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A FAMILY BUSINESS

By: Susan M. Scott

PART I The Hasting Contract

“Thank Goodness,” Molly O’Rielly said to herself as she stared at the thin piece of paper. *“Not pregnant. What a relief!”*

Her mother, Kathleen O’Rielly, and her grandmother, Mary O’Rielly and both her sisters, Grace and June had warned her about the Conrad Hasting. Molly had been sure of her own ability to do her job, even in the unusual circumstances that Hasting presented, without unusual precautions. Reflecting on her failure, she knew she must tell her mother soon. The family business was potentially at risk and she now was as much a failure at dealing with Conrad Hasting as her older sisters, June and Grace had been. She was due back at the Hasting house the next morning. Molly could not avoid the uncomfortable task of talking to her mother.

Molly found her mother alone in their compact home's small but well—loved garden.

Kathleen was taking advantage of one of Portland's rare sunny spring days to enjoy working in the garden. The older women smiled as she saw her youngest daughter coming toward her. She stood up, letting the task of planting the spring primroses wait. Kathleen stretched as her daughter walked over to her.

“She certainly has the family looks,” Kathleen thought to herself.

She observed her daughter's thick red hair, long legs, rounding hips, and full breasts. The girl's five feet five inch frame had probably finished growing now that she was eighteen years old. Her body would still fill out as she matured into womanhood. Molly's weight was still under 110 pounds. Her shape was almost boyish except for her prominent breasts. Her light skin had just enough freckles to make her cute, rather than glamorous. An impression that was generally reinforced by the pixie like smile Molly habitually offered the world. Kathleen realized that Molly was not smiling.

“Molly dear? What is the matter my love?” the girl's mother greeted as she took her daughter in her arms. Kathleen herself was still a very attractive woman whom Molly greatly resembled. Their acquaintances in their community, Portland, Oregon, often commented on the striking resemblance all the family members bore to each other. Even Patrick, Molly's twin brother, had the same coloring, fair skin, thin frame, and height as his sister's and mother.

“Oh mother! I have failed you. Last week while I was working with Conrad he, he, he got me aroused and then had his way with me!” Molly cried, her body shaking with sobs.

“Oh my baby! Are you pregnant? That beast! Why weren't you on your guard. We all warned you. Didn't you recognize his actions for what they were?”

“He had them bring dinner for me before I fed him, and then he just kept pouring wine and when it was time to feed him he took advantage of me!”

“Its the same story again. I'm sorry this has happened to you my dear but the man is a devil. He has done the same with me and with both your sisters. Why I would break the contract if I could but his lawyers are too sharp. Tell me, how you are doing? Did he take your maidenhead?”

“Yes mother! I was saving myself for that special someone but now I'm no better than those girls who did it all through high school.”

“Of course you are my dear. You slipped in a circumstance that few could stand in. Any man worthy of the name will still see your love and your person as a great treasure you have saved for him. What are we to do? Your scheduled to go back in the morning.”

“I just can't mother! I can't face him! You know that he will be even more insistent now that I have given in once.”

“Molly your right, but under the contract one of the family must be there to nurse him. Even if we could break the contract the whole family is depending on it. That's why we took it to start with. Hasting pays us more than ten times what all our other clients do combined, and it's permanent. Everyone else only needs us for a few months, a year at most. The money for your college, Patrick's college, June and Grace's graduate school, and our medical coverage all comes from the Hasting contract.”

“I know mother but wouldn't we all rather starve than continue this degradation. Why the only ones he hasn't seduced are grandmother and Patrick!”

“As I said before dear, we can't break the contract. He has seduced each of us. My attorney told me that if it had been rape we could get out of it. Since, at the time there was consent, we are stuck. Unless we are no longer physically able to nurse him.”

“Then I guess I must go back there in the morning,” Molly concluded with resignation in her voice.

“No, it was wrong of me to let you girls try to deal with him. We will go talk to my client, Dr. Sonya Payton. She expressly wanted me to nurse her baby, but given the circumstances I think she might find you an acceptable alternative.”

“Mother he needs more milk than you have!”

“He will just have to get by on what I have until we can find another solution.”

Kathleen quickly called her friend Dr. Sonya Payton who agreed to let her bring Molly with her that evening when Kathleen came over to nurse the doctor's new baby. An hour later they were in their car driving across the Willamette River to the West Hills home Sonya shared with her life mate, Jill Lovejoy, a prominent corporate attorney.

As they drove Kathleen thought about the strange occupation she, and her mother, had lead her family into. When they arrived Kathleen was so upset that she almost blurted out her request in a sea of tears.

Sonya brought out herb tea and slowly calmed her friend.

She also brought out her infant, little Sandy. Putting the baby to her breast helped Kathleen present her request more calmly.

“Let me see if I get this right dear,” Sonya said to Molly. “You have been nursing a grown man who has, not surprisingly taken advantage of the situation and you. You wish to take over nursing my Sandy so that your mother will be free to take over responsibility for this man. Before I agree to anything I think I need the whole story.”

“Of course Sonya. To tell you the whole story I must go back a long way,” Kathleen replied.

“Don't worry about that dear. You have raised my curiosity and I really must hear it all. We have all afternoon if need be.”

“My mother, Mary was an Irish immigrant who arrived in Portland at the start of World War II with her husband James. Mary and her husband, fell in love with the Willamette Valley. Its rolling green hills and fertile valley reminded them so much of Ireland. James enlisted in the Navy soon after they arrived. He was killed when his ship, the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, was sunk by the Japanese. Mary gratefully accepted a job as a live in maid with a wealthy family, the Alexanders, who then lived in Portland Heights. Mary was still nursing her daughter when Mrs. Alexander gave birth to twins.

“The Alexander family was thrilled but it soon became clear that Jennifer Alexander would not be able to give enough milk to feed her two newborns. The society matron was fully convinced of the superiority of breast feeding and was very unhappy at the thought of risking her young ones health by raising them on a bottle and using formula. With great trepidation, but also with conviction, she approached my mother and asked her to share the responsibility of suckling her children.

“Mary O'Rielly didn't have to think about it for a moment. In her village many nursing mothers acted as wet nurses for the children of the rich, or for those poor women whose breasts were not equal to the challenge.

“She had comforted her employer and assured her that her breasts were producing much more milk than was need by 'Her little Kathleen'. In fact she was planning to start weaning me soon and would be able to be of even more assistance to Jennifer than the society matron had thought.

“That night when John Alexander returned home he was met at the door by his young wife. She seemed much happier than she had since the day the pervious week when he had brought her and their new babies home from the hospital. Jennifer explained that Mary had agreed to act as wet nurse and promptly escorted the gentleman into the nursery where Mary was busy with a babe at each of her breasts. After a minutes embarrassment John excused himself and left the women to attend the children.

“After the Alexander babies were weaned there was never any question of mother going back to work as a maid. Jennifer knew many women who either disliked the task of nursing their children or were, like Jennifer herself, not able to produce enough milk. Mary continued to work as a wet nurse and nanny for the next thirty five years when she had finally retired at age 65 a couple of years ago.

“I had grown up around mother who nursed first one baby then the next and the next. I was fascinated by the process. After graduating from Lincoln High School I entered the University of Oregon. I was planning on studying nursing. It was the early sixties and soon my life was as wild as my red hair, which I wore in natural back then. I experimented with drugs and sex and soon lost sight of my academic ambitions as my life settled into the University town's counter culture. Later I joined a commune.

“I really liked living in the commune. Having been raised as the only child of a single mother the sense of extended family was exciting to me. I had always been half way around the world from my aunts, uncles and cousins. In the next ten years I became pregnant three times by three different men. The women in the commune working together to raise our collective children. When one of my 'sisters' gave birth but could not nurse, I was pleased to offer the newborn my breasts. I found that like mother, I enjoyed nursing and my large breasts were always at work satisfying the needs of either my own children or those of her other women in the 'family'. I was just thinking about weaning Molly and Patrick when the commune broke up. The farm had never taken in more money than it cost to run and the families of the two boys who had founded the commune got tired of supporting 'those hippies', in 'Bluegene' Oregon.

“One of the founders, Jackson offered to marry me and take the children and I back to the Mississippi to live with his family. Although I was pretty sure that Jackson was June's father I turned him down. I knew that I liked, but did not love him, and felt that living in a monogamous relationship with Jackson and his condescending family would be distasteful. So I called mother and was very excited when she told me that I could move back in with her.

“And be sure and bring all four of my grandchildren,' mother had kidded, knowing that separating me from the children would be impossible.

“I sadly packed our few possessions and the children into an old but serviceable VW bug and, after a tearful good—by and many promises to stay in touch drove the hundred and twenty miles north to Portland and mother's small bungalow near Sunnyside school. A few days later I was looking through the 'Help Wanted', adds as I nursed Patrick when her mother came home from tending her current infant charge.

“You know Kathleen, there is a much larger demand in this town for wet nurses than I can meet. Why the city is overflowing with young career women who want to work and have a family too and who need someone to leave their infant with during the day. Instead of looking for a job that will take you away from your children, why not offer day care as a wet nurse for infants here, where you can properly raise your little darlings?' mother asked.

“Well I loved the idea and with Mom's help soon had established myself as a conscientious wet nurse, good at child care, with ample milk for several children at a time.

Between us we made enough money and a little more than was needed. The children were well cared for and with the exception of Patrick were seen as models of behavior at school and in the neighborhood.

“Patrick is a good student but has been characterized as 'wild' by more than one of his teachers. Mother and I attribute it to his hot Irish temper and are sure that he means no harm. Yet he is spending an increasing amount of time with boys that I do not approve of. Boys who were disrespectful of women and ogle his sisters lustfully when they came over to visit. But I digress.

“In time mother and I began to worry about the cost of college for the children. Our lives were comfortable but our small savings were not adequate to put even one of the four through even a State University. I was also a little worried about sending my daughters off to live in a college town. I remembered my own disastrous freshman year at the University of Oregon. I wanted my children, particularly the girls to go to a good Catholic University, University of Portland here in town, if possible.

“Where would the money come from? Grace was a senior and June a sophomore at Cleveland High. The twins were going to enter junior high soon. Although the girls' grades were good they were not strong enough to earn any major scholarships, and none of the children showed any talent or even interest in sports.

“I worried increasingly about it,” as Kathleen continued Molly leaned over and hugged her mother sorry that she had been so troubled by concern for her, her sisters and Patrick. “Of course they could take out loans but I shuddered at the thought of the debt that each would face when they graduated. I even considered asking the children's fathers for help but rejected the idea. The men were all married now and had shown little interested in the children after the commune's breakup. My mother offered to mortgage the house but its modest value would be no where near enough and besides, we had just succeeded in paying of the mortgage, and I knew that Mary would have to retire soon.

“The human breast was not intended to be giving significant quantities of milk when a women is in her sixties,' I had recently reminded mother.

“Then the letter came. It was from one of the city's most prestigious law firms, and I remember it well, it said;

Dear Ms. O'Rielly:

If you would be so good as to come by my offices at 9:00 AM on March 17th we have a proposal that is much to your advantage for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Susan Child, JD

Child, Child, and Rayburn

Attorneys at Law

“I was both intrigued and amused. The letter was like something out of novel by Dickens. I knew of the firm and suspected that they were not planning to waste their,

or my time. I decided to go and at least satisfy my curiosity. At the appointed time I arrived at the firm's offices in the first Interstate Tower downtown and was promptly ushered in to Susan Child's office by a young blond secretary wearing a white business suit jacket with a white pleated skirt.

"An attractive mature women arose to greet her. She was about five foot six inches tall and had soft dark hair that framed her warm smile. She came out from behind her desk and extending her hand to me.

"It is very good of you to accept my invitation Ms. O'Rielly,' Susan greeted. 'Please have a seat and make yourself comfortable. Would you like a cup of coffee? Carol was about to fix some anyway. Or perhaps some tea?'

"I sat down in a large overstuffed leather chair that the attorney had indicated.

"Please call me Kathleen,' I offered. 'I'm not a very formal kind of person really. I don't drink coffee, but if you have any herbal tea I would enjoy some.'

"Of course we do, and please call me Susan,' the women went to the door and asked her secretary to bring me a cup of herbal tea and herself a cup of espresso. She came back and sat in a similar chair next to me.

"I should have realized that in your line of work you would have to be careful about stimulants.'

"Yes Susan,' I agreed. 'In fact I must be careful about everything I eat and drink. Even over the counter medications can be a problem, and of course I can't ever have any alcohol. I do sometimes miss a glass of wine with dinner or small glass of sherry in the evening when I'm reading in bed.'



“Carol brought in the tea and coffee and then quietly left closing the door firmly behind her.

“We each took a sip and smiled.

“Then Susan spoke, 'We have a client who wishes to hire your services.'

“Why hasn't she contacted me herself?' I replied, 'I've never had anyone contact me through their attorney before. Nursing babies is a very friendly and quite informal kind of thing. Although, presently I am quite busy and have all the angels in my care that my poor body can handle.'

“Susan continued, 'My client has several aspects of his offer that are quite unusual and somewhat delicate.'

“His offer? You mean your client is a man?' I replied in amazement.

“Yes, is that unusual?' Susan answered.

“Well you know it was, and I told her so, 'I have met fathers before but its always been it has been the mother or her mother who hires me to nurse. It's somehow such a feminine thing that men seldom feel comfortable talking about it. Although that's really quite silly. Is that why you wrote to me? Has the poor man lost his wife and been left with a child and no one to nurse it. Of course I will try and help in such an emergency. At least until a more permanent arrangement can be reached.'

“Susan looked solemnly at me and explained, to my amazement, that her client was a grown man who has recently had surgery and lost significant parts of his digestive system. His doctors suggest that he should limit his diet now to liquids. In particular he should have only human milk and water for the rest of his life. He was a mature man and quite wealthy. He wishes me to nurse him and was prepared to make a very handsome offer to me for this very intimate service.

“Oh! Why me?' I asked, 'and why does he want to nurse. Human milk will keep with all its nutrients for several days if properly cared for. It can be purchased. It's not cheap, but it is available!'

“It seemed that this was the delicate part. Susan told me, and she was quite embarrassed about it, that he disliked the taste of milk. His doctors had advised him that he must consume more than he has been but he really was quite unhappy and in spite of his best efforts increasingly undernourished. It was only upon recently seeing his wasted body that Susan had agreed to contact me.

“Susan went on to explain that he was very much a man and loved women. He thought that he can consume more milk if he was enticed to it at its source. They had inquired into several women who might act as nurses and picked me because he thought I was the most attractive.

“I told Susan that it sounded like prostitution to me.

“She insisted that it was nothing like that. Her client had assured her that intimacy with my breast and the nourishment of my milk was all he desires. She understood my reaction and knew it was a very delicate matter to propose. Her partners thought it best that a woman present the idea to me. Susan stressed that it was, at least in part,

my reputation as caring member of the community that prompted them to seek my services for their client.

“I told Susan that this proposal was a little too strange for me. I saw no reason why he should have such intimate contact with me. If he needed milk I might supply it, within reason, and only after the needs of my young clients were met. If this man would rather die than drink the stuff from a glass, like an adult, then he would have to die.

“Susan was a little taken back by the strength of my refusal. 'Oh dear,' she said. 'We feared that might be your response. Knowing that your services are in demand, and knowing that his request is unprecedented, my client is prepared to offer you very significant compensation.' It was improper of them to do it, but being lawyers they cared little for my privacy, they had investigated my financial circumstances. They knew that my children's coming college expenses were a great worry to me.

“I sat in shock for a few minutes, appalled at their prying into my life. However, the O'Rielly's have always been practical. I asked, 'Just what kind of offer did you have in mind.'

“Susan was relieved that I was at least a little curious. She explained that her client would pay all my children's college expenses if I agreed to nurse him at least twice each day. That the offer was for the college of their choice, even graduate school if they wish. Ms. Childs went on to explain that her client was not an old man and his doctors expected him to live for another thirty or more years, at best. The offer included four weeks per year off for vacations, and a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year for my services. My whole family was to be covered by her clients businesses group health plan. He was even willing to wait for my complete attention until I had weaned the two infants I was currently nursing. If for some reason I was unable to continue at some point another member of the family was to assume the job, with no change in compensation.

“I had to admit that it was a most attractive offer. Particularly the aspect of the salary, health care, and support for my children's college continuing for many years.

“Susan went on to explain that her client desired a dependable and stable arrangement. She offered me a signed contract making the offer to me and my family for the duration of her clients life or for as long as I or a family member was able to nurse him at least twice each day except for vacations. They even offered to allow me or a substitute family member to live in his home in my own small living suite of rooms and full time use of one of his cars, so that I might go and come as I pleased. I was still driving the same VW that had gotten me back to Portland over ten years before. The vacations were to be entirely at her clients expense. Anywhere I wanted to go, nothing but first class, including a guest, or my entire family if I wanted.

“The real clincher was the retirement program. Each year of nursing her client was compensated by an investment of twenty thousand dollars in a stock portfolio that I or any family member who nursed him for two or more years could draw on after age fifty five. Knowing the financial difficulty my mother was having retiring made that sound most enticing.

“Susan saw that she had my attention and explained that by the time I was fifty—five they expected the income from the portfolio would be greater than the salary they were offering. She also said there would be a thousand dollars a week bonus if another family member would nurse her client while I was on my vacations.

“After another half hour's discussion and another cup of tea I signed the contract. It was strange but as I reflected on it I had once awakened at the commune to find a two men in my bed both sucking on my nipples. I was nursing Grace at the time and my breasts were quite productive, even then. One of the men I knew well, and the other I had been introduced to only the night before. I let both men do much more that morning than kiss and nurse at my breasts and chalked it up to a pleasant youthful adventure. *'Was this so very different?'* I asked myself. And there was so much more at stake.”

“So you accepted the contract?” Sonya asked a hint of disbelief in her voice.

“Might as well have signed it in blood,” Kathleen replied. “It was after I had signed that Susan told me that my new client was Conrad Hasting. I had seen his picture in the paper of course but never met the man. Susan drove me over to introduce me. He was still quite a good looking man, only about fifty then.

“As Susan had told me his appearance was quite gaunt and disturbing, he looked like he was starving to death. After we were introduced he asked Susan to leave promising to have his driver take me home later. I could see the hunger in his eyes and knew that he wanted me to start right then. I felt a strange combination of excitement and depression. It was wonderful to feel that all my worries about the children's education, mine and my mother's health, and my own financial future were resolved. Yet I knew in a way I was whoring and felt deeply ashamed. Even in the sixties and seventies when I would go to bed with a man, just because I thought he was cute, I had never even considered trading sex for money.

“He just waited patiently sitting back on a huge black leather couch and watching me. I turned my back to him and opened my blouse and then unclasped the nursing bra I was wearing and removed both blouse and bra letting them fall to the floor. Touching my breasts I knew that they were full enough to at least feed a pair of lusty infants. I turned facing him and my nipples grew hard. It had been over a year since I had been with a man and I found his presence stimulating.

“He beckoned to me and I went over and stood in front of him. *'Where?'* I asked. Conrad reached out and taking my hands pulled me onto his lap my thighs straddling his, my breasts even with his mouth. He leaned forward and lightly kissed each hard nipple, then began to suck on my right breast. I tensed for a moment and there was no milk. Then I relaxed and felt the milk start to flow freely from me to his moth. My skirt was bunched up around my thighs and my panties were against his crotch. As he sucked, first my right breast, then my left dry I felt his manhood stiffen inside his pants and press against my own dampening sex. I was determined to resist. As soon as my breasts were empty I pulled quickly away and standing up retrieved my clothing.

“Corned smiled and thanked me and pressed a button that I learned called his driver. He instructed the man to either let me have the car of my choice or drive me where I wanted if I didn't want a car right then.

“Before I left I promised to come by each afternoon until my two other clients were weaned.”

Molly was softly crying as her mother stopped talking.

Sonya was breathing a little heavy. She was surprised to find Kathleen's story so stimulating.

“How long has this been going on, and how did Molly get into the picture?” Sonya asked.

“Its been eight years now, and a little more. For the first several months I was able to keep my reactions in check. After I had weaned my other charges and was letting him suck two and three times each day it became more difficult. He grew stronger on my milk and his nursing became mixed with foreplay. One day he suggested that I no longer needed to be quite so meticulous about what I ate and drank. He encouraged me to take a glass of wine in the afternoon, joking that he enjoyed the taste it imparted to my milk.

“I realized he was quite right. I started to enjoy several glasses of wine or beer when I was with him. Often staying the whole afternoon and into the early evening. I became relaxed and we spent considerable time talking, reading to each other or playing cards between his feedings. He kept his rooms warm and I became quite relaxed about being topless around him. I seldom bothered to replace my blouse after it was first off. He kept a short silk robe around that I could quickly slip on if a servant or visitor was coming.

“About a half year later, during the afternoon, I drank nearly a whole bottle of wine and was really quite tipsy when I went to feed him for the third time that day. His manhood was particularly hard as he drank from me and I let myself press my own cleft into his shaft. He pressed me and I hardly protested when I felt his hands sliding my panties down. I even moved to allow him to slip them completely off me before re-assuming my position on his lap. I found he had opened his pants and the heat of his shaft pressed deeply into my moist sex as he nursed. Breathing hard I pushed his head away from my breast in a last poor attempt to get away. The change in angle I created allowed his tool to penetrate and before I fully realized what was happening he was buried to the hilt of his shaft within me. I stopped fighting and let my body couple with him.

“After that he became more insistent and although I generally resisted my surrender to his passion became almost a weekly occurrence.

“I continued that way, part wet nurse, part lover for years until you found that lump in my right breast. When I explained to the family that I would loose the use of my right breast and probably the contract June and Grace insisted on taking over for me. My mother filled in for me while Grace stimulated her breasts into lactation. In our family that is not a terribly difficult thing to do. Six weeks later Grace took over. Her arrangement with June was that she would provide for Mr. Hasting for a year,

then June would take over and they would alternate until Molly and Patrick had graduated from college.

“Sonya your reconstruction of my right breast was aesthetically superb but with only one breast I was unable to meet Conrad's needs. When I recovered I returned to being a wet nurse for infants using my one functioning breast.

“It was wishful thinking on my part but I never even consider that Conrad would try the same tricks with Grace and June as he did with me. I didn't find out for over two years that he had succeeded in seducing both my daughters. Fortunately they are both practical girls and took precautions. When they wanted to go to San Francisco to graduate school Molly offered to take over.”

“Yes, you see Sonya, Grace and June had each given over a year so that there would be money for Patrick and I to go to school,” Molly observed, continuing the explanation, “I felt that since I was going to college in town it was only fair that I take over the contract. Everyone warned me and I resisted Conrad for over six months, but last week I too failed. Now I don't want to go back. We don't know how long mother can satisfy this man with only one lactating breast but if I milk myself to supplement her breast we may be able to continue until we find a better solution.”

Sonya's heart went out to the attractive young woman. She readily agreed to allow Molly to take over Kathleen's responsibilities for little Sandy.

“Please let me know if there is anything else I can do to help,” were the good doctor's parting words as they left.

Conrad Hasting was not happy the next day when Kathleen explained that her forty—five year old body and single lactating breast were taking over for Molly's eighteen year old body and two full breasts. He was not an unkind man and didn't doubt for a minute Kathleen's story of an infection that Molly had that made her milk contagious and would keep her away from him for some weeks. He fondly remembered his many sessions of nursing and loving with Kathleen and was pleasantly surprised when she undressed and he could see that the years had been very kind to her.

PART II A Solution to the Problem

For the next two weeks Molly slowly overcame her depression. Yet the whole family was concerned about her low spirits. They were quite open with each other and even Patrick was fully aware of the cause of Molly's depression as well as the family's unusual way of making a living.

Of course his whole life he had been used to the sight of his mother, grandmother and sometimes his older sister nursing infants. He didn't like it, feeling that it was somehow not nice. Yet, Patrick had found, since he was twelve, that the sight of his mother's and sister's nursing affected him in a strongly erotic way. Patrick fantasized often of what it must be like to be Conrad Hasting and have first the breasts and ultimately the bodies of his still attractive mother and three beautiful sisters to vent his lust upon.

The boy's jealousy was the root cause of his antisocial behavior. Yet he was genuinely fond of his sisters and between burst of masturbation, during which he imagined himself making love to his sister Molly he felt sorry for her.

