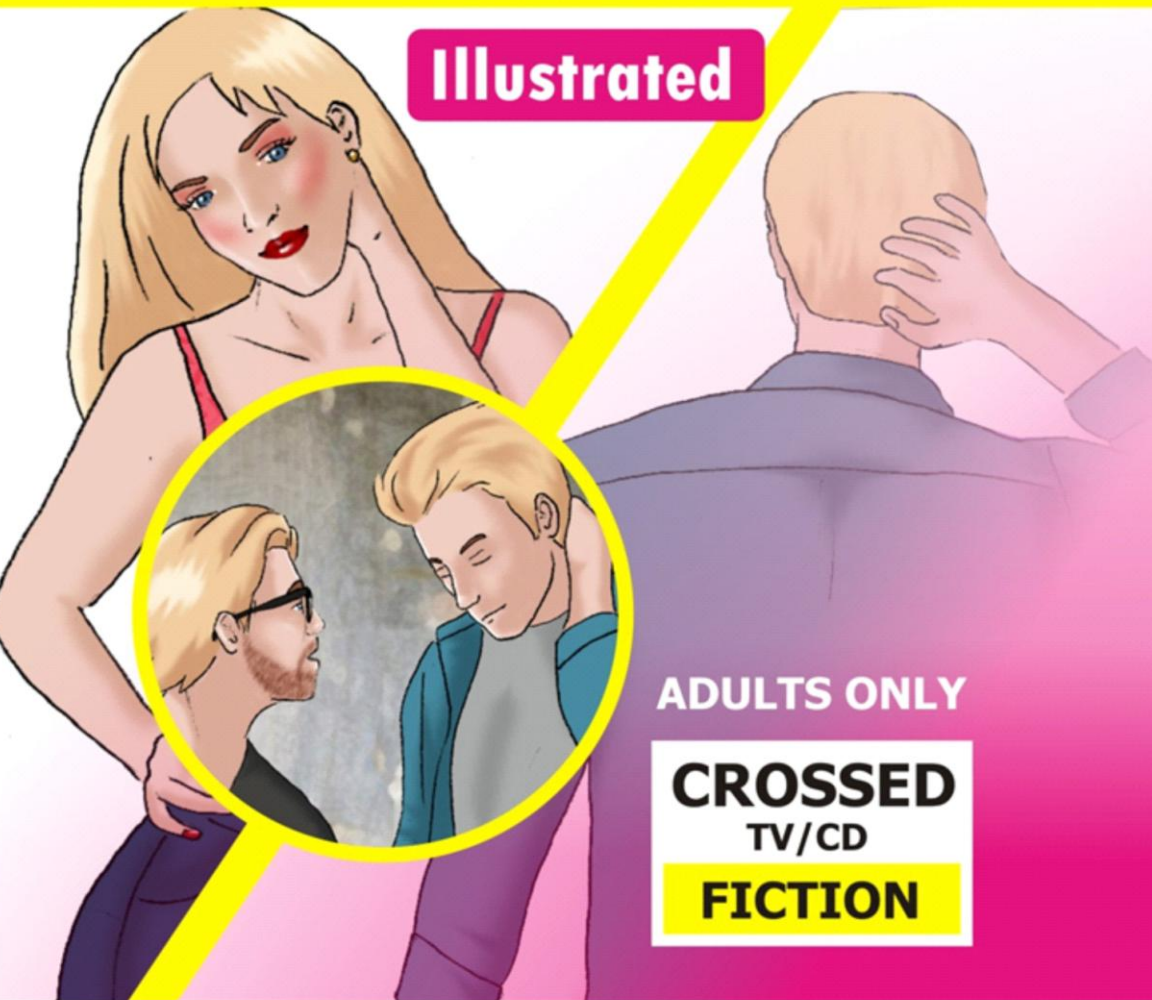


# SISTERHOOD

## DAD'S JOURNEY

A CROSS DRESSING / FEMINIZATION STORY

Illustrated



ADULTS ONLY

**CROSSED**  
TV/CD

**FICTION**

Cheryl Anderson  
& Damien fox

  
Foxden  
Publication

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# SISTERHOOD VOL. 1

# DAD'S JOURNEY

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A CROSS DRESSING/ FEMINIZATION STORY

*Based on the original story  
"Big Sister" by Cheryl Anderson,  
Fictionmania.*

**Story by Cheryl Anderson**  
**Illustrations by Damien Fox**



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## Sisterhood – Dad's Journey

My Mom and Dad were high school sweethearts and they got married after their graduation. Dad was only 18 when I was born. Like many young adults, they were too young to understand what marriage meant. A few years after my birth, my parents separated and decided to raise me as separate parents.

“Your Dad and I are separated but not divorced. We are still a family,” my Mom comforted me every once in a while

I didn't really think about the fact my parents were younger than everyone else's until I was 10. Over the years, my Mom dated some great guys who were older than my Dad. It was not long before she met a man who was perfect for her. John was 7 years older than her and had a successful business of his own. He treated my Mom well and soon they decided to get married at a nearby church.

As with most weddings, the event came off beautifully. And strangely, it was a very solemn and comforting day for the entire family.

“John wouldn't want you to be alone, and neither do I. You are my daughter. You are family!” Mom said to me.

“You want to take me with you?” I asked her.

“Yes Sweetie, your Dad travels a lot on business and it is mostly you and grandparents at home”.

“George and I have already discussed this arrangement,” she added.

I sighed deeply and nodded accepting the situation.

As I walked away from Mom, I saw Dad approaching Mom.

“Hi George, thank you for being here today, I really appreciate that you stayed, it means a lot to me,” she said to Dad.

“I am happy, I really am, for you and John,” I overheard Dad tell Mom. And indeed he looked happy.

Over the next few weeks Dad began to change. I realized that he was not the relaxed, cheerful, and happy person I knew. Whenever grandparents started to talk about Mom, Dad always changed the subject. He said they needed to move on. But grandparents knew he couldn't talk about Mom because he was so upset.

Few weeks later, Dad and I left my grandparents' big old mansion on the hill and moved down into the suburbs, to another beautiful house which my grandparents owned.



I was happy to be moving to a new home but I was not happy about the fact that our new home was really far from my high school. Fortunately, John and Mom stayed closer to my school.

I was on the phone and I watched Dad unpack some of the boxes.

“Are you planning on actually unpacking that box or are you going to admire it a while longer?” he asked jokingly, pointing to the box that was lying in front of me.

“That was Mom on the phone. She just reminded me that I am only going to be here for two weeks as this place is too far from school for me to even take the school bus,” I said to him.

“I will drive you to school for two weeks,” Dad replied with a smile.

The next day I met someone special. His name was Kevin and he was a senior. He was very good looking. Kind of tall, dirty blonde hair, broad shoulders and all of that. I don't think he even knew that he was such a hunk. We started dating and soon discovered we liked each other. Kevin became a regular visitor to my home. He wanted to be with me more and more. I thought that was great, so I would let him sneak through my bedroom window. Then one day, my Dad caught us kissing in the drawing room and raised the roof with his fury.

Dad gave me a disappointed look, and said he did not expect me to do that.

Dad wasn't tall, maybe an inch or two more than my 5' 6", with narrow shoulders and delicate wrists and hands. Kevin was 6' 2", and towered over Dad as he faced him.

“I want you to stay away from my daughter, okay?” he said, his eyes piercing through Kevin.



Kevin nodded and immediately took to his heels.

Dad gave me a week-long lecture about boys. I was also grounded for 2 weeks.

As a single parent his focus was entirely on me. Even though I was almost 16, he considered me a child and tried to monitor my every move. He obviously needed something new to focus his mind on, or may be someone new to impress and control.

“Dad, have you tried the new dating app?” I asked him one morning while we were having breakfast.

He gave me a surprised look.

“You know very well that my dating days are over sweetie,” he said, continuing to eat his bacon.

“I still love your Mom.”

“But she is married to another guy now,” I said to him.

Dad was silent.

“I am sorry, Dad.”

Dad looked at me.

“No, I am sorry.”

“It’s none of my business,” I said to him. “If you don’t want to date again...”

"No, no. That's fine," Dad said, smiling at me.

"Interestingly enough, this is something I have been thinking a lot about lately."

"I think I am ready to date," Dad said.

I looked at him and smiled proudly.

In the next moment, I took hold of his smartphone and installed the new dating app.

“Let me set up your profile,” I said to him as he curiously looked at what I was doing.

“Name... George Wood... Hobbies & interests!... hmm.. Cooking, cleaning, gardening, shopping,” I read out loud as I typed in the form.

“But these aren’t really my interests!!!” he started protesting.

“See... Women nowadays are attracted to men who share similar interests.”

“Oh, okay,” he agreed.

“Dad, it’s done,” I said with a sense of accomplishment.

I moved to John’s house after the second week. John was a true gentleman. I saw in him a husband who always treated his wife, my Mom with tender loving care. He was always there to protect and provide for her.

The days went quickly and were full of family time everyone needed. Yet I was missing Dad. It had been over a month since I had seen Dad and because of our busy schedule we had not had a quality phone call in weeks. That weekend I decided to visit Dad.

I knocked on the front door, but I got no response, so I rang the doorbell. Almost at once the door opened, Dad stepped out of the door, gave me a kiss and a hug.

“I missed you a lot, sweetie,” he said, holding me out at arm’s length, with a hand on each of my shoulders.

I looked at my Dad in surprise. He looked different. His moustache and beard were gone; his hair had grown slightly longer. His skin looked smooth and soft. He looked very young for his age. And these were not the only changes I had discovered. He was without his glasses and wore a pink t-shirt and tight-fitting yoga pants very different from his usual clothes. He looked more cheerful than I had seen him a month ago.



“Sweetie, there is someone special I want you to meet,” he said, as he led me inside the house.

I was surprised to see that a lady I didn’t recognize was standing near the massive fireplace in the family room, sipping a drink. Dad blushingly introduced her as Vanessa Smith, explaining that they had known each other years ago and had just met again, through the dating app.

“Hi, it’s nice to finally meet you, Mandy,” she said to me.

After keeping my mouth shut, I reached out to shake the hand Vanessa extended.

“Uh... hi. It's nice to meet you too,” I said, trying to keep the greeting from sounding like a question.

Vanessa was tall and beautiful and Dad looked happy to be with her.

In the coming days to my further delight I found that Dad was serious about Vanessa.

Dad seemed to adore her and I was happy that Dad found someone he could settle down with. Dad and Vanessa got married next month in just a small ceremony. And it was the last time I had ever seen him as the Dad who raised me.

To give the newlywed couple some time alone, I didn't visit them for two months. However, we spoke every week, and he told me how Vanessa was helping him to get in shape with vitamins and exercise. He said he had started to look and feel younger. In fact, he even sounded younger. His voice was softer and a bit higher.

I decided to visit Dad and Vanessa the next winter break; and to my surprise I saw just how much Dad really had changed. He had lost a lot of weight and looked very young for his age. His skin was flawless, which apparently came from the laser treatments he had been receiving. He said he wouldn't have to shave again, which would help him to keep up with the current clean shaved trend. I found this hard to believe because Dad always took pride in his appearance with his beard trimmed and well groomed. With the beard gone, he had a boyish face. His hair was longer, too. And to make matters worse, he was wearing a pastel yellow t-shirt and beige short trousers.



During my stay, Dad did all the cooking and cleaning like an obedient housewife under the watchful eyes of Vanessa. He dotted on Vanessa like she was a queen, and she obviously loved all the attention. But he seemed totally happy, and said his combination of diet, vitamins and hypnosis was working wonders. I was surprised to hear about the hypnosis and so I asked him why he was undergoing hypnosis. He told me that it helped him relax and deal with feelings of overwhelming anxiety.

