

BECOMING HER

A 'CD/SISSY-WIFE' TRANSFORMATION STORY

ADULTS ONLY • ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR



**CROSS DRESSING
FEMINIZATION
ILLUSTRATED STORY**

Story & Illustrations
by **Damien Fox**

www.tgtales.com



**Foxden
Publication**

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Becoming Her

“Adam, why can’t you be more like your sister?”

“You are always getting into trouble!”

“Why don’t you do as well in school as she does?”

Adam’s parents’ voices echoed in his head.

Even as Adam tried to forget his childhood memories, those grim memories kept coming back. His foster parents had always compared him unfavourably to his twin sister Amy, because she was the perfect child; and probably a perfect wife, now that she is married and settled happily.

Steadying his hands on the wheel, Adam tried to focus on his current situation. He was twenty-five years old, struggling to make a living as a photographer. And his situation had considerably worsened in the last few months. Adam wasn’t sure if leaving home was the right decision, but he knew there was only one way to find out and he was anxious to put it to the test. After all, Amy had promised him that she would help him make the best out of a difficult situation. He loved her dearly, but her leaving had put him in an awful bind, and life in general had been so incredibly difficult since their foster parents died.

An hour later he turned into a residential area and drove along a narrow street with attractive houses on either side. As he drove he saw a young couple holding hands and looking into each other’s eyes as they walked down the path. Watching them disappear down the street, he remembered the cold, gray winter morning four years ago, when he had watched Amy and Jeffrey walk down the street.

Adam stopped at a local convenience store and looked around. He then parked his beat-up old station wagon on the far end of the parking space away from surveillance cameras at the opposite end. He grabbed his backpack, slung it over his shoulder and exited his station wagon.



He adjusted his jacket, looked around at the surrounding area, pretending to be a casual tourist. As he walked out of sight of surveillance cameras, he quickly went into a stride. Fifteen minutes later, as he came upon a pricey residential community, he slowed his pace. For the next two minutes, he continued along the side of the road, looking for a large home with extensive trees and shrubberies that nearly blocked its view from the street. He walked around a bend in the road and spotted the home.

Adam took a deep breath. He was at his sister's house. He was now standing in the middle of the walkway. He let the breath slowly out. Could he do this? He had to. Adam slowly made his way up the walkway, and when he got to the door, he rang the doorbell with a shaky hand.

Amy heard the doorbell ring, and she instantly got up. She didn't want to wake Emma, her two year old daughter. She quickly left the room, quietly shutting the door behind her. As the bell rang again, she padded down the stairs in a hurry, and ran to the door.

Amy ran her fingers through her long hair. "I am coming, I am coming," she grumbled. "Who would be there at this early anyway?"

Amy opened the door, and gasped when she saw Adam standing there.

"Adam!," she said, her voice breathy.

Adam gave a faint smile. Amy was silent for a second.

"I am sorry, I...," his voice trailed off into silence.

He could sense it - that silence of her was powerful enough to hit him right in the centre of his heart. Amy hugged him and started crying. He held on to his twin sister.



“It’s okay, it’s okay,” he said as he held her tighter.

She wiped her tears and smiled at him.

“I am so glad, after all these years, you came to see me. Come inside,” Amy said to him.

“We have a lot to catch up,” she added.
Adam walked in and looked around.

He let his eyes wander over to the silver photo frame on the wall next to the fireplace. It was Amy’s wedding picture.

“Great picture. Great house, Amy,” he said to her.

“Thank you,” she replied, beaming with pride.

It was then he noticed a picture on the wall. It was a picture of a baby.

“That’s my little Emma, and she isn’t so little anymore,” Amy said cheerfully.

Adam smiled back at her. He was glad that Amy had gotten her life together. She had found her soul mate and was living a happy life. He loved his twin sister and hated her at the same time. He hated her, only because everybody seemed to know what a complete loser he was, Amy obviously still loved him.

“What have you been doing these days? How’s Lucy? Must be nice to have a rich girlfriend to take care of you,” she said to Adam.

Adam was quiet as he looked down at the floor.

“Did you hit her again?” she asked him, overly concerned.

Adam shook his head and took a deep breath. “Lucy and I had been together for a year when we had a big fight. She said she was sick of me being so macho and hot tempered, and was going to teach me some manners. I simply ignored her.”

“The next thing I knew, I had baby-soft skin and small perky breasts like a teenage girl! She had been feeding me female hormones for seven months!”

“Oh my god, that’s insane!” Amy said to him.

“God damn, that bitch was crazy! She made me mad and I hit her,” said Adam, his face starting to flush a bit.

“The sheriff took me to jail and I was there a month and then she came and got me out again.”

“I went back to my studio, but every contract I had lined up was cancelled due to my absence. Things went downhill after that. I lost my studio, for falling three months behind my rent,” he said to her.

“What she did to you is not fair, I am not going to support her actions. Neither am I a fan of violence against women,” said Amy, her blue eyes quite glittering with anger.

“Amy...”

“I need a fresh start, a new beginning. Maybe Jeffrey can loan me some money so that I can start my own place?” he asked her hopefully.

Amy looked at her brother caringly, and she told him not to worry.

She then reached over and held his hand, and they sat in silence together.

“Let me get something for you to eat,” Amy said to Adam.

She rose from her chair and that was when he noticed her rounded belly. Pregnant? Damn, she’s pregnant. The beautiful dress she wore with a high waistline and flowing material concealed her baby bump perfectly. Amy seemed to enjoy the surprise.

“I am pregnant, the baby is due in about five months,” she said answering the question she saw in her brother’s eye.

“Will you remain here, Adam, until the baby is born?” she asked him.

“I... I am sorry Amy, but I must find a place of my own,” he replied very gently.

“No, please, don’t leave! Stay... stay here with... with us. Just don’t go...” Amy’s voice broke at the end and Adam couldn’t understand why she was saying these things to him.

Amy held her hand against her forehead, “I am so very sorry, I have a bad headache.”

Adam looked at the tears coursing down her cheeks like he was trying to solve a problem he didn’t understand. “I... why are you...?” He swallowed and stared over her shoulder, like he couldn’t bear to watch anymore. Amy exhaled slowly, composing herself, and looked back to his eyes.

“I am sorry. It’s just that Jeffrey will be happy knowing you are here by my side. He will be more than happy to help you if you stay with me. And you will also get enough time to find the right location for your new studio,” she explained to him.

Amy moved to the kitchen as he stood there watching her. The more he thought of what she said, the more it made sense.

“Alright, Amy. I can stay here if it will take some of the pressure off you,” he said to her.

Amy was silent. Adam looked at his sister, “Are you alright...?”

“Hey, do you need to sit down or something?” Adam asked her, looking worried.

“I am fine... Um.. Actually, there is something I have to tell you. In one of my regular doctor appointments it was discovered that I had a tumor in my head. This tumor had been there for quite some time. Since my last checkup, I have been getting headaches almost every day,” Amy said to him.

“Tumor...!!? Seriously...!!!?” Adam responded shockingly.

“Do you want me to take you to the hospital?” he asked her.

“Easy there, tiger,” she said to her brother with a smile, her smile more sad, but not less sweet.

“Jeffrey will be back from his business trip tomorrow. We have an appointment with a doctor tomorrow evening,” she said to him.

“Now that you are staying with us, I will cancel the babysitter then, shall I?” she asked him.

“Oh, sure, sis. Go ahead,” he replied.

“The guest room is upstairs, next to my bedroom. Why don’t you go change into something comfortable?” Amy said to him pointing towards the stairs.

“This might sound really stupid, but I didn’t bring any clothes as I had left the house in a hurry,” Adam said sheepishly.

“What’s in your backpack?” Amy asked him curiously.

“Oh..., it’s my camera and my gear. I carry them wherever I go,” he said gently tapping his backpack.

“Hmmm... well I suppose I can lend you Jeffrey’s.....” she said, stopping her sentence.

“Or maybe not... since he is too large...”

“Maybe you can wear my clothes. We are almost the same size,” she said to him with a smirk.

“Come on Amy, you can’t expect me to wear girly clothes,” Adam said to her.

Amy giggled seeing Adam’s embarrassed look..

“Don’t worry, I am not going to dress you up in girly clothes, you silly. I think I can find you something unisex,” she said as she led him upstairs.

Adam waited in the guest room, admiring the fresh clean sheets on the bed. After a few minutes which seemed like an eternity, Amy entered the room with a bag full of clothes.

“You sure got enough clothes here for a week,” she said, handing over the bag to Adam.

“A week? Not happening... I will purchase new clothes for myself tomorrow,” he said to Amy, as he closed the door behind her.

Back in the kitchen, Amy made banana pancakes and bacon for breakfast. A few minutes later Adam was back at the breakfast table.

“Whoa!..” she said, noticing Adam.

Adam was wearing her light blue t-shirt and tight pajamas.

“Oh God, Lucy has really done a number on you,” Amy said looking at her brother's visible breasts.

