

AN UNEXPECTED GIRLFRIEND

A CROSS DRESSING / FEMINIZATION STORY

Illustrated



ADULTS ONLY

CROSSED

TV/CD

FICTION



Story & Illustrations
by **Damien Fox**



Foxden
Publication

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An Unexpected Girlfriend

“Run, Jack! Run!”

Brandon pulled Jack through the door and across the corridor and out another door onto a side walk behind the bank. They ran several blocks. In the distance, they heard gunfire and the sounds of people screaming.



“There!” Brandon said, pointing at an open window of an apartment.

The two men entered the small apartment through the window, by means of a fire-escape ladder. They paused and walked around the inside of the apartment to make sure it was empty.

“They shot Mike!!!” said a trembling Jack.

“Shut up Jack, be quiet!!!... He shouldn’t have fired the gun at the guard. We were supposed to pull this off without killing anyone,” said an angry Brandon.

“Is he dead? Have they caught him? what if he tells the cops about us?” asked a terrified Jack.

“It doesn’t matter whether he tells or not, he doesn’t know our real names,” replied Brandon while he removed his mask.

“Really?” asked a confused Jack.

“Yes, really! And that’s exactly the way Mr. Monroe wanted. Mike was a stranger to us as we were to him. He owes money to Mr. Monroe, just like us! Mike isn’t his real name, but who cares? We are free... We will hand over our share to Monroe and get out of this mess as planned. No more debts. No more gambling,” said Brandon.

“But first, we need to get out of here.”

“Put this on,” Brandon picked a dress from the closet and threw at Jack.

“What’s this?” asked Jack.

“What does it look like? It a woman’s dress and you are going to wear it. They are looking for two men, they won’t suspect a couple.”

“But why I should be the one wearing this?” asked an angry Jack.

They both knew the answer to the question. Jack’s brow lowered with a sort of helpless anger. Jack Miller was only 5’ 6” tall and had a small frame. He had young boyish features, with no facial hair. His hair was long, little bit messy, reaching past his shoulders. On the other hand, Brandon Brown was 6’ 2” tall with sharp masculine features. He was a manly man and a very good looking one too.

“Alright,” Jack said picking the dress that was lying at his feet.

Jack went into the bathroom, cleaned himself and put on the dress. He combed his fingers through his messy hair. He had an elastic band around his wrist, and he slipped it off and then pulled his hair back into a ponytail. As he came out of the bathroom Brandon handed him a pair of high heels. To his surprise the shoes fit him perfectly. Jack then faced Brandon with a combination of defiance and embarrassment.



“Well, you do have to admit that you do look like a girl,” Brandon said.

Even though Jack knew Brandon was joking, he knew Brandon was right. As Jack checked himself in the mirror, Brandon quickly changed into some clean clothes. Brandon then moved the cash from their backpacks to a travel bag with wheels. As they left, they tossed their old clothes and backpacks into a dumpster behind the apartment

They walked down the road towards the busy main street where the bank was located. Brandon held Jack’s hand and they looked like any other young couple. They then walked toward the dense crowd that had gathered in front of the barricade. There were cops all around the place. Jack felt at ease as there were no sirens and nobody was paying any attention to him. However, to his shock, in the distance, Jack saw the body of Mike lying in a pool of blood. As they watched, an officer bent over and rummaged through the dead man’s pockets. Brandon gave Jack a meaningful glance, signaling him to leave the crowd. As Brandon turned, Jack took his arm, and they walked slowly toward the corner of the street.

“Where are we going now?” asked Jack.

“Well... we can’t go back to our motel...” Brandon paused for few seconds.

“Maybe, we should go to my house, my parent’s house. It’s not too far from here.”

“My folks are no longer staying there. They have moved to our farm house in the countryside,” said Brandon.

“That sounds good,” replied Jack.

“... however, we have a problem. My big sister, Katie stays there,” said Brandon.

“That’s not good! I am not going to meet your sister wearing this dress,” said an angry Jack.

Brandon was so lost in thought and transported to the past that he didn’t hear Jack talk.

“It’s been 2 years since I had been home. She is going to be happy and mad at the same time, seeing me,” said Brandon.

“Brandon, are you listening to me? I don’t want to be in a dress,” said Jack.

“Jack, relax! She won’t be around. She does evening shift. We go in when the house is empty. Once I get you inside, you can hide in my room. It’s a big house. She won’t even know you are there. And this is only for a day till we hear from Monroe’s men,” said Brandon.

“Alright,” said Jack taking a deep breath.

Suddenly Brandon waved his hand and called “Taxi!” and a taxi pulled over to the curb. Brandon opened the taxi door for Jack, then slid in beside him. Soon they were heading away from the central business district toward a quiet residential neighborhood. Not knowing what was going on in Brandon’s head, and not quite knowing how to ask, Jack sat back for their ride through the neighborhood.

Thirty minutes later, the taxi pulled up to a large gated villa.

“Wow, this house is huge!” Jack gasped in awe.

Brandon knew where the key was kept, and soon they were inside the house.

The exquisiteness of the place was breathtaking. As Jack turned around he saw his own reflection in a wall mirror.

“Man, I can’t wait to get out of this dress and these shoes are killing me,” Jack said pulling at his dress and kicking his shoes off.

At that moment, the front door opened.

Both Jack and Brandon were in a shock as they were not expecting Brandon’s sister home till early morning. Their jaws dropped when they saw the person who had entered the house. It was a young cop and he was carrying a large grocery bag in each arm. For a moment they all stood in silence looking at each other.

“Oh sorry, I know this is awkward. You must be Brandon, right? Katie’s brother?” the officer kept the bags down and held his arm out as he walked up to Brandon.

“I am David, Katie’s boyfriend,” said the cop as he shook hands with Brandon with a big smile on his face.



“Oh boy! Katie is going to be super happy that you are back.”

“... and you are...?” asked David as he turned towards Jack. Jack stood in the dimly lit corner, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

“This is Jenny, my girlfriend,” said Brandon.

Jack gave a faint smile gently nodding his head.

“Sorry, let me not disturb you two. You must be tired after the long trip. I will see you guys later,” David said smiling and walked towards the door.

“Sure...,” Brandon waved his hand as the cop walked away.

“What the fuck!!!? You never said that your sister was dating a cop,” said a furious Jack.

“Man, I really had no idea,” said Brandon. In fact, Brandon had not seen his sister for two years, nor even spoken with her on the phone since leaving home.

“It’s a long story Jack. I have never told this to anyone. I had borrowed a huge sum of money from my parents to start a business, two years back. Things didn’t go according to plan. I needed more money to cover my losses. I tried my hand at gambling and I had a beginner’s luck that lasted me one year. Then that luck petered out and soon I was in more debt. And that’s how I met Mr. Monroe. Soon I got mixed up in some dirty business. By the time I realized that my life, my future was at stake, it was too late. The bank robbery was the last part of the deal,” said Brandon with a sigh.

“Let’s call Monroe’s men and check with them where to drop the bag tomorrow. Once that’s done, we can go our different ways. I have promised my girlfriend that I would be back in a day or two,” said Jack.

As Brandon picked up the phone to call Monroe’s men, Jack sank onto the couch, exhausted. Jack then picked up the remote and switched on the TV. His eyes went wide-open as he saw the breaking news flash on TV.

“Brandon!!! cut the call... cut it!!!” said a panicked Jack.

Jack pointed at the TV and Brandon realized the graveness of the situation.

Jack’s face was all over the news. It was a three second CCTV footage of him walking out of the motel. The faces of the other two men were not clear.

“Oh man, this is bad. This is really bad,” Jack put his head back and closed his eyes.

“Even Monroe’s men will be looking for you. If they catch you, they will kill you. Mr. Monroe wouldn’t be stupid enough to let something like this be

traced back to him. Your chances of survival are higher if the cops find you first,” said Brandon.

“Holy shit! what do I do now?” Jack asked, frightened.

Jack sank onto the couch, eyes closed, sweat beading on his forehead and running down his face. Brandon gave one long look at his friend sitting in front of him wearing a woman’s dress. Jack did look like a frightened young woman.

“Well... I have an idea. Why don’t you stay here with me for a while until things settle down,” Brandon offered.

“But... Katie’s boyfriend! he is going to recognize me,” replied a tense Jack.

“You are Jenny, my girlfriend,” said Brandon, laughing.