"Molly, I'm going to a party tonight, want to come along," Patrick offered on Saturday night.

"No thanks Pat. I don't feel like seeing people," Molly replied with a sigh.

"Ah come on Sis. All you do is mope around the house. Getting out with some young people will do you good," he urged.

"Why don't you go Molly," Kathleen added. "Patrick is right. You need to get out more. Now Patrick if Molly goes with you it's up to you to make sure she is all right. Your sure this party your going to is a good place for her?"

"Sure it is Mom. Its over at David's house and his parents will be there. We're just going to have some food and stuff and listen to music, maybe dance."

"Well it might be nice to get out," Molly agreed. The young redhead loved to dance and the prospect attracted her attention. "Thank you for asking me Pat."

Kathleen smiled as she watched them leave together. They looked so much alike that in spite of their difference in sex no one ever imagined that they were anything but twins.

"Why just a few years ago, before Molly's breast blossomed, they were often confused for twin sisters or twin brothers. Patrick's rebellious long hair general had convinced the observer that they were sisters," Kathleen remembered. She wasn't at all sure how to proceed with Patrick. She felt she knew and understood girls and was very pleased with how June, Grace, and Molly were turning out. *"I suppose he needs a father to teach him how to be a good man. Well it's much to late for that now,"* she thought as she picked up a magazine.

It was news magazine and it focused on the recent craze in movies over transsexuals and transvestites, including a review of *'Just like a Women'*. and *'Doctor Jeckyl and Ms. Hyde'*.

Mary was amused to read that many transvestites and transsexuals not only were growing breasts, thanks to hormones, but that many could actually nurse with their newly grown breasts.

Four hours later she heard shouting at her door and went to see what was going on. Opening the door she found Molly and Patrick on the porch. Molly was screaming and crying, her clothes were in disarray, and her lip was bruised. Her neck was covered with love bites. Patrick was glaring at her.

"You better not tell!"

Kathleen heard as she opened the door.

Seeing her mother Molly fell into the older woman's arms and sobbed so hard she literally shook the porch.

"Why, what has happened," Kathleen asked with concern in her voice. "Molly you look terrible." The girl was crying too hard to even attempt to answer. Kathleen turned

to Patrick while she pulled her daughter to her chest and tried to soothe her, "Patrick, what has happened to Molly to upset her so much, and what is it you don't want her to tell me!"

Patrick just shrugged his shoulders and went inside and upstairs to his room. As the sullen boy moved by her she distinctly could smell whisky on his breath. It was clear to Kathleen that he was drunk and probably in the wrong and wasn't about to help her find out what had happened.

Gently she lead Molly inside and to Mary's room where both older women tried to soothe the child's continuing wails of anguish. It took close to two hours to calm Molly to the point where she made coherent sense but finally, through her tears the story came out.

The two women listened in shocked horror as Molly recounted the night's events.

It turned out that Patrick had told his friends that his sister was a wet nurse. David's parents were not home and when they got to the party, there was a lot of drinking going on and several of the boys had pulled Molly into a bedroom where they insisted on getting a 'taste'.

Patrick had followed but had not attempted to stop them. Including Patrick there were six boys in David's bedroom with Molly. The girl had cried and begged them to let her go but one of the boys had slapped her until she was quite.

Finally, desperate to get away, Molly had agreed to let them have a 'taste', of her milk if they would let her go home after. They agree and she opened the front of her dress and her nursing bra. Each of the boys spent several minutes sucking milk from her breasts then passed her on. She begged Patrick not to do it, but he just laughed at her and took his turn.

When the sixth boy started on her he begun by kissing her lips. As he dropped his face to her breasts he had jerked her dress down off her shoulders. She struggled but in moments the other boys joined in and succeeded in removing her dress, shoes, bra, half slip, pantyhose and panties. When she was nude they pushed her to the bed.

"Darling, didn't Patrick at least try to stop them?" Mary exclaimed.

"He did object when they stripped me but they told him to shut up or get out of the room. He stayed and later on, oh mother! He joined in!"

"I struggled and fought but there were five of them holding me down, including my precious brother. David dropped his pants and I knew he was preparing to be the first. I begged him to stop, I cried and pleaded for mercy. When it was clear they were going to go ahead I begged them to use condoms. They laughed at me and David climbed onto the bed. Mother, I offered to cooperate if they would use condoms. I know it was wrong but I think I'm fertile now. I'd die before I'd have the child of any of those pigs. I'm so sorry!" Molly sobbed as she lapsed into tears again.

"Oh my poor baby! You have nothing to be sorry about! Those boys raped you and if you were able to stop them from impregnating you by not fighting you did right. Did they dear, did they go through with it? Did Patrick go through with it?" Kathleen pleaded not wanting to hear the answer she knew was coming.

“Yes mother they did. One of them had a box of condoms and they took turns taking me. Patrick watched and cheered them on. I even think that he had planned it all! My God! Gang rape! How could he do it? My brother for Christ sake!” Molly cried.

Mary and Kathleen looked at each other. They saw hate steal in each others eyes and knew that punishment and revenge were both now to be part of their lives. Kathleen promised to be right back, and leaving Molly in her grandmother's arms went to the phone. She called her friend and client Dr. Sonya Payton. Dr. Payton was asleep when she called but as Kathleen explained what had happened she was quickly enraged and took charge.

“Kathleen you must bring Molly around to my office right now. There is probably no permanent damage but we must make sure. You say five boys and they took her. I will try to collect sperm samples and other evidence, pubic hair and the like, that we may need for the trial,” the good doctor went on.

Kathleen decided not to tell Dr. Payton about Patrick right then. Her first priority needed to be taking care of Molly. She returned to Molly and Mary and told them that they were going to Dr. Payton's office right then. Sonya would meet them there.

“I can't mother. I'm just so mortified. Please, don't make me display my shame to my employer!” the confused girl pleaded.

“You're upset and confused dear. You have nothing to be ashamed of, or mortified about. It is those who assaulted you who should be shamed and punished. We will see to them after we make sure that you are not more hurt in body than you seem. I know all too well that the mental scars will be with you for years, if not your whole life.”

Kathleen herself started to cry as the magnitude of the assault on her poor daughter hit her. Being seduced into a session of sex with Conrad was one thing, but being gang raped by five boys.

Mary and Kathleen helped Molly to the car and then Kathleen drove them the three miles to Northwest Portland where Sonya's office was located, at Good Samaritan Hospital. It was raining as Kathleen drove the gray Mercedes sedan Conrad had provided over the Willamette River bridge. The three women were all crying.

Sonya was waiting for them at the door as they drove up. She ran forward through the rain to help Molly from the car and embraced the tormented girl lovingly.

“Come with me dear, I want to make sure your physical injuries are treated as quickly and painlessly as possible,” she offered as she lead the sobbing girl into her office.

Mary and Kathleen followed them in.

Sonya asked Molly if she wanted her family with her in the treatment room. The young girl shook her red hair and grasped her mother's and grandmother's hands. In the examination room Sonya had Molly put on an exam gown and climb onto the exam table. As she raised her feet into the table's stirrups Molly reached out for Mary and Kathleen's hands again. Kathleen told Sonya what had happened while the doctor conducted the examination. When she explained that Molly's brother, Patrick, had arranged the rape Sonya looked up in shocked disbelief.

“Is that why you are hesitating to go to the police?” Sonya asked sternly, “To protect this beast, your son. I assure you that he must be punished now or he will do it again. I have seen it several times, once a boy becomes involved in watching a rape he will keep it up until he actually will rape his own sister until he is stopped by being separated from her. You can't let him live under the same roof with Molly now.”

“I never want to see the nasty creature again,” Molly cried.

“Yes you do dear. You want to watch his punishment until you think you have had your revenge and he has been punished enough,” Kathleen commented. “No Sonya, we don't want to go to the police to protect the boy and his fiends. We aren't going to the police because a rape case that focused on Conrad Hasting wet nurse would be harder on Molly than it would on her attackers. We also aren't going to the police because we want revenge as well as punishment. We know who did this, we know their guilt. We will start by punishing Patrick. In fact I hold him most at fault. He should have died protecting his sister instead of becoming one of her attackers. I suspect he set this whole attack up. It was his idea for Molly to go to this party. He assured me that David's parents would be home.”

Sonya looked at the steel in her friend's eyes and nodded her approval. She had seen too many frightened girls who, after being assaulted by some man or boy, were again raped by the legal system during the trial. Molly's recent seduction by this Hasting man was not relevant to the case but she knew that the attorney for the defense would make it front page news and try to fry Molly's reputation as a way of getting his clients off. She realized that she agreed, and wanted to help.

“Kathleen, Molly I'm with you. Whatever you plan, whatever you want to do you can count on my silence, my discretion, and my help,” the good doctor informed them.

The exam revealed that Molly was badly bruised, outside and within. Her vaginal canal showed many small tissue tears that were still bleeding. Nothing that would not heal in a few weeks if she rested, limited her diet to softer foods and took care not to get re—injured.

“Molly what do you want to do?” Sonya asked when the examination was over.

“I want to go home, take a knife and first cut off his balls. Then I want to watch as he slowly bleeds to death and as he dies stick the knife in his legs, thighs, arms and finally up his ass and twist it! Then I want to find each of the other five and do the same to them!” she cried, both angry and weeping as she spoke.

Mary and Kathleen looked at her in shocked understanding. She was an Irish girl with red hair and her brother had done an unspeakable wrong to her. It was in her blood to seek vengeance and for the vengeance itself to be bloody.

Sonya smiled and shook her head in agreement, “Sounds good to me Molly but there are two problems I see. First it's too quick. They made you suffer for hours during the attack and it will be a long time before you can put it behind you. Death in a few minutes or even hours is too easy for the swine. The second problem is all the bodies. The police will find them and probably find you and then you will be assaulted again in a murder trial. They should give you a medal but they will put you on trial for murder.”

"I don't care if they execute me as long as I can kill those creatures and make sure they don't ever hurt another girl!" Molly responded in anger.

"Let's see what we can think of that lasts for years and won't get you thrown into jail," the doctor continued. "Let's start by focusing on Patrick. We need a solution for Patrick tonight. He needs to learn that he has not gotten away with anything, and he needs to suffer and if possible repent and beg your forgiveness."

"That's not good enough Sonya. Patrick saying he is sorry and asking me to forgive him is an everyday occurrence in our house. I want him suffering if not dead at my feet," Molly protested.

"You forget I said he must suffer, and go on suffering long enough so that you feel you can forgive him," the doctor reminded her.

"That will be never. I like the idea of making him suffer, what should we do that will make him suffer for a long, long time."

They talked until four in the morning. Then Kathleen remembered the article she had been reading about men who changed their sex.

"I've got it," she said smiling. "We can solve three problems at once, we will cut off his balls, castrating him and protecting Molly from future assaults. I'm his mother and can sign the consent form, Molly's signature is nearly the same as his, she can sign for him asking Sonya to do the operation, if she is willing. Then we shoot him full of female hormones until he grows breasts, stimulate them into lactation, and make him take over the Hasting's contract."

They all smiled knowing that Kathleen was right, it was the perfect punishment. He would lose his manhood, something more important to him than his life, and he would have to learn to relate to the world as a woman including having a man try to take advantage of him nearly every day. Molly and Kathleen knew that Conrad would ultimately have his way with his new nurse. He would be punished as well as Patrick when he discovered that he was being fed by someone who was not as totally female as he might like or expect.

"What about the others? What will we do with them?" Molly asked.

"I know! Once Patrick is more feminine appearing you can fix him up with dates with his friends. We will arrange it so we can get their encounters on video tape and then show the world how these five guys are really gay," Sonya laughed.

"What if Patrick won't go out with them?" Molly asked.

"Dear, it didn't matter that you said no. It won't matter if Patrick says no."

So it was agreed. Sonya gave Kathleen a vial of clear liquid that would knock Patrick out for hours after he took a drink of it. Kathleen decided to put it in the milk carton. The boy liked to start the day by drinking directly from the carton, instead of using the glass. Once he was out cold they would call Sonya who would come over and 'do the operation'.

"Won't you need to do it here, or in a hospital?" Mary asked.

“No. Castration is simple. We can do it right on the kitchen table. I'll implant a couple of time release packets of female hormones at the same time. Then we can move him to his bed and wait for him to wake up so we can tell him about all the fun he is going to have.”

Kathleen drove Mary and Molly back to their home while Sonya closed her office and left instructions for her staff to reschedule all her appointments. They were all exhausted but Kathleen remembered to spike the milk container before they retired. Kathleen also insisted that Molly sleep in her room, with her there, for the girl's protection.

The teenage girl was very grateful. She hadn't wanted to admit just how afraid of being alone she was. Molly was surprised a few hours later when she woke up. She had been sure she would not be able to sleep but her poor exhausted body had known what she needed most.

As soon as she opened her eyes she saw her mother sitting by the bed reading.

“I'm glad you were able to sleep dear. Your grandmother is still resting. A while ago I heard a groan and a crash in the Kitchen. Patrick is laying on the floor now completely unaware of the world. I have called Sonya who is on the way over but you have time for a shower. I put a fresh set of clothes for you in my bathroom.”

Molly felt as if she would never be clean again. She knew that washing the layer of grim that was on her off, would help her feel a little better. She arose and kissed her mother, then went into her mother's bathroom to shower. Molly washed herself for a long time, until there was no more hot water, then she scrubbed herself dry with a white fluffy towel and put on the clothes her mother had selected for her. Kathleen had brought her matching pink panties and nursing bra set, white gym socks, her cowboy boots, jeans, and a heavy flannel shirt. As the teenage girl dressed she realized her breasts were full and she would need to nurse or milk herself soon. She used a breast pump to ease the sense of fullness and saved the rich liquid for her mother to later take over to Conrad. Molly decided to skip any make-up since she wasn't interested in looking attractive at the moment. She was glad of the heavy garments her mother had selected.

“Armor,” Molly thought with a slight smile as she slipped on her boots.

When she heard the door bell she rejoined her mother. They let Sonya in and proceeded to the Kitchen. Patrick was still out cold on the floor. Kathleen had come in and cleaned up the spilt milk and cleared of the kitchen table. Mary joined them and the four lifted Patrick to the table. They spread eagled him on the table with his ankles tied to the bottom of the table's legs so that he bent backwards over the heavy table with his hands tied to the opposite two legs. His crotch was right at the table's edge.

Once he was secure Sonya used some gauze and surgical tape to gag him. “Now we have some choices to make,” the doctor said. “We could proceed now or we can wait till he comes around. Then we can use anesthetic or not. I thought it might help Molly's sense of revenge if she saw Patrick feel the knife and could watch his face as he felt the pain and knew we were taking his manhood.”

Molly looked at her mother for a moment, "I don't know, mother do we want to be that cruel?"

Mary replied, "Yes we do dear. This is revenge. Its is really necessary for you to watch. Your mother should be here to explain what is going to happen to him to Patrick. Why don't you and I go up to his room and get rid of all those inappropriate boy clothes and things he has up there while we wait for him to come around. 'She' won't be needing any of that boy stuff, ever again."

"Before we disperse let's get the consent forms signed," Sonya reminded them.

"Molly would you sign for Patrick?" Kathleen asked. "I know you can forge his signature, just as well as he can forge yours, there almost exactly alike anyway."

"You know about that?" Molly asked surprise in her voice.

"Of course dear. When you are a mother you will understand how little you and your brother really were able to get away with. Sometimes its not worth the energy to confront your children. Sometimes its better to not let them know that you are on to their little tricks."

Molly giggled and then signed the form. Patrick himself could not have been sure it wasn't his own signature. Then Kathleen signed it and passed it to Sonya who put in her medical bag.

Mary and Molly went upstairs to pack up Patrick's things and Sonya got out her instruments. Kathleen set up a TV tray for the instruments which they boiled and then dipped them in alcohol.

When Sonya was satisfied she scrubbed her hands helped Kathleen scrub hers and then helped Kathleen put on a fresh pair of surgical gloves. Then Kathleen helped Sonya with hers. They each had put a surgical mask on earlier.

Sonya had timed it perfectly, just as they were ready Patrick started to come to.

Kathleen called upstairs and Mary and Molly returned to the kitchen.

Patrick was now fully awake and was looking around at the four women, fear in his eyes.

"Patrick," Kathleen began, "since you can't manage to be man enough to protect your sister. Since, in fact you have abused your sister and allowed, even arranged for others to abuse and assault her, we have decided to make things easier on you."

The boy struggled but found he was held virtually immobile by the stout cords that securely tied him to the table.

Kathleen continued, "We have decided that as punishment for what you have done you will lose your manhood. We are about to attend to that detail. After you are castrated you will have a choice. You can leave this house and never return or you may stay here and live with us as my fourth daughter. You must choose. Do you agree to become my daughter or do you wish to leave after the operation?"

"Kathleen," Mary interrupted. "I think you should ask Patrick after the operation. He can't judge now because he doesn't know whether you are serious."

"Perhaps your right. OK, lets do it!"

“Good,” Sonya responded. “Molly there is a scalpel and a pair of scissors on the counter over there. Please cut these clothes off of Patrick. I want him naked but be carefully not to injure him, at least not much.”

Molly smiled. She remembered her humiliation as the boys had stripped her naked and then spread eagled her helpless body on the bed. She picked up the scalpel and began to cut away at Patrick's clothes.

It took about twenty minutes but soon the boy was naked his body exposed to the four women, his legs spread wide and his manhood exposed at the edge of the table. His clothes were reduced to a pile of rags on the floor.

“Molly dear, have you decided to watch? Personally I think it would be good for you to see him unmanned.”

“If you think it will help me feel better Sonya, I want to see it done.”

“Good girl. Now about anesthetic. Have you decided whether we should use a local anesthetic to reduce his pain during the surgery or should we let him feel it.”

“Sonya I really don't want him to suffer but nothing you do will hurt him more than it hurt me when his friends raped me. The pain was so intense it felt like I was going to die.”

“OK, then no anesthetic. Now Patrick, this will hurt, but not as much as you think, and less than you deserve. If you can muster the courage to face this bravely maybe you can still try to live as a man, or a eunuch at any rate.”

Sonya stepped up to the table and reached for a scalpel. Patrick tried to cry out but the gag effectively silenced him.

He tried to struggle but was bound too securely to move much. He even tried to lift his hips up and back away from the doctor and her knife. He was so well secured he could move only a fraction of an inch.

Sonya shrugged and reached down grasping his scrotal sack in her hand. She set his limp, and now shrunken in fear, penis aside and made a short quick incision just below his right testicle. Patrick silently screamed through the gag and started to cry. The women heard his muffled sobs but ignored him.

Kathleen and Molly stepped closer to watch as Sonya opened the scrotal sack and deftly let the right testicle slip out into view. It was elongated and pulsed slightly with life. Sonya clamped off the blood supply to the little organ and sliced it free of the boy's body.

Sonya held it up so that Patrick could see the nut like piece of his flesh.

“One down, one to go Patrick. Now you are half a man. In a minute you won't be a man at all,” the surgeon informed the crying boy.

Sonya almost felt pity for the boy seeing his eyes overflowing with tears and his cheeks wet with his crying. Then she steeled herself with the memory of another patient. She remembered her pelvic examination of Molly and the poor girl's bruised and torn vaginal and anal canals. She let the testicle fall to the floor into a pail, picked up her scalpel and made another incision. Then she again pulled the remaining testicle

from the former boy's body, clamped it off and cut it free. Sonya held it high where Patrick could see the last relic of his lost manhood. She nodded to Kathleen.

“So you see Patrick, we are quite serious. The good doctor has your signed consent for this little procedure. She has my consent as well. Its now time for you to chose. Are you now my daughter or do you wish to leave my house now. If you want to leave you may, but the only clothing you will be allowed to leave with are the soiled garments you and your friends striped off of Molly last night. Yes her soiled panties, pantyhose, heels, slip, bra and a dress. Oh, and her purse and what ever amount of money she wishes you to have. Of course you may just leave wearing nothing. You have that option too.”

“That will be none mother!” Molly added, steel in her voice.

“Well then just the one dress and an empty purse. So what is it to be? Shake your head up and down if you wish to stay, as my daughter. From side to side if you want to leave now,” Kathleen instructed.

Patrick cried for several minutes then moved his head up and down just a little.

“OK, so you are now my fourth daughter. We will call you Patricia, but your name will be Trisha, for short, not Pat. Now Trisha as one of my daughters and being over eighteen years of age it is your turn to help out with the Hasting contract. I know you are a late bloomer but Dr. Payton has assured me that with just a little more of he magic that can be remedied. Sonya are you ready to proceed.”

“Why yes Kathleen. It really will just take a minute.” She inserted two packets into Patricia's former scrotal sack and proceeded to tie them into the former boy's blood stream. Patricia continued to wince and cry as she worked.

“Trisha my dear,” Sonya started to explain. “I am implanting two packets of time release female hormones in your body. These are very potent and are based on the kind of implants women use as birth control. These are quite large really and will last for about two years before they need to be replaced. Because they are tied directly into your blood system they will start to change your body's hormonal structure right away. The birth control formula works by changing a women's hormones to convince her body that she is pregnant. These will do the same for you. Since your castration has stopped most production of male hormones in your body these should take effect rapidly. You know a women's ovaries produce small amounts of male hormones. These implants won't do even that. My estimate is that by this time next month you body will have the hormonal make—up of a pregnant eighteen year old girl. So you need not be concerned about that flat chest of yours. With these changes I'm sure you will have a pair of lovely breasts to play with, and nurse that nice Mr. Hasting with in just a few short months.”

Sonya was rewarded for her speech by a look of sheer terror in Patricia's eyes as the former man literally passed out from fright. Her device had worked. She had distracted the former man, and now her procedure was complete. The incisions stitched closed. The hormone implants already starting to send new signals to the former males still growing body.

"I'm done," Sonya said as she stepped away from the table. "I think we should mover Patricia to 'her' bed while she is out. I want to restrain her for the next several days to be sure the incisions have a good chance to heal. When it is too late to remove the implants we can free 'her' and start to teach her how a proper young woman should behave. 'Her' breasts will need to develop for three to five weeks before we can start to stimulate their lactation. It may take six or more weeks after that to bring them to full bloom and allow our Trisha to take over nursing duties for Mr. Hasting," the doctor concluded.

Patrick slowly came out of the fog. His head hurt and his whole body ached and he seemed to be unable to move his arms or legs. He looked around and saw he was in his own bed in his room with an IV tube running into his arm. There was definitely something wrong with his room. All of his stuff was missing. The football pennants on his wall, his sports equipment, even the poster of Joe Montana he had placed by his small desk last week, were all gone.

Then the nightmare came back to him. He had dreamed that he had awakened naked, and strapped to the kitchen table no less. That Molly, his mother, and his grandmother had looked on while a woman in a surgical mask had cut his body. He had screamed but been unable to make a sound. He wanted to reach down and reassure himself that everything was OK with his male equipment. He still could not move his muscles.

"I'm tied down!" Patrick realized as he came fully awake for the first time in a week.

In a flash he remembered what he, what he and David and their friends had done to Molly. Of course his family was pissed. He had arranged the gang rape of his sister. That must be why he was tied in his bed and could not move. They were punishing him. Patrick now remembered clearly that night. He thought it had been the night before. He was ashamed that he had set his sister up. Even more he was jealous that David and the other four boys had access to Molly's soft body.

"That won't happen again. From now on Molly's body will be mine," he told himself.

Patrick dreamed of sucking the rich cream from her full breasts, of sinking his hardness into her moist and well—lubricated cleft.

Patrick was surprised that he didn't have an incredible hard on. Always before when he had imagined making it with his beautiful sister the idea had created such lust in his body it had sent him into a fit of masturbation. Again he wished his hands were free so he could assure himself that all was well in that department. What if the nightmare was true? What if they had, had, why he couldn't even think the word, the prospect was so terrifying to him.

The door opened and Molly and his mother came in.

"Good morning Trisha, how is my new daughter today. Ready to get up and start your new life?" Kathleen asked her incredulous former son.

Patrick broke out into a cold sweat. Could the dream be true. Had they cut his manhood away because of what he had done to Molly?

