

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"HE'S HER BRIDESMAID"



Lisa promised.
"I just can't
believe how
good you look
like this!
You'll make a really
pretty girl!"

*LISA NEEDS A BRIDEMAID...SINCE THE GROOM'S
PARENTS THINK HE'S A GIRL, WHY NOT?*

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Volume 98

“He’s Her Bridesmaid”

By KK

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“He’s Her Bridesmaid”

By **KK**

Prologue:

Nick wobbled out of the bathroom, doing his best to balance in the high heels. He couldn't believe he had let his sister talk him into this. Well, no. He could believe it. His sister could talk him into almost anything; it was just that those things didn't usually end with him stuffed into a dress and heels.

“Come on, Nicky!” Lisa's brunette head popped around the corner. “We still need to do your makeup!” Nick groaned.

“Can't I just go as a ghost or something? Do we have an old bedsheet?”

“Nicky, you've already shaved your sexy legs and everything,” Lisa sighed. “Come on, don't back out. It's going to be so fun!”

Nick blushed, but she was right: his first experience with shaving cream and a little pink disposable razor actually made his legs look really feminine and slender. He would definitely have been busy admiring them if they were on a girl instead of him. Nick carefully made his way to the bedroom, feeling ridiculous in only his briefs and a pair of black pumps.

“I feel ridiculous,” Nick grumbled.

“Well, you’re going to look really cute,” Lisa grinned. “So don’t worry. Remember, take smaller steps and keep your elbows in. You’re getting the hang of them.” Nick wobbled over to the chair and gratefully sank down in front of the mirror. His ankles were already killing him! How was he was supposed to wear these things for the whole night?

“I’m going to tell Mom about this,” Nick said darkly, slipping the heels off. She was opening up a very intimidating makeup case, filled with poky-looking implements and all sorts of things Nick didn’t want to experience.

“It’s your own fault for not having a costume,” Lisa laughed. “It’s Halloween, and you think I’m going to let my little brother stay home and watch movies in the basement? I’m only back for a few more days—we need to have quality time, Nicky!”

“Going to a costume party in a dress is not quality time,” Nick protested. It was true that Lisa was only going to be sticking around for a few more days before she went back to the city—Nick usually enjoyed seeing his older sister, but then again, she usually wasn’t selecting a lip-gloss for him.

“Tip your head back a little,” Lisa instructed, spinning him away from the mirror.

“Do I really need makeup?” Nick whined. His sister just rolled her eyes. Nick did his best to stay still as she applied eyeshadow and a few coats of black mascara. He didn’t want an eye poked out, after all.

“Did I ever tell you how jealous I am of your lashes?” Lisa asked, sitting back. “They’re so long and girlish!”

Nick gritted his teeth. He was definitely going to regret this. He would have been totally content to spend

Halloween alone, since his mother was at a work function, but Lisa was intent on dragging him to some college party with her old friends. He had tried to tell her he didn't have a costume, hoping to back out that way. He was always a doctor when he was younger, but the stethoscope and lab coat had probably been thrown out years ago. Unfortunately, Lisa had the bright idea of getting him all dolled up as a girl instead!

“Done,” Lisa said about twenty minutes later. “Wow. Let me get the wig!” Nick pursed his lips together, unused to the feeling of slippery gloss on them. He was dreading how he would look already. Lisa came back with the long curly blonde wig she had bought from a theatre store an hour ago, still giggling and shaking her head.

“What?” Nick asked suspiciously as she started pinning it onto his head.

“You'll see,” Lisa promised. “I just can't believe how good you look like this! You make a really pretty girl.”

“Yeah, right,” Nick said, face growing warm. She laughed, arranging the long cascade of loose blonde waves around his face.

“You should grow your hair out,” Lisa remarked. “Everyone is going for that surfer look now.”

“I'm not exactly a surfer,” Nick said, embarrassed. He didn't exactly have a physique that would impress girls on the beach, either. He sometimes wondered how he and Lisa got along so well when they were so different in personality.

Lisa promised.
"I just can't
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Lisa had been extremely popular in high school, which probably had to do with her infectious smile, cute face, and killer body. She had also been a member of the cheerleading squad and recipient of the “Best Rear View” award in her yearbook. Nick, on the other hand, was in his senior year and still kept mostly to himself. He was too delicate for sports and mostly just slipped under the social radar.

“Beautiful,” Lisa said, relinquishing the comb and hairspray. “Now for the dress!” Nick’s stomach dropped. He had been dreading this part. He reluctantly stood up, still facing away from the mirror, and wriggled into the little black dress. It felt so flimsy he could as well have been in his underwear, and the sky-high hem was halfway up his thighs. He was supposed to go out like this? He stepped back into the pumps while Lisa adjusted him, pulling here and there.

“Ready?” Lisa asked, grinning.

“I guess,” Nick said tremulously. She spun him around to look in the mirror. Nick’s mouth dropped open. The reflection looking back at him was of a stunning blonde! The makeup accented his delicate features, with soft eyes ringed by sooty lashes and a pouty pink mouth slicked with gloss. His hair was perfect, falling in soft blonde waves across his face and tickling his bare shoulders. The spaghetti strap dress hugged his slim waist, and the short hem showed off plenty of his long, smooth legs while the cute black pumps gave him a feminine posture. He looked completely feminine and very hot! He was the kind of girl he would die to date!

“What do you think?” Lisa beamed. Nick still couldn’t reply. His sister took advantage of his stunned silence to brush his hair out a little more and sneak some balled up pantyhose into the built-in bra cups of the dress.

"I look..."

"Cute," Lisa said smugly. "Told you that you'd make a cute girl. I'll bet nobody at the party will even be able to guess you're a guy!" Nick blushed. He could hardly believe how pretty he looked. Guys were not supposed to look this good in a little black dress, but he was definitely prettier than most of the girls in his grade!

"I wish we had time to do your nails and brows," Lisa sighed. "Oh well. Practice walking a little more in the hall while I get my costume on?" Nick teetered back into the hall, where he discovered that the tight skirt of the dress actually helped him keep his knees together and take smaller steps, one foot directly in front of the other. He would have been burning with embarrassment to see the distinct feminine wobble it gave his hips as he swished from side to side. At least he wouldn't be falling all over the place when they got to the party.

"What do you think?" Lisa had come out of the room. She was dressed as a football player, complete with pads and cleats! Nick was flabbergasted. She was going to the party as a football player while he was stuffed into a cute little dress and heels!

"You have got to be pulling my leg," he said. "You're going as a football player? Why didn't you just offer me that costume?"

"A bunch of us are going as football players as a joke," Lisa explained. "And to bug all the guys who were expecting bunny ears and lingerie. Ooh, we should have dressed you up as our cheerleader! That would have been adorable. Next year?"

"Not a chance," Nick said, blushing at the thought of prancing around in a cheerleader uniform. He was never shaving his legs again, that he was certain of!

“Come on, Nicole,” Lisa giggled. “Let’s party!” Nick wondered again how he had gotten dragged into this, then minced after his sister, accepting a little bit of help on the stairs. It felt totally bizarre having a breeze between his legs when they stepped outside, and the clicking of his heels on the driveway seemed very loud. Lisa showed him the proper way to slide into a car while wearing a dress.

“Remember. You better tell everyone I never wanted to do this in the first place,” Nick said. “We are not staying long, alright?”

“Just long enough for you to dance with a few cute boys,” Lisa smiled. Nick slapped her arm. “I’m joking, Nicky!” she said. “Careful not to break a nail.”

“Real funny,” Nick said. The party house was only about ten minutes away. Lisa parked on the street and they walked up to the door. Nick was feeling extremely apprehensive. He was about to go into a party dolled up in makeup, heels, and a minidress!

“This is it,” Lisa grinned. She knocked on the door. A girl, also dressed as a football player, opened it, letting out a blast of loud music, and immediately pulled them inside.

“I’m so glad you made it!” she shouted over the music. She and Lisa exchanged kisses on the cheek, then she turned to Nick for an introduction.

“Remember my little brother Nick?” Lisa asked. The girl nodded, then broke into a big grin.

“That’s Nicky?” she demanded.

“He’s my little sister tonight,” Lisa giggled. “Nicole, this is my friend Karen.”

“Oh, you look so sweet!” Karen gushed. “Great legs, I’m totally jealous! And you make a cute blonde, too!” She and

Lisa tugged him over to their other friends to show him off. Nick had never been in the middle of this many beautiful girls, but it wasn't quite what he had fantasized about in class. For one thing, they were more busy complimenting his dress and hair than undressing themselves.

"Have you worn heels before?"

"I wish I could wear that size, you're so lucky!"

"He looks so girly!"

"See, your costume is a huge hit," Lisa grinned. "Told you."

"Don't remind me," Nick said, blushing.

In the end it wasn't so bad, once Nick got used to the deafening music, courtesy of someone's iPod plugged into the speakers, and the fact that you could barely move without running into a drunken college kid. Lisa followed through with her promise to stay with him the whole time. The only terrifying part was having a few different guys ask him to dance, thinking he was a girl, which Lisa thought was just hilarious, but he turned them all down.

"What did you think?" Lisa asked, looking over from the steering wheel on their way back home.

"I can't wait to get out of these high heels," Nick moaned.

"It's a shame," Lisa said thoughtfully. "You looked like you were just getting the hang of them."

"That's not a skill I'm going to need," Nick promised her. "I'm never doing this again!"

"Too bad," Lisa remarked. She had really enjoyed seeing Nick swishing around in his cute dress and heels,

he made a really pretty girl! She teased, "It's a total waste for you to wear pants for the rest of your life with such nice legs. And it was fun having a younger sister for the evening, at least."

"Next Halloween I'm just going to be a doctor again," Nick sighed. Lisa's cell phone suddenly rang. She picked it up and punched the 'talk' button.

"It's Mom," she said, after a brief conversation. "She thinks we should stop by her work party on our way home. What do you think?"

"I don't want any more people seeing me like this," Nick groaned.

"Come on, Nicky, it'll only be for a few minutes," Lisa said. "And...Mom said Jack is going to be there." Nick could only groan again. Jack was Lisa's latest obsession. He was the son of one of the big shots in their mother's company, and he was, as Lisa always told him, completely perfect in every way. She had only been introduced to him once, for God's sake!

"Can we stop home and get changed first?" Nick pleaded.

"Oh, come on," Lisa laughed. "If I'm going to walk in there dressed as a football player, the least you can do is wear a cute dress. I bet we make quite the scene...please, Nicky?"

Nick imagined them waltzing into a room full of stuffy executives and cringed. The last thing he wanted was more people seeing him all dolled up as a girl, but Lisa really had her heart set on seeing this Jack guy. Nick had never met him, but he knew his family was filthy rich.

"Alright," Nick sighed. "Just for a few minutes." Lisa turned the steering wheel and they started towards the

hotel where the event was being hosted. After a somewhat immodest exit from the car, Nick carefully picked his way across the parking lot. Lisa was surprised by how well her little brother was doing in the heels—it had taken her ages to learn, and here he was getting the hang of it in one evening!

Nick felt his cheeks go pink as they walked into the party. There were not very many costumes at all. A few middle-aged men had made a half-hearted effort at being firefighters, and there was maybe one ballerina, but for the most part everyone was in formal wear! Lisa looked around and saw their mother over by the bar. She started guiding Nick over, but then...

“Lisa? Hey!” A tall, handsome young man in a pirate costume strode over to them. Nick saw Lisa flush.

“Hi, Jack!” she said, smiling. “I didn’t know you would be here, I thought you were sick or something...”

“Arrrr, me Scurvy,” Jack joked. “No, I got over it. I love your costume! Those tight football pants never looked so good.”

“Yours too,” Lisa laughed. Nick noticed half the girls in the room were now staring jealously at Lisa. Jack was considered to be quite the catch—rich, handsome, and funny. It was no wonder Lisa was so in love with him. Jack gave Lisa a very interested look, and then his head turned to Nick.

“I guess your sister isn’t as big on costumes?” he asked. Nick’s mouth fell open, but before he could explain, Lisa cut in.

“No, Nicole isn’t a big fan of Halloween,” she said sweetly, giving Nick a pleading wink to play along. Nick tried to smile and shook his head. Jack obviously thought he was a girl, and Lisa wasn’t telling him otherwise!

“Well, you look lovely anyways,” Jack smiled. “Almost as lovely as our quarterback here...may I get you a drink, Lisa?”

“Sure!” Lisa laughed. Nick quickly excused himself and found his mother. She didn't recognize him for a second, then beamed, “You would have never dressed up for me. You actually look pretty.”

Fortunately, she was ready to leave the party herself. Nick followed his Mom out quickly, and saw that Lisa and Jack seemed to really be hitting it off at the bar. When she finally arrived home some time after one, she was on cloud nine! Since their Mom was asleep, she told Nick all about it.

“I think he's the one, Nicky,” she laughed. “We had an amazing time, and we've already set up a date for tomorrow before I leave.”

“That's great,” Nick said, now in his regular pajamas. “But did you have to let him think I was your sister?” Lisa looked apologetic.

“I just thought he would be embarrassed, you know? Can't tell the boys from the girls,” she suggested. “Sorry! It's not as if it will really matter. Unless...” She smiled and skipped off to her room to change. Nick shook his head. He had seen his sister in love many times before, but not quite like this!

BEGINNING A NEW LIFE....

Lisa opened the door to her apartment and almost killed him in a hug. Nick hugged her back with one arm while he tried to balance his luggage with the other.

“My little brother, finally graduated from high school and thinks he's ready for the big city!”

“Yeah,” Nick grinned. “Thanks for letting me stay!” It was finally June, and Nick was happy to be retiring from his unremarkable high school career. Lisa had offered to let him move in with her for the summer, since her roommate had made a sudden cross-country move to be with her sick grandfather.

“Sorry I couldn’t come pick you up, my car is in the shop for a while,” Lisa said. “It’s awful, I know, but the bus wasn’t too bad, right? You didn’t get lost or mugged or anything...” She was even more bubbly than usual, which Nick knew meant she had some big news for him.

“It was neat,” Nick said. “You know, taking a bus in the city, nothing like at home.”

“This is not Kansas Toto and I’m glad,” Lisa laughed. “Come on, I’ll show you your new room.” She pulled him and his bag inside. Nick had packed light—he didn’t have many clothes, and that was about all he had to bring with him.

“You remember Sharon, right?” Lisa asked, referring to her blonde roommate who was now in Minnesota. Nick nodded. In fact, he had had a huge crush on her when he met her for the first time! It turned out he was going to be taking her old room—she had clearly left in a hurry, since the large closet was open with hangers dangling and there were still boy-band posters up on the walls.

“It’s, uh, really purple,” Nick said. Everything in the room, from the bedsheets to the walls to the carpet, was either pink or purple. There were even lacy curtains on the window. Lisa laughed.

“She really liked purple,” Lisa shrugged. “And I notice that you have let your hair grow out!”

“I like it longer now,” Nick admitted. His dark brown hair was about shoulder length now, in the shaggy style a lot of young guys were adopting.

“Perfect,” Lisa grinned. “Here, let me help you unpack.” The unpacking took about five seconds. Nick hung his few clothes up on the hangers and put all his other things into the chest of drawers.

“I’ll never understand why girls need so many clothes,” Nick said, staring at the mostly-empty closet.

“Come grab some leftovers,” Lisa said, tugging him back into the kitchen. “I have this Chinese, hungry? Diet starts tomorrow!”

“Lisa, do you want to just tell me your news?” Nick laughed. Lisa clasped her hands on the counter.

“You know I’ve been going out with Jack for almost a year now,” she started. Nick nodded. It was hard to forget, he had been introduced to the guy at a Halloween party while wearing a little black dress!

“And?” Nick asked expectantly. Lisa held up her hand to flash a very expensive-looking diamond ring.

“We’re engaged!” she said.

“Congratulations!” Nick exclaimed. He had suspected as much. Lisa and his mother had been running up the phone bill for a week straight. “When is the wedding going to be?”

“August,” Lisa said. “I know it’s not the best month, but Jack is in Europe until then and we wanted to do it as soon as possible. And I have a really big favor to ask you.”

“What is it?” Nick asked, taking the box of food and putting it in the microwave.

“Would you be a bridesmaid for my wedding?” Lisa asked.

Nick almost dropped his fork. “What?” he asked.

“Sharon isn’t going to make it, because of her grandpa being sick. I can’t ask her to fly back here right after the funeral and be in my wedding, so I really need someone to take her place, and I thought maybe...?”

“Ha ha. You’re not serious, are you?” Nick asked in shock.

“It’s more than that,” Lisa admitted. “Um, remember how I introduced you as my sister? I told Jack later that you were my brother, but his family still thinks you’re a girl. His parents were impressed with you at the party and it’s a tradition in their family. The sister is always the bridesmaid so they assumed...”

“You’re joking, right?”

“They even want to introduce you to Jack’s brother at the wedding. I just couldn’t bring myself to tell them the truth. I’m so sorry!”

“You didn’t tell them I’m a boy?” Nick exclaimed.

