facial growths to her.

Electrolysis treatments were to start as early as the next day after school, as tonight Vivian would do a passable enough job of depilation for “Krys” debut at breakfast. Told at the last minute this night, Vivian will only depilate him from the neck down, saying that the cream will not work on the face.

Chris will then shave in the morning, after which, a little makeup will cover any imperfections. The electrologist will then have at least something to work with, on his face. Thus lending the way to have hair removal done professionally. Blissfully ignorant, Chris will merely assume that this would be the best yet for his face. No more cutting his face for the sake of a few scraggly hairs. No periodic stanches of depilatories. Just a nice smooth face.

Only Vivian will not tell him again that his whole body will be checked professionally until the last moment. By then, malleable Krys would do anything for ‘her’ mother’s happiness.

“After your bath, my darling, we’ll go through a literal dress rehearsal, once we’ve restyled your hair,” said Vivian. “Just to remember our story perfectly, along with the way you look. I can only be agreeable at the breakfast table. I can’t prompt you then.

“I’m going to help you the first time. Then, you’ll disrobe completely and re-don them all by yourself. It will be okay if you’re not perfect, but a snagged nylon will never do,” she smiled outward as well as inward, for two different reasons.

“Then, tomorrow, while I’m in the kitchen, I can be assured that everything is all right, when you dress again for the day.”

Chapter Three

At school, almost no one knew the “new girl” right away. Because in only change of dress and hairstyle, there was a dramatic contrast, even as “Al” was coaching “Krys” to even move differently as they walked to school. Yet due to the fact that Krys wore no obvious makeup, in the close quarters, she was surely recognized and teased. Still, Al played ‘his’ part as his girlfriend’s protector, to those who knew the couple and the verbal jabs waned, if only somewhat. They would taunt a sissy boy but were wary around a butchy girl, ironically enough.

Since they were known only by a relative few in a school of hundreds, the duo was mostly accepted as they appeared. One would think, however, that something like this would definitely escalate as the school day wore on. Krys, already preoccupied in trying to pay attention to what was being taught, did not have time to give credence to being kidded and even her instructors’ stares. She had been forewarned that it was going to happen, but to brave it out and that everything would be okay.

Indeed, Krys did not make her morning teachers happy when they called the attendance roll and she would answer “Here!” in her briefly-practiced feminine timbre each time they got to the masculine spelling of her name. The voice was good enough not to be found derisive, aside from its lack of perfection. Yet such precision would come through constant usage. For the time being, it was obvious enough for one teacher who was intolerant of practical jokes to send Krys to the principal’s office.

The principal could not immediately tell by looking at the quiet, almost plain-Jane girl why she had been sent to him. Krys had expected to be sent here

before the day was out and was never nervous, in being forewarned. For sure, in the privacy of the principal's office, although alone, she remained in character but told the man who she was. Too, before the principal could bluster in outrage and threaten to call Krys' parents for her seeming audacity, she herself boldly prompted him to do so.

When he had made the call, the principal almost smiled, in thinking that he had a smart-aleck prankster who even attempted to test his patience. As if calling a bluff, he thought that he was ready to vent ire at a parent, whether unaware or not of what had transpired. However, the phone on the other end was picked up almost immediately.

Vivian Prentiss was anticipating this call. She allowed the authority figure to rant about her son's misdeed, after which she told him to get comfortable because she had a lot to say. Then, she calmly began her monologue.

“Whether you know it or not, Mr. Blackwell, my family is one of the foremost founders and contributors of this town. As such, although I choose to live modestly, I am very well off and quite influential. My husband knew this when he married me.

“At first, he attempted to five high on the hog, almost before our honeymoon got underway. But after spending way too much during this time, even then I was compelled to caution him that it was not really his money and he was spending it as if it was going out of style. He seemed to heed me, but only for a little while.

“We could've always lived extremely well, mind you. Indeed, within limits, it was my intention to spoil him, out of love. But before I could, he already went way past any affluence I had planned. So, I reversed myself to modesty, hoping that soon enough with him being reined in, we could go all out in reasonable grand style. Still, despite restraining himself, he still acted as if it was his money.

“Ultimately, I made him get a job, so that he could use that for ‘mad money’ of his own. Even then, he used the family name to get him a job that afforded him, shall we say, ‘flexibilities’ that he would think I would not know

about.

“We do not live in a community property state, Mr. Blackwell, where he would automatically get half of everything in a divorce, without a pre-nuptial agreement. In fact, in my opinion, those things take the romance out of everything; as if there was a plan not to stay together, making the words ‘till death do you part’ a farce. Marriage is supposed to be forever.

“But I guess that nowadays, it’s not vogue,” she sighed heavily. “These days, if he gets the idea, with my own money, in a divorce court with the right lawyers, he could swindle me out of everything! With my child almost an adult, he could even get out of paying child support!

“I suppose I’m boring you with these sordid details. Yet, the point I’m trying to make is that I’m not sure my husband loves me anymore, or if he ever did. I’ve discovered that he’s been sleeping with other women while on business trips. Lately, he even has local trysts, thinking I’m too much of a bimbo to figure it out. But *this blonde* is not dumb!

“As a way to retaliate his waywardness, anything he disliked, I liked. One such thing was Krys’ long hair. As you can easily see throughout your school, any number of boys wear theirs as long as they please. Whether they have family problems behind it or not. When Krys grew it past her neck as Les disapproved, I privately encouraged an even longer growth. Also how to keep it as clean and healthy as mine.

“Since the length began as she entered high school, now that Krys is about to finish, what with the hair now being very long, it gave me an idea. For the moment, let’s refer to the girl I’m sure you have seated before you, in masculine terms.

“Plainly put, my former son and his girlfriend, Alison Stephens, have agreed to switch roles for me.

“Alison could easily become boyish without anyone batting an eye. So, her part was easy. She seemed to be headed in the direction of mannish tomboyishness anyway, if you follow me. Since I at least had the complete devotion of my son, this was why he agreed to play along. Especially since he had Alison’s support while away from me. They would be inseparable anyway,

having been dating for some time. But even this may not be enough. This is where you come in, Mr. Blackwell, and why I'm telling you all of this.

“You see, a major part of Chris' weekday is spent in school. My plan is to allow this ‘mating game...’ and Vivian explained what she and the now-Krys had outlined and the reversed offspring had said at breakfast, including the new spelling of her first name. “In truth, the only boys and girls involved are singular, Krys and her boyfriend, Al. But my husband Les, doesn't know this.

“If Les can't handle the existence of my ‘new’ daughter, and presumes that I had a hand in it for divorce leverage, making me seemingly incompetent to get at my money, I still win. It will only be a presumption that I *happened* to help out with, for my child to keep a loving partner. I will be the victim because I love my child, not the villain.

“I won't have to take him to court as the jealous wife, even though he's the one who's fooling around, for his lawyers to twist my defense. Nor could he claim ‘irreconcilable differences’, because in my being both modestly attractive and wealthy, I never denied him the marriage bed nor my money. With the former, it was him that presumes that sexual variety via other women is the spice of life. With the latter, I only strongly suggested that he ease up on the family trust and get work. Both were reasonable requests on my part.

“Mr. Blackwell, while Les would be scrounging around for excuses to have his cake and eat it, too, in a divorce settlement, as I've said, I'm not stupid. I already have proof of his infidelity via private investigators. He slipped up badly once, to make me suspicious, and in hiring them, I prayed that I was wrong. Since I wasn't, I also have complete background checks on his lovers. Not to mention, incriminating photographs. None of them are well off and it's easy to assume they're sponging off him. But with all that he has done, I am willing to forgive and forget if he returns to loving only me. In the meantime, I intend to play my new daughter's game out, for several reasons.

“Between you and I, I really am going to increase Krys' femininity, with Les thinking that it is his son's idea. If my help alienates Les, to drive him into another bed, I'll have yet more proof. Helping Krys become feminine is not grounds for divorce. I would not be neglecting Les, in giving her my attention. All my husband has to do is give me exclusive attention in our marriage bed.

“I love my husband. I just hate what he is doing. I have taken so much already, for years. With him, this has been going on before Krys hit puberty. This divorce thing is pressure from his latest lover and you can believe that she obviously intends to screw him another way by taking my money from him, when the time is right, in supposing that he wins the divorce. This is the last straw.

“...And I won't have his son following in his footsteps!” The way Vivian Prentiss snarled this angry remark through the phone receiver, it made Mr. Blackwell jump in his seat.

“Krys and her father rarely get along since she hit puberty. On the other hand, she's always been my only outlet to show love and affection, for a very long time. I will not lose that. I intend to keep that outlet, my way,” Vivian continues. “One by one, without her knowledge, this community is being told to accept her as my daughter. She will graduate high school as a female. Even as we speak, her schoolmates and teachers are getting the word, not to tease or harm her in any way. Do not ask how, save that it is being done.

“It is almost lunch time and by then, Krys will merely assume that her disguise is working on the outside world, to better work inside the home with her father, as she was advised by me as being the most effective way. The lack of the fatherly bond made it more than agreeable for her to do this, after some discussion. Willingness is always the easiest impetus to get things done, don't you think?” she asked rather facetiously.

“At the risk of repeating myself, I intend to keep my daughter instead of my son. At present, Krys thinks that she is playing a sublime ‘prank’, as you called it, not against the school, but to irk her father. It was my suggestion to be thorough about it, which is why she is feminine out-of-doors, as well, so that Les won't hear about any downtime and figure out that the joke is on him.

“Rest assured, it is. I'm taking everything away from him, so that he walks away with nothing. Not even his offspring that he cares little about, anyway.