"Its not fair," the former male thought, his eyes filling with tears. *"So I took a slice off the loaf. It was just one slice. Molly was still a girl. Its not like she had been a virgin or something. She was already putting out for that Conrad guy."*

The look of hate and anger the lay below Molly's smile made Patrick shudder. In an instant he realized that his sister now hated him with more venom than he could imagine.

"Mom!" The former boy cried. "You didn't really do that to me did you. To your own son? How could you?"

"Well dear, I did it to the young man who arranged the raping of my daughter my daughter. My son would have protected his sister but as it turns out I have no son. If you will remember you agreed that you are now my daughter. That is the only way in which you may stay here." Kathleen unhooked the IV from her former son's arm and sat down on the side of the bed.

"You may think that we are talking about the events of last night but in fact you have been sedated in your bed now for a little more than a week. Dr. Payton came over this morning and after examining you said that you are now well enough to be up and to start learning about your new life. As you can see we have helped you by removing from your room everything that might pain you by reminding you that you once were a boy. In fact there is nothing of your masculine past left in the house. We took several trunks full of things you wont need to Good Will. I'm sure some poor young men will be very thankful for your contribution. Now if I untie you will you be a good little girl and do what mother and sister tell you? Or, Trisha, would you like to jest rest there and think about all the exciting things your future now holds for you?"

The he wanted to just scream, but an even greater urge was the desire to find out just how badly they had damaged him.

"I'll be good. mother, please let me up," he pleaded.

Kathleen untied the restraints on her former sons wrists and ankles. Molly watched Patricia, her brother seemed to hesitate for a moment. Then she saw his hands moving under the blankets to his groin. He felt himself for a moment and then let out a low groan. He felt a strange garment around his hips and there was a tube coming out of his penis but he found his scrotal sack, or where it should have been, and there was only a little loose skin there.

"Its true!" her former brother said accusingly, "You castrated me!" He cried, his cheeks already wet with a stream of tears.

Molly almost felt sorry for Trisha. Then she remembered her own pain, both physical and mental.

"You bet its true!" Molly retorted in anger, "If I could, I'd have those fine friends of yours over right now so that you could pull that train for an hour or so. As of now they wouldn't find you that attractive. A situation which, for the sake of the family honor and business, we will remedy as soon as possible."

"Oh, the remedy is already in progress Trisha," Kathleen continued. "Since your memory is a bit dim maybe I should remind you. We did more than just cut away

those little balls of yours. Right now, buried deep in your body are two implants releasing just oodles of female hormones into your system. Why, just this morning Dr. Payton remarked that she could see several small changes all ready. Why not get up and lets see just how much of a woman you have become in a week?"

"I'm a man!" he cried.

"No," Molly retorted. "You are not now, nor have you ever been a man. You were a little boy once. My brother and friend. Then you got older and became a nasty little boy who lusted after his sister incestuously. A man protects his sister and other woman. A man does not rape helpless women. A man is strong and protective and can be depended on to be considerate and kind. Since you were not a man, just a nasty little boy, I don't see why you should be so upset that what you call your manhood has been cut away. No woman would want you and you cry so readily one would think you were still just a baby."

He knew was beaten. Tears still streaming his cheeks he began to sit up only to realize that he didn't have anything on. He pulled the sheets and blankets up around his neck.

"I'll get up but can I have my clothes, and a little privacy to put them on in, please."

Molly laughed but her mother softened for a moment.

"Trisha, daughter. You will need our help for a few minutes more anyway. Then you should take a nice bubble bath and I will help you figure out what to wear. Of course you really don't have any clothes. Your sisters and I have each gone through our wardrobe and selected a few things to lend you, at least until we can take you shopping for your own clothing and accessories.

"You need to remember, we're all girls here now. Your nakedness is nothing to be concerned about. It's like the locker room. It never bothered you to be in the boy's locker room with all those other naked boys did it? Well now that you're a girl it shouldn't bother you to be seen naked by other girls and women. In fact, within a few weeks I'm sure you would be absolutely mortified at finding yourself naked among men.

"Now let us get those covers off. You have been in bed for a week and we need to adjust your plumbing to release you so that you can take that bath. Fortunately you never had much of a beard or body hair so you won't need to spend an undue amount of time today removing your body hair. Just shave off the down on your arms, legs and under your arms."

The former boy groaned and let go of the covers. He was even more mortified than before. His mother's comment about his sisters lending him some clothing was bad news in two ways. First it meant that June and Grace knew all about his crime and his planned punishment. There would be no support or help from them. Even more depressing was the realization that they were all in dead earnest about his dressing in girl's clothes. They even wanting him to shave his legs and under his arms.

Patrick had wanted to shave for years, as a sign of his growing manhood. Now that he was over eighteen he had hoped that his body would cooperate by producing enough whiskers to make shaving worth the trouble. Now he realized that with his fair

skin, red hair, and his body full of female hormones he didn't stand a snowball's chance of ever needing to place a razor against his cheek.

The newly castrated boy looked down as Molly pulled the blanket and sheets off. It took a moment but the realization hit like a bolt of lightning. He was wearing a diaper out of the bottom of which extended a long plastic tube. Looking up he saw the look of contempt and triumph on Molly's face. In spite of efforts to control the reaction the former male felt tears running down his cheeks again.

"You put me in diapers?" he sobbed.

"Don't feel so bad about it, Trisha," Molly teased. "You were out for over a week. We had to do something to keep you from soiling the bedding."

"I know," the girl said clapping her hands together, "Why don't you just think of it as an over large sanitary pad. I have to wear those every month you know. All us girls do. Maybe you should wear a big one like this when I have my period to help you understand some of the burdens we women must carry to be the mothers of the next generation."

"You wouldn't make me do that?" the fearful youth asked.

Kathleen looked at the two for a moment. What ever Molly wanted to dish out she felt was OK. In a way she was glad Molly was going after Trisha with such gusto.

If there was no chance of her ever forgiving Trisha for what Patrick had done Molly wouldn't bother to bait the former boy. Her interest might mean that in spite the hurt Patrick had done her she still felt sisterly toward her former brother and might one day be able to forgive her new sister.

Kathleen wanted revenge but she didn't want Molly scarred by a life filled with hate. She decided to draw the line at things that made her life harder or might interfere with their other plans for Trisha.

"Trisha, Molly might have a good idea but I'll make you a bargain. If you are a well-behaved young lady every month you don't have to wear the napkin, or diaper, or what ever you two want to call it. If you are uncooperative or are not making progressive, good progress at becoming a responsible and attractive young woman you will wear it and a lot more. Think about your friends seeing you in a play pen wearing just a diaper with a gag in your mouth and newly forming breasts naked on your chest. We could have them all over for a party each month and let them play with you."

The horror of Kathleen's threat struck her former son dumb. Tears still flowed down his cheeks as Kathleen opened the front of the diaper and grasping his shrunken penis pulled a catheter out. It hurt but since Trisha was crying anyway no one, but the former boy, knew how much.

"While you were sedated I had to keep you clean. Now you can take care of that yourself. Get into that bathroom and take that bubble bath, and unless you want to put a diaper back on you will do a good job of making yourself pretty. I swear I'll put you back in a diaper and throw you out the front door if you don't do everything you can to appear feminine."

Patrick knew that he was beaten. The new girl slowly got out of bed and clasping the diaper to help cover his now mangled genitals. He shuffled to the bathroom and closed the door.

As Trisha slowly walked by her Kathleen took a careful look at her new daughter. She thought she could see a slight swelling around her former son's nipples and she was sure that the aureoles were larger than they had been. Also Trisha's nipples were clearly larger. Patrick's chest had evidenced almost no nipples. Now they showed distinctly and while still small they stood out proudly on Trisha's chest.

Once safely behind a locked door Trisha removed the Diaper and cleaned herself up as best he/she could. Then he/she took a quick shower and carefully made sure his/her bottom was squeaky clean.

Knowing that this was not the right time to buck his mother, Patrick turned on the water and adding some of Kathleen's bubble bath and mineral salts as the tub filled. The former boy was unsure of the appropriate procedure but the mineral salts package had said to soak for at least fifteen minutes. Patrick soaked and then, borrowing one of his mothers razors, removed the almost invisible down from his/her legs, arms and the scant red hairs under his arms.

Looking at his body Patrick decided to shave part of the hair from around his genitals. He didn't know that much about female hair patterns but Patrick had seen Molly's genital hair and knew that even his scant red curls were more than his twin sported. Patrick felt that doing something extra might help to get him back onto his mother's good side. It was harder than Patrick had imagined to get the right shape and before the former boy realized what was happening he had removed so much that the only reasonable thing to do was remove it all. With a frown Patrick did just that, hoping that this sign of obedience would soften his mother's anger.

“Maybe if I seem to cooperate she won't make me become a wet nurse,” the former boy thought. Patrick was almost overcome with revulsion as he imagined having to expose his breasts to that Conrad Hasting person and then offer him milk from the hated organs they said they intended to grow on him.

The reality of the castration hadn't really sunk in. The youth still felt that somehow he might get his manhood back. That this being a girl bit his mother and sister were doing was just a short term punishment and that Dr. Payton had just found some way to temporarily hide his missing testicles. The more the former boy thought about it the more convinced he became that his mother wouldn't have really had him castrated.

As Patrick shampooed and conditioned his longish red hair the former boy decided that the sooner he played out this becoming a girl bit the sooner he would get back to being the `man' of the house.

PART III The Punishment

It was an almost cheerful Patrick that emerged from the bathroom an hour later. Kathleen wondered what was going on. She had expected more trouble from her former son. Yet here he was almost smiling. The former boy had wrapped a pink bath towel around his body covering his flat chest as well as his hips. His legs, arms and underarms were shaved smooth. He had wrapped a second, smaller pink towel around his hair and looking a little closer Kathleen could see that he had plucked his eyebrows into a thinner more feminine shape.

Patrick looked around and noted that Molly was no longer in the room and almost grinned. The former boy could tell from his mothers expression that his efforts to appear to cooperate were already dampening her anger. Patrick speculated that if he could just keep his cool, for maybe a month, he could ask to have the doctor come back and release his balls from the place in his groin where he was sure she had hidden them.

“Why, he looks just like Molly did when she was fifteen,” Kathleen thought. *“This may not be as hard as I thought it was going to be.”*

“Trisha, take off the towels, I want to see the total effect,” Kathleen demanded.

After hesitating for a moment Patrick dropped the towel that covered his torso and removed the towel covering his hair. The former boy felt very vulnerable and embarrassed standing naked in front of his mother but realized that she would probably like seeing him blush.

Seeing her former son's shaved groin Kathleen couldn't help but smile.

“That's very nice Trisha. I see you even made sure that you will not have to worry if you wear a bikini. Even Molly, doesn't shave that much of her public hair off, but on you it looks good. You will from now on shave your groin smooth every time you take a bath. You will of course take a bath at least every other day and will take at least a shower every day. Now did you rub moisturizing cream into your skin after your bath?”

“No mother, I didn't know I should.”

Kathleen smiled broadly. *“I can't believe how good he is being,”* the woman thought.

“It's the large bottle on the counter. Go get it and bring it out here. I'll get you your own bottle in a day or so. Now sit on the edge of the bed and rub the cream into every square inch of your body. Being extra careful to cover everywhere you shaved. I have a special cream I want you to start using on your chest.”

Kathleen left the room and for a couple of minutes and then returned with a white jar. Again she couldn't help smiling as she saw Patrick massaging the skin lotion into his arms.

Kathleen handed her former son another jar.

“Trisha I want you to be careful to rub this cream into your breasts every day. Your new breasts will be forming quickly, remember how fast Molly blossomed. This cream will insure that you don't end up with any unsightly stretch marks. Do it now and let

me see how you rub it in. I want to be sure you do it right. Your breasts should be one of your most attractive features. We don't want them marred.”

Patrick picked up the white jar and opened it. Placing the cream on his right hand she rubbed some into the right side of his chest. With a start he stopped. For the first time the former boy noticed that his nipples were larger. For a moment Patrick was afraid that they really were growing. Then he realized that it was probably the cream.

“Yes, there must be something in the cream that made his nipples swell,” he decided.

More relaxed he followed Kathleen's instructions and learned just how he was to rub the cream in each day. When Patrick was done Kathleen passed her former son matching red panties and training bra set. It was a heavily padded 36 AAA cup bra but when Trisha had it in place and properly adjusted Kathleen realized it already created enough shape in her former son's body to send him over the gender line. To most observers he already would look convincingly female.

Kathleen then helped Trisha comb out his hair and tied it into a little pony tale with a dark green satin ribbon. When Kathleen felt that she had the pony tail adjusted just right she called out and Molly came back into the room.

Looking at her former brother in the training bra and panties, with his hair in a pony tail Molly almost laughed. It would have been funny but then she realized that Patrick was already looking so much like her that most people would think the former boy was her little sister. A few more weeks of hormones saturating Patrick's body a couple of increases in bra cup size and they would be taken for identical twin sisters.

“Well, if Trisha is going to look just like me she will learn to dress and make herself up well enough so that she doesn't embarrassment me,” Molly decided.

“Wow! You look very pretty Trisha,” Molly teased, knowing that the idea of being pretty would be torture to her former brother. “Mother has agreed to let me teach you about make—up. The first lesson is that you put your make—up on as soon as you have your underwear on. If you wait till you slip into your outerwear there is a chance that you will soil your clothes.”

Molly proceeded to teach her new sister about make—up. She demonstrated on herself and then passed Trisha the cosmetic and had the former boy do and redo his/her face until Molly was satisfied.

It took over two hours before Trisha had applied blusher, mascara, eye liner, eye shadow, lipstick and lip liner to Molly's satisfaction. The lipstick color was a dark red that was slightly darker than the deep red hair that characterized the whole family. Because they had the same fair skin coloring Molly's cosmetics were perfect for Trisha.

When they were done the image in the mirror frightened the former boy. Sitting there in the training bra with his/her face done he looked almost like Molly's double. The angles of the former boy's face were a little sharper because of his masculine lean body mass. Trisha realized that if the really had implanted female hormones he would be Molly's double in a matter of months.

Molly interrupted his thoughts.

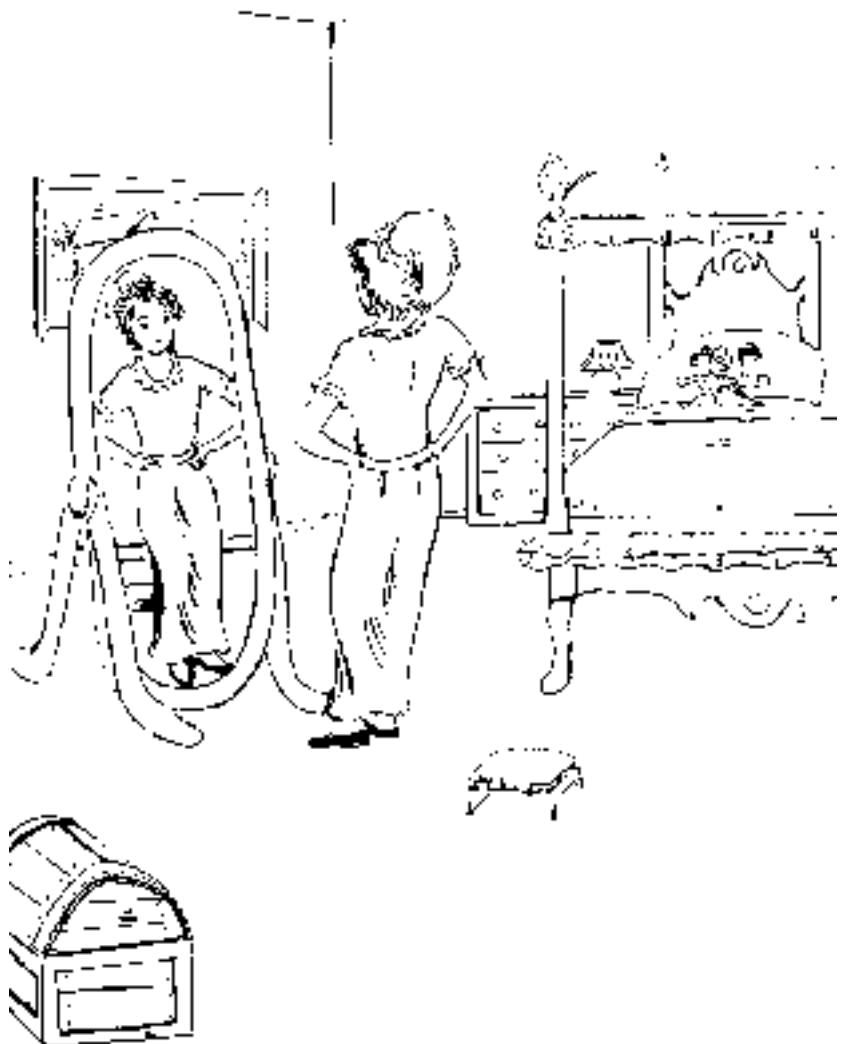
“That looks nice Trisha. This type of make—up is for going out during the day. It would be OK for shopping or for school too. For evening wear, or for dates you will need to be more elaborate. Then there is another step to full glamour make—up. For the next few weeks I will give you lessons in make—up until you are proficient at all three. I called June and Grace and they said you could have all the make—up they left behind when they went to school last fall. You know you're very lucky. I've checked and they left behind a lot of supplies. Things it would cost you hundreds of dollars to buy, and since we all look so much alike all the colors are right for you. Now let's polish your nails. I found a bottle that exactly matches your 'Oh so kiss—able lips'. Let's get to it little sister,” Molly teased.

Again Molly first showed Trisha how to apply the polish to his/her nails. It was a dark red that matched his/her lip color and stood out strikingly against her light skin. First they had shaped the former boy's finger nails to create a slightly feminine curve in the nails.

Molly assured Trisha that his/her nails would look much better after they grew for a few weeks.

“You will need to redo your nails every few days dear. For the next week, or so, I will tell you when, and help you shape them. Now I don't want you touching them without me there. I want them to be just like mine as soon as possible. And remember, we girls pick up things with our finger pads not our nails. If you break a nail I will have you wear false nails that won't break.”

Patrick groaned looking at Molly's nails. His sister was practical but even so her nails extended nearly a half—inch beyond the end of her fingers in slightly sharp curves that almost came to point. Looking at Molly's hands Patrick realized that several of his sister's nails were broken. Trisha knew his/her sister and knew that Molly had always taken inordinate care of her nails. Patrick had kidded her about her obsession. The former boy realized that Molly must have



broken her nails as she had tried to fight off her attackers. Patrick experienced a brief moment of shame. Quickly he dismissed the notion.

“Molly had asked for it. Hadn't she agreed to cooperate? Yes, he didn't need to feel guilty, even if his mother and sister were making him go through this strange masquerade,” Patrick reassured himself.

When Molly was satisfied with Trisha's appearance she called to her mother, who had gone downstairs to read, during the make—up lesson.

Kathleen came back into the room and was amazed.

“Why if his breasts were developed and he was wearing the same clothes as Molly I would just barely be able to tell them apart,” the woman thought, *“Conrad will be so pleased. He really liked Molly and will be very aggressive at attempting to seduce Molly's double. Boy will he get a surprise if he ever gets inside of Trisha's panties!”*

Kathleen brought in a white half slip, blush colored peasant blouse and matching full skirt that she seldom wore and had decided to pass on to her new daughter. The blouse and skirt had been made in India and were block printed in a large bold pattern of burgundy and dark blue flowers. She also brought one of her old garter belts, she only wore pantyhose now, a pair of cinnamon colored hose, and a pair of low heeled sling backed black pumps. She wasn't sure that the shoes would fit Trisha, she hopped they would because she didn't want to take Trisha shopping for at least another week or so.

“Let 'her' get used to dressing like a girl before I take her out in public,” Kathleen thought to herself.

“Trisha I've decided to give you these to start your new wardrobe. I bought them when I lived in Eugene but the hippie look is coming back so you will be quite fashionable. Put the garter belt and hose on first, followed by the half slip. Then the blouse and the finally the skirt and shoes. The material of the skirt is rather thin so you will need to wear the half slip or risk exposing your legs every time the light is behind you. I think you will look real cute in this. So hurry up, I'm dyeing to see how you look dressed,” Kathleen concluded cheerfully.

Patrick knew this was coming and was resigned to wearing the girl's clothes. He still thought that if he humored his family for a few weeks they would take him to the doctor to have his testicles, which he was sure were hidden and not gone, restored. The former boy slowly and uncertainly began to get dressed.

Both Molly and his mother rushed to help him put on the nylon stockings and fasten their tops to the garter belt's suspenders.

After the hose were well—attached Patrick proceeded to put on the slip, followed by the blouse, skirt, and finally the shoes. Although the shoes were only one inch heels Patrick had trouble standing in them. Kathleen was pleased to see that the size was OK. That meant that Trisha's feet were about the same size as those of her sisters. June, Grace and Molly all wore a size seven and one—half B. She wore a size eight C but suspected her feet had gotten bigger when she was living on the commune. She had only put on shoes then when she went into the City and sometimes not then.

Molly helped Trisha stand in the unfamiliar heels and guided her new sister over to the mirror.

Trisha just stared at the reflection. What the former boy saw was a young girl, maybe about thirteen, a little too lean to be older with just a hint of breast development.

"It's worse than I thought," Patrick thought. *"I already look the part. If anyone sees me like this I will never convince them that this isn't my idea. Why, if I had the chance I'd try and make it with a girl who looks like that."*

Kathleen watched Trisha's reaction carefully.

"She looks OK but she stands and moves like a boy. I guess we will need to work on that before I take her out. Darn, I was just thinking about taking her to have her hair done. Oh well, it will keep a few weeks."

Kathleen had Molly help Trisha get down stairs.

Mary was surprised to see her new granddaughter but quickly rose to the occasion.

All three spent the entire evening observing Trisha and correcting the former boy every time he did something in a masculine way.

By the end of the evening Patrick was feeling both exhausted and tired of being told, how to move, sit, stand, walk, talk, eat, drink, even breath. It seemed that every moment was filled with some correction of his behavior as the three women focused their combined attention on the former boy's actions. When Patrick was finally allowed to go to bed he was exhausted.

Kathleen helped her new daughter up the stairs and instructed 'her' in how to properly put 'her' clothes away as 'she' undressed.

Molly came up and surprised Kathleen by offering to give Trisha one of her night gowns. The embarrassed former boy was eager to slip into the filmy garment to hide his nakedness from his sister. Molly then patiently instructed Trisha in how to remove 'her' make—up and prepare 'her' face for the night.

The former boy was so tired he was asleep almost before his head hit the pillow.

Patrick was still a little groggy when he got up the next morning. He didn't fully remember what had happened until he saw himself in the mirror as he went toward the bathroom. For a second he had thought that Molly was in the room. Then he remembered.

Staring back at him from the mirror was a girlish shape in a pink night gown. The fabric was so sheer that he could clearly see that he was wearing the matching pink nylon panties that had come with the gown. He remembered that he had hopped to see Molly in it when his sister had unwrapped the nightie the pervious Christmas. He never had, but now, to his shame, he was wearing it.

With horror he saw that even without make—up he looked so much like a girl that someone seeing him in the gown wouldn't even consider the possibility that he wasn't one. As he went into the bathroom a tear ran down his cheek. He stood defiantly at the

toilet as he pissed. The feel of his limp cock in his hands and his empty scrotal sack was a torment.

When Patrick emerged from the bathroom he found Mary, his grandmother, waiting for him.

“Good morning Trisha,” Mary said. “Kathleen and Molly have gone to work so I get to help you get dressed today.”

The older woman gestured to a pile of turquoise clothes on the bed. “This is one of June's outfits. She said that you could have it since she is a little too big around the chest for it anymore. You may remember she wore it several years ago when she was still in high school.”

Patrick did remember the outfit. It was ultra feminine, consisting of a wide flowing poodle skirt with a matching top that was sleeveless and had a deep vee neck that had caused difficulty since it had revealed more of June's bosom than her mother had thought was proper.

Mary had 'Trisha' put on a fresh set of white panties and training bra. Then she sent her new grand—daughter to the vanity to do 'her' hair and make—up.

Patrick remembered most of what Molly had taught him the day before and in about a half hour had succeeded in applying the make—up to Mary's satisfaction. He again used a turquoise ribbon to tie his hair into a pony tail.