Later I came to know that Dad had to quit his sales job to help Vanessa build her new business- offering a range of beauty products & cosmetics for young women. He asked me what shampoo and conditioner I used, and commented a lot on how much he liked my outfits. It was a bit weird at the time, and then I forgot about it.

Kevin and I were still seeing each other off and on. He was insistent that we become this serious couple, no matter how many times I told him I wanted to keep things casual. We had sex in his car many times, and while I had really enjoyed it at first time, I wasn't so sure anymore.

One day Kevin came home to pick me up on a date. This time when I told Dad that I am meeting Kevin, Dad didn't stop me. To my surprise, Dad kissed me and told me to have a good time. Maybe his change is for the better, I thought as I stepped out to meet Kevin who was waiting for me on the porch.

Few days later, I moved back to Mom's place. I didn't tell Mom about the changes I saw in Dad. My stepfather, John was very happy to see me back home. It didn't take long to see that he was a good man and made my mother happy. He genuinely cared about us as a family. I saw that my mother had found contentment in her life at long last - a happiness she had never had before. I was very happy for her.

After a few months I decided to meet Dad. It was during Easter break, and that was when I first got scared. Dad greeted me with a kiss on the cheek and he smelled different. He was wearing Prada Candy, my perfume. His hair was cut differently with bangs similar to mine. But the weirdest part was the physical changes. I had just turned 16 and was noticing I was getting some nice curves. I had filled out to be a B cup, and my hips and rear were round and cute, and widened out from my waist. I know I looked so hot in tight jeans. To my utter shock, I noticed the same curves forming in my Dad!!!

He wore baggy tops probably to hide the changes happening to his body. However, it didn't help much. Whenever the fabric clung just so, I would see small but prominent breasts like I had when I was 14! And his rear was fuller and rounder, and worse he was wearing pants with no back pockets, which made him look more feminine. I tried to convince myself none of it was real, and concluded that my imagination had been playing tricks. It was just that Dad was trying to look younger for Vanessa.



However, an incident that happened proved that I wasn't imagining things. One evening the three of us went shopping, and while Vanessa and Dad paid for some clothes, a clerk said, "Do you want me to include these in the purchase your mother and sister are making?"

My sister?!!!

I wanted to know what was happening to Dad and so I decided to confront him the night before I left.

"Mandy... I know I have changed," he said.

"It's a hormonal imbalance condition. But my body is healthy for the first time and I am happy.

"But Dad!!!" I practically screamed, "You are turning into a sissy!"

Dad blushed, and said in a low voice, "I know my breasts are growing and my hips are as wide as yours... I am not happy either. My body is changing on its own and it's inevitable. I am devastated, totally devastated."

The next instant Dad broke down and sobbed like a teenage girl.

"Vanessa had taken me to a special doctor when all this had begun. He suggested I wait it out till my hormone levels return back to normal," he said with big tears running down his crimson red cheeks.

I felt pity for him and hugged him.

"Oh Dad, I am so sorry," I said to him.

"Vanessa loves me this way and that's all that matters to me now. After all, these changes are only temporary. Don't worry about me, dear," he said to me.

Now I knew why Dad had become more feminine, and went along with it so passively. Strangely, I felt relieved that Dad was handling the situation well. I felt respect and admiration for Vanessa, for her commitment and support that has clearly helped Dad during this difficult time.

I went back to John's place, my other home and studied hard for my final exams. But I couldn't wait to get back to see Dad again that summer. I didn't talk to Dad on the phone, because his increasingly girly voice, and insistence on talking about the boys I was dating and fashion and makeup and girly stuff, had become just too weird for me.

I finally returned home in June, I was greeted by Vanessa at the door, and she had a grave look on her face.

"Mandy, listen carefully! Your father is undergoing something of an identity crisis. I know, this will be really hard for you to accept. But, apparently your father is a transsexual."

"That can't be!" I half screamed.

"Dad... he has always loved women. He is a man! He is my father!" I broke down in tears, and Vanessa put an arm around to comfort me, and held me close.

"It's alright darling. You have to learn to accept him as he is," Vanessa said.

As we entered the living room I received the shock of my life. Dad was standing there in a summer dress that I left in the back of my closet. He looked embarrassed and he unconsciously laid his hand across his... chest, his... cleavage. Yes, Dad now had boobs, big as mine, which had grown to a C cup, and exposed by the low cut bra top dress. It was yellow, feminine and flirty and... Dad was wearing it. His hair was long now, longer than mine. I looked older than my 16 years, but now we looked to be about the same age. His legs were slender and long.



“Mandy dear,” Vanessa whispered into my ear. “I know you love your... Dad, very much. This has been really hard on him. But his psychiatrist says it’s best not to traumatize him by denying his sexuality. Call him Candy, and just treat him like... well... treat him like he is your sister.”

“Candy!!!?... sister!!!?” I said to myself.

My throat dried up as I tried to speak. I cautiously walked up to him, and gave him a little hug, feeling our breasts touch - the second weirdest feeling I have ever had.

“Hi Candy,” I said. “You look beautiful.”

He slowly lifted his head and our eyes met. He blushed.

“Thank you Mandy!” he said in a voice that was higher than mine. It was a fine girly alto.

“Candy dear,” Vanessa said.

“Why don’t you two girls sit down and catch-up? Take her to your room Candy dear.”

“Sure Mom,” Dad replied to Vanessa. I was totally surprised and shocked to hear Dad call Vanessa Mom.

Dad smiled at me and asked me to follow him. I followed him up the stairs, and couldn’t help but notice how his hips had blossomed and how they swayed as he walked.

He showed me his new room and it was pastel pink, with a frilly canopy bed in the middle. He had a huge vanity that was filled with cosmetics and perfumes. It was then I noticed that he was wearing light makeup, including foundation, blush and mascara. He also showed me his new wardrobe which was full of girly clothes. I pulled open the large drawer next to it and found that it was filled with lacy lingerie. To my shock, underneath one of the bras I noticed something that had popped out, it looked like the head of a dildo and before I could take a closer look at it, Dad closed the drawer.

Dad was clearly embarrassed, standing in front of me with his heaving breasts. Now that we were alone, I made him sit on the bed, and tell me exactly what was going on in his life. Dad began by saying that the psychiatrist Vanessa had recommended to him had put him in deep

hypnosis, and had discovered that he was really a woman trapped in a man's body. As evidence, the shrink pointed to his hair styles, his makeup, his prominent feminine figure and his increasingly feminine manner of speaking and acting. The doctor also said that his hormonal imbalance was caused by his body trying to correct itself.

Dad said somewhere deep in his mind he was still a man- a father, a husband. He said initially he really tried hard to fight his changing mind and body. He tried to wear his old clothes, but found that none of them fit him at all. His breasts were too big for his shirts; his pants couldn't fit his wide hips and large butt. He said it was Vanessa who took his progress to the next level. She insisted that he let his body take its own natural course. She asked him to try living as a woman for a year and then take the decision whether or not to reverse the changes with hormones and operation. He found living as a woman easier and convincing as he was now more passable as a woman; and so he decided to give it a try- to live as a woman for a year.

It was too much for me to take in. But as the days passed I tried to come to terms with the changes.

Then one evening, Vanessa told the both of us that she is taking us out to dinner. She asked us to get ready as soon as possible. I realized that most of my dresses were missing from my wardrobe and so I decided to find a suitable outfit from Dad's wardrobe. I went to Dad's room and then what I saw next was truly shocking. There was my Dad, just in a push up bra and a lacy thong, with his hair swishing this way and that! He was rummaging around his closet. With his beautiful feminine figure with prominent breasts, narrow waist and bubble butt, he was a hot blonde. All of a sudden I started feeling jealous, but I wiped that thought from my mind when I realized how weird it was. He still looked a little bit masculine; though with his smooth skin and full lips, you had to look very hard to see. The red sleeveless short dress he had managed to shimmy into was hugging his curves so tight, he could hardly manage to breathe. The sultry dress revealed his ample cleavage by having a large keyhole cut-out below the neck.

Vanessa took us to a favorite local restaurant in our neighborhood.

We sat at one of the tables and soon Dad and I started chatting like girlfriends. Just then, one of the waiters approached our table and to my surprise it was Kevin.

“Kevin?!” I said curiously; and that’s when I remembered that the restaurant was owned by Kevin’s family. The Browns had many businesses and it looked like he was spending his weekend learning the customer service part.

“Hi Mandy,” he said smiling back at me.

“Oh... nice to finally meet you Kevin! I am Mrs. Wood,” Vanessa said to him.

“I remember George telling me the incident where you two were caught kissing each other,” she said laughing.

I was embarrassed beyond belief. Kevin on the other hand, didn’t seem to mind Vanessa reminding us of that incident.

“Oh, so where is Mr. Wood by the way?” Kevin asked curiously.

“I really would like to apologize to him!”

“Dad couldn’t...” before I could finish my sentence, Vanessa interrupted, “Oh I am really sorry, I forgot...”

“Let me introduce you to Candy, formerly known as Mr. George Wood,” Vanessa said, turning her head towards Dad.

Kevin looked at Dad and then back at Vanessa.

Confusion marred Kevin’s expression, “I have no idea what you are trying to tell me?”

“You see... George is a transsexual,” Vanessa said, sounding very caring.

“So he is no longer Mandy’s father, he is now her sister, Candy...” Vanessa added.

Kevin once again looked at the sizzling, shapely, beautiful young woman sitting in front of him and his face went blank as he recognized a few distinct facial features of Dad, underneath all that makeup.

His eyes then focused on Dad's slender neck and down to his womanly breasts. Kevin's continuous gaze caused Dad to lift his hand and lay his palm over the indecent amount of cleavage he was displaying.



It was one of those really embarrassing moments, and the three of us - Kevin, Dad & I just went silent.

“Come on Candy, don’t be shy. Be a good girl and say hi to this handsome young gentleman,” said Vanessa.

Dad blushed.

“Hi, Kevin,” Dad said to him, in a soft, girly voice Kevin barely recognized.

“I am so sorry for being too harsh on you the last time we met”.

“Oh.. It’s alright Mr.W....., Um... Candy,” Kevin replied to Dad.

Dad blushed again and gave a faint smile.

The rest of the evening went well, with dinner being served, us all eating, laughing, talking... just like a real family...

I still couldn't relax though, not with Dad and Kevin glancing at each other every time Kevin came to our table, it was more awkward than the last.

“Kevin, why don’t you come over to our house, sometime? Candy is an exceptionally good cook,” Vanessa said to Kevin.

“Oh, thank you so much Mrs. Wood!” Kevin smiled as he thanked Vanessa.

Surprisingly, I felt relieved when I said bye to Kevin and we finally left for home.

A few days later, on my birthday, Kevin surprised me with flowers and a beautiful gold bracelet.

I led him to the living room, pulled him into me and kissed him deeply, winding my hands into his hair. He responded immediately, kissing me back passionately. His hands moved to my breasts and he squeezed them gently and I let out a soft moan. I felt nervous.

“Please stop! Dad could be watching us right now!” I said to him.

“You mean Candy!?” Kevin said with a smirk on his face.

“Let her watch. She must be jealous of you, and she ought to be jealous, especially when you are being pleased by a real man,” he said with a mischievous smile.

I started thinking about what he said, and I wanted to disagree with him somehow. But in the back of my mind, I wondered... could Dad be jealous of me? Does he really fancy men now? As ridiculous as that thought seemed to me, I found myself wondering about the possibility.