“In the meantime, Krys is never to be troubled by her changeover, as it evolves from game to reality. There will be a smooth, seamless transition. As

such, she will not know where fantasy ended and the real world began. Whatever happens between her parents, she deserves no negativity. Because her change has officially begun, I dressed her almost child-like today on purpose, to lessen the shock of transition on her peers, as well as herself. My Krys is a good girl. You proved that in ranting only about what she wore. Not she herself.

“After school today, she will be fittingly attired as a girl approaching womanhood. That seed has already been planted by her boyfriend, Al. Krys’ femininity will increase even if my marriage is salvaged. I’m officially asking for your support, as I will be asking others, so the community...as the school is a part of it...can continue to receive my family’s vital monetary support.

“This town will be bankrupt if I leave it, taking my resources with it. But I like it here. I’m sure that my future generations will, too, if they are felt that they are welcome here.

“Oh, and Mr. Blackwell...? If I find out that my true goal has been leaked out to my husband, much less my daughter, believe me, I will know from where and will take appropriate measures.

“Do we understand one another?” Vivian Prentiss said firmly, more as a statement than an inquiry.

The principal, trying not to appear shaken before Krys who had been sitting before him all this time, almost nervously acknowledged that he comprehended everything.

As Krys was returned to her classes, the rest of the day all of her records were being changed from male to female. Even her gym schedule was switched from the boys to the girls, using the latter’s locker room. A locker was assigned to her discreetly away from the others and the coach held her back so that she could shower privately...for now. Krys Prentiss may be a question mark this day to those who used to know ‘him’, but she would be integrated into the feminine population so smoothly, it would take only someone who was constantly aware, to notice.

And only one would be. Vivian Prentiss.

Until today, Mr. Blackwell had not realized just how powerful Vivian’s

maiden name of Falconer was in the community. How influential she herself was under her sweet, beautiful visage.

Even so, out of spite in feeling pushed around by a woman and doing everything in according to her plans for her former son, he did some research. In doing some careful checking, he found out just how potent her family's authority was, much less her.

A long time ago, the Falconers not only helped build the town but were the prime movers in seeing it prosper. Modesty was an inherent family trait that was mostly adhered to over future generations, thus easily displayed by Vivian. It was one of the main reasons the town was not named after them. They wanted to belong with the neighbors, not put above them. Even though it could have happened. All Les Prentiss knew was that she was rich. While not naive, Vivian fell for his charm that was shockingly shed like a snake's skin, barely after taking their wedding vows. Still, she did love the man and wanted to uphold the sanctity of marriage.

When Chris came on the scene, he was more an obstruction to the wealth than a father's blessing. It took puberty for Chris to finally gather antipathy against his father, but his mother was always there to temper this. Soon after there was also Alison Stephens.

All in all, Vivian Prentiss could have carte blanche treatment anywhere she chose, not just here. Rather, she opted for simplicity. Still, she was not one to be trifled with. Knowing what she wanted to do, knowing what she had begun with her son, Mr.. Blackwell abruptly discontinued his probing and did his part in creating her daughter.

He knew that even he had skeletons in his own closet that he would prefer not see the light of day. So, he now did not want to be caught snooping in the Falconer background, making unwanted trouble for himself. He was now dutifully determined to see that there always was a "Krys Prentiss", female. He was even at the ready to make a switch for an "Al Stephens," given the word.

In not wanting to flaunt her lifestyle, it was a valuable lesson learned by Vivian Prentiss. Her mother played the atypical blonde bimbo, as she spent a fortune with her husband's blessing. Only thing, they truly loved each other. But

her jet-setting ways ultimately killed her in a literal plane crash. Vivian's father had some business to attend to and was to join her later. Although he missed the flight, he was true to his promise, as he soon died of a broken heart.

And so, being an adult herself by this time, what with all of her finances and power, Vivian deliberately chose the simple life. She assuredly indulged in private luxuries, yet public opulence was never on her agenda. She did not want to use her standing to threaten people or make them kowtow to her. Then, if she chose to make a public display of her wealth every blue moon or so, Vivian felt justified in doing so.

A blue moon had arisen.

Chapter Four

Vivian purposely waited for Les to come home this day, to pointedly announce to his face that she was taking her “daughter out shopping for the ‘necessary’ things, in order to win over the guy of her dreams.”

Krys then underwent a complete makeover. First up was to change her hair color from her inherited father's dark locks to that of her mother's. Moving even a step further,, past Vivian's shiny golden blonde to an icy platinum blonde; the tresses went from straight hair to a permanent that was full of fluffy waves and bouncy curls.

Eyebrows were thinned, while eyelashes were sweepingly extended. Fingernails were cleaned, lengthened and polished. Krys' ears were pierced and immediately filled with tiny teardrop earrings hanging from diamond studs. After a facial peel, makeup was then meticulously applied. Krys would be taught how to do makeup on her own later. For now, a beautician would come to the house each school morning to do her face, gradually getting her to accomplish it all by herself. While there, an electrologist looked at most of Krys' body, did a preliminary inspection of her face, and set up appointments to come to the Prentiss home after Krys had arrived from school.

Specially designed brassieres, previously bought, were now to be worn. Bringing out a bosom Krys never dreamed she had. Unsuggested augmentation would come later. For now, silicone inserts were placed within the bra cups.

Blouses and dresses, purchased later, would then emphasize a cleavage from these bras that would make any female envious. Krys' already slim body would undergo very little figure training.

Krys had quietly balked at the transformation, since she did not know that the first stop was the beauty salon. Yet before they began shopping for clothes, she was instantly enamored with the knockout beauty that she had become. Absolutely mesmerized with the image jfthat stared back at her, something clicked into place in her min'd, as her practiced voice strangely went an octave higher when she marveled herself. Krys really appreciated the way she looked; as a sexy young woman who definitely wanted to keep this look.

Yes, Krys would be a plain-Jane only for a day. Now, she was a sexpot...with a mission. Deliberately to shock her father, not just from the change of that morning to radically that night, but unknowingly for her mother, to define a beginning of taking everything away from Les. From his son to her daughter. In contrast, when "Al" would next see "his girlfriend", he would be as comfortable with her as he had long been in his boyish wear and shortened hair.

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Vivian and Krys had been out for several hours, what with everything having been done, from makeover to clothes shopping, straight from school. Still, while late enough for Les to fume over a note telling him of simply their absence and a pre-made dinner that needed to be microwaved to be eaten, it was not very late. Vivian was ever conscious that tomorrow was yet another school day for her transformed daughter.

After indulging in their own light dinner in a restaurant, Krys had been silent for the most part by this time. Her mother had been beaming, not only in the way Krys had gracefully eaten, but even being satisfied with the small-portioned meal. When Vivian complimented her on this, Krys even blushed, stating that she and Al had lunch outside the school today, instead of the cafeteria. When she told him that she did not bring a bag lunch, Al told her that he had enough for two. As she began eating then, Al had her stop several times, so that she "could eat like a lady."

"I guess it stuck," Krys said, blushing again. "Just like whenever I

wanted something like my stereo equipment and Dad said ‘no’, you said ‘yes’ but under certain conditions. Even doing more, like sound-proofing my room. It was easy to comply with your terms when you nudge instead of shove,” she finished, not realizing the full import of her last sentence.

Little else was said, and it was thereafter a considerable ride home. Krys constantly looked at her mother as she drove, Vivian’s head always straight ahead. Krys could not take the silence very long, as she looked down at her ‘new’ bosom, slightly jiggling in the dress’ scooped necked opened as bumps in the road were hit, and fiddled at the hem of her short dress with her elongated fingernails.

“Mom?” she said. Vivian did not answer her.

“Mom?” Krys repeated stronger, oddly not very loud yet with the same soft timbre that had escalated to new heights at the salon and remained.

“Mommy?” she finally said softly.

That, Vivian heard. She slowed the car down, as she turned to Krys as much as she could while still driving. “Yes, sweetheart?”

“Are you mad at me?” Krys asked.

Vivian just smiled. “Why no, honey. Why would I be mad at you?”

“Well, you were kinda upset when I fussed at the salon. But I did everything you said afterwards. Still, when we went shopping and everything, it wasn’t until we ate that we really talked. Even then, I did most of the talking.

“Mommy, Daddy’s always being so mean to me. I-I just couldn’t bear it if you were mad at me, too.” Krys’ eyes even got glassy then.

Vivian now pulled over to the shoulder of the road. Almost fluidly, she then turned off the ignition, grabbed some nearby tissues, and swiftly dabbed Krys’ eyes. She then hugged Krys so warmly, Krys automatically returned the embrace.

Vivian had been lost in thought about the beginning of her subtle indoctrination of her former son. It had not begun truly the night before. Indeed,

as it had been noted that they had the discussion before, that night was when the last foundation block was to be set. Chris had slowly been molded to femininity from even before the extended growth of his hair, to appreciate his mother more. To simply acknowledge her being different from her husband; not to deliberately feminize him over time, despite it happening. More likely, although never discussed, his hair growth was not to emulate other long-haired boys, but to unconsciously honor her.

As a confidante over the years, Vivian freely expressed her own femininity with him, making sure that her son truly understood her feelings. What it meant to be female; to be able to truly empathize with her. With her knowing that he could then conceive how she felt, Vivian subtly inculcated a reward system with his unwitting acceptance, which ranged from special meals, occasional longer curfews, to even extravagant gifts.

Many nights when Les was away, Vivian would sit and chat with Chris, often brushing his long tresses as they talked. Guilelessly becoming friends, Vivian got him to brush her long hair, in turn. Soon enough, these became times when Chris and his mother would be able to freely laugh and giggle, as if they were two girlfriends.

Chris had been unaware of what was evolving. Yet, it grew out of something that Vivian had noted for some time about her child. She had endured an unhappy marriage for almost half of her life and could not see any way out without unfairly losing a great deal.