“Now, stop kidding around, this is serious. I am a guy and they will figure out who I am,” said Jack angrily.

“They won’t. Except for your plain chest and flat ass, you could easily pass as a woman.”

“And You don’t have to worry about your voice as you have a high pitched voice. But make sure your mannerisms are feminine,” added Brandon.

Suddenly Brandon remembered something.

“My parents own two commercial buildings nearby. One of them has been rented to a local theatre group. I am sure I will find something there that can help you with the disguise. In fact I have seen some prosthetic stuff lying there in a storage box. I’ll see you in an hour. Meanwhile grab something to eat from the refrigerator; kitchen’s over there,” Brandon added, pointing towards a doorway.

“If you want to catch some sleep, my bedroom is upstairs on the other end of the hallway from Katie’s room,” said Brandon as he grabbed some keys off the console table and walked towards the main door.

Jack went upstairs, found Brandon’s room. Jack then dossed off in no time as he was damn tired.

“Jack, it is time to wake up,” Brandon tried to wake Jack, he only stirred and mumbled.

“Jack wake up! It’s morning,” Brandon said, pulling the blanket off Jack.

Jack slowly got out of bed, rubbing his eyes.

“Remember, you are no longer Jack. You are Jenny, my girlfriend. Katie will be home soon. But before that you need to get ready. Here’s a dress, lingerie and two breast forms that I had found in the costume storage box,” Brandon said laying the items on the bed.

“I found this lotion in Katie’s bathroom. It is a depilatory. It will remove all your body hair. Make sure you apply this and let it set before taking a shower. You have one hour before Katie is back home. And yeah, don’t forget to put on some make-up. I will see you in an hour,” said Brandon as he left Jack alone in the room.

Jack cursed himself for being so weak. As demanded by Brandon, Jack removed his body hair and came out of the bathroom after a good shower. Slightly confused, Jack looked at the lingerie that was lying on the bed. He slowly took the panties and stepped into them, pulled them over his hairless thighs, and adjusted them at his hips. He then took the bra, put his arms through the straps and with awkward he tried to hook it together. Once hooked, Jack shrugged few times to determine exactly where it was supposed to fit. Looking in the mirror he noticed the cups of the bra were wrinkled. He carefully inserted the breastforms inside the cups. They looked absolutely natural and they jiggled as he moved. Jack then picked up the dress and slid it over his head. He smoothed his hands over the smooth yellow fabric and brought the top up to button it. Ridiculous, of course, he told himself as he put on the makeup and brushed his hair. Jack looked back into the mirror and studied his reflection. He looked so feminine that he couldn’t believe his own eyes.



Jack sighed and walked down the stairs, in to the living room. He walked with dainty short steps.

“Wow,” Brandon gasped. His eyes went wide-open seeing Jack in his feminine avatar. There was no sign of Jack. In front of him stood a beautiful young woman, a very attractive woman.

Katie was absolutely delighted to meet her brother’s girlfriend.

“Oh, you are so pretty Jenny! You two make a beautiful couple. I can’t wait to tell mom about you guys,” Katie squealed her pleasure.

“Thank you, Katie. It’s really nice to meet you,” Jack said in a soft high feminine voice.

Soon breakfast was ready, and they all sat together to eat.

Jack sat with his smooth knees together and his hands folded on his lap, cheeks burning with embarrassment.

“I can see that you are blushing’, said Katie. Jack gave a faint smile.

“Well, I am glad that Brandon’s here. My parents knew he needed to experience other things, but we knew he would always come home again,” said Katie.

Brandon smiled at his sister.

“So... has your boyfriend, David moved in with you?” Brandon asked Katie.

“I wish ...” Katie laughed.

“David lives two blocks from here and we meet every weekend.”

As they were speaking, Jack accidently tipped over his glass of orange juice. His reflex wasn’t quick enough to protect the top of his dress from being splashed.

“Oh shit, I am sorry,” Jack jumped out of his chair.

“That’s all right dear, I will take care of it. Why don’t you go change into some fresh clothes?” said Katie.

“Jenny lost her luggage at the airport; all her clothes, including her shoes were in her suitcases,” Brandon told Katie.

“Oh, you poor thing! You can borrow one of my dresses,” replied Katie looking at Jack.

“Thank you, it’s sweet of you to offer,” Jack said trying to sound happy.

“Let us go shopping after lunch, just us girls, we will have fun,” said Katie.

“I think maybe a little shopping would be therapeutic anyway, get my mind off work,” added Katie.

“I need to go out and meet an old client,” interrupted Brandon.

Jack knew Brandon was referring to Monroe’s men.

Suddenly Katie held Jack by his hand and took him to her room to select a dress.

“Go ahead, pick anything you like,” Katie said pointing to her wardrobe and chest of drawers.

She then left Jack and headed down to the dining room to clear the table.

Jack quickly closed the door and stripped off his dress only to find that his bra and the breast forms were thoroughly soaked.

Without a thought, he quickly undid his bra and took the breastforms out to pat them dry. As he looked around, he found Katie’s bras. He picked a plain white cotton one and immediately put in on. He then held a breast form in one hand and went on inserting the other one in one of the empty cups, without raising his eyes at the opening of the door and the sound of footsteps.

Katie let out a gasp of surprise seeing Jack insert and adjust his breastforms. She then took a few steps backwards and slightly closed the door. Katie then turned and walked down the hallway thinking about what she had just seen.

“Poor thing! That explains why she is so shy’, Katie said to herself. Katie knows that young women who have underdeveloped body features have low self-esteem. The condition causes significant psychological distress. Katie worked as a researcher at one of the big pharma companies that developed

female products, especially growth enhancers and advanced hormone boosters for young women.

Jack was steaming mad when he met Brandon in his room. “I can’t understand why you have to leave me and go out tonight.”

“Jack, I am meeting Monroe’s men. And if they ask me about you, I will tell them that we started out together and you got cold feet and ran away. Once they have their money they will honor their promise and probably stop looking for you. I suggest you keep your disguise on,” replied Brandon.

It was an important job, and Jack trusted Brandon. “Okay! I will see you later, then, Brandon,” Jack said.

Later that evening, Jack got ready to go shopping with Katie. He went through Katie’s closet and tried on a few of her new dresses. Katie convinced Jack to wear a sleeveless purple top and a light blue jean. Jack had his blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail with a pink ribbon. The only makeup Jack was wearing was lipstick.

“Girl, we are going to have fun,” Katie said as they got into the car.

As Katie pulled her car to a corner street building, Jack looked out the window to find they had stopped in front of a beauty salon.

“I have got a surprise for you,” Katie said pointing at the beauty salon.

Jack's expression went from surprise to fear in the blink of an eye.

Katie waved at an attractive redhead, as she entered the salon.

“Hi Katie, welcome back! And this must be Jenny,” said the lady looking at Jack.

“I am Cindy,” said the redhead holding Jack’s hand.

“Hi,” Jack replied.

Jack with his hair pulled back in a ponytail and his face almost makeup-free, he wasn’t much to look at. He looked exhausted and sickly pale.

“Please have a seat and make yourself comfortable,” Cindy said pointing at a chair.

Cindy turned Jack away from the mirror, so that he couldn't see.

Soon she started working her magic on his hair.

Cindy cut Jack's hair in sharp layers and gave it a colour wash so that when the light hit his blond hair just right, it almost looked gold. His hair was then blow dried and set to a feminine shape by adding long hair extensions to complete the look. During this time, another lady worked on his nails, they were painted deep red. Cindy then started working on Jack's face at amazing speed. She applied foundation and Jack felt it tighten his skin. Then she applied blusher with a thick brush. She made Jack close his eyes while she brushed on eyeshadow. Cindy held a piece of tissue under each eye as she applied mascara on his eye lashes. She then made Jack pucker his lips as she stroked on lipstick with a fine brush. When Cindy had finished, she unpinned Jack's hair, brushed it out and turned his chair so that he could see himself in the mirror.

Jack sat staring at his reflection, stunned.

"I can't believe how pretty your face looks," said Katie.

"Wow," Jack said softly. He stared at his reflection as though viewing a beautiful stranger for the first time.



“So, I just have one more surprise for you...” Katie said.

“One more surprise?” Jack gasped.

Cindy dabbed something cold on his ear lobes using cotton. Then before he knew it, two girls who worked there squeezed the triggers to pierce his ears, and he was done. Delicate long ear rings dangled from his pierced ears.