Just then we heard footsteps approaching and we were still holding on to each other.

I signaled him with my eyes, and gently pushed him away.

Vanessa came down the stairs wearing a sharp blue formal dress, her best pearls, and her gray coat. This time, she carried her laptop, as well as her alligator purse. She looked like she was in a hurry.

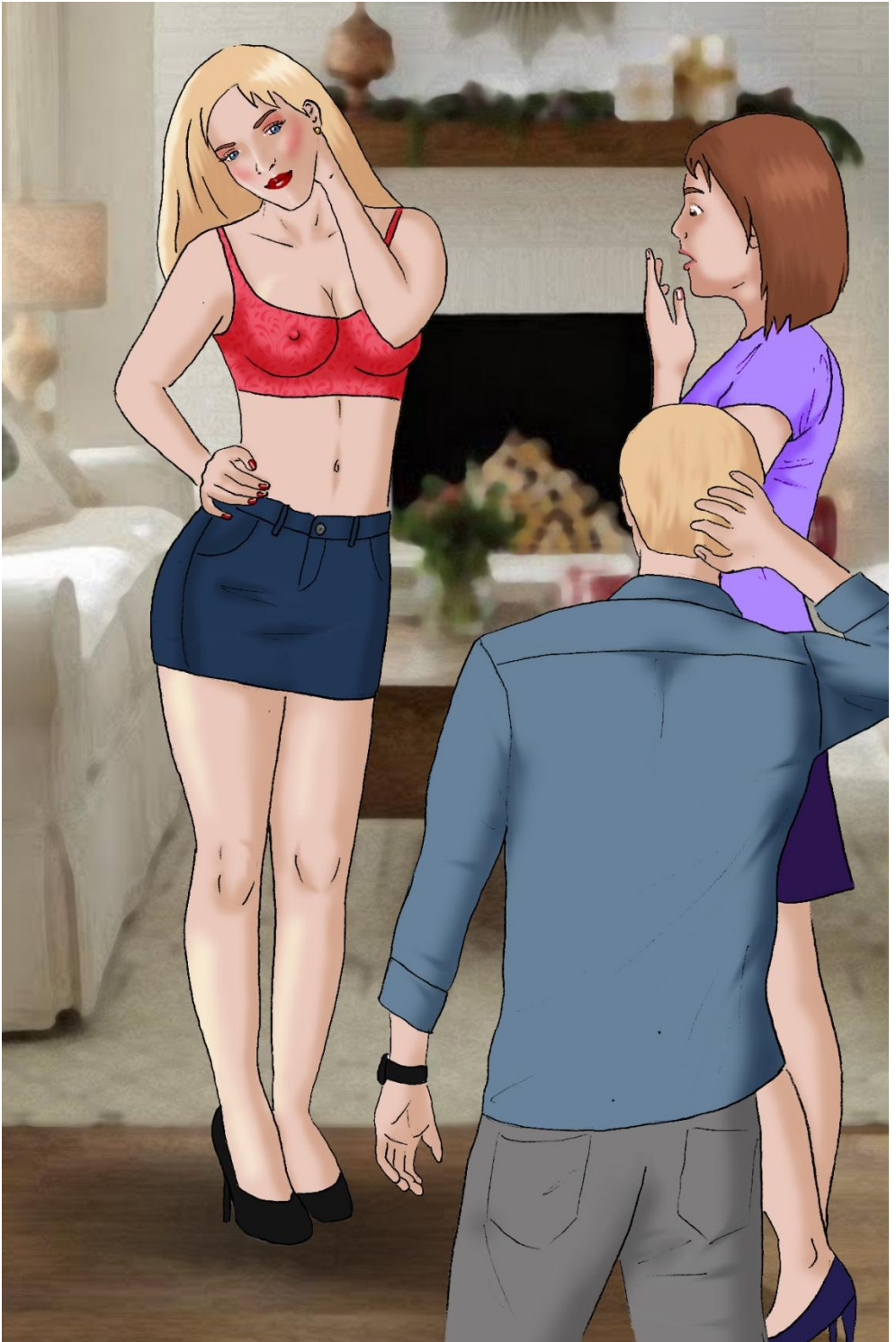
“Welcome to our house, Kevin,” Vanessa said warmly.

Vanessa informed us that she was about to leave immediately on account of urgent business.

“Candy dear, I am leaving now, but I will be back this evening,” Vanessa called out.

“Can I come with you,” asked Dad, as he entered the living room.

I turned my head in the direction of Dad’s high-pitched girly voice and what I saw next took my breath away. Dad was all dolled up. He was wearing makeup and his lips were painted a deep red color. He was wearing a miniskirt, and a low neckline crop top that barely covered his breasts and his smooth midriff. The outfit left little else to the imagination. His nipples seemed constrained beneath the fabric, as if attempting a breakout. In addition to the fact that his breasts seemed larger and his curves more pronounced, there was something else. Something vastly different in the way he stood before my boyfriend Kevin. I then saw the elegant black colored high-heeled shoes he was wearing that accentuated the perfectly sculpted curves of his long legs.



He was totally oblivious of the effect created by all that unrestrained womanhood. His breast was full, his waist slim and his hips nicely round.

“You look amazing, Candy!” Kevin blurted out.

“Thank you, Kevin,” Dad said blushing, in a courteous feminine voice.

“Sorry dear, I can’t take you with me. It's a business meeting,” Vanessa replied to Dad.

“Kevin, why don’t you make yourself comfortable, Mandy & Candy are your hosts for today,” Vanessa said to Kevin.

As I watched Dad silently nodded his head and headed to the kitchen to prepare something for Kevin.

It was a beautiful summer day; Kevin and I went out to the pool. I wanted to just float and relax in the calm water. As Kevin didn’t have a swimming trunk, he decided to wear his regular briefs for swimming. He went for a quick swim and dried himself off in the sun before returning to the patio table. I watched him and sighed. Not only was he good looking, but he was genuinely a nice guy. I really loved his athletic body with well toned muscles.

An hour later Dad came out to the patio and placed a tray on the table.

“Lunch is ready,” Dad called out to me in his feminine voice.

I noticed that Dad had already started serving Kevin. I slowly and quietly swam down to the deep end, got out of the pool and walked out to the entrance of the shower enclosure.

I heard Kevin complementing Dad. I could just barely hear Dad talking to Kevin, and then I heard a large gasp, “Oh, no, Kevin, I am not really...” followed by stifled giggling and more giggling like a young teenager.

I turned my head and looked at them. Dad continued to serve Kevin. He handed Kevin a cup, but before Kevin could take the cup from Dad’s hand, Dad let go of it accidentally.

Dad threw his hands theatrically over his mouth and wailed loudly, “Oh no, I am sorry!”

“I am so... sorry! Let me clean you up!” he said panicking.

Then kneeling in front of Kevin, Dad busied himself with the task of cleaning.

I couldn't help laughing at him. He has changed physically, but he is still the clumsy old Dad at times, I said to myself. I shut the door to the shower enclosure and turned on the shower.

About ten minutes later, I stepped out of the shower, changed into fresh clothing and walked slowly towards Kevin, barefoot. As I got closer I realized Dad was still on his knees, wiping the spilt cream off Kevin. As Dad moved, his short skirt hitched higher revealing his beautiful womanly thighs. Dad's position pushed his breasts out that accentuated two creamy globes above the plunging neckline. Kevin sat, breathing heavily, watching Dad with interest.

The closer I got, the more I observed. My mouth fell open in disbelief, shocked at what I saw next. Dad had palmed the fullness in Kevin's crotch with one hand, and with the other hand he was wiping around his crotch with a napkin. Dad was actually rubbing Kevin's cock through his briefs. Kevin's hard cock stretched out the elastic waistband and popped out of his briefs.

“Ahhhh!,” Kevin groaned loudly..

Dad stopped all of sudden, as he realized what he was doing to Kevin. But it was too late...

“Candy..., I am going to cum!” Kevin said to Dad.



“No.. No.. please don’t,” Dad said, panicking.

Dad didn’t know what to do next and so he covered Kevin’s throbbing cock’s head with his palms to stop him. He then realized that it was a stupid thing to do. But it was too late.

As I watched, Kevin groaned and his body jerked.

“Dad!!!?” I literally screamed!

“Mandy?!?” Dad gasped, sprang to his feet, covered his mouth in shock, while his eyes remained wide open and fixed on Kevin.

Meanwhile Kevin managed to cover his crotch with a towel.

Dad slowly removed his hand from his mouth; but soon realized that his painted lips were now covered with Kevin’s sticky cum that was there in his palms. His mouth was slightly open and he looked confused. I saw some cum over his upper lip dripping into his mouth and down his chin onto his tits.

What happened next shocked me further. As I watched, Dad’s tongue flicked out licking the cum away; and he gave me a fake smile.

“It is cream, it’s the cream from my salad, you silly!” Dad said to me, quivering.

He tried his best to convince me. And I really wanted to believe that it was indeed a cream.

“There is some on your chin,” Kevin said to Dad with a mischievous smile.

Dad sighed, then scooped up a fingerful of the ‘cream’ off his chin and licked it off his finger.

As we watched, Dad licked his lips again. Kevin could not look away from the vision of Dad’s moist pink tongue sliding over his full lower lip.

“What the hell just happened?” I asked loudly.

“Everyone just relax,” Kevin said warmly and looked into my eyes.

“It was nothing serious... Candy spilled some cream. Accidents do happen.”

It was awkward for a moment and then everyone tried to behave as if nothing had happened.

We sat eating lunch for a whole two hours talking about any and everything that we could think of that might be of interest to the other. As I watched Dad, I couldn't believe how much his personality had changed, from a dominating father to a shy and timid feminine creature. Dad laughed at all of Kevin's corny jokes; he laughed and his breasts bounced. And that's when I noticed that there was a white patch of dried cum on Dad's left breast. I tried to ignore it, but my awareness grew each minute like a balloon gathering more and more air. The feelings were overwhelming.

I stood up and excused myself.

“Oh, sure,” Kevin said, standing up to excuse me from the table.

“Thank you for the wonderful meal, Candy,” he said to Dad.

“You are welcome. I'm glad you enjoyed it,” Dad replied.

“Yes, I did... I am sure you enjoyed it, too,” Kevin said with a wink.

Dad blushed crimson red and then busied himself clearing the table. And as we watched, he walked past us with the tray, putting a little extra swish in his butt.

(To be continued...)

(The story is continued in the next part: **Sisterhood Vol.2 “The Final Chapter”**, with more pages and twice the number of illustrations.)

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# SISTERHOOD

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**CROSS DRESSING  
FEMINIZATION  
ILLUSTRATED STORY**

Story & Illustrations  
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# SISTERHOOD VOL.2

# THE FINAL CHAPTER

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A CROSS DRESSING/ FEMINIZATION STORY

Story & Illustrations by Damien Fox



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## Sisterhood Vol.2 – The Final Chapter

(This is the final part of the Sisterhood series)

Days went by. Weeks went by. I had accepted that Dad and I were really sisters. Dad's beauty was obvious to everyone. He no longer had the characteristics of a young girl unaware of how to accentuate her curves and master her feminine walk. Now, Dad embraced his beauty and had confidence in his stride. His beauty drew heads everywhere he went. Men would sometimes stop and stare at him. In fact he was quite aware of his attributes and started to take advantage of his effect on the male gender. He also learned to fend off young men at shopping malls asking for his number, men stopping him on the street and asking for directions just to make conversation and gawk at him. He soon learned to act dumb and helpless, to get another person to do something for him. And sometimes men, regardless of age, tried to grope and touch him intimately, which scared him. Soon he learned to avoid such men whose hands he did not want feeling his large breasts or pinching his plumb bottom. And at times, he just tended to laugh at guys who hit on him. I knew for sure my dad was straight.

