

### Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Ryan Dall was an All-American college linebacker when he played at State and a guaranteed first round NFL pick. Well that was the dream until his knee was blown out in a major bowl game. He was a senior and could have declared for the draft but decided to play one final college game. He cursed himself for that decision now. As that dream ended another became reality as he married Cheryl. She was one of the prettier cheerleaders with blond hair, blue eyes and fantastic figure. They married a couple of weeks after they graduated. Ryan with a degree in Sports Management and Cheryl with her MRS. She didn't actually graduate, flunking out. After two years Ryan was an assistant coach at a Junior High School and Cheryl had her first child, Linda Lee. Linda had her father's brown eyes and mousey brown hair. She had also inherited his love of sports. A year later, Cheryl gave birth to Casey Lee. He had his mother's blond hair and deep blue eyes.

As the children grew up into teenagers, both Ryan and Cheryl felt nature had played a cruel joke on them. Instead of having the girly-girl cheerleader, Linda Lee turned out to be a tomboy who loved sports and rough housing. Instead of having a future All-American to carry on his legacy, Ryan got a bad representative. Casey Lee did attempt to play sports but with his small size just not good competing with other boys his age. About the only thing he was good at was playing softball and throwing the curve ball. Ryan had to admit that his son did throw one hell of a curve ball. Still he considered softball a sissy sport. A sport only girls should play.

Ryan did his best to bulk up Casey without much success over the years. He hoped that Casey would add some bulk and height. Protein drinks and weights only firmed up what muscle Casey had but didn't add new muscle mass or pounds. Casey for his part didn't try all that hard either. He hated the taste of the drinks and lifting weights bored him to tears. The only reason he even attempted was to please his father. The only sport he enjoyed was softball though his playing time was limited. It was one of the few things his sister and he had in common.

Over the years Ryan was getting very frustrated with his son while his daughter was excelling in lacrosse and fast pitch softball. As a junior she was getting offers from major colleges with full athletic scholarships. At the rate Casey was going, such offers were not to be. If he couldn't get a scholarship to a four-year university; then, the best he could hope for would be the local community college. Even then the family would be hard pressed to pay for it. Ryan was now the head coach and Cheryl worked part time in the school's office. Their combined income barely covered their cost of living. What savings they had went into the children's college fund. Making matters worse, as Casey matured became an embarrassment for his macho father. He was too much like his mother and Ryan considered him a wimp.

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Casey as time permitted, attended his sister's games. The rules were pretty much the same for men's and women's softball. The biggest difference was that men rarely played fast pitch softball. Casey however knew how to throw a fast pitch from practicing with his sister. Besides watching the pretty girls seeing how they threw a

fast ball amazing. He wished that there was a fast pitch men's team he could join. It was during one of those games Linda approached him.

"Casey, I need a really big favor. We're in a playoff with United High for a spot in the finals but Joan sprained her wrist. I need you to take her spot as relief pitcher. Please, we're desperate and you know how to fast pitch. You have to do this for me and I'll owe you big time," she pleaded.

"Sis, you can't be serious. As soon as I step out on the field everyone will know. We'll all be laughed out of the ball park," he responded with a laugh.

"Look, you're about Joan's size and her uniform will fit. Besides, with your long hair and a bit of lipstick you can pass. No one but the team will see you up close. From a distance no one will guess you're not a girl. Please, I'm begging you. Come on, just give it a try for me," she begged.

"Damn it, Linda you're asking a lot here!" he responded.

"Look I'm desperate and I need you! Come on, it might even be fun hanging with the other girls especially in the locker room," she teased.

Casey hadn't thought about that and it gave him second thoughts. *"Gosh, being in the girl's locker room. Now that could prove interesting and I would be doing Linda a big favor. What the hell, I'll feel like a damn fool but just might get to see some naked girls,"* he thought.

"Okay, I'll do it but you'll owe me," he answered.

Things didn't quite turn out as he planned. No sooner than he was snuck into the locker room, Casey was ushered into a stall. There, told to strip and given the girl's uniform. Something else came with the uniform he didn't expect it was a padded racer backed black sports bra. He wasn't thrilled about the uniform either. The low-rise polyester pants were a bright white with tapered legs and elastic leg openings. A bright pink line ran down the pants legs. The jersey was a neon pink in a stretchy fabric.