As they left the salon, Katie thanked Cindy once again for the great job she had done.

Their next stop was a nearby fashion boutique. Katie helped Jack pick out some dresses, tops, skirts, lingerie and shoes. Katie even bought some make-up for Jack.

“I had never shopped so much in my life,” said Jack looking at the clothes in his shopping bag.

“A girl can never have too many clothes,” Katie replied, laughing.

“Alright, we need to get going. I will drop you home and leave for work. The good news is that my shift is getting changed to morning shift from next week onwards,” Katie said cheerfully.

As soon as Brandon arrived home, he ordered dinner from one of the nearby restaurants. He then sat on the couch awaiting the arrival of Katie and Jack. He heard the click of the front door opening, and he looked up to see Katie in the door way. Close behind her stood a very beautiful young woman. Her lips were full, pouty and inviting. Her makeup emphasized her beautiful eyes and her high cheekbones. He felt his cock twitch and harden in an instant.

“But wait a minute,” Brandon thought.

“Jac... Jenny! Is that you?” Brandon asked excitedly, not able to believe his eyes.

Jack shyly nodded his head.

They all sat together again in the kitchen with a couple of bottles of wine and food. Brandon couldn't help staring at Jack. His damned cock was hard again and he felt confused. After dinner Katie left for work, Brandon and Jack went to the living room.

“Did you hand over the cash to Monroe's men?” asked Jack curiously.

“Yes,” Brandon said smiling.

“We are free Jack! We don't owe Monroe anything. He has agreed to the terms. But on one condition, that you will remain hidden for a year or two,” said Brandon.

“How am I supposed to do that,” asked a tensed Jack as he held his legs together and took his seat.

“Just continue to do what you are doing now,” replied Brandon, eyeing Jack from head to toe.

“No way Brandon! This is not going to work,” said a frustrated Jack.

“Come on Jack, you have fooled Katie into believing that you are a girl! Well, I have to admit, you do look like a young woman,” replied Brandon.

Jack sat on the couch a good ten to fifteen minutes thinking, going over his options.

He realized that just going along with the silly little disguise scheme was the much safer option.

“Alright,” he said. “I guess for now, I really have no other choice.”

Later, Jack went to their room and removed his makeup and breastforms. He put on a silk nightgown and went to bed. That night, the two of them slept in the same bed. Jack believed that there there was nothing wrong with friends sleeping together.

“Good morning, Jenny,” Katie said while she prepared the breakfast.

“Good morning, Katie,” replied Jack as he joined her in the kitchen to help her.

“You have got your makeup on pretty good,” said Katie admiring Jack’s face. In fact, Jack’s makeup was perfect, natural-looking, not too much, just the right amount.

“Thank you, Katie,” replied Jack with a smile. Jack was wearing a beautiful summer dress.

“Guess what? I have got some special pills for you,” Katie said holding the female hormone booster plus testosterone blocker pills.

“Here, take these...” Katie said as she handed over two pills to Jack.

“What are these for?” asked Jack curiously.

“Oh, don’t worry, these are just vitamin pills and immunity boosters. You should take them every morning and night. I just want to make sure you are healthy,” replied Katie.

Jack smiled and took the pills without any hesitation.

Jack knew that Katie was tired after the long night shift. He helped her set the table and then Jack served food for all. After breakfast, Katie left the clean up to Jack as she wanted a good sleep. Jack spend the rest of the day cleaning the house while Brandon was out attending job interviews.

The next day and the following days Jack continued his role as Jenny, Brandon's girlfriend. As days went by, he got used to being Jenny, and his life became attuned to the rhythms of the new tasks and feminine mannerisms which he had found so hard at first. He cooked and cleaned the house, he went shopping with Katie, he even started to enjoy Brandon's polite attentions and almost-chivalrous style. Jack knew this was a temporary thing and so he decided to make the most of it and enjoyed this new feminine phase of his life. Jack no longer felt uncomfortable wearing girly clothes or acting feminine. Brandon started addressing him as Jenny, even when they were alone. Though he felt strange at first, this helped him stay in character. Jack continued to take the special pills regularly.

One morning Jack woke up to the slight sound of Brandon snoring. Jack slowly lifted one of Brandon's hands from his waist and gently pushed it away from him. He grabbed a clean pair of clothes and went to the bathroom to take a shower. It had been four months since he had started playing the role of Brandon's girlfriend. He gazed at the reflection in the mirror, and he agreed the girl looking back was pretty. He was wearing a silky sleeveless short dress that slid lightly along his body as he moved, grazing now the side of his hip or shifting to outline the pointed nipples. He wasn't wearing any breastforms. The puffiness of his nipples, or rather, he should say his breasts, for they had become large enough to be considered more than bare nipples, made him a little worried. "Is it a reaction to wearing breastforms?" he wondered. He decided to stop wearing the breastforms. However he decided to continue wearing a bra, as his nipples had become very sensitive to touch. To add to his worries, he had lost a lot of weight, however his butt had gotten bigger and his hips seemed wider too.

That evening Jack decided to buy some new bras and this time he didn't wear the breastforms when he went shopping, alone. He fluffed his dress, swung his legs as he got out of the cab in front of the nearby mall. Then he walked into the mall and made his way to a fancy lingerie store. "Wow, so

many sizes, shapes and colors!” Jack thought to himself as he looked at the range of merchandise. He was so absorbed in his thought that he did not hear a sales girl approach him.

“May I help you?” asked the sales girl.

“Yes please. I am interested in buying some bras...” he said, with a small quiver in his voice.

“What size do you wear?”

“I don’t rightly know,” Jack said lowering his voice.

“You may want to have a bra-fitting if you have never done so before, but since every style is different, it is more important to make sure you are comfortable and look amazing,” said the sales girl.

“Well, let me get a few bras and have you try them on behind the curtain.”

She took a handful of different size bras and led him into the changing room. She then looked at him and asked him to take his shirt off. Jack became nervous at the thought of exposing his breasts to a stranger, a lady. However, he tried to cool down and remain composed.

Jack stood in the changing room, arms crossed over his bare breasts. The sales girl maneuvered around Jack with the tape. “Thirty four,” she said. Then she stared at the breasts for cup size. Jack stood there embarrassed with his breasts fully exposed in front of a woman. The sales girl stepped back. “B,” the sales girl announced. “At least a B.”

“Are you sure?” Jack blurted out in disbelief. He turned to the mirror and examined himself. His nipples were red and puffy.

“Yes, you are a B Cup.”

“You know, eighty five percent American women are wearing the wrong size bra. The right size bra will take care of your issue,” the sales girl said pointing at his sore nipples.