Adam was embarrassed, Amy realized suddenly.

“Your skin is glowing! And you look pretty with the clean shaven look,” she complimented him.

“Well, I have very less facial hair because of estrogen in my system. The clean shaven look is the safest till my hormone levels are back to normal,” Adam said to her.



Amy kept staring at his face. “Maybe with some makeup on, you could look like my twin sister,” she said, and she smiled at the thought.



“Shut up Amy, you still have a bad sense of humour,” he laughed it off.

“Remember the time in school when people used to think that we were twin sisters?” she said to him and giggled.

Suddenly he remembered his schooldays, where the boys always teased him for being feminine. Even though they were fraternal twins, they looked a lot alike then. Amy later blossomed into a beautiful young lady with a curvaceous body. In contrast, Adam’s frame remained slight, and his face remained boyish with softer features and very little facial hair.

Adam rolled his eyes and said, “I had long hair then!”

“You have long hair, even now,” she said to him.

“Well, I was too busy trying to get my shit together over the last few months,” he said to her.

Amy smiled at her brother to comfort him.

“This might sound strange to you but I think I need you now more than you need me,” Amy said to him.

Adam felt good knowing he had done the right thing.

“This might be a good break for me... to spend time with you. I also need to get back in shape,” he said pointing to the two prominent lumps that were now clearly visible over his tight t-shirt.

He sat quietly; wiping away the perspiration which streamed from his forehead, he tried to compose himself. Lucy was a bad chapter in his life; a closed chapter.

Adam spent the rest of the day helping Amy with the household chores and taking care of his little niece, Emma.

“You are positively glowing! Married life suits you,” he said to Amy.

She nodded her head and smiled, forgetting all her worries. At that moment he imagined how wonderful it would be to be married and have a house of his own.

That night Adam slept as if he had no cares.



Jeffrey pulled into the driveway, squinting his eyes as they adjusted to the morning sun. He was very tired after the long drive. He entered the house quietly, listening for the sweet voice of his wife and the laughter of his baby girl. As he made his way up to the living room, he saw Amy standing next to the sideboard and his heart fluttered. To his surprise, he no longer felt weak. He noticed how her pajama material was stretched tightly across her ass. In fact he felt a twitch in his pants watching her ass. He moved closer to her without her knowing it. In an instant he wrapped his huge arms around her thin frame and cupped her soft breasts, and pressed his crotch against her warm derriere.

“I missed you sweetheart”, Jeffrey said.

A surprised Adam, looked down at the large palms that were squeezing his chest. He wriggled his body and pushed his ass against the person behind him and freed himself; but not before he felt the hard member inside Jeffrey’s pants.



“Jeffrey, stop! It’s me,” he said as he turned around, his hands clasped to his chest.

A shocked Jeffrey looked at Adam and said, “Adam....??? Sorry, I.....!!!”

His eyes wandered over Adam’s tight t-shirt and consumed the contours of those small, but prominent breasts.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize it was you! I thought you were Amy...” he said, with beads of sweat covering his tired face.

“That’s alright,” an embarrassed Adam tried to water down the whole incident.

“Sis!!! Jeffrey’s home”, Adam called out.

“Jeffrey!?”, Amy said his name cheerfully, as she came from the kitchen.

“Oh, honey, I missed you,” she said to Jeffrey. A few happy tears slipped out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Jeffrey rubbed them off and hugged her.

As they walked up the stairs together, Jeffrey asked her, “What’s he doing in your clothes? And why does he look different?”

“Ssh! I will explain everything,” she said to him as they entered their room.

In the meantime Adam kept himself busy taking care of little Emma. He realized the hard way that it takes a lot of patience in managing a toddler. Later after noon, while Emma was asleep, Adam put on his only pair of dirty clothes and went shopping. He bought three new pairs of clothes and innerwear, and came back to his sister’s house feeling macho. Adam changed into his new clothes before Jeffrey and Amy left for the hospital.

It didn’t take a while for little Emma to go cranky and soon she started crying. It was a clear temper tantrum and Adam wondered what he was doing wrong. The toddler cried louder looking at Amy’s photo on the wall. He realized this was the first time she was being away from her mother. As the wailing continued for more than ten minutes, he found he couldn't stand it anymore.

Adam went to the washroom to pour cold water on his face. He then looked around his room for a towel but he couldn't find one. As little Emma continued to cry, he went to the master bedroom to find a towel. He then went straight to the bathroom, dried his hands and face on one of the fresh towels that sat atop a stack of perfectly folded terry cloth. As he came out, he noticed his sister's used clothes lying on the bed. She must have left it on the bed in a hurry, he realized. He picked it up to toss it into the laundry basket beside the dresser. As he held it, his nostrils flared with the smell of his sister's sweet feminine scent. He realized it was a mixture of her perfume and her own odour. He held the dress up in front of him, with the toddler crying in the background. In that very moment, he saw his reflection in the mirror of the dresser, and an idea struck him.

He was once again in his sister's clothes. But this time, it was nothing gender neutral. It was a beautiful blue sleeveless top paired with a slim-fit high waist Capri pants. To his very surprise, the clothes fit him well and he realized how much muscle mass he had lost over the past few months. The bust area looked feminine with his small breasts filling them out perfectly. The top dipped into his narrow waist and the pants hugged along his slightly feminine hips, over his thighs and flared out at the bottom. Except for his hair, eyebrows, he had very less body hair than a typical guy. He looked at his angular face, and other facial features, which were very similar to that of his sister. As he looked closely, he realized all he needed was some minor adjustments to his messed up hair and pale skin. He then picked up the hair brush from the dresser and began to run it gently through his hair; carefully styling it, to have exactly the same look as his sister. Amy had longer hair than him. Though he wasn't fully successful in his effort, he knew it wasn't all that bad. Putting the brush down, he reached for the lipstick. He took the transparent lid off, and then unfurled it by gently twisting the bottom part. Leaning forward, he carefully applied the red lipstick. He pressed his lips together, spreading the lipstick evenly, then reached for a tissue to blot the excess lipstick, something he had seen women do countless times in movies and television dramas. Then he saw a few pairs of shoes, on the bottom shelf of the wardrobe, beside the door. He quickly grabbed a pair of heeled shoes, squeezed his feet into them

After a final spritz of his sister's perfume, he stepped back and smiled at his reflection. He arched his back, balancing on his heels, trying to adopt a feminine posture.

"Hello Amy, you look amazing," he said to his reflection and laughed in a gentle way.



As Emma continued crying he quickly turned and walked towards the door.

“How comfortable men’s clothes are. How easily they allowed one to breathe and walk,” he thought to himself. But as he walked further he felt the soft feel of the fabric on his skin and he kind of liked it.

Hearing the soft click of heels against the marble floor caused little Emma to turn her head towards the sound. She stopped crying almost immediately, seeing the figure in front of her.

“Ma-ma,” little Emma said with glee.

“My little baby girl,” he said to her in a soft, high feminine voice, gently swooping her up in his arms. Little Emma hugged fondly to his bosom.

He spent the next thirty minutes walking around the house holding the child against his bosom.

As he entered the kitchen, Adam noticed that he still didn’t have the lunch dishes cleaned up. And now, it was nearly time to make dinner. After finally getting Emma down for a nap, Adam spent an hour cleaning dishes and preparing dinner for everyone. Before Amy and Jeffrey could reach home, he changed back into his own clothes and did his best to remove all traces of his feminine getup.

Adam curled his legs underneath him as he settled onto the couch. Just then, the door opened and Jeffrey entered the living room holding Amy’s arm. Adam immediately got off the chair and walked towards his sister with a look of concern. There was an air of gloom about her which made her look sick and tired.

“What did the doctor say?” he asked Amy in a low voice.

Amy didn’t answer nor lift her head.

“What did the doctor say?” he repeated the question.

“Amy is too tired. Let her rest quietly tonight. She has to be at the hospital tomorrow. We will explain everything tomorrow,” Jeffrey told Adam.



“But....!”

“Listen, Adam, we will explain everything before we leave,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

As Adam looked at Amy, he noticed her eyes wandering around the room searching for Emma.

“Emma has been fed and put to bed,” he said to her proudly.

“Thank you Adam,” she said to him and turned and walked up the stairs.

Jeffrey followed Amy, after grabbing a bowl of soup from the dining table.

Adam found himself up early next morning, wondering about his sister’s health. He removed his clothes and looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He became frustrated seeing the growth on his chest. He realized his breasts had grown bigger than before, because of the lasting effect of the hormones his girlfriend had given him. He knew he had to wait it through; maybe a month or two. He also noticed the puffiness around his nipples. The nipples were twice its earlier size, tender and sensitive to touch. His breasts moved with every step he made, and he hated that. He immediately wrapped a towel around his chest, the way women wore bath towels. Then, he picked up the toothbrush and brushed his teeth, mentally preparing himself for the day ahead. He knew his sister needed his support.