"This is too much Linda. I can't do this. Give me back my clothes," he gasped.

"Too late bro. Your clothes are locked away. Now hurry up, we have only half an hour before the game starts," she replied.

*"Crap!"* he thought picking up the bra. *"How do you put this thing on? Oh, pulls over the head. I can't believe I'm doing this shit."*

As Casey stepping out of the stall, could feel the bra hugging his chest and shivered. Linda had him sit on the bench and began brushing his long hair into a high pony tail while another girl grabbed his chin. Linda pulled the pony tail through the back of the baseball cap and secured it with a pink scrunchy. While that happened, the girl holding his chin applied a coral lipstick and brushed his eyelids with pink eyeshadow. Two other girls were sitting beside him and before he knew it, painted his nails neon pink. He had been so distracted by what Linda and the girl in front were doing, Casey didn't notice his nails. By the time he did, it was too late.

As he rose the four girls stood on each side him as another girl's cell flashed.

*"Pictures! I don't need any pictures! Shit!"* he thought blushing beet red.

The game proved to be a none event as Linda's team won by seven and Casey only pitched two innings. Even the coach was fooled into thinking Casey was just another fill-in girl. As the game progressed, Casey became less aware of what he was wearing. Between the excitement of the game and winning, he was caught up in the moment. It

wasn't until he was in his sister's car on the way home that he realized he was still in uniform.

"Sis, you've got to pull over! I need to change before we get home," he exclaimed fearfully.

"Oh, with everything happening I forgot too. Sorry bro but we left your clothing back in the locker room. You'll just have to try and sneak into the house. I'm really sorry," she replied.

*"I'm dead meat if dad sees me like this,"* he said doing his best to stop from crying.

"Look, I'll go in first and try to distract mom and dad. You make a run for it to your room. Okay?"

Linda did go in first but both parents were in the kitchen. If Casey entered through the garage, they would meet face to face. So, he ran to the front and prayed they wouldn't see him as he dashed for his room. No such luck. From where his parents were seated at the table had a clear view.

What they saw was a girl running through their house. "What the?" Ryan exclaimed rising from his chair.

"Who was that girl?" Cheryl asked.

They were caught and Linda knew better than to lie to her parents. As long as she or Casey told the truth, neither would be punished. If they were caught in a lie; then, over dad's knees and the belt across their backside were the response.

Needless to say, both children were embarrassed and hoped the incident would be forgotten. Casey told Linda in no uncertain terms that he would never ever do something so stupid again. It took almost a week before Casey stopped blushing when he was around his father. He knew his father didn't think much of him to begin with. Being caught wearing a bra and makeup certainly didn't help Casey's image.

Worse was the punishment handed out. Ryan gave them a choice. "Since you deceived your opponent instead of playing fair, I'll give you a choice. One, you can contact United, explain you had an illegal team member and forfeit. Or, Casey can join the team until further notice. As a team member he wouldn't be considered an illegal player. So, which will it be?"

Linda didn't need to think about it and quickly blurted, "I want Casey to join the team. Even coach Evans thought he was a girl. If we forfeit, we aren't going into the playoffs and the other girls have worked so hard this year."

Ryan didn't wait to hear Casey's opinion. "Alright that's settled. Casey you are now a member of the team. As such, you will attend all their practices and games. You will wear their uniforms, makeup and a sport bra so you will fit in like all the others."

He paused several seconds before continuing. "As a matter of fact, since you agreed to such a stupid act, you will wear a bra all the time from now on. Just consider that your punishment for being so stupid."

"What? I can't wear a bra all the time! People will notice," Casey gasped.

"Dad, he's right. The whole family will be humiliated not just Casey. Errr, that is....unless he could wear a training bra. It wouldn't show under most of his shirts," Linda interjected.