He then, with Mary's help put on the clothes. There was a garter belt again, cinnamon colored stockings, then a full slip, and top followed by the skirt. Mary had also brought a pair of low heeled white pumps that June had often worn with the outfit the former boy was to wear now.

When he was dressed Mary led Trisha downstairs where she had the former boy fix them a light breakfast.

In the afternoon Molly returned and spent another hour with her former brother teaching him even more about make—up. That evening again, after Kathleen, returned the three spent hours drilling 'Trisha' in feminine behavior and deportment.

Before letting her former son go to bed Kathleen took Trisha to June and Grace's room and selected several outfits for him that were now a little too small for her two oldest daughters.

The pattern of Patrick's days settled down for the next week. Each morning he arose and his mother or grandmother would help him dress.

Later Molly would give him a make—up lesson. His sister seemed to delight in watching her former brother trying to learn the art of feminine adornment.

Kathleen and Molly also gave the former boy women's and girl's magazines to read. At first Patrick resisted but the former boy soon learned that if he was sitting demurely reading one of these magazines aloud, in his most feminine voice, his three tormentors would leave him alone. Almost in spite of himself he found himself learning about fashion, hair styles, and the feminine perspective on life.

For several days he had been feeling unwell. In the morning his stomach was often upset and he was having trouble finding anything he wanted to eat. Also he would get these cramp like pains in his abdomen. Patrick was generally feeling too tired to do much anyway.

Still, sitting and reading the magazines was not as boring as doing nothing.

“Trisha, tomorrow I want you to pick out your own outfit dear,” Kathleen instructed Trisha as they hung up the former boy's borrowed clothing at the end of the day. It was about ten days after he had first awakened to the 'nightmare' as he thought of it.

“Thanks to the generosity of your sisters you now have a small but nice assortment of skirts, blouses, dresses, underwear, and accessories. Let's see how much you have learned. Tomorrow I want you to get yourself ready including doing your own make—up.”

The next morning Patrick arose and after a long bubble bath decided he might as well try a dress.

“They certainly won't let me off the hook until they have seen me in a dress and are tired of it,” the former boy reasoned.

After his bath he had again noticed that his nipples seemed more swollen and pronounced, almost cone—like aureoles that were changing color from nude pink to a pinkish orange while enlarging from the diameter of a dime to the size of a quarter. Patrick quickly put the idea that breasts might be growing on his chest aside. The former boy assumed that it was just a short term effect caused by the lotions and cream he was forced to put on his body and chest after he bathed or showered.

Trisha was starting to get used to wearing girl's clothes. He had even admitted to himself that he liked the soft feel of most of the under—things, although he hated the constriction of the bra around his chest. That morning he had again carefully shaved his legs, underarms and groin.

Shaving his genitals was traumatic. Patrick prayed that his shriveling penis and empty scrotal sack were only an illusion the doctor had created to scare and punish him. When he actually had to touch or handle his sex his sense of hope faded. As a defense he was now looking at his groin and touching it, as little as possible. The former boy had even started to sit down on the toilet to urinate so that he would not have to touch his mutilated sex.

As soon as he was done applying the lotions and creams he quickly slipped into a matching panties and bra set. The garments were a soft green with black lace trim. The training bra seemed a little more padded than the others he had worn. The former boy did not realize that his own chest was starting to swell creating a slightly fuller look in the bra's AAA cups than there had been just a few days before.

After slipping into his undies he put his hair again in pony tail, tying it with a light blue satin bow, and proceeded to do his make—up. He had applied a little light blusher, some green eye shadow, mascara, eye liner, lipstick and lip liner. Looking in the mirror he decided that he looked good enough to pass even Molly's careful inspection. He realized that he sort of liked how the make—up brought out the green in his eyes and softened his face.

With a start Patrick shook himself.

“Hold on,” the boy thought. “I need to somehow keep a grip on this. I'm not a girl and I shouldn't like looking like one.”

For no reason he started to cry. After about ten minutes he was able to stop. He was concerned about how emotional he felt lately. Why, several times a day he seemed to go back and forth between crying and almost giggling with happiness, often with no apparent reason.

Looking at himself in the mirror he swore, “Shit! I ruined my make—up. Now I have to do it all over again.”

Then he laughed. After he had repaired the damage he slipped on a green garter belt and nylon full slip that both matched his panties and bra. Then he carefully put on a pair of gray hose and attached the nylon's tops to the garter belt's suspenders. Going over to the closet he pulled out a light gray dress with a black belt that Molly had worn her Junior year of high school. A matching pair of black pumps completed the outfit.

Before going downstairs he checked himself in the mirror.

“I really need a little jewelry to go with this,” he thought. “When Molly wore this she always would wear a necklace and matching ear rings of black onyx.”

Then he caught himself, “What's wrong with me? I don't want to wear any necklace. Why the next thing you know I'll be thinking of having my ears pierced so I can borrow Molly's earrings.”

With a disgusted look at the all too feminine reflection in the mirror he went downstairs.

Kathleen and Mary were there and complemented Trisha on how nice she looked.

Kathleen looked her new daughter over with an appraising eye.

“It looks like his chest is just starting to blossom,” she thought. “He has lost a little weight but his skin is finer and his bones are less evident than they were. The dress is still a little too big for 'her' around the hips and chest. I think I'll wait a little longer before taking him to the beauty parlor though. Wait till she fills out a dress just a little better.”

When Molly got home Kathleen left to nurse Conrad. Molly took a long look at Trisha and decided that her former brother was ready to learn about make—up for evening wear.

“Why Trisha, you have gotten quite good at putting on make—up for day wear. Today we will start teaching you about some of the things we can do to make ourselves more glamorous for evenings, and dates. Come on. I want you to try this. I'll even let you wear my prom dress after you're all made up. I want you to get the real feeling of what it's like to get all fixed up in your finest.”

Molly lead her former brother back upstairs and the lessons began. Patrick followed her with resignation, but also with the smaller steps and slight sway of hips that his mother, grandmother, and sister had been drilling the former boy in.

For the next two weeks the pattern continued. Trisha dressed herself each morning and then came downstairs. One of the women was always there to drill the new girl in feminine behavior. In the afternoon Molly continued with the make—up lessons. Her new sister was becoming quite proficient after almost a month of intensive lessons and practice.

Then one morning Trisha didn't come down.

As the morning passed Kathleen became increasingly concerned. It was after ten when she decided she should check in on Trisha and see what was delaying her. Kathleen went up stairs. As she approached Trisha's room she heard someone crying beyond the door. Kathleen rushed in to the room and found Trisha lying on the bed almost nude and sobbing. Her heart went out to the child and she went over to sit by the bed and comfort her new daughter. Kathleen had found that while she still was angry with Patrick she could feel sympathy and concern for Trisha. As she sat on the bed Trisha looked up with a start and pulled away balling the rumped bedding up around her chest.

“Why what's wrong dear? Why all the tears?” Kathleen asked as she protectively wrapped her arm around her 'daughter's' naked shoulders.

“Its true!” Trisha said through her sobs.

“What's true dear? I can't help if I don't know what the problem is?”

“You don't want to help! You did it!” the sobbing former boy managed to say.

“Now either tell me what's wrong right now Trisha or stop this silly crying. Young ladies don't spend the morning crying in bed for no reason.”

“Young ladies. Young ladies! That's what's wrong. You really are making me into a girl. Look! Look at what you have done! Look at my chest!” he yelled as he pulled away from his mother and turned to face her.

Kathleen couldn't suppress her smile of surprise.

Standing out proudly on Trisha's chest were two firm cones of flesh with large pink aureoles and pronounced matching nipples.

“Why you are ready for a new bra size dear. I should have checked. They must be nearly an A cup now,” Kathleen said as she arose and enfolded the still sobbing form in her arms.

“Mother, I'm a boy! I don't want to have tits and wear bras. I don't want them to be bigger,” he protested.

Kathleen could tell that this was a crisis of sorts. She hugged Trisha to her and stroked her new daughter's hair and shoulders as she spoke.

“Trisha dear, you knew this would happen. We told you that you were now a girl and that your body would develop accordingly. Don't tell me you didn't believe me, dear.”

“Oh mother, I hoped. I hoped that you were all just punishing me. That someday if I was good you would fix it so I could be a man again. Now I have breasts, and you really did castrate me, and you all hate me. Oh I wish I were dead.”

Kathleen was touched her child's pain but felt it was time to be firm. She pulled Trisha up and slapped her across the face.

“You are very lucky to alive and will not, in my house, even consider the sin of suicide. So you are becoming a girl, over half the world's people are female. I'm sure that you can learn to accept it and in time enjoy it. Your manhood is gone and it's a good thing.

“As a woman you should be glad to be developing breasts. They show promise of developing into the kind of beautiful assets that your sisters are all lucky enough to have.

“As for being hated we don't hate you Trisha. Even Molly admits she is starting to feel good being around you. Its Patrick that we hate and who will never be allowed in this house, or our hearts again.

“As you truly become my daughter, Trisha, you are a new person. The whole family is holding their breath, waiting to see what kind of girl you will become. Spoiled and selfish like Patrick? Or sweet and helpful like your sisters? We are all ready to give you a place in the family and our hearts. It's up to you dear, what is it to be?”

Inside Trisha something snapped. All the anger and resentment that had been building seemed to melt at 'her' mother's offer of love and acceptance. The tears poured from 'her' eyes again but Kathleen could tell that they were different. Her new 'daughter' was hugging her back with such force she could feel the new girl's loneliness and fear starting to dissipate. Kathleen hugged Trisha back and spoke soothing words into the new girl's ear.

“There, there Trisha, it will be better now. Just do your best and you will find life will be both pleasant and joyful.”

A few minutes later the tearful Trisha managed to stop crying.

She looked up at her mother with a slight smile on her face, “I'm so sorry mother. I didn't want to be bad. I just don't know what came over me. I will try to be good. I promise I will.”

“Of course you will dear. Now why don't you go to the bathroom and clean yourself up. You know we never look our best after we have been crying.”

Trisha smiled more broadly, “I must look a fright mother. Yes, I will get myself as pretty as I can.”

“That's good dear. While you get cleaned up and put on your make—up I'll check in your sisters' rooms. I'm sure they have left a bunch of bra's around that will be just right for your new treasures. All three never seem to throw away anything.”

Trisha arose and daintily walked to the bathroom.

Watching her move Kathleen was pleased at her new daughter's progress. Trisha's breasts when she stood up protruded proudly from her chest. Her nipples were almost plump and there was even a hint of the crescent shape that outlines woman's breasts defining the bottoms of the bouncing mammaries. Kathleen decided that she would try her in an A cup and left to see how many thirty—six A cup bras she could find.

In the bathroom Trisha carefully washed and dried her face. Looking at her reflection in the mirror she noticed her breasts. Hesitantly, almost fearfully the new girl raised her hands to touch them. Cupping them in her palms she looked at her reflection in the mirror with wonder. As her hands caressed the underside and moved up to her nipples she saw her chest almost blush and her nipples stiffen to almost painful hardness. Touching her budding breasts the new girl experienced a flash of pleasure. Almost the kind that she had experienced in the past when Patrick had masturbated his cock. Experimentally she started to massage her breasts and nipples. Their erection increased and Trisha was amazed at the intensity of the feeling. She heard her mother returned to the adjacent room and reluctantly stopped.

"I'll have to explore you guys more tonight when we can have some privacy," Trisha playfully commented as she turned to leave the room.

When Kathleen saw Trisha the older woman had a pretty good idea that her new daughter had just discovered one of the compensations of having breasts. She smiled to herself as she considered all the amazement and wonder that Trisha would experience as her breasts blossomed and then were brought to lactation. She hoped that the new girl would find the experience as pleasurable and for filling as she always had.

With an impish grin she wondered if Trisha would explore some of the other pleasures of her new feminine status, with Conrad Hasting when she took over responsibility for nursing the man.

PART IV Trisha's Redemption

Trisha stood in front of the mirror looking at her reflection. The new girl could hardly believe what she saw. It had been over a month since she had decided that she would learn to be the best person and girl she could.

She remembered getting down on her knees in front of Molly and tearfully begging for her sister's forgiveness. Molly had softened just a little and said she would think about it.

Since then Trisha had concentrated on learning everything she could about being a woman. The new girl had also taken on as many of the household chores as the others would allow.

Mary was pleased to teach her new Granddaughter all the best ways to keep the house, cook, and clean.

Since Kathleen was spending more than half the day with Conrad Hasting and Molly was tending to Dr. Payton's daughter as well as being back in school they were

happy to see Trisha helping out. Trisha with Mary's guidance was able to clean the house and make dinner for the family each day before her mother and sister got home.

The month had passed quickly for the new girl. Trisha's growing breasts were now filling out a B cup bra rather well and her face and figure had softened into almost the mirror of her sister.

Molly's larger breasts and more feminine hair style were really the only way the two could be told apart.

"At least until today," Trisha thought looking at her new hair style.

Kathleen had announced that it was time for Trisha to have her hair done and arranged to take her new daughter to the same beautician the rest of the family frequented.

Maxine had been surprised to meet yet another daughter when Kathleen had introduced the stylist to a somewhat reluctant Trisha that morning.

"Well she really is Molly's cousin, but since the two look just like twines I just think of her as one of my own," Kathleen had explained.

"Your right about her looking like Molly. I'm not sure I could tell them apart from a distance. However, this poor child looks like she has been raised a tomboy. Her hair is a disaster and look, her ears aren't even pierced."

"Well, she has in fact been raised as something of a tomboy. That's why her parents sent her to live with us. It's sort of an exchange. Patrick will stay with them while Trisha goes to school here. That way Trisha can learn by being around other woman and Patrick can be with other boys."

"I think your wise Kathleen," Maxine commented. "That boy of yours was starting to act pretty wild. Getting him some masculine supervision may be just what he needs. And this poor girl clearly needs help. So what should we do today?"

"The works. I want you to use all your arts and skill to show Trisha just how pretty she really can be. When I called I warned you this might take a while. I need to go to work now but I'll be back before your done. Maxine just put the bill on my account."

Smiling broadly Maxine replied, "I hoped you would say that. Trisha, just stick with me and in a couple of hours you won't recognize yourself."

Looking in the mirror Trisha smiled.

"Maxine was as good as her word," the new girl thought.

Her hair now formed a dark red frame around her face. It flipped under just above her bare shoulders. Two loop keepers were in each of her ear lobes and her nails and make-up had been redone to turn her into a sexy wanton. They had attached permanent nails that extended Trisha's to nearly three-quarters of an inch before painting them fire engine red, plucked her eyebrows to thin red delicate arches, and added permanent false eye lashes thickening her already thick lashes.

Trisha had been quite shy while Maxine worked but the beautician's friendly chatter had been able to draw her out a little.

“So where are you planning to go to school now that your here,” Maxine had asked.

“Well, I'm really not sure. Right now I'm just sort of settling in. I thought if it's OK with mother I might start at Portland State next fall, part time. I'm not real sure what I want to study yet so going to Portland University with Molly seems premature,” Trisha had replied.

“PSU's a good school. That's were my kids went and it's right downtown so you can get there and back by bus in almost no time. Don't you have any idea what you want to study dear?”

“I thought maybe art or maybe teaching.”

“You mean you aren't going to take up wet nursing like the rest of the family?”

“Oh! Well I don't know Maxine,” Trisha replied. The new girl was shocked to find that the beautician knew all about the family's special business. “You see I was very flat chested all through high school and its only recently that I, er, started to develop,” the blushing girl replied.

“Looks to me the equipment's got the potential dear, if you don't mind me saying so. When Grace took it up I raised my eyebrows, but thinking about it I realized that it could be a good thing. Learning to tend for, and nurse a baby before you go off and have one of your own, might be something all young ladies should do. I notice that June, Grace, and Molly have stuck with their studies. I wish my own daughters had.

“They were so eager to start having children they dropped out half way through college to get married. Then when they had a baby they were real surprised at just how much energy taking care of and nursing the little dears requires.”

“You might be right Maxine,” Trisha hesitantly replied. “I know that both Grace and June decided that they wanted to have a few more years for their own lives before they had to devote themselves to a family. Molly is determined to finish college and is also talking about graduate school.”

They had chatted on for some time before Maxine announced that she was done.

Trisha was surprised to realize that she had been in the beauty parlor over three hours.

Kathleen had gone to nurse Conrad while Trisha was occupied with Maxine but when she returned there was a new girl coming out the door to meet her.

“You look lovely dear,” Kathleen said as she greeted Trisha, only to insist, “In fact you're much to pretty to be wearing that dress on a nice spring day. I think it's time I took you shopping.”

Looking down Trisha admired the new dress she was wearing. The new spring fashions were out and it was a sunny warm day. Trisha hadn't been able to resist the yellow sun—dress that Kathleen had picked out for her new daughter to try on. It had a

print of small and delicate pale blue corn flowers. The dress wrapped tightly around her chest before gracefully opening out into a wide skirt.

It was the first new garment that 'Trisha' had ever tried on. Her first that wasn't a hand—me—down. It was also the first dress she had ever worn that was designed to be worn without a bra. It had two spaghetti straps that went over her shoulders and crossed across her back. The elasticized waist pressed her growing bosom up to almost overflow the low square cut neckline.

She felt totally decadent in the dress knowing that it showed more cleavage than she had thought she had. The freedom of not wearing a bra was also electric. Her nipples were not held down by a bra's cups, and now clearly stood out against the soft fabric. Although, a thin nylon lining in the dress' top preserved a little of the new girl's modesty.

Kathleen had also insisted on new panties and garter belt and new white hose and pale blue sling backed shoes with a matching small blue leather shoulder bag to complete the outfit. The shoes had two inch heels and were Trisha's first new shoes.

The purse was quickly filled with the new cosmetics that Maxine had insisted Trisha needed. The new girl could now recreate the new sultry look that the beautician had created for her.

Trisha had kissed her mother's cheek and thanked her almost in tears, "Oh mother, I feel so pretty in my new dress. I promise to be the best daughter to you, and sister to Molly I can."

Now looking at herself in the mirror the new girl was amazed. She knew she had meant it but she was surprised at just how happy being pretty made her feel.

Kathleen had also insisted on purchasing a second pair of more practical shoes and a new baby doll nightie for Trisha. The nightie was a deep red with white lace and tap pant bottoms.

Trisha was looking forward to feeling the delicate fabric encase her feminine treasures. The new girl had to admit to herself that she really liked how her new breasts and smooth hairless soft skin responded to the caress of soft and silky fabrics.

Trisha had explored her new breasts with increasing wonder and pleasure over the preceding month. She had found them quick to respond to caresses and had learned to massage them until she quivered in orgasm. When she came her penis became somewhat erect and emitted a thin clear liquid. Trisha knew it would never be firm or big enough again to actually penetrate a woman and had started to think of it as her clitoris. Somehow imagining that she had a clitoris rather than a penis made the orgasms she experienced when masturbating her breasts more complete.

She had even caught herself wondering what it would feel like to be made love to by a man. To have him take control and caress her until her body responded with orgasm. The thought was very disturbing and frightening to her and when she was just fantasizing about it, she wanted it. With horror, she would realize that it was wrong. Even looking as she did it would still be repulsive to be kissed by a man. Besides, what man would want her once he knew what was between her legs.

Trisha went back downstairs to prepare dinner.

When Molly came in she was shocked.

“Why Trisha, you look fabulous,” Molly said looking at her sister with a smile. “That dress is perfect for you. You must let me borrow it, after you have a few other new ones of your own and can spare it.”

“Thank you Molly. It is nice isn't it. Please, borrow it whenever you want.”

“Oh your so sweet. Really Sis, it's your first new dress and I wouldn't think of borrowing it `till you have worn it a few times. Seeing you in it makes me think of several nice outfits I have that would look simply divine on you. After dinner let's go to my room and you can try them on. Then next weekend we can go shopping. I haven't done any shopping since June and Grace were home at Christmas. Seeing you in that dress reminds me it's time for a little spring outfit or two.”

That night, as Trisha slipped into bed she admitted to herself that it had been fun trying on Molly's clothes earlier in the evening. Wearing her new baby doll nightie the new girl massaged her erect nipples through the delicate fabric.

“Masturbating was different, but not necessarily better as a boy,” she thought.

As the new girl brought herself off she was unaware of a conversation occurring downstairs that was to force her to take another step deeper into the increasingly feminine world she was just coming to accept.

“Mother I think she is ready now,” Molly said firmly. “I just watched Trisha dress and undress several times and her breasts are really well developed enough.”

“Are you sure Molly? Its only been a couple of months since she was a flat chested boy.”

“I know that. You yourself moved her up to B cups this week and her breasts look well developed to me. Given our family they will probably get bigger but there is no reason we couldn't start getting her ready while they grow.”

“I guess you are right. Starting to stimulate them now it will take weeks maybe months before they start to give milk,” the older woman mused.

“So the sooner the better. Unless you have decided that you like nursing Conrad?” Molly commented with a raised eye brow.

“Well, in fact it is rather nice, at my age, to have a little romance in my life. With only one lactating breast I can't meet his needs and he is getting impatient for a replacement. You're right Molly. Tomorrow we will start Trisha on the breast pump. Trisha has been using softening cream on her developing treasures for weeks now, so we won't have to get her nipples ready before we start. I'll start her in the morning but you or Mary will need to see that she visits the 'pump room' in the afternoon.”

So it was decided. The next morning as Trisha came out of the bathroom she was surprised to find her mother waiting for her.

“Good morning mother,” she said greeting the older woman.

“Good morning dear. Don't get dressed yet. I have decided its time for you to take the next step in getting ready to take over the Hasting contract.”

“The next step?” Trisha fearfully replied.

“Yes. Come with me down the hall,” Kathleen said as she stood and started to walk toward the door.

Trisha thought about protesting, but her mother's attitude was so determined the new girl knew that she would only make her angry. Trisha tightened the belt on her short pink terry cloth robe and reluctantly followed. When she saw where her mother was leading her the new girl almost bolted. Her sisters had dubbed it the 'pump room' and Patrick had never been allowed in the door. Trisha knew that it was where the girls had gone to prepare their breasts for lactation. As the new girl entered the room she shuddered.

Molly was already inside waiting with a hint of smile on her face.

It was not really a room at all but a large closet, about six feet by eight feet. On the floor was a low bench or stool next to some kind of apparatus. Against the wall was a low book shelf with several volumes and a few plastic bottles of amber liquid. Molly closed the door and the small space seemed much smaller to the new girl.

“I see you made some changes Molly,” Kathleen commented.

“Yes mother. I thought with Trisha's smaller breasts she would be better off on her hands and knees rather than sitting. I also rigged two pumps together so that she will only have to spend half as much time in here.”

“Good thinking dear,” Kathleen commented then turned to the new girl.

“Trisha, the girls call this the 'pump room' because this is where the women in the family come to use a breast pump. We use the breast pump to empty our breasts when we don't have someone to nurse or when we need milk for later. We also use it to stimulate breasts, like yours into lactation. Since all four of you girls need to give milk, without the hormonal stimulus of pregnancy, it is necessary provide the hormones that encourage lactation and to train your breasts to lactate. I think it may be easier for your body to be trained than for the other girls because your hormones are those of a pregnant woman. It will still take some time.”

“Must I mother?” Trisha begged.

“Yes Trisha. Not only is it part of your punishment; but, now that you are a girl, it is your turn. The whole family lives by giving milk. Your food, clothes, toys, school supply, tuition, and allowance have come from this business. It's only fair that you help out. Now sit on the stool and open your robe.”

Trisha hesitated for a moment, her eyes pleading with her mother and sister. She saw that it was no use. Slowly she sat down and loosed the belt on her robe.

Kathleen reached over and grasped the new girl's right breast. She examined closely.

“You have been using the breast cream I gave, just like I told you to. Good girl Trisha. The cream has not only kept your skin supple and free of stretch marks as your breasts developed, it has also softened your nipples and opened the milk ducts slightly,” Kathleen commented as she deftly took a hypodermic needle and injected a hormonal solution into the breast before she gently let go of the firm globe of flesh.

“First you must rub a little oil on your breasts. Without the oil the pumping action might pinch your skin and be painful. Here, we use this but any massage or cooking oil will do. The oil is good for your skin but after each session in here you will want to wipe your breasts as dry as possible.”