Dad continued his training in feminine mannerisms and household chores to please Vanessa. He obeyed her every wish with readiness and pleasure. And then there were these outrageous pictures of him in various maid costumes performing household chores. He showed them to me with the enthusiasm of a 19 years old girl. It was too much for me to process and I decided to stay away from Dad for a while. I went home to my Mom and I just stayed with her all summer long. For the first time, I enjoyed spending time with my mother and felt a spark of connection.

Later that summer, I was all busy with school and friends. Kevin and I had not gone out together for a very long time. It made we wonder if maybe he and I had been drifting apart. I did love him and I fancied that life without him would be meaningless. During the winter holidays I grew even more nervous and unhappy as Kevin sopped calling me. That night as I lay in my bed, I came across a forward post on my friend's social page, and it said "House Party, Everyone's Invited!" And below that I saw Kevin's name and an address.

"What the hell? That's my Dad's address!!!"

"What the hell is going on? They are partying without me?" I jumped out of the bed feeling betrayed. I then looked at the date on the invite and my heart felt like it was beating in my head. The party is tonight!!!

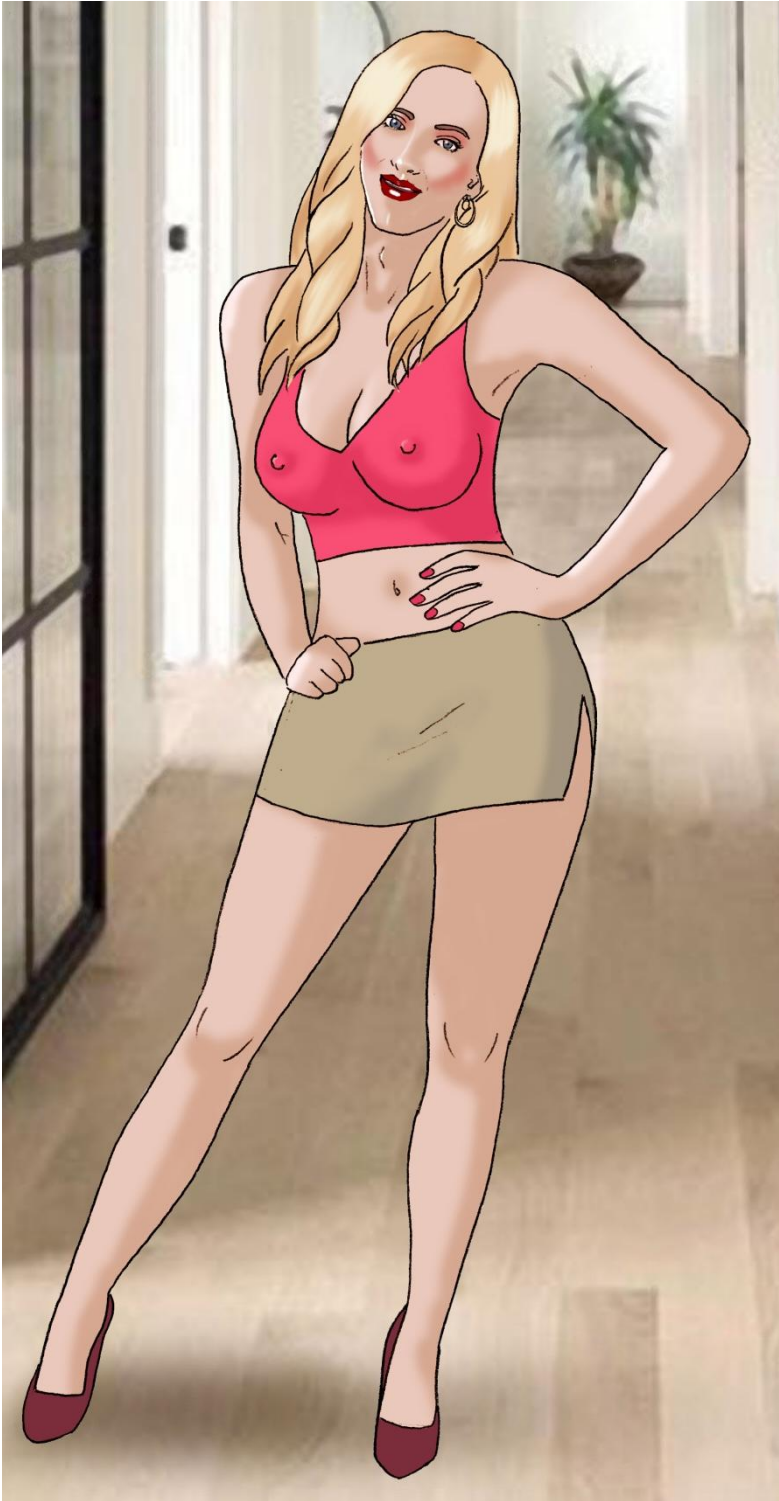
I was angry because there was a party at my house and I wasn't even informed about it. I got on the phone and called Vanessa and asked her if she was aware of this.

"Is Dad involved in this?" I asked her.

She was quiet for few seconds, then said "let me call you back!" and she cut the call.

I didn't wait for an answer. I immediately booked a cab and headed to my Dad's home.

As I reached the house I tried to compose myself and control my anger. My anger however, didn't last long. The door opened, and I was in shock when I saw "Candy". Dad's body had changed drastically since the last time I had seen him. He had long wavy hair and DD cup breasts. He in fact looked like a sexy 19 year old thanks to his new hair extensions and large breast implants. He was wearing a pink top that was very low cut, and a miniskirt with side slit showing off his long womanly legs. My eyes dipped down to his cleavage and I felt more envious than ever.



Winding his slender arms around by my body, Dad hugged me ecstatically.

“Oh! Mandy, I was worried that you hadn’t received my email invitation!!!” he squealed.

“Oh, yes – yes, I got the invite,” I lied.

“Well, the venue has been changed. Someone had played spoilsport and informed Vanessa. And so... we are heading to Trevor’s house,” Kevin said to me as he and another guy carried a keg out the house.

I looked around, the house was empty.

“Come on girls, the party has already started, let’s go” Kevin pointed Dad & I toward his car that was parked outside the house.

As we walked towards the car, I watched the boys staring at my Dad’s plumb ass that jiggled with every step that he took. We entered the car and the new guy introduced himself as Trevor.

Fifteen minutes later, we reached Trevor’s house.

“Wow, it’s a big house; and a huge crowd,” I said as we entered the party.

“Well, if he didn’t have a big house, we wouldn’t be having party here, right?” Kevin said winking at Trevor.

“Make yourselves at home, girls,” Trevor said before he shoved us into the crowd.

Dad was visibly nervous moving among horny and drunk young men. I hated the way the guys looked at him. And I wasn’t surprised how girls looked at him with envy. I held Dad’s hand and settled on a couch in the middle of the room.

The drinks started pouring in, but I was determined to pace myself, but not for long. One hour into the party, Dad and I were so drunk. Then suddenly Trevor took Dad’s hand and led him upstairs. I couldn’t let Dad be alone with Trevor and so I immediately followed them to the room.

“Hey, wait for me!” Kevin said as he caught up with me.

We reached the room and noticed there were already a few couples sitting on the floor and playing some game. I looked around and realized it was the master bedroom.

“Hey guys, join us for Truth or Dare,” Trevor said to us.

I sat next to my drunken Dad, who appeared more excited than anyone else around him. I turned my head towards his ear and whispered to him “Avoid Truth. Go for Dare! We don’t want anyone to know your little secret, Dad!”

Dad gently nodded his head as he realized the situation he was in.

And soon, the game started. Few rounds later, it was Dad’s turn.

“Okay,” Trevor said with a big grin.

“Truth or Dare?” he asked Dad.

“Dare!” Dad said, confidently, and looked at me.

I gave a faint smile.

“Okay!!!” Trevor said, grinning once again.

“Candy..., I dare you to go topless for the next ten minutes,” Trevor said to Dad.

“Come on you asshole, you can’t ask a girl to be naked,” I yelled at him.

“A dare is a dare...,” he replied.

“Take it down a notch, Trevor,” Kevin said to him.

“Alright, alright...” Trevor thought for few seconds.

“I dare you to step into my mom’s walk-in wardrobe, and come out wearing the sexiest undergarments you could find in there.”

I gasped unbelievably.

“Yes, yes, go ahead,” Trevor said as he stood up and pulled Dad by the hand to stand.

“But... I...” Dad mumbled.

“A dare is a dare, sweetheart!” Trevor said as he pushed Dad into the walk-in wardrobe and shut the door.

“You have ten minutes, Candy!” he said to her laughing, with a sense of achievement.

“Candy, you don’t have to do it if you don’t want to,” I called out to my Dad.

Five minutes later, the door opened, and Dad appeared. He was wearing a babydoll dress. It covered him almost till his mid thigh and I felt relieved. But, I wasn’t prepared for what happened next. Dad took a few steps forward into the room and he was now fully visible in the light. That’s when I really saw what he was wearing and I was in shock.

Dad was wearing a lavender see-through babydoll dress. The short dress left nothing for the imagination. His large breasts strained against the cups of his outfit, his large nipples pushing stiff against the silky fabric. In the awkwardness, he brought his arms together which only accentuated his large breasts. His manhood was a tiny stub that was slightly visible but negligible. He stood there as if he enjoyed showing off the beauty of his feminine body. The initial silence was over and the wolf whistles started.

“I think you girls should head back home,” Kevin said to me with concern, his eyes still wandering over Dad’s body.



“Kevin, can you drop us back home?” I begged him.

Kevin gave me a nod of understanding and immediately I grabbed Dad by his hand and went into the walk-in wardrobe. I helped him change back into his own clothes, and the whole time I kept my eyes half shut. A few minutes later, we were outside the house and I was glad to find Kevin standing by his car. I thanked him and soon we were on our way back home. Dad and I were at the back of the car, and he held my hand throughout the drive.

“I am sorry, Mandy, I still have a lot to learn...” he said with tears in his eyes.

“Dad... don’t push yourself too much. You should really take some time to figure out who you are and what you want to be about in life,” I said to him.

Dad blushed and lowered his eyes, knowing that if he answered, it would lead to further questions he didn’t want to answer right then.

I asked him to take it slow, not to rush into anything he might regret. I still hoped a few months down the line he would change his mind and return to being a man.

When we reached home, Vanessa thanked me for taking care of Candy. As Kevin said goodbye to us, Dad ran up to him and hugged him tight. To my surprise, the embrace lasted almost a minute. I guessed Dad was too happy that Kevin took care of both of us girls. As I watched, Kevin’s hands slid down Dad’s hips, and gently squeezed down on the tight, plumb sides of Dad’s ass, just before he let Dad go. Though I was a bit shocked, I decided not to let my imagination run wild. Dad, seemingly aware of what just happened, blushed deeply, unable to look into Kevin’s eyes.

“Come on girls, come inside. I can tell you both had a wonderful night,” Vanessa said to us.

Dad arched his back, thrusting his breasts upward, and gave one last wave of goodbye to Kevin.

That night, Dad and I chatted like long lost girl friends. I no longer felt strange talking to him about boys. And to my surprise, Candy had more questions about boys than anything – or anyone else. Dad begged me to stay with him during the holidays and I agreed. He informed about Vanessa’s

upcoming business trip and I wondered who goes on a business trip during the holidays.