*"Casey wearing a bra all the time, how humiliating. I think it would be hilarious and a chance for me to have some fun at his expense. He's always pulling my bra band and*

*snapping me. This is my chance to get back at him. Still, it would be embarrassing for the family and I don't want that. A training bra! That's it! I can have my fun and get back at him as it shouldn't show under his shirts," she thought.*

**"Okay, a padded sports bra for the team and training bra the rest of the time. Cheryl get in here. You and Linda need to do some shopping," Ryan agreed.**

**Even a basic plain white cotton bra is feminine by its very nature. By that evening, Casey had seven training bras and four sport's bras. None of them plain white cotton and the sport's bras were nicely padded. Only two were white bras but had that little pink ribbon sewn between the satin cups. All the others were in pastel colors with lace adornments. Unlike the sports bras these had a single eye and hook rear attachment. It was humiliating having to wear a bra but having his sister show him how to hook them in the back mortifying.**

**"Oh, I'm going to so love this bro," Linda exclaimed as she followed him into his room.**

**"Look sis, I can figure this out myself. I don't need you to show me how," was his disgruntled reply.**

**"Sorry bro, but Mom said to. As a guy you can't appreciate how expensive a femmy bra is. She doesn't want you stretching them out or ruining them. So, get that shirt off and we'll start with this precious emerald green satin bra with the pretty white lace overlay on the cups. When I was a kid, Mom tried to get me these frilly ones but I refused to wear them. Way too girly for me," she said taking it from the bag.**

**Casey found it difficult to hook it behind his back but soon managed. It didn't help his ego when Linda snapped it making him jump. Linda laughed when he did that.**

**"Now you know why girls hate it when you guys do that to us," she said.**

**Having to wear a bra all the time was very embarrassing but at least training bras didn't show through. Still, he was constantly aware of wearing them and brought a blush to his cheeks. The first day back at school he took it off but Linda made him put it back on.**

**"Look, sometime today Dad is bound to check on you and you better be wearing that bra. We only have two more months of soft ball then school will be over. If you're careful no one will ever know. Now go put that bra back on," she admonished.**

**Fortunately, neither his sister or parents were around when he went out on dates. He and his steady girlfriend, Ellen, were getting serious. Casey figured sex wasn't that far off in their future. Being caught wearing a bra would certainly ruin that.**

**##**

**One evening Ryan vented his frustrations to his wife, "Damn it, Cheryl why couldn't you have given me a real son instead of that panty waist. I would have been better off if I had two athletic daughters!"**

**"Well, I could make the same complaint to you too. I wanted a daughter that I could teach to be a great cheerleader. Maybe even queen of the prom. Instead, what you gave me is a tomboy who refuses to wear a nice dress much less wear any makeup," she stormed back.**

**"At least one of my kids is a great athlete!" he replied stomping off.**

**Things might have stayed as they were but change comes. A change that would greatly affect Casey. Ryan received a job offer to be the head coach in another city with much better pay. They would move as soon as the current school year finished.**

Of course, the kids seriously objected but Cheryl was all for it. She was tired of living in this small town where everybody knew everybody else's business.

A month before the big move and the kids out of the house, Ryan and Cheryl were on the patio. "You know if Casey had been born a girl, he would make one hell of a softball fast pitcher. His curve ball always leaves batters shaking their heads and wondering what happened. He would definitely be a high draft pick for a major college on a girls' team. Shit! We even thought he was a girl that first time he tried to sneak into the house. Hell, we even thought he was a girl," Ryan scornfully said taking a sip of beer.

"Yes, I guess so. With that gorgeous blond hair and big blue eyes could easily be a prom queen. Too bad he's a boy though," she added.

As the day of their departure loomed closer, neither parent forgot that conversation. Ryan kept thinking if Casey was a girl, how proud he would be if she too received a full athletic scholarship. The more he thought about it, the more he agreed with his wife. With his long blond hair, blue eyes, slim frame and right additions and subtractions, could be a pretty girl.

Cheryl kept thinking how wonderful it would be if Casey were the girly-girl she dreamed of having. She pictured Casey wearing a cheerleader outfit or prom dress. He would be so beautiful and she would have the thrill of teaching her all she needed to know. Still he didn't have the anatomy for it but it made a pleasant day dream.

A week before the move, Ryan decided he had to act. If they didn't act now, it would be too late. He wasn't sure how Cheryl would react to his idea. She would likely laugh in his face at best or tell him he was a sick pervert at worst. His idea was a perversion but justified it in his mind. Casey wasn't like him at all and too much like his mother.