Adam saw three packed travel bags sitting near the staircase. He walked into the kitchen, where Amy and Jeffrey were waiting for him. Amy held little Emma and kept kissing her. Jeffrey signalled Adam to join them at the table.

“Listen Adam, Amy will be undergoing a surgery and possibly chemotherapy. The surgery is complicated due to the location of the tumor, which may present severe risks. However, as we are left with no other alternative, we have decided to go ahead with surgery,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

Amy gently reached for his hand and looked at him, with a faint smile; Adam tried to find words to comfort her. He hugged his sister. He knew she was a fighter, and was certain she would overcome all obstacles.

“I have written down a list of things to help you to take care of Emma. Take care of her till I get back, Adam,” she said to him, hugging him.

Adam nodded his head in assent and said, “I will, Sis!”

A taxi arrived shortly afterwards. Jeffrey loaded the bags into the boot of the vehicle while Amy turned and waved her hand, and Adam waved his. He watched Amy and Jeffrey disappear in the taxi as he turned and walked towards the house. Entering the kitchen, he poured himself a mug of hot black coffee; and prepared french toasts and scrambled eggs for himself. He gently rubbed his swollen, sensitive nipples. They had become itchy lately. Next to the table, Emma was fast asleep in her portable rocker. Sometime after he finished his breakfast, he went about his work. And then Emma moaned for a second in her sleep and turned her head to the side, eyes still closed. Adam realized it was time for him to transform.

Adam was back in the master bedroom. He saw Amy’s photo on the side table.

“I love you sis, and I am doing this for you,” he said, looking at her photo.

He opened the wardrobe and found it filled with beautiful clothes. He pulled out an elegant short skirt and a matching pink blouse.

“Lovely,” he murmured.

He then pulled open the top drawer. It was filled with frilly bras and panties. He noticed some of the bras were bigger in size and some were smaller. He was amazed by the softness of the fabric and he wondered what it would feel like to wear something this soft. He decided to try one of them hoping to reduce the irritation of his nipples. Adam’s huge-seeming chest fit into a B cup bra. After trying a few he found the one he was comfortable in. He then put on the skirt and the blouse and looked at himself in the mirror.

Strangely, he beamed with pride over how beautiful the clothes made him look and feel. The blouse had a modest neck; however his bosom was clearly feminine with two visible mounds. The bra lifted his breasts and created a perfect, full round shape.

Adam continued to stare at the vision before him. He now had breasts as big as his girlfriend, Lucy. He was fascinated by the beauty of it but at the same time he felt humiliated knowing that he now had a woman's figure. He knew it was all temporary; he would go back to normal once the hormone levels are normal, but that didn't make it any easier to deal with. However, he knew he was in a better frame of mind and health than his sister. This was his chance to prove himself to Amy once and for all, to prove that he was not a loser, to show her that she had made the right choice by accepting him back. He decided to do it, for her sake and his own. He decided to play mommy to little Emma for a while till his sister recovered.

Adam sat down in front of the dresser mirror and looked at his face. An image flashed in his mind, of Amy sitting there putting on mascara, framing those beautiful eyes of hers. He hesitated, wondering if he had the imagination and the talent to do his own makeup, but then plunged ahead. He picked up a brush and put on a bit of blush. He then applied mascara on his eye lashes with the clumsiness of an amateur. Not bad, he thought to himself. He then picked up a slim pencil and began to work on the arch of his eyebrows. And then he applied a crimson lipstick on his lips. Finally he did his hair in soft waves around his face.



Adam slipped on a pair of high heels, stood up and looked at the final image of the girl in front of him. There was no trace of his former self. Adam was gone, and there, in his place, stood Amy, his twin sister.



He gave a twirl, and the layer of his short skirt swirled around him. He just smiled and walked towards the kitchen, knowing Emma was going to be pleased to see her mommy.

The rest of the day went fine as Adam busied himself in cooking, cleaning and taking care of little Emma.



The next morning, Adam woke up to Jeffrey's phone call. "The surgery was a success as doctors were able to remove the tumor....." Jeffrey paused.

Adam took a deep breath of relief for a second, but it was quickly extinguished by Jeffrey's next statement.

"However....,"

"Amy has gone into coma and they do not know when her condition will normalize!" Jeffrey said to Adam with a tone of sorrow in his voice.

Adam was shocked, outraged, and sad all at the same time.

"Coma!!? What...? I need to see her. I am coming..." he said trembling.

"Listen, Adam! Don't! The doctors won't allow anyone to see her. The next few days are crucial! Let's pray for her" Jeffrey said to him.

"And the best thing you can do for her is to take care of Emma!" Jeffrey added.

Adam sniffed and nodded his head holding the cell phone. If Adam felt lost before, he felt devastated now, for he was clueless about what to do. He didn't feel like he could do anything to help Amy, and he found himself feeling smaller and smaller, inadequate and not man enough. Amy was always the strongest one. He wished he was more like her.

"It's only temporary," he said to himself.

Once again he found himself inside the master bedroom, going through his sister's clothes.



As the days went by, Adam's persona as Amy progressed, with his attention focussed more and more on feminine mannerisms. He practiced moving gracefully, with his arms outstretched at his sides, and bent at the elbow. He moved with a sway of his hips, with his heels accentuating his perfectly feminine rear. He even shaved his body to remove what little body hair he had. He practiced speaking in his new high pitched, soft feminine voice. He wore dresses, lingerie, and other girly clothes full time.

In the evenings, Emma liked to fall asleep at his breast and he felt that the sensation was stronger than hugging. He enjoyed the feeling in a very sensual way. And as the days passed his feminine mannerisms became second nature.

There was not a single day that he did not think about Amy, wondering when she would recover. He made sure he called Jeffrey everyday to check on her. Jeffrey came home every weekend to meet Emma and to deliver groceries. During this time Adam switched back into his own clothes, but he found them very uncomfortable.

Jeffrey's frenzied work life that followed the family crisis took a toll on his health. A concerned Adam decided to bring some order into Jeffrey's personal life. He called Jeffrey often to check on him, making sure he ate on time. Adam did Jeffrey's laundry and ironing; and every weekend Adam cooked for Jeffrey and served him.

One day, Jeffrey thanked Adam kindly, and as they sat at breakfast Jeffrey told him all about Amy's current condition. Jeffrey explained to Adam that any coma lasting longer than forty eight hours is complex and extremely difficult to assess, as recovery takes a long time.

"Let us hope that she will recover as soon as possible, hopefully within a few months," Jeffrey said to him.

"And the baby? How....?" Adam asked Jeffrey, concerned about his sister's unborn child.

"The baby is fine as of now. Doctors have said that they will take the health responsibility. They might perform a c-section delivery when the time comes. I just hope that she recovers before the due date," Jeffrey said with tears welling up in his eyes.

Adam stepped forward and hugged him tight, "I'm very sorry, Jeffrey."

Jeffrey put his arms around Adam's hips and responded, "Thank you for everything."

"I won't be staying in the hospital very long. There is no point in staying around as recovery is taking longer than expected. I am moving back home next week. But I do assure you that I will visit Amy regularly," Jeffrey said to Adam before he left for the hospital.



Adam walked into the master bedroom as he couldn't wait to get back into his sister's clothes. Pride and shame were luxuries he could no longer enjoy. He truly hated what he was doing to overcome his situation. Though it all started as a crazy solution to stop Emma from crying, he found women's clothes more comfortable than men's clothes; because of his new feminine body features.

"Amy is going to come back home soon. Everything is going to be fine. And then, I will consult a doctor and follow medical advice," he said to himself.

After thirty minutes he was all made up and wore a short dress with a very low neckline. His body filled Amy's clothes perfectly, showcasing the roundness of his butt, his wide hips, as well as his prominent breasts and visible cleavage. He loved the way her clothes held everything in place, helped him move freely and subdued the pain in his sensitive nipples. He was ashamed of his body. He comforted himself with the thought that this phase of life was only temporary. He then took on the motherly role for Emma, feeding and changing the toddler.

Few hours later, Adam realized he had run out of diapers. And soon he was petrified by the thought of stepping outside the house to purchase diapers. However, he knew he was passable. As he looked at his reflection in the mirror, he felt more and more confident in his persona. It was time for 'Amy' to step outside, he thought to himself.

Appearing as a beautiful young mother, Adam set off along the street with the stroller. He knew he looked good because of the way the men looked at him, in a way he wasn't used to. He also knew the best chance of keeping his male pride was to be invisible, and that required him to make a very convincing woman. He adjusted his dress, pulling down the neck of his dress to reveal a little more cleavage. He stuck out his round butt and walked gracefully, swaying his hips.



As he entered the grocery store, a handsome young man held the door for him and smiled. Adam smiled back at him and thanked the stranger in his feminine voice. After purchasing diapers, Adam headed back home with a sense of accomplishment.