That is, until Chris became a teenager. Instead of allowing alienation from both parents upon his puberty, Vivian saw an opening to not only keep her tie with her child, but to also strengthen it. To do so via a gender change was an idea that came much later, but not very. Krys' present calling of her parents in a child-like appellation, was an assurance to Vivian that Krys was heading, not backwards, but in the right direction.

“No, baby,” Vivian now said. “You love your mommy, don’t you?”

Krys merely nodded her head in affirmation, inadvertently nuzzling it between Vivian’s breasts that was partially exposed in her own open-necked dress. The feeling was very comforting to both parties and in no way erotic. If

anything, a seed of envy was being built in the back of Krys' mind, to desire a similar, very real bosom of her own.

“Oh, Mommy! Yes! Yes!” Krys exclaimed.

“Well, my love, if you love me, you must trust me. If I ask you to do something for me, you'll do it like a good girl. Then Daddy won't be able to mean to either of us, ever again. Even Al will be able to share our happiness, too. Would you like that, baby?”

“Oh yes, Mommy!” said Krys. “I love Al very much. I'd just die if I lost him. He's so strong and masterful. I even felt his muscles when he helped me against those bullies at school today.”

“Al got in a fight over you?” Vivian's eyes widened.

“Oh no! Nothing like that. It's just that we arrived, they were starting to call me names, just because I looked so dowdy. Al then stepped in, gave them a mean look and made a fist. Although someone did say something else, another one then said, ‘Hey, I ain't gettin' in trouble fighting no girl!’ and everybody backed off.

“I was so relieved! Fighting was the farthest thing from my mind! Thank goodness things seemed to calm down after lunch. Even the teachers were nicer!”

Vivian had to struggle from laughing at the irony then. Krys may not have been in full feminine mode at school, but ever since her makeover, her changeover was gradually locking into place, even in her speech patterns. Being made to look feminine lent to feeling feminine, to finally being feminine.

Granted, it had been less than a full day, but a willing spirit aided the transition to become so effective in such short order. The lack of detractors also eased the swift change. Vivian knew then that the troublemakers at school were not seeking to fight her daughter. Their minds were discouraged against fighting with the “new Al.” He did not yet make a convincing male as Krys was a female. “The girl” they did not want to fight was him.

“C'mon, baby,” said Vivian, as she sat Krys up back in her seat. With a

gentle kiss to her forehead, Vivian added, “You’ve had a long day and tomorrow’s school. Let’s get home.”

Vivian was beside herself, as she turned over the engine. Things were turning out much better than she could ever hope. And this was only the beginning...

When they arrived home, as his wife was the first one through the door, Les was conveniently nearby as soon as he heard the keys in the lock. Ready to rant about his need-to-be-reheated meal and the overall lack of Vivian’s presence for hours. But even as his mouth opened, she had stepped aside, allowing the new Krys to be revealed.

Les just barely recognized his former son, what with most of his conclusion coming from the fact that a boy was not in sight and this young woman freely walked in.

“Hi, Daddy,” Krys said almost sultrily, as she touched his cheek with a gentle hand and gave him a tender kiss on it afterwards.

Her identity now confirmed, Les’ mouth was still open as he watched Krys sashay upstairs in her sleeveless yellow knit mini dress and matching 2” heels, with the long slender legs in between. A far cry from what she wore this morning. What Krys now wore was something that had revealed everything about her as feminine, even the little that was covered. Her bust! Her face! Her nails! And her hair!

The newly near-white locks was assuredly not the same color she had this morning, much less the fuller styling of teasing, waves and curls! Yes, even Les had to acknowledge this person as “her.”

Les had been stunned speechless, as he now even forgot to speak to his wife. Almost as if he was not there, the two women continued walking, as they carried all of Krys’ parcels upstairs, leaving him dumbly mute.

Chapter Five

Like Krys, Alison Stephens had just turned eighteen.

Years ago, when her girlfriends were literally growing into puberty, they were getting “serious” boyfriends, even then. Some going well past just kissing, having bodies that stoked their fires beyond titillation, using makeup and sexy clothes as further invitations.

Clothing was a plus and yet it was the physical changes that began charging libidos. Flat chests became budding bosoms. Some girls zipped through training bras to regular ones in record time. Those girls that grew breasts at a more normal rate, still stuffed their bras in order to keep up with the competition.

Then, there were the unfortunate few who barely grew bosoms at all. Alison Stephens’ front expanded womanly with wider aureoles and pudgy nipples. Yet her chest almost did not need a brassiere at all.

Between Alison and her parents, they tried the training bras, the regular ones, padding, stuffing, and even breast creams which proclaimed to promote mammarial growth. Nothing happened.

Over the years, many Saturday nights she was alone, crying her eyes out in not having a date. Alison was not unattractive otherwise. She would adore many pretty things. Yet it made her sad in knowing that she could not properly fill them out. So, she never stopped trying to look for help in enlarging her bosom.

However, the only notable solution was unattainable. Her family were barely able to eke out a living, so money to pay for artificial endowments, such as breast implants,, were out.

“Even if we had enough money, pumpkin,” her father would rationalize, “there’s a reason why they’re called ‘vanity items’. Just be yourself and you’ll do all right. You’ll see!”

He eventually regretted saying those words, as many months would then pass and Alison also began rationalizing, as she attempted to accept her physical state. Long hair got shorter and shorter. She began toning her femininity down. First by abandoning makeup. Then came a more masculine state of wear. When she actually refused to wear a skirt, Mark Stephens’ mind pretty much went the way that Les Prentiss did, in reverse with his son’s ever-growing hair.

Still, Alison was “Daddy’s little girl”. Unlike Les, he was not worried about his child turning gay, simply by the way she looked. Yet the way she was slowly seemingly masculinizing herself, even getting deeply involved in pursuits like car mechanics and sports, while still remaining dateless, this did give her father and his wife June food for thought.

But better than a year ago, a long-haired Chris Prentiss relieved them of their anxiety. Chris had met Alison in the middle of their junior year in high school. They were assigned seats together in Shop Class. It was primarily a “boy’s class”, inasmuch as Home Economics was for girls. However, in our “age of enlightenment”, neither sex was forbidden to take the reverse class. So, there was some spillover mixes without concern.

Becoming friendly just because they were seatmates, without formal introduction, had Chris wondering about the “guy’s funny voice”. He was curious because his own never got deep at puberty, so it seemed ironic to sit together. Perhaps later, in assuming this as a common ground, Chris would ask to get together; to compare notes on why their timbres never truly deepened. It was not until the teacher had called on Alison in the usual roll call that Chris knew she was female.

After this, it seemed fated that he would say something idiotic in ignorance. At lunch, they both having bagged their meals this day, it was mutually agreed to eat outside. Alison was instantly secretly happy that a boy was paying her some attention. With Chris, however, when they were alone, he only asked why she dressed like a boy, and why was she not like other girls.

This made her cry. Looking boyish was her choice. Seeming to act like a boy was not. The latter was taken for granted, as people accepted what they thought they saw. Alison was still female under it all.

Chris wanted to do anything to make her stop crying. However, nothing seemed to work. Especially not a simple apology. Alison wanted to bolt off, to continue sobbing in private, but Chris knew that he was stuck sitting with her for that whole semester. It was only that one class but he had to endure comments about his long hair before everyone got used to it. Chris was even harassed by guys who had hair just as long as his, simply because he took better care of his. He felt that he would not be able to stand either a cold shoulder or renewed

retaliatory remarks about him that he just ‘knew’ would come, once Alison calmed down.

So, he grabbed her by the shoulders, holding her tight so that she would not run away. That close, he now really saw her pretty face, in seeing her as a girl instead of a guy. Alison struggled a bit and was even preparing to hit him where it would hurt the most. But then Chris kissed her, with all of the feeling he could muster.

Taken by surprise, Alison was stopped cold. But as she allowed herself to enjoy the embrace, she rejoined in it, as if it would be the only intimate kiss that she would ever get. She held on to Chris now, as if to make sure that she was not dreaming.

As time passed, it was Chris that got Alison into decidedly feminine paraphernalia, because she wanted to be pretty now...for him. But she always felt more comfortable in her boy’s jeans.

With Alison now wearing the latter, Chris freely teases her without worry, constantly making remarks that she “should’ve been a guy.” Alison does attack Chris’ hair in return, declaring that he “should’ve been a girl.” But he was able to handle the ‘abuse’ now.

Due to Vivian’s insistence, indeed, over the past years, his tresses were always soft and radiant via proper hair care and even nightly brushings. Unlike another boys with long hair, a comb would easily glide through, from root to tip, effortlessly. Yet, despite this conditioning from his mother, when Alison would bring it up, he would never be embarrassed. All Chris could recall at the time was his father’s arguments.

Ultimately, Alison began to realize that although her hair was short, she had cared for her hair the same as any woman would. She recognized the similar after-effect feeling of softness in her boyfriend’s grooming. Looking at Chris’ whole face suddenly made her miss her own long locks.

“No, really. I’m serious,” she then said to him on one occasion of mutual tease. As if getting an idea, Alison said, “Say something, but say it soft. Like a whisper, but not as quiet.”

Somehow Chris was able to do it, just to please her, and it made her

smile. It was not a perfect feminine voice but assuredly acceptable. She liked the way that it fit him overall with his features.

“So, now what?” Chris asked in his normal voice.

“Nothing,” Alison shrugged. “I just wanted to see how dreamy you could sound, if you wanted.”

At that, Chris took it as mere romantic praise and his curiosity was quashed, with no problem. Chris would talk softly to her again and again, off and on, when he wanted to feel romantic with his girlfriend, knowing that she liked it, thinking that it was a turn-on for her. Yet while it made her more aggressive, Chris seemingly naturally adopted a certain docility, in counterpoint.