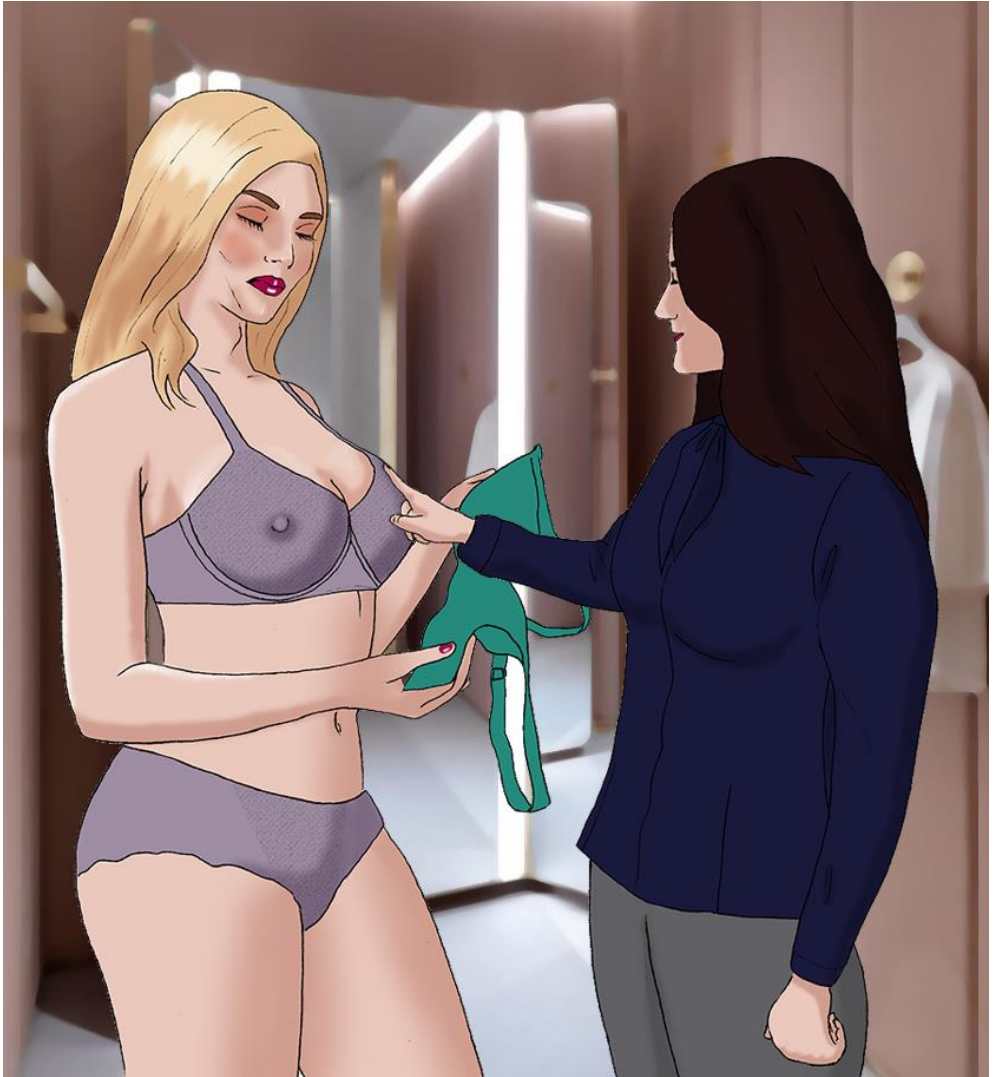
Jack nodded, agreeing calmly.

“You should go for a push up bra. It will give you maximum cleavage and natural look with the extra lift and shape. It can even make your breast

size increase anywhere from one to two cups. You will definitely look like a C cup,” the sales girl said to please her customer.

Jack found it difficult to apprehend her.

“Now try these ones for fit,” the sales girl said. She helped Jack wear the new bra.



To his surprise, Jack felt wonderful wearing the new bra. He no longer felt the irritating sensation on his nipples. In the end, the sales girl convinced him into buying more than half a dozen new bras.

As Jack walked past a shop, he caught his reflection in a shop window. He almost didn't recognize himself. Carrying the shopping bags, he remembered how much his girlfriend loved shopping. And hearing her suggestion as a command, he would go along even though he hated shopping. Outside the mall, he found a public phone booth. It's been several months since he had contacted his girlfriend Macy.

He would have to hold his tongue when he spoke to Macy. Would they have her phone tapped? They might be watching her house. The fact was that he would have to do something. The disguise was the best solution. Even if he was wrong he had no choice. He couldn't just pull up and start a new life on a moment's notice. He couldn't go home either at the present time.

He dialed Macy's phone number. She answered on the third ring.

"Hello is this Macy?"

"Yes, Jack. Is that you? You sound different!" Macy said in surprise.

"Where are you and what's going on?" Macy asked Jack.

"That's what I called you about. To find out what is going on?" Jack asked her.

"All I know is the law is looking for you. They came by here few months back and searched my house looking for you. Then James called this morning. He said that they had been to his house asking questions about you and asking if he knew where you could be found. Naturally he knew nothing. What are you going to do?"

James was Jack's cousin who ran a successful restaurant. And Jack knew that James had a huge crush on Macy. Jack fell silent.

"Look Jack! I am not getting involved in this, the law knocking on my door all hours of the night. You got yourself into this. You can get yourself

out. I am not going to jail with you or for you. You got that! Why don't you learn a thing or two from your cousin?" Macy said furiously.

Before Jack could answer, the line went dead. Either Macy had hung up or the weather had knocked the line out. Either way, there was no use in trying to call her back. She had made herself pretty clear on how she felt about this situation.

"To hell with her!" Jack thought to himself. He didn't need her help anyway. He knew Brandon would help him and protect him and he was glad that he was in good company of a strong male.

By the time Jack reached home it was late evening. As he walked past the driveway towards the door, he noticed a car parked on the opposite side of the road. He recognized the faces. The one on the driver's seat was Drake and next to him sat Trevor. The two black men were Monroe's loyal men. Jack realized that these men were still suspecting that he was hiding here at Brandon's house. "They probably already knew there are three people staying at this house," he thought.

Jack had to immediately think of a way to convince them that he wasn't the one they were looking for. As he walked towards the house in his high heels, he swayed his butt seductively side to side. His wide hips and big butt made it easier for him. Brandon answered the door when he heard the doorbell ring. Outside, at the door stood Jack with a strange pouty grin on his face and some shopping bags on the ground. He had one hand on his hip and the other one flared out away from his body. His hip was tilted to one side giving him a very feminine posture.

"Jenny, where have you been?" asked Brandon and before he could apprehend what was happening, Jack leapt forward and pressed his soft red lips on Brandon's lips. A surprised Brandon kept his eyes wide open as Jack kissed him. Jack's eyes were shut and his hands were on Brandon's shoulder. Brandon responded by kissing him back. Brandon quickly held Jack by his waist and pulled him inside the house and closed the door. Once Jack realized that the door was closed, he pushed Brandon away from him.

"Wow wow! what was that all about?" asked a confused Brandon.

“Keep it quiet,” Jack shushed him.

“Monroe’s men are outside the house watching us,” said a tensed Jack.

“We should not let them find out who I am,” said Jack standing in front of the window that looked out at the driveway. He knew that Monroe’s men were watching them at that very moment.

“I will see to it that we make a convincing couple,” said Jack looking into Brandon’s eyes.

“First, remove your shirt,” demanded Jack as he unbuttoned his own shirt exposing his new bra.

Brandon couldn’t believe his eyes, seeing Jack’s breasts bulging out of the cups of his new lacy bra.

“Now, stop staring at my breasts. Pretend that we are lovers. Just kiss me,” Jack said leaning forward.

“Brandon...,” whatever Jack was about to say died on his lips when Brandon’s palms cupped his breasts and tweaked his nipples. A soft moan escaped Jack’s mouth. Brandon kissed Jack’s red pouty lips and then moved down his neck. Jack left a soft moan as Brandon latched on to his breast. It felt good. Jack never believed a man could have this effect on him.

Jack stared into Brandon’s eyes pleading him to stop whatever he was planning to do next. Brandon took a moment and passionately kissed Jack, picked him up, and carried Jack into his bedroom.

Brandon could no longer consider Jenny a male. Jenny was too feminine to be a male. Everything from her silky hair to her classic cheekbones to her pinup-girl legs turned him on. With her in his arms, it was a short jump to imagining her in his bed ... naked.

“Brandon! Put me down! Brandon!!!” Jack shouted as they entered the bedroom.

Brandon abruptly stopped what he was doing.

“I am sorry,” said Brandon while Jack stood on his feet and fumbled to cover his exposed breasts.

Jack shrugged and looked down with his cheeks bright red. “I thought I was doing the right thing. Now I don’t know. I didn’t expect to...,” said Jack turning away from Brandon.

“Just forget what had happened, okay!” Jack continued.

Brandon quickly tried to comfort Jack by adding, “Jenny.. you don’t need to worry about that. I was just playing the part.”

Jack had difficulty believing what Brandon was telling him.

Jack couldn’t sleep that night. He felt confused, angry and sad all at the same time, and his sore nipples ached. He had enjoyed Brandon’s kiss. Brandon’s touch. He wondered why his own body had betrayed him. He felt weak, stupid and disgusted with himself. “This will all seem like a bad dream in the morning,” he thought to himself.

Next morning, Jack saw Brandon at breakfast with Katie.

Jack wore a tight pink open cleavage - crop top and light mini jean skirt that barely covered his thighs. He knew that exposing more skin would make his disguise more convincing.

“Look at you. You are glowing, honey,” Katie said looking at Jack.

“Yes, Jenny, you are...,” Brandon added.

Jack found himself blushing. He gave a faint smile and sat at the table.

His nipples were still sore and so he decided to get help from Katie.

After the breakfast, he helped Katie in washing the dishes.

“Katie, I need your help!” Jack said.