Vanessa left for London, on a month-long business trip. Before leaving, she asked me to be in charge of the house. Dad was okay with this; he saw me as his big sister, the one in charge when Vanessa was not around. It felt good to be in charge, to be at my liberty, to come and go as I pleased. However deep inside I valued the acceptance and approval of significant adults in my life, especially my Mom. For most of my life, I had depended on others to provide a feeling of security in my life, because of my fear of being alone. When I was a child, it was my parents, especially my Mom, who I depended on for that sense of protection.

Dad and Mom never spoke to each other after the divorce. I had kept his transition a secret from my family and friends, because I believed he would de-transition to being a man, after a year. But, then, reality set in. My Dad was gone, and Candy was here to stay. Vanessa, Kevin & I were the only ones who knew about Candy.

“I wondered if you could have a conversation with Mom about the person you are becoming. You can’t keep your secret from your family forever, you know,” I told Dad as he sat next to me at breakfast.

“I just need some more time, Mandy,” Dad said, smiling at me.

With the changes Dad had become annoyingly good at looking like nothing bothered him and I had trouble seeing through him. Even without makeup his features were elegant, soft and lovely like a woman in an old world painting. We sat quietly and had breakfast. I finished my coffee and put my mug in the sink, checking the clock on the kitchen wall.

“Do you think we should go shopping today?” Dad asked, breaking the silence.

I glanced over at him and shrugged.

“Come on sis, let’s spend some time together,” Dad said smiling.

“How about if I come with you guys?” Kevin asked, as he popped out of nowhere. Both of us turned to look at him with surprise.

“Kevin?!!” I was momentarily stunned.

“Mandy, you must keep these doors locked. I could have been anyone.”

My surprise gave away to anger. “Well, I usually keep the door locked. Candy must have unlocked it absentmindedly.”

“I am sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you guys!” he apologized, frowning.

“Kevin, are you coming shopping with us?” Dad innocently asked Kevin.

“I will, if you would like me to. Might be nice to hang out with my two favourite girls.”

“That would be great,” Dad said and he jumped up and down like a cheerleader at a football game. He clapped his skinny arms, his breasts bouncing as he jumped and applauded.

I caught Kevin stealing a glance at Dad, and leer at Dad’s breasts bouncing uncontrollably. Watching him watch Dad, I felt embarrassed.

“Just give me a half hour to get ready,” Dad said to Kevin.

“Sure, I will be waiting,” Kevin said, grinning at us.

We arrived at the nearest shopping street about an hour later. The distance to the shopping street wasn’t far but Dad had underestimated the amount of time required to get ready, so we were shopping a bit later than I expected. I didn’t mind.

Dad ran from shop window to shop window, and all I had to do was push him away from those decadent luxury items in a childish game of sisterly love. Dad was amazed by all the expensive gowns that were draped on mannequins, foreshadowing future fashion trends. I took his hand or just pinched his butt and he would move on, screaming and laughing at the same time. Apparently Kevin wasn’t caught up in the excitement. If only he knew how much girls loved shopping.

As we passed one boutique, Dad noticed a cute little dress in the window and said, “Let’s go in.”

Dad was too excited, so I didn't hesitate! He started touching the dresses he liked. He quickly and skillfully browsed through the clothing racks and chose amazing and surprisingly right-sized items. The shop owner emerged through a draped door at the back of the shop. Warm and smiling, standing a petite five feet tall, she looked at Dad up and down, nodded, and said without hesitation, "I have something that would fit you perfectly." Dad smiled. The owner sent Dad to the dressing room with three dresses in tow. Kevin trailed behind us, a few steps back.

Soon Dad was behind the curtain. A few minutes later the shop owner flung open the door and I saw Dad spinning to see all sides of him in the mirror. Dad looked hot in that short green silk dress. The shop owner took one look at Dad, and tossed her hands up in the air. "You look so beautiful," she cooed, tilting her head to the side in contentment.

Dad pivoted back to the mirror, beaming. He took in the image of him in that short dress. "I love this one," he said.

Dad then looked at Kevin who was standing outside. He sashayed toward the floor in front of Kevin. He struck a pose, pushing out his hips, throwing back his shoulders and thrusting out his breasts.

"Do you like it?" Dad asked him like he really wanted to know.

"Yes!"

"You look amazing in that, Candy!" Kevin said to Dad.

Dad blushed.

Meanwhile I asked the shop owner where the restroom was. She pointed to the rear of the store and said, "Through those double doors." I thanked her and made my way to the door at the back of the store, where a little restroom nestled.

A few minutes later I walked out of the restroom, and made my way towards Dad and Kevin.



Dad was striking a sexy pose in a new dress, showing off his curves in all the right places.

He struck a seductive pose, his arm close to the lower bulge of his breast as he thrust his hips to the side.

As I closed in on them I overheard them talk.

“You really think I’m pretty?” Dad asked Kevin.

“Yes Candy,” Kevin replied as he continued to take pictures of Dad.

Dad blushed more times than he liked, and Kevin was quick to capture him with his cell phone camera. Kevin went down on his knees, keeping his eyes fixed rigidly on Dad’s tight buttocks and exposed pink panties.

“Or maybe it’s this dress that’s making me...”

“Come on Candy, you would look amazing in anything, or nothing,” Kevin replied.

“Oh my God, Kevin,” Dad giggled, hiding his head with his hands.

“What? Here I thought I was on my best behavior, and you are acting like I am being a total perv. You have no idea, Candy.”

“No idea, what?” Dad asked, peeking out from behind his fingers.

“No idea how beautiful and hot you are”.

“Hi guys!” I interrupted, confused at the way the conversation was heading.

Kevin got back on his feet as soon as he saw me.



After nearly two hours of hectic trying on the clothes any ‘young woman’ must have for a full reboot, Dad was totally equipped with a new wardrobe from underwear to earrings and a suitcase to store it all. Kevin insisted on paying for every item. This cost Kevin a small fortune, but he was also greatly enjoying his time with us, so it seemed he didn’t even notice we spent that much.

Later, Kevin went back to his car to leave the shopping bags and the suitcase. I asked him to meet us at the Starbucks at the local mall down the street. Dad and I ventured into the mall at the corner of the street. Holiday Shoppers crowded the floors, driven by obligation as well as by love, moving from store to store as they searched for the bargains they were sure lurked just out of view. Soon we found ourselves in the middle of a young crowd, mostly men, trying to buy concert tickets. Dad was being pushed by the crowd from behind and he pushed himself up against me. I realized Dad was being touched, grabbed and groped on his buttocks and breasts by strangers. Someone grabbed his buttocks harder, Dad shrieked, and turned around.

“Shhh, it’s just me, Kevin. Keep moving.”

Kevin held Dad’s hand and guided us out of the crowd to a quieter place. He had adopted the air of a hero from the Far West who comes to rescue the damsel in distress. I followed along behind them, feeling a little ridiculous.

Dad continued to hold on to him, falling into the role of damsel in distress. After an endless five minutes, Kevin gently withdrew his hands from Dad’s. Dad walked closer to Kevin, Dad’s shoulder touching Kevin’s arm. Neither of them seemed to mind the physical contact.

I might be seeing things all wrong, I thought. After all, it’s just my Dad and my boyfriend walking side by side.

Occasionally, Kevin placed his hand on Dad’s shoulder or the small of Dad’s back, guiding Dad to the direction he wanted Dad to walk. Each time he touched, Dad eagerly looked at Kevin. There is definitely a chemistry there, I thought, and I was not happy about it. Odd that they were both acting like a couple of teenagers on a first date.



Kevin walked quite easily, with a good manly stride. His erect and masculine posture was captivating. And Dad walked swishing his hips a little extra. Dad's butt was femininely round and firm; his plump, voluptuous ass cheeks shifted sides with every stride. They made one hot couple and it was undeniable.

Soon we were in front of Starbucks. I looked at Kevin. We have been through a lot together, but I never could shake the attraction to him that I have felt since the very first time we met. But here he was standing next to my Dad who was all dolled up. As I watched, Kevin's hand reached down and slapped Dad gently on his ass, directing Dad toward an empty cubicle. Dad didn't even seem to mind Kevin's touch.

Kevin ordered his usual - large cup of black coffee and a glazed pastry. Dad and I ordered Iced Caramel Macchiato. We were having our drinks and then, I made a move to touch Kevin, slowly moving my hand to cover his free one on the table. Never before had I considered the simple act of holding Kevin's hand as intimate. I just wanted the world to know that he was my man.

My breath caught as his hand slowly turned, leaving us palm to palm. His fingers toyed with mine, his touch a combination of subtle roughness and warm sensation. It felt... intimate. Dad was sitting silently across from me, and I saw him squirm in his seat just a bit. I was stunned. It had never occurred to me that my own Dad would be jealous of me. Maybe it's just my imagination, yeh probably just my imagination and nothing more.

After shopping practically all afternoon, we headed back to the car.

Soon we were pulling into the driveway. Kevin helped Dad carry his things into the house.

"I guess I will see you later then," I said to Kevin as he was about to leave.

"Will you be back before I leave?"

"I will try," he replied.

I walked to him and kissed him, watching Dad out of the corner of my eye and catching him watching us.

After he left, I sat down with Dad. I laid down some ground rules for Dad to follow. The important thing for me to teach Dad was to keep his distance from men.

“You have to be aware that your behaviour doesn’t give off wrong signals, which would lead the other person to think something he shouldn’t. You have been a girl only for a year, and you have so much to learn about the intentions of those you will meet, with makeup and the way you dress, you quite innocently give the wrong signals,” I said to Dad.

“I am so sorry if I have done something wrong, Mandy. I didn’t mean to... This is all new for me...” Dad’s voice trailed off for a moment.

I felt sorry for Dad. I hugged him despite the tension I felt in the air. As we hugged I felt his large breasts pressing into me. It was weird but it felt good. Giving my time to Dad made me feel good, connected me more fully to him and his needs; and I was reminded of countless times when he had done the same for me as a father.

Over the last few days, Dad had shifted from ‘sister’ to ‘friend’. He wasn’t shy to change his clothes in front of me. He wasn’t embarrassed about his womanly figure- his large milky white breasts, narrow waist, his wide hips and round firm butt and long shapely legs. He flaunted his body every chance he got.

One day he came to my room wearing a skimpy red bikini. “What do you think?” he asked.

I looked at Dad’s boobs poking over the bikini top. It was barely able to hold his large breasts.

“Wow,” I replied. I knew Dad wasn’t sure if I was talking about his bikini or his two large globes, but either way he took it as a compliment. Dad smiled, not at me, but an image in his mind.

“Kevin’s coming tomorrow. Let’s have some fun in the pool tomorrow,” he said with a big grin.

“Okay!” I said trying to sound enthusiastic.

He folded his arms across his breasts.



“Does it look okay?” he asked in a low voice.

He held his head down, slightly embarrassed.

I nodded and said, “Looks great. And come on, you don’t have to be embarrassed... it’s just us anyway.”

“Yeah. I am not used to people looking at me. I mean, really looking at me,” he said as he cupped his hands under his breasts and gave them a substantial boost.

“It’s not that I am actually trying to look like, gorgeous or anything, it’s just that I want to look good in a woman’s bikini and feel comfortable around others,” Dad said.

“You look awesome, Candy” I said to Dad.