Once reaching home, Adam put the toddler to bed. Overall he was happy with how the day was going. He looked at Amy's photograph on the side table and just wished she would recover and get back to her old self. He then moved to the kitchen and picked up a cup. As he filled it, his cell phone buzzed on the counter, his hand shook and he accidentally spilled water on his dress.

"I miss you, honey!" he read the message on his cell phone and felt his pulse quicken.

"How the hell did she get my new number?" he wondered, seeing his ex girlfriend's text message.

Strutting angrily in his wet dress, Adam walked upstairs and went to the master bedroom. He then peeled away his wet clothes and tossed them on the bed. His lacy bra was next; he bent his arms behind his back as he ran his fingers slowly under the strap, then unhooked the clasp of his bra. His full breasts swayed gently, half exposed and beautifully held within the cups of his loosened bra. Suddenly the bathroom door opened and out came Jeffrey, stark naked.

"Amy!!!? How....?" Jeffrey said, a shocked look crossing his face.

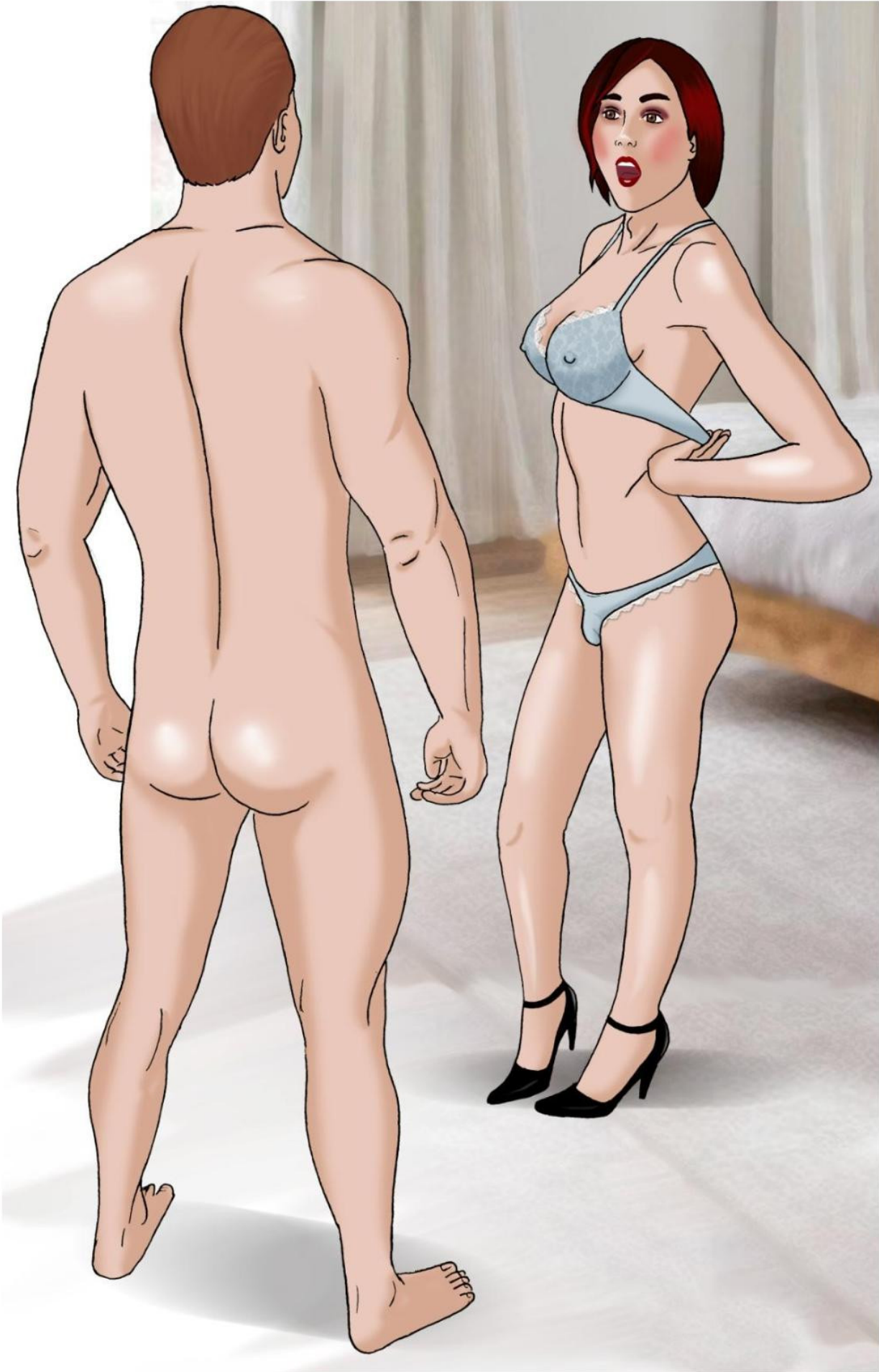
"No, no, it's me - Adam!" Adam mumbled, in shock.

"Adam?!!" Jeffrey gasped, still in shock.

"You look just like her!!!

"You even sound like her!" Jeffrey said to him.

Adam didn't even realize that he had been using the high-pitched feminine voice he'd adopted since his first day of crossdressing.



His throat dried out instantly, rendering him speechless. Here he was standing in front of his brother-in-law, wearing lacy lingerie, high heels and makeup. He felt deeply embarrassed and humiliated; he couldn't lock eyes with Jeffrey. His eyes trailed down and that's when he noticed Jeffrey's semi erect dick.

"I can explain... I will be right back!" Adam squealed as he quickly pulled the blouse over his breasts and ran out of the bedroom.

There was silence for a few minutes. And then Adam stepped out of the guest room, wearing his own clothes and slowly walked down the stairs towards the living room, where Jeffrey was waiting for him.

Jeffrey noticed beads of sweat upon Adam's face.

"I am sorry, this is awkward. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. My boss wants me back at the office for a day. I came home for a quick shower and change of clothes. I didn't realize you were in my room!" Jeffrey said to Adam.

"Please don't, please don't be sorry. It was my fault," Adam said stuttering, his voice very soft.

"And you were.....?" Jeffrey asked him, signaling him with his eyes, requesting him to explain what he was doing.

"I... I have been dressing up as Amy," said Adam.

"Okay..." Jeffrey replied slowly, raising his eyebrows.

"I have been pretending to be Amy, for Emma. She thinks I am her mother, when I dress like Amy", Adam said.

"Really!?" Jeffrey asked him, looking at Adam, head to toe, pretending not to notice the visible feminine curves of Adam's body. He also noticed remnants of makeup on Adam's face.

"I know it sounds crazy. I know you don't believe me, but I can prove it to you," Adam said to Jeffrey, and then regretted what he had said.

"Maybe you should.... If you don't mind my asking," Jeffrey said to Adam.

“Sure, it’s nothing at all,” Adam replied, trying to sound cool and casual.

Jeffrey led Adam upstairs into the master bedroom, opened one of the drawers and pulled out a beautifully wrapped box, which he handed to Adam.

“It is something I had bought for Amy... I will see you in Emma’s room,” he said, as he left the room.

With a thumping heart, Adam opened the box to find a beautiful red dress.

Jeffrey glanced at the watch as he sat next to Emma’s bed. It had been more than thirty minutes and there was no sign of Adam. He knew he was already late for work. He felt exasperated at himself for allowing this feeling of awe to take control over his emotions. Just then he heard a woman’s high heels clicking down the hallway, and he stood up. Suddenly the handle moved, the door opened and his mouth fell wide open, with amazement, seeing the person in front of him.

“Amy!” he gasped, looking at Adam.

Jeffrey felt strange as he looked at how sexually appealing Adam was in Amy’s red dress. Adam stood by the door with a weak smile, trying to hide his embarrassment. He was stunning in the dress that accentuated his feminine curves. He was wearing heels; he had his make up on, his hair done meticulously. He had even painted his nails. He had done all this intentionally to prove Jeffrey that he was cross dressing for a purpose- to take care of little Emma. His womanly breasts rose and fell with each breath he took. Jeffrey looked at him closely - the pucker of Adam’s full lips, his delicate bone structure, his smooth skin - he wondered how this was possible. Suddenly, he felt a twitch in his crotch. Jeffrey kept staring at Adams breasts and Adam felt himself squirm under his heavy lidded stare.

“I... I have a hormonal problem,” Adam said in a low voice.

“I am sorry... I...” Jeffrey said.

“It’s alright,” Adam said, as he assumed an elegant female posture.

Jeffrey looked at little Emma and noticed that the toddler was smiling at Adam delightedly, with a quirk of the lips and eyes wide open. Adam moved forward, gracefully picked up the child and walked out of the room.



In the kitchen, Jeffrey watched them, as Adam fed Emma.

“My, you are really taking this mommy thing seriously, aren’t you?” Jeffrey teased him.

“Maybe you should consider wearing Amy’s clothes full time for next five to six months; since you look so convincingly like Amy,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

“Seriously?” Adam thought to himself, his face turning red.