“Sure, you name it,” Katie said enthusiastically.

Jack took a quick look around to make sure Brandon wasn’t anywhere nearby.

“My nipples, they are very sore and sensitive. Do you have any medicine for sore nipples?” Jack asked desperately.

“Oh, is it?”

“Guess what, I have something for you at the lab. It’s a new drug that we have developed and it’s ten times faster than the existing one available in the market. It will make your breasts and nipples look normal and natural,” Katie said grinning cheerfully.

“I will ask my assistant to drop it off here immediately within half an hour. A two month’s supply would be better. You should take two pills with breakfast every morning,” Katie said.

“Oh, thank you Katie,” Jack replied.

Thirty minutes later, a small box arrived addressed to Jenny. As instructed by Katie, Jack took two pills.

“Hey, congratulations on the new job!” Katie said to Brandon as he came back to the living room.

“Really? Congratulations Brandon!” Jack complemented Brandon.

“How did you hear? I wanted to surprise you guys!” said Brandon.

“Well it appears that you surprised everyone... Especially your girlfriend here.” Katie told him.

“My friend Thomas works as an accountant at that firm,” Katie added.

“Brandon, why don’t you take your girlfriend into town and find a place to wring each other out?” Katie said with a wink.

“You should go out and act like two young people for a change. You need to enjoy yourselves a little,” Katie said, this time with a serious face.

Brandon smiled and nodded in agreement.

“Let’s take a walk,” Brandon said to Jack.

Jack kept a watchful eye out for Monroe’s men as they strolled down the street that was pretty empty.

As they walked Brandon held Jack’s one hand, putting one arm around the waist. Jack tried to pull away. Brandon held him tighter, giving his hand a squeeze. “Now stop it Jenny, please try to pretend you are happy to be

here with your boyfriend. They might be watching us right now, for all we know!” said Brandon.



“I am sorry, Brandon,” replied Jack. Everything was right again, everything made sense for Jack. He leaned against Brandon as they walked leisurely down the street.

Walking hand in hand became a routine for the ‘young couple’. At first Jack felt really uncomfortable having someone so close to him. However, he was well aware of the stares from some of the men and having Brandon so close just made him feel safe.

Nearly nine months had gone by since the bank robbery. Jack knew something was going seriously wrong in his body but maintained his composure, despite the fact that he knew he needed to get medical help. His strength and power were gone because he had lost a lot of muscle mass. However, to his surprise his hips had further widened, his ass had become even rounder and plumper than before. And to make matters worse he had real breasts like a woman. His mind had been blissful until the day before yesterday, when he had gone for new bra fitting at the lingerie shop and found out he was a 34 C. It became pretty obvious to him that he was having some kind of hormonal imbalance. Jack knew he couldn’t consult a doctor and risk revealing his identity.

One bright day, before Brandon left for the office, he told Jack they were going out that evening. Jack spent the rest of the day doing household chores. Later, as he was dressing on the evening of their date, he noticed that he was excited, his heart was pounding. Why? He felt awkward moving in the dress, waiting for Brandon. But secretly he had to admit that he liked the way the fabric slid over his bare soft skin, the way it fit tightly over his breasts to his waist and downward. A few minutes past seven the front door bell rang, and Jack went to answer it with some nervousness.

“You look absolutely gorgeous, Jenny,” said a beaming Brandon.

“Thank you” Jack replied.

As they walked towards the cab Brandon held Jack’s hand and asked, “So what’s it like being a beautiful woman?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I love it, but there are days that it is extremely frustrating, not to mention all the long hours doing makeup.” Jack said trying to be funny.

Brandon took Jack to a famous local pub. It was a traditional pub with a posh lounge and a bar. Thankfully, it was a Thursday night and rather slow. He walked Jack to a table. He pulled out a chair for Jack to sit before heading to the bar. As he waited for the drinks, he looked over and watched Jack touch the strap on his toned shoulder, adjusting his now prominent breasts. His skin was pale against the dark colour of his dress that outlined his curves beautifully, and Brandon happened to be at the perfect angle to see a glimpse of Jack's ample breasts. He was pleasantly surprised to see a tasteful amount of cleavage.

He walked across the room and set Jack's glass of wine on the table before taking a seat. He took a sip of his beer, keeping his eyes focused on Jack.

He touched Jack's hand. "Jenny, you are doing great!"

Jack touched Brandon's hand. "You are a good friend, Brandon. Thank you for taking care of me."

During the evening, they spent together, Jack found himself deferring to Brandon, smiling at all his demands, seeing his face as beautiful.

"Jenny, I see an outgoing beautiful woman who is extremely sensual and complicated," Jack shook his head in disapproval, hearing Brandon's summation.

Focusing on Jenny's features, Brandon realized just how beautiful she really was. He reached over and ran the back of his hand down her porcelain cheek. Jenny unexpectedly leaned into it and breathed lightly on his knuckles, then pulled back suddenly.

"But I am not a woman, Brandon! I am a guy," Jack responded quickly.

"It is okay to let loose and enjoy yourself every once in a while." He studied her.

"I am not here to spend time with Jack, my old buddy. I am here to have a memorable time with my girlfriend, Jenny. You see, I haven't dated anyone else since you started staying with me, since the day you became Jenny. And at times I feel lonely," Brandon said.

Jack felt bad for his friend.

“I should treat him better for all that he has done for me. Maybe it’s better to make myself believe that I am really a girl called Jenny, Brandon’s girlfriend. I don’t want to disappoint Brandon,” Jack thought to himself.

“I am Jenny.... I am Jenny, an outgoing beautiful woman...” Jenny whispered to herself.

Jenny unexpectedly put her hand over his for comfort. Brandon reached his other hand over and covered it.

Still holding her hand, he said, “I want you to continue playing my girlfriend. And I love the way your body has changed.”

Jenny blushed just before they were interrupted by a waitress.

Jenny slowly withdrew her hand realizing Brandon was holding it.

Brandon & Jenny spent the next two hours not saying anything, just drinking and enjoying some traditional dishes.

They were once again interrupted by the waitress.

“Sir we have an offer running for our first-time customers,” said the waitress.

“Okay! What kind of an offer?” asked Brandon curiously.

“It’s a promotional offer called ‘Kiss & Tell’. Any couple who is a first-time customer can avail eighty percent discount on their entire bill amount by participating in our social media event. The couple has to stand in our lounge area, against the background of our logo, kiss for 5 minutes, and get their pictures taken by a photographer for our social media page,” said the waitress with an excited and confident tone.

“Wow, that’s an amazing offer!” said Brandon.

“No! I am not doing it. No way!” Jenny blurted out.

“Come on, Jenny!” Brandon begged.

“I am not kissing you publicly, so quit asking,” Jenny said, her back turned to Brandon.

“What? No!” Brandon cried.

Jenny laughed and turned, looking at Brandon with a soft expression.

“May be a short kiss,” Jenny said, too intoxicated to be embarrassed.

Satisfied, he rose and held out his hand to her. “Shall we?” he asked, as she grasped it. Brandon led her to the lounge.

“The photographer will be there in a minute” said the waitress.

“Are we seriously ready for this,” Jenny asked.

“More than you think,” he said as he leaned in and kissed her gently.

A moan immediately escaped her lips, out of her control. She felt his tongue slip inside her mouth and caress her gently. He hands rubbed his chest, feeling the muscles underneath. His hot breathe filled her mouth. Neither one of them broke their kiss to speak or do anything else. He pulled her closer to him and continued to devour her mouth, unable to satisfy his need for her.