In fact Dad looked hot. He had the whole bust-to-waist-to-hips ratio going on. He was shy, but his curves in all the right places and the fullness of his breasts in that bathing suit told me that he was confident about who he was. Damn he was a hot babe.

“There is one for you as well,” he said holding a skimpy two piece bikini in front of me.

“Let’s hit the pool tomorrow,” Dad said with a wink.

I smiled because I liked what he said. I was so excited to think Kevin wanted to spend any time with me. Then it dawned on me - I had been missing Kevin all day!

That night I went to bed thinking and dreaming about Kevin.

A substantial breakfast of scrambled eggs and delicious French bread greeted me the next morning. Dad looked natural holding the pan and tossing eggs into it. He would have made a thorough good housewife and that thought made me laugh and then made me worried. The morning light made Dad's eyes look enormous and his skin glow.

"Oh, look, Kevin's here," Dad said with excitement in his high girlish voice and we were interrupted by a deep masculine voice.

"Hello, ladies," said Kevin from behind me.

"Kevin, there you are," I smiled at him. "I have been hoping you would come home soon."

"Hi Kevin," Dad cooed with delight.

Kevin stepped forward and gave me a gentle hug. He then turned toward Dad. I noticed Dad getting excited as Kevin stepped closer to him. It must have been a mesmerizing moment for Dad as his legs gave away with the excitement, but Kevin held him up. Changing his hold to encircle Dad with only one of his strong arms, he supported Dad's weight. Hugging Dad to his body tightly, Dad's large breasts pressed hard against him, Kevin comforted Dad and complimented him.

"You are alright now... and you are looking gorgeous."

Dad's entire body shook and he let out a high pitched giggle.

Turning Dad in towards his body, he started patting his back softly.

Kevin then let go of Dad. Dad blushed and ducked his head.

Kevin then grabbed my hand and we sat at the table. Dad sighed, smoothing the dress hem and moved towards the kitchen counter.



I noticed Kevin watching Dad from the corner of his eye.

I knew for certain Dad didn't realize the picture he made, leaning against the kitchen counter, with his transparent dress hugging the soft lines of his hips. Dad turned, putting his hands behind him on the counter, which only served to push his breasts forward. Again, he seemed oblivious to the sensuousness of his stance.

He looked sexy, confident in his allure as a woman.

After a few hours Dad and I went to my room to change into our bikinis. Dad slowly undressed and slid on the bikini, then wrapped in a towel before stepping out into the hallway. I followed him, staying a few steps behind.

"Oh, these floors are cold," Dad complained as he dropped the towel and walked toward the pool.

"I have a solution for that," Kevin said, and picked Dad up.

Dad shrieked as Kevin carried him all the way to the pool. Kevin carried him to the lounge chair and sat him down in it before adjusting his bulge in his trunks. Dad leaned back terrified.

Kevin gave a stupid grin as he looked back at me.

"I won't hurt Candy," Kevin said to me.

"I apologize for that..." he said to Dad, and put his hand on Dad's large womanly thigh and gently squeezed Dad's supple muscles.

Dad gasped when Kevin touched him. Kevin then stood up as Dad eyed Kevin's body.

"Kevin! Stop fooling around!" I frowned.



I felt jealous of my feminized Dad. But then I turned my attention to Kevin's body. I stared at Kevin lustfully. His back was broad and roped with lean muscle, tapering down to a trim waist. He turned, rubbing a hand

absently over his abs- all six of them. The muscles in his arm flexed as he moved.

I saw Dad bite his lips as he stared at Kevin. I saw his bosom heaving and throbbing as if with some powerful inward emotion. This made me wonder, whether Vanessa's hypnotic tapes have actually made him gay. Or has he always been gay. I have seen Dad talk to women when I was a kid. He liked to flirt with women especially those who were attractive and who could laugh with him when he told a joke.

Am I delirious? Am I imagining things? I wondered.

Dad reached his hands over his head and arched his back. He let one leg dangle over the edge of his lounge. Kevin couldn't help but stare. Dad's movements were a perfect, and unusual, blend of innocence and eroticism.

I looked at Dad once again. I wondered what was going through his mind seeing the mouthwatering muscle in front of him. Kevin was cut strong everywhere - his abs, his pecs, and - oh, God, help me - he had that delicious V arrowing down over his hips and disappearing into his swim trunks.

As I watched, Dad's eyes slowly trailed down Kevin's body towards the thick bulge of Kevin's cock that was visible beneath the thin fabric.

"Candy? Hello," Kevin said.

I saw Dad drag his eyes back up to Kevin's; and that cocky smirk on Kevin's face, Dad knew he had been caught checking Kevin out.

"Like what you see?" Kevin asked, making his pecs bounce a couple of times. His smile took on a goofy slant, his blue eyes sparkling with humour.

A laugh burst out of Dad.

"Don't do that!" Dad said.

Truth be told, Dad felt slightly humiliated, maybe because Kevin reminded him of the man he once was. And he used to be an overbearing father. I remembered the day we were caught kissing each other. Dad had accused Kevin of all sorts of things that were much more than that simple kiss,

ranting and raving and acting as if Kevin were no better than a rapist. It's been a year since that incident.

And now here Dad was, in front of Kevin, not as the hot tempered father of his girlfriend, but as a hot babe in a two piece Bikini, which barely contained Dad's new assets.

Dad's beautifully proportioned legs have merged beautifully with his full and highly proportioned behind. He had an alluring upper body, accentuated by his full, pear shaped breasts. The way Dad moved his body, it looked like he was sending Kevin all sorts of signals, chemistry that mixed in with Kevin's. Dad's entire reaction to Kevin made me realize how surprisingly feminine Dad was.

Dad tilted his head, looked at Kevin and repeated, "Don't do that!"

"Do what?" Kevin asked, bouncing his chiseled pecs in time with his words.

"That!" Dad laughed harder, pointing at Kevin's chest.

"What, this?" he did it again, and then he started laughing, too. His laughter was contagious, Dad doubled over, wiping tears from his eyes. Dad's breasts jiggled almost falling out of his tiny bra top. Dad kept adjusting his bra as if he wanted Kevin to look at his breasts. And it worked, seeing the bulge in Kevin's trunk.

Just then the front door bell rang and both Dad & I looked at each other in wonder.

"I will get it," Kevin said as he grabbed a towel.

"I wonder who that might be," I said to Dad.

"It must be a delivery, hopefully, my new hair curler," Dad said as he adjusted his boobs so they stuck out of the top in big squashy semi-circles.

A Moment later I saw two figures emerge behind Kevin as he walked towards us.

“Mom!!!!?”

“John!!!!?”

“There’s my baby girl! I have missed you so much!”

I was enveloped in a tight hug.

I managed a “Me too, Mom!”

“Catherine, let Mandy go, I need a hug too.” Mom released me, and I was swept up into another tight embrace.

“Hi, John!”

“Hi Sugar. Glad to see you. You are not going to spend your entire holidays here, are you?”

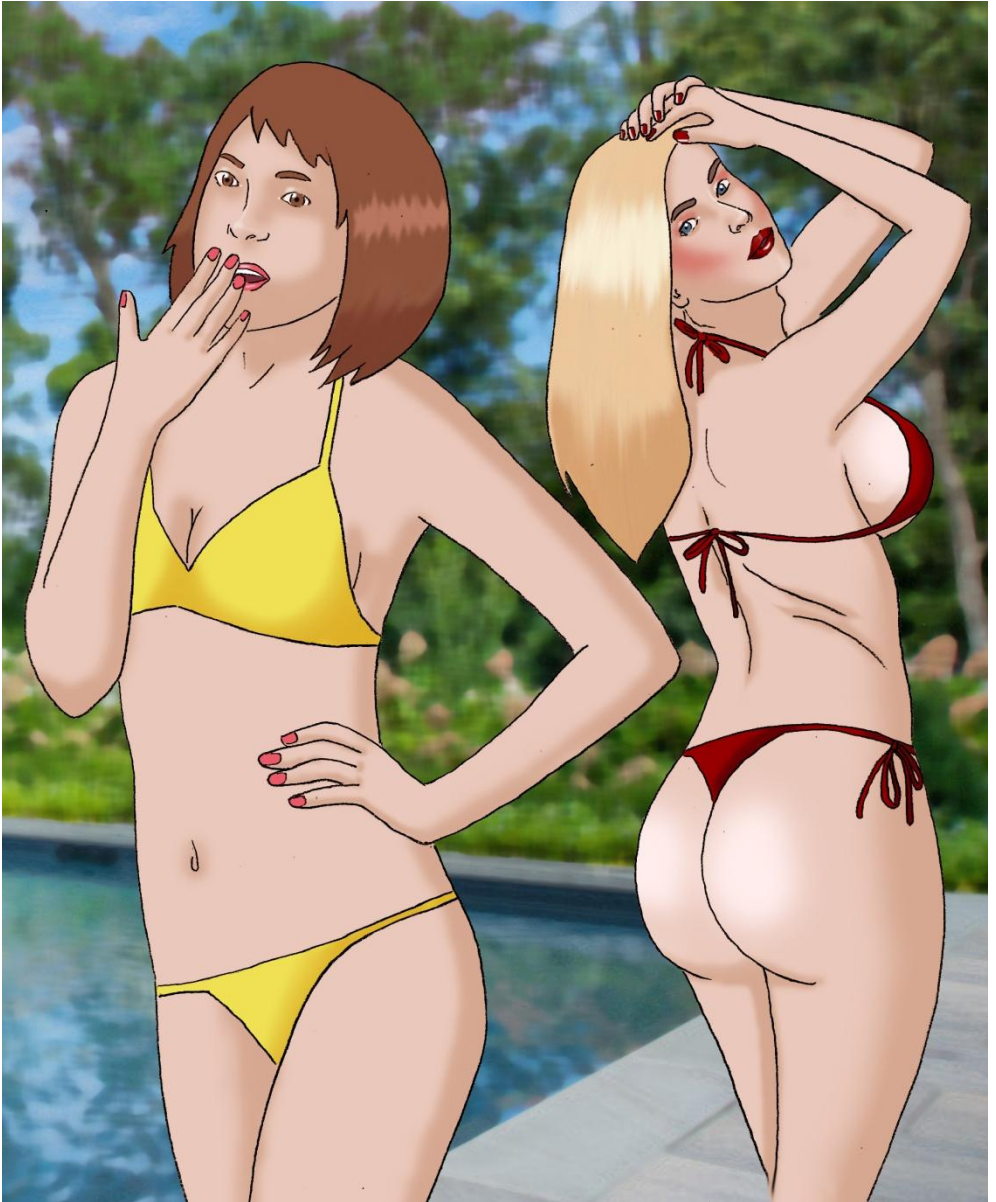
“No John, I am coming back home soon.”

John gave me a big smile.

John was then distracted by the strikingly beautiful figure who was standing by me.

“Aren’t you going to introduce us to this beautiful young lady here, Mandy?” asked John looking at Dad.

Dad was standing with his back to me, with his hands to his head, and slowly, he turned his head towards us.



I knew Dad was terrified and embarrassed to face Mom and John. I wanted Dad to take this opportunity to come out of the closet. I looked at my feminized Dad, hoping he would tell them the truth.

All eyes were on Dad- the voluptuous beauty in a bikini. Dad adjusted his bra and his coveted breasts sat up as high as possible.

I looked at him with concern and signaled him to reveal the truth. It was time now to face Mom for good.

Dad forced a smile, and stepped forward towards John, with one hand on his curvy hip.