“I know... you are looking for a fresh start in a new town... I can help you set up your new business. I have the money, Adam,” Jeffrey insisted this time.

“Think about it. This is not permanent. You will be doing a great favour to Amy,” Jeffrey added, as he slowly opened the front door and stepped outside the house.

Later that evening Jeffrey arrived home from a hectic day at work. Many times during the day he had called the hospital to check on Amy, and every time he was told that there had been no change. Jeffrey knew he had only four months before the baby was due. And he knew he would have to arrange alternate care.

Jeffrey quietly entered the house and to his surprise he was welcomed by the wonderful aroma of the evening meal wafting from the kitchen. He hurried inside, into the welcoming warmth and saw Adam, still dressed as Amy bustling around the kitchen, like a perfect housewife. Seeing Adam, Jeffrey suddenly realized he had found the solution to his problem.

Adam turned his head and saw Jeffrey with a surprised look. Adam smiled and spoke, “Dinner is ready. You are right on time.”



“Thank you for accepting the proposal. It means a lot to me,” Jeffrey said to Adam, as he gladly sat down to eat.

“And please, use your female voice as it best suits your persona,” Jeffrey added.

“Well... I suppose you are right,” Adam smiled and replied back in a high-pitched female voice.

“You are such a sweetheart, aren’t you?” Jeffrey said as Adam sat next to him and served him dinner.

Adam smiled as Jeffrey dug into his food. If the real Amy was a good cook, Adam was a better one, Jeffrey thought.

That night Jeffrey decided to switch bedrooms and give Adam the master bedroom, as all Amy’s stuff were in there.



Adam was very happy in the days that followed. Getting all dolled up became a second nature to Adam. He had a gift for finding a solution when things looked at their bleakest, but he never imagined it would be this easy. Jeffrey treated him very well. He was always kind and courteous. Adam was even happier when Jeffrey expressed his concern over Adam’s health and suggested him to meet a special doctor known to Jeffrey. Two days later, Adam found himself at a small hospital that seemed to be hidden from the high street, behind the shops.

“Don’t be put off by the look of the place, Adam. The doctor is a friend of mine and he is really good at his work. The hospital caters for predominantly poor working class patients,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

Adam trusted him as Jeffrey knew a lot of business establishments in and around the town. After all, Jeffrey was an established lawyer who helped small and big businesses in establishing legal entities to run their business.

The doctor didn’t ask him any questions but allowed him to be hurried to the chair.

“Mr. Carter has already told me everything about you over the phone,” he said to Adam.

Adam was wearing a blouse and a skirt; and was very conscious about the way the doctor looked at him. Upon the doctor's instruction, he got undressed, slowly and self-consciously, undoing his bra, revealing his full breasts. As the doctor examined him, he shuddered with embarrassment.

"Your breasts, they look amazing, but I can refer you to have implants if you like," the doctor said to Adam and smiled.

Adam was taken aback for a second then chuckled as he realized the doctor was kidding.

"Maybe next time," he replied to the doctor, giggling as he played along.

Meanwhile the doctor injected something into him.

"It's a slow release drug. It will take care of your problems," the doctor assured Adam.

Adam was relieved and he thanked the doctor. As he got dressed, the doctor prescribed some meds. He recommended that Adam see him every month, and take his medicine every day, and to keep refilling the medicine.

Since Adam started his medication, Jeffrey allowed Adam to join him whenever he visited Amy at the hospital. Adam was introduced as Amanda Baker, Amy's twin sister. This didn't bother him much as long as he was allowed to see his sister. Little Emma always held on to Adam's dress desperate for his warm embrace.



It's been two months since his first visit to the doctor. Adam was more worried than before because his breasts continued to grow bigger and his waist seemed to become even smaller. He raised his concern with Jeffrey, who then arranged an appointment at his friend's hospital the next day.

Once again Adam found himself at the special hospital.

"Adam, I am sorry that I have to leave you here on your own. I need to check on Amy. I will take Emma along, to the other hospital," Jeffrey said to Adam, as he signed some papers at the reception.

"That's alright Jeffrey, I will catch a cab home once the check-up is over," Adam said to Jeffrey, proudly tapping the ladies bag he was holding.

Soon he was led to a room where a new doctor examined the report. Adam was then asked to change into a hospital gown following which he was given an enema.

"You won't feel a thing," the doctor said as he gave Adam a quick jab. Adam wondered what the doctor was talking about.

"Doctor...but..." before Adam could finish his sentence, he felt his vision blur and he dozed off.

When Adam awoke and slowly opened his eyes, things were blurry and out of focus. His thoughts rambled aimlessly.

"Sweetheart, you are awake!" Jeffrey said to him, kissing him on the forehead.

"Jeffrey?" Adam said groggily. He was confused.

"What's going on? Where am I? Did I get into an accident?" Adam asked as his vision cleared. He was breathing hard and his heart was beating fast.

"Relax Amanda, you are home," Jeffrey said as he sat next to Adam.

"Amanda?" Adam said in his low voice.

"I have some bad news for you...." Jeffrey paused.

"There was a mixup at the hospital and your files were switched with those from a transgender patient," Jeffrey said.

Adam's eyes widened, his hands immediately went to his crotch and he suddenly felt a sigh of relief. His manhood was intact. That's when he felt the heaviness on his chest. Adam raised his head and looked down his chin at the two large mounds on his chest, with horror. His hands cupped his new large assets which were a pair of double D breasts. He then looked at Jeffrey in shock.

"I know this looks bad, but try and stay calm," Jeffrey said to Adam.



“Stay calm!??? I have freaking boobs like melons!!!” Adam shrieked.

“Listen Adam, the staff at the hospital certainly made a huge mistake. However, neither you nor I read the documents before signing them. The mistake was on both sides. Suing or going public will get you unwanted attention,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

“No. I don’t want to sue them. Going public is embarrassing. I just want to get these removed...” Adam cried.

“You need not worry about that. The doctor has agreed to waive all charges for a reversal surgery once you are found mentally and physically fit, after six months,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

“Six months!???” Adam cried.

“Shh!!! You poor thing. Don’t cry! I am here for you. Everything will be fine,” Jeffrey said to Adam, gently putting his arms around him.

“You will need to take it easy for a few days for your breasts to heal. And no heavy lifting for a month. I will take care of you and I will help you with the house chores until you can help yourself,” Jeffrey added.

“Oh, Jeffrey I don’t know why you are so good to me,” Adam said softly, sniffing away his tears, his head still resting on Jeffrey’s shoulders.

“I like you as Amanda,” Jeffrey blurted.

“I mean I need your support. The baby is due in two months. Your presence will be a great deal for us,” Jeffrey said, gently rubbing Adam’s back.

Few tears trickled down Adam’s cheeks. Things were definitely not going well for Adam, but somehow, he felt important in a new way and he liked it. Maybe it was the female hormones in his body.

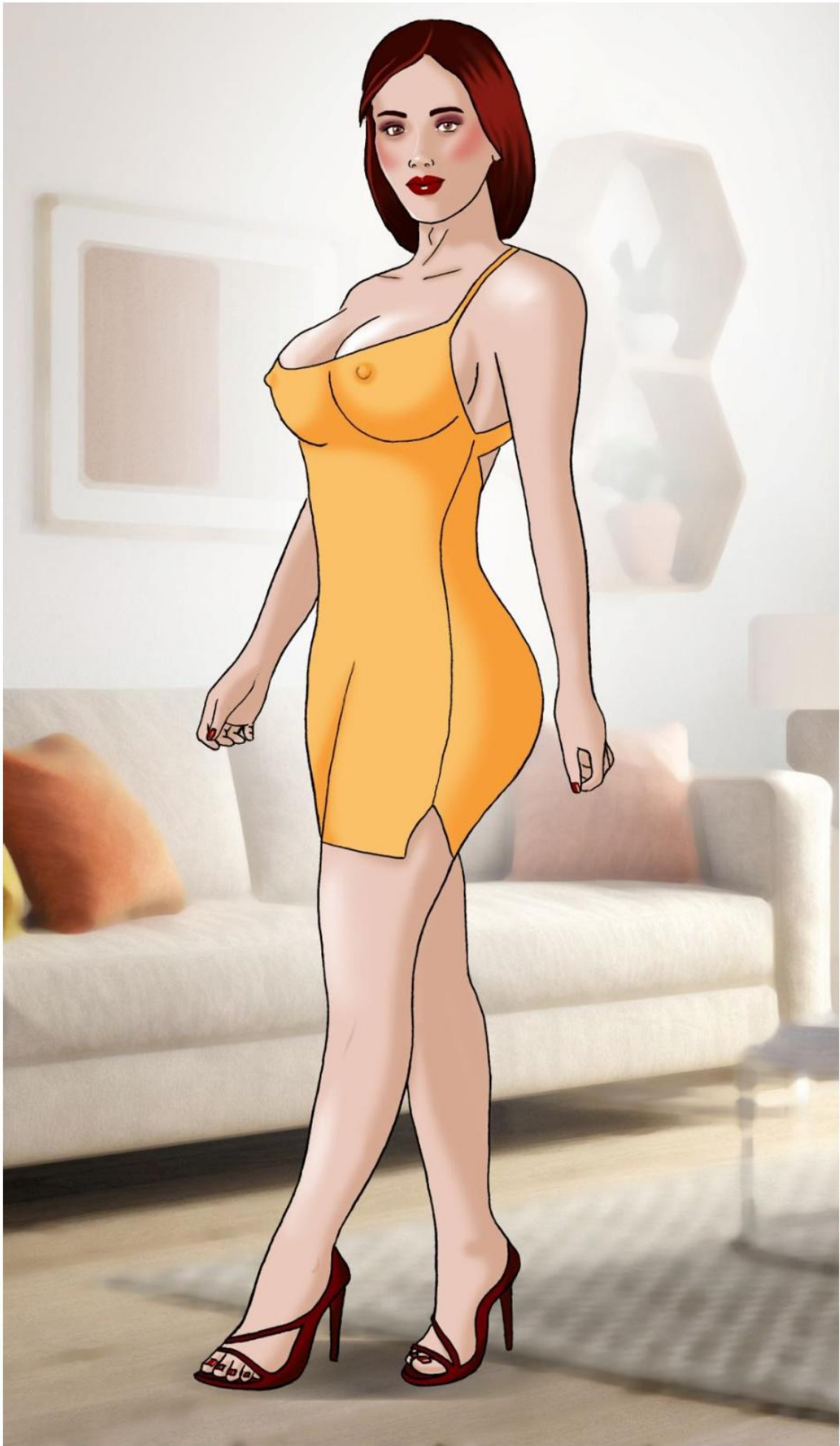
“You have been prescribed new medications,” Jeffrey said to him, handing him three bottles of pills.