Trisha was embarrassed, sitting nude to the waist before her mother and sister. The heat in her cheeks almost burned. She took the bottle and squeezed out about a tablespoon full of the oil into her cupped left hand, then brought her hand to her right breast and began to rub the oil into her nipple.

“No not the nipple dear,” Molly instructed. “You don't want to block the milk ducts. Put the oil on the breast area around the nipple.”

Trisha did as instructed then proceeded to oil her left breast after her mother had injected hormones into it.

“Is that enough,” the new girl fearfully asked after both breasts were covered with a light coat of oil. Her nipples now stood out proudly having been stimulated to partial erection by her application of the oil.

“It should be. Now get on your hands and knees using the stool to support your tummy,” Molly continued.

When Trisha was in position her breasts hung down below her chest quite sweetly.

Molly smiled at the firm girlish shapes and dropped to her own knees. She fastened a bra like device around Trisha's chest. The cups were plastic and had a mechanism that fit around the wearers' nipples. Out of the bottom of each cup a long plastic tube extended that entered a black box. There was a switch on the box.

“Now dear you just turn the switch to on. It's on a timer so it will pump your breasts for twenty minutes. Then you will be done for a few hours. You will need to do this three times a day until you are giving a reasonable amount of milk. Here are some books on breast feeding. They include good advice on how to maintain healthy breasts while maximizing your milk production. I read them all in here while I was training my breasts. I suggest you do the same. Ready?”

Trisha was so frightened she was shaking. All the new girl could do was move her head. Molly flicked the switch and the pump started. The mechanism rhythmically sucked on Trisha's breasts drawing them deep into the plastic cups then releasing them. It was pumping at rate of about ten times a minute. Trisha gasped as she felt her breasts sliding in and out of the bottoms of the plastic cups. She felt totally humiliated.

Tears started to flow down her cheeks as she realized just how remote her former life as a boy was from her now.

“Well be back in a while to help you get out of the pump dear,” Kathleen said as she turned to leave the room. The woman had decided that she should leave her new daughter alone with her thoughts for a while.

Molly followed her mother out the door.

Trisha stared at the books Molly had put by her hands. She knew she was supposed to be reading them but she couldn't bring herself to open one. The tears were still flowing.

"Just like a cow!" the new girl angrily thought, *"Molly rigged this to make me feel like a cow, an animal used for milk production. That's what they want me to be. Then they will all live off the milk that they want my body to make."*

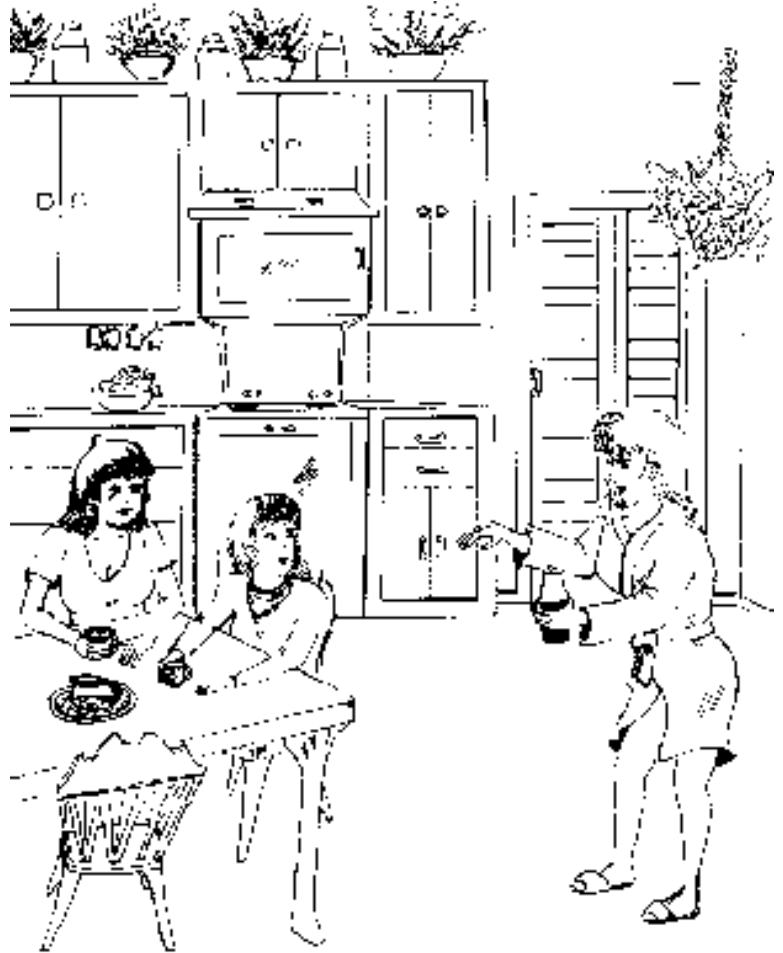
Trisha cried quietly for a while. Her sense of shame and humiliation was almost unbearable. In the next twenty minutes every last vestigial of male identity that the new girl still harbored was sucked out of her body.

When Kathleen and Molly returned the crying was over and Trisha had look of depressed resignation on her face. Kathleen almost regretted what she was doing. Trisha had seemed almost happy in the last few days. Then she remembered holding another daughter's hand while a doctor examined Molly's most private parts for damage after a brutal gang rape.

"No! I won't feel sorry for Trisha," she thought. *"This just starts to settle the score."*

Five weeks later three things occurred. Trisha's breast began to give small quantities of milk during the new girl's three sessions each day in the pump room. The new girl's cup size expanded to overfill her B cup bra's and forced her into C cups. The same size as June's. As Trisha became accustomed to milk being drawn from her breasts her mood improved. The 'ordeal in the pump room', had depressed the new girl making her mood black, but finding the sensation of milk being drawn from her breasts pleasant, her mood improved. The new girl even began to read the books in the room while she gave milk. Trisha found that as she started to have breasts that really produced milk she became more interested in the biology of lactation and the accompanying sensations. Sensations that she could tell might ultimately overwhelm her.

For five weeks she wore only plain clothes in dark colors, spoke seldom, and never laughed. Kathleen worried a little about her new daughter but decided to just let her work her own way out of the black mood.



Molly however, did insist that Trisha continue to take care of her appearance. The new girl dressed carefully, did her make-up, and took care of her hair, finger nails, and eye lashes but limited herself to the minimums necessary to keep Molly from up-braiding her.

The black box in the milking room contained a marked container that Trisha was told to check after each session with the pump. On the fortieth day after her first visit to the pump room she found a small quantity of white liquid in the container after her morning session. She was so surprised the new girl forgot she was depressed and ran to tell her mother, grandmother, and Molly.

Running into the kitchen holding the plastic container with two ounces of her own milk Trisha excitedly called, "Mother, mother! Look! Look I've started to lactate!"

Kathleen looked up and smiled, "Why your breasts are starting to produce milk dear. That's wonderful. Molly, mother come see, Trisha's breasts are starting to work."

As her grandmother and sister came into the room Trisha started to feel embarrassed.

"I just thought I'd tell you that its started," the new girl stammered now looking down at the floor her cheeks a bright scarlet.

"That's great Trisha!" Molly said happily, "You know you will like it even more when you are really producing."

"Like it more? What's to like? It just happens," protested the new girl.

Mary stepped in to answer, "What Molly means dear is that giving milk is a deeply satisfying and good feeling. We have all found that feeling the life giving milk drawn from our breasts is very pleasurable, almost erotic."

"Almost! grandmother don't kid her," Molly smilingly scolded. "With an infant its almost erotic. With a lover it can be exquisite. You'll see."

"I won't see Molly. What woman would want a eunuch for a lover," Trisha commented with a hint of despair in her voice.

"Well if it's a woman you want, I know half a dozen lesbians that might think your just their cup of tea. I was thinking about a man," Molly continued. "That's how Conrad Hasting got around me. Drinking from my full breasts he got me so hot and excited I really had no power to resist him."

"Oh! Molly I couldn't be with a man! I'm no queer!"

The three women looked at her and laughed.

"Oh my," Kathleen smiled. "Go look in a mirror a minute. If what you want looks like you do, isn't that being queer?"

"Mother, I was a boy!"

"Yes, you were. You are not a boy any more. What kind of a boy has lactating breasts."

"I didn't want them. You did that to me."

“Yes we did, and I think its working out quite nicely. If you were a boy once, remember you were never a man. Now you're a girl on the edge of womanhood. You hold promise of being a really nice woman. Don't spoil it by wishing for things you can't ever have. Concentrate on what is good in your life,” the new girl's mother advised.

“Yes sis,” Molly added, “and I will bet you a new dress that if you give it half a chance you will learn to love giving milk. Especially when the right fella is doing that to you along with several other things.”

“Well maybe your right. I'll try to have a positive outlook. Anyway its started. I'm giving milk.”

In another week Trisha was starting to smile again. Her milk production was going up every day. She was now producing almost a pint during her three feedings.

Kathleen was thinking that in another week or two Trisha might be able to take over Conrad Hasting for her. Her own functioning breast only produced about two pints of milk a day, tops.

“As soon as Trisha can supply Conrad with more than I can I will turn him over to her. It's not fair to Conrad to make him drink from a glass when there is an alternative,” Kathleen thought to herself regretfully. With a sigh she admitted to herself that she had been enjoying the sexual interludes that Conrad lead her into most days.

Saturday afternoon came and Trisha was just finishing cleaning her breasts after her second session in the pump room.

Molly stuck her head in the door smiling.

“I'm home Sis. Want to get all pretty and go out for a movie and a shake with me. It's been months since you were out for an evening. Some friends of mine are meeting me after the film at the Skyline Burger after the film. One of them is a lesbian. If you still think you might swing that way this might be a good chance to meet someone.”

“I, I, I don't know Molly. It has been a long time since I saw a film. I don't know if I'm ready to even think about a relationship.”

“You wouldn't have to do more than say hi to Sharon silly. Its just girls out to have a bit to eat and some girl talk. Girls aren't like boys Sis. They don't rape you. If you aren't interested, or ready, it will be cool. If you decide you might be you can call in the morning and I'll come get you if Sharon can't bring you home.”

Trisha sat thinking for a moment. Other than two trips to the beauty parlor and four shopping trips to buy clothes she hadn't been out of the house since that party where Molly had been raped. That is how he now thought about the incident. Patrick was almost completely gone and didn't have the equipment for rape so she just didn't associate what had happened to her sister with herself any more.

“Sure Molly. A film would be swell. And thank you for asking.”

“No problem sis. How's the milk production today anyway.”

“It's more again. I think tonight after the third time I'll go over two pints. I just now got a little more than a pint. How much do you produce Molly?”

“Oh, I don't know. The baby just suckles so I don't know how much she gets. I'd guess about three or more pints a day. I send a pints with mother to Conrad every day. Then at night I set a pint aside for the baby the next day for when I'm not there.”

“Oh, that seems like a lot.”

“Well it is. The whole family is real productive. Right now I'm producing more than ever before. One of the neat things is your body quickly adjust and reduces production if you don't pump it or let someone suckle it out. I want to stop giving milk all together for a while so that I don't have to build my class schedule around it. Lets hurry and get dressed. There showing Sense and Sensibility at Cini—Magic and it starts in ninety minutes.”

Trisha smiled and wrapping her robe modestly around her arose to go get dressed. Going to her room she opened her closet and looked over her options. It still seemed strange to the new girl to open her closet and see skirts and dresses rather than jeans.

The new girl shrugged her slender shoulders and selected a tan linen skirt, wide black patent leather belt, and white peasant blouse. It was a new outfit that she had picked up on sale the pervious weekend. The skirt was quite full cut and had a satin liner that gave it shape and allow it to be worn without a slip. Hanging her selection on the closet door went to her dresser and selected a white set of lingerie, lacy bra, patching tap pants, and garter belt.

All her bras were now nursing bras with extra padding to protect her clothing should she leak. It hadn't happened yet but Kathleen had told her that before long she would occasionally leak and would want the extra protection of nursing pads as well as the nursing bras.

Trisha hung up her robe and slipped into her underwear. She selected a pair of dark gray hose and carefully slide the delicate stockings up her smooth hairless legs. She had bathed that morning and, as was now always her practice, had been careful to shave her legs, underarms, arms and her sex. As the new girl attached her hose to the six clips dangling from the garter belt she remembered with distaste holding her shrunken penis as she shaved her groin. She still tried to avoid even looking at herself there.

With a sigh she got up and went to her vanity to do her face. Molly's lessons had been completed and in less than twenty minutes she had completed her make—up. She had been carefully to use the sultrier look that her sister had taught her both because it was evening, and because she was a little tired of the girl—next—door look she had been putting on each morning.

After she slipped into the blouse, skirt, and belt she selected a pair of one inch heeled black patent pumps and a matching small shoulder bag. She slipped into the shoes and carefully put her wallet, keys, some Kleenex, powder and her lipstick in the purse. Looking herself over in the mirror Trisha could see nothing that reminded her of Patrick. She knew that if it weren't for Molly's longer hair she would be her sister's double.

“Well at least I look nice,” Trisha thought to herself. *“If I must be a girl its probably better to be a pretty one.”*

Coming out of her bedroom door Trisha met Molly, who was just emerging from her room.

Molly was wearing a black turtle neck tee—shirt under a gray corduroy jumper with black tights and a pair of suede leather Mary—Jane shoes. Her make—up was light but the colors she wore were almost the same as those Trisha had selected. Blue eye shadow, dark red lipstick, pale blusher combined on both girls to emphasize their beauty, and create a teasing smoldering look that Molly knew would drive men crazy.

Trisha just knew she looked different. Her connection to her former masculine perceptions was now thin and she hadn't considered how her looks might be viewed by a boy. The new girl had focused on showing her sister that she remembered her lessons in putting on make—up for an evening out.

Molly smiled at her new sister. *“We will really turn a few heads tonight,”* she thought to herself.

Aloud she said, “Lets walk to the theater. Its only a quarter—mile and parking will be a real hassle. We can come back after the film and get the car.”

Trisha agreed and the two proceed to the theater. Trisha enjoyed the movie but was a little disturbed by it. The new girl found herself empathizing with the films female characters. She even caught herself wondering what it would be like to swept into the strong nature arms of Colonel Brandon. Her cheeks were a little flushed, and she was breathing a little deeply when the film was over.

Feeling quite confused by her reactions she went to the lady's room with Molly. As she got in line she realized that this was her first time in a lady's room. She observed the other girls and woman chatting, and repairing their make—up as she waited for her turn in a cubical. From the extensive damage that had been done to their make—up it was clear that several girls had spent a good part of the movie kissing. Trisha blushed when a cute sixteen year old girl pulled up her skirts right in front of her, and looked in the mirror adjusting her garter straps. Finally it was her turn and for a brief movement she had privacy. Emerging later she met Molly who insisted they freshen their lipstick before leaving.

Out on the sidewalk a few minutes later the two started home. Their path took them around the corner and north on 21st Avenue.

Trisha was fairly quiet listening to Molly talk about how romantic the film had been. The new girl was also being careful how she walked in the still somewhat unfamiliar heels. Molly was engrossed in her own thoughts and Trisha was busy experiencing the strange sensation of having the cool air swirl up her full skirt. Neither of the two notice the small group of figures in a vacant lot just ahead.

The girls were taken totally by surprise as two boys grabbed each of them from behind. Hands slapped over Molly's and Trisha's mouths silencing the two before they could cry out. They struggled but were powerless against the boys' strength as they were pulled into the vacant lot. Trisha tried to kick one of the boys holding her but in the still unfamiliar heels she was unable to connect.

“My, my, my,” David said stepping in front of the two girls. “Why I do believe its our old friend Molly. This must be your sister, or cousin, Molly. Why the two of you look like twins. You boys remember Molly. She was so happy to show us all such a good time here a few months ago. To bad your brother isn't here this time Molly to join in the fun. I remember how sweetly you begged him to not take part, and with what wild abandon he pressed his tool into you as you cried. Maybe your friend here will prove equally amusing.”

Trisha looked at the ground in shame as his former friend and coconspirator continued.

David held up a big box of condoms.

“You see Molly, we remembered your condition of cooperation. What do you say. If we use the condoms will you cooperate? Frankly I sort of hope you will say no. I really want to feel the insides of your cunt this time.”

Molly struggled but it was Trisha who was able to get somewhat free and speak.

“Molly won't cooperate this time, or ever again!” the former boy blurted out as her captors tried to again cover her mouth. “If you let Molly go, I will, and you won't have to use a condom.”

David laughed, “So, self sacrifice. How noble. Well that's quite an interesting offer. Greg take your hand away from her mouth. Who are you that you want to protect Molly so much?”

“I'm her sister you bastard, now let her go. You have hurt her enough all ready.”

“Well Molly's sister, and willing to cooperate. What do you guys say. We could rape both of them and maybe have a fight on our hands, or we can let Molly go and her pretty sister her will cooperate. Keep in mind if there are two that will mean no one has to be fourth or fifth.”

Molly was shocked by Trisha's offer to the boys. She hoped that they would let her go but she was also worried about what the boys might do to once they discovered she had no feminine cleft of sex for them to penetrate. As the boys discussed their future Molly became increasingly angry.

“Who were these bastards to decide her fate?” Molly decided that she should get away if she could and then go right to the police and she hoped, to Trisha's rescue.

After a few more minutes discussion it was nearly decided.

“Well little girl, it looks like we will take you up on your offer. Just one more question. We all know that Molly here has sweet breasts that are full of warm milk for those of us that want a light snake while we play. How about you? If we let Molly go are your tits ready to feed as well as pleasure us? Greg, take your hand off her mouth so she can answer.”

Trisha agonized for a moment before responding. Then the new girl decided. She owed Molly and would do what ever it took to protect her sister. “Yes, my breasts are lactating and full enough to give you all a good taste,” the new girl admitted with a sob.

“All right! What's your name sweetheart?” David asked.

“Trisha, you bastard!”

David slapped the new girl hard across her cheek. “None of that now. Well you said you would cooperate if we let Molly go and we are going to take you up on that. That means you go along with us real nice and manage to show reasonable enthusiasm for each of us. Molly we are going to let you go now so Trisha here can see you walk away all nice and safe. We will be taking your sister out for the night. If you are good and don't interfere and she is good and pulls the train real sweet she will be home tomorrow not much the worse for the nights entertainment. Now Bob, Rick let Molly go.”

The two boys let go of Molly's arms. She was free. Molly took a step away from them and edged toward the street. The boys just watched her but she hated to leave. She hesitated.

“Molly run!” Trisha yelled, “Get away from here and get safe.”

“They are going to rape you,” Molly said tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I know that. They were going to do that anyway. This way, as they do it, I'll know that your OK. I can bear it if I know you got away this time. Now run, get away before they change their minds!”

Molly hesitated for another second, undecided. Then she turned and ran.

The boys watched her until she rounded the corner and was lost from view. They didn't hear or see Molly as she stopped and crept back through the shrubs to secretly watch what would happen next.

“OK, she's gone and safe. Now if we let go of you will you come along all nice and pleasant? Or, do we need to show you just how week one little girl is when faced with five men?”

“You can let go. I'll come with you quietly,” Trisha said starring at the ground. The new girl was terrified. She knew they soon would discover how far she fell short of being a girl. As they lead her toward a van parked nearby her fears almost overcame her. The new girl realized that they would be angry. She hoped they would settle for just beating her up. When one of them opened the side door on the van she got in. David was on one side of her and Bob on the other. Rick got behind the wheel and started the vehicle. John and Greg got in the seat behind her. As the van started to move David started to open her blouse. Trisha shuddered as she felt the boys rough hand reaching insider her bra and grasping her breast.

As the van pulled into traffic Molly got a good look at the license plate. “PIE 412,” she read and quickly made a note of the vanity plate's number. Then she did run, as fast as she could, the rest of the way home. Bursting into the house she didn't stop to explain to her mother or grandmother. She ran to the phone and dialed 911.

“Emergency, fire, police or ambulance?” A calm female voice asked.

“Police!” Molly said coldly and heard her call being transferred.

“Police, go ahead.”

“My sister has been abducted by five boys who are planning on gang raping her. I have the license plate number of the van they forced her into,” as Molly spoke Kathleen and Mary came over and put their arms around her.

Molly went on to explain that Trisha had agreed to cooperate if the boys agreed to let her sister go unmolested. That they boys didn't know it but Trisha was really a pre—operational transsexual. She was sure the boys would hurt her when they discovered that she wasn't a complete girl. The police promised to put out an all points bulletin on the van. Molly broke into tears as she hung up the phone.

PART V Raped

Trisha sighed with relief as the van pulled into the parking lot of small hotel on Sandy Boulevard. David had pulled her right breasts from the cups of the bra and was suckling eagerly on it. Bob was sucking hard on her left breast. Both of the boys had slipped a hand up her skirt. Trisha was holding her legs tightly together trying to postpone their discovery of her secret as long as possible.

“Hey, save some for the rest of us,” joked Rick, as he got out of the car. “I'll get us a room and be right back.”

Knowing that they were going to have to get their captive out of the car and into a motel room Bob and David reluctantly brought their mouths up and away from Trisha's now erect nipples. As the boy's mouths moved off her nipples Trisha shuddered. It was only because she was determined not to let these boys know how much they hurt her that she could keep from crying hysterically. With shame the new girl realized that her own sense of humiliation at being forced to give her milk, in public, and to grown men was what she had put Molly through. The humiliation of the experience plus her shame at the memory left her able to do no more than mindlessly follow directions.

“Pull yourself back together girl. We will wait to sample your other treasures till we're inside,” David informed. His voice was almost playful. The new girl realized that these clods were so insensitive that they now thought they could treat her like their date and not their victim. With another shudder she remembered that Patrick, with these same boys, had participated in giving the same treatment and worse to Molly.

She bent over and slipped her breasts back in her bra's cups, then buttoned her blouse. She was just finishing when Rick returned and got back in the van.

As he pulled away from the office he spoke. “Room 112, was only thirty bucks. I told them we were planning a little party so they put us in back away from other occupied rooms. Now if our little friend here can't contain her pleasure during the evening she won't disturb anyone.” Rick leered at Trisha as he concluded.

Rick was able to park right in front of the room. When the van door opened Trisha looked around for somewhere to run but David and Bob each grabbed one of her arms. They lead her reluctant form to the door and inside. Once all six of them were in Rick closed and locked the door.

David pulled the girlish form to him and before the new girl could do anything he covered her mouth with his own and began to probe her with his tongue. He slide his hands down her back and grasped the round mounds of her well—shaped rear in his hands squeezing hard. A moment later he broke the kiss and stepped back laughing.

Trisha turned bright red and tears ran down her face.

“God he kissed me!” the horrified girl thought, *“Now when he finds out he will kill me.”*

“That looks like fun,” commented Rick. He stepped up to and pulled her crying form into his arms. The new girl tried to avert her mouth but the boy raised his hands to her head and forced her lips to his own. Just before their lips touched he said, “Now cooperate like you promised.”

Before she could protest her lips were again covered and the boys insistent body pressed into hers. Reluctantly she stopped resisting and hesitantly kissed the boy back, even putting her arms lightly around his waist. Though almost overcome with fear Trisha found that kissing the boy wasn't as bad as she had thought it might be.

When Rick released her lips he brought his hands to Trisha's chest and began to open her blouse again.

Trisha was passively quiet while the five buttons were undone. The boy pulled the delicate garment up out of her skirt and reached behind her drawing her now half naked chest into his own. With a start Trisha felt the clasp of her bra open. Rick nodded to Greg who stepped over and pulled her out of Rick's arms and into his own. As Trisha was passed to Greg, Rick finished removing her blouse and bra leaving her naked from the waist up. The new girl blushed bright red realizing that her breasts were now exposed to all five of the boys.

Greg laughed and pulled her to the bed and onto his lap. She started to struggle but before she could get away he had his arms around her waist and his lips on her nipple.

“Hold still and cooperate like you promised or I'll bite!” Greg warned as he started to suck.

Tears streaming down her face as Trisha submitted, leaning back a little to allow the boy fuller access to her milk. She closed her eyes in horror and shame, yet at the same time the sensation of her milk being drawn from her body by warm human lips was seductive.