“Look, it would mean so much to me, Nicky,” Lisa said. “Nobody would even know except me and mom. Jack’s family wouldn’t have any idea!”

“Lisa, it was dark and a drunken Halloween party. I can’t be a bridesmaid!” Nick exclaimed. “Your wedding would turn into a circus if anyone found out.”

“Come on, you know you could if you wanted!” Lisa said. “Jack is all for it. It’s just this one favor, and I really want you to be a part of my wedding. Please?” Lisa gave him her best pleading look. Nick groaned. He had never been able to resist the pleading eyes.

“Impossible. What about after the wedding?” Nick asked.

“It’s not like I’m marrying his parents, Nicky,” Lisa laughed. “Even though they are paying for everything and we will be given a house as a wedding gift. Come on, it’s a one-time thing! I know this is a huge favor, but I would have needed a bridesmaid anyway, and this gets rid of both birds in one stone. Please?”

“You are getting rid of my two stones! And making me the chick.”

“It’s like I’m marrying royalty. Mom will probably get a big raise too.”

“You are nuts,” Nick grumbled. “How are you thinking that this could work.” He couldn’t believe he was even thinking of agreeing to be his sister’s bridesmaid.

“I love you so much!” she squealed. “You’re the best brother a girl could ask for...and best sister. It will be fun, I promise! And you won’t have to get a fast food job....”

“It’s not until August, right?” Nick asked weakly. At least he would have a couple of months for her to come to her senses.

“I know,” Lisa said, chewing her lip. “It’s barely enough time to get you ready!” Nick’s jaw dropped.

“What?” he demanded again.

“Look, Nicky, this is going to be an absolutely perfect, near Royal wedding, and you are going to be an absolutely perfect bridesmaid,” Lisa said firmly. “That means you have to know how to walk, talk, and dress like a proper young lady. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you’re flawless. Your femininity training starts bright and early tomorrow, okay?”

Nick just groaned. That was not what he had been expecting on his first day in the city! He had planned on looking for a job on his second day but that was on hold now.

DAY ONE....

Lisa had not been joking about bright and early. It was barely seven in the morning when she came into his new room to wake him up.

“Get up, Nicky,” she beamed. “It’s a big day for you!” Nick remembered the previous night’s conversation and tried to sink into his covers. Lisa, of course, just yanked them off.

“Hey! A little privacy?” Nick whined.

“Just us girls now,” Lisa said, with a terrifying wink. Nick gulped. Who knew what devious thoughts were going through his sister’s head right now? He had an image of himself wearing an evening gown and balancing six books on his head.

“Let me shower first,” Nick said.

“I’m running you a bath right now,” Lisa grinned. “You can use my shaving cream and my pink razor, okay?” Nick stumbled out of bed, having slept in just boxer shorts.

“Uh, Lisa, I don’t shave,” he said. His chin and cheeks were still baby smooth, and were showing no signs of bursting into bushy bearded life.

“You do now,” Lisa smiled. “Underarms and legs, every morning. At least until I make an appointment to get you waxed.”

“Get me what? Hang on, why do I need to do this today? The wedding is ages away and...”

“And I’m not going to help you shave your legs for it,” Lisa finished. “Think of this as practice, okay? Get going!”

She handed him a fluffy white towel and he went resignedly to the bathroom. He had forgotten to take his shampoo or bodywash in with him, so he used some of Lisa’s products once he had stripped down and gotten in the tub. They were slightly floral-smelling, but seemed all right besides that. The little pink razor was another matter.

“I said I wasn’t going to ever do this again,” Nick groaned, lathering the shaving cream on his calves. The light leg hair disappeared easily with a few long strokes. Only his knees gave him any trouble, and shaving his armpits was a little difficult. Once he was finished, his legs were slippery smooth. Rubbing them together sent a funny little tingle up his spine.

He got up and drained the tub, waving goodbye to the body hair he had worked so hard to grow, then wrapped the towel around himself and walked back to the room. Lisa was still in there, and it looked like she was laying out an array of brightly-colored pieces of...

“I am not wearing lingerie!” Nick protested, staring in horror at the underthings on the bed. She had purchased quite the assortment of push-up bras and panties, ranging from lacy black to bright red satin.

“Did you think you would wear briefs under your bridesmaid dress?” Lisa asked, rolling her eyes. “Here, slip these on. I won’t look.” She handed him a pair of black bikini-style panties.

“Who paid for all this?”

“I have a budget,” she laughed.

“Wasn’t there any plain underwear?” Nick asked weakly, turning around to modestly pull the undergarment up his shaved legs. He knew from his mother’s laundry baskets that not all women’s underclothes were this silky, sexy and feminine.

“This is what I usually buy,” Lisa shrugged. “Except the bras are all A-cup, since you don’t have boobs. That might be a problem.”

“What, did you want me to go under the knife?” Nick joked. His sister, instead of laughing, looked like she was actually considering it! “Hmmm...”

“You’re kidding?” Nick added quickly. “And remind me why you’re trying to make me wear your bras?”

“They’re your bras, for one thing,” Lisa laughed. “I bought them just for you. And you need to get used to the feeling, and how to put them on. And how to match your lingerie to your outfits and everything.”

“So, this is like a kind of trial run, right?” Nick asked nervously, still not taking the bra. He had wrapped the towel back around himself to disguise the panties.

“It’s a crash course in being a girl,” Lisa giggled. “By the time the wedding rolls around, you will be a beautiful, feminine, complete and total girly-girl.”

Nick laughed. “I really doubt that, Lisa,” he said. “You really should be looking for a real girl to be your bridesmaid. A bra isn’t going to make me a girl.”

“Oh, lingerie is only the beginning,” Lisa smiled, in a way that made Nick feel more than a little apprehensive. She showed him how to fasten the clasps of a bra, and finally persuaded him to put on the lacy black push-up that matched his panties. His cheeks were burning red at this point. Here he was, an eighteen-year-old guy, finally

moving out of his old house, and he had already managed to swap comfortable boxers and a T-shirt for sexy, feminine lingerie. This favor of Lisa's was not in his life plan at all.

"It fits pretty well, and it's pretty padded, but you'll still need a little extra," Lisa said. "I don't know what we'll do about the bridesmaid dress, but when the time comes, we'll figure it out." She used two cotton inserts to pad out the cups of the bra a little more, then stepped back to observe her handiwork.

"You are really lucky," she said, shaking her head. Her younger brother cut a cute figure in his new undergarments. He had delicate shoulders, a slender waist, and the high cut of the panties made his shapely legs look even longer.

"I don't feel lucky," Nick said.

"You have such a slim body," Lisa grinned. "You really could wear a bikini! But you're still going on the wedding diet with me."

"I've never been told to diet in my life," Nick said, raising an eyebrow. In fact, he had tried gaining weight several times to no avail. "Can I please put pants on now?"

"Nope," Lisa said, holding up a ruffled black miniskirt. "I'm lending you some outfits until we can take you shopping. Try this."

"Shopping for what?" Nick asked, confused. "And hey, girls wear pants, too!"

"Not to weddings," Lisa sighed. "You need to get used to sitting, standing, and walking in a skirt and heels. Oh, and dancing."

"There's going to be dancing?" Nick asked weakly.

“Lots of dancing,” Lisa smiled. “Like I said, there’s a lot to teach you, so hurry up!”

At that point, Nick was realizing that his sister might need some professional help. There was a strange look in her eyes and he was almost afraid to say, “no.”

Nick reluctantly took the skirt and stepped into it. He had to wriggle a little to get it into place on his hips, and he thought it was much too short even though Lisa claimed it fit perfectly. He didn’t think he would ever get used to the way it swished around his thighs when he walked!

A purple V-neck blouse followed the skirt quickly and open-toed white pumps with an intimidating three-inch heel. He bent over to adjust the strap and accidentally showed Lisa a flash of his panties. She laughed. Embarrassed, Nick straightened up and smoothed his skirt.

“Nice one,” she teased. “You have to kneel when you wear a miniskirt. I’ll show you later.” Nick was getting more and more impatient as Lisa brushed out his hair and used a bit of hairspray on it. He hadn’t even had breakfast yet. Lisa was running a real boot camp here—the kind that involved high heels!

“It’s time for your first makeup lesson,” Lisa said. “Here, sit down at the mirror.” Nick tucked his skirt underneath him and carefully crossed his legs with a sour look at his sister.

“Let me guess, I’ll have to do my own makeup before the wedding?” Nick groaned.

“That’s right,” Lisa smiled. “You have great skin, so I don’t think you’ll have to bother with foundation or concealer. Here, let me show you how to apply eyeshadow.

I'm only going to do it for you today, and then you have to promise to practice every day, alright?"

"Every day?" Nick asked weakly. This was not what he had signed up for! Over the next half hour, Lisa showed him how to apply eyeshadow, liner, use an eyelash curler and mascara brush, blend blusher to highlight his cheekbones, and blot lipstick.

His messy shoulder-length hair was combed into a passable girls' style. When it was all finished, Nick looked like the kind of girl he would have loved to date! Lisa could definitely picture him getting guys' attention with those flirty black eyelashes and pouty, coral-colored lips.

"You really think I look like a girl?" Nick asked, blushing.

"A really cute one," Lisa corrected him. "I think my little sister is going to be quite the heart-breaker. And don't worry, by the time we're done, you will not only look like a girl, but also walk, talk, and think like one." She gave a satisfied smile. Nick gulped, looking nervously at his pretty reflection in the mirror.

"I don't know if I can do this, Lisa," he said. "I mean, it's not good for me! I'm wearing makeup, and a skirt, and..."

"A padded bra?" Lisa suggested. "Look, Nicky, I'm not going to force you to do this for me! But you know how important it is to me, and you said you would try it last night. Just try it for a couple days. Please don't back out now?"

"Okay...I guess not," Nick sighed, playing with the hem of his skirt.

“Leave it alone. Look, if you try, nobody will ever know!” Lisa said. “You’ll just be another pretty bridesmaid. And I hope all eyes are on me.”

“That doesn’t make me feel any better,” Nick groaned. He followed his sister to the kitchen, grumbling under his breath as she paused him several times to give him pointers on walking in the spindly three-inch heels.

“Don’t tell me you forgot everything I told you on Halloween,” Lisa clucked. She coached him in his posture and where he placed his feet, and before long he was walking competently, if not gracefully, in the heels. They added a cute swish to his walk, which he hated, and made him take small, feminine steps. Lisa couldn’t wait to get him into stilettos!

“We’ll practice more after breakfast,” Lisa announced, pulling out a stool for him. Nick perched on it carefully, girlishly crossing his legs as directed. The way his smooth thighs rubbed against each other felt weird and made a flush creep onto his cheeks. His sister produced a small bowl of oatmeal and half of a grapefruit with a flourish. Nick frowned.

“Uh, maybe I’ll just fix something for myself later,” he suggested.

“Nope,” Lisa said firmly. “Diet, remember? We have to fit into our dresses, Nicky!” Nick grumbled, but the oatmeal wasn’t too bad. After their skimpy breakfast, Lisa got him into an apron to help with washing up. Tying a girly bow in the back probably wasn’t necessary, but she had to admit it was a little fun seeing her brother squirm. Nick could only hope he would be allowed to go get dressed in his own clothes when they were finished.

"Your nails really need some work," Lisa frowned, looking at his soapy fingers. "You haven't been taking care of them at all."

"Excuse me for being a guy," Nick laughed. Lisa sighed.

"You need to forget all about being a guy for a while," she said. "And just start thinking of yourself as a girl, okay? Believe me, it will make this all a lot easier!"

"I don't really know what you mean," Nick shrugged. "But I'll try to think more like I think a girl thinks. Gawd, that makes my head hurt."

"Thanks, Nicole," Lisa giggled.

"Do you hate me?" Nick asked seriously.

"Being her bridesmaid is the highest honor any woman can bestow on a loved one."

After they had finished cleaning up breakfast, the work really began! She had him walking up and down in the heels, stopping to practice picking things up, sitting down gracefully, and turning around, while she quizzed him from fashion magazines about beauty products, clothes, and accessorizing. By the time lunch rolled around and Lisa decided he needed a break, Nick felt like his feet were burning hot irons!

"How do girls wear these?" he moaned from the couch, rubbing his ankles and toes.

"Next time you see a cute girl in heels, you'll understand what she goes through to look good," Lisa laughed. "It won't take long. Pretty soon you'll be mincing around like any young lady and like you grew up in stilettos. And you'll be attracting all the boys with your sexy strut..."

Nick blushed and threw a pillow at his sister. "Are we done for the day?" he asked pleadingly. Lisa tossed the pillow back and walked over to the fridge to pull out some food.

"You're actually doing quite well," Lisa said. "I'm surprised at how you took to heels so quickly, I swear you were meant to wear them. But we need to work on your voice."

"What's wrong with my voice?" Nick asked.

"It's not feminine enough," Lisa said. "You need to speak more softly and use your head more than your chest. I read up on it."

"How's this?" Nick asked in a squeaky falsetto. Lisa immediately started laughing.

"That's awful," she said. "Just speak a little lighter and breathier. Remember, you're Nicole." Nick swallowed and tried again.

"Okay, I'm trying," he said softly in a slightly higher register. "How does that sound?"

"Nearly perfect!" Lisa said, clapping her hands together. "With a bit more practice."

"What if it gets stuck like that?" Nick groaned. Not only was he relearning how to walk and sit down all over again, he was even relearning how to talk! What was next, using the bathroom?

"That reminds me, I need to use the washroom," Nick said, getting smoothly to his feet.

"Remember to go sitting down!" Lisa called. Nick sighed. Yes, even that.

By the end of the day, Nick was exhausted. He was much better in the heels, although he still had a little trouble going down stairs, and his voice was coming along nicely...when he remembered. He was relieved to finally slip the pumps off of his aching feet and go to his new bedroom.

In his mind, he had only committed to trying this for one day but the day wasn't over. Lisa had put a whole stack of Seventeen and Cosmo magazines on his bedside table, as well as filling up his top two drawers with lingerie, pretty much covering all his socks and briefs.

"Hey, what's this?" Nick called, picking up a sheer, pale pink babydoll nightie from his bed. Lisa appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, I bought that for you as a welcome present," Lisa giggled. "Isn't it cute? Try it on!" Nick reluctantly turned around and wriggled out of his skirt and top, draping them over the bed, then pulled the slippery fabric over his head, feeling completely silly. What kind of guy wore a sexy pink babydoll to sleep?

Before he went to bed, she showed him how to use makeup remover and wash his face properly. After a final lesson in hair-care and an introduction to his new skin-care regimen, she let him collapse into bed and go to sleep.

"So that was girl boot camp?" he laughed to himself. And Lisa still hadn't given up on the crazy idea. "What's another day?"

He imagined Lisa might ease up on day two of Girl 101, but he was sadly mistaken. She had him up at the same early time to bathe, shave his mostly-smooth legs, and get dressed. This morning, however, he had to do his

own makeup! He did his best to remember all of Lisa's advice, and flipped through a few of the magazines for hints about eyeshadow. Of course, when he was finished, it was terrible and he had to remove it all and do it over, this time with Lisa directing him.

"Don't worry," she said firmly. "Practice makes perfect!" He brushed out his long hair the way Lisa had shown him, and was once again struck by how realistic he looked.

"Do I have to wear these short skirts?" he asked nervously, tugging at the hem. "And this shirt is so tight!" He was sure Lisa had more conservative outfits in her wardrobe, but she just smiled.

"I want you to get used to feeling really feminine," she explained. "All eyes are going to be on you when you all come in during the ceremony, so you have to get used to it!"

Nick frowned, going along but not sure how this was going to help him get used to 'it'. The only person around right now was Lisa, and she was soon to come to her senses.

"And besides," Lisa continued, "No little sister of mine is going to be a wallflower! You're going to be the hottest bridesmaid at my wedding."

"I doubt that," Nick said, blushing. He did look very young and even appealing as a girl, but Lisa had plenty of truly gorgeous girlfriends.

Throughout the rest of the day, he practiced in his heels and took notes on picking outfits and doing his hair. When they stopped to eat, he was taught how to take tiny bites and sip at his water. Lisa even refused to talk to him unless he spoke softly and in a high, breathy voice.

It was a very long day as he was drilled and drilled again in every feminine mannerism possible. After brushing out his hair and washing his face with moisturizer, he got into bed, too tired to even complain about wearing the powder blue nightie his sister had set out for him. One day had turned to two.

Nick was more than happy to sleep in the next day, since Lisa had to go to work, and he was excited to finally wear his normal clothes and forget about acting girly for a day. However, he was in for a real surprise when he finally stumbled out of bed around noon. Nick quickly shrugged off the nightie, leaving it in a slippery pile on the floor, and went to his drawers to find a pair of good old cotton briefs.

“No way!” Nick exclaimed. He rummaged through every single drawer, but all he found was panties and bras! Lisa had gotten rid or hidden his old underwear. He smacked the top of the dresser angrily. She had absolutely no right to do that! Nick had agreed to her crazy request, and put up with two days of femininity, but he wasn't going to let her throw out his old clothes. She had gone too far this time.