Plainly speaking, there was a feminine air in his action, despite being unaware of this natural transition. Chris had merely thought that it was the best way to intimacy ever because he did not have to pressure Alison then for it. But Alison knew what she was looking for and when she got it, she felt oddly powerful. She liked the feeling.

Alison was well aware that Chris was using the new timbre as a signal to be amorous. So she never told him what it really looked like; how he really sounded and subsequently acted. They were in their private little world, where their roles were slowly being reversed. Just the two of them.

Or so she thought.

* * * * *

They were by the pool on the grass, at the back of the Prentiss house, and Chris had done the feminine “dreamy” favor, on request, having done it several times by now. Vivian was nearby but inside, out of sight by coincidence. She had not been snooping on them, but she just happened to hear their banter.

When it got to hearing Chris’ lighter voice, it stunned her. It was almost as if she had acquired telepathy into Alison’s head and knew her reason for asking the request. That is, Chris sounding as feminine as he looked. By this time, due to repeated yet infrequent use, Chris’ other voice, while not perfect, was getting better with each effort. Vivian being ignorant of other times, nevertheless caught a dramatic contrast in her first hearing.

What Alison had let pass, never intending to tell, Vivian held on tight, as an idea began to form. Previously, Chris' mother had not made a connection as she encouraged an even longer growth of his hair, prompting him to take proper care of it, even if it was via the use of feminine products.

If Chris wanted long hair, it was simply going to be well-kept. Vivian was otherwise doing this to plague her husband who did not like it. Chris obeyed his mother for the same reason.

Not being around the young couple all the time, Vivian had no idea how easily it had become for Chris to briefly use the new voice. It had pretty much remained uncultured due to the fact that it was not used continually albeit repetitively. Yet, because of its existence, refinement was not to be a problem.

Vivian knowing of the quandary with her husband, particularly of his latest wrinkle of having sex elsewhere, finally saw a glimmer of an idea to a resolution of the matter.

Chapter Six

A short while passed as Chris and Alison reversed roles, with Chris in blissful ignorance of what his changed voice truly sounded like.

When Vivian's plan was about to be launched, she had previously inserted comments in her chats with her son, such as, "Y'know, I really enjoy our little chats. It's as if I can tell you anything. As if you were my daughter instead of my son." Also, "Your hair looks so nice. I'll bet the other girls are so jealous!" And particularly after a bad time with her husband, she would even pointedly ask, "Ever think about what it would be like in my shoes? I mean, like a woman?" Other thoughts were not so blatant and even these were swiftly made as if they were just passing thoughts or harmless rhetoric. But the desired effect was achieved. Whether taken seriously or not, Chris did remember them in quality, the worth of what they were about, if not word for word.

Meanwhile, Vivian got straight to the point with Alison, feeling her out about a true role reversal. After this, Vivian told a surprised Chris that she knew about the voice, telling him outright something Alison had not. That it was

feminine. Then, she outlined her plan for future happiness, without Les, with her “new daughter’s” help. Of primary importance, though, was that the other voice, once turned on, was to be used regularly, in conjunction with what “Krys” had to wear.

Soon, the feminine timbre would be easy to keep “on”. Then, it would exist without deliberate thought. Krys’ innate femininity was to be cultured by Vivian. Little did anyone realize, including Chris, that he had been culturing ‘her’ female status by himself, to a small extent, when he continually used the light voice with his girlfriend. That Alison’s aggressiveness during these times conversely also made him passive. He had been calling himself allowing her to take charge. Then, when she did so on her own, it became almost natural to counter with demureness despite him assuming it harmless love-play.

So, dressing up that first morning, even with just the previous night’s literal dress rehearsal, was a smooth transition. Being completely transformed that afternoon and early evening locked almost everything in place. Vivian, not knowing every detail of Chris and Alison getting together, was surprised again that morning at the fateful breakfast with “Krys” relatively flawless performance. It had conveniently worked well with Les’ own shock. Yet she was very pleased at what she took as an unasked prayer.

Deep down, always wanting a daughter, Vivian had been happy with a son that was not merely loyal because she spoiled him. She loved him even more as he sided with her, in her arguments with Les. Seeing his hair grow long, she did not consciously see any femininity. Again, not even when she advised its care. Lastly, she was merely pleased to have a sounding board in him, in their private chats, as her husband continued to frustrate her.

Chris, not knowing any better, took it as his mother wanting to be close to him. Especially with his father seemingly pushing him away. He naturally hungered for parental closeness, as would any child. Vivian admittedly spoiled Chris, out of spite for Les. Tying up the purse strings on her husband, especially now knowing that he was mostly using his job earnings in extra-marital affairs.

Yet Chris had not taken advantage of this, becoming spoiled himself. The Falconer genes of modesty and propriety had surely been passed on to yet another generation.

Originally, Vivian doted on Chris because during her last trimester and after his birth, she and her husband were having sex less and less. They did not even conjugate recreationally, much less to try for a daughter. Les never voiced this but he never wanted a child, in his greed. Having children meant having to spend money on them. But he did like sex. Rather than taking chances on gaining another child, he looked for sex elsewhere.

Again, despite Vivian's desires, she had accepted Chris as her son, with never a thought to feminize him even as a baby. Chris himself would give her the idea years later, discovering her son's 'talent', as Vivian got to know why she and Les had been drifting apart for years.

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It would be some time before Krys would discover that her boyfriend was not her complete opposite in dress. That is, Al's underwear not consisting on cotton undershirts and jockey shorts. Even though she had been told that he would be as masculine from the skin out as she would be feminine, in order to get her to wear it all. Al was conceded camisoles, tap panties and dark nylon knee-high stockings. As Alison was flat-chested, even unmuscular Chris had a fuller chest as a male than she did, without a bra. While the so-called "new cleavage" bras pushed Chris' pectorals together to feminine definition, the same bras only made a wide unfeminine valley on Alison.

While Alison had her masculine leanings, as she and Chris got together socially, she no longer minded being unable to fill out a dress or blouse, in wearing them. Simply because her boyfriend appreciated her. Nevertheless, she welcomed being a boy with Krys as 'his' girlfriend.

When Vivian approached Alison with her plan, Alison readily agreed, with the provision of being able to keep her softer underthings, along with keeping Chris as her counterpoint. She was well aware of Chris' feminine side, even if he was not, and it did not bother her that he was going to be completely feminized. Alison sincerely believed that deep down he enjoyed what was only a voice because she thought that subconsciously he really did know the truth. That he was happy that she accepted it, inasmuch as he accepted her pseudo-masculinity.

Being that it was not her intention to ever be masculine from the beginning, it was not until Alison had been approached by his mother and her observations and found that her being “the man” not such a bad deal, after all. She had found the part of being “Krys’ manly protector” very appealing.

Everything was okay with Vivian, just as long as “Al” could handle Krys, if she discovered Al’s not-so-total switch. Presently, Vivian wanted Chris as Krys more than ever and was not going to tolerate rebellion on her new daughter’s part. She had reached one breaking point with Les, having found a way out with Chris and his girlfriend’s love-play.

So, this would surely be the integer on which everything would be played. For the rest of them, love was to always be the key. Love through adversity. Love through trust. With Krys and her mother. With Krys and her boyfriend. It would exactly be that love in action, if Krys found out that Al was not her exact opposite in role reversal.

Vivian was delighted with Alison’s willingness. Alison’s parents were less than thrilled with their tomboy offspring. Particularly for her to intensify it. Vivian eased this with monetary compensation, as the family could surely use it. Even going so far as to say that if all goes well, they will all be family and “thereafter, money would never be a problem.”

Yes, Vivian Prentiss had a plan that was constantly being refined, with happiness as the goal. After she had started this, as early as talking to Krys’ principal so grimly, she finally realized that she was not going to stop Les’ decades-long frivolities nor the infidelities.

She had given her husband a very long leash and he still rebelled against its constraints, in disrespecting then marriage. Sparked by an initial growth of long hair, as other things came into view, Vivian saw that she was truly the one who could also have her cake and eat it, too. Les would not be in control by the call for a divorce, in seeing what was happening in his household. Krys’ transformation would be the trigger, with Vivian at the helm..

Only in this case, Krys was going to love being female. Simply because she had been loving it before she ever thought of actually being female.

* * * * *

As Chris was told 'her' part, it was only conscious awareness that he would be playing an ongoing but temporary role, until their parents would either break up or mend the marriage. But lately, Krys was having more fun overplaying a dizzy bimbo with her new platinum-blond locks in her father's presence than taking it serious. Subtlety was definitely needed to encourage the new girl to take herself serious.

Vivian had seen a glimmer of true femininity in Krys the night she had her makeover. It saddened her to see Krys phase it into a parody. If not held in check, Les was no idiot. He would see through Krys' farce. The trick here now was for Vivian to take the glimmer, fan it back into a flicker, to a full-fledged flame.

Vivian would then seriously indoctrinate Krys nightly, in order to abort her playfulness. Not that Krys could not have fun. There was just no acceptable margin for error. Just so Vivian would not be seen as coming down too hard on Krys, Al was there also, constantly coaching her on how to be feminine.

Being that she was away from her father to immediately play off, Krys had to take Al serious, in order not to become the school joke. She was never told that her mother had seen to it that everyone in authority was to treat her as female.

As the faculty went, so did the students. If a student failed to respect Krys as female, they were dealt with. From a simple demerit to a sudden school transfer, with strong words not to spread the Krys Prentiss story after departure. The latter, although suggested, was never used. Particularly when it was the parents and not the child who were informed of the offspring cruelly tormenting a girl. They not knowing Krys personally before took her as female and how ashamed they were in this allowance of her being bullied. So, even the worst bully's' mind, having been reined in, was made to believe that Krys was always a girl.