A week passed and Adam realised what a wonderful job the doctor had done. He had always fancied women with large breasts. Though he wasn't happy to have two large breasts of his own, they were beautiful. He had to change his posture. He had to arch his back to support the weight of his new breasts, sticking out his breasts and butt simultaneously. The only bras that fit his new breasts were the surgical healing bras which the hospital had provided. So Adam decided to buy new bras to support his new breasts. He knew it would really help to have a woman trained to fit bras measure him and suggest the best bra size for him. Jeffrey suggested that Adam buy some new clothes as well, handing over Amy's credit card. Over the next few days Adam went shopping and soon he had enough new clothes to fill his wardrobe.

Everyday was a learning experience for Adam, getting adjusted to his new weight distribution due to his large breasts, which were much larger than they had been before. His breasts moved when he moved and he was somewhat conscious of the fact. And the swaying of his hips became more seductive, unaware to him. Little Emma enjoyed nestling upon his large soft breasts before her afternoon nap. Adam also noticed changes in Jeffrey's behaviour towards him. Jeffrey always stood close enough to Adam to inhale his scent. He touched Adam, whenever he had a chance. Sometimes his fingertips would graze the bare skin of Adam's arm, sometimes his hand would settle on Adam's knee. And sometimes he would accidentally touch Adam's breasts or his butt. Adam had found it strange initially, but got used to it later.

On more than one occasion Adam noticed Jeffrey ogling him, whenever he appeared in front of Jeffrey. Once Emma threw a spoon on the floor and Adam bent down to pick it up. And as he did, his large breasts were visible through his loose neckline. When Adam raised his face, he saw Jeffrey ogling at his breasts. Adam couldn't blame Jeffrey a bit because Adam knew he possessed the body of a woman - a very curvy woman. In Jeffrey's eyes he was a beautiful woman.



As their strange relationship progressed, Jeffrey became more assertive and over protective of Adam, and Adam realized it was better to play along, identify himself as the weak gender. Adam was overwhelmed by the care and affection shown by Jeffrey. And it wasn't late when he realized the power his feminine beauty held over Jeffrey. It happened on the day when Adam forgot to turn off the burners after he finished cooking. The food burnt and there was enough smoke in the kitchen to activate the smoke detector. As Adam panicked and ran around on his heels, like a damsel in distress; Jeffrey acted quickly, turning off the burner. He then turned off the alarm and then notified the alarm answering service. Adam stood leaning against the kitchen counter and cried, his body turned to the side exposing his tiny waist, his wide hips and the swell of his ass molded so deliciously. As he cried, he pressed his clutching right hand over his heaving breasts. An angry Jeffrey stepped into the kitchen then stopped, as he drank in the sight of Adam's beautiful body. Jeffrey wrapped his arms around Adam pulling him closer to him, Adam's breasts pressed flat against Jeffrey's strong muscular chest. Jeffrey sushed Adam, as his right hand moved around on Adam's plump ass from time to time. Strangely, Adam felt safe and comfortable, as though he had found the spot where he could easily spend the rest of his life.

The next day, Adam and Jeffrey were at the breakfast table, little Emma playing on the floor. Adam smiled sweetly as he served up a plate of pancakes for Jeffrey and then one for himself. As Adam ate, he leaned forward, resting his large breasts on table, which caused his cleavage to deepen the swell. No matter how hard Jeffrey tried, his eyes repeatedly drifted down to Adam's breasts. And then he noticed something that caused him to sit up straight, and his mouth opened in wonder.

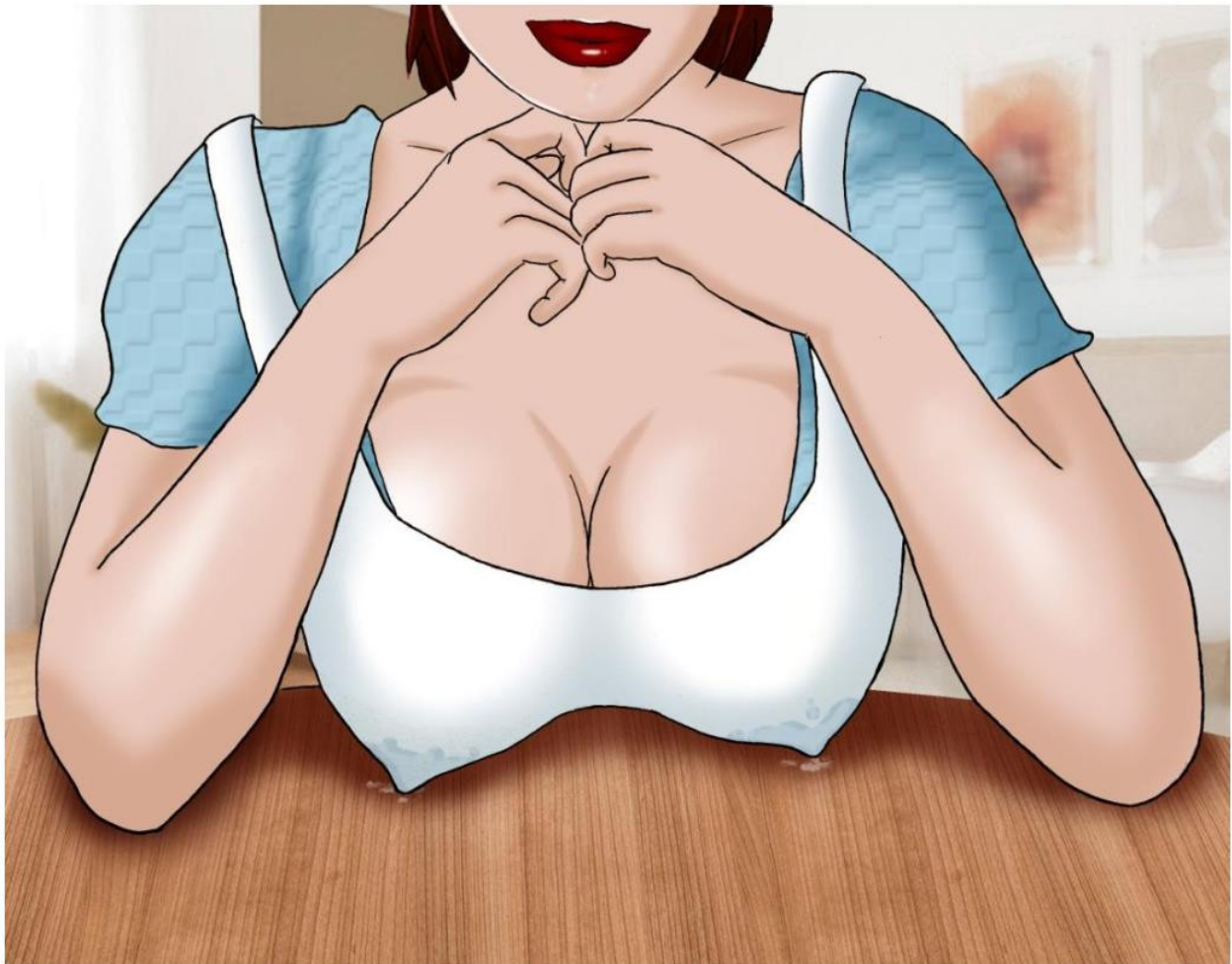
"My eyes are up here, Jeff!" Adam said blushing, in a feminine voice.