He went to his closet to find jeans and a T-shirt, but with a sinking feeling he opened it and found only a cute denim miniskirt and white camisole top. There was a note clipped to the hanger. Nick pulled it off and read it out loud.

“Nice try, Nikki. Please get dressed, do your makeup, and practice taking the stairs in heels. You're still a little wobbly on the way down! I left a nice big stack of magazines for you to read if you get bored. Love, Lisa,” Nick read.

He groaned, then crumpled up the note and dropped it onto the carpet. She was obviously intent on keeping him in skirts, even when she wasn't around! Not to mention she had spelled his name wrong on purpose.

"Well, forget it," Nick muttered. He would walk around all day in underwear if he had to! Even if they were blue nylon panties... Maybe not. He frowned, looking at the skirt in the closet and trying to decide which was the lesser of two evils. Would it be more embarrassing to walk around in girls' underwear, or girls' underwear and a skirt?

Reluctantly, he pulled it off the hanger and stepped into it. Like most of Lisa's selections, it was very short and flared at the hips to show off as much leg as possible.

Feeling silly wearing just the skirt, he put on the camisole top, as well. It was very flimsy, with spaghetti straps that flattered his slender shoulders, and he noticed that it was short enough to expose an enticing little strip of skin above his skirt when he moved. He turned around and the skirt swirled around his thighs, making him blush and quickly smooth it down.

Face burning, he left the matching heels where they were in the closet and marched to the kitchen to fix himself something to eat. As he had discovered was the trend, the fridge was very much empty apart from vegetables and health-drinks. He reluctantly poured himself a glass of soymilk and sat down at the counter, automatically smoothing his skirt beneath him without even noticing he was performing the feminine gesture. There was another green sticky note slapped onto the counter.

"Nikki, I forgot to tell you yesterday, there should be an important package arriving for me while I'm at work. Can you sign for it? The deliveryman won't be here until

noon so you should have plenty of time to make yourself presentable. Love, Lisa,” Nick read out loud.

He looked up at the clock in horror. It was quarter to noon already! A deliveryman could be arriving any minute, and here he was dressed in a skirt and camisole!

He jumped up off the stool and tore around the apartment, trying to think where Lisa could have hidden his normal clothes. He tried the door to her room, but it was locked. Nick stamped his foot in frustration, then ran back to his own room and sat down at the vanity mirror. He did his makeup as carefully as possible, remembering all of Lisa's tips. His fingers were shaking a little as he coated his long lashes with thick black mascara. He finished off with a pale pink lip-gloss, then brushed out his hair and gave it a few squirts of hairspray.

He rummaged in the drawer until he found the matching powder blue bra. It was very lacy and frilly, and as he struggled with the straps he realized they would definitely show provocatively alongside the thin spaghetti straps of his camisole. Blushing, he positioned the foam inserts in the cup of each bra to give himself a chest. He was just stepping into the three-inch stiletto heels when there was a knock on the door. Nick hurried to the door in his heels, elbows in and wrists limp as his hips swayed from side to side. He took a deep breath and opened the door.

“Hi, Nikki!” Lisa said brightly. “You look really cute today.”

“But...the delivery...” Nick stammered, confused. A grin was spreading across Lisa's face, and then, when she couldn't hold it in any longer, she started to laugh. Nick's mouth dropped open as he realized he'd been played for a dummy, then he started to laugh ruefully, too.

It was the same prank he had once played on his sister when she had a crush on the Fedex guy.

"I guess that makes us even now," Nick said, crossing his arms.

"Mmhhh," Lisa said, still struggling to reign in her laughter. "I thought you might need a little extra incentive to get dressed today." She came inside and set a bag down on the counter. "I do have a delivery, though," she grinned. "Burgers!"

"Really?" Nick asked ecstatically.

"Tofu burgers," Lisa admitted. He gave a dramatic sigh, but they turned out to be pretty good if you are hungry. They talked at the kitchen counter, legs smartly crossed, and Nick didn't even remember he was wearing makeup until he saw the mark his lips left on the brim of his cup.

"You're really improving," Lisa said. "You're remembering your voice and everything! You are going to be a knock-out bridesmaid, Nikki!"

"I still doubt it," Nick said sarcastically.

"I'm glad you're not making a big fuss about all this," Lisa continued. "I mean, it's just like acting a part in a play, right? You have to practice everything first!"

"I'll give you a couple days. I really think you need professional help," Nick admitted. He had been in a few plays back in elementary school, but he was usually a tree or something equally easy to play. Never a bridesmaid!

Before long, Lisa had to go back to work and Nick was left lounging around the house. He had promised to keep the heels on, but he hadn't promised to walk around in them! Instead he was sitting on the couch, trying to think

of something to do. Lisa's apartment didn't have a television, and her laptop was probably in her locked room. Nick wished he had brought more stuff with him, but then again he hadn't been expecting to be cooped up inside all the time. Maybe this was easier than getting a job flipping burgers? Lisa hadn't mentioned his paying rent or helping other than...wearing heels and junk.

Eventually his eyes fell on the big stack of fashion magazines that Lisa had set out. Since there was absolutely nothing else to do, he picked one off the pile and started reading. It wasn't the most interesting magazine he had ever come across, but it wasn't as bad as he had been expecting.

He now actually understood what mascara was and what it did. He even started reading some of the makeup tips and ads. Nick still couldn't believe girls cared so much about clothing—he totally hated shopping for new clothes. He only went into malls if he was being dragged by his mom or Lisa. But looking at magazines with sexy girls in short skirts was not painful. And the bra ads were bewildering since he was looking at the magazine through his own pert, bra created prominences.

When Lisa got home from work, she was surprised and delighted to see Nick sitting on the couch with his legs daintily crossed, flipping through a Cosmo magazine.

“Oh, hi,” Nick said in a high tone, setting it down embarrassedly.

“Hope you didn't get too bored,” Lisa smiled.

“Look, Lisa, you have to give me my boy clothes back,” Nick said. “It's silly to have me dressed up all the time, and I've already learned everything there is to know about being a girl! I don't want to spend all summer in

heels and tight skirts. I want to be out in the city, and I need to find a job, and I'm not going to wear your clothes anymore. I feel like a prisoner."

"You really think you've learned everything there is to know about being a girl?" Lisa asked, laughing incredulously.

"Yes," Nick said. "I mean, it's not hard."

"So you think you're totally ready to be my bridesmaid?" Lisa asked skeptically. "To get dressed in a room full of women, do your hair and makeup perfectly, and then walk gracefully through the ceremony in four-inch heels and a tight, sexy dress? After which you'll have to come to the reception and mingle with Jack's family, making feminine small-talk with the women and flirt with the guys, who will almost certainly ask you to dance?"

"Maybe not," Nick admitted sheepishly. He hadn't even thought about guys, but from the way he looked all dolled up, being asked to dance was definitely a worrying possibility! "But I still need to get a job," he added.

"You're right," Lisa admitted. "I feel like a cruel step-mother, having you cooped up in the apartment. I haven't even taken you sight-seeing or anything! I'll look for a job for you, and feel free to explore the neighborhood when I'm at work, okay? You have your cellphone, so you can call me if you get lost or anything."

"Really?" Nick asked.

"Of course!" Lisa said, smiling widely. "I'll make sure you have no problems going out and about. I have tomorrow morning free, so we could even do a little looking around then!"

“Alright!” Nick exclaimed, surprised at how easily his sister had given in.

“But first I need to see you practicing on those stairs!” Lisa laughed.

The next morning, Nick was woken up even earlier than usual. He had been having a weird dream about the wedding, in which Lisa had accidentally fallen into a river and needed him to dress up as a bride, so he was glad to get shaken awake before he had to walk down the aisle in a poofy white dress!

“Come on, sleepy head,” Lisa chuckled. “I don’t have all day, remember?”

“Alright, alright,” Nick groaned, getting out of bed. He was thrilled when Lisa dropped his favorite sweatpants and a plain T-shirt onto his lap. He thought, “Great, now I don’t have to call social services.”

“You really need some new clothes,” Lisa sighed. Nick shrugged. She was right about that, his sweatpants were looking pretty ragged and the T-shirt was big on him. Still, he hardly cared. Just going back to male garments was great, even though the shirt was scratchier than he remembered and the sweatpants seemed really sloppy. He realized that the prickly feeling on his legs was from his leg hair starting to grow back. Lisa didn’t even make him run a comb through his hair before they left!

“Here’s breakfast,” she announced, handing him a yogurt and plastic spoon. “We have to hurry to catch our bus.” She hefted her bag on her shoulder, then locked the door behind them and led the way downstairs. It felt suddenly strange to be walking around without the heels, and Nick failed to notice the bit of feminine sway to his hips that had become habit.

“When will your car be ready?” Nick asked, hurrying after her out of the lobby.

“They have to order some parts in,” Lisa sighed. “It’s such a pain.” They arrived at the bus stop just in time and climbed aboard. Nick looked out the windows at the massive buildings they drove past, grinning a little when he recognized a store he had gone past on his way to Lisa’s apartment. If only his friends from back home could see him now, already figuring out his way around the big city.

“This is us,” Lisa said, standing up. They exited the bus and Nick saw that they were outside a very large shopping center. He should have guessed Lisa’s idea of sight-seeing was going to the biggest mall around!

“We’re going shopping?” Nick asked begrudgingly.

“Not exactly,” Lisa explained. “We’re going to my friend’s salon.”

“What? Why?” Nick asked, following her towards the entrance.

“Wedding planning. Just to try a few things out in advance,” she said.

“Things like what?” Nick asked suspiciously. It was early enough in the morning that nothing appeared to be open, but when Lisa peered through the glass of the salon door, someone came over to unlock it. It was a pretty, smartly-dressed woman in her late twenties with stylish square-rimmed glasses. Lisa hugged her in greeting.

“You look great, Kerry!” she squealed. “It’s been way too long!”

“I know!” the woman named Kerry agreed. “Is this Nicky?”

“Yes, soon to be Nicole,” Lisa giggled.

“Great! It’s really sweet of you to help your sister like this,” Kerry smiled. “And don’t worry, when we’re done you’ll be an absolute babe.”

“Done? Wait, you mean you booked a salon appointment for me?” Nick asked.

“Mmhmm,” Lisa laughed. “You were pretty confident yesterday, so I thought I would set you up with a total makeover and see if you can really pull off a sexy, feminine look!”

“I opened up early just for you,” Kerry said, pretending to yawn. “Let’s get to work!” Stunned, Nick let himself be led over to a pale green salon chair and spun in front of the mirror.

“Remember what I was suggesting for his hair?” Lisa asked.

“Definitely,” Kerry smiled. “That would look fantastic! Okay, Nick, off with that T-shirt. Don’t worry, I’ll put a cape right over you, see?” Nick reluctantly shrugged off his shirt and let Kerry put it over an empty chair, then tie a plastic barber sheet up around his neck.

“You’re not going to, I don’t know, give me a perm, are you?” he asked suspiciously.

“Of course not,” Lisa said. “It’s just a little too messy for a wedding or anything, right now. She’ll style it for you and trim a little off, that’s all!”

Well, if she was cutting or removing hair it wasn’t as if she could make him look girlier. Nick closed his eyes while Kerry snipped with her scissors and sprayed with her bottle. Before long, she tipped his chair back and starting wrapping sections of his hair in foil. Nick was about to ask what she was doing, but Lisa grabbed his hand.

"See, his nails are pretty bad," she said, holding it up. Nick snatched it back.

"Ouch! Yes, they are," Kerry tsk-tsked. "You want to work on those while I finish his hair? You remember how the acrylics work, right?"

"Of course," Lisa laughed. "I didn't forget everything from that cosmetics course!" She disappeared and returned a second later with a nail kit. To his surprise, she started clipping them all quite short. Nick was relieved; he had thought she might try painting them red or something like that. That was until she started applying the false nails!

"Hey, what are you doing?" Nick demanded.

"French tips," Lisa explained casually, painting the newly-attached acrylic nail with a clear polish. "They'll look much nicer. See, Kerry has them too!" Kerry smiled and waggled her hand at him. Nick grimaced. She had long, feminine, white-tipped nails on her fingers—it wasn't a look Nick wanted for himself, that was for sure!

"They can be removed, right?" Nick asked.

"Yep," Kerry said. "No worries! We're just seeing how they'll look for the wedding, I think." Lisa giggled.

"Okay," Nick said anxiously. Lisa continued working on his nails while Kerry inspected his face.

"You have nice smooth skin," she said. "Your brows could use a bit of shaping though. You don't mind, do you?"

"He doesn't mind," Lisa interjected. "He wants to look as feminine as possible at the wedding, so whatever steps are necessary, go for it!"

"Hey, wait a minute...ouch!" Nick started to protest, but Kerry had already produced a pair of tweezers and had set to work. His eyes started to water at the sting.

"Come on," Lisa laughed. "Don't tell me a he-man like you can't take having his brows plucked."

"It's hurts...ouch!" Nick was interrupted by another tug. "It's hard to think of myself as a he-man while I'm having my hair and nails done! Maybe Kerry could be your bridesmaid?"

"She's doing hair and Jack's family expects my sister," Lisa smiled. "Time to start thinking of yourself as a pretty young woman."

"And once we're finished, one look in the mirror should convince you of that," Kerry added. "There! That opens your eyes up so much. Don't you think?"

Lisa inspected her work and nodded, grinning. "You are going to be one foxy lady," she giggled. "Here, let me do your toes." She slipped his shoes and socks off and started washing his feet, then massaged them with a lotion. It actually felt sort of nice, and Nick found himself relaxing.

"Ready for your makeup?" Kerry asked.

"Please, no makeup?" Nick asked weakly.

"Lisa's paying for the works, Nicky, so you might as well get your money's worth," Kerry explained. "We need to see what will work for the wedding colors."

"Oh," Nick said. "Uh, alright." There was nobody else in the salon to see him, after all. He said to Kerry, "You must think I'm nuts?"

"I think it's the sweetest thing I ever heard of," she said. "Besides, this is the big city. Nothing shocks me."

“Oh, gosh,” Lisa remarked to change the subject, pulling up the pant leg of his sweats. “You’re getting cactus legs!” She ran her finger over the spiky black hair growing back on his calves.

“Hey, that tickles!” Nick protested. Kerry had gone to fetch her supply of makeup, and Lisa got up and went after her. Nick saw them whispering and giggling with each other out of the corner of his eye, but he didn’t want to get up and risk having them start his hair all over again. Plus, he couldn’t move his hands, his nails needed to dry!

“Would you like to have your legs waxed?” Kerry asked brightly. “I can include that for no extra charge.”

“We’re probably all going to get waxed before the wedding,” Lisa explained. “Girls are pretty used to it, but you’ll probably need a practice run.”

“A practice run? Why?” Nick asked.

“You’ll see,” Lisa smiled, yanking off his sweatpants.

“Cute panties!” Kerry remarked. Nick blushed. He had forgotten he was still wearing a lacy pair of black bikini-style panties. Had he really gotten that used to them in just four days? Kerry started applying strips of warm wax to his legs while Lisa painted his toenails. It didn’t feel that bad at all! He didn’t know why girls complained so much about it.

“Youch!” Nick screeched as Kerry tore off the first strip of wax. It felt like half his skin had gone with it! His eyes started watering again immediately.

“See?” Lisa laughed. “Sometimes beauty is pain, Nicky!”

“It’ll grow back, right?” Nick choked, but he still whimpered a little for the next strip. How on Earth did

girls go through this regularly? When his legs were completely waxed, he opened his eyes and looked down. They looked very feminine and shapely with all the hair gone, and when he rubbed his hands along his thigh, careful of the drying nail polish, his skin was silky smooth to the touch.

These were the kind of legs that really attracted his attention. The only problem was, they were his legs! The manicured toenails with their soft pink sheen only enhanced the feminine picture. He couldn't help but think that they would look even sexier if they were in a pair of heels!

"You have great legs, young lady," Kerry remarked. "By the time I get your makeup on, your hair should be all ready. How do you feel?"

"Okay," Nick said dejectedly. She went to work on his eyes, applying his eye shadow with expert care and using an electric curler to give his lashes a little more spring before coating them in a dark mascara.

Kerry obviously really knew what she was doing. Nick was amazed at how smooth her every motion was, even when applying liquid eyeliner. He couldn't imagine her ever messing up makeup in her life. When she had carefully lined his lips, filled them in with a bright coral lipstick and finished him off with a coating of clear gloss, Kerry started taking the foil out of his hair. As she fluffing it out, she grinned, "Ready to be amazed?"

Kerry spun him around to face the mirror and his glossy mouth dropped open in shock. She had styled his dark brown shoulder-length hair into a flowing, feminine style with a cute fringe falling across his femininely-shaped brows and just the slightest hint of a wave, completed by eye-catching honey color and blonde highlights!

His makeup was perfect, with his coal-black eyelashes appearing even longer and more feminine than usual thanks to the curler. She had blended blusher perfectly to accent his cheekbones and give him a cute flush, while the coral lipstick made his lips really pop and the gloss gave them a wet, enticing gleam.