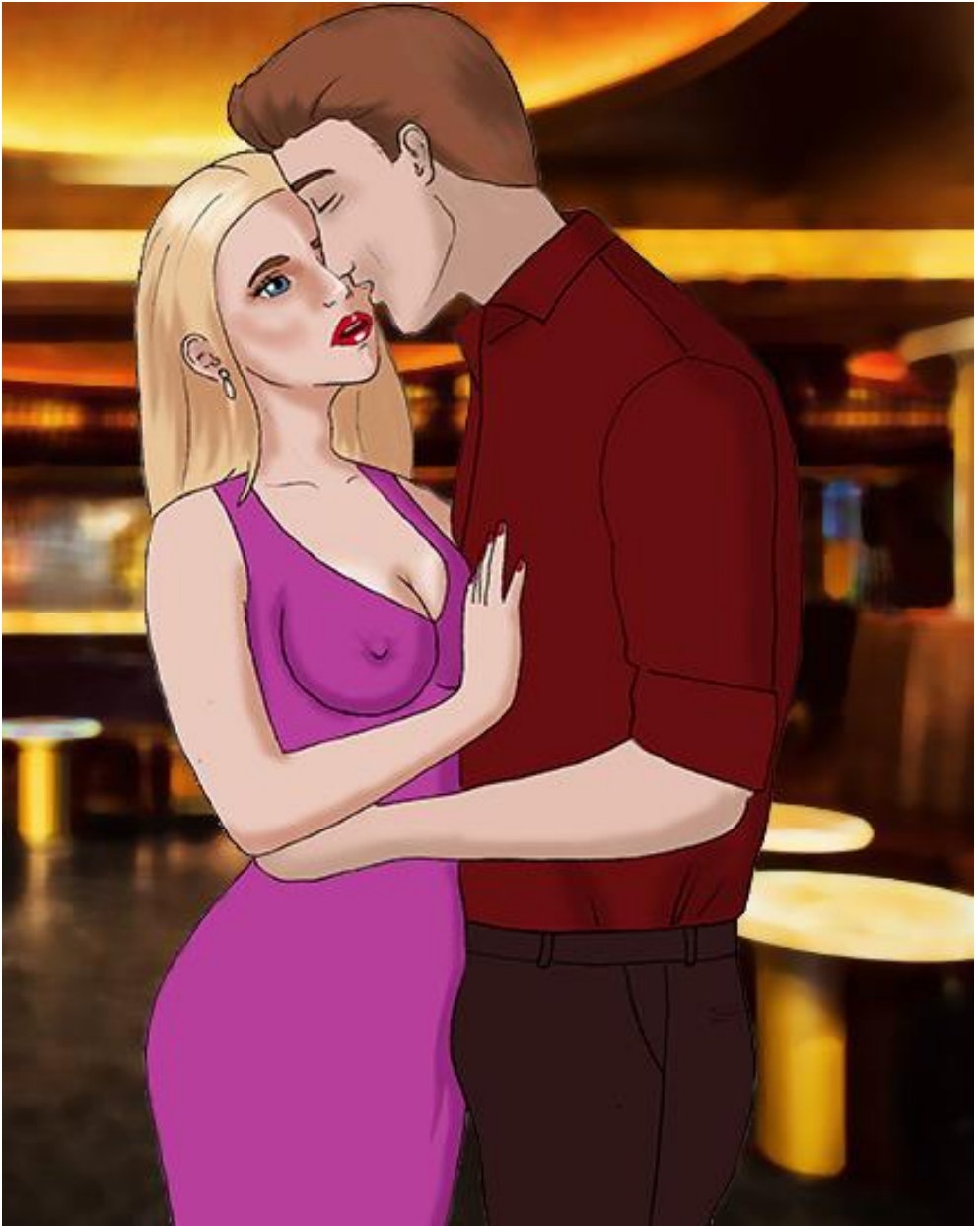
The camera flashed, she knew the session was over.

Reluctantly, she pulled away. “It’s done,” she whispered through her heavy breathing.

He placed his forehead against her. “Damn.”

To her surprise, he kissed her gently on the lips once more. As he kissed Brandon’s hands roved over Jenny’s back, then slid lower so he could cup her round, firm butt. He pulled her even closer. She felt her breasts crushing beneath her blouse against his chest. Her nipples hardened against his chest, tingling every time he shifted to press against her.

Jenny quickly pulled out of the tight embrace.



“It’s late. Please take me home,” Jenny said.

Brandon knew Jenny was drunk and he reluctantly agreed to her demand.

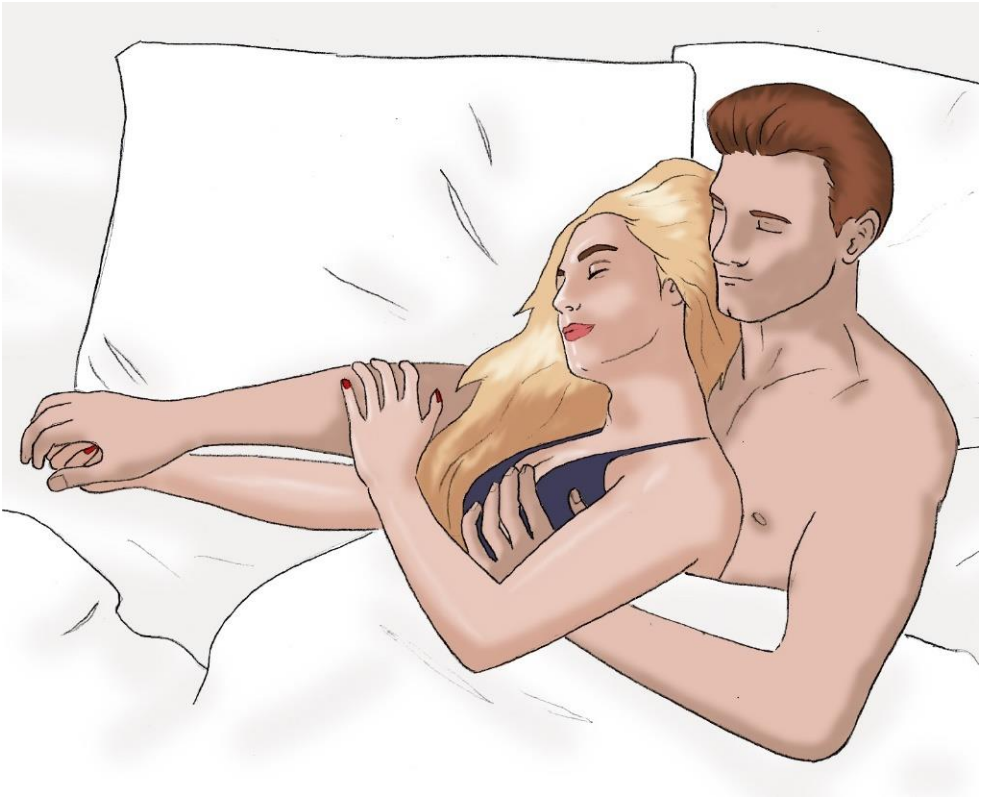
That night in the bed room, they both undressed to their innerwear. Brandon wore only his boxers. Jenny wore only a pair of red lace panties and a matching lace camisole. She was tired, her feet and her brain felt dull. When Brandon slid into bed beside her, she curled into him.

She woke up in the middle of the night when Brandon accidentally brushed across her breast.

“Mmm...,” he mumbled and cupped her breast, stroking the nipple with a long, strong thumb. It sent a jolt of lightening through her body. He was half asleep, she was sure, and probably had no idea what he had done. She tried to push herself away but he tightened his grip, holding her more securely against him. She felt new sensations. There was a tightening, a swelling, in her breasts as he touched them. She no longer felt pain in her sore nipples. In fact, she felt good and so she let him rest his palm on her engorged nipple as she went back to sleep.

She awoke with the morning sun slanted over her face. She awoke warm. Sometime in the night Brandon had spooned her, and now Jenny lay snuggled back up against him, wrapped close. Cozy, she thought. She felt safe and relaxed.

As every new day began Jenny started enjoying waking up next to Brandon and was in no hurry to get out of the bed.



“The poor guy couldn’t have a real girlfriend if he wanted one because I am playing that role,” Jenny thought to herself, feeling guilty.

And some days she felt his hard cock pressing against her belly, thigh, or ass crack. Jenny knew that it was normal for a man to wake with an early morning erection, so called morning glory. She never complained to Brandon because of her shame and embarrassment about her own body. However, what worried Jenny the most was her tiny cock that no longer got any erection.

It’s been eleven months after the robbery. Then one day Katie was surprised to receive a call from David, her boyfriend, inviting her to meet his family. He wanted her to come down and spend a few days with him and his family. She happily accepted the invitation. Brandon was delighted to

hear the news. Next day, Jenny helped Katie pack her bags. Jenny was happy for Katie even though Jenny would miss her cheery presence.

“You get to spend more time alone together, just the two of you,” Katie said, giving Jenny a wink.

As Katie entered the cab, she turned and said “Don’t stop taking your meds, dear.”

Jenny nodded yes.

The next few days were a flurry of activity for the couple. They did everything together and enjoyed each other’s company tremendously.