“Mother's right,” she thought to herself. *“This could be nice if it was with the right person.”*

A sense of resignation crept over the new girl. She didn't protest when she felt Rick unbuckle her belt. Not even when she felt his rough fingers groping to unclasp her skirt. She tried to pull away half heartedly when she heard her skirt's zipper open. The boy just pulled her more forcefully toward him pressing her nipple against his teeth.

She felt sick for a second then realized she was moving up. Rick was rising and lifting her to her feet. As Trisha slid off his lap the boy allowed her breast to break free of his mouth. He held her hands up once she was standing and Greg pushed her skirt

down her hips. Trisha shuddered as she felt the room's cool air against the exposed flesh between the tops of her hose and her panties.

She tried to pull away, "No! No! You don't understand! I can't!" The new girl cried as she struggled.

The boys just ignored her. David grabbed her and pushed her onto the bed motioning for Bob and Greg to come over. The two boys each took a side and pined Trisha's shoulders and arms down then lowered their mouths to her breasts. While they sucked on her breasts David grabbed Trisha's panties and pulled them off her legs with one swift motion.

"My God! She's a guy!" David cried.

Bob and Greg stopped sucking and looked with disgust at the limp penis now exposed at Trisha's groin. Bob straightened up and slapped the new girl hard across the face. Then again and again he slapped her until Rick and David pulled him off the sobbing form. Once Bob was stopped the others gathered around for a closer look.

"She's got tits that put out milk," said Rick. "So it's at least part girl."

"And look," David said pointing at Trisha's public area. "No balls. Just a limp little cock."

"OK you!" David said sternly. "It's time to explain yourself. After we know what you are we will decide what to do with you. So stop blubbering and start talking or I swear I'll go at you myself, and not just with the flat of my hand!"

After a few moments the new girl was able to gain some control. "Don't you guys recognize me!" she cried. "I'm Patrick, Molly's brother. After you raped Molly, my mother and this doctor friend of her's, castrated me and pumped me so full of female hormones that I grew breasts and have even started to give milk."

"They castrated you?" Rick asked in horror. "Your own mother?"

"Yes, and they would do the same to you if they could. They didn't report the rape because they want to get to you themselves."

"We figured they didn't report it because Molly's precious brother would end up in jail with us. That's the only reason we let you join in. It seemed like good insurance," David responded.

"If they don't want me in jail it's so they can do what they want to me. They're into revenge."

"So guys what should we do with it?" Rick asked.

"Hell, I say we fuck it. Its got breasts, a figure that won't quite, legs that get me hard just looking at `em. So what if we have to use her rear. I bet it's nice and tight and for my part I was planning on plugging her there anyway," David answered.

"It's a guy!" Bob cried.

"You ever see a guy with tits before Bob? Hell, I'll bet you twenty bucks that once you're inside you won't give a damn what she used to be."

"You wouldn't! You couldn't! Not now that you know!" Trisha protested.

Greg leered at the feminine form, “Oh yea I would. Look Patrick, or what ever your name is. We came here to get our rocks off with a hot little piece who promised to pull a train. Sweetheart you can do like you promised and cooperate or we will work you over till you do. It's your choice. Soft or rough? I get my rocks off either way.”

Tears flowed down Trisha's face as she looked at the five boys. Their faces were stern and determined. Inside their pants she could see that several were already hard. There was no hope. She could cooperate and get gang raped or she could get beat up and then gang raped.

“OK,” she sobbed. “If you want it I'll cooperate like I said I would. So who is going to be first?” she asked, a note of challenge in her voice.

Five hands went to belt buckles and then zippers.

David's cock fell out already semi—hard as the zipper opened. “On your hands and knees bitch,” he commanded.

Trisha did as she was told as the boy moved up to her. Her head was at the foot of the bed. David pressed his cock against her cheek. “

“Suck me off.”

Trisha swallowed, then she brought her mouth around to the boy's member. She took it in and gently began to suck.

“Rick you get one of those lubricated condoms out of the box. When she gets me good and hard I'm going to take her. The lubricant on the condom will help to get her open. Now suck that cock and suck it good. From tonight on your just another bitch cock sucker.”

Trisha tried to please the boy and was rewarded with his member growing hard and fully erect. Soon her lips were feeling the hard veins standing out on the almost rock like tool as she slid it in and out of her mouth.

“Enough!” David cried. The boy pulled his now erect member out and slid a lubricated condom over his eight inch shaft. Then he moved to the head of the bed and climbed up behind their captive.

Trisha watched over her shoulder as the boy grasped her hips and slide his tool into the crease of her rear. Its heat surprised her. Then she felt him pressing in. She tried to relax but it hurt. Tears streamed down her face as the boy slowly pushed his manhood in. Once he was well inside he stopped for a minute. Trisha felt the pain ease a little as her body tried to adjust to the girth of the huge penetrating member.

“That's a girl. Relax and you might find that you like it,” David said as he took a more secure hold on the new girl's hips. Then feeling her open a little he again thrust slowly forward until his cock was buried to the hilt. Again he rested and then slowly started to withdraw his hardness. After sliding out a couple of inches he pressed his shaft in again. Pulling the new girl's hips to him David again impaled her shuddering form on his tool.

“She's so tight!” he yelled, “You guys are going to love this!”

Now the thrusts were coming faster and each one seemed deeper. Trisha felt filled, taken, possessed. The pain of the penetration was easing and was being replaced by sensations of pleasure. Then the new girl felt something against her cheek. She opened her eyes and saw it was a Rick's cock. Trisha knew what she wanted.

As David continued to fuck her rear she sucked Rick's tool into her mouth and started to suck and lick him into firm hardness. A few minutes later Trisha felt David shudder as a bomb of liquid heat exploded into her center. Then David withdrew and Rick took his place. She was well opened now and Rick's six inch cock slipped into her without much pain. As Rick started to fuck her ass Bob presented her mouth with his cock.

They took her in turns. First each boy made her suck them to hardness. Once erect each boy finishing their drive to orgasm inside her tight anal canal. David's lubricated condom had eased his entry but his come and her own juices were all that was needed for Rick, and then the others. When they had all had her they let her lie down for a minute. All five of the boys were now naked from the waist down. Greg sat down beside Trisha and pushed her face into his lap. He removed the well used condom.

"Now suck me hard and bring me off. I want to watch you swallow my cum," the boy ordered her.

Trisha relieved that at least her anal orifice was being given a break shuddered and then sucked his flaccid tool into her mouth.

Rick put his pants back on and left. Trisha hoped that her ordeal was ending. Later, as Greg was shooting his load into her mouth Rick came back with a case of beer. After he passed a beer to each of her captors Rick again removed his pants. The others stood in a circle watching her suck Rick off and lightly massaging their tools in anticipation of their upcoming turn with Trisha. When Rick came with a load whoop she was carefully to swallow every drop of his spurted seed.

They made her suck each of them off until they came.

When the last boy shot his load and let his softening cock slip from her mouth her jaw was sore.



Again they let her collapse onto the bed for a few minutes. Then she felt a semi hard bar of flesh against her hip.

“Could I have a drink, please?” she begged, “My mouth is so dry and it was, it was, so salty.”

Rick passed her a half empty bottle of ale.

Gratefully she drank the dark liquid. As she finished the bottle she again felt a hard cock sliding between the cheeks of her ass. Hands pushed her down and she felt the hot hardness inter her. Again the boys took turns with her. During the fourth fucking she passed out from fear and exhaustion. She came to slowly feeling a mouth sucking at each of her breasts.

Remembering the horror she moaned.

“She's back,” someone yelled. Then it started again.

They gave her beer and made her drink it while they took her in the rear again. Looking up she could see light coming in the window. She also saw a second case of beer by the door. It was open and nearly empty.

“*Dawn,*” the new girl thought. “*The have been raping me all night.*”

Shaking her hair she looked over her shoulder. It was David this time. By the sensation of stretching as he had entered she thought it must be. David was the biggest. He was sweating and pumping with abandon. As he came he yelled and slapped her rear hard. It hurt and she realized that her whole body was bruised and sore.

As David's yelled the door burst open!

A moment later the room was filled with blue uniforms!

One pulled David off Trisha and threw him to the floor. The cops were angry and pumped. Each had dreamed of catching a rapist in the act. They were rough with the boys as the cuffed them and then dragged them out to the waiting patrol cars.

A woman officer came over to Trisha and covered her naked form with a large towel she had gotten from the bathroom.

“Can you talk dear. We have them all outside and they can't hurt you any more.”

“I don't know,” Trisha tried to reply. Her throat was dry and she could barely speak. “May have some water please?”

“Sure thing,” the officer replied as she arose to get a glass. When she returned she helped Trisha drink but limited her to slow sips.

As Trisha drank the officer explained, “I'm Officer James. I'm with the rape division. Your sister reported your abduction last night. It took us all night to find you because this room and the van aren't visible from the street.

“We have a new procedure I want to try if you're up to it. I'd like to bring in another woman officer, a doctor and a video camera. After the doctor checks you over and collects all the samples she can we want you to tell us what happened here. On camera. With the doctor and two officers present, with your statement plus the statements of

the other officers we hope we won't need you to testify in court. Are you game? I know its asking a lot but it's our best chance to nail this bastards.”

“Officer James! You don't know! I'm, I'm not really a girl. It wasn't really rape,” Trisha burst into tears again with her admission. She was sure that now that the police knew that she was a boy they would be as disgusted with her as she seemed to be with her attackers.

Then she felt a hand smoothing her hair.

“We know that dear. Your family told us about you. If you were coerced in any way it's still rape and I still want their asses in jail. I know its hard but will you help us. We talked to your family and they want you to.”

“If you still want me to I guess I should. God! I don't want anyone else to ever have to go through this.”

“Good girl. Now here is Dr. Morgan. She will be checking you over and taking samples. She will describe what she finds for the camera while she examines you. We will be doing close ups of you. I'm afraid you will have to be naked for the camera. We want a record of every bruise.

Three hours later the police let Trisha go to the bathroom and take a short shower. The worst part of the examination had been the doctor's probing her rear and mouth for sperm samples. They found plenty. There was cum inside Trisha, on her rear, across her stomach, on her breasts, on her cheek, even in her hair. They also collected samples of pubic hair and photographed her in detail from her bloodied nose to the many bruises on her breasts, stomach, hips, and thighs. As she dressed Trisha remembered the conversation. Officer James had estimated that she had been raped over thirty times.

She hated putting on her soiled clothes again. They felt grimy and were stained with blood, seamen, and beer. A policeman lent her his jacket when they came out and Officer James drove her home.

As she entered her home her mother grabbed her hugging her to her chest. Molly was in tears as she rushed over to comfort her sister. When Trisha took off the jacket to return it the officer they were struck silent. She looked like the victim of a war. Her clothes were torn and caked with grim. Her whole body was black and blue.

Mary insisted on taking Trisha upstairs and to bed.

“No, not yet grandmother. I need a bath. I want to get clean.”

Her words caused Molly to break down. “Poor dear. Don't you know. You can't wash it off. But let me help you. It may feel a little better once you have washed.”

As the three went upstairs Molly heard Officer James talking to their mother.

“It was a bad one ma'am. Worst I've seen like this. You take good care of that little girl now. She's got some grit.”

Trisha didn't remember the bath or Molly and Mary helping her into a night gown and then to bed. For the rest of her life she remembered the concerned look on Molly's

face when she woke up hours later. Tears were streaming down Molly's face as Trisha opened her eyes.

“Molly don't cry,” Trisha softly said.

“Oh Trisha were all so glad to have you back. It was so brave of you to protect me. Knowing that those animals would hurt you when they found out you aren't quite completely female. I'm so proud to have you for my sister and I'm so sorry for planning to hurt you. The whole family is proud of you. Grace and June are here and want to see you as soon as you feel up to it.”

Trisha started to cry, “Then you don't hate me any more Molly? For what I did before?”

“How could I dear. It was wrong of you, but you have made me happy and proud that you are my sister. Let's let our memory of what Patrick did die. I had a brother once who hurt me. Last night I found I have a sister who risked her life to protect me. Let's start our memories together with that. As loving and caring sisters.”

The two girls embraced and hugged while they smiled and cried with happiness. Later Molly helped Trisha get up and put on a dressing gown and make—up. Then June and Grace came in to meet their new sister. They each embraced her and told her how happy they were she was part of their family.

Still later Kathleen and Mary came in to visit and to bring their four girls some sandwiches and sodas.

Grace and June stayed for over two weeks. Every day the four girls delighted in aiding their new sister's recovery. After a few days the swelling and bruises had faded to the point where they convinced the new girl to go out in public.

The whole family seemed to take turns in taking Trisha shopping and out to dine and for movies and plays. The new girl's wardrobe was expanding. Her sisters were always bringing her gifts and never let an opportunity slip by to hug Trisha or otherwise show their affection.

Trisha had to return to the 'pump room' almost right away. At first the pumping action on her bruised breasts was painful but the ache caused by their needing to be milk was soon worse than the pain from her bruises as the pump worked. In a week it no longer hurt and her milk production started to rise again. Molly had re configured the pumps and moved a chair into the room so that Trisha now longer had to get onto her hands and knees to give milk.

“Your breasts are big enough so its not necessary anymore,” she told her sister. Then she hesitated and went on, “Trisha it never really was necessary. I was hurt and angry and part of my revenge was making you feel used. Like an animal. Just as you made me feel use like an animal. Can you forgive me? It was petty and mean of me.”

“Oh Molly. Of course I forgive you. After what I did you were justified in doing anything to me. I'm just glade I've been able to redeem myself.”

A few days later Officer James came by and explained what was happening to the boys. Trisha and Kathleen offered the police woman tea while she brought them up to date.

“We have DNA match on all five. After we showed the tape we made to the boys, their parents, and their attorneys they all were willing to plea bargain. The DA asked me to check with you before we agree. They will plead guilty to felony assault and we will drop the kidnapping charge. They will each do at least three years before they are eligible for parole.”

“Three years is not enough,” Kathleen stated. “I know that you only have evidence of their assault on Trisha. The same boys gang rapped my daughter Molly a few months ago. There may be other girls they have attacked,” Kathleen O'Rielly concluded.

“Mother, three years is a long time and this way there won't be a trial and I won't have to testify. I really don't want some defense attorney asking me questions about what my real sex is. Can't we just let go?”

“Mrs. O'Rielly, your daughter is right. If this goes to trial it will be hard on your whole family. I've talked to the DA and she has talked to the judge. Three years of hard time will seem like forever to these boys. I can almost promise you that at the penitentiary five young men convicted of rape will themselves be raped. Of course we try to stop it but in a large institution it's impossible. It's likely that when I explain the situation to the Warden that each of the five will find themselves sharing a cell with another man who is well known for raping young inmates. My guess is that in three years each of these boys will be so used to being had by men that they won't be able to function any other way.”

“Well if you're sure that there imprisonment will go farther than mere confinement I guess we will agree.”

“Good, I'm sure that all five will learn to regret the day the contemplated raping anyone.” Officer James stood up to leave. Before she went out the door Trisha rushed over and hugged the uniformed woman.

“I must thank you again,” she blurted. “I was very afraid of what the police would say and do to me when you found out that used to be a boy. You have been wonderful. Thank you Officer James.”

The uniformed officer hugged the slight form of the teenager for a minute. “I'm glad it was me who could be there for you dear. You're a lovely and charming young woman. Don't let anyone tell you that you aren't. I end up seeing a lot of girls who have been assaulted. From the minute I first saw you I was sure that you were just as hurt and just as feminine as any.”

Trisha cried quietly after the police officer left. She was happy that there would not be a trial. She was happy that chance had brought someone as kind and understanding as Officer James to her when she was most vulnerable. Her family left her to her feelings sensing that she needed a little time. As the new girl calmed down she realized that she was happy about who she now was. When she thought about it she didn't like Patrick much. Now she had a fresh start and even the memory of the gang rape was

bearable with the knowledge that by saving Molly she had redeemed her place within the warmth of her family's love.

The day before Grace and June were to return to their respective universities the four sisters went out for Sunday brunch and a final session of girl talk. Grace had decided that they needed to talk with Trisha about sex, rape and men before they left. June borrowed the Mercedes from Kathleen and drove the four to the Rusty Pelican restaurant near John's landing. Molly had called earlier in the week and arranged for the four to get a table on the outdoor deck overlooking the Willamette River. As the waiter lead the girls to their table every eye in the restaurant followed their progress. It was a beautiful spring day and all four were wearing sun dresses in pastel shades. The four beautiful young women with striking red hair and well—endowed chest development were the center of attention and conversation as they passed. It was clear to all the observes that they were sisters.

Once they were seated and had ordered drinks they took a moment to relax and enjoy the view of sailboats on the river. Molly realized that the Willamette sailing club must be holding a race.

“Look Trisha. They are racing those little boats. They must be about fourteen feet long. Doesn't that look like fun?”

“Yes it does Molly. I'd hoped to learn to sail in college this year,” Trisha replied wistfully.

“Well let's do it. A friend of mine belongs to the club. I'm sure she would be willing let us borrow her boat after we have a few lessons. I've heard that the club offers lessons to prospective members. I bet you would look devastating in one of those little boats all tanned and wearing your a bikini.”

“Molly,” Trisha laughed. “I don't own a bikini and if I did I'm sure I never would have the nerve to wear it.” As Trisha spoke she looked out at the boats to hide the blush that had risen in her cheeks. When she looked back the new girl found a small wrapped package sitting in front of her.

“Not another present? Your all just spoiling me!”

Grace smiled, “We like spoiling our little sister. Its a going away gift from June and I. We looked through your wardrobe and realized that it was missing something. We didn't want you to go through the summer without something to wear on the beach.”

Trisha looked at the small package for a moment. She was sure she knew what was in it.

“Come on girl! Open it!” June and Molly urged her in unison.

They all laughed and Trisha opened the package. Inside she found three small patches of yellow lycra and some sky blue elasticized string. Looking at the colorful fabric she realized it was the skimpiest bikini she had ever seen.

Trisha smiled, “You guys! I can't wear this. It would be like being naked in public!”

“Trisha dear. That's what we want to talk to you about today,” Grace began. “You can wear it and you will. Now don't argue with me. Listen, this is important. You a lovely young woman and you have a great body. Lovely young women with great bodies show themselves off. It's part of being a girl and it can be a lot of fun. That little thong bikini is not much different than going nude in terms of your modesty but in terms of social acceptability it is fundamentally different. With that on, you are clothed. Acceptably dressed for many social occasions. Without it you're nude and potentially subject to arrest. Think of it as symbolic clothing. You can have a lot of fun being almost nude and it makes swimming and staying cool in summer much easier.”

“Grace, if I wear this I will show. You know I'm not as flat down there as you girls.”

June smiled, “We talked about that and all took pains to observe you in your skimpiest panties. We don't think it will be a problem. Your partial equipment lies quite flat when you slip it back between your legs. With no balls to protrude you really don't have much more bulge than we do. Remember we, and most women, sport a genital bush the creates a little bulge down there. With your smooth shaven treatment the difference is minimal. Besides, you need to accept that from time to time someone may suspect. If they are looking at your groin that closely they might just be interested in exploring it intimately with you. Women might be interested. Men might be interested.”

“June, Grace this is very nice of you but I've had all the intimacy with people I want. Once I thought maybe a woman, a lesbian, might want me. Now I don't even want that. I never was interested in men, and you can be sure I find the idea totally revolting now. I didn't like what happened to me and will not invite a repeat occurrence. Molly you understand I'm sure. After your experience do you ever want to be touched again?”

“Your wrong Trisha,” Molly gently said. “What happened to us was bad. There is a big difference between rape and making love. I was raped but I have also made love. I look forward to finding the right someone to make love with again. You should be open to the idea of finding a lover. You should be willing to try women and men.”

“Yes,” added in June. “No one but Grace knows this but two years ago I was raped. It was date rape buy a guy I just met at school. I said no, he insisted. I resisted. He got rough. When it was over he had his way and I felt like a used piece of meat. Last year I met a wonderful man. He was very sweet with me and quite gentle. Ultimately I took the lead and nearly dragged him to my bed. Making love with him was heaven. In fact I'm really eager to get back to Jack. I miss waking up in his arms. I miss the feeling of his hands moving across my body. I miss giving him my milk and I miss both taking him inside and then feeling him explode within me. I've had a lesbian lover to. My old roomy, Linda was bisexual. We experimented together and as our friendship grew we found the intimacy very rewarding.”

“That maybe true for you June. I'm so sorry to hear you were attacked. The only way I can make love is to take someone up the rear,” protested the new girl. “I may never be able to stand a man's hands on me again.”

“Trisha you will have a man's hands on you and soon,” Grace reminded her. “Your taking over the Hasting contract and Conrad will put his hands on you and more. It's

the whole point of the contract. He hates the milk but he loves our bodies. Allowing him to fondle our bodies as he suckles is what he pays so much money for.”

“So I will learn to stand it Grace,” Trisha retorted. “I won't like it.”

“What we want Trisha is for you to go to him with an open mind,” June continued the argument. “This should be an adventure for you. All of us have suckled Conrad and all of us have been seduced by him. I think it was wrong of him to press Molly. He must have realized she was still a virgin. Neither Grace or I were virgins when we went to him. I know that I really felt adored and flattered when he wanted me. I didn't just let him. We made love together and frankly I miss him. This isn't the Nineteenth Century Trisha. You should be out there exploring your sexuality. In spite of what you say I've seen you touch yourself. You like it. I swear that someone touching you will be something you will like a lot more.”

“I won't be what he wants,” Trisha protested.

“Well that is a possibility,” Grace replied. “No one ever knows what someone else wants till they make the experiment. I know I am attractive but there have been boys I wanted who weren't interested in me. I decided that was their problem not my own. Let whether Conrad likes what he finds between your legs be his problem. Let whether you like what he does to you be yours. Keep in mind you won't know what you like till you have tried a variety of things.

“For instances I learned a few years ago that I like having a man take me up the rear. I like it better than up the front. No risk of pregnancy, no conflict when I have my period. The last year I have been having an affair with a professor at the University. Early on he talked me into letting him come in from behind when I had my period. I was just amazed to find that I loved it. He loves it to. I haven't had him in my vagina in months. The fact that you take a man up the rear won't mean you can't orgasm or that your partner won't. I do almost every time, and Michael loves it. We joke about saving my vagina for the work of baby making and using my other entrance for fun.”

For a few moments Trisha stared at her sisters. They were waiting for his agreement but what they wanted seemed strange. Yet she felt their love and concern. The new girl knew that they had revealed their intimate secrets as a way of helping her.

When Trisha answered she surprised herself, “OK, I love you all so much. I know you wouldn't give me bad advice. I'll try to keep an open mind. If Conrad tries to seduce me and it feels right I will let him.”

“Good for you dear!” Grace smiled. “Only if it feels right. If he does something you don't like tell him to stop. He will, I'm sure. Now a toast:

“To Trisha our sister, may she find only pleasure and love in life.”

While the girls were at brunch Kathleen was with Conrad Hasting. She had come early to nurse him and, as she had expected, his attentions to her breasts lead to broader intimacy. Long after he was done nursing their sex play continued. The man sensed something odd about Kathleen and took extra care to ensure her pleasure. After he had her naked he lowered his mouth to her moist cleft and brought her to two

orgasms before he allowed her to pull his hand from her sex and impale herself on his manhood. He wondered about her wistful manner as they made love. Yet he hesitated to disturb the fragile and sensual intimacy of the moment. He let Kathleen control their loving and was pleased when she seemed intent to stretch their intercourse out as long as possible.

As she was dressing, Kathleen explained her unusual mood. "This was the last time Conrad," Kathleen began.

"We just had such a nice time Kathleen. You can't mean that," Conrad retorted.

Looking at his lean lightly muscled figure Kathleen wistfully thought about changing her mind. Then she remembered Conrad's fickle nature.

"I'm afraid I'm quite serious. Your very sweet Conrad and I admit I just enjoyed myself. I'm nearly forty seven years old. I don't want to end up like my mother. Over sixty, retired and living with her daughter. I like you Conrad and could be very happy living with you but I want a husband. I don't think your affection for me, while real, reaches that deep. If you want to marry me Conrad the answer is yes."