All in all, with Krys' behavior, cautions faded simply because Krys acted as she was supposed to in school. As a budding young woman.

* * * * *

Krys was getting a personal kick out of teasing her astonished father. Not satisfied with simple verbal discipline against slipping or truly overdoing her role, Vivian Prentiss then decided to cement her daughter's feminine spirit by having her see a hypnotherapist. This way, Krys would be feminine without exaggeration, with deliberate instruction given subliminally. Somehow, Krys was talented enough to act feminine. Now, she would be flawless via a simple prompt.

Chapter Seven

Always sure now to see that Krys' transition was smooth and without trauma, Vivian had previously seen the registered psychiatrist before Krys was introduced. This time, while Vivian Prentiss still maintained the visage of her high-ranking status in the community, the doctor not aware of the Falconer background, took her at her word as being financially important. From here, Vivian began to weave a slightly different tale of woe.

Vivian, dressed severely matronly, did a bit of playacting herself as she affirmed a no-nonsense attitude. Portrayed as a pillar of the community, she expressed concern over her daughter Krys, who was presented as a disobedient girl who was beginning to act like a slut. Vivian said that she was proud to have a beautiful daughter, as in this, "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree." She therefore did not mind the way that Krys dressed, only that "she was beginning to show signs of stereotypical identification to the wrong element."

At this time it is only fair to note that Vivian Prentiss is indeed a beautiful woman. Inheriting her mother's good looks and figure, she still has a youthfulness about her while having an offspring just under half her age. Her attractiveness has been a private thing, reserved for her husband, only on display for his pleasure since marriage. Used to this stance, it has generally been maintained by habit and in some cases, such as now, on purpose.

However, if Vivian should boast of her prettiness, even an untrained eye could see its truth, only questioning why it is being underplayed. But Vivian has

planned for the future to break away from this self-made shell, now that she has Krys by her side.

Vivian professed that “my Krys is really a good girl.” That Vivian, as well as Krys’ boyfriend, were “afraid that if we did not have some kind of control, it was feared that Krys would get into some kind of unasked-for trouble.”

Vivian told the professional that she wanted Al to be included because she felt that it was indeed true love between her daughter and Krys’ boyfriend Al. The clincher in order to personally wield direction and control, Vivian finally told the doctor that Krys was underage, seventeen. Making her a year younger, still answerable to parental consent.

“Although too young to marry now, given the right mental attitude, this was foreseen as an assuredty,” she said, given the help she had hoped to get. “Poor Krys is just being herself; not realizing what she is doing. Yet she would be crushed if she lost Al.”

So, since Krys was reported as underage and that it was her mother making the request, the doctor agreed that the young girl would be hypnotized. To be heeded by suggestion only from her mother and boyfriend, but only as necessary.

Thereafter, when Krys went in for the treatment, Vivian had told her beforehand that her mother wanted to make sure that Krys would feel comfortable in playing her part. That Krys would no longer have to consciously think about it, in case of her father or other outside embarrassment.

As if to underline this, Vivian had made prior comments such as, “Al says sometimes you let your voice slip too low,” “Al is complaining that you walk like a truck driver and you wobble in your heels,” or “You have to constantly correct your posture.” So, here, with the need to please, especially her boyfriend, came Krys’ eager compliance, as she momentarily forgot the primary purpose to irritate her father.

Vivian even suggested craftily that Krys act as sexy as she possibly could for the doctor, “so as not to give yourself away, while at the same time he could see which areas to tone down as well as heighten.”

Upon meeting the attractive young woman, the hypnotherapist then told Krys while she was under that it was all right to be a sexy female. That she should even be as sexy as she wanted to be. Unwittingly telling her as she was mesmerized, “to be as sexy as you were when you came into the office.”

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This day, given free rein, Krys had one more time gone over the top with her giggly, bimbo performance, as a joke to the doctor. Only to have it firmly cemented to be that way in her psyche. To wit, he toned her actions to be more sultry than airheaded, making the image refiningly acceptable and not overdone. Krys was encouraged to wisely use her vivacious feminine awareness rather than to be openly spacey. Just as Vivian had wanted him to do, also knowing exactly how far Krys was going to play her game.

As beautiful and enticing as Krys was, dressed in a low-cut dress that accentuated every curve on her sexy body and skyscraper high heels that emphasized her long silky legs—with her mother and Al also present in the outer office—the physician would never admit that she had turned him on.

Indeed, Vivian had counted on Krys' physical attraction, to distract him from seeing that her actions were just that. An act.

He had thought it odd that Vivian would want to keep her daughter sexy if it was causing trouble. But he also thought, “The world has enough toned-down plain-Janes, which would've been the usual route to take.” Krys was being allowed to keep and use her assets. She was just to use common sense in doing so. Guaranteed with an occasional post-hypnotic nudge from her mother and boyfriend. The doctor had found this tactic “refreshing”.

He finally implanted a keyword in her mind that Vivian and Al could use to rein her in, if she would need future fine-tuning. In calling the mother and boyfriend in, the doctor made it clear to Krys that not only was the word important, but also the voice. So anyone could use the simple “command”, but Krys would only respond if it was said by the voice of Vivian, Al or the doctor. He would know it in order to remove the conditioning, if necessary. But here is where Vivian Prentiss exercised her authority again.

Vivian had Krys and Al go to this expert, as he was available in another city. Merely planning that this be done out of town was to be a convenience. Seeing that he was young and handsome was a plus. Vivian knew that her daughter would excite him, if only to fire his desire to work with her. Alerted to this, Vivian looked for other signs from him. Not disappointed, she saw an impression in his pants when he and Krys met. For then, it was amusingly harmless. But now, it was a bargaining chip in Vivian's favor.

Although allowing him the ability to remove the conditioning, it was possible for the doctor to be able to do so without knowing the keyword or needing to be responsive to his voice in connection with it. Vivian insisted that she and Al to be the only ones to have the voice-word privilege. The doctor immediately protested this from a medical standpoint, stating ethics.

However, Vivian called to his attention, for him to admit his immediate

attraction to Krys. She then outright stated a possible abuse from him. Although he flustered in this insinuation, Krys was exceptionally enticing this day in what she wore. A one-piece snug latex pink dress that was molded to a false feminine figure, matching 4” heels, with her hair teased out full.

It was a wonder Krys did not hyper-ventilate what with all of the deep breathing she did, making a near- obscenely-exposed chest rise and fall continuously. Whether he would have acted or not, it was all moot. Between this and Al also feigning anger, the doctor then complied as Vivian had ‘suggested’. This time, under her very watchful eye.

Chapter Eight

Krys’ pretense of femininity now officially became a reality. She would no longer have to turn herself on, forget herself or increase her actions as a female; having to think about what she had or had not done while valuable moments slipped by, threatening exposure. Already knowing how to act to a large degree, to speak with a varying degree, these talents would no longer be second nature. They would be primary. There could be room for playfulness. Yet there would be no joke about her being female.

Both Vivian and Al then went lull speed ahead, constantly correcting Krys’ actions and showing her how to do things just like any other woman. With the keyword, this locked her teachings indelibly in place. The ‘game’ to harry her father no longer existed. All she knew was that Les did not approve of her femininity and she would deliberately flaunt it in his face, just to make him miserable.

Because of her conditioning and subsequent training, before long, even alone, Krys acted and reacted as if she was always female. Knowing how women were truly built, however, she began to feel freakish about her body. Particularly, her middle. But subtly comforted by her mother, under her new conditioning, Krys was made to be thankful that she had someone who loved her, despite having a penis instead of a vagina. For sure, how lucky she was to find a guy with the reverse abnormality!

This made her very fearful of losing Al. Never to ever lead anyone on,

being her feminine best in undying, exclusive devotion to her special boyfriend.

Once, after this very cognizant 'revelation', after a furious kissing bout, Kry's panted, "Oh, Al! I need you, baby! Please fuck me!"

Al, equally afire, could not stifle a chuckle before saying, "Honey, my strap-on isn't nearby. Are you sure you didn't mean for me to let you do me?"

"But girls don't fuck guys! I didn't know you had a strap-on cock!" Kry's started crying very real tears, in her frustration.

Seeing this made Al realize just how deep Kry's feminine condition was in place. They have had sex before her visits to the therapist. Even though nothing was spur-of-the moment, so Al was not caught keeping up his end of their 'game', in not wearing men's underwear. Yet, since the doctor's visit, outside of heavy petting, the duo had yet to renew their full-scale intercourse. Especially since Kry's had been made to believe that she was a girl that was 'built wrong'.

Kry's tried to temper herself after this. Almost afraid to see Al having her 'rightful' pussy, as she owned 'his' cock. Trusting her mother was one thing but Al was her boyfriend. Anyway, how did her mother know about that?

It was now at an impasse for him. How would Kry's be able to deal with his wearing tap panties, even if they were slightly imitative of men's boxers? Even Al wore other styles much more feminine, when not around Kry's. Would her mind blindly see his 'boxers' or recognize them as panties?

Wanting to have sex with him now, disrobing would be necessary. This made the timing right for Al to reveal his preference for feminine underthings. He hoped.

"Uhh, Kry's baby?" asked Al, tentatively. "Did your mom tell you about me?"

This question caused more of Kry's sexual ardor to cool down, as she remembered Vivian telling her of her being sexually compatible with Al. That they had 'reversed' organs. "Al...?" she asked. "How did my mother find out that you had a pussy instead of a cock?"

Al could have been shocked with such a question. Yet he saw how sheepish Krys was, in asking. “I love you, baby. Do you love me?” he replied.

“Oh, Al! You know I do!” she exclaimed.