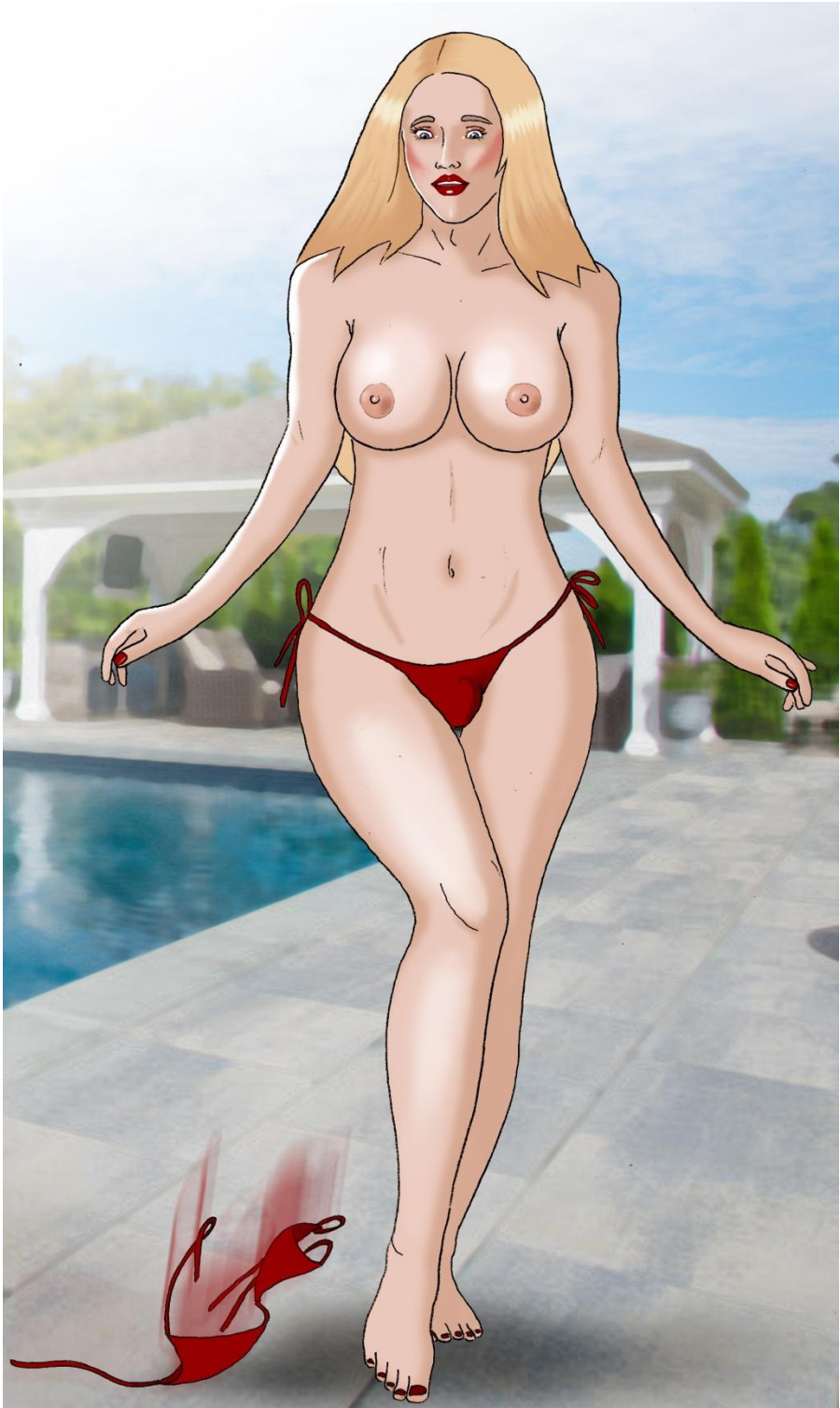
“I... I am Candy,” Dad stuttered.

“Well, hi, Candy, it’s nice to meet you, I am John, Mandy’s stepdad,” John said as he held his hand forward and moved towards Dad.

And then an unfortunate accident happened.

John, my stepdad tripped over the pool vacuum cleaner hose, and he was thrown off balance. As he staggered forward, his hands reached for Dad’s breasts, and yanked Dad’s bikini top in a split second. We heard it snap painfully down as the strings unraveled behind Dad’s neck. Dad’s breasts fell free, full and firm and round, his rosy nipples large and hard from the gentle breeze.

For a Moment, everyone froze, looking at Dad in distress.



John immediately got back on his feet without realising what he had done.

Dad squealed and his hands fumbled wondering what to do next. He then bent down reaching for the bikini top that was lying on the ground. He was bent at the waist, with his ass in the air. He had filled out, with a fine round ass that immediately caught everyone's eyes. What he had down there was nicely balanced by what he had up top. High full tits, swayed under him as he grabbed the bikini top.

“DAD!!!!, are you okay!!?” I yelled with concern.

I moved closer, to help him tie the top.

“DAD!!!!, let me help you,” I cried out loud as I reached behind him.

His hands fumbled and once again the top fell off him.

This time he cupped his breasts with his hands, tears filling his eyes, feeling helpless.

Just then Kevin moved closer to Dad.

Kevin held his arms wide as a human cover and signaled Dad to move closer to him. Dad moved into Kevin and instinctively aligned his body with Kevin's. Dad's bare breasts were crushed against Kevin's naked chest. Kevin held on to Dad, covering Dad's body with his own. They embraced and stood motionless for what seemed like an eternity.

All of a sudden, a voice broke the silence that had engulfed us.

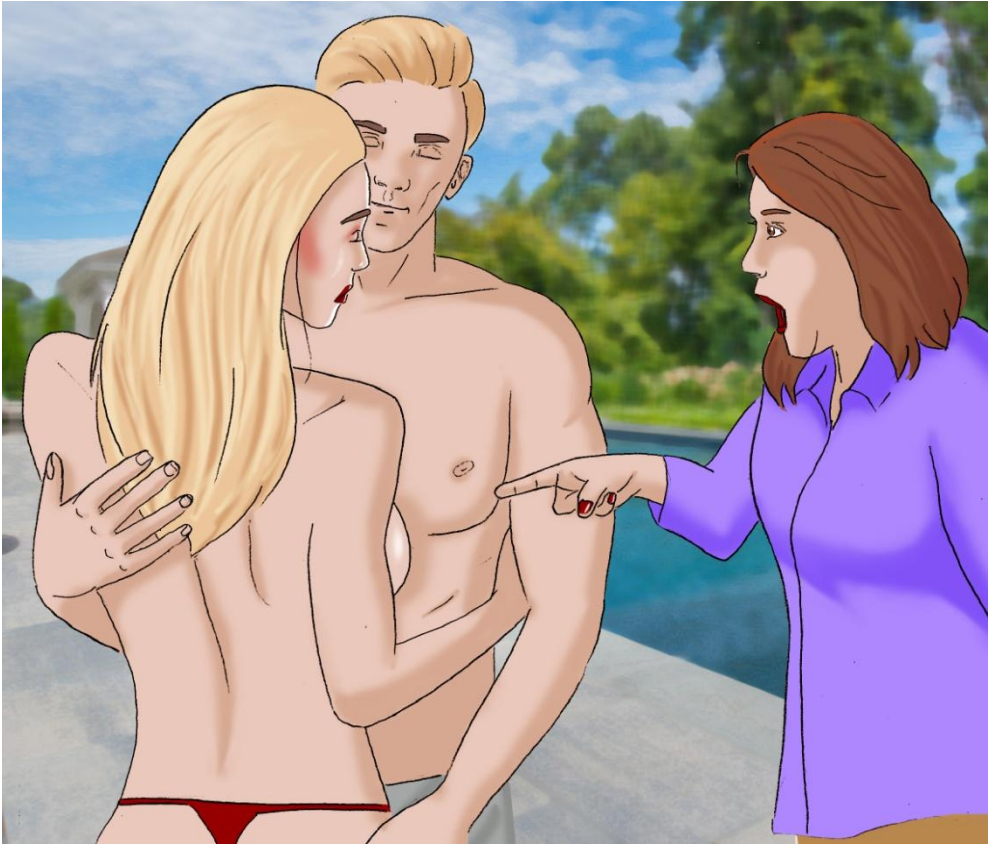
It was my Mom.

“George?!!!!” her voice a trembling whisper.

Mom took a deep breath and then asked in a clear voice, “George, is that you?”

Dad looked up at her, teary eyed for just a second, before putting his head down.

“GEORGE!, what have you done to yourself?” she yelled at Dad, her piercing eyes staring down at him.



“What have you done to yourself?” she repeated, raising her voice.

“Mom!!! Please!” I begged my mother to control her emotions.

“No... no..!!”

She kept saying, “I don't understand, I don't understand.”

“Oh God! Look at him...”

“He has got boobs!! He is wearing a bikini! The hair! The makeup!!”

“He even sounds like a girl!!!”

“Did Vanessa do this to you? I knew the bitch was trouble... where the hell is she?” Mom asked Dad furiously.

Dad must have felt embarrassed and humiliated to the heart’s core. He didn’t have the courage to face Mom. He closed his eyes and leaned his head against Kevin’s shoulder. I noticed Kevin pull Dad tighter still against him and it looked like he was reveling in the feel of Dad’s feminine softness pressed against his chest.

Plump tears welled up in Dad’s eyes and trickled down his cheeks as he started crying silently.

And then he broke down crying louder.

“Hey,” Kevin said, “Surely it’s not bad,” and held Dad tight.

I didn’t understand what Kevin meant. Did he mean he was happy that Dad was now a woman in appearance?

Kevin then removed the towel from around his waist, and wrapped it around both of them.

Dad continued to cry like a little girl as we all watched. As his tears overflowed again he hung his head as he sobbed. Dad cried, sniffing grossly against Kevin’s shoulder.

Dad then slowly lifted his head and looked at Kevin. He looked at Kevin like a helpless princess waiting for her prince charming to rescue her from the evil stepmother and stepsisters.

“Let me take you away from all this stress,” Kevin said to Dad.

Dad silently nodded his head.

Kevin picked up Dad in his arms, the towel still covering them both.

Kevin looked at me. I smiled and gave him a nod of approval.

Kevin walked towards the house, carrying Dad in his arms. His one arm was under Dad's smooth thighs, Dad's large round ass clearly on display. In that Moment I noticed the deep crack between his butt cheeks and the thin narrow bikini fabric running down the crack. There was no sign of his former manhood bulge, as if it had shrunk in size and become almost non-existent.

"What the hell is going on?!! I need answers now!!," Mom demanded furiously.

"Just let me explain," I urged Mom with hands in the air, while Kevin and Dad disappeared into the house as we watched.

There was no easy way to explain everything to Mom, but I knew I had to. "I think it would be better if I explained everything first, okay?" I almost yelled at Mom.

"I feel like I might be sick. God, I need to sit down," Mom said. John quickly pushed over a chair for Mom to sit in.

I spent the next thirty minutes explaining in detail what I knew. I explained what went wrong and what I wished Dad had done differently.

It was too much for her, I suppose, in her shocked state. I decided to give Mom and John some privacy after their long ordeal. I went into the house to calm Dad; to tell him that everything is going to be fine.

I walked into the living room to find no one there. I continued my search down the hall to the dining room then to the kitchen. Kevin and Dad weren't there either. I started to worry. I briskly scaled the stairs towards Dad's room- Candy's room. As I neared his room I could hear a man and a woman speak. And there I saw Kevin and Dad standing next to each other. I stopped at the entrance, and stood watching them through the partially open door. I was curious.

I heard Dad speak in his most feminine voice.