Kathleen knew that Conrad did not want to marry her. Still she watched his reaction with interest. If she was wrong and he wanted her she knew he would be a pleasure to live with. His longish white hair gave his good looks almost a lion like quality that at times took her breath. She had loved running her hands through the hair on his head and chest as she sat astride his hips, feeling his hardness pressed deep into her sex only a few minutes before

"I'm sorry Kathleen, but you are right. While I love you in my way, I do not wish to be married. I hope that does not hurt you. Hurting you is not what I want at all."

"Not at all sweetheart. I have always known that your affections were not deep, though you have been both kind and sweet to me. I won't find a husband if I spend my days here with you. This was also the last time I'll be nursing you. Tomorrow my niece Trisha will take over the contract."

"Trisha? I thought Molly would be returning. What's going on?"

"Conrad you were wrong to seduce Molly. You know she was a virgin and had been carefully saving herself for marriage. I was wrong, knowing you, to let her be your nurse."

"Kathleen, I didn't do anything with Molly or any of your daughters that they didn't consent to," Conrad defensively asserted.

"We know that. June and Grace were able to take your seductions of them in stride. In fact I think they both rather liked it and have missed you. Molly is different. She feels overcome by guilt at her lapse of will. The family has talked it over extensively and Molly will not be back. Trisha has been with us now for several months and she has prepared her breasts for you. She already can offer you more milk than I can, and her breasts are no where near their maximum level of production."

"Kathleen I know that the contract does not prevent a cousin from taking over the contract but I really would like Molly back. I have grown quite attached to her."

Kathleen laughed, "I know that you like Molly. Who would not. She's eighteen and rather beautiful. Right from the first we all completely understood that it was our good looks that prompted you to contract with us to nurse you. Your attorney was quite frank about it. Let me assure you. Trisha is young and pretty with the same dark red hair we all have. In fact she could pass for Molly's double if she let her hair grow."

Conrad tried to hide his pleasure at this news but Kathleen was aware of a slight lustful smile on the man's lips as she continued, "Trisha's full name is Patricia but the whole family calls her Trisha to avoid confusion with Molly's brother Patrick. You must promise me to very gentle with her Conrad. Just over two weeks ago she was gang raped by five local boys. They took her to a motel on Sandy Boulevard and repeatedly raped her all night. She was a virgin at the time."

A look of pained concern crossed the man's face, "I'm so sorry for her Kathleen. You can be sure that however much I may try to tempt her the whole idea of rape is abhorrent to me. The young lady is as safe from me as she herself wants to be."

"We know that Conrad, if it weren't for our confidence in you we would never let Trisha come. We all think that you will be good for her. She doesn't have Molly's concern about her virtue. Right now she is very afraid of intimacy, particularly with men. In fact, if it's OK with you I'd like her to live here. You offered me a small suite of rooms in the house once. We think some time away from the family, learning to get by in the world as a single woman will be good for her."

The man smiled, "Of course she can stay here. There is a small suite of three rooms just above my bedroom. She shall have that. In fact I have kept it ready for years hoping that one of you would wish to live here while nursing me. The suite includes a large bath, sitting room with a nice view of the pool and Mount Hood, a walk in closet, and of course, a bedroom. There is even a microwave and small refrigerator in case she doesn't want to take all her meals in the dining room."

"Sounds perfect," Kathleen replied. Then she smiled at the reclining man. He was still nude with a sheet pulled up to his waist.

"Why not enjoy the rest of the afternoon," Kathleen thought to herself.

Conrad smiled back at the woman as she started to undress again.

As she slipped back into bed with him Kathleen giggled, "Tomorrow will be soon enough to give you up. Besides, if I want you to go slow with Trisha I better make sure you horns are clipped real short."

PART VI Conrad

It was well after eight when Kathleen got home. The family expected her to be late and had waited dinner for her. As the clasped hands for a moments silence before their meal Kathleen looked around. It was their last night together before Grace and June returned to the University. Kathleen felt very lucky to have such a loving family and to have them with her. Still she was a little jealous of Trisha.

The new girl was surprised and a little upset when Kathleen made her announcement.

“Tomorrow morning Trisha you start with Conrad Hasting,” Kathleen had begun, “In addition for a while at least you will live at the Hasting's in a suite just above Conrad's room. I think its time you got out on your own and started to live as the attractive young lady you have become.”

“Your throwing me out?” Trisha sobbed as she heard her fate.

“Not at all dear. You will always have a room here, just as June and Grace do. If you want to move back and visit Conrad during the day to nurse him in a few months you may. It's time you learned to fly on your own. You only go out with one of us, even to go shopping. You need to learn how to live on your own as an independent woman. I want you to try living with Conrad at least until summer when June and Grace come back from school.”

There was still a quiver in her lip as the new girl looked around the table, “OK mother. If you think it's best.”

“Good girl Trisha. I don't want you just to stay at the Hasting's house either. You will have a generous allowance of two hundred dollars a week. For the next few months I want you to spend every penny of it. No saving. Get a whole new wardrobe. You will need more summer clothes anyway and what you own is really inadequate for any attractive young girl. You only have a half dozen outfits of your own plus another half dozen that your sisters and I have lent you. While you're getting your wardrobe together I'll ask Dr. Payton's friend, Jill Lovejoy to change your name and records. Then next fall if you want Trisha O'Rielly can enroll at PSU as a new freshman.”

“Oh mother! Could I? I'd so like to go back to school,” Trisha exclaimed.

“Of course you can. We just need to take the time to make sure you have all the right paperwork. Why with the Hasting Contract it's your right. Since you will be doing the work for the contract for the next several years you definitely should enjoy the advantages.”

“Trisha I talked to my friend at the Willamette Sailing Club and there is a sailing class we can sign up for starting next Saturday,” Molly said. “Would you like to take sailing with me. My friend said after we have had the basic sailing class we can borrow her boat just about any time. Her boyfriend has a boat too and she seldom uses her's.”

“I'd really like that Molly,” Trisha responded. “Thank you for asking.”

The next morning while Kathleen drove Grace and June to the airport Molly helped Trisha pack. Trisha decided to only take the clothes that were hers. Molly helped her return clothes to Grace, June, mother's and even Molly's closet.

When they were done packing they had filled only one large suitcase. Trisha had left a night gown, change of lingerie and blouse and jumper with matching shoes at home.

“*For weekends,*” she had thought to herself.

When Kathleen returned she found Trisha sitting by her suitcase in the living room. She was pleased to see that Trisha had made an effort to look pretty.

Her new daughter was wearing a tan linen suit with a white rayon blouse. Her shoes, belt and small shoulder bag were black kid. She had done her make-up expertly. It highlighted her good features without being obvious. She wore a set of rhinestone earrings and matching necklace with a pendent that held another large clear stone. The final touch was a pair of delicate white cotton gloves.

“My dear you look charming,” Kathleen exclaimed. “Those gloves are the perfect touch. You’re the picture of a sweet young thing ready for her first day on the job. Conrad and his whole household will love you.”

“Thank you mother. I do feel nice. Molly gave me the gloves this morning. It was very nice of her.”

“I got them for her the day we bought her this outfit. I knew they would be perfect with it!” Molly beamed with sisterly affection at Trisha.

“So you are ready to start work?” Kathleen asked her new daughter.

“I guess as ready as I will ever be mother. I’m terribly scared. This morning Molly wouldn’t let me empty my breasts. I really need to do so soon. It’s becoming almost painful they’re so full.”

“I’m sure Conrad will be ready to help you relieve that pressure. Of course I don’t have as much milk as he needs and last night we didn’t leave him any so he has had nothing to eat all day. He should be starved.”

With that final comment for Trisha to contemplate they carried her suitcase out to the car and after Trisha and Molly hugged and kissed good—by Kathleen drove her new daughter to the Hasting’s Estate.

Trisha had never been there before and her eyes grew large when Kathleen turned up the long drive to the big three story Tudor house at the top of the hill.

As they pulled into the car park a butler in a tail coat appeared. He was accompanied by a matronly woman in a black house dress.

“Hello Charles,” Kathleen greeted as she stepped from the car. “Has Conrad sent you to help with Trisha’s bag?”

“Yes Mrs. O’Rielly. The master was most explicit that I should meet you here and that Miss Patricia should be brought to meet him immediately. Of course you know Mrs. Mable Henderson, the housekeeper. While Miss Patricia is meeting Mr. Hasting she will put away her things. Then when she is ready Mable will give the young lady a tour of the house and grounds. Since she will be a part of the household Mr. Hasting wanted her to be aware of every convenience and luxury we have here.”

Kathleen turned to her new daughter and kissed her on the cheek then hugged her.

“I’m leaving you in capable hands. Do your job. Have fun. Don’t do anything you don’t want to. I’ll call tonight to check in and make sure you don’t need anything. Remember, I’m counting on you next weekend for Sunday dinner.”

As Trisha watched her mother’s gray Mercedes go down the drive she wanted to drop her bag and run after the car.

She laughed at herself a moment later. "Run, in these heels, and with my breasts so full. I wouldn't get twenty feet," the teenager scolded herself.

"Miss Patricia, the Master is waiting. If you would come with me please?"

"Yes of course, Charles. Please just call me Trisha. I hardly think of myself as Patricia and no one has ever addressed me as Miss Patricia before. You will find me a bit of country bumpkin I think. Please correct me whenever you see me make a social error. I'm afraid I haven't Mrs. O'Rielly's grace."

The butler smiled warmly at her. "Just as you say Trisha. I think you will find that your warm smile and attractive presence will smooth over any little awkward moments that may arise."

Charles lead Trisha into the house and up a flight of curving stairs, down a wide hall and through a set of open double doors.

At first Trisha saw only the room. It was quite large and very masculine. There was a big walnut desk by some French doors that lead out to what seemed to be a large balcony. A forest green leather couch and love seat faced a fireplace. To the left a set of dark curtains were slightly open revealing a large sleeping alcove with a several doors beyond. Later the new girl learned that these led to Conrad's private bath and closet.

"Miss Patricia O'Rielly sir," Charles announced her.

Trisha was startled when she noticed Conrad as he stood. A tall man, over six feet with a bushy main of white hair, lean frame and kind face seemed to emerge from the leather couch. He was dressed all in black. Trisha realized that in this large dark room he seemed almost invisible until you saw his white hair and the twinkle in his deep blue eyes.

As Conrad came toward her Trisha didn't notice Charles leaving. Not even when the butler gently closed the double doors.

"My dear Miss O'Rielly, I'm so very glad to meet you. You know I have been on pins and needles all morning. Just like a school boy worried about his first date."

As the man spoke he lifting her hand bent over and kissed it lightly. Looking down in surprise Trisha hastily removed her white gloves.

"Its good to meet you too, sir. I must admit that I am a little nervous."

"No wonder my dear. You must call me Conrad. Everyone here does. Its what I like. Charles was just showing off for you. Doing his perfect butler bit, don't you know. As to being nervous there is really no wonder. Your Aunt has told me the terrible ordeal you recently went through. Let me assure you now that nothing is going to happen here against your will. Do you feel reassured?"

"I guess so, sir. I mean Conrad. Its my first time and all. mother said you would be hungry. Should we?"

"Soon my dear. Soon. First may I offer you something. I know its early in the day but perhaps some sherry to help us relax. Why don't you get more comfortable and take your jacket off too."

"I'm not much of a drinker but a glass of Sherry might help be good. Actually my mother recommends a glass of Guinness, but the taste is a little strong for me," Trisha commented as she slipped her linen jacket off. She set the jacket, her purse, and gloves on a table by the door.

"Then sherry it shall be," Conrad smiled as he walked to a cabinet. Opening it Trisha saw that there was a complete bar inside. Conrad poured her a generous amount of Harvey's Bristol Cream and brought the glass to the new girl. Sensing that she was still quite ill at ease he offered to show her the terrace.

As they stepped out into the pleasant spring sunlight Trisha gasped.

"Yes, it is nice isn't it," Conrad said. "I love this view, particularly when you can see the Mountain. I often come out here to read and watch the younger members of the household play in the pool. See its just below us."

Trisha looked down and saw a large oval shaped pool with a hot tub at its shallow end.

"You did bring your swim suit, didn't you Trisha?" Conrad inquired.

Trisha saw the look of anticipation in the man's eyes. His look was kind but his kindness didn't hide the man's frank sensuality.

"I do have a bikini my sisters gave me but its quite revealing and I'm not sure I have the nerve to wear it."

"Oh you make an old man's heart warm. You will wear it won't you. For me," he pleaded. "I shall sit up here reading Melville and quietly watch as you enjoy the pool and tan on many a warm afternoon. You will be quite safe and as you can see except for me way up here on my perch you will have total privacy."

The man's charm was infectious and Trisha giggled at his last comment. "With you to watch over me from on high I shall certainly muster the courage to wear it. I must warn you it is quite naughty."

"I shall dream of the occasion. I see your glass is empty. Perhaps another, or might you feel ready to begin?"

"I think we should Conrad. I'm still nervous but I suspect I shall be for quite some time. I know you must be hungry and to be truthful my breasts are painfully full. The family insisted I come prepared."

Conrad slipped his large arm around her slender waist and lead her inside and over to the love seat. He sat down and drew Trisha down to his lap.

She was a little stiff but seemed willing as he had her lean back resting her spine against the chair's overstuffed arm. The man leaned over the girl and began to open the buttons of her blouse. Trisha turned beet red as her blouse opened revealing the white lace edged pink bra she wore beneath. It was not a nursing bra. Trisha propped herself up a little and reached behind her back.

"Conrad let me, please," she pleaded as she unclasped the bra and again lay back down. Her hips were on the man's lap, her legs were comfortable stretched out over the chair's left arm and she was nestled comfortable down against the right arm.

Conrad's hand shook in anticipation as he lifted the bra off the girl. Her pink nipples were bare before his eyes. He could see that Trisha was blushing and looking away in embarrassment. He reached out and cupped her left breast in his firm hand.

The warmth of his flesh sent sparks of excitement through her. She turned her head back to watch as the man leaned over and brought his mouth down to cover her left nipple. She felt him start to gently suck. His hot mouth was infinitely sweeter than the harsh milking machine. A flash of heat spread out from her center and she relaxed sensing the milk start to flow. Trisha wanted to reach out and cradle the man's snowy head in her arms as he suckled but feared the added intimacy. She restrained herself and found that she really enjoyed what the Conrad was doing.

All too soon he was done but she blushed and smiled when he looked up at her, blew her a kiss and then lowered his mouth to her right nipple.

Conrad nursed from Trisha's breasts until he sensed they were empty. Then he raised his head in satisfaction. As he moved Trisha felt a hardness within his pants that slipped between the cheeks of her rear.

"Oh! He is quite hard!" Trisha thought in a moment of panic.

The man didn't attack her. He gently closed her blouse and then leaning over kissed her lightly on the lips.

"Thank you Trisha. I haven't had my fill in weeks and you have satisfied me. Your milk is sweet and I like it. Now perhaps you would like to get settled in your room and later let Mable will show you around."

Confused Trisha arose from his lap and picking up her bra stepped toward the door. Her breath was quite taken away by his kiss. It had happened so fast that she hadn't thought to protest. The weak feeling in her knees forced her to admit that the man had aroused her.

"Through there, past the bed are three doors. The third is to a small private spiral stair that links this suite with yours. You may come and go that way without having to feel that whole household knows what we do here. I shall never come up the stairs without your expressed invitation. I want you to feel you may come and go as you please. I would appreciate it if you would come by every five or six hours. I do get quite hungry sometimes. If I feel I can't wait I will call. There is a private line in your room. If you are not there I may try to find you. Please let me know when you will be away."

Unable to speak Trisha nodded her head and collecting the rest of her things she found the stair and went up to her room. She emerged in a charming pink and white sitting room. A large bay window looked out over the pool to Mount Hood on the east wall. There were three sets of French doors. Through one she found a comfortable bathroom with a large tub. Another led to a walk-in closet in which the new girl found her clothes had been unpacked and neatly put away. Her few possessions only acted to make the closet and built in bureau seem empty.

Through the third set of doors was a small bedroom with fluffy double bed set by a window that shared the view of the mountain. Another door in the bedroom lead out to a hall. Looking around in the sitting room Trisha saw that there was a writing desk and desk chair as well as two over-stuffed Morris chairs covered with a cheerful floral

pattern of pink and yellow velveteen. The walls were covered with bookshelves up to waist height above which hung a variety of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century prints. The art depicted still life flowers and fruit for the most part, but also a few charming female nudes. Trisha looked closely at these and saw that they were Boucher etchings from the Louvre.

Trisha smiled realizing that she liked these rooms very much. Even the books on the shelves include many of her favorites. She undressed and after carefully hanging up her clothes took a short bath. Trisha was careful to clean her breasts, just as she had been taught to do. She dressed in a full denim skirt and pink blouse. Underneath she wore her frilliest pink panties, garter belt, and bra.

"I can't believe how feminine I feel," she said to herself. *"Mother told me that nursing would do that but I had no idea. Why when he reached for my second breast I nearly had an orgasm. I see how he was able to seduce Molly. It was folly to think he would not."*

As she thought Trisha hummed to herself. It never occurred to her that she might prove as susceptible to Conrad as Molly had.

"After all," the new girl reasoned, *"I have nothing between my legs to offer him."* Trisha wasn't sure why but this last thought broke her mood and almost made her sad. Afraid to even consider the possibility that she might want Conrad to make love to her she decided she should read.

Trisha was looking out the window when Mable knocked on the door. A few minutes reading and enjoying the view had restored her mood and the new girl was humming again.

The older woman saw Trisha's happy face and soft smile. "Yes," she thought. *"She will make the master quite happy. I hope he doesn't spoil it by making her pregnant."*

Mable took Trisha for the complete tour of the estate. The building was huge and included an extensive library on the main floor.

"The books in your sitting room are from here. Mr. Hasting selected them himself. You are to feel at complete liberty to borrow any others you like while we are so lucky as to have you here."

"That is so good of him. I wonder how he knew my taste so well?"

"Dear child. Mr. Hasting is a very insightful man who has lived well and long. Let me assure you that we have always found him warm and kind. Everyone here knows of the generous service you are providing him. We are all quite happy for him and hope that you will find it to your liking. No one will speak to you again of this, unless you desire it. We all respect and, let me say prize, yours and Conrad's privacy."

Trisha was both reassured and charmed by Mable's speech. She enjoyed the tour of the house and grounds. The pool, sauna and hot tub were incredible luxuries. The new girl found herself longing to spend time lost in Conrad's huge library. The billiard room and entertainment center with it's eighty inch television also attracted her interest.

After the tour Mable took her to the kitchen where the cook, a woman named Lori, made them a light lunch.

Later Trisha returned to her room to read until it was time to again nurse Conrad. She selected Jane Austin's Emma and took one of the large overstuffed chairs by the bay window. Trisha found her progress in the book slow as she spent more time thinking about her strange new life than she did reading.

"It's like going to a resort," the new girl decided. "Except that, given the intimate service I perform for Conrad, this strange resort is more completely feminine than Patrick could have imagined."

At seven the pink princess phone in her room rang. It was Conrad and he wanted her to nurse him if the time was convenient for her.

Trisha assured him that it was and after touching up her make—up went down the private stair to the man's rooms.

Conrad arose to greet her and put his arm around her waist as he guided her to the same love seat they had used earlier.

Before sitting down Conrad asked, "Is this arrangement all right my dear? We can try others if you think they would be more comfortable."

"Thank you Conrad this was quite comfortable this morning. Perhaps after I become more used to the experience I will want to suggest others. Should I undress now?"

"If you don't mind my dear I would just love undressing you," Conrad informed Trisha.

"Oh! Well, I guess I don't mind. Just the top though, right?" Trisha nervously agreed.

"Of course just the top," Conrad agreed.

Then he placed his hands on Trisha's shoulders and kissed her gently on each cheek. Straightening up he slowly opened her blouse. Stepping close to her he reached behind the new girl and unclasped her bra. The action required that he press his chest into her semi—naked body.

Trisha was surprised to find that the man's proximity caused her to flush and her breathing to deepen. She felt unsteady when he stepped slightly away from her.

Conrad continued to hold her hand as he sat down drawing the new girl across his lap again. The man spent considerable time licking and fondling Trisha's breast this time before he settled down to nurse. When he had emptied both her breasts he continued to play with them, kissing and caressing the new girl until he felt her shudder with her orgasm. Conrad brought his lips to the girl's and wrapped his arms around her and pulled her naked chest to his own.

Trisha was nearly overcome with passion. She had just experienced her first orgasm brought about by someone stimulating her body. Even as a boy Patrick's orgasms with girls had always been a product of his action. Not a reaction. Without

thinking Trisha answered the man's kiss wrapping her arms around his neck and pressing her naked breasts against his still clothed chest.

Conrad relished kissing the girl but, in spite of his very real erection, he allowed her passion to soften.

They held each other for a few movements before Trisha could stand to separate herself from the man. The new girl was speechless with embarrassment as she realized that she had just orgasmed in the man's lap and then returned his kisses with fire. She blushed and scooping up her clothes ran to the stair and the supposed safety of her own rooms.

For the next two months the pattern continued and intensified. At least twice each day Trisha would visit Conrad to nurse the man. She allowed Conrad to undress her until her breasts were revealed. Conrad would draw her to his lap and both nurse and make love to her breasts.

He delighted in bringing the girl to orgasm and managed to do so often. Their kissing became more a part of the nursing with each passing day.

Conrad remained frustrated.

Trisha was responding more passionately to him in some ways after two months than Molly had in almost six. While she let him have ready access to her breasts she had consistently pulled his hand away when he tried to explore the wonders he knew waited beneath her skirt. Yet he could not complain. Her milk was most pleasing to the taste and her firm young body pleased him greatly just to touch.

Trisha's wardrobe was rapidly filling. Once each week she would have Charles drive her Downtown where she would shop for several hours. She had purchased a dozen new outfits and was becoming totally confident in her ability to visit, even common dressing rooms, undetected.

Saturdays she met Molly for their sailing class. The two girls had a wonderful time learning to sail and were looking forward in a few weeks to passing their basic seamanship course and being able to go out on the Willamette on their own. Molly did tease Trisha about the bikini, demanding to know every week whether she had worked up the nerve to wear it.

Trisha blushed and explained that it was too cold for swimming, although they both knew Conrad's pool was heated.

As will sometimes happen in Portland, in late May they had a mild heat wave. Temperatures were in the high eighties and there was only the gentlest of breezes. Trisha looked outside in the afternoon and realized that tomorrow Molly would ask her again about the bikini.

Trisha smiled to herself, *"Oh what the heck. It's hot and I want to swim. I'll wear the darn thing. I can put on my robe to go down stairs in. No one will even see me in it."*

The new girl slipped out of her clothes and got out the tinny garment. It took her a few minutes to get it on. Once she felt it was properly adjusted she turned to her closet's full length mirror to see how she looked.

Her first reaction was to hide behind a dress that hung near at hand. The scant few square inches of fabric and string made her look more naked than she would have looked with nothing on. Then she smiled and stepped out to view herself again. Quickly she slipped on a pair of two gold slippers with two inch heels, she had purchased on a whim, and placed her hands on her hips thrusting them forward provocatively.

“I’m a fox!” Trisha announced with a laugh.

Then she returned to her bedroom and sitting at her vanity redid her make—up and the color on her nails. With a laugh she also painted her toe nails to match the fuchsia of her fingers and lips. Returning to the mirror she smiled at the effect. She looked like a forties' era pin—up.

Trisha grabbed a yellow satin ribbon and tied her hair into a loose pony tail and practiced walking in the heels a bit. Watching herself in the mirror she added more and more sway to her hips until she felt it was just the right blend of seductiveness and girlish innocence. She decided that only someone who knew her secret would detect the tell tale bulge at the bottom of her groin.

Turning to examine her appearance from the rear she almost lost her courage. Her high and well—shaped buns were fully displayed. The thong emerged from between them at the top of her rear passage and tied to the narrow elasticized belt that circled her hips.

“This is so naughty!” Trisha thought, *“I wish Molly was here to see me. She would really roar.”*

Trisha picked up her pink terry cloth robe and slipped it on tying it loosely in front. After collecting a big fuzzy bath towel, her book and a hair brush she boldly left the room and walked down the stairs, around to the terrace, and out onto the patio to the pool. She had seen no one during her short journey and was almost disappointed.