“I...I told your mother... about me...’down there’...when I knew for sure how I felt about you,” said Al, in testing the mental waters. Krys’ eyes widened in surprise. But thereafter, they began to tearfully glaze over again in hearing her boyfriend’s insinuated declaration for her, as Al went on. In seeing this, he got a little braver as he told his tale.

“Your mom, instead of getting angry, just hugged me tight. She praised me for not taking advantage of a pretty girl like you, as many could have, despite what I had between my legs, She then told me about your...big clit?”

Krys then wiped her eyes with her fingers and managed a small smile. “You can say it, Al. I have a cock, complete with balls!” she spat out. Remembering how she felt, when she ‘discovered’ this fact after her conditioning, Krys’ smile now swiftly faded, as her lips trembled and the glassy eyes finally spilled its renewed tears. “I’m a freak!” she then screamed.

“You think I’m a freak then, too?” Al asked softly.

This dammed up Krys’ waterworks immediately. “Oh no no no no no! Baby, please! Don’t say that! I love you!” She smiled once again. This time much broader. “Mom said that we were meant to be together. It didn’t sink in then because, stupid me, I couldn’t believe how lucky I was then to have you! I still only thought of myself after she told me about you! I love you, Al! I’ll always love only you!”

Krys then hugged her boyfriend very tightly. Al could not have felt any better. Except for one more thing.

“Uh, Krys?”

“Yes, sweetie?”

Al then bravely unzipped his fly, took one of Krys’ hands, for her to feel the nylon of the tap panties.

Krys recognized the unseen material by touch. “You’re wearing women’s underwear?”

Al then completely unlatched his pants, to completely expose the tap panties. Krys’ hands then roamed all over the panties and Al could not help but become stimulated. “Honey, please. Don’t,” Al lamely protested, momentarily forgetting about her post-hypnotic keyword.

“Al, I’ll stop under one condition.”

“Y-yes?”

“Well, actually two.”

“A-and...?” Al was breathing hard now, as Krys was concentrating on rubbing his panty-covered labia.

“For now, we’ll borrow my ‘strap-on’,” she paused. “Then, we’ll get some real nice panties for my boyfriend...after we bum ‘this’ ugly old thing, along with any more you got. Deal?”

“You got it,” he gasped.

“No, honey. You’re gonna get it!” Krys finally laughs, as she completely lowered Al’s underwear.

Later, Krys bonded yet more to him, with physical intercourse, as well as personal gifts of lingerie, to always keep her boyfriend happy with her. And they never thought to ever use Al’s strap-on cock, which was only said in jest. But Krys never knew that.

Chapter Nine

Krys’ personal overwhelming femininity was something she now took pride in. To this end, her studio bedroom now became as something foreign to her; she felt uncomfortable in it. Vivian had gained yet another unaided triumph in hearing Krys complain about it.

Krys would still enjoy her music but could not stand for the need of

blasting volumes, the soundproofing. No longer desiring to listen in high volume, she had asked her mother to remove the padded walls. Indeed if she could have her whole quarters re-done. Vivian was delighted in Krys' changes, as Krys freely chose pastels, lace and feminine linen. Even requesting a four-poster canopied bed.

Now, if Les passed the room, making out conversation was not a problem. That is, if he wanted to listen in on girl-talk; whether she was on the phone or entertaining her mother or even Al. Les was even wary of sounds emanating from inside, in that if sexual relations were ongoing at the time, he did not want to even think that the feminine moans might be coming from his son!

Vivian's plan was working all too well. Instead of fighting with his son, indeed, for his son, Les began working late more than ever or otherwise constantly absent when he was off. He did say once that he needed to get away from the "aberration that was once his son," but Vivian knew better.

With him constantly being shadowed now, he was always seeking solace in another woman's arms. Even if he had to pick up a hooker off the streets.

Fortunately for Vivian, she was now totally shut out sexually, as Les in unthinkingly later accepting "Krys," he was also blaming her for 'allowing' Krys' choice of wear, not knowing that she was instrumental in it. So, if he ever caught anything from these one-shot lovers, she would not be a beneficiary.

Les never changed his attitude towards his wife, as the weeks grew into months. But as the school year was looming to a close, with graduation in sight, something in Les did change regarding Krys.

Because Krys' playful parody of a woman was aborted and that she never effeminately swished as might an over-the-top gay man, again, he apathetically forgot the supposed role-switching reason that started it all. Mostly because his mind was on other pursuits. With the void left between arguing with him and his son, instead, Les inadvertently accepts Krys' femininity. Still, only to a degree. Due to the fact that Krys almost always wore something exotic, Les would complain about her looking like a "man-teasing slut"!

Fully accepting Krys as her daughter, Vivian would be indifferent to him, as usual, since no affection was returned to her. Krys would only giggle if she heard his derogatory comments, satisfied that her father was properly vexed, as she had been prompted to do. The people that truly counted in Krys' life were on her side. They loved her...and showed it.

The yelling and arguing from everybody was gone. Life was almost idyllic, if it were not for Les' extra curriculum.

As time went on, Krys continued to metamorphose. Her eyes now seemed to widen with expression, to doe-like fullness. Her mouth seemed to shrink to a constant pouty pucker. Krys never spoke in a male timbre, seemingly never to do so again, not having the need. As such the higher range was naturally feminine and no mere falsetto.

Although her schooling never suffered, she would act like a beautiful but busy brainless bimbo, especially around her father. Actually, not contrary to her hypnotic conditioning, she would just appear to seem helpless, particularly to let Al make all of her decisions when they went out. Otherwise, she was academically sharp. Vivian insisted on this!

Krys could now handle 4" spiked heels with nary a wobble, as her rear emphasized her tick-tock walk like an over-active metronome. Where the "busty" part truly came in was that before graduation there was the senior prom. Krys saw a strapless evening gown that she just "had" to have for it. Only her special bras all had straps. There were no strapless bandeau bras that could handle the inserts. The bra would eventually slide down due to the inserted pads, taking the dress with it.

Vivian then told her that the only option would be to have her own breasts. Before she could formally ask Krys, Krys interrupted with an emphatic "Yes!" Making up all kinds of excuses about how uncomfortable the inserts bras were, how they chafed; anything to get a go-ahead from her mother. Not knowing that Vivian would have given her a feminine bosom eventually, without asking!

As noted, Vivian was beside herself when Krys would ask for feminine things without prompting. It was truly as if she was giving birth to a daughter

naturally, despite this one being almost fully grown.

Krys would thereafter be a little narcissistic, in viewing her nude body in private. When dressed now, she would revel in each bounce and jiggle.

On the other hand, Al received no extra enhancements. He did begin a work regimen that made his body stronger if not more manly. His deepened voice was not truly masculine but neither was it effeminate. And his mere stance showed that he was not to be made fun of. The more-or-less obvious girl came out of her cocoon, not to be a lesbian to Krys. Al was now the guy who every other young man envied, having captured the affection of the very beautiful Krys Prentiss.

At the dance, Krys lost by only one vote to being crowned Prom Queen. Vivian had found out that it had been cast by Principal Blackwell. She now knew of the man's ego and pride. Since he did not go out of his way to make trouble for Krys, Vivian decided not to retaliate. Especially since this was learned after the Prom was over and Krys did not care for the acclaim. Having her focus only on her beau, Al Stephens, who was never in the running as Prom King.

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After the dance, Krys would proudly go braless or wear a bra that had little or only esoteric support. She now visibly had the top that seemingly matched the bottom, having been long taught how to compress new middle to invisibility between her legs. No matter .if she wore ultra-snug spandex pants or full skirts.

It had been one of the first experiences with pain “that you have to endure,” her mother said at the time. In the beginning, when first trying on feminine clothes, Chris did not see the wisdom in this. “After all,” he thought of his father, “if I’m wearing a skirt, why would he be checking that out?!”

No. Vivian was not planning on having a son in temporary drag. Neither would he ever be painted as gay. Vivian was careful, making sure that Krys was careful.

While it was true that Krys had undergone a swift transformation in her

psyche by the end of the first day, because of the ‘problem’ between her legs, this was what ultimately prompted Vivian to consult with the hypnotherapist. Before then, as part of her indoctrination, it was Vivian who had induced Al to take charge when the young couple were alone.

Krys would never be allowed to begin any intimacy beyond a simple kiss. Nor was she to be a blue balling tease if there was a serious familiarity. As she had done early on with Les, she tried occasionally to make it a game with Al. Al would eventually give in but Vivian wanted progress reports about when she was not around. Al crumbled under Vivian’s interrogation and told everything. Hence, the hypnotherapist.

After hypnosis, Krys had a genuine fear of displeasing her boyfriend. A fear she had unwittingly stated the night of her makeover. Only now, Krys was thoroughly sincere. Al’s self-confidence was bolstered each time she was more and more reined in with the hypnotic keyword. Soon enough, a balance was reached, as Krys was still allowed to be playful, but she was also to be heedful.

So, in that Krys’ perfection was of a twofold purpose, that of alienating everything from Les and in making her unmistakably feminine, keeping that middle of hers ‘in place’ was imperative.

Vivian encouraged the intimacy between Krys and Al. Obviously, there would be the sexual enjoyment. Yet Vivian was looking forward to a day when she would not be involved in such affairs, as it should be. When it would properly be a private matter between a man and a woman. Al had taken to his manhood as a fish to water, but as a male he did have physically less to worry about.

On the other hand, being intimate gave Al a literal free hand to roam over Krys’ body. Prior to the doctor’s visit, and afterwards, in resuming their resuming full sexual relations, with Al freely being able to wear panties of all kinds, as he made sure that Krys’ reactions were feminine in this respect, he was also checking out her female body. If Krys was not properly tucked, Al was to stop cold. Especially if she had an erection.