Nick couldn't look away. Kerry was right, he looked like an absolute babe!

"What the...Ow," Nick yelped, feeling a sharp pinch in his ear.

"Lisa said you wanted your ears pierced, too," Kerry said innocently.

"I never..." Nick started to protest, but she leaned him back and with some kind of a chrome gun, quickly pierced the other one. The two women moved in front of him and when he looked in the mirror again, he had two tiny, feminine silver hoop earrings brushing against his slender neck whenever he turned his head.

"NOW you look gorgeous!" Lisa squealed.

"You shouldn't have..." Nick knew he was wasting his breath. Why did everyone think this was sane?

"Get dressed for us? Please?" She handed him the bag she had brought on the bus. Nick looked inside apprehensively. He should have known Lisa would find a way to make him wear a skirt!

"Well...alright," Nick said anxiously. He took the bag and slipped off the chair.

"You can change in the back room," Kerry smiled. Nick nodded weakly. The salon was still empty, so it couldn't hurt, could it? He quickly put on the matching push-up bra, filling the cups with the foam inserts, then pulled a deep red halter top over his head. It fit snugly, flattering

his trim waist, and left most of his lower back totally exposed! The ruffled black miniskirt was embarrassingly short and rustled around his thighs when he wriggled it into place. He adjusted it around his hips, then stepped into the black, four-inch stiletto heels she had picked out for him.

Nick he carefully minced out of the back. The floors were waxed and he had to walk gracefully, hips swaying sexily from side to side in a very feminine, eye-catching way. Lisa and Kerry were ecstatic with how he looked!

Nick's delicate feet were encased in open-toed stilettos, showing off the coral pink polish on his nails, and they made his gleaming smooth legs look even longer and sexier under the sky-high hem of a short ruffled skirt that bobbed appealingly when he walked. With his shiny, white-tipped nails, perfectly made-up features and gorgeous hair, he looked completely like a stunning young lady!

"Am I done now?" Nick asked anxiously in a soft, feminine soprano. He pouted his coral lips and touched his hand nervously to his new hairstyle, brushing one silver hoop earring against his cheek.

"You look fantastic," Kerry smiled and turned to Lisa, "This is going to work. But I have one more idea." She reached down his halter top and pinched his skin together, then used a strip of medical tape and rearranged the inserts a little to give him the illusion of cleavage.

"If the boys weren't drooling before, they definitely are now," Lisa giggled. Nick blushed furiously.

"Can't I be a nice girl?" Nick moaned and realized what he asked was silly. Why did she want him wearing such a feminine, provocative outfit? He would definitely love to

see a cute girl wearing this tiny miniskirt and sexy top, but he didn't want to wear them himself! "Okay, you win. Can I get changed now?" Nick pleaded.

"Why?" Lisa laughed. "You look ready to do some shopping!"

"Are you serious?" Nick asked tremulously. He looked out through the glass, where the interior of the mall had filled up with people during his makeover.

"Mmhhh," Lisa said. "You said it's time to stop wearing my clothes, and I agreed, remember? We're going to get you some cute outfits of your own!"

"But I can't go out there like this!" Nick gasped.

"Why not?" Lisa asked, taking his arm and turning him to the mirror. "Do you really see anything other than a cute, sexy young girl?" Nick blushed.

"Lisa's right," Kerry laughed. "The only thing you have to worry about is his beating the boys off!"

"But..." Nick tried to protest. He couldn't walk through the mall in a skirt and heels! Everyone would see him!

"Thanks so much, Kerry," Lisa said, handing over a credit card.

"Any time," Kerry smiled. "He's such a doll!" Before he knew it, Nick was being steered out of the salon with Lisa's hand on his upper arm guiding him. She handed him a small leather purse with some makeup and other essentials.

"No girl would go shopping without her purse," Lisa giggled.

They walked into the main part of the mall. Nick felt like he was floating. His femininely-styled hair brushing against his neck, the earrings swinging from his earlobes,

the waxy taste of lipstick on his mouth, the cool air slipping up his skirt...he couldn't believe he was doing this! It was all he could do to keep his manicured hand from shaking as he settled the purse on his shoulder. The sound of his stilettos clicking on the tiles seemed unbearably loud.

Nick had never felt so exposed in his life, especially as they passed a group of college-age guys who couldn't take their eyes off of him. He blushed, totally humiliated when he noticed their gaze lingering on his exposed legs and the swell of his padded bra. He had always loved ogling attractive girls in the mall, but now the high heel was on the other foot—his!

The sway of his hips forced on him by the sexy stilettos, his short ruffled miniskirt and backless top, flirty black lashes and kissable gloss-covered lips were all like magnets for male attention. By the time they had walked out of the food court, half a dozen different guys had wolf-whistled at him!

"I told you you would be a hit with the boys, Nicole," Lisa giggled. "Any one of those guys back there would have killed for your phone number!"

Nick flushed. He was very, very conscious of how many guys were ogling him. The four-inch heels gave him a very feminine posture, exaggerating the cambré of his back and pushing out his chest—when boys saw an attractive girl dressed like this, they would assume that she liked male attention! He wished the ruffly skirt didn't swish so much with his hips when he walked, it seemed to turn every male head in the mall to watch him mince by in his stilettos and admire his bottom.

Lisa was extremely pretty herself, but she was wearing jeans, flats, and her hair was back in a ponytail—it was as if she wanted to give Nick all the

attention. He was relieved when Lisa pulled him into a women's clothing store. Nick had never thought he would be grateful to be shopping in Forever 21, but it was better than the lustful looks he was getting outside. How had Lisa talked him into this?

"I don't need clothes," Nick said as his sister draped a top against him. "I never said I wanted to go shopping! Especially not like this!"

"You do need clothes," Lisa argued. "I'm not going to let you keep borrowing all my cutest outfits, Nicole. And you said you want to get out and about, right? There's no way I'm letting my sexy little sister wear sweatpants instead of cute skirts!" Nick gaped.

"But I can't dress like this all the time," he exclaimed. "That's not right! It's not fair to me."

"What did you think you would be wearing until the wedding?" Lisa asked. "Trust me, this is the only way for you to get used to being a girl."

Nick was shocked. Lisa appeared serious. She wanted him to wear skirts and lingerie for the next two months? This was getting ridiculous! He had agreed to try to be like a bridesmaid for a couple of days (knowing it wouldn't work.) But he had never agreed to be a girl for the summer.

"I can't wear girls' clothes for two whole months," Nick said, shaking his head. The pretty silver hoops in his ears danced against his neck. "And besides, I can't pay for a new wardrobe!"

"Don't worry about it," Lisa laughed. "I have a big budget. Jack gave me his credit card for all the wedding preparations. This definitely counts as part of it!"

“Does he know you are buying your brother dresses with his money?”

“It was his idea. His family is so stuffy, it's his way of being independent...besides marrying one of the worker's daughters was a no-no too. Maybe you can pay him back when you get that job. Now here, try this on.”

Nick had never enjoyed shopping for clothing, but this was definitely worse than his usual trips to the mall once or twice a year. Lisa dragged him in and out of clothing stores all morning, making him try on a few dozen outfits and model them for her in each one.

He kept looking over longingly at the men's section, or even the girls' jeans would be better than nothing, but the closest he got to jeans was a cute denim miniskirt! When they went into a women's shoe-store to get him footwear—nothing with a heel under three inches, of course—the sales clerk ran his hand up his leg and tried to get his number!

Nick's hopes were raised when they stopped in at a sporting store, but it was only to buy him a sports bra and tight lycra running shorts.

“You have to start working out with me in the mornings,” Lisa smiled brightly. “We'll have you nice and toned in no time! It's bikini season, you know.”

“There is no way you're getting me into a bikini,” Nick said flatly.

“We'll see about that,” Lisa said, smiling at the image of her younger brother all dolled up in a skimpy bikini, turning heads on the beach. By the time noon rolled around, Nick had an entirely new wardrobe of cute tops, short skirts, scarves and high heels. Every time he tried to steer his sister towards something modest, she would laugh and point out a cute spaghetti-strap or miniskirt

instead, saying that it was summer and girls who had "it" weren't shy about flaunting it!

"Ooh, let's look in here," Lisa exclaimed, grabbing Nick by the hand. He found himself being led into a dress shop.

"Dresses?" he asked weakly, hoping he wasn't going to be made to model ten.

"I'm just looking at styles for ideas, don't worry," Lisa said. "Although you would look totally delicious in this one if you only had the boobs for it." She pointed at a scandalously short little black dress on the mannequin. It had a plunging neckline that would show off quite a bit of cleavage—cleavage Nick was very glad he didn't have.

"Women would want to pay this much for a dress?" he asked, looking at the price.

"Who wouldn't, is the better question," Lisa laughed. "Isn't it sexy? Too bad you just don't have the chest...have you thought about getting a boob job?"

"Of course not!" Nick exclaimed.

"Don't act like it's such a big deal," Lisa frowned. "Plenty of my friends have gotten them. Remember Karen? She did."

"She's a girl," Nick protested.

"And you?" Lisa grinned.

Nick blushed. Here he was swishing around in four-inch stilettos and a flouncy miniskirt, loaded down with shopping bags, fresh from the salon with his hair and nails done to perfection and girlish hoop earrings...he felt totally silly saying that he was a guy and guys shouldn't get boob jobs. What if someone overheard him? The way he looked now, not a single person in the mall would believe he was actually a boy and not a sexy, attractive girl!

“No boob job for me,” Nick muttered breathily.

“You might change your mind,” Lisa smiled. “But promise not to get it done just to attract a boy, okay?”

“Lisa!” Nick complained. Normally he would have laughed off the joke, but dressed as he was, it was all too likely that she was being half-serious! His sister just smiled slyly. It was nearly time for them to head back so she could go to work, but Lisa insisted that they stop to get a tea first at a nearby coffee shop.

“Oh, good,” Lisa said, smiling. “It’s the cute barista.” She nodded towards the counter where a young man with wavy brown hair and a stubbly, square jaw was working. When he caught sight of them, he gave Lisa a friendly nod and gave Nick a very impressed up-and-down. Was it like this for girls all the time? He wished again that his skirt wasn’t quite so short.

They set their bags down at a table and went to wait in line. The barista kept trying to catch Nick’s eye, so he kept looking down, not realizing that his fluttering eyelashes made it look like he was shyly flirting back.

“Two teas, please,” Lisa smiled. “And could we get a man’s opinion, too?”

“That might cost extra,” the barista grinned. “What on?”

“Well, my sister really wants to get a cute lower-back tattoo,” Lisa said. “But she’s afraid it might be too slutty. Do you think lower-back tattoos are too slutty?” Nick’s lipsticked mouth dropped open. What on Earth was Lisa doing?

“Well,” the barista said, giving him another up and down ogling, “I can guarantee your boyfriend will love it.”

"I don't have a boyfriend!" Nick blurted. The barista raised an eyebrow.

"No? A gorgeous girl like you," he stated. Nick flushed, realizing he had made it seem like he was single and looking for a man!

"It's crazy, I know," Lisa giggled.

"If you don't have a boyfriend, then it's safe to tell you that you would feel incredibly sexy with a little tattoo on your lower back," the barista grinned. "You'll have to come back and show it to me, won't you?"

"We will," Lisa chirped. She took the teas and handed Nick his, then they went back to the table to sit. He daintily crossed his legs, making the skirt ride up even higher on his thighs, and sipped at his drink, still trying his hardest not to look in the barista's direction.

"He was totally hitting on you," Lisa admonished. "Why didn't you flirt a little? I bet he would have asked you out right there and then!"

"Why on Earth would I want to be asked out?" Nick demanded. "Are you crazy? I'm still a guy, remember!"

"Look, Nicole," Lisa sighed. "With the way you look, you are going to have tons of guys hitting on you at the wedding. You need to get used to male attention now! If you go on a couple dates, you'll feel much more prepared for men asking you to dance and trying to get your phone number."

"Forget it!" Nick said, wiping at the bright pink lipstick mark he had left on the brim of his cup. No matter how he looked in a miniskirt, there was no way he was going to start dating guys just to make Lisa happy. And as for a girlie back tattoo—not in this lifetime!

By the time they got back to the apartment, Nick was exhausted. His feet were killing him from walking around the mall all day in stilettos, and he felt emotionally drained from how stressful the whole thing had been for him, especially when they walked past a group of construction workers and he got catcalled.

“I’ll bet now you’re glad she left such a big closet,” Lisa grinned, helping him hang up all his new purchases. Nick stared uncomfortably at the row of pretty skirts and tops, with several pairs of ultra-feminine high heels lined up underneath them. Impossible. This was his new wardrobe for the summer?

“Okay, I have to get to work!” Lisa said, glancing at the clock. “I’ll be back later tonight.” She left in a flurry. Nick closed his closet door and walked back into the kitchen, then noticed Lisa had left the door to her room open. He caught sight of himself in the full-length mirror and walked hesitantly inside, wrists held limply and hips swaying. He was still having trouble believing the gorgeous girl in the mirror was him!

From his manicured toes to femininely-styled hair, there was nothing to suggest he was a boy. The modest cleavage created by the tape and push-up bra was enticing, and his long legs were very feminine and shapely in their stilettos. He realized his smooth knees were shaking a little.

What kind of guy let his sister make him over into a cute girl and parade him around the mall in a short, tight skirt and heels? His cheeks flushed, but at the same time he couldn’t help but admire his reflection in the mirror. As a boy, he was invisible to all. As a girl, he was a real knock-out! He gave his hips a little shake, letting the ruffled skirt bob appealingly. He couldn’t help but think

that this outfit would look really cute with one of the scarves they had just bought....

“Where did that thought come from?” Nick moaned. He had been reading too many of Lisa’s fashion magazines lately! He minced out of the room. Lisa couldn’t be serious about dressing him as a girl all summer, could she? She had always been an impulse shopper, and most of the things she had picked out would fit both of them—maybe it was just one of her kooky ideas that she would drop in a day or two.

Of course, she hadn’t forgotten the silly idea of him becoming a bridesmaid! Nick smoothed his skirt and sat down on the couch, crossing his legs automatically. The feminine gestures Lisa had been drilling into him so mercilessly were very natural-looking by now. He had picked it up really quickly—what kind of guy got used to crossing his legs and walking in heels in just a few days?

The phone rang, interrupting his thoughts. He got up and picked it up from the counter.

“Hello?” he said.

“Hi, Lisa,” came his mother’s voice. “Is Nicky there? I haven’t talked to him yet.”

“Um, it’s me,” Nick said, embarrassed. “It’s Nicky. Nick.”

“Oh! Sorry, dear. You sounded just like Lisa when you answered the phone!”

“No, it’s me,” Nick laughed nervously.

“How are you settling in?” his mother asked. “I’m sorry I couldn’t call sooner, I’ve been so busy with the wedding...things have to be booked in advance like you wouldn’t believe.”

“Oh...um, it's okay,” Nick said, toying with one of his silver hoops and wondering how to take them out. He caught sight of his long, shiny nails and blushed. If only his mom knew how he had spent the morning, getting “the works” at a salon and shopping for cute clothes! He thought of using their mother to get Lisa help.

“Lisa told me what you're doing, and I think it's great,” his mom said. “Believe me, it's a brave and manly thing to do, even if it doesn't feel like it. She appreciates it so much!” Nick tugged at the hem of his skirt. It was very hard to feel manly dressed as he was.

“You know all about it?” Nick sighed.

“Jack's family is just so rigid and need the sticks removed. A wedding is supposed to be fun not a state affair. After seeing you at Halloween,” his mom added. “I can hardly wait to see you all prettied up!”

“Mom! She's....” Nick protested. Even his own mother was conspiring to get him in dresses.

“Oh, I have to go, dear,” she said. “Catering is on the other line...love you!”

“Love you too,” Nick said. He hung up the phone. He looked in the mirror again and felt like crying. This was the “new him?” When he had decided to move to the city and live with his sister, he had been hoping for a fresh start, but not like this! Nick sighed. Maybe it would be easiest if he just went along with what Lisa said and tried to be Nicole!



The next morning,
Nick took a long bath.
His legs and body were
hairless, his hair highlighted
and he had holes in his ears.
What else could happen?

Just as promised, Lisa woke him up early the next morning to exercise. Nick rubbed his eyes as he gathered up his towel. He had used makeup remover and moisturizer on his face last night, but he still looked extremely feminine with his delicately-shaped brows and new hairstyle, not to mention the small studs in his ears that Lisa had given him to replace his hoops. In fact, he looked more like a girl than a guy.

“Take a bath after,” Lisa said, taking his towel and replacing it with a sports bra and short shorts. “Trust me, you’re going to be getting a little sweaty!”

“I don’t like the sound of that,” Nick moaned. He closed the door and changed into the tight white Lycra shorts. He thought it would feel great to be wearing shorts instead of a skirt, but they were so short and clung so tightly to the curves of his bottom that he would almost rather be wearing a mini! He remembered admiring girls jogging in this kind of running shorts and frowned. He didn’t want any guys staring at his butt!