With a smile she slipped off the robe and arranged it on a recliner. Stepping out of her heels she removed the hair ribbon and went to the edge of the pool. She loved the water and had been dying to try the pool for weeks.

“Silly of me,” she thought. *“Too embarrassed to be seen wearing a bikini in a deserted pool.”*

Trisha gracefully dove in and, after a panicky moment of adjusting her bikini, which had almost come off in the dive, she began to swim laps.

Conrad was attracted out onto the his balcony by the splash. With a smile he realized whom the youthful yet voluptuous body in his pool belonged to. Her almost impossibly thin form was well set off by her well—rounded breasts and hips.

The man felt a stirring in his loins as he watched the muscles of her rear move as she paddled her feet. Almost transported with her beauty he watched Trisha swim silently.

When she emerged a few minutes later he enjoyed seeing her slip into her heels and then pat herself and her almost blood red hair dry with a large towel. She brushed out her hair and laid the towel down on the patio to sunbathe.

Watching her pretty and nearly naked form, Conrad became concerned.

"She hasn't put on any sun block," he realized with a smile. *"Conrad Hasting to the rescue,"* the man thought as he went to his bathroom for a bottle of coconut oil based sun block.

Going downstairs he emerged to find Trisha propped up on her elbows reading.

Raising her head she heard him coming.

"Oh Conrad!" she cried, again quite aware of her near naked condition.

"Sorry if I startled you Trisha. I noticed you didn't seem to put on any sun block after your swim."

"I guess I forgot. I have only been laying in the sun a few minutes. I'll go put some on now," Trisha concluded as she started to rise for her escape.

"No need my dear. I have brought some with me and with your permission will apply it."

Trisha looked at the man for a minute. For months she had been letting him play with her breasts and smother her lips with kisses. *"What harm would it do to let him run some sun block into here all too exposed rear,"* she thought to herself.

Trisha smiled sweetly at the man, "Conrad that would be very nice. If it's not to much trouble."

"No trouble at all Trisha," Conrad replied as he dropped to his knees by her side.

Trisha pushed her book away and rested flat on the towel her head turned to one side.

Conrad almost salivated as he stared at her firm well—rounded bottom. He opened the container and scooped a generous amount onto his hand. Then he warmed it between his palms and gently lowered his hands to Trisha's calves. He massaged the lotion into her soft white skin working it first up her left leg then her right.

His hands were strong but Trisha realized that he knew something of massage for she was feeling increasingly relaxed as he worked. Conrad next massaged Trisha's back starting with her shoulders and working the coconut butter into her skin until he came to her bikini top. With a deft motion he untied the top.

Trisha started to protest but Conrad quickly quieted the teenager.

"Don't be silly, there are no parts of your exquisite breasts that I haven't seen, and touched. You know, we have complete privacy here," the man reassured Trisha.

As Conrad worked the soothing cream into her skin Trisha admitted to herself that it did feel nice.

The warm sun and Conrad's skilled hands succeeded in getting the new girl to relax enough so that when his hands moved onto her well—rounded hips and heart shaped rear she didn't really feel like protesting. As Conrad worked the lotion into her bottom

his movements raised and lowered her hips stretching the thong of the bikini bottom tight against her anal opening. Conrad's hands worked the cream into the delicate cleft of her rear right down to the thin string that was buried at the bottom and separated her two hips.

Trisha found the feelings exquisite and sensed a new desire in her body to feel the massaging move into her anal canal and excite her further. Her nipples were now erect and she didn't have the heart to protest when she felt Conrad's fingers slide the bikini string around her waist down to below her hips revealing her rear opening.

"Oh Conrad!" she moaned in sudden excitement as she felt his finger begin to probe her tight anal opening. Without thinking Trisha pressed her hips up and back almost pulling the man's probing finger deep inside her.

Sensing his near conquest Conrad used the coconut butter to ensure that his penetration was well lubricated. Then he gently began to deeply finger fuck the pretty red head. His own groin was almost painful as his erection strained against his pants.

"Patience," he reminded himself. *"I must have patience until she asks for more."*

The gentle penetrations continued with Trisha using her hips to thrust up to meet Conrad's probing fingers with increased passion. When Conrad felt her shudder in orgasm he stopped moving his finger for a moment. As he felt her muscles relax he slowly slipped out of her. Then he lay beside her and rolled her half over pulling her lips to his own. They kissed with abandon and Conrad paused to open his own shirt so that he could feel Trisha's delightful breasts pressed into his own naked chest.

The contact was electric for them both.

Trisha was very excited and realized that soon Conrad would want more. She felt his erection pressed deep into her hip and abdomen and knew that her resistance was nearly gone. Yet she feared his discovery of her special secret.

"I must end this," Trisha thought.

In desperation she pressed the man to his back and slid her now nearly naked body down his. With a naughty laugh she unzipped his pants and withdrew his iron hard tool. It was about seven inches long and thick. There was a dense white bush around its base that set off the ivory of the taunt skin. Trisha held it in her right hand and used her left to reposition her bikini bottom ensuring the concealment of her own hidden male part. The front of her bikini was damp from her own discharge and as she lowered her painted lips over Conrad's member she felt an excited stiffening in her own groin.

"I really have become quite the little queer," she thought as she began to suck on Conrad's hot rod of sex. Mentally she shrugged her shoulders. It no longer seemed to matter. She had been pleased and now she was returning pleasure. Her nipples were erect and she felt a tension in her own sex as she sucked the man's cock. She tried using her tongue and doing all the things she thought might feel good to the man.

"Yes! Yes! Oh Trisha don't stop!" Conrad cried.

Trisha had no intention of stopping and now focused her attention on seeing how far down her throat she could take the long tool. She slowly learned to relax her throat muscles and time her movements with her breathing. When she felt the hairs of his groin tickle her nose Trisha experienced a sense of accomplishment.

"I'm deep throating him," the new girl thought with satisfaction. "I'm going to pleasure my man until he finds the same kind of wonderful release he just so gently provided to me," she decided.

Trisha continued until she felt Conrad stiffen. Then she raised her head keeping only the head within her lips and tickled the end with her tongue until it exploded. Trisha was surprised at the amount of cum the man shot into her mouth. She was careful to swallow nearly every drop. When he was done and had started to relax she let the cock slip from between her lips.

Lying prone on Conrad's chest she wrapped her arms around his head and kissed him deeply. She delighted in slipping a few drops of his own seaman onto his tongue as she kissed. Trisha decided that she liked the taste of Conrad's cum. With a giggle she broke the kiss and stood up. Her breasts were free in the cool outdoor air and her nipples again became erect.

"You taste nice too. I just may make you feed me after I feed you from now on," Trisha announced with a laugh. She scooped up her bikini top, book and robe and scampered inside before the man could collect himself.

Conrad lay still on his back for few minutes enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm. Then he slowly got up and slipped his now limp tool into his pants and buttoned his shirt. As he walked into the house he smiled and thought, "*I must have the rest! Soon. That little minx is so hot that she could melt the polar ice caps!*"

When she got back to her room Trisha quickly changed into a dark gray house dress. It was her most conservative garment and she felt that she needed to reflect on her situation seriously. She sat by the window and considered things.

"I just made love with a man. In fact, I crawled all over him and sucked him off. I should be honest with myself and admit that I liked it. In fact for months now Conrad has been making love to me, bringing me to orgasm and I have grown to look forward to it. I guess that makes me gay or something. Maybe it just means that I am more feminine than I had ever imagined being," she thought to herself.

Trisha considered her conclusions for a while. It took a little getting used to but she became increasingly comfortable with what she had become and what she had so recently done. She even started to look forward to nursing Conrad later in the day and planned to take more time to explore the wonders of his ivory shaft. Her only unease centered on her fear that she might be discovered.

"I think I better let Conrad know how far I fall short of being a real girl before I try to take this much farther," she decided. *"If he rejects me as a sexual partner I can move home and just come by as mother did twice a day to nurse him. Maybe I will try one of Molly's lesbian friends and see how I like making love with a woman. If he wants to keep me here as his lover as well and nurse I'll tell mother that I'm staying her at least for the summer and see what develops. I better let him know about my secret today."*

Trisha felt good about her decision. She was planning to spend Sunday with her family, sailing in the morning with Molly and then having dinner at home with the family later. The new girl decided she would tell them of the results of her revelation to Conrad. She would also tell them of the intimacies she had already shared with the man.

Previously when they had asked she had been too shy to reveal the sexual nature of the activity Conrad and she had been engaging in.

“There always telling me how I’m just one of the girls now. I may as well let them know that I have become sexual active and get their advice,” she concluded with a thin smile on her lips.

Trisha spent the rest of the afternoon looking over the PSU catalog thinking about what classes she **might like to take the next fall.**

PART VII A Wedding

Conrad waited for Trisha's next visit with nervous anticipation. The girl had finally melted and made love back to him as he made love to her. He savored the sweet memory of watching and feeling her learn to deep throat his tool. Conrad knew he wanted more. He longed to climb between her long white legs and drive his tool deep into her watching it disappear within her body as he fondled her gorgeous breasts. He decided, *“She has toyed with me enough. Its time I was more aggressive and showed her what a strong man can do to her.”*

He tried to work at his desk but got nothing done. His mind kept drifting back to the memory of this morning's dalliance. When the object of his lust did finally enter his room he felt as if he had been forced to wait for years rather than just a few hours. He arose and crossed the room to greet her.

When the man tried to kiss her she artfully averted his lips. Her cool response surprised and disappointed the man.

As he lead her to 'their' spot, as he now thought of it, he noted her clothes. She was dressed in a dark gray full skirted dress, dark hose, and low black heels. It was the least cheerful thing he had ever seen her in. Yet he had to admit the dress showed off her trim waist nicely. It had a deep vee neck and small gray cloth buttons that went all the way down hinting that the dress opened entirely from the front and might be easy to get off her. Conrad smiled, *“She may remove the dress to nurse,”* he realized with satisfaction.

He sat down and waited for Trisha to make the next move.

She unbuckled the dress' narrow belt leaving it hanging in the dress's belt loops. Working from the bottom up Trisha then opened the buttons until she slipped the dress off her shoulders and arms and folded it setting it on the couch. Now she was in her matching pink bra, nylon half slip, panties, garter belt and hose. Trisha slipped out of her shoes and removed the bra. The sight of her full breast with their high pointed nipples elicited a gasp of admiration from Conrad. Trisha smiled in acknowledgment of his tribute to her beauty.

“Conrad I want you to do me a favor,” Trisha began.

“Anything dearest! Just come to me now. I need you and I mean for much more than just your milk!”

Trisha smiled gently at the man. His deep blue eyes, strong chin, and thick shock of white hair made him devastatingly attractive, particularly in the soft spring light that filled the room.

“After you have nursed you must allow me to talk with you. I have some important things to discuss before we go farther. Will you promise to wait before trying to seduce me until after we have talked?”

“Seduce you? Why Trisha, I'm deeply hurt. I would never do that,” he insisted.

Trisha laughed, “Oh come now. You have been trying to seduce me since the first time you put your mouth to my breast. Be honest. I haven't minded. You seduced all three of my sisters and my mother before them. You are a lecherous seducer of women and girls Conrad!”

Conrad started to protest but thought better of it. She was right and her whole family obviously had talked about their encounters with him.

“It's OK Conrad. With the exception of Molly everyone has enjoyed your little seductions. It's really quite flattering and gratifying. Do I have your promise? We talk before you try and make love with me.”

“Yes Trisha, I promise. Now please get on my lap. I'm hungry and the sooner I nurse, the sooner we talk, the sooner we can get on to other, more enjoyable things.”

Trisha smiled and slipped onto the man's lap and reclined offering him total access to her breasts. As Conrad nursed the new girl felt a now familiar glow of contentment and pleasure fill her. She smiled enjoying the feeling and enjoying the little kisses and caresses that Conrad couldn't resist giving her, in spite of his promise. When she felt her breasts were empty she pushed his head away and slipped off his lap.

“Now Conrad we need to talk. I suspect that you want to make love with me. The bulge in your pants seems a clear indication.”

“Oh Trisha I want to love you in the worst way.”

Trisha leaned against the couch. She made no effort to cover her half naked body. She leaned back thrusting her well shaped breasts out provocatively against the late afternoon light coming through the room's windows. “Well I have decided that I want to let you and to make love back. I'm not the girl you think I am. I must be honest about who and what I am before I let us go any farther. I should have before this morning.”

Conrad was worried. *What could this lovely creature be driving at? What dark desires and tastes might she need to reveal? Why didn't she just lead him to pleasure her in what ever way she wanted?*

She continued, “Maybe I better show you. If you still want me after you know I'm yours.”

She stood up and pushed her slip down her hips and stepped out of the lacy garment. Then she faced him and bending over she pushed her pink lace panties down and then stepped out of the.

Conrad could barely contain himself. The object of his passion was about to come into view, would be fully exposed to his gaze as Trisha straightened up. He was just able to keep still although he desperately wanted to rise and embrace the delicate feminine form that was now nearly nude and only six feet away.

Then, as she stood straight up the shock hit the man.

"It can't be!" he cried, "How? What?" the man stammered as realization hit his brain like a sledge.

"You see Conrad. I have a cock. I was Patrick, Molly's twin brother. I'm not a boy anymore. I'm not really a girl either. Mother had me castrated and implanted with a sea of female hormones.. I'm a eunuch.

"I have found that my very feminine body has helped to create a very feminine outlook. I loved what we did this morning and if you want me, knowing now that I'm not quite a real girl, I'm yours. Or, I can get dressed and we can limit our contact to my nursing you."

The man sat back in shock. His erection had hardened with the realization of Trisha's confused sex. Looking at her, yes, he had to think of Trisha as her, he admitted to himself, she was the strangest creature he had ever seen. Of course he knew all about transvestites and transsexuals but had never encountered one before. Yet looking at Trisha now he felt his manhood stiffen again. She was seductive, provocative, and except for the small cock dangling at her hairless groin totally female.

"Why would they do this to you? Why would they do it to me?" He asked dismay in his voice.

"I was punished. You see, to my everlasting shame, I arranged for a gang of boys to rape Molly. To my everlasting shame I even planned to rape her myself. They made sure I would never rape anyone and, arranged for me join the family business of contract wet nursing.

"You, Conrad, I think were not really considered. Except that your seduction of Molly resulted in her refusal to come back here. A replacement was needed. The contract is for nursing, not sex. I think they all thought that it was OK if you were not sexually drawn to me. So what's it to be Conrad? Do you still want to take me as your lover?"

"I, I, I just don't know what to say!" Conrad stuttered.

"You probably need time to think. I have been thinking about this for months so when I realized we were at a crossroads it only took me while to decide."

Trisha crossed to the man and smiled softly at him. She bent over and kissed him on the lips briefly. Standing she gave him another close look at her charming breasts and genital anomaly. Trisha turned and collected her clothes. Then she turned back.

"Conrad I want you to be my lover. To take me. I loved the taste of you and want more. I want to feel you shoot your seed inside me using every opening we can. I un-

derstand, you need a little time. You promised not to come to my rooms unless invited. Conrad you are invited. If you want to visit, to make love with me, tonight, tomorrow, anytime come on up those stairs.”

She turned and moving her hips in a saucy sway went out to the private stairs that joined their suites and up.

Conrad just sat dumfounded for hours. He wanted her. He didn't want her. Night enfolded the room and filled it with darkness. He arose and poured himself a stiff drink.

“Damn those doctors,” he thought. *“There are times when a man needs to get drunk.”*

His drink calmed him although the fire it created in his stomach kept him from another. He turned on a light and tried to decide. About three in the morning, still caught in indecision he fell asleep sitting on his couch. He awoke at seven with a raging hard on.

He knew. He wanted Trisha. Wanted her milk. Wanted her soft body. As he thought about the graceful curve of her hips, the roundness of her firm bottom, her ripe full breasts he knew. He had to have her. His erection became even harder as he visualized the girls rear as he had seen it and touched it the day before. At the time he had planned someday to take her from the rear. He liked anal sex and had promised himself that he would break her to it at an early date. Now she was just up that private stair. Waiting. Ready to let him take her in every way he could. Still unsure of his mind his body stood. He opened his shirt and took off his pants and jockey shorts. Nude he drifted to the stairs. His erect cock seemed to lead him as he mounted the stairs.

When he entered Trisha's suite he found her asleep in her bed. She wore a lacy filmy peach colored gown that seemed to swirl around her. Being careful not to wake the girl he slipped into the bed beside her. His tool's hardness seemed to drag him to her and he embraced her gently.

Trisha awoke feeling a now familiar set of arms encircle her. Opening her eyes she recognized Conrad and smiled. She wrapped her arms around the man and pulled her body against his. Feeling his hard—on she giggled.

“So Conrad. You decided to be my lover I see, and feel. Or have you simply come to send me away?” she teased.

“I'm not at all sure where it will lead to, or what it will mean, dearest, but I know I must have you. I want you with me and want to make you happy in every way I can. I want your love and I offer you my own.”

Trisha snuggled closer allowing her gown to slide up her hip against the man's naked hot bar of flesh.

“I gave you my love last night. Now I give you my body. Oh Conrad I want you inside of me in the worst way. Take me please!” she mewled, a kitten in heat.

Conrad gently kissed her and then allowed his hand to slip under her gown. He found her panties and caressed her crotch. He felt her small cock jerk with delight at

the contact. His own erection twitched in reply. No matter how he felt about men he knew his body wanted Trisha more than life itself. Conrad slowly pulled the girl's panties off her and pushed her to her back. He grabbed a pillow and slid it under her hips, raising them. He looked around.

"It's on the bedside table dear. I put the Vaseline out last night hoping you would join me. Now take me. Take me from the front, then later you can try it from behind!" Trisha urged her man.

Conrad reached over and opened the jar. He scooped a generous quantity of the jell and spread it on his iron bar like manhood. Then he pressed his palm into Trisha's rear rubbing the lubricant around and into the tight anal opening.

"Don't tease! Take me Conrad. I know your ready. I know it will hurt at first. Believe me I want it."

Conrad brought his tool to the tight puckered opening and pressed.

"Try to relax the muscles there Trisha," he prompted.

As he spoke he felt her open. The head of his tool slipped into her tight anal opening. She moaned in mixed pain and pleasure. He waited a moment then pressed his tool a little deeper. Then deeper still. Trisha cried, tiers flowing down her cheeks, but she smiled too and wiggled her hips to take him deeper still.

"It hurts but I can't live without it dear. Take me! Fill me with your manhood and your seed. Oh I only wish I could have your child," Trisha murmured as she kissed him passionately.

Conrad found himself surprising excited by the idea of impregnating the girl form wiggling beneath him. In spite of the impossibility of the idea it excited him. He thrust forward and drove his staff into the quivering girlishness to its hilt. Trisha threw her head back in abandon. Conrad could clearly see that she meant what she said. She wanted him more than she minded the pain. The tightness of the new girl's anal canal thrilled him. He began to stroke his well—lubricated shaft in and out of the girl's center. Each thrust was a little easier and soon Trisha's face was transported from pained to rapture. Conrad opened the ties that closed the front of his conquest's gown freeing her pert breasts to the morning air. He cupped each with a hand as he drove toward his own climax. Squeezing Trisha's breasts little fountains of milk shot out of each. Conrad laughed and timed his thrusts with his hands. He moved his head over Trisha's breasts to receive the little gushes of milk alternating his squeezing to be careful not to waste the precious nutrient.

"Yes! Oh yes! this is heaven!" the new girl cried as she felt her rapture rising to ecstasy.

Trisha's hips rose to meet Conrad's trusts with each stroke. Her enthusiasm took his breath away and watched her almost in awe as she orgasmed around his shaft. He felt a little wetness on his stomach and looking down realized that Trisha's member was erect, about four inches long and was shooting a stream of clear liquid as the girl came. The sight surprisingly thrilled the man who thrust again to his shaft's full depth into the yielding girl and loosed his seed. Conrad was transported. He felt that his manhood was an unending fount of seed that was gushing.

Trisha smiled up at her man her face clearly transported with love and happiness that he was coming within her. She reached up wrapping her slender arms around his neck and pulled his lips to her own. They kissed until they felt Conrad's now spent organ shrink and withdraw on its own from Trisha's body. Trisha giggled again as the now limp organ slid out of her body.

"Conrad! That was so way cool. I bet you're hungry now. Can I offer you breakfast?" Trisha leered at the man and lifted her right breast toward his mouth.

Conrad smiled almost shyly. He was awe struck at the sensuality of the girl beneath him. He shifted off her body and nestled down next to her accepting the proffered breast with enthusiasm. Later he moved to the left breast and in turn emptied it of its full portion of milk. As he nursed Trisha played with his hair and hummed. He loved the softness of her voice and the soft touch of her hands on his head and shoulders. Soon his manhood again began to stiffen. He slid closer to the girl who felt his growing erection against her naked thigh.

"Oh Conrad! Your ready for more?" Trisha teased, "All ready! Wow! What a guy."

She rolled onto her stomach and pulled her night gown over her head exposing her now completely naked form to his view.

Conrad's tool was fully engorged and ready. Kneeling behind the girl he pressed his shaft into her. She was still loose and ready to receive him. His hard member easily sank to its hilt into her pretty behind. This time their loving was slower and more serene. Conrad came at length with a deep sigh of contentment.

They stayed in bed the entire day and next night, the next day and the next night too. Conrad found Trisha's body a constant stimulant and felt like an eighteen year old stud servicing his high school sweet heart. They lost track of the number of times and ways they had made love. Each time basking in the after glow they felt closer, more connected, deeper in love.

Sunday morning Trisha insisted she needed to get up to keep her sailing date with Molly. Conrad knew there was time so in mock protest he pulled her back into the bed and pressed his hard member deep into her yet again. She laughed, beat on his chest, called him brute and thrust her hips toward his impaling member to be sure she received every millimeter within her. They both came quickly and with laughter.

After she had regained her breath Trisha scolded the man, "Now I really must get up. Molly will be on the dock in an hour and it would be rude to keep her waiting. Let me go you naughty man," she demanded.

Conrad complied smiling. As he watched her slip of the bed and start toward the bathroom he felt a deep sense of dread. An important part of him was leaving. He quickly rose and ran to her swinging her into his strong arms and kissing her deeply.

"I can't bear to be parted from you my love," the man murmured.

"I'll only be gone until tonight silly. I can't live without you now dearest."

Conrad felt an overwhelming sense of well being take hold of him. This beautiful sensual creature loved him.

“Trisha I only wish it were possible for us to marry. For the first time in my life I know what it is to be sure I want to spend the rest of my days with someone.”

Trisha looked back at him seriously, “You mean that Conrad. You want to marry me?”

“With all my heart. If only it were possible sweetheart.”

“Well it probably is,” Trisha replied shyly.

“How? Even in liberal Oregon the law would say it's a same sex marriage and not valid.”

“My mother has asked her friend, Ms. Lovejoy to arrange a female identity for me. They were doing that so that I could attend college next year as Patricia. I think once I am legally Patricia on my driver's license and birth certificate we could marry. Of course we might have to do it in a state where a medical examination is not a requirement of getting a license. I think in a few months we could. If you mean it.”

Conrad's eyes lit up, “Then Patricia O'Rielly will you be my wife?”

“Oh wow! A real proposal! OK let me calm myself a minute,” the girl replied. She was having difficulty catching her breath.

“Yes Conrad Hasting. I will marry you and be your wife and live and love with you, all the days of our lives.”

Trisha was crying with happiness as she spoke. Conrad again covered her lips with his and the hugged and kissed for some time.

“Now, I really must go. Since it's your fault I'm late, please call Charles and have him bring the car around to drive me to the club. May I announce our engagement to the family?”

As Trisha asked she bit her lip so coyly he wanted to bed her again right there.

With an effort he replied:

“Yes, dearest. I have my mother's wedding ring downstairs. I'll get it while you shower and change. We will call it your engagement ring and I'll commission a new wedding ring for the ceremony.”

The following August Conrad flew the whole family to Hawaii for their wedding. Everyone who saw them agreed the bride was beautiful. Many winked at the age discrepancy but after watching them together even the most critical were sure that they were very much in love and completely devoted to each other.

The End