A male tends to have less restraint when sexually excited. After all, it is very evident with their stiff erections. A female has more restraint because her

feelings are more internalized. Yes, there is some 'hardness' in her clitoris, but it is like comparing a raft with a yacht in comparison. Therefore, while they may be equally frustrated, the woman tends to handle it better.

In this case, while titillating Kryz, surely Al would be worked up as well. But if he had to stop because of Kryz' nonconformity, he had several things to temper himself. First, he was born female. Second, he was in charge of the activity most of the time. If Kryz ever initiated what may begin as a petting session, if unduly unfeminine at the time, she was then halted. If Kryz loved Al, she would heed him because of that affection, reinforced by hypnosis. It would only strengthen what already existed, not create it.

So was the trepidation of losing him. Made stronger what with her being built differently between her legs. Kryz was made to feel that Al could find another if he lost her, but that the reverse would not be so assured.

Kryz was always to be feminine, emphasized right down to her underwear. Hence she never wore panties like Al, nor even mere briefs. Hers were of a variety of bikinis, low and high French-cut, even thongs. Kryz did not have a huge member nor was it tiny. But even in the skimpiest of wear, between Vivian and Al and her, it was made to work.

On a date, if 'unkempt,' Kryz would be told to calm herself down and fix herself properly. The date would continue, with Al in full control. If she balked, she would be taken home and her mother would be told. If she tried to prevent his roaming hands while necking, pretending to be prudish, Al would threaten to break up with her. It was a difficult path to be ladylike, especially with the initial discomfort of her middle.

Again, it took a while to get used to. Even after professional sublimation. But it did. Having the hypnotherapist manipulate existing feelings and not create new ones, enabled Kryz to readily accept the otherwise implausible explanation of Kryz and Al's reversed sex organs. Still, Kryz knew about the rarity of such things in people having both organs, such as hermaphrodites. So it was not a bitter pill to swallow.

Absolutely everything did not go into its 'proper' place immediately, even with the suggestive keyword. It took time. Yet Chris loved Alison before

and Krys dearly loved Al now. Love for her mother automatically intensified because Vivian was trying to bring the two lovers together. With that connection, threatening to tell Vivian of Al's displeasure or of Krys' recalcitrance would be heart-rending to her.

Able to freely have sex, a necking session was only a prelude. Krys would be seen as not only unfeminine in this foreplay but also rushing it. All things would be all right if both parties played their parts. Al was not playing the domineering bully but the gentleman and Krys was ever a lady, even when she took charge, once a liaison had begun. Just as long as she was a lady, period.

Oddly enough, if Krys had to be reprimanded by Al or Vivian both, Al could go and masturbate his passions away. Al wanted Krys as much as she wanted him losing his girlfriend only saw visions of true lesbianism down the road, as not knowing what man would want him. But Krys would be doubly frustrated. Deprived of her boyfriend's affections, she would hate her penis for having a mind of its own. Not even thinking to use it to masturbate. Calling herself punishing it, she made her whole self-suffer as she promised herself to be a good girl. Before long, she kept that promise and upon doing so, never broke it.

All in all, as the end of school approached for the young couple, with the warmer weather, along with having a family pool, Krys would be seen in the tiniest of bikinis at the beach, clinging possessively and protectively to her beau.

Having gained a little more muscle tone, Al went fearlessly topless in his own tiny male bikini trunks. The aureoles could have been suspiciously wide for a man, the pectorals only slightly more rounded than usual but the rest of his chest, along with his washboard stomach, never gave anyone pause. Krys even got him to grow his hair a little longer, just below his neck, as she proclaimed that Al was her "he-man". Indeed, while not exactly a muscleman, at any given time when the duo went to the beach, they saw several hairless-bodied beefy bodybuilders. Some bearing sinfully- huge pectorals.

Chapter Ten

Vivian Prentiss had surely been busy this past year. Busier than she had even been. Busier than she would ever hope to be in the future. As Kry's had been made to forget her male past, Al has taken to his male status with his family's blessing. Vivian has legally changed every available record of Kry's young life from male to female. In seeing a true love bond between her and her boyfriend, she did the same for "Al Stephens".

With Kry and Al very serious about each other, it was decided that Kry's physical femininity would be maintained by other means than hormonal. That is, she would sustain her male potency and Al would be the one who would get pregnant. With Al wanting the same, Vivian wanted grandchildren. Plural. At least two. More only if Al was so inclined. With all of the Falconer holdings, it would be a small matter to get Al a cushy executive position. Not because he merely had connections. Unlike Les, he just wanted to provide for his family.

Defining "cushy" here in Al's case also meant that he had a special benefits package under the guise of his wife's pregnancy. Before the first sign of showing, Al would have in his job contract a clause—to be with his wife from the first sign that "she started showing."

He had special dispensation to take the necessary months, not weeks, off to be with his wife, even after birth. Al will never be exposed as the world's first pregnant man. And as noted, their previously-born children would stay with "Nana" until the newborn's arrival, to avoid confusing even the older children. If they were ever to inquire, the response would be, "It's just the way we do things." There would no love lost before or after the baby's arrival..

In any event, upon each birth, Kry would take care of the child completely, as though she would have been the one who had given birth. The last chore Al would have would be to wean the child. Once the baby would go from breast to bottle, Kry would be the mother and Al the father.

But as these were future plans, before even any official marriage proposals were made, indeed, just before graduation, speaking of fathers, Les Prentiss had crossed the final line. He was seriously getting turned on by his own daughter!

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One day, Krys was idly traipsing around the house. It was early on a weekend afternoon and her father had no reason to go pussy-hunting. They were both in the living room. He was hiding behind a newspaper and she was looking for something to do. Les was deliberately avoiding Krys, due to her now-usual uniform of sorts around the house. A blouse vee-neck-cut too low, no bra, a tennis skirt, and stiletto-heeled sandals. Because he could see flashes of it, he even wondered why she bothered to wear panties, despite the fact that they were thongs.

It then just happened that as he smelled her closeness by her perfume, Les decided to take a peek beyond his paper. And that was when everything happened.

One of Krys' heels dragged and hooked into the shag carpet. Being close by, there was nowhere to safely fall but in her father's lap, as his newspaper then went flying.

Feeling genuinely frightened in assuming that she could have dangerously injured herself on an equally-nearby glass coffee table, Krys impulsively showered Les with affection that he had not gotten from his offspring in many years. Krys kissed him all over his face while intermittently thanking him, in her relief of him saving her. Once she had landed, having let go of the newspaper, Les was now instinctively holding Krys firmly, so that she would not slide from his lap.

Long gone was the mutual animosity between father and son. He even accepted Krys' taste in clothes, for the most part. For the moment, with Krys' ultra-feminine scent, holding Krys' beautiful body with a pronounced bosom almost in his face, Les' body went on sexual automatic pilot. In her fearsome excitement, Krys' nipples were rock-hard points against him. In feeling this, Les was also slowly feeling stiff elsewhere on his own body.

Krys did not help matters, in realizing that she had landed upon him awkwardly. In an attempt to right herself in her seat, as it were, she squirmed slightly, unwittingly raising the hem of her brief skirt, as she positioned herself to wrap her arms around Les' neck. Giving him a final hug of appreciation.

Then, upon rising, in facing away from him for the moment, she innocently flashed her near-naked rear in his face. A second later, she tugged the hem of her skirt back to propriety over her hips, and went along her way.

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Vivian Prentiss did not plan for incest when she began all of this. Just as she had inherited her mother's beauty, although Krys was born male, it was passed down to her son. Made spectacularly evident as Chris became Krys. Krys

was the most beautiful of the three generations. Not knowing just how well Kryś would physically turn out, Vivian nevertheless went all out with her new daughter in order to get Les to be faithful under the most trying conditions. Conditions that would demand gratification not with the trigger of the need nor to feel compelled to leave the house in search of it when satisfaction was nonetheless there. His wife.

Having a sexy woman other than his wife was supposed to do it. Vivian although wealthy, had thought that her beauty had attracted Les. But he was after more. Only she was not sure, even when he went on a spending spree for years, until she found him a job. Using cosmetics only added to Vivian's natural attractiveness. It never detracted from it. Not even with Chris' birth.

All the same, Vivian lost all interest in being more visually enticing when she saw that it had no effect. And finding out that her husband had lovers on the side was one thing. Discovering that he finally settled on one that was trying to swindle her out of her fortune was another. Especially knowing that Les himself would be ultimately swindled.

Les deserved his fate. Vivian did not.

In killing two birds with one stone, as it were, Les would either be in the family, never to stray or out of it completely. Secondly, Kryś' would be the daughter she already was. She was only in male drag all of her formative years. As an adult, she would be the woman she was meant to be, in her mother eyes. The bond was always there. Too, the mindset. Only the body needed "adjusting." And with Al in the picture, Kryś would not only be happy, but the Falconer line would continue to prosper.

So, the ultimate plan was simple. If beautiful Kryś was around Les long enough to make him horny, Vivian should be the rightful recipient for sex. Vivian, being satisfied with this, would turn up her own heat and sensuality. Just as it was before they were married. If Kryś could turn him on and Les would turn to his wife, then seeing any attractive woman should garner the same results. In Vivian wanting a daughter anyway, as Kryś evolved better than expected, plans to merely pester and alienate her father transformed into this.

Yes, the now-legally female Kryś could not get any sexually-tempting

without deliberately coming on to Les. Her accident just happened. It was not choreographed. But the results were the same. By the time her feminine indoctrination was complete, her male psyche was nonexistent. Gone forever while completely accepting her cock. Knowing how to hide it in the thinnest of wear. Producing it potently for a sole receiver. Krys Prentiss was irrevocably loyal to her boyfriend. Dreaming of being Mrs. Al Stephens and beyond. As wife and mother.