“Lisa, I need a top!” Nick said, coming out of the room in the sports bra and shorts.

“Nope,” Lisa laughed. “I’m going like this too, don’t worry! You do need a little help, though.” She slipped the inserts into his black bra.

“You’re so tiny on top,” Lisa sighed. “And I was hoping to get something strapless for the bridesmaid dresses...”

“I’m supposed to be tiny on top!” Nick protested, blushing. “Guys don’t have boobs!”

“Well, I think you should really consider it,” Lisa said matter-of-factly. “Think of all the cute tops you could wear! And that way you wouldn’t have to worry about padding your bra all the time, too.”

“Lisa, I shouldn’t be wearing a bra at all,” Nick said anxiously, tugging at the strap. Lisa just sighed and helped him fix his hair into a high, feminine ponytail.

“Oops, I didn’t get you any running shoes,” Lisa frowned. “Here, I’ll find an old pair of mine.” Before Nick could point out that he had his own shoes, she came back with a pair of pink and white women’s sneakers. Nick reluctantly laced them up and followed Lisa out of the apartment and down the stairs.

“Where are we going?” Nick asked.

“There’s a really nice park just behind the building,” Lisa explained. “I run and do yoga there every morning.” She started to jog, and Nick sped up. It felt strange running with his long, girlish fingernails. He couldn’t clench his hands into fists anymore, so he had to leave them open and found himself moving his arms more from side to side than pumping up and down. Nick hadn’t run since being on the track team in junior high, but he felt pretty good!

“I’ll race you to that bench,” he laughed.

“You’re on,” Lisa grinned. “Care to place a bet on it?”

“Sure,” Nick said, seeing an opportunity. “If I win, I get to wear my jeans around the apartment. And no heels, either!”

“Okay,” Lisa smiled. “But if I win, you have to get a Brazilian wax.”

“What’s that?” Nick questioned.

“Oh, it’s not too different from what you had at the salon,” Lisa said innocently.

“It’s a deal,” Nick said, sure he could still outrun his sister. They took off towards the bench, but by the time

Nick arrived panting at the bench, Lisa had already sat down!

“Haven’t used your lungs for a while?” Lisa teased. “Hey, want to go double or nothing? I think you would look really cute with your belly-button pierced!” Nick looked down at his flat stomach and winced.

“No way!” he said, still breathing hard. They took a relaxed jog around the park, then Lisa picked a spot on the grass to stretch out.

“You’re still pretty flexible,” Lisa remarked. “That’s good!” Nick blushed. As far as his classmates had been concerned, being flexible was nothing to be proud of unless you were a girl or a gymnast. He had never done yoga before, but he tried to follow Lisa’s directions and hold some funny positions.

“Am I doing this right?” Nick asked, bending over.

“Yep,” Lisa giggled. “And that guy on the parkbench is enjoying the view!” Nick straightened up, cheeks going pink. The young man on the bench was trying to keep his eyes on his book, but not with much success. Nick couldn’t really blame him, seeing two attractive girls bending over in short shorts and sports bras wasn’t an opportunity you got every day...wait, had he just thought of himself as an attractive girl?

“I think I would rather take a class or something,” Nick said. “That way there wouldn’t be anyone ogling us, and taking a yoga class full of pretty girls couldn’t hurt either.”

“Why, Nicole!” Lisa tsk-tsked. “Are you one of those girls who likes kissing other girls to get guys all excited?”

“Very funny,” Nick frowned. “Do you have to call me Nicole all the time?”

“Until the wedding, you’re my sister,” Lisa giggled. “Get used to it, missy.”

“I guess I’ll have to,” Nick sighed.

Over the next three weeks, Lisa noticed some interesting changes in her younger brother. There were no more bets after his Brazilian wax, but Nick faithfully got up in the mornings to jog and do yoga with her. She even caught him stepping on the bathroom scale a few times and looking at his figure. Nick explained it away as wanting to be in better shape, but secretly he was starting to sort of like the way he looked in his short skirts and form-fitting blouses. Was it wrong to want to look good?

Lisa definitely noticed that he stopped more often in front of the mirror to fix his hair or makeup. He was getting really good with his makeup, and Lisa insisted that he carry a little compact with him in his purse whenever they went out for lunch or to the mall. Lisa loved seeing him gracefully touch up his lip-gloss before quickly snapping the compact mirror shut, embarrassed to be performing the girlish gesture without thinking.

Nick found himself being drawn farther and farther into femininity as his weekly salon appointments, stylish outfits, and pretty appearance became the norm. He didn’t even mind having his hair and nails done anymore, and the whole thing was sort of relaxing.

Kerry was always happy to see him, and he liked listening to her chatter although he was still humiliated by the male attention he always attracted when out in public. And he really wished Lisa would stop dropping hints about him getting a boob job before the wedding!

A JOB....

“Good news, Nikki!” Lisa announced, elbowing the door open with an armful of groceries. “I think I found you a job!”

“A job?” Nick echoed. He had almost forgotten about his intention to work during the summer, busy as he was with learning the ins and outs of high heels and makeup. He put down the nail file Lisa had given him and blew lightly on his long, femininely-manicured fingers. The glittery pink polish was more noticeable than he would have liked, but Lisa thought it would match his lipstick nicely.

“Yes, silly,” Lisa grinned, setting down the groceries. “Maybe now you can pay me back for rent and all those clothes!” Nick thought of all the outfits hanging in his closet and sighed. Not unless it was a really high-paying gig! Still, he was relieved that Lisa had found something.

Nick needed to get out of skirts as soon as possible! He was actually starting to enjoy being pampered at the salon and looking pretty...two things no guy should look forward to. Some good old manual labor would give him a great excuse to trim his nails and take his earrings out, but he didn't know if Lisa would let him get a haircut...

“...serving dresses, but I think you'll look cute...” Lisa chattered.

“Hang on, what?” Nick asked. He had only been half-listening to Lisa.

“I got you a job at a cafe where Sharon used to work!” Lisa smiled.

“Oh!” Nick exclaimed. “Well, busing tables can't be too bad.”

"You won't be busing, Nikki," Lisa giggled. "You're going to be a waitress!"

"But I thought..." Nick's face fell. He had thought a job meant he would be working as a landscaper or something manly where he would have to dress in his guy clothes!

"They only hire waitresses who are really sexy and perky," Lisa smiled. "So I suggest you change into that flirty little satin miniskirt before you go drop off your application!"

"I don't want to work as a waitress," Nick protested.

"Why not? You'll make plenty in tips, you know!" Lisa remarked.

"But..." Nick's cheeks flushed. He somehow couldn't imagine himself as a sexy, perky waitress! "It's embarrassing!" he blurted.

"Plenty of girls are waitresses, Nikki," Lisa frowned. "And since you didn't find something for yourself..."

"I'm not a girl, remember?" Nick said.

"Just apply and see what happens," Lisa said. "It wouldn't be so bad!"

"I'll apply, I guess," Nick sighed. "It doesn't necessarily mean I'll get hired, right?"

"Right," Lisa smiled, passing him the forms. She knew Nikki was cute enough that there was almost no chance of him not being hired. She had already filled out everything except for the places he needed to sign. He clutched the pen uncertainly in his manicured nails, trying to use loopy, feminine handwriting. Lisa suggested he dot his 'I' with a little heart.

"Were you serious about getting changed?" he asked nervously.

“Mmhhh,” Lisa said. “You want to impress the manager, don’t you?” Nick groaned and hurried to his room to pick out something a little more flirty. He decided to go with the satin skirt Lisa had suggested—it was very short and tight, clinging to him like a second skin when he swished daintily in his high heels. It was definitely the sort of skirt that would impress!

He paired it with a lacy, feminine purple V-neck blouse and tied a trendy black scarf around his neck. He didn’t like the idea of being a waitress, but he did need to earn some money! What would he tell everyone when he went back home peniless, that he had been too busy doing his makeup? If Lisa thought he needed to look sexy, he decided he would do just that!

Nick stepped into his highest heels, silver open-toed stiletto heels with a strap, and put his silver hoop earrings in to match. An extra coating of mascara and dark eyeliner made his eyes look sultry and smoky, and nude lip-gloss made his mouth glisten wetly. He finished off by mussing his hair slightly to give it a sexy look, spraying himself with a hint of Lisa’s perfume, and slipping a silver bracelet onto his slim wrist.

“Do you think I look perky enough now?” Nick asked cutely, mincing out of his room. Lisa laughed.

“Absolutely, Nicole!” she said. “Wow, that’s the attitude I’ve been looking to see. Just enjoy this! I think you really were meant to be a girl!”

Nick blushed, fluttering his eyelashes. “I just thought if I had to look cute and sexy, I might as well go all out,” he said quickly, embarrassed.

“You’ll definitely get the job looking like that!” Lisa laughed, snapping a picture with her phone.

“Hey!” Nick exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, I won’t send it to anyone,” Lisa smiled. “You just look hot, Nicole!” Lisa’s car was finally out of the shop, so they walked out into the apartment building’s parking lot. Nick’s stilettos clicked noisily on the concrete, and he turned more than a few guys’ heads with his tight satin skirt and killer legs! He slid gracefully into the passenger’s seat, keeping his thighs pressed together.

“I’m already regretting wearing this,” Nick said anxiously, toying with one silver hoop earring. “It’s so tight!”

“It really gives you that extra wriggle when you walk,” Lisa giggled. “Very girlish and all the guys love it!”

Nick blushed, smoothing his skirt. His sister needed to pick up something from work, so she dropped Nick off at the cafe. He got out of the car carefully, so as to not give anyone a peek at his new bikini panties, and took the application form Lisa handed him.

“I’ll be back in ten minutes,” Lisa explained. “Just ask for Joel.”

“Okay,” Nick said tremulously. A very interested young man held the door open for him, and he minced inside, application clutched nervously in his glittery pink nails. It was an upscale cafe, and he noticed that all of the waitresses were extremely pretty, wearing short purple serving dresses and high heels.

“Hi, can I help you?” chirped the cute blonde hostess. A month ago Nick would have been staring down her shirt, but for some reason he found himself wondering where she had gotten her bracelet!

“I’m dropping off an application,” Nick said, embarrassedly handing it over. “I’m supposed to talk to Joel?”

"I'll go get him," the blonde smiled. "Cute skirt! I have a feeling he'll like you." She swished to the back and came back with a tall thirty-something man with a confident grin.

"Hello, Nicole," he said, looking up from the application and staring Nick up and down, very obviously lingering on his legs and chest. Nick squirmed a little under his gaze, suddenly feeling extremely self-conscious about his provocative outfit.

"Hi," he said nervously.

"So, you want to apply here, huh?" Joel went on. "Well, you definitely have the looks for it, cutie. And you seem pretty confident in those heels, which is important. All the girls here have to wear heels and appropriate makeup at all times. It looks like you're very accustomed to both."

Nick blushed and shifted from foot to high-heeled foot. He had intentionally done his makeup very sexy, with smoky eyes and enticing lip gloss. Joel probably thought he did his best to look like this all the time to attract cute guys!

"Thank you," he stammered. "Um, I'm fine with heels."

"Good, because you look quite sexy in them," Joel winked. "They really work to your advantage with those long legs of yours and that tight little skirt. I can see you're a little bit of a flirt, aren't you, Nicole? That's great for getting tips, just make sure you don't make any girlfriends too jealous."

"Oh...okay," Nick said nervously.

"How about you start on Monday?" Joel continued. "I'll have Holly give you your uniform. See you then, cutie." Nick turned to go, and Joel gave his bottom a sly squeeze! He winked again and disappeared back to the back. Nick's

cheeks were very pink when he found the blonde girl, Holly, to tell her he had been hired on the spot.

"Knew it," Holly smiled. "I bet Joel likes you."

"I think so," Nick admitted, burning with embarrassment just thinking about how Joel had groped his bottom. He had let himself be felt up, just like a girl. There was no way he could let Lisa know about this. Holly gave him the tiny serving dress and reiterated what Joel had said about heels, hair, and makeup. By the time he left with his new job, Lisa was waiting outside.

"Well?" she demanded as he got into the car. "Did Joel love you?" Nick flushed and showed her his new uniform. She squealed excitedly and chattered all the way home about how thrilled she was for him.

"I start on Monday morning," Nick said.

"I know you'll be great," Lisa grinned. "Just remember to be perky and flirt with the customers a little!"

"That's what the manager was saying," Nick said worriedly. "I don't want to flirt with boys!"

"Relax. Why not?" Lisa giggled. "Do you need a few pointers? It's the best way to get big tips, you know."

Not even an hour ago, Nick had been hoping to get out of skirts for a while and earn money like a man...now his sister was trying to give him tips on how to flirt with men to get bigger tips as a cute waitress! It seemed like no matter what he did, Lisa was determined to make him as feminine as possible!

"I do want to earn tips," Nick said, blushing. "But not if it means pretending I like guys!"

"Nicole, girls pretend to like guys all the time," Lisa laughed. "That's how we get our way! And in this case, it's how you'll get tons of tips."

"I really don't want to think about it," Nick said. He was already nervous enough about his new job without worrying about being flirtatious with men and what that meant.

Nick definitely hadn't felt like much of a man -but maybe Lisa was right, and he should try to just enjoy being a pretty young woman instead?



Monday arrived much faster than Nick would have liked. It seemed like in no time at all, he was carefully

doing his hair and makeup and changing into his new uniform. He came out of his room in his three-inch pumps, fiddling with the buttons.

“Isn’t there supposed to be another one?” he asked, flushing. The neck of the serving dress scooped low, revealing his collarbone and a hint of his lacy black bra.

“No, that’s just about perfect,” Lisa laughed. “I bet now you wish you filled out a little better, huh?” Nick’s face burned while he slipped his inserts in. He looked delicious in the short little serving dress, but he found himself thinking that it would look better if he was a bit bustier. He fluffed his fingers through his hair nervously.

“I can’t believe I’m going to be a waitress,” he sighed, then joked, “If the boys in PE could only see me now!”

“I know!” Lisa tittered. “Isn’t it exciting? Just settle down and let the force be with you. I can drop you off today, but you might have to take the bus once in a while if that’s okay.”

“I guess that’s fine,” Nick said. He didn’t mind the bus, except when there were old men on it ogling his legs. Lisa dropped him off outside the cafe and he hurried inside. Holly was waiting for him, smiling happily.

“Hey, Nicole,” she said. “I’m going to be training you today. Here, I’ll show you where to put your purse.” She helped Nick find a locker, then led him back towards the kitchen. She explained that he was to follow her around for a little and get a sense of what would be expected of him as a waitress.

It was a good thing he was already so graceful in high heels—it was hard enough trying to keep his balance carrying trays of food, especially with male customers trying to cop a feel of his bottom!

He tried to complain to Holly about it, but she just laughed and told him it was part of the job, and if he let them be a little touchy and flirted back, he could make a lot of tips. Holly added, “Don’t bend over to pick up anything they drop! Even money!”

After a few hours, he was filling coffees and taking orders on the little pad by himself. He had to ask Holly for help several times, but by the end of the day he didn’t think he was doing too badly. When Lisa picked him up around five, he was exhausted but excited.

“I didn’t know it would be such hard work,” Nick moaned, slipping into the car. His feet were killing him, and his back was aching a little, too. “But my purse is full of money. Some of the girls are bitchy to each other.”

“What did you expect? You can be bitchy back,” Lisa laughed. “Don’t worry, it will get better! In a week or two, you’ll fit right in.”

Nick wasn’t so sure about his sister’s prediction, but over the next few weeks, he started to find that he didn’t really mind being a waitress. He enjoyed working with the other girls, who were all very attractive and perky, even though he found himself comparing their looks to his instead of checking out their bodies. He was definitely just as pretty as any of them, but he had to admit that he was definitely the most flat-chested. Most had “augmentation.”

They were all really friendly, though, and none of them could believe that Nick still didn’t have a boyfriend. He tried not to let it get to him, but he did feel a little silly when they all told stories about ex-boyfriends and he had absolutely nothing to add.

As for tips, Lisa had been right about that, too. He was making a killing! One night, when he had a table of rowdy college guys, he earned over two hundred dollars in tips.

“That should be enough to pay for some of my outfits and buy a pair of jeans,” Nick laughed, sliding into the car with Lisa and showing her the bills.

“Wow! You must have really been flirting with someone,” Lisa remarked.

“I don’t know,” Nick said, blushing. “I don’t think I was!” He did notice that all the guys at the table had been really interested in anything he had to say, and they had grinned a lot whenever he bent over to pour drinks. He didn’t think he had overtly flirted with them, though. He hoped he hadn’t starting to giggle and bat his eyelashes like the other waitresses without realizing it—flirting with customers was just natural to most of them.

About three weeks into his new job, Nick was making more money than he ever had in his life. He had just finished his shift and came outside when Lisa pulled up.

“How was work, Nicole?” Lisa asked.