One day Brandon convinced Jenny to take a bath together. He made sure she noticed his enormous dick. She gazed at him with her heaving breasts and firm nipples. As he gently rubbed the soap over her large breasts, they moved to the rhythm of his motion. Jenny felt his hard penis press up against her ass as he lathered her breasts. Startled, her first reaction was to jerk away and apologize. And she realized he didn’t want to push her away. She could feel the warmth of his member, and she wrapped her hands around the hard length of his cock. This was her first time to touch him there - to touch any man there. She was surprised at how enormous he was, and how much heat he gave off. Her fingers curled around the circumference of his cock, and she gave it a light squeeze, testing his girth. “You are big!”

Jenny was afraid what Brandon was going to say next.

He groaned. “I want you to take it in...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Jenny said, “Let me stroke you off!” Her breath caught at his pleasure, and she ran her fingers up and down his length. The head of his cock was wet with his pre-cum. Jenny continued to stroke him, letting her slippery palms do the work as she moved up and down in a slow, gliding motion. Jenny then tightened her hand around him and stroked harder.

“Like that?”

Faster and harder Jenny worked her hand on Brandon’s cock. She was rewarded with a groan and he came. Hot sticky threads of semen covered

her hands and her tummy. It dripped all the way down to Jenny's tiny limp cock.

Jenny begged Brandon to keep quiet about it after the first episode, made him promise her he wouldn't tell a soul, especially her girlfriend Macy, no matter how many more times it happened.

One day as Jenny was getting ready to go out with Brandon, the doorbell rang.

"Honey, can you get it?" Jenny asked Brandon.

"Sure babe," Brandon said as he went downstairs.

Brandon opened the door and saw a young couple.

"Hello Brandon, we finally meet. I am Macy Willis and this is my friend James. Do you know where I can find Jack?" said the young lady.

"Oh, Macy!... Come in..." Brandon blurted, welcoming the couple. Brandon invited them to take a seat and offered them a drink.

"Well... Macy... about Jack... it's hard to explain. Maybe I had better show you."

"Jenny! Would you please come down here," Brandon called out.

"Honey, I am just finishing doing my makeup," replied Jenny.

"Jenny, I think you should come down right now. We have company."

Jenny wore a lovely short dress that Brandon had gifted her, a red silk number that made her look bolder. It was an off-shoulder with an extremely deep neck totally exposing her cleavage. The dress hugged her tightly around her waist showing off her perfect feminine figure and her slender legs. A pair of thin black 6-inch high heels shined brightly. She fluffed her hair and smacked her lipstick-covered lips as she came down the stairs. Her radiant femininity put modern young women to shame.

Macy saw a beautiful curvy women entering the living room.

"Macy!" Jack gasped upon seeing his longtime girlfriend.

And next to her stood James.

“Do I know you?” Macy asked Jack who no longer looked anything like the old Jack.

“How did you find me? he blurted out.

Jack took a deep breath. He never thought of meeting his girlfriend in his current situation. His plan was to get medical care and change back to his old self after few months and then meet Macy. He decided to tell her the truth. He stammered, “I was Jack, your boyfriend. My name is Jenny Anderson now. I am now Brandon’s girlfriend. It’s just a temporary arrangement.”

There was dead silence for a moment and then Macy said, “What...?!!!”

Looking more closely, Macy realized there was something oddly familiar about the strange woman in front of her.

“No, this can’t be true!” replied Macy.

“You are Jack???” she took a deep breath and looked at Jenny head to toe.

Droplets of sweat began to pour down Jack’s bronzed cheeks and blazed across his heaving breasts.

Macy noticed Jack’s shapely figure, his breasts straining against the fabric of his dress. His breasts seemed to be overflowing his dress. His nipples clearly outlined against the fine fabric.

“But why, Jack? And are these real?” Macy asked pointing at Jack’s breasts.



“Okay ladies, why don’t you two sit down and talk while I get you two some drinks,” said Brandon.

Jenny nodded her head.

“Come on James. Let’s leave these two beautiful ladies alone for a little while,” Brandon suggested.

“Definitely,” James said as he followed Brandon.

Jack noticed his cousin James smirking at him as James walked past him. Jack was suddenly embarrassed, and he pulled his eyes from James' and looked down.

James clearly didn't consider Jack a threat now because Jack no longer existed. There was no trace of any manliness in Jack. Jack was now Jenny. And James was glad to finally have no one in between himself and Macy.

Jack spent the next thirty minutes explaining his ordeal to Macy. As he spoke to her, Macy couldn't help staring at her former boyfriend. Jack had been gone only nine months, but he had "changed very much" during that time. Her tough and demanding former boyfriend was gone and in his place now stood a timid, shy and beautiful young woman with curves in all the right places. He had changed in other ways too. He had a soft voice and gentle, feminine manner.

Jack was never the smart kind. However, he used to be a tough guy, and it was the one thing that had attracted Macy to him in the first place. She wondered if she would ever want to resume a sexual relationship with him again.

Macy found it hard to believe Jack's story. However, Macy decided to give him a chance to prove that his transformation and disguise was just a temporary measure... to save his life. And so, she agreed to accept him as Jenny for the time being, to make things easier for everyone.

The drinks flowed along with the conversation. They both got more comfortable, as the evening unfolded. Jenny was more comfortable with Macy than she would ever have been with anyone other than Brandon. Brandon made sure that drinks flowed to loosen up everyone. Jenny wanted to serve a really special meal, so she opened the refrigerator and took out a whole salmon, which she cooked and prepared beautifully. Macy noticed how cheerful Jenny was around Brandon. Brandon joined Jenny in the pretext of helping her. He touched Jenny casually every chance he got. And sometimes he put his arms around Jenny's small waist, and acted like an affectionate boyfriend. Macy noticed that Jenny didn't flinch. Jenny put her hand to her mouth and giggled in a most feminine manner. As Macy looked at Brandon, he ran his hand over Jenny's ass before patting it and allowing her to move into the dining room.

Jenny revolved around her guests, and when Brandon was seated at the table she served over his shoulder, pushing her heavy and beautiful breasts against him. She did that unknowingly but Brandon seemed to enjoy it, which Macy and James noticed. Brandon poured Macy and Jenny another drink that was soon followed by three more. By now the two woman were more than a little tipsy, they were laughing, too drunk to think straight. After the dinner got over, Macy excused herself and followed James into the living room and sat down on one of the fluffy, soft sofas in the corner.

James was attracted by the opportunity to get close to Macy. He sat next to her and held her hands firmly. Macy could tell he was attracted to her by the way he stared at her all the time. From the corner of her eye, she saw Jack sitting in the far corner and watching her. Macy was angry at her former boyfriend Jack. She wanted a real man. A manly man. Macy turned to James and planted a wet kiss on his lips. James responded back. The touch of his lips, ignited a spark that set a quick flame. Macy pressed closer, molding her body to his. She needed more than passionate kisses and caresses, she desperately wanted his love.

Jack was shocked to see Macy making out in the corner. He felt so miserable he wanted to cry but he knew if he cried he would just make more of a spectacle of himself.

“Come on, Jenny... you can’t give up so easily. You have got to fight for your woman.”

“There is only one way to make her feel jealous. Show her you don’t care. If she really loves you she will come back to you,” encouraged Brandon.

“How do I do that?” asked a concerned Jack.

“I am going to kiss you Jenny.”

“No Brandon,” Jenny said putting her hand to his mouth.

However, with little effort, Brandon’s strength overtook her weakness and he exposed his mouth. He pulled her into his arms and she tensed, desperately wanting to avoid his kiss. He ignored her and quickly covered her mouth with his. Brandon’s mouth was very firm and uncompromising, and as he kissed her, desire exploded inside her body, shameless and

insistent. Jenny gave up. Soon their mouths opened, and tongues began to probe. He drew her against him and felt her full breasts. Their tongues thrust deeper. They kissed more passionately. He unzipped her dress and reached behind her back to unhook her bra. It wouldn't unsnap, and he kept fumbling.

Jenny turned her head toward the giggles from the other couple in the corner. He saw James playing with Macy's breasts. Macy's breasts were smaller than hers and for the first time Jenny felt proud of her own breasts.

Meanwhile Brandon kept fumbling with her bra hooks.