After the kids were in bed, Ryan approached Cheryl with laptop in hand. "Cheryl, we need to talk and I want to show you something. Bear with me on this before you say anything," he said opening his laptop to news web site. This web site featured a story about the emergence of transgender people into sports of their assumed gender. There were other articles regarding transvestites as well.

As he scrolled through the web pages said, "I know this sounds crazy but what if Casey was considered transgender? It would be expensive but since Linda has those scholarship offers and we skimp a bit, can afford it. The only way Casey has a chance to get into a good college is playing softball but as a girl. No one knows us where we're going and we have all summer to get this done."

"It would be nice to have what I always wanted but Ryan you're forgetting one thing. Casey may be small for his age but he is all boy. He even has a steady girlfriend. There's no way he would agree to any of this," she said after the presentation.

"So, you're not against my idea?" he replied at her unexpected reaction.

"You damn well know I've always wanted a daughter that I could bond with. Linda will never be the daughter I've always wanted and I do love my children. Though I admit your idea does intrigue me. You also haven't considered how Linda will react to this," she responded shaking her head.

"Well, no, I haven't but those two have never gotten along that well. They still constantly argue and tease each other. We're close and I don't think Linda will have any problem with it. Hell, Linda might even welcome it," Ryan answered smiling remembering her saying how much of a sissy Casey was.

After a pause he added, "As far as Casey is concerned his opinion doesn't matter. It's

parents who decide what's best for their kids. Casey should have been a girl all along. Nature just pulled a fast one on us, that's all. We're just going to correct that."

"Ryan, get real. Casey won't be our child forever. He's going to hate us if we go through with this!" she emotionally replied.

"He'll get over it. We don't have to go all the way and get him the surgery. We just need everyone to believe he is truly transgendered. Once he graduates college, can change back. We're doing this because it's in his best interests," he responded.

"He won't see it that way! He could go to the authorities and then what?" she snapped.

"Perhaps, but look here at this. It's about hypnosis recordings that make someone want to be a girl. Mumbo, jumbo probably but if it works; then, he may actually like what we've done. I think it's worth the chance. I say let's have that daughter you've always wanted and I get rid of an embarrassment," he retorted.

"Okay, but this will wipe out the kid's entire college fund. When Casey shows any real resistance; then, we stop immediately. I won't stand by you if that happens. I also don't want him to know I had any part in this. Deal?" she stipulated.

"Fine! Have it your way but he will resist until those hypnosis discs work. Cooperate with me on this no matter how much he bitches for at least six weeks. If he still resists after that and you want it to stop, it will. I'll make arrangements to get those hypnosis discs first thing tomorrow," he said closing the laptop.

"Okay, I'll go along. You're in charge for six weeks and I'll help but only for that time period," she responded.

Later Ryan called Linda into his school office, told her to shut the door and sit down. It took him a few moments to gather his thoughts then said, "Linda your mother and I have decided to make a serious change in our...our living arrangements."

"You're not getting a divorce, are you?" she exclaimed.

"No, nothing like that. This has to do with your brother. Now, before you say anything else hear me out. We have decided your brother would be much better off as a girl. Just think about it for a second. If he becomes your sister think about the possibilities the two of you could achieve playing softball. With his curve ball you could win the state championship easily. The school we're going to has a very good softball team. A team that has potential and with you two would be a shoo in for the championship. I'm not talking class AA but a class AAAA school here. The scholarship offers from the prestigious colleges would come pouring in. However, we can't do this without your full support and it might not be easy for you. So, what do you say?"

"Wow! That's a lot to think about," she gasped.

"Well, do that and let me know what you have decided after supper tonight," he replied in dismissal.

*"I know some things about transgender people and the operation but Casey? He might be wimpy but he's all boy. Still, dad's idea as wild as it is sounds okay. Those scholarship offers I've gotten aren't that great either and none of them are from State. If I can get a scholarship there wow! We have a good team here but lost in the semi-finals. The scouts don't pay much attention to the double A teams anyway but winning in four A. Now that would get their attention. I think it would be fun having a baby sister too and talk about getting back at him for all the mean things he's done over the years. Oh yeah, dad I think I'm going to really enjoy having a sister," she thought.*

Ryan spent many long hours hovering over his laptop searching anything he could find on transgender/transsexuals. Now that he had both his wife and daughter's go ahead, there was no stopping him. He was looking for reluctant/forced feminization information; especially professional assistance. It was there that he found Dr. Monroe's clinic.