“It was okay,” Nick said, pouting, “Except this one guy who kept trying to look down my shirt!” He didn’t even realize that Lisa had called him Nicole—he was quite used to it by now. He slipped gracefully into the car and started gossiping about his day at work. He didn’t notice they were taking a different route until Lisa pulled into a new commercial building.

“We’re making a stop,” Lisa smiled. “Remember that surgeon friend I told you about? The one Jack introduced me to?”

"Yes," Nick frowned. "But why...oh, no! Don't even think about it!"

"Come on," Lisa pleaded. "At least let him explain a few things! I said you were coming, and I made the appointment and everything."

"He'll know! I'm not getting a boob job," Nick said, flushing.

"The doctor already knows about you. You are not the first boy he's given tits to...just come inside, okay?" Lisa pleaded.

She grabbed his hand and led him into a small doctor's office. The receptionist directed them into the well-furnished waiting room. Nick crossed and uncrossed his legs nervously as they waited for the doctor.

"Hello, Lisa," said a tall man with deep blue eyes. He wasn't wearing a white coat, but the clipboard made it obvious that he was the surgeon.

"Hey, Tim!" Lisa got up and exchanged a kiss on the cheek. Nick smoothed his skirt and stood up to do the same, smiling nervously when Tim's lips lingered just a little longer than necessary near his cheek.

"And this must be Nicole," the doctor grinned. "Here, let's go to my office." He shepherded them down the hall and into a smaller room, pulling up two chairs for them. Nick sat down, trying his best to avoid Tim's gaze.

"Still pretty busy?" Lisa asked sympathetically as he rummaged through papers.

"Quite," Tim laughed. "But I always make time for friends. Nicole, your sister has explained your whole situation to me. You make a beautiful young woman. Are you working as a waitress?"

Nick blushed and nodded.

“And believe me, after this little procedure, you will be even more stunning and the tips better.”

“Thank you,” Nick stammered, unsure of what he meant.

“I have all the paperwork right here,” the doctor said, handing over several forms. “Do you mind if I take some measurements?”

“Measurements?” Nick asked weakly.

“So he can decide what size you need,” Lisa explained, smiling. “Go on.”

“I thought he was just explaining everything?” Nick asked, standing up reluctantly.

“Well, we need measurements before I can do the insertion,” Tim laughed. “Come on, don’t be shy. I do this for a living, remember?” Nick went behind a small curtain and slipped out of his serving dress, then unhooked his bra.

He looked down at his flat boy chest and was embarrassed. He had to admit he was curious about having a bit more shape. A lot of the other waitresses had had boob jobs. Maybe it wasn’t such a big deal...

Before he knew it, Nick was being measured for breast implants. Tim made several notes, then told him he could get dressed again. He was just stepping back into his four-inch heels when Tim announced that they were ready.

“Well, this all matches up with what Lisa already sent me,” he said, tapping a few keys on his computer. “Usually you can expect to be laid out for two weeks, but with the new kind of incision we use we can cut that time in half. You’ll be up and about within six days.”

“Wait, you mean you’re ready now?” Nick asked faintly.

“Well, this is the time Lisa booked,” Tim laughed. “So, yes.”

“I can’t miss work for a week!” Nick tried to protest.

“Sure you can,” Lisa said. “I already called and talked to Joel. He says a week is fine, especially considering the reason!”

“You told him I was getting a boob job?” Nick exclaimed.

“Mhmm, and he’s all for it. I think he’ll like the result,” Lisa giggled.

“I can’t do this,” Nick said. “I just can’t.”

“If you don’t think you’re prepared for it, we can reschedule,” Tim said kindly. “It’s really nothing to be scared of, Nicole. You’ll be under the whole time, and you won’t even have to spend the night here.”

“Come on, Nicole,” Lisa urged. “Just for the wedding, remember?” Nick took a deep breath.

“They can be removed, right?” he asked nervously.

“Of course,” Tim said. “But I think you’ll be very pleased with my work.”

“Here’s where you sign,” Lisa said, handing him the pen and pointing to a line. Nick took it in his long nails and stared nervously at the page. He was eighteen now, old enough to give consent for a cosmetic surgery. Could he do it? Nick hesitated for a few seconds, then slowly wrote his name in loopy handwriting.

“Cute,” Tim remarked, looking at how he had dotted his ‘I’ with a little heart. Nick blushed.

"I'll be here the whole time," Lisa said, hugging him. Nick felt her chest pressing against him and wondered what it would feel like with breasts of his own!

Just as Tim had promised, the surgery didn't take long. Nick woke up with his chest swathed in a mound of bandages. Tim advised him that he would probably need to sleep a lot, and gave him directions on how to lie when he was resting. Lisa assured him that she would take good care of 'Nicole.' Nick was worried about the new weight on his chest. The bandages made it seem like he had watermelons on his chest.

"Don't worry, that's just the bandages," Lisa laughed. "When they come off I'm sure you'll be fine with the size."

"Okay," Nick said nervously. He spent a listless five days around the apartment, mostly sleeping and taking Tylenols with growing apprehension. On the day his bandages were supposed to come off, Lisa came into his room with several new bra and panty sets.

"I can't believe my little brother is filling out his first C cup," Lisa giggled.

"C-cup?" Nick echoed. He undid the bandages and quickly took the offered bra. It definitely wasn't all the bandages! He had a rack!

"A full 34 C," Lisa specified. "What do you think?"

"Why did I have to get a C-cup?" Nick asked tremulously, struggling with the front-closing snap on his new bra. "You said they would barely be noticeable, and now..."

"Nikki, what's the point of getting a boob job if they won't be noticeable?" Lisa sighed. "Look, you're a bit wider

in the shoulders than me, so we decided to go up a size. It's just like a padded bra but under your skin."

"But I don't want them to be noticeable!" Nick said worriedly, still trying to close the bra. Lisa smiled.

"Here, let me help. Silly girl, you've worn this kind before..." She leaned in and helped him snap the sexy black bra. He had, but he had never filled one out before without padding! The demi style cradled his new breasts and pushed them up and out, forming the kind of cleavage Nick had once drooled over in lingerie catalogues! He stared at his reflection in the mirror and wanted to cry. He looked like a calendar girl with his perfect 34 C rack and gorgeous cleavage!

"Sexy," Lisa grinned, satisfied with her younger brother's new look. "Think how much you'll be making in tips now!"

"They can still be taken out, right?" Nick asked anxiously, blushing.

"Yes, after the wedding," Lisa assured him, joking, "Of course, you might decide to keep them! Or make them bigger!"

"Not likely," Nick said. He adjusted his silky bra strap and sighed, noticing the gentle swell of his new breasts as they bobbed up and down on his chest with his breathing. He was still getting used to the unfamiliar weight. What would jogging be like?

"I know what will cheer you up," Lisa smiled. "How about we do a little shopping? I'll buy lunch! Please?"

"Okay," Nick sighed. "I guess lunch would be nice! I've been stuck lying around in the apartment all week."

"Great!" Lisa said. "I'll let you finish getting dressed! Wear that new top I got you? It really goes with your nails!"

"Sure," Nick said distractedly, picking up the stretchy hot pink top and pulling it on. When he looked in the mirror, he realized that the low-cut neckline showed some definite cleavage! He tried to adjust it, but with the push-up bra it seemed like his breasts were very prominent no matter what he did. The effect was only increased when, after pairing the top with a cute black denim miniskirt, he stepped into his pumps. The high heels gave him an even more feminine posture, exaggerating the camber of his back and pushing his new chest out!

"Looking good," Lisa smiled after he had done his hair and makeup and come out. "You even made sure your lip gloss matches your nails and top!"

"I thought it would look nice," Nick admitted, smiling a little despite himself. He was starting to enjoy being complimented on his girlish appearance. He liked looking cute and feminine, although he still hated being stared at by guys! With his new assets, he was probably going to attract plenty more attempts to look down his shirt...

"Here's your purse," Lisa said, handing it over. "Let's go." Nick quickly checked it for his makeup and compact, then snapped it shut and slipped it over his shoulder. Lisa drove them to the mall, and every time Nick glanced down he was reminded of his new cleavage. He had never felt so aware of wearing a bra before, cupping him and pushing his breasts out. The straps were much snugger than they had ever too.

"Do I need to wear a push-up bra?" Nick asked meekly. "I feel like I could feed the all the starving babies in the world."

“Don’t you want to show off your new figure?” Lisa giggled, turning off the car. They went into a lounge of Lisa’s choice and ordered food. Nick noticed more than a few guys checking him out as he minced in the door, and a lot of them were sneaking looks at his cleavage! He wished he hadn’t agreed to wear such a low-cut top.

“Salad?” Lisa asked, after Nick had ordered. “I was thinking of treating myself and getting something more substantial.” Nick had ordered a salad without even thinking. He had been on Lisa’s diet for so long that he didn’t even remember the last time he had eaten steak. He looked jealously at his sister’s plate while he picked at his salad.

Before long, a couple of guys who had been eyeing them up from the bar offered to buy them drinks! Lisa, of course, accepted. One of them, a handsome man in his late twenties, offered a hand to help Nick up. He took it nervously, embarrassed to see how small and feminine his manicured and moisturized digits looked in comparison, and let himself be led up to the bar.

The man pulled out his stool for him and he perched daintily on the edge, crossing his shapely legs and inadvertently letting his little denim miniskirt ride up even higher. He noticed the man, who introduced himself as Henry, struggling to keep his eyes off of his smooth thighs. Nick blushed and wriggled a little on his seat, trying to tug down the hem of his mini, but leaning forward only gave Henry a perfect view of his new cleavage.

“And what’s your name, gorgeous?” Henry asked, sliding the drink over.

“Nicole,” Nick said, humiliated at the way this man was obviously hitting on him. Lisa caught his eye and giggled. Nick had never felt so completely helpless and

feminine, sitting daintily on the stool with his long, smooth legs totally exposed, a girly drink in his manicured fingers with an obvious lipstick mark on the brim, and a handsome man trying to stealthily look down his shirt at the perfect breasts rising and falling gently on his chest.

When they had finally finished their drinks and extricated themselves, Nick thought Lisa would never stop teasing him about the guy who had been hitting on him. Lisa laughed, "You are learning. It's all about the 'B's: breasts, brassieres, boys, and babies."

He managed to distract her by mentioning shopping, and before he knew it they were at the mall looking for cute new tops. Lisa was intent on getting him plenty of low-cut, frilly blouses and tube tops that would help show off his new assets. Once he was loaded down with shopping bags, they drove back to the apartment. Nick modeled a few of the new tops. They all looked good, but showed off more cleavage than he would have liked.

"I thought since tomorrow is your last day off work, we should do something special," Lisa smiled.

"Like what?" Nick asked apprehensively. Knowing Lisa, she might have signed them up for a pole-dancing lesson.

"The beach!" Lisa exclaimed. "You haven't even hit the beach yet! If you spend a whole summer here without seeing the ocean, you'll never forgive yourself."

"I guess that's true," Nick sighed anxiously. He had never been much for beaches, but maybe it would be more fun as a girl!

“Lisa, what’s this?” Nick asked, exiting his room with a small scrap of bright red, spandex fabric hanging from his finger. It was the next day, and Lisa was getting their things ready for the beach. Nick had just carefully shaved his legs and armpits smooth, and was returning to get dressed when he found the garment on his bed.

“Your bathing suit,” Lisa said matter-of-factly. “What did you think?” Nick held it up and gasped.

“I’m supposed to wear this on the beach?” he asked weakly. “It’s like a bra and panties?”

“Yep,” Lisa smiled. “I thought you would look good in bright red!”

“But why can’t I wear something more like yours?” Nick pleaded. Lisa was wearing a modest two-piece suit.

“Because I’m actually going to swim,” Lisa laughed. “You’re just going to the beach to show off that body and maybe pick up cute guys!”

“No I’m not!” Nick cried.

“You never swim, Nikki,” Lisa pointed out. “So I figured you just wanted to sunbathe and look good doing it! And I wouldn’t try going in the water wearing that little bikini anyways, you could lose your top.”

“This is totally unfair!” Nick pouted, stamping his foot petulantly.

“You’re so cute when you do that,” Lisa giggled. “Very girly.” Nick blushed and went back into his room to change. Not only did she want him to wear a skimpy red bikini, she also told him to take extra care with his hair and makeup! Nick reluctantly undid his towel and put the bikini on. Now he knew why Lisa had insisted he get a Brazilian wax done! The spandex bottom was extremely tight and low on his hips. He had learned to tuck

himself up to make sure it was a smooth, feminine profile. As for the bikini top, it showed off his new breasts to the fullest.

Since it was going to be sunny, Nick used bronzer and a hint of blush to give himself what his fashion magazines called a “healthy glow.” Then he carefully dusted a sparkly eyeshadow over his lids, finishing with a bit of liner and a water-proof mascara, just in case. He debated about lipstick, but in the end used a matte red to match the bright color of his skimpy bathing suit. He brushed out his hair, using spray to give it plenty of body, and teased his fringe with a comb until it was perfect. He took a couple hairpins so that he could put his hair up to get sun on his neck.

“This is crazy,” Nick said nervously, coming out of the room. He struck a sexy pose with his hands on his hips. Lisa wolf-whistled at her feminized younger brother—he definitely looked like a total beach babe! She couldn’t wait to see the guys drooling over his long sexy legs, flat toned tummy, slender figure, and gorgeous 34 C breasts. All the dieting and yoga had definitely paid off, Nick had the beach body most girls would kill for...and most guys wouldn’t be able to take their eyes off of!

“You look perfect,” Lisa smiled. “Let’s hit the beach!”

Nick took a last glance in the mirror and anxiously adjusted the straps of his bikini top. Then he slipped his red-painted toes into a pair of chunky white flip-flops, took the swim bag Lisa offered, and they were off. Several guys watched them walk across the parking lot in their bathing suits and towels! Nick got into the car as quickly as possible. He noticed that the seatbelt now slipped uncomfortably between his breasts and tried embarrassedly to adjust it.

Lisa had told him there might be a few other people on the beach, but that turned out to be the understatement of the century! Finding a place to park was all but impossible, and when they finally found a cramped spot and started towards the beach, Nick thought he had never seen so many people in his life. It was absolutely packed with beach-goers shouting and splashing in the water, lying on towels and applying sunscreen, and throwing beach balls back and forth. Nick's knees felt weak as he got out of the car.

"Can't I wear a towel?" he asked anxiously, folding his arms under his breasts.

"Don't be silly," Lisa laughed, hefting the swim bag. "You better not sulk this whole afternoon just because you're wearing a cute bikini. We're going to have plenty of fun." They started walking towards the beach, drawing the attention of several guys unloading from a jeep. Nick had never felt so self-conscious in his life!

"So many guys are looking at me," he stammered, blushing.

"Of course they are," Lisa giggled. "And pretty girls are used to it. Put a sexy smile on and enjoy strutting your stuff for the boys!"

"I'll try," Nick said nervously. He uncrossed his arms and adopted a more confident, feminine posture that pushed his chest out and lent a sexy sway to his hips as he walked down the beach. Lisa smiled, loving the sight of her younger brother all dolled up in a tiny bikini, turning heads and blushing at every wolf-whistle. Everything, from the sensuous sway of his walk and perfect curves to his prettily made-up features and gleaming blonde highlights, screamed female—and not just female, but a complete bombshell!

"I think you'll like being a beach bunny," Lisa said, satisfied. "Let's go set up over there." She led the way towards the center of the beach.

Some men had set up a green and white canvas pop-up and had several padded canvas lounge chairs. Nick didn't think it was possible to find a spot to sunbathe!

"Watch this," she said softly to Nick. "Do you mind if we do a little tanning here?" Lisa asked sweetly the two middle-aged men. They shook their heads frantically and cleared some space on their lounges.

Lisa smiled and whispered to Nick, "It's was hard to say no to two beautiful girls, especially when one of whom is wearing a very skimpy red bikini."

Lisa rolled out their towels and Nick sat down, leaning back on his elbows and stretching out his long legs the way his sister did. He was embarrassed to realize how prominent it made his breasts, and how it put his sexy legs on full display, too.

The older men had obviously set up their lounge chair for this reason. But after introductions, they were happy just to be close.