Jeffrey blinked.

"Ummm... There is something on your..." Jeffrey said pointing at Adam's breasts.

That's when Adam noticed the large wet spot on the tip of his breasts and his eyes widened.

"Oh dear," he said, feeling embarrassed.



“What have I gotten on my...” Adam began brushing the part of his dress, over his nipples. The more he rubbed, the wetter it got.

“Perhaps you should go and change,” said Jeffrey to Adam.

“I will do that,” said Adam, getting up from the chair and then hurrying towards his room.

Fifteen minutes later Adam came down to the living room where he found Jeffrey patiently waiting for him.

“My breasts are leaking a milky fluid! My nipples, they are swollen and I am worried I might have an infection,” said a worried Adam.

“Just relax and let me take you to the doctor,” Jeffrey held Adam’s hand and responded to Adam’s worried look with all the pity and sympathy.

An hour later, at the hospital, Adam watched as the doctor's fingers examined his swollen nipples.

"It's nothing to worry about dear, you are lactating," he told Adam.

"How is that even possible?" asked a terrified Adam.

"It's very natural considering the amount of hormones in your system. There is nothing to worry about as long as you keep emptying your breasts by regular milking. You will be back to normal soon," the doctor said to Adam.

Adam couldn't believe what he was hearing. He kept quiet. Clearly he thought the doctor was mad. The doctor then prescribed a breast pump and handed the prescription to Adam. Adam thanked the doctor and put the prescription in his bag as he walked out of the consultation room. He was fuming, moving as fast as he could to get out of the hospital. Jeffrey and Emma were at the reception, and Adam was going too fast swaying his ass, too fast for Jeffrey to walk alongside him.

"Amanda, slow down!"

"What did the doctor say?" Jeffrey asked Adam.

Adam did not hear Jeffrey's voice as he was busy in his own thoughts.

"What did the doctor say, Amanda?" Jeffrey asked again.

"Oh, nothing, really! It's just an allergy," Adam lied, putting on a fake smile, unable to hide his embarrassment.

"I am happy to hear that," Jeffrey said hugging Adam tightly. Just then Adam felt a sudden tingle in his nipples and wetness around them.

Half an hour's drive later they reached home and Adam changed his bra. He spent the rest of the day as usual - taking care of the child, cooking and cleaning. By the end of the day, there was slight pain in his breasts which surprised him. The next day when he woke up, he found his bra cups completely soaking wet. Adam went to the bathroom, got freshened up, changed his clothes and came downstairs to prepare breakfast for Jeffrey. As he moved around the kitchen he realized that his

breasts were fuller and heavier than before. There was a sensation of trickling and tingling in the nipples.

As Adam gently set the table, Jeffrey came up behind him and lifted him up, and Adam squealed.

“What are you doing, Jeffrey? Please put me down!” Adam said, squealing.

“Just fooling around with a pretty lady,” Jeffrey said, swinging Adam around, grinning from ear to ear.

Jeffrey's arms were under Adams' breasts, pushing them up. Jeffrey slowly lowered Adam to his feet and while doing so he touched the tender, sensual nipples to arouse Adam. Adam gave a quick moan as he felt a sudden sensation of pain and pleasure. As Adam caught his breath, Jeffrey slowly stepped away from him and sat on the chair, as though nothing had happened.

“How are you feeling today, Amanda? Slept ok?” Jeffrey asked Adam.

Adam nodded his head, ignoring the trickling sensation in his nipples.

After finishing breakfast, Jeffrey left for office and Adam went on with child care and house chores. As the day progressed the pain in Adam's nipples became unbearable. At one point he went around Amy's stuff and found few absorbent pads in her drawers. He placed the small circular pads in each bra cup to prevent his clothes from getting wet. As the evening came close, Adam fed Emma and put her to sleep earlier than usual.



It was past eight when Jeffrey came home and to his surprise, the house was silent. He checked on little Emma only to find her sleeping peacefully. He then went upstairs to check on Adam. As he opened the door, he saw Adam lying on the bed and weeping bitterly.

“Hey what happened? Why are you crying?” Jeffrey asked Adam as he sat next to him.

“It hurts really bad,” Adam cried.

“What...!? Where...?” Jeffrey asked Adam.

Adam became quiet for a second with a shade of embarrassment slowly stealing over his face. And then he cried bringing his hands over his breasts.

“My breasts and nipples hurt! They are full! I should have listened to the doctor and purchased a breast-pump,” Adam said to Jeffrey.

“Oh, your breasts!”

“I can go and buy you a pump right now. The nearest pharmacy is thirty minutes drive from here. It would take one hour to go and come back,” Jeffrey said to Adam.

“I don’t think I can wait that long. Please don’t leave me, Jeffrey,” Adam cried holding his breasts.

“Have you tried massaging them? Expressing with your fingers?” Jeffrey asked Adam.

“Let me have a look at them,” Jeffrey said to Adam, without waiting for a response. As Adam stood still, Jeffrey started unbuttoning Adam’s blouse. Jeffrey then tossed Adam’s blouse to the side and his arms went around Adam’s back and unhooked his bra. Before Adam knew it, he was half naked. His bra loosened and Adam gasped, pressing his hand to hold it up.

“Don’t,” Jeffrey said, pulling the bra from Adam’s hand.

The bra fell away, revealing Adam’s milky breasts. Jeffrey was stunned by Adam’s beauty. He was amazed how close Adam’s body resembled Amy’s or maybe even better. Adam’s breasts seemed large and milk trickled from his nipples.

“Amanda, you are beautiful,” Jeffrey said as he reached out and cupped Adam’s breasts in his palms, weighing them. And then, with his thumb, he massaged a nipple as it leaked and it peaked beneath his touch.

“Ahh! Please don’t,” Adam said, trying to protest.

“Let me ease your pain,” Jeffrey said to Adam before he took Adam’s left nipple into his mouth and gently sucked on it.

“Stop it, Jeffrey! This is not right! Ahh!” protested Adam, in a shocked voice.



Adam tried to resist, but to his own surprise, his resistance gave away before him when his milk started flowing from his tender nipple into the mouth of Jeffrey. The pain eased and Adam moaned, exquisite sensations radiating from the nipple which Jeffrey's mouth had covered. Jeffrey was gentle. Adam gasped and moaned as he tangled his fingers in Jeffrey's hair to pull Jeffrey even closer. Meanwhile Jeffrey's left hand held Adam's right breast. His fingers circled Adam's right nipple in ever shrinking circles, heightening Adam's anticipation.

A wave of embarrassment crimsoned Adam's face. However Adam didn't stop Jeffrey then and Adam didn't stop Jeffrey when he slowly pushed Adam on to the bed.

Adam lay there on the bed with his large breasts exposed, and pointing towards the ceiling. His hair was a hot mess. One of his smooth feminine legs was bent at the knee that his skirt rose and rippled above his knee exposing his womanly thighs and pink panties.

Jeffrey stood still for a moment, amazed by the sight of Adam's half naked feminine body.

"Please don't stop," Adam moaned.

"It's getting hot in here, I can't do this with my clothes on, sweetheart" Jeffrey said as he started undressing himself, until he was wearing only his tight briefs.

Adam was shocked; but at the same time, he was amazed to see Jeffrey's body toned with muscles. Adam felt weak and small in comparison to Jeffrey. As his eyes wandered down the length of Jeffrey's body, he saw Jeffrey's arousal straining to be free of his tight briefs and Adam gasped.

"Jeffrey, please! I just want you to ease the pain in my breasts, and nothing more. Okay?" Adam said, nervously.

"Yes, just that, sweetheart," Jeffrey assured Adam as he climbed on the bed and laid his body on top of Adam's, moving Adam's skirt up even higher in the process. Once again Jeffrey's mouth was on Adam's breast, drawing in the nipple as he sucked it greedily, and the suction caused strange sensations in Adam's breasts and his tiny dick. Adam ignored Jeffrey's hard erection pressing on his bare sweaty thighs through Jeffrey's briefs. After a few minutes, Jeffrey switched to Adam's other breast. Adam moaned and trembled completely beneath him. As Jeffrey sucked his breasts dry, Adam continued to moan until he drifted to sleep.

The next day Adam woke up when he felt Jeffrey's arms winding around his narrow hips. To his surprise, Jeffrey rolled him over on top of Jeffrey, crushing his breasts against Jeffrey's rock-hard chest. A surprised Adam tried to push himself up, his large breasts swaying freely under him. Then suddenly Jeffrey grabbed him by his breasts and pulled one of the nipples into Jeffrey's mouth. As Jeffrey sucked, he moved one arm around Adam and placed it on Adam's butt, locking him.

"Ahh...," a moan escaped Adam's mouth.