Still, even as Les had accepted his son's reversed gender game. As he eventually accepted his total immersion into femininity, being apathetic about Chris in the first place, from birth. As he did grumble about Krys dressing too sexy. Something happened.

Being way too physically close to Krys when she fell into his lap. Holding her securely, instinctively so she wouldn't be hurt. Les almost did not let her go. His rising erection was shutting everything down but primal desire. Although she repeatedly kissed him, none of them ever landed on his lips, much less a prolonged kiss mouth-to-mouth. It was only Krys squirming to graciously hug him instead of making love that halted everything. Proper perspective was back in place.

But only until she stood up, with her ass in his face. Then, he remembered even the size of her bosom. Rounded, perfect C-cups. He was never told their size. He just knew. Then the erection that never fully realized at the time, returned. Again and again. Every time she was in sight, thereafter.

Vivian was not around for Krys' fall. But there were other occasions that put the final phases her plan in motion. The first was a blanket notice of her husband not commenting on his daughter's scanty wear. They were actually civil toward each other. Well, Vivian had to know how this came about. So, in one of their private girl-chats, Krys freely told her mother about her accident. Only because Vivian was curious about Les' reaction did Krys realize that she might have turned him on by what she had unthinkingly done. Then she explained what she had done.

So Vivian went about to deliberately look for signs in Les...and what he would do about them. There were innocent longing glances now. But Les did not go after Krys. Neither did he go to his wife.

Once, during dinner, Vivian noticed that Les kept staring at Kry's cleavage, exposed via a tank-top blouse. He began fidgeting in his seat each time her chest moved.

"This could be it!" Vivian thought. It was.

Excusing himself in the middle of the meal, Vivian's eyes were fixed on him, as he rose. Yes, Les displayed the bulge of an erection in his pants.

Moments later, a door slammed. It was not the front door. It was the nearest bathroom door.

Vivian was down but not out.

However, Les was taking his own sweet time coming back to the table. At this, Vivian did not want to think about what he could be doing in there. In her mind, it would be worse than going to his lover or looking for a hooker. Worse than raping his daughter. Les could merely be emptying his bladder. But Vivian had to know.

Listening for any sounds of him approaching just so she would not be caught standing in front of the bathroom, Vivian was able to hear anything else. She almost wished that she had not followed her husband.

On the other side of the bathroom door, instead of giving it to his mate later, amid grunts and groans, Les was jacking off...now.

In bed that night, Vivian even waited for some small tidbit of affection. She finally gave up when he turned his back on her. Soon followed by a soft snore.

* * * * *

The truth was irretrievably out.

Vivian had only guessed that Les had been after her money. But he was willing to work for his own, without too much fuss. But Vivian Prentiss was not a harridan. She was not a nag. She was a beautiful woman, not an ugly hag. So what was the problem?

Lester Carter Prentiss was a user. He lived by his wits and good looks. Of the latter, he had a terminal case of narcissism. Attracting Vivian Falconer was his ticket to Easy Street, enabling him to spread himself around to any pretty thing while he lived the good life.

Vivian had been right when she told Krys' principal that she thought her husband never loved her. She had just blinded herself into disbelieving it for almost two decades. Even when he had given her cause to have him shadowed, Vivian was willing to let him sow some wild oats, so that he could thereafter be faithful without regretting to be married, either too soon or at all.

But Les Prentiss was a user. Discovering that she was being used was one thing. Finding out that she was never loved was another. Treating his son as a mistake, an obstruction to the Falconer was yet another. It was not just his long hair. That was just an excuse Les was able to latch onto without having to invent new ones, to avoid being around Chris. Mother and son bonded so closely because father did little or nothing with his offspring.

The final discovery of Les masturbating rather than to have sex with his wife was more than the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. It was not only proof that Vivian was never loved. It was also proof of what she had been told. That Les finally did love another woman.

Only lending yet more proof to a connecting fact. Like Vivian, Les was blinded by the fact that his lover was using him. Vivian found out about herself before it was too late. Les was too much into himself to see beyond his mirror. He would never see himself getting figuratively stabbed in the back.

Knowing all of this broke Vivian's heart. It even saddened her to have turned her son into her daughter, as a means to an end of concretely confirming her husband's lack of love, period. Not just his infidelities. True, she wanted a daughter but Krys only got breast augmentation, not sexual reassignment surgery.

But the new Krys, however duped into her transformation, was never to have felt such. She was to love being female, with total support and acceptance, now and in the future. Even to the point of being a wife and mother.

In the beginning, Chris being told of his father's misdoings, was told not

to hate him. Even to show him more affection in his feminine guise, for as long as it was necessary, even while his ‘game’ would upset Les. Chris was not told how long he would have to do this. Yet because of his role reversal love-play with Alison, the feminine foundation had long been laid. Locking into place when the visual image met the mental one on his first time at the beauty salon.

Chris saw ‘herself whole and invited it instead of rejecting it. This was why the voice then rose another octave and remained. Going to the hypnotherapist was almost unnecessary. But it was done more for an onlooker to accept Krys, than for Chris to accept Krys.

More likely, Krys had accepted herself subconsciously long before ‘he’ met Alison. There was only her mother to bond with, So, there was only her mother to identify with. This more likely was what prompted the growth of hair originally. And officially getting the go-ahead to let it grow longer by her mother, there was more of a willingness to do so. It was because her mother wanted it.

Yes, there was some grumbling about wearing feminine things. But note, there was precious little. Krys had been Vivian’s daughter long before she wore panties. Alison saw it with just long hair and coerced a voice to join it. Vivian then took it the rest of the way, with little resistance.

Krys Prentiss was meant to be, because she was headed in that direction. Chris Prentiss would never be able to be a head of a household if he happened to marry. Simply by the way he had been unwittingly molded, although emboldened to do certain things like impulsively kiss Alison the first day they met. He would not be able to sustain it a lifetime.

The wrong mate would label him a wimp. Therapy would only answer why he was this way, not change him to the way he ‘should’ be. This is why hypnotherapy and a keyword was so efficient. Yet, not being able to read Chris’ mind and seeing him act seemingly a little too playful as a female, the treatment was made. In effect, although allowed to normally have fun and not be a robot, the hypnosis merely enforced Krys to take herself more serious. Chris was already inclined to be Krys...for the rest of her life.

* * * * *

With everything said and done, Vivian Prentiss did not even want Les attending his daughter's graduation ceremony now. Vivian wanted to finally be free of him; no more chances. Able to get a divorce of irreconcilable differences, not having to pay alimony.

It would have to be this charge at this point, because even though she had proof of adultery, it was now years old. Even his heartthrob Vivian let Les have, simply because she was the drive to get behind Krys' transformation. Vivian was too busy making her son into her daughter. So even a first-year law student could have it all thrown out as inadmissible by not acting on it while the evidence was fresh.

However, Vivian never stopped having Les followed when he left the house. Even when he went to work, in case of "long lunches." Having a whole detective agency on retainer, an operative could be his waitress who arranged to take his table. At the bank, they could be either an official, a teller or just the person behind him on line. A car stopping parallel to his as they both stop at a traffic light. You get the idea.

Now that Vivian was no longer merely checking up on her errant spouse but wanted a divorce herself, she pulled out all the stops. For the amount of personnel she was using, the money being spent, fortunately, she did not have to wait long for new material.

Chapter Eleven

One night, after dinner, Krys remembered she had wanted to talk to her mother about something over the meal. Only she forgot and suddenly recalled it in the middle of soaking in a bath. In her haste so as not to forget again, a soaking wet Krys was barely covered in a small towel as she approached her parents in the living room. Krys was not even trying to turn on her father. But it worked anyway.

While she was trying to talk to her mother, Les loudly and anxiously stated that he "needed some air." He drove straight to his girlfriend's house...and Vivian's people were on the job.

Vivian's detectives caught the paramour saying things like, "Ooh, baby, I missed you! Is that for me?" as she looked at and felt his crotch, and "C'mon, sweetheart. Let's make up for lost time!"

This was rejoined by Les saying, "Mmmmm, I need you sooo much!" and the clincher, "It won't be long before we'll always be together, baby!"

Sounds, stills and video. It was like a pornographic soap opera where Les reminded his lover how everything was going to be, once the divorce proceedings had begun. Les had enough. Tonight was the last straw. Tomorrow would be the day he would file.



He would be several hours too late.

Once proof was documented, Vivian got a phone call saying that the deed had been done. Here was where Vivian's powers were truly exercised. Making after-hours phone calls got attorneys and even judges to work.

It was very late when Les finally arrived home. Vivian personally served him his divorce papers before he got into bed.

In fact, he never made it there. At least he was allowed to sleep on the couch.

* * * * *

Retribution Is Served

At the divorce proceedings even Les' girlfriend testified against him. With Vivian already knowing of her plan to swindle Les, now that he was determined to part with his wife, when he left her, she called her true love, saying in detail that it was finally going to happen. Even conveniently mentioning that "the blackmail plan won't have to be used anymore because Les was taking so long."

Vivian's detectives, already on guard with the two-timing temptress, stuck around for more evidence after Les left her, just in case, and got this bona-fide bonus. Vivian agreed to drop criminal charges against the couple, provided they defend her and not Les. Otherwise, win or lose, they would be charged with an attempted crime. Knowing that they were outgunned representation-wise, Vivian got a pivotal witness on her side. Her original charge of adultery was used. Case closed.

Les not only lost a wife, family and home. He was fired, too.

Epilogue

With the three parents' blessing, Krys and Al could not wait. They got married a few months after their high school graduation. As if to celebrate and assure closeness always between mother and daughter, Vivian told her a private little pun as she gave Krys a bouquet of red and white Chrysanthemums to carry

down the aisle.

“As the flowers were entwined to make a solid bouquet, so would always be the togetherness of “Krys and her Mum.”

The End