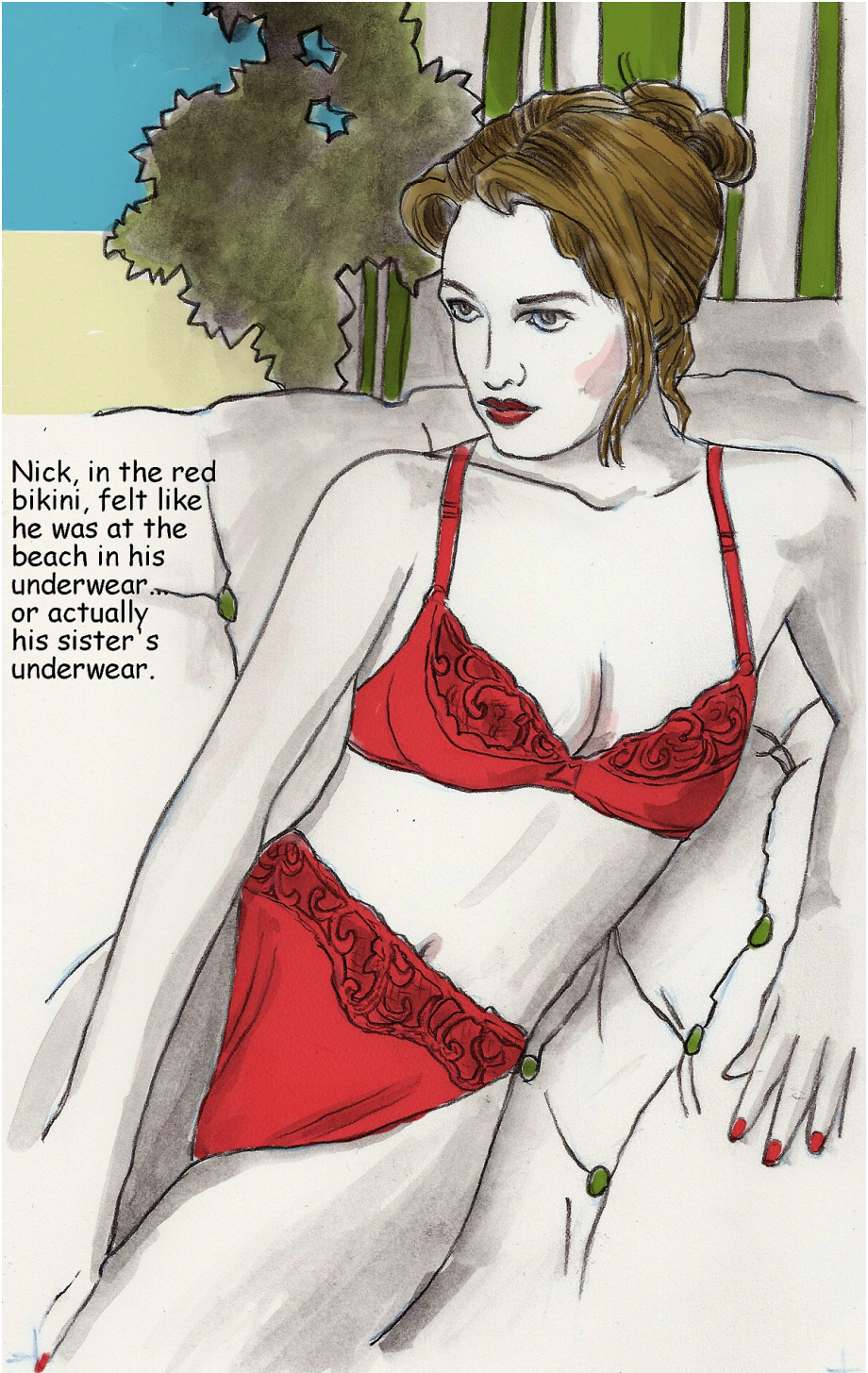
"Can't we sit somewhere a little more secluded?" Nick asked anxiously.

"This is the best spot to look for cute boys," Lisa said slyly. "And this way they can see you looking really sexy in your bikini!" She took out a bottle of sunscreen and helped rub it over Nick's stomach and legs. The middle-aged men were definitely sneaking looks when she playfully massaged some onto Nick's breasts! He didn't like the oily feeling of the sunscreen, but it did make his legs look very smooth and touchable, and the warm sun felt sort of nice.

“Those hunks down there are definitely checking us out,” Lisa giggled, pointing out a few well-tanned guys in surfer shorts who were glancing over between throws of a rubber football. “Look at that boy’s abs! Wow. I think he would be a catch, don’t you, Nicole?”

“You’re engaged!” Nick said, scandalized.

“That doesn’t mean I can’t look,” Lisa smiled. “You still have a few things to learn about being a girl, Nikki. Here, play with your top a little.”



Nick, in the red bikini, felt like he was at the beach in his underwear... or actually his sister's underwear.

“Why?” Nick asked, sliding his thumb under the thin red strap and wiggling it around.

“Just watch,” Lisa laughed. “Yep, here they come.” Nick quickly removed his thumb. Lisa was right, two of the tallest guys had broken off from the group and were walking towards them. One of them, he noticed, had the killer abs Lisa had been giggling over. Nick wished the towel would sink into the ground and take him with it. He was stretched out in the sun wearing a skimpy red bikini, applying sunscreen, and two virile young men were making a bee-line right toward him! He watched anxiously as they approached.

“Hey there,” grinned the guy with the abs. “I’m Jason, and this is Mac. We saw you two lovely ladies over here and thought we should come introduce ourselves. Maybe we could keep you company.”

“Nice to meet you,” Lisa said. “I’m Lisa, and this is my sister Nicole.”

“Well, it’s our pleasure,” Jason said. “You girls look fantastic.” He said ‘girls’ but his eyes were definitely roving all over Nick’s lithe body. Nick blushed and wished again that he hadn’t been forced into such a revealing swimsuit.

“Sorry, I’m taken,” Lisa smiled, flashing her engagement ring. “But Nicole is single and looking.”

“Is that so?” Jason grinned at Nick, ogling his long legs, gorgeous 34 C breasts, and pretty features. “A gorgeous girl like you doesn’t already have a boyfriend?”

“She’s very picky,” Lisa giggled. “Hey, could you guys do our backs for us?” She held up the sunscreen. Nick’s lipsticked mouth dropped open. She really wanted to have them applying sunscreen on their backs? The guys looked like they couldn’t believe their luck. Nick reluctantly

turned onto his front, following Lisa's lead. It was strange feeling his firm breasts pressed against the towel, but not as strange as having Jason slowly rubbing sunscreen on his lower back!

"So, where are you living, Nicole?" Jason asked.

"Oh, I'm staying with my sister for the summer," Nick said softly. He hated how breathy and feminine his voice sounded. Even without thinking about it, he was naturally speaking like a girl would in front of a cute guy! Nick tried not to think about Jason's hands rubbing all over his shoulders while they made small-talk.

"Thank you," Nick said embarrassedly when he had finished.

"Trust me, it was my pleasure," Jason grinned. Nick blushed, sitting up.

"Oh, no," Lisa said. "I think I forgot my sunglasses on top of the car! I'll just run get them." She got up off her towel. "Think you can keep these boys entertained, Nicole?" She winked at him and walked off towards the parking lot. Another guy decided to abandon the football and try his luck. Suddenly, Nick was surrounded by three very interested, hunky guys—all dolled up in a skimpy bikini!

"You need someone to show you around the city, Nicole," Mac grinned. "I could definitely do that for you."

"My sister already..." Nick started to say.

"Come on, Mac, a sexy girl like Nicole doesn't want to do any boring sight-seeing," said the third guy, who had introduced himself as Tom. "She wants to party. How about I take you clubbing? I can tell you're a good dancer." Nick flushed. These guys were all trying to impress him, just as if he was a hot babe on the beach. They probably

thought they had a good chance of getting a date with him! Before he knew what was happening, Jason had wrapped an arm around his slim waist and pulled him close.

“These guys try hard, but they don’t know how to show a lady a good time,” Jason said, raising his eyebrows. “How about you give me your number, beautiful? I’ll call you later and get these clowns out of here.”

“Oh...okay,” Nick said nervously. He quickly gave Jason Lisa’s apartment phone number while several other guys looked on jealously. He noticed some girls walking by give him catty looks—they probably thought he was flirting with all three of the boys! When Jason and his friends finally left, Lisa showed up with her sunglasses.

“Why did you do that to me?” Nick demanded. “You left me alone with them on purpose!” He pouted his lips angrily.

“You looked like you were enjoying the attention,” Lisa giggled, making him blush. “I saw Jason putting something in his phone, would that have been your number? I don’t blame you, Nicole, he’s awfully cute.”

“I didn’t know what to do when he asked,” Nick admitted worriedly. “So I just gave it to him! You don’t think he’ll call, do you?”

“If he wants a really hot date,” Lisa laughed.

Nick looked at the group of guys again, most of whom were still stealthily trying to ogle him. What would it be like to go on a date with one of them? They were kind of athletic, handsome college-age guys who Nick had always wished he could be, but instead they saw a delicate, feminine, and desirable girl on the beach who they all wished they could date! He was more aware than ever of his smooth skin and girlish figure, manicured nails and

styled hair and perfect makeup. How could he have let Lisa talk him into all this? He was a guy, for God's sakes!

"Let's hope he doesn't," Nick sighed. Dressed as he was, several more guys attempted to hit on him throughout the day. Lisa always seemed to encourage them, and Nick was coaxed into giving out his number a few more times. He was actually starting to be a little bit flattered by the attention. One guy couldn't stop telling him how gorgeous he looked, and Nick was so flustered that he ended up batting his lashes and smiling at him, just like a girl!

"I knew you would be a hit with the boys," Lisa laughed, as the latest guy left.

"It's not like I want to be," Nick said. "If you had let me wear a two-piece..."

"Lisa? Is that you?" A tall, tanned young man with dirty blonde hair was making his way towards them with scuba equipment tucked under one bicep.

"Mike? No way!" Lisa got up and gave him a hug and a peck on the cheek. "It's been forever! Nicole, this is Mike. We went to college together!"

"I went to college," Mike laughed. "I'm not sure what Lisa was doing the whole time other than partying."

"Nice to meet you," Nick said, extending his hand limply the way Lisa had drilled him. Mike surprised him by taking it gently and putting it to his lips!

"The pleasure's all mine," Mike said, running a hand through his wet hair. "I don't believe Lisa has ever mentioned this foxy friend of hers...?"

"This is my little sister," Lisa laughed. "Don't get any ideas, Mike!"

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Mike grinned. “Lisa, you never told me you had a sister! Or that she’s totally adorable.” Nick blushed, and before he knew it Lisa was giving Mike the apartment number and suggesting that they get together. Mike winked at him as he left, and Nick felt a funny sensation in his stomach.

“Isn’t he cute?” Lisa asked. “He’s a bit of a ladies man, though. If you want to feel like a woman, he’s the one to do it.”

“I believe that!” Nick exclaimed, looking after him. Lisa noticed the cute, slightly-confused look on her brother’s prettily made-up face, but only smiled. It was about time Nicole finally started to gain interest in good-looking boys!

Nick hadn’t even changed out of his bikini yet before the telephone rang. Lisa set down her swim-bag and went to answer it while Nick inspected himself in the mirror. He had developed a healthy, sun-kissed tan all over— Lisa had untied his top for him to make sure he didn’t get any white lines on his back. She thought a bit of a tan would look great to set off his pastel purple bridesmaid dress.

“Nicole, it’s for you,” Lisa sang. Nick frowned, taking the phone.

“Hey, it’s Mike from the beach,” came a friendly voice. Nick’s mouth dropped open. Lisa was grinning like a fiend.

“H-hi,” he stammered.

“I was just wondering if you’re busy tonight.”

“Uh, no,” Nick started. “But...”

"Great. How about I pick you up at seven and we go for dinner?" Nick sat down abruptly on Lisa's bed, smooth knees locked together. His sister was nodding frantically at him and mouthing yes.

"I...uh..." Nick looked to Lisa for help, but she was still nodding and miming emphatically with her hands. "Okay?"

"Well, I'll see you then, gorgeous."

"Okay," Nick managed. The phone clicked as Mike hung up and he looked at the phone in absolute terror. He had just agreed to go on a date with a man!

"Nikki!" Lisa squealed, pulling him into a girlish hug. "You're going on your first date!" The realization of what had just happened slowly sank in, and Nick started to panic.

"Lisa, I can't go on a date with a man!" Nick exclaimed.

"Why not?" Lisa giggled. "What's wrong with a pretty girl going out with a very interested hunk?"

"But I'm a guy!" Nick protested.

"Really?" Lisa laughed. "You just spent the day at the beach in a tiny bikini flirting with a bunch of cute boys. How many guys do you know who look like this in a bikini?" She took his elbow and turned him back to the mirror. Nick flushed at his beautiful reflection. He looked perfectly feminine in his skimpy red swimsuit. He definitely didn't know any guys who had 36 C breasts and girlish curves!

"It's no wonder he couldn't wait to call you," Lisa said slyly. "Just relax and have fun! He's really very sweet, and I think you'll like him."

"He said seven," Nick exclaimed nervously. "I should be getting ready!"

“I know he’d love to see more of you in a bikini,” Lisa laughed. “But I’ll help you pick something a little more formal.” Nick groaned and hurried to his room to change. He peeled off his bikini and put on a lacy black push-up bra and matching panties. Meanwhile, Lisa started selecting possible outfits and laying them out. Nick was more than capable of putting an outfit together—after all, he had been reading nothing but fashion magazines for a month—but it was nice to have one less thing to worry about as he started redoing his makeup. Lisa smiled, watching her brother sitting at the vanity with his legs daintily crossed, wearing sexy lingerie and pouting his lips in concentration as he applied his mascara.

“Tell me if you need any help getting ready,” Lisa said sweetly.

“I think I’ll be okay,” Nick said anxiously, putting on his lipstick. “Thanks, though!” He carefully blended a little bit of blusher onto his cheekbones, then spent a lot of time on his eyes. He wanted them to look a little more dramatic for evening makeup, so he used a charcoal gray eyeshadow and plenty of mascara. The effect was definitely very alluring. He fluttered his eyelashes a few times, flirting with the mirror before he realized what he was doing and stopped.

Having breasts had changed him. They couldn’t be hidden told everyone including himself that he was female in gender.

Lisa had laid out a pretty white sleeveless blouse with a gathered neckline that dipped a little provocatively. He slipped into it and adjusted himself in the mirror. The lacy cups of his bra cradled his new breasts to give him perfect cleavage, much to his concern. No matter how adjusted the shirt, Mike would definitely be able to sneak looks! He wriggled into the matching black satin skirt.

Naturally, Lisa had picked his shortest and tightest miniskirt for his date.

Nick inspected his reflection, then applied a bit of nude gloss to his lips to really make them glisten. He decided to put a hint of wave into his hair with Lisa's iron, then fluffed it out to give it more body. He stepped into his highest silver stilettos, and put his silver hoop earrings in to match. He was just giving himself a small spritz of flowery perfume when the doorbell rang. He minced quickly out of his room.

"What do you think?" he asked anxiously.

"You look absolutely amazing!" Lisa squealed. "Nicole, I think Mike is definitely going to have trouble taking his eyes off you—and his hands."

Nick blushed. He had wanted to look as feminine and sexy as possible, so Mike wouldn't think to ask too many questions about why Lisa had mentioned her brother but never a sister. Hopefully he would be too busy staring!

"Thanks," Nick smiled nervously, smoothing his skirt and fussing with his hair. Lisa smiled, remembering how Nick had used to tease her about spending ages getting ready for dates. Now he was the one primping! When Lisa opened the door, Mike looked as if he had just won the lottery.

"You look fantastic, Nicole," he remarked.

"Thank you," Nick said, feeling himself blush. "Oh! I'm forgetting my purse, I'll be one second..." He hurried back to his room, moving gracefully in his high heels, unaware of Mike's eyes following the sexy sway of his hips forced on him by the short, tight skirt and stilettos. Lisa, on the other hand, was totally aware of how Mike was ogling Nick's cute bottom.

“Wow, Lisa,” Mike said, shaking his head. “Your sister is a real fox!”

“And she knows it, too,” Lisa giggled. “All she wears are cute miniskirts, heels, and sexy lingerie! She really enjoys the attention.”

“I’ll say,” Mike laughed. “How come you never introduced me before?”

“Why do you think?” Lisa asked dryly. “But Nicole’s eighteen now, so I think she’s old enough to make her own decisions about men.”

“Don’t worry,” Mike said. “I’ll be a total gentleman.”

“You might not have to,” Lisa said slyly, feeling mischievous. “She was so excited when you called, and she fussed for ages about what lingerie to wear...” Nick returned with a small beaded clutch purse in his manicured nails.

“Okay, I’m ready,” he said, slightly breathy. As soon as he stepped into the hallway, Mike slipped an arm around his slender waist!

Lisa wished she could have taken a picture. Even though Nick was wide-eyed and pouting nervously, they made a really cute couple. She loved seeing her feminized younger brother all dolled up for his first date with a big strong arm around his waist, and any guy would have been proud to have such a hot date.

“Have fun,” Lisa smiled, closing the door. Mike walked him through the apartment lobby, guiding him with one hand in the small of his back. Nick looked down at the purse in his delicate fingers, humiliated at how delicately he was being treated. He tried to concentrate on his stilettos, placing each foot gracefully in front of the other

and lending a sexy wobble to his hips, and not think about Mike's arm around his waist.

A group of guys in the lobby all looked up at the clicking of Nick's high heels, and when they saw his long, shapely legs, short skirt, great rack and pretty face, they kept right on looking. Nick blushed at being ogled, but Mike didn't seem to mind the looks that 'Nicole' was attracting. In fact, he seemed to stand up a little straighter and walk more slowly, showing off his pretty date to the jealous on-lookers.