Adam didn't struggle. He let Jeffrey suck his large milky breasts simply because he was lactating and he wanted his breasts to be empty for the day.

That day Adam sat quiet at the breakfast table while Jeffrey ate heartily and drank his coffee.

"Feeling better today?" Jeffrey asked Adam.

Adam gently nodded his head.

"Well! I am glad I was able to help you," Jeffrey said with a smile.

"Th... Thank you, Jeffrey," Adam said meekly.

"I am sorry about last night; I put you in a situation. Please, keep this between just the two of us," Adam said, blushing.

Jeffrey nodded.

As Jeffrey left for work he gave a quick kiss on Adam's cheek and told him not to worry about anything; that he would take care of it.

Adam's face flushed, as young girl's might under her lover's first caress.

"Please don't forget to buy the breast-pump on your way home," Adam quickly reminded Jeffrey.



Later that evening, Adam was disappointed to see Jeffrey empty handed.

“Sorry honey, I was caught up with work and I forgot all about it,” Jeffrey told Adam.

After dinner Adam was once again in the bedroom with Jeffrey. Adam knew he had no other choice but to let Jeffrey take care of him. This time they both undressed and made themselves comfortable. Jeffrey helped Adam remove his skirt as well. This routine continued every night; even after Jeffrey bought a breast pump for Adam. Adam found the motorised suction-pump slow and painful.



It was just a month before the due date and Jeffrey told Adam that he was missing Amy. They both knew at the time that Amy’s chance of recovery was near to impossible. He told Adam that Amy was the best kisser he had ever met.

Jeffrey went to the lounge and transferred two nips of whiskey into an ice chilled glass from the bar. He swirled it for a moment to let the alcohol chill, then swallowed it and refilled the glass. He poured a glass of wine for Adam, and Adam drank it all, and then he poured in more. Adam looked across to the room where Emma was sleeping.

“Amanda! Emma is fast asleep,” Jeffrey assured Adam.

“You like calling me Amanda, don’t you?” Adam teased Jeffrey.

“That’s because you don’t look like an Adam to me!” Jeffrey replied.

“And your lips... they look exactly like Amy’s. I miss kissing her. I wish I could relive that moment,” Jeffrey said, stepping closer to Adam.

Before Adam realized, Jeffrey’s mouth had covered Adam’s half-open mouth. Adam tried to say something but Jeffrey’s tongue entered Adam’s mouth. Jeffrey held Adam’s face and kissed him deeper. Adam’s heart started pounding and brought a gasp from him as Jeffrey released Adam. Jeffrey then led Adam to the bedroom, placing his hand around Adam’s hips. That night, Adam fell asleep as Jeffrey gently caressed and sucked his breasts.



As the days went by Jeffrey became more confident, trying new things in bed. He started caressing Adam's butt hole. Then one night he inserted his middle finger into Adam's butt hole. Of course Adam tried to protest; he tried several times. But, every time Adam tried, Jeffrey silenced Adam by not sucking his breasts. Soon he was fingering Adam every night. And whenever Jeffrey fingered Adam, he sucked Adam more passionately than ever. Later Adam's protests became mere squeaks and moans. A few days later Jeffrey started inserting two fingers into Adam's new love hole.

Soon, Jeffrey's and Adams' relationship became a wild ride of strange but intense positive feelings. Everyday before he left for work, Jeffrey kissed Adam on his lips. It started with a very short kiss. As the days progressed, the kisses lasted longer and longer; and became more passionate.

"You are an amazing woman, never doubt that," Jeffrey complemented Adam, whenever possible.

Whenever Adam looked into the mirror he saw a confident woman. He was no longer the weak, short, skinny man he once was. The woman in the mirror was beautiful; she was tall for a woman; and slender but with curves in the right places.

That evening when Jeffrey arrived home, Adam opened the door with a beautiful smile. Adam then informed Jeffrey that he had a surprise for him. Adam was wearing a sleeveless short evening dress just above his knees. The dress was so tight that it left nothing for the imagination. It revealed every curve on his shapely body.

Adam took Jeffrey's hand and led him to the dining room. Jeffrey watched Adam's juicy rear jiggle through the short dress as Adam walked in front of him. Adam glanced back and blushed, seeing Jeffrey enjoying his rear.

"Wow!" Jeffrey said.

There was a beautiful candle light dinner setup on the table with a fancy bottle of wine.

"You have been so nice to me all these months. I wanted to serve you a nice dinner," Adam said, his pouty lips drawing into a tempting smile.

"I have cooked something special because I knew you would be tired and hungry," Adam continued.

Jeffrey felt like the happiest man in the world just then. They spent the next one hour eating, drinking and laughing together like a young, happily married couple.

Later that night Jeffrey was fully naked in bed with Adam. As Adam lay on his back with his eyes closed, Jeffrey gently peeled the panties off him, revealing Adam's tiny hairless dick, which was now rather negligible and insignificant. Jeffrey spent half an hour sucking Adam's milky breasts almost dry. Jeffrey realized that Adam was too intoxicated to resist his advances. He rolled to the side of the bed, opened the drawer and grabbed a bottle of lube. He held the bottle up and squeezed some lube on to his fingers. He then worked it on his expanding dick. As Adam gently opened his eyes he realized his legs were on top of Jeffrey's shoulders. Jeffrey then inserted his finger inside Adam with such a softness that he sighed, "Oh!"

He then inserted two fingers and Adam gave another sigh. Then Adam felt something bigger, warmer, replacing Jeffrey's exploring fingers, and soon it was pushing even farther into his boy clity. That's when Adam noticed Jeffrey's both arms holding his legs, which confirmed him that what was inside him was indeed not Jeffrey's fingers. Jeffrey watched Adam's face as he rocked into him slowly and withdrew. Adam's face sobered instantly, coming back to his senses.

"You like it baby?" Jeffrey asked Adam as he thrust his hard and long cock in and out of him.

"Ahh! Stop it!"

"This can't be happening. I am not a woman" Adam moaned.

"You are wrong, Amanda!"

"You love to strut your stuff!"

"You love wearing sexy clothes!"

"You love makeup!"

"You love being treated like a lady!"

"And now, you are enjoying being loved by a strong man," Jeffrey said as he increased his speed. He thrust harder, pushing his shaft all the way inside Adam, his balls slapping on Adam's butt.

"Oooohh! Jeff!" Adam moaned.



Adam felt totally humiliated because he knew that some of the things Jeffrey said were true. However, Adam couldn't believe that he was being fucked like a woman. He couldn't believe he was now at the receiving end, being controlled by a strong man; and strangely he was enjoying his submissive position. He felt disgusted and humiliated, but at the same time he enjoyed the pleasure he felt with each thrust Jeffrey made into his love hole. He knew there was no turning back.

Jeffrey watched Adam, as his large breasts bounced in front of him, with every thrust. Adam's head was thrown back and his breasts leaked milk and the sight only turned him on more. Jeffrey squeezed and kneaded his nipples while he moaned.

"You like it, baby?" Jeffrey asked him again, as he fucked his rear.

"Oh, yes... Ooooh! Jeff!" Adam moaned. "Fuck me harder, Jeffrey," Adam screamed. "Make me the woman I was meant to be! Aaaaah!!!!" Adam squealed as Jeffrey fucked him harder.

"Aaaargh!!!!" Jeffrey groaned as he shuddered and released himself into Adam. He then shallow pumped as he groaned and panted into Adam's neck. While Adam was trying to catch his breath, Jeffrey swiftly pulled his dick out of Adam's ass. Adam lay there next to Jeffrey, engulfed in a strong masculine embrace, with milk leaking from his breasts and Jeffrey's cum leaking from his ass. That night, despite the strangeness of their relationship, despite the stub of his manhood between his legs, he knew he had become Jeffrey's woman.



Amy passed away four months after the baby was born, due to cancer recurrence. However she had delivered a healthy baby boy. The baby's arrival was anticipated with joy and he was home just two weeks after he was born; before Amy's complications began. From that day onwards, Adam knew exactly what his role was- to be the mother of the baby. He breastfed the baby thrice during the day and twice at night; and he continued to take his special pills. The lactation inducing pills made sure that Adam's breasts were full of milk. The female hormone pills given covertly by Jeffrey continued to feminize Adam to the point that he no longer looked any different than any beautiful curvaceous woman. The only remnant of his former gender was the tiny cock between his milky womanly thighs.



Every day Adam made sure he spent quality time with his husband; sometimes on his knees sucking Jeffrey's large dick; and sometimes on all fours, with Jeffrey pumping him from behind, while he screamed in his female voice, at the top of his lungs for Jeffrey to fuck him harder.



Adam, now Amanda, enjoyed the mother's role of caring and nurturing Jeffrey's children; and she enjoyed being the loving, dutiful and obedient housewife to a strong and virile husband. Amanda missed her sister. She knew that Amy was watching over her wherever she was, and Amy would be proud of the brother she had been and of the woman he had become.

-The End-

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