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The last bell of the last day of school rang out and Casey went to find his steady, Ellen. He needed assurances she would remain faithful and he also had to assure her. As they strolled out of the school onto the parking lot arms around each other, Casey saw his dad waiting.

"Come on Casey! Say your goodbyes and get into the car," Ryan yelled.

"Couldn't you have given me a few more moments? Why the rush?" he asked opening the car door.

"It's best for all concerned to make a clean break. We're moving two States away and long-distance relationships seldom work out. It's best if you forget you ever knew Ellen," Ryan answered a bit gruffly.

Ryan knew this was the day Casey would start a new life and was upset with himself for what he was about to do. Casey was his son and the only son he would ever have to carry on his name. Still, in justification, he told himself whatever grandson he could have had wouldn't measure up. No, he told himself this would be the best alternative. Besides, Linda Lee would give them grandchildren they could be proud of.

Wallowing in his misery Casey wasn't paying attention to where his father was driving. It wasn't until he noticed that they weren't in town and surrounded by trees zipping past.

"Where are we going? This isn't the way home?" he asked.

"To get your physical. Your mother brought Linda Lee here this morning for hers. Now, it's your turn. Just some routine blood work and exam. The school is giving me a very generous benefit package and the insurance company requires it. I'm taking you to their clinic," Ryan answered.

"Oh," was all Casey could say staring at the passing forest. "*Dad couldn't give me a lousy five more minutes with Ellen. This move just sucks,*" he thought.

They were on the outskirts of the largest city near their home when Ryan pulled into the parking lot. A large sign at the entrance said, The Monroe Clinic. It looked a lot like their small rural hospital back home. Casey was confused as he stepped out of the car.

"Why did we have to drive this far for a physical exam when from the looks of it, it could have been done back home?" he asked.

"Yeah, kind of dumb but the insurance company insisted," Ryan replied.

Inside they were greeted by a cute receptionist who directed them to Dr. Monroe's office. Walking through the bubble glass door, they entered a waiting area. There the nurse gave them some forms to fill out and said the doctor would be with them shortly. Casey had to do a double take as he perused the forms he was given.

"*What kind of questions are these?*" he thought. "*These are more personal than I care to answer.*"

"Dad, do I have to answer these questions? Like, it wants to know all about my...my

sexual experiences and other really weird stuff,” he asked.

“Huh? Don’t know why they need to know that but fill it out anyway and tell the truth. It might be important,” he answered.

“Bu...but Dad, they want to know if I’ve ever worn girls’ clothing and what kinds. I can’t tell them you made me wear a bra,” he gasped.

“I didn’t make you wear anything. That was your decision! Now, answer the questions,” Ryan stated angrily.

*“Crap! They also want to know if I participated with girls while dressed and did anyone object. I thought coach McGraw would but said something about none discrimination. That was the worst two months of my life,”* Casey thought as he reluctantly began scribbling answers.

Once all the forms had been completed, Ryan took them to the nurse. It wasn’t long after that she escorted them into an examination room. Casey was told to strip completely and put on the exam gown and left. The exam gown was styled like all hospital gowns tying in the back but this one gave him pause. It was off white but had a small pink rose bud pattern. When he complained, his dad gruffly told him to put it on. When the nurse returned to take his vital signs and blood samples, the blush was still on his cheeks. When she finished, escorted his father out of the room.

“Mr. Dall please go back to the waiting room. Doctor Monroe will be here shortly. I’ll let you know when she has completed the exam,” she ordered.

When Doctor Monroe entered, Casey’s blush brightened. He wasn’t expecting a female doctor. He was fully aware of what transpired during a physical exam. Having a woman do it would be very embarrassing. Making matters worse, she was beautiful causing his penis to jerk in response.

*“OMG! This is going to be so embarrassing. Thank heavens Dad aint going to be here to make it even worse,”* he thought.