He opened the door for Nick, taking advantage of the opportunity to admire the view, and soon they were walking across the parking lot. Nick couldn't believe he was actually going on a date with a guy!

He felt completely emasculated when he realized that Mike was shortening his stride to accommodate the mincing, feminine steps forced on him by his tight skirt and towering stilettos. His feet looked so small and delicate encased in the strappy silver heels compared to Mike's thick black dress shoes, especially with his toenails manicured and painted.

"I never understood why girls wear heels like that," Mike laughed, noticing that Nick was still looking down as they walked. Nick blushed. He had once thought the same thing!

"To look good, I suppose," Nick said, embarrassed.

"Well, you don't have to worry about that," Mike grinned. "How long are you staying with Lisa for?"

"For the summer," Nick said. "Until the wedding, at least. She really wanted me to be a bridesmaid, so..." He trailed off.

“That makes sense,” Mike chuckled. “You’re her sister, after all. It’s hard to believe Lisa is settling down and getting married. She was quite the party animal at school.”

“Really?” Nick let out a small giggle without meaning to. Lisa had always called home with stories of long nights studying for tests—it looked like she had left out a few details. Mike launched into a tale about Lisa’s college antics as they approached the car. Nick had never been a real car guy, but even he could see that Mike drove a very nice vehicle.

“So, do you like Italian?” Mike asked, opening the car door for him.

“Oh! Sure,” Nick said anxiously, concentrating on sliding into the car without Mike seeing a flash of his lacy black panties.

“Good,” Mike grinned. He closed the door for him and came around to the other side. Nick smoothed out his skirt, keeping this waxed-smooth thighs carefully together. He opened his purse on his lap to make sure he had remembered his compact. After quickly checking his lip-gloss, he snapped it shut.

“There’s this great place downtown,” Mike said, starting the car. “I got us reservations.” Nick nodded nervously. He still had no idea how to act as a guy’s cute date. Mike kept eyeing up his legs, and he started worrying about the end of the date. What if Mike tried to kiss him? He definitely looked like he was thinking about it already!

Mike kept up a steady stream of conversation, and about five minutes later they pulled into the restaurant. Nick’s pretty mouth dropped open. It was a very upscale place: he and Lisa had driven past it a few times, and it

was always very busy with nice cars and well-dressed couples. Mike opened the door and offered Nick his hand. Nick took it, embarrassed again at the obvious contrast of Mike's big, manly hands compared to his own slender, manicured digits and long, feminine nails.

As they approached the restaurant, a group of well-dressed women were leaving. Nick noticed them smiling at Mike, then shooting him jealous looks. He felt extremely aware of Mike's arm around his waist, and looking up at his date, he realized why the girls were jealous. Mike was very tall, and with his shaggy hair, strong stubbled jaw, and twinkling blue eyes, Nick had to admit that he was very handsome, too.

They passed a wide mirror in the entryway, and Nick was confronted with his girlish reflection again. He looked completely delicate and feminine next to Mike's broad shoulders and filled-out physique. With his dainty feet encased in sexy stilettos, a tiny skirt slinking up his thighs, a sleeveless white blouse with a daring low cut, and his prettily made-up face framed by gorgeous hair and feminine silver hoop earrings, he was a girl any guy would have killed to take out on a date!

He couldn't believe how completely feminine he had become, balancing in his high heels, taking girlish steps in a tight skirt and feeling the lacy bra cradling the weight of his breasts. The taste of gloss on his mouth and the earrings brushing against his slender neck only added to his consternation. He was a guy! He should have been the one taking pretty girls out for dinner, but instead he had been primped, plucked, and prettified to be Mike's sexy date!

Just about every head in the restaurant turned as he minced past in his four-inch heels, hips swaying sexily from side to side. Mike unconsciously tightened his arm

protectively around Nick's delicate waist. Nick blushed at being paraded past as Mike's trophy as other men in the restaurant looked on in envy. Mike had the hottest girl there, and he obviously knew it! The server pulled Nick's seat out for him, sneaking a look down his blouse at the same time. Nick smoothed his skirt underneath him and daintily crossed his long legs. Once they had placed their orders, Mike started to speak.

"So, what does a beautiful girl like you do for work?" he asked teasingly. "You could definitely be a swimsuit model."

"I'm a waitress," Nick admitted, flushing slightly.

"Oh, really? I used to bus tables to help work my way through college!" Mike remarked. "Some customers are just ridiculous, aren't they?"

"Definitely!" Nick exclaimed, relieved to have something to talk about, and they started swapping horror stories about bad customers. Of course, Mike had never had the problem of guys pinching his bottom when he walked by, but they still had quite a few experiences in common. Despite himself, Nick felt himself warming up to the conversation and even enjoying himself a little. A handsome, successful guy out of college like Mike would have never even acknowledged Nick's existence a few months ago, but as Nicole, he was dying to find out more. It was sort of nice to be the focus of so much attention.

"So, did you play any sports in school?" Mike asked, after describing his impressive athletic career.

"I did some track and field," Nick said truthfully.

"In those heels?" Mike laughed.

"In regular running shoes," Nick giggled.

"I'm surprised you weren't a cheerleader like your sister," Mike said. "Hey, you must be getting pretty excited for the wedding by now."

"I'm actually really nervous," Nick admitted. "The bridesmaid dresses are strapless and she wants them to be pretty low-cut..." He leaned forward to demonstrate with his hands, accidentally giving Mike a perfect view of his cleavage. He didn't know why he was suddenly gabbing, but he somehow felt really comfortable talking to Mike.

"Well, I wouldn't worry about that," Mike grinned. "I think you'll be the sexiest bridesmaid at the wedding, Nicole."

"Thank you," Nick said, blushing at the compliment. He found himself playing with his hair coyly and fluttering his eyelashes, just like a pretty girl would for a cute guy!

"Your hair is amazing," Mike added. "May I?" He reached forward and touched it gently with his fingers, sweeping it away from Nick's pretty face. Nick felt his stomach flutter in terror as Mike's hand cupped his cheek. Under the table, Mike's other hand was now resting on Nick's smooth thigh! Was he going to kiss him? Nick was so flustered that he didn't know what to say! Mike leaned in close over the table.

"Ready to go?" he asked, smiling. His hand slipped off of Nick's leg.

"Oh, sure," Nick said, flustered. He had been sure that Mike was going to try making a move on him, and now he felt a strange mixture of relieved and confused. Had he wanted Mike to kiss him? He had opened up his lips instinctively when Mike leaned in and brushed his fingers against his cheek. Maybe he had gotten so used to being

treated like a pretty girl that he was really starting to act like one.

He let Mike lead him back to the car and gratefully took his offered arm for the steps. Here he'd thought he was the only guy who appreciated how difficult stilettos could be! There was noticeable muscle under Mike's sleeve, whereas Nick's arm was totally slender and delicate. Any definition he might have once had had definitely been toned and moisturized right out of him. He felt completely helpless and feminine with his date's arm wrapped around his waist and his own manicured hand resting daintily in Mike's much larger one.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" Mike asked as they got out of the car back at Lisa's apartment.

"Oh, yes, it was really nice," Nick said nervously. "Thank you." Lisa had been right, Mike was actually very sweet—and very cute! Cute? Where had that come from? It had finally gotten a little cooler outside, so Nick found himself leaning into Mike as they walked back across the parking lot. He was still giggling at one of Mike's jokes when they arrived at the door. His stomach felt all topsy-turvy.

Mike lifted his chin with a cupped hand and smiled down into his eyes, looking at Nick's pouty lips. Nick knew what was coming, but for some reason he couldn't pull away, even with his smooth knees knocking together. His eyes fluttered closed, and then Mike was kissing him! He felt himself go a little weak as Mike's tongue slipped between his lips, and he was suddenly aware of one hand running through his hair while the other one snuck down to caress his bottom through his tight miniskirt.

"Goodnight, Nicole," Mike grinned, pulling away. "I have a feeling I'll be seeing you again before long." Nick's cheeks were bright pink.

“Goodnight,” he managed breathily. He went up the stairs to Lisa’s apartment door, thoughts racing. What had just happened? At least Lisa hadn’t seen! He let himself in and quickly sat down on the couch to pull off his high heels.

“Well?” Lisa demanded, bounding out of her room. “How was it?”

“It was nice,” Nick admitted nervously, massaging his ankle.

“Is he a good kisser?” Lisa asked mischievously.

“I didn’t kiss him!” Nick cried, blushing.

“Really? Then how did your hair get so mussed and why is your lip gloss all smeared?” Lisa giggled. Nick’s mouth dropped open. She knew that he had let Mike kiss him and feel him up, just like a girl.

“I don’t know what happened,” Nick said anxiously, trying to explain. “He was giving me all these compliments and treating me like a pretty girl, and I guess, I don’t know...it just seemed natural to let him kiss me?”

“Of course it was,” Lisa said matter-of-factly. “Nikki, you’ve been walking, talking, and dressing like a girl for the past two months. It’s completely natural for you to want to kiss a handsome guy.”

“But I’m a boy,” Nick said miserably. He felt like he was going to start crying. Lisa put an arm around his shoulders and pulled him into a sisterly hug.

“No, you’re Nicole,” Lisa said firmly. “At least until the wedding, remember? Why not just enjoy the experience? How many guys get to see what it’s like being a beautiful girl? If you had fun with Mike, then you should accept it and try a few more dates!”

“You think so?” Nick asked nervously.

“Definitely,” Lisa laughed. “And when you were out, Jason called. Remember, that cute one with the nice abs? He asked if you would like to go out for drinks with him tomorrow night, and I said you would love to.”

“You can't just set me up on dates!” Nick exclaimed.

“Come on,” Lisa smiled. “You had fun tonight, didn't you?” Nick blushed. She was right. He had gone on his first date as a girl, and he had enjoyed it! His thoughts were all a mess as he removed his makeup and got himself ready for bed, slipping into a babydoll nightie. He had really liked the feeling of Mike's arms holding him close, and the kiss had made him feel weak all over...he should have been disgusted and pulled away, but instead he had opened his lips and let Mike French kiss him. He definitely hadn't felt like much of a man—but maybe Lisa was right, and he should try to just enjoy being a pretty young woman instead!

Over the next few weeks, between dates, work, and the ballroom dancing class Lisa had signed him up for, Nick hardly had a free evening. After a few more romantic evenings out, Nick relaxed and even started to enjoy the dates Lisa loved seeing him get dolled up for. He liked being treated to fancy restaurants or the theatre.

At first he had been completely terrified by the idea of being alone in a car with a guy, but soon he was used to the petting and making out that it usually entailed. Before long he was spending hours in front of the mirror deciding on outfits for his dates, worrying about his hair (especially for Mike!), and doing things with cute boys he had never thought he would!

Lisa loved seeing her little brother learning that there was more to femininity than skirts and heels—he looked adorable when he came in with his skirt riding up just a little and hastily fixing his lip gloss in his compact. She didn't blame his dates for being a bit touchy, he usually dressed up in his sexiest outfits for them and looked absolutely gorgeous.

NICK was settling into his new life. Waitressing paid well and gave him the money to shop for the nice, little things he needed to look and feel pretty in a dress.



He was taking more care in his appearance than ever, always making sure his hair and makeup were perfect, and Lisa was thrilled to see how him turning into a real girly-girl. He loved his salon appointments now and was constantly flipping through fashion magazines. As for shopping—she hardly had to drag him into shops to buy

cute outfits these days! Nikki was definitely accepting his femininity. All he needed now was a steady boyfriend to really reinforce his new role as a pretty girl.

“Nikki, look at this,” Lisa said, frowning. She walked into his room, where he was primping in front of the mirror, trying on a new, low-cut top that showed off his new assets quite nicely. He blushed, but Lisa only smiled. He had been trying to decide what to wear for his next date, on Mike’s birthday.

“What is it?” he asked, fiddling with one flimsy strap of his top.

“It’s an e-mail...” Lisa frowned, holding up the laptop she had carried in.

“From?” Nick questioned, fluffing his fingers through his hair and pouting prettily at the mirror. He didn’t know why, but he really wanted to look pretty for Mike!

“It’s from Dad,” Lisa said. “He said he heard that I’m getting married and he’s begging to be allowed at the wedding.”

“Dad?” Nick gasped. His father had left their mother when he was about ten years old, and hadn’t sent a single letter or called since. As far as their family was concerned, he had disappeared off the face of the earth.

“He says that he’s changed a lot...but he would really regret not seeing me get married...he isn’t going to ask to be part of the ceremony, and he says I can be sure to not even recognize him if he does come...”

“Wait, you can’t invite him!” Nick exclaimed.

“Why not?” Lisa frowned. “Don’t you think it’s time to, I don’t know, bury the hatchet? And no matter what he did to us, he is still our father.”

"I can't let Dad see me in a bridesmaid dress!" Nick practically sobbed. "He'll think I'm a total pansy in my high heels and makeup, and, and..."

"If I explain that it's a favor to me, I think he'd be proud!" Lisa suggested.

"A favor?" Nick cried miserably. "Lisa, what kind of Dad is going to be proud that his son is a C-cup?" He cupped his new breasts to demonstrate.

"Calm down, Nikki," Lisa said in a gentle voice, sitting down on the bed and tugging him by the hand to sit beside her. She put an arm around his trembling shoulders.

"I haven't seen him for eight years," Nick said tremulously. "And for seven, I could have been a son, but now I look more like a daughter!" More than look, Lisa thought. Their father would probably go ballistic if he knew how feminine and girlish Nick had become, not to mention the fact that he was dating boys!

"You don't owe Dad anything, honey," Lisa said. "How about I tell him he can come, but he is to remain in the crowd and not try to approach any family members? He won't even be able to tell that it's you, Nikki!"

"Okay," Nick sniffed. Why has he getting emotional so easily these days? Lisa pulled him into a girly hug, which he returned gratefully.

"How about we go shopping?" Lisa suddenly grinned. "We'll find you something really sexy to impress Mike with, okay?"

"I just couldn't decide on anything, and he's taking me to dinner and a movie tomorrow..." Nick sighed.

"I know just the thing," Lisa smiled. "Let's go back to that dress shop..."

“Okay, what do you think?” Nick asked breathlessly, mincing out of the room in his black high heeled pumps, one manicured hand on his hip. Lisa had convinced him to buy the little black dress they had looked at on Nick’s very first shopping expedition. He blushed remembering how he had wondered how anyone could spend so much money on a dress—looking at himself in the mirror, it was definitely worth it! At first he had been nervous about wearing such a feminine, provocative item of clothing, but Lisa had told him it would be good practice for his bridesmaid dress.

“You look absolutely delicious,” Lisa giggled. Nick gave a nervous white smile and made a little twirl. The dress hugged his curves in all the right places, with a sky-high hem that showed off as much of his long, shapely legs as was possible. The low back necessitated him wearing a sexy strapless bra that pushed his breasts together, displaying plenty of cleavage for the plunging neckline! His perfectly styled hair was tickling his bare shoulders, and he had used a sexy, smoky look for his eye makeup. A glistening pale pink lip-gloss matched his nails perfectly, and he was wearing a pretty pair of pendant earrings that Mike had bought him as a present.

“I hope Mike thinks so,” Nick laughed nervously. “Do you mind if I use a little spray of your perfume?”

“Go help yourself,” Lisa said. “And don’t worry, Mike is going to picking his jaw up off the floor when he sees you in this dress!” Nick giggled a little, swishing to his sister’s room to find the small bottle of perfume on her dresser. As he was applying a delicate spray to his wrist and neck, he saw a small-framed picture he hadn’t noticed before. It was him and Lisa one year ago! He almost didn’t

recognize himself in the baggy sweater with short hair and not even a hint of mascara on his eyelashes.

He compared it to his reflection in the full-length mirror and suddenly felt like sobbing. He was now so completely feminine that nobody would ever believe he was a boy! His girlish curves, delicate waist, long legs and impressive rack were all undeniably female. With his short, tight little black dress, dainty high heels, and even the small purse clutched in his long, painted nails, he looked 100 percent like a drop-dead gorgeous eighteen-year-old girl ready for a night out! How had he let his sister feminize him so completely in only a few months?

“Did you find it?” Lisa called.

“Oh, yes,” Nick replied hesitantly. He gave one worried glance over his shoulder, then set the picture face-down on the dresser. He didn’t have time to worry about all that now, not when his date would be here any second! The door bell rang and he sashayed out of Lisa’s room, purse clutched in his hands.

“Wow, Nicole, you look amazing,” Mike said, gaping as he opened the door.

“Thank you,” Nick said, blushing as he greeted Mike with a peck on the cheek.

“I see you’re all dressed up!” Lisa said, remarking on Mike’s sport coat and skinny tie. “Let me take a few pictures for Facebook, I know Mom has been dying to see the new man in your life, Nikki...” Nick blushed again at the remark: he was pretty sure that as far as his Mom knew, he was working as a busboy, not wearing sexy dresses or dating guys. He smiled for the camera with Mike’s arm wrapped around his waist. He realized that even when he went back to being an average boy, Lisa

would always have