She looked at Brandon and said, "Let me help you." Jenny stood up and reached behind her back. The bra popped open, and her full breasts appeared. She took off her dress, and her bra fell to the floor. She sat down next to him on the sofa. She leaned back and asked him "What are you waiting for?"

Brandon immediately leaned down and put his mouth on the top of her breast, kissing it. He took her nipple in his mouth letting his tongue roam. Her nipples firmed instantly under his touch. He took it once again into his mouth and suckled it gently, sending a jolt of pleasure through her body. Jenny cried out in surprise and the sound became a moan as his avid mouth continued to work and his hand kneaded and teased and wave after pleasure washed over her.



Brandon took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her down to her knees. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock right in front of her face. Her eyes went wide seeing the massive head of Brandon's cock. Brandon then held her head tightly as he pushed his cock over her lips and into her mouth, not stopping until it filled her mouth. Jenny had never deep throated before. She was amazed that she was managing it without much gagging. Then he began to move faster, thrusting over and over deep down her throat. She began to gasp and tears sprang to her eyes. Brandon began thrusting wildly and before she could stop him, he had pushed in and his throbbing cock had released, spurting semen down her throat and giving her no choice but to swallow.

In all her shyness, she tried to pull back, but he gripped her head, pushed his cock to the back of her throat. He held her steady, till she cleared every single drop of his cum. Jenny moaned with Brandon's cock in her mouth.

As she looked up she saw Macy leading James by his hand, heading towards one of the guest rooms. Macy looked at Jenny in disgust but changed her expression to a wicked smile.

"Enjoy your night!" Brandon said waving to James.

Finally, Jenny broke away, breathing hard, looking confused.

Brandon caressed her swollen red lips and said, "Jenny I need you."

Jenny didn't answer. Just held on tight when he scooped her up and strode up the stairs. As he walked past the guest bedroom, they heard noises. Getting closer, they heard a more audible moan. Jenny recognized the familiar sound of Macy. Macy and James were having sex. She felt sad, for she realized the fact that she was no more a man for Macy and it seemed like Macy was moving on.

"Jenny, are you ready?" Brandon asked.

He entered his bedroom without waiting for her reply and placed her on the bed. Jenny watched as he took off his undershorts in no time. Brandon's cock was hard once more and she was surprised to see the effect she had on him. Jenny then let him remove her panties. Her tiny cock lay limply between her milky thighs. It was the only remnant of her past existence as Jack. As Brandon lifted her legs and placed them over his shoulders, Jenny

knew her fate was being sealed forever. Jenny felt Brandon's engorged penis head pressing firmly against her love hole. Jenny moaned as Brandon slowly entered, stretching her beyond anything she had ever imagine. The sweet sting of pain and pleasure was almost too much to bear.

A man's cock was firmly stuck in her rear for the first time. However, Jenny was over her embarrassment. She got over that when she had her mouth over his dick.

"So damn tight," Brandon murmured. His biceps flexed as he tried to force his body thrusting in deep. He pushed his long cock the rest of the way until his balls touched her ass. Jenny's legs tightened down on him as she held her breath, gasping she tried to speak but could not.

"The worst is over now. Try to relax and breathe slowly," he whispered to her. He held still inside of her, giving her body time to adjust. He started to withdraw from her when he felt her begin to relax under him.

"I will be gentle, I promise," he said as he slowly slid out of her almost completely then just as slowly entered her again and again. Gradually increasing his rhythm, he went deeper and deeper with each trust. "Oh, Brandon. Don't stop," Jenny said in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Oh, fuck me Brandon," she breathed.

Brandon then flipped her over onto her stomach and tugged her up onto her knees. She was so exposed. He ran one hand over her bare plump ass and squeezed. She shut her eyes like it would let her hide from him, but the truth was it turned her on to have him looking at her like that.



Brandon looked at his former buddy who had become more feminine and womanly than he had imagined. She was face-down on the bed with her ass up in the air. Jenny felt one of his hands curl around her hip, and then the steady pressure of his cock pushing into her. He went so slowly that she could feel herself opening up around him.



Brandon fucked her hard and fast while she gasped and moaned, overwhelmed by how good it felt, his hard cock moving inside her. After few minutes her knees gave out. She slumped down onto the bed, and Brandon followed her down, his heavy body on top of hers, his hips driving hard as he slammed against her few more times and groaned as he released his cum inside her. His cum gushed into her ass, pouring forth down her legs as he pumped a few more times. Jenny moaned and squeezed tight on his shaft. He hugged her tight and spooned her from behind without withdrawing his cock. Warm and cozy comfort enveloped her as she drifted off into an exhausted slumber.

When she woke up next day, she had a terrible headache. She suspected everything being a dream for a minute when she couldn't find him next to her. But the dirty sheets and the dried cum on her thigh and between her ass proved it to be real. Her whole body was sore and bruised but there was no denying that she was drawn to Brandon, that she shamelessly enjoyed sex with him, as a woman.

“You enjoyed last night?” Brandon asked her as he came out of the bathroom.

Jenny was quiet.

“Are you okay, Jenny?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Jenny blushed. “Just tired.”

“I need a shower too,” she said as she got off the bed and headed toward the bathroom. He watched her go and grinned at the exaggerated sway of her ass.

After a good shower Jenny changed into fresh clothes. She wasn’t sure how to face Macy after last night’s experience. She walked into the kitchen tensed, then stopped when she saw Brandon holding a note.”

“She left?” asked Jenny as she quickly moved toward the front door and opened it.

Brandon then handed her the letter and watched her while she read it.

“Dear Jenny,

The very moment I saw the woman in you, I knew my Jack was gone forever. You have transformed yourself into a beautiful young woman. And every woman has the right to enjoy all the innocent pleasures of the world, especially the companionship of a real man. I saw the way you were dressed and teasing Brandon. I saw all that you did to him on the couch. Later, I heard you making love in his bedroom. It seems that you have become a weak and needy one. Some of the stuff you screamed out, proved that there is no turning back for you. I know that you are in love with this guy and you are enjoying every moment as his woman. I hope you find more happiness in your new life. I will always love you as a friend, as a sister.

Love

Macy”

Jenny looked at Brandon, and the tears spilled down her cheeks.

“Sweetheart, it’s okay,” he said as he pulled her to him. She sobbed against him and he just sat and held her until the sobs subsided.”

She pulled away and looked up at him, “Brandon, what’s wrong with me?”

“Nothing, my dear. You are perfect,” he said while he planted a deep kiss on her lips.

Jenny didn’t move. She was sad for Macy leaving her. At the same time, she was angry at Macy for stereotyping her new phase, for considering her as a weak and needy woman who wanted a man to take care of her.

She pushed Brandon away from her and said “I am a strong person, I am in control of my body and my needs.”

“No one can force me to do what I wish not to do.”

“I can be a real woman if I want to.”

She then knelt before him, unzipped his trousers, and gently placed her hand on his manhood. His cock turned to steel as she licked her lips. She freed his cock from the confines of his boxer briefs, and the head of the cock found the warm wetness of her mouth. After ten minutes of sucking, she stood up and took off all her clothes. She put her hand on his chest and pushed him back on to the couch, Without breaking eye contact, she pushed Brandon onto the couch and lifted herself up and sat down guiding Brandon’s cock into her ass and sat with his cock deep inside her. She moaned loudly, he felt so good in her. So big, so hard, she rode him wildly up and down. Her breasts bounced up and down with each thrust.

Just then Macy entered the house through the open door and to her surprise found Jenny riding Brandon on the couch. Jenny’s eyes went wide seeing Macy. Though she wanted to stop Brandon, she couldn’t, her breasts bounced as Brandon continued to thrust harder and harder. Jenny kept moaning as Brandon fucked her, while Macy watched.

Jenny turned her head away, embarrassed, no longer able to look into Macy’s eyes. Macy tried to forget the picture of her former boyfriend being fucked by another man. She looked around for the handbag she had left behind, and then she found it. Macy quietly retrieved the handbag from the dining room chair. As she walked toward the main door, she heard the couple again. Jenny was moaning loudly. Finally, it reached a steady volume

with Jenny enjoying the sex by continually saying “yes, yes, yes...” in a sultry feminine voice.

Macy increased her pace, wanting to get out of the house. Gone was her serious boyfriend, Jack, and in his place was Jenny, a beautiful and confident young woman with a fuck-me mouth, and a curvaceous body that was enough to make any man drool.

-The End-