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Doctor Sarah Monroe was indeed beautiful. She was in her early thirties with golden blond hair styled in a chignon. Dazzling ocean blue eyes and upturned delicate nose. Her makeup minimal with coral painted lips. She had a trim figure with nice sized breasts and rounded hips. Doctor Monroe was wearing a pink silk blouse and gray straight above the knee skirt under her white doctor’s jacket. Like the old saying goes, “Don’t judge a book by it’s cover,” as Sarah was an ardent feminist who firmly believed in the superiority of women. The only good man in her opinion was a sissified man whose sole purpose was to serve women. Not just a sissified man but one made to look like a male’s fantasy woman. A man so trained in feminine behaviors that he would never be a sexual threat to women.

Walking into the examination room, Sarah had to smile. *“So, this is the kid I get to play with and work my magic. Very promising. Still, I find it surprising that his own father would do this to him. Usually it’s a female relative or wife. I shouldn’t be though. He’s nothing but a Neanderthal. The kind of animal that should be required to undergo my treatments. Unfortunately, that won’t happen anytime soon. This one’s age and lack of experience will make it so much easier. If I had it my way, all males at this age would be converted. No more predators, no more rapists for women to agonize over,”* she thought.

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The initial part of the exam kept a slight blush on Casey's cheeks. When she performed the hernia check his face flushed pink. The prostrate exam brought a red glow but when she took a sperm specimen wanted to die from embarrassment. Once she had finished the examination, Doctor Monroe gave him an injection. Within seconds Casey passed out. Going over to what looked like an incubator removed two very large syringes.

*"Plasta skin, the best invention of the decade," she mused. "Made from pig skin, turned into a gel of hypoallergenic living matter the body will not reject. Since men seemed so attracted to breasts, the perfect solution to give them their own."*

She took her time injecting the living tissue into his chest and nipples. When she finished, Casey had very real C-cup breasts with prominent fat pencil eraser nipples. Doctor Monroe then used some more to fill out his lips and cheeks. Flipping him over, gave him a nice round bubble butt. Next came the most difficult part, attaching the molded plasta skin to the groin. When she finished Casey's, body was a 36-C, 30-inch waist and 34-inch hips. He had apple cheeks, cock sucker lips and a vagina. At the moment the vagina didn't look real being a grayish color. It would change to Casey's natural skin tone as it melded with the flesh.

*"Every time I do this, I am amazed. Within a day or two that molded vagina will adapt to its host's skin tone. Within a month it becomes permanent. No more surgery to perform SRS. It will even function as a vagina without the menstrual cycle. If penetrated, there should be some feeling as the embedded penis will feel the friction. When he comes too, he's going to be greatly surprised. Most likely have a mental break down from the shock. Perhaps even violent without the proper after care. Mr. Dall did say he had purchased some hypnosis discs. They don't work that well without the use of psychotropic drugs. I'll give him some sedatives and drugs that will speed up the process. He turned out to be a very beautiful young lady," she thought.*

When Ryan first saw his new daughter couldn't believe his eyes. "You said this is Casey? This person looks just like a young woman...even down there!" he gasped.

"You can thank modern science for that. I used a new synthetic material, totally organic called plasta skin. No need for implants or major surgery to completely transform a person's gender. Only a genetics test or extensive examination will reveal the true sex," Doctor Monroe proudly stated.

"Is...is it permanent?" Ryan asked slightly above a whisper.

"Mostly. The breasts have to be surgically removed but the vagina doesn't become fully attached for about four weeks. It looks artificial now but, in a day or two, will take on the natural skin color and fully functional. Until then she will have to wear a panty girdle constantly. That will keep the plasta skin firmly in place," she replied.

"It's permanent then?" he said surprised.

"In a month, yes. You have a problem with that? I did exactly what you asked for," she answered.

"I...I didn't think it would...would be so permanent. His mother did...didn't want that. She was thinking about letting him change back if he still objected after six weeks," he haltingly replied.

"I'm familiar with those hypnosis discs you purchased. They're pretty good but takes months to change the mental aspects. I'll prescribe some medications that will greatly speed up the process. They will keep Casey in a semi-conscious state and open her mind to the programming. During that time, she will be able to perform daily hygiene

requirements but that's about it. You must make sure you give her these drugs as prescribed or you will have real problems. Just imagine how you would react waking up in a totally new sex and body," Doctor Monroe explained smiling seeing his expression when she said that last part. It was a look of pure horror.

To be continued