"No - I can't, Kevin, you are my daughter's boyfriend! Let me go... I must get back to the pool, and explain everything to my ex-wife," Dad said to Kevin.

“Candy, you don’t have to leave immediately.”

Kevin then placed his hands on Dad’s shoulders. Instantly the silent strength of Kevin showed Dad that Kevin was in control.

“Relax Candy,” he repeated slowly.

Kevin’s hands roughly groped at Dad’s bikini top, pulling it down to expose a full white breast and a large pink nipple which stood erect.

Dad gasped in surprise.

Kevin slowly undid the tie of Dad’s bikini top. Pulling it off Dad’s body, he dropped the top to the floor. Dad modestly tried to cover himself, only to have Kevin’s hands move Dad’s arms aside, so Kevin could look at Dad. Dad’s skin was soft and flawless due to all the female hormones cruising through him. As Kevin bent down to leave a trail of wet kisses across Dad’s breasts, I heard Dad moan. Dad gasped when Kevin sucked one of Dad’s peaked nipples between his lips, drawing firmly on the little bud. He sucked Dad for few seconds before shifting his attention to the other breast. Dad stopped protesting, he held Kevin to him as Kevin sucked strongly at his womanly breasts. Kevin kept sucking and biting Dad’s breasts until Dad’s breath came in short little gasps. Dad cried out, arching his back violently.

Kevin’s fingers began to tug at the other half of Dad’s bikini, and as Dad felt it slide away he jerked upright and forcibly pushed Kevin. Kevin’s ardent gaze was upon Dad, devouring him, and Dad looked suddenly embarrassed realizing that he was fully naked in front of another man.

“Kevin, please... don’t! I am a man...” he said to Kevin and turned around facing away from Kevin.

“I don’t think so. Candy, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life,” Kevin said to Dad.

I was shocked and heartbroken!

“Kevin, listen... I am your girlfriend's father. I won't be able to please you as a woman,” Dad said, his lips quivering, and his large womanly breasts heaving with emotions.

“Have you seen yourself lately? You have all the right parts to please a man,” Kevin said to Dad.

Kevin then swiftly turned Dad around and their eyes met for a brief moment. Dad stood before Kevin naked, in his humiliation he could only look down near his feet. There was no way Kevin could hide how much Dad had aroused him. Kevin slowly lifted Dad's wary gaze to his face.

“This is what a real man looks like. Look at my body!!” Kevin ordered Dad.

Dad then slowly eyed the length of Kevin's body, his face turning red when he saw Kevin's erection. To my surprise, Dad's hand slid down to Kevin's cock, and Dad made a little sigh when his fingers wrapped around Kevin's length. I noticed the little stub of Dad's former manhood between his legs. It looked nothing more than a large clit. Dad held Kevin's cock against his. The reality must have been a great disappointment for Dad. And the reality was that he was no longer a man.

As I watched, Dad got down on his knees, flicked his tongue around Kevin's hard, wide length cock and sucked at the tip, drawing more of Kevin's flavour into his mouth. Hungrily, as if he was starving, he closed his mouth around it and pushed Kevin in and out of his mouth.

Dad let his teeth gently scrape along the length of Kevin as he pulled his head back and felt tension draw Kevin's body tight. Kevin held Dad's head as Dad sucked on him, moaning Kevin's approval, until Kevin couldn't take anymore. To my utter surprise, Dad deep throated Kevin like an expert.

Kevin's body shuddered as he released his thick load into Dad's wet mouth. Dad stayed attached to Kevin's dick like a baby to a pacifier sucking him dry. Kevin rolled his eyes to the back of his head enjoying the warmth of Dad's mouth.



I was speechless and totally shocked for I discovered that I had just witnessed my boyfriend mouth fucking my feminized Dad.

“Candy, that was amazing. It was the best blowjob of my life,” Kevin said lifting Dad to his feet and kissed him long and deep. Dad blushed, his knees went weak and he melted into Kevin. Kevin’s fiery passion left Dad breathless. Dad leaned back taking a deep breath and smiled up at the tall handsome virile young man. Kevin grinned down at Dad as he traced Dad’s once bearded, but now hairless, smooth jaw line with his finger.

Kevin kissed Dad once again. Dad must have felt Kevin’s cock grow and thicken once again. I saw him lean far enough back, breaking the kiss. And then he asked Kevin in his girlish voice, “Again? Already?”

Instead of responding with words, Kevin picked Dad up and placed him on the bed, and rolled him on to his stomach.

The pressure of Kevin’s hands on Dad’s inner thighs made him spread his legs out. The bed dipped under Kevin’s weight as he moved up over Dad’s back and skimmed a hand from Dad’s leg up to Dad’s butt and back. Kevin laid the full length of his muscular body over Dad’s feminine body. He laid his erection along Dad’s butt crack and Dad moaned.

“You like that, Candy?”

Dad said huskily, “Yes, Kevin!”

“Good, because I plan on doing a lot more to you.”

“Oh no, Kevin, not that!” Dad protested like a young virgin.

“Candy, today I am going to make you a real woman,” Kevin said to Dad.

He pushed one finger into Dad’s rectum, and he gasped.

“Open your eyes and look at me, Candy. I want to watch you shatter,” Kevin commanded.

And there I saw my boyfriend’s thick and long cock penetrate my Dad’s virgin ass.

Dad let out a soft girlish moan. “Oh Kevin, hmmmmmm..... stop!”



Dad noticed Kevin had stopped moving once Kevin was inside of him, and Dad opened his eyes at Kevin's command. As they looked into each other's eyes, seeing the passion that had built between them, Dad must have then realized that there was no going back. Dad was the submissive woman with a young man's throbbing cock deep inside his ass.

"You are something else. I think I am already addicted to you. I can't seem to get enough." Kevin nuzzled Dad's neck and gently lowered Dad's legs and pulled his shaft free.

Despite Dad's best efforts, a feminine moan escaped his lips.

Kevin reached down and jerked Dad's hips up and back and placed a hand on Dad's lower back so he wouldn't move. Kevin was on his knees behind Dad with both his large hands over each of Dad's hips. When Kevin smacked Dad's butt, Dad yelped in surprise. Kevin rubbed the area he smacked and then smacked Dad again, pulling a moan from Dad's throat.

"Do you want more?"

"Oh, yes! I want more." Dad pushed his butt up against Kevin to further emphasize what he wanted.

"You are my type of woman, Candy."

Without saying any further he reached down with his hand, guided his shaft to Dad's boy pussy, and shoved into him, causing Dad to gasp.



Dad clutched the sheet in his hands as Kevin continued to pull out and slam back into Dad. Kevin moved a hand around Dad's waist and guided it down to rub at Dad's sissy clit, making him become a more active partner and meet Kevin with each thrust. Kevin ran both hands up and down Dad's smooth back, enjoying the feel of Dad's skin under his hands, and watched as Dad shivered.

Dad rose up on his hands and turned his head to look at Kevin. Dad looked into Kevin's eyes and moaned like bitch in heat. Kevin tightened his grip on Dad's ass in response to Dad's feminine moan. Kevin pushed Dad back down in the submissive position and continued moving in and out of Dad.

The whole scene was a traumatic experience for me. Just when I thought things couldn't get worse, my Mom and John appeared right next to me.

"I am sorry dear, I need to apologise to your father... Umm... Candy!" my Mom said, holding my sweaty palms.

"Mom..," before I could finish the sentence, a high pitched feminine moan echoed through the room, and Mom and John turned their heads towards sound.

And then my Mom saw my Dad and Kevin. Dad was kneeling on all fours on his bed, his head a mass of blonde hair and his big white boobs bouncing all over his chest. The sound she heard was his high pitched moaning, and the bed shaking as he was being pounded from behind by Kevin, her daughter's boyfriend. He was screwing Dad so hard that he was sweaty and red with the effort.

As we watched in shock, Kevin said, "Yes Candy, yes Candy, who's your Daddy?" as he spanked my Dad's bubble butt and reached in front to pinch his big nipples while he did him harder and harder.

Dad's face was a picture of ecstasy.

"I love you baby," Kevin said to Dad.

"Oh, I love you too honey," Dad squealed, as pretty as can be.

After vigorous fucking Kevin pulled out of Dad, and turned Dad around so he could look into Dad's eyes.

I stood and stared as my boyfriend pushed his big cock into my feminized Dad's throat and he gagged around it. Kevin put his hand on the back of Dad's head, keeping himself balls deep in Dad's mouth as he began to pump Dad's throat full of cum.



Dad gasped for air when Kevin finally pulled out of Dad's mouth. Kevin then wiped some cum off Candy's chin with his finger and fed it to my Dad who greedily sucked it off.

And that's when I entered the room. My Dad was on all fours licking the last drop of cum off Kevin's cock. I was so furious and hurt and embarrassed. Dad was shocked to see me and Mom. I knew he was embarrassed that he got caught having sex with a man, as a woman. I told Kevin it was over between us, and left the house with Mom and John. We didn't speak about Dad or Kevin for several days. It took me months to calm down, but I finally did forgive Dad.

Then one day, Dad showed up at the front door. Dad was sobbing so hard that we could hardly understand him. "Vanessa has kicked me out of the house! My boyfriend is out of town, I have nowhere to go and I don't know what to do!"

"Boyfriend?" I asked Dad curiously.

"Kevin's my boyfriend," Dad said to me, his eyes gazing down with embarrassment.

I felt disgusted and embarrassed at the same time, realizing that my Dad has been gladly spreading his legs for Kevin, after we broke up. My Dad was Kevin's new sperm bank.

"Come in Candy," John interrupted my thoughts inviting Dad inside.

"You look beautiful, Candy," Mom said.

Dad looked down at his dress, embarrassed by the compliment.

For some strange reason Mom thought that she was responsible for Dad's downfall. They hugged each other like mother and daughter. They cried to each other to their hearts' content.

Over the days following Dad's arrival, the mother daughter love between them grew and soon they were inseparable. Soon Dad took the role of an obedient daughter, helping my mother with the household cooking and cleaning chores. He never complained, and constantly looked for a chance to learn new things. Mom and John were deeply impressed by Candy. Soon Dad began addressing them as "Mom" and "Dad". Mom and John demonstrated their love for Candy through hugs and kisses. And I became Candy's big sister.

Two months later Kevin visited our home and surprised all of us. He lowered himself on one knee and asked for Candy's hand in marriage. Tears flowed from Dad's eyes as Kevin put the ring on his finger and kissed Dad passionately.

Dad then turned towards us and squealed with joy as he showed us his left hand that was adorned with a beautiful, solitaire diamond ring.

John and Mom were so happy for Dad. Soon it dawned on me that my Dad was engaged and soon to be married to my ex-boyfriend, and I felt sick.



The next day, Mom handed Dad a suit bag with her white wedding dress, underclothes, stocking and shoes. It was the same wedding dress my Mom had worn when she and Dad had married. The wedding dress fit correctly in the waist, but the bust and hips had to be altered as Dad's figure was fuller and more voluptuous than ever, more than Mom's.

Time went quickly to the day of the wedding. I was the maid of honor at Dad's wedding. I finally accepted sisterhood. After all, I am the big sister, and that's what big sisters do. John gave Dad away.

The last time I saw my sister Candy was when she came back home from her honeymoon. Her tits were sitting high and so swollen that my head almost tilted to the side. She walked differently as if her ass was sore from all the fucking Kevin had done to her, while they were on their honeymoon. Candy gave me the biggest hug and a kiss on the cheek. My Dad was finally content with his new life as a woman- a dutiful daughter, a caring sister, a loving and obedient housewife.

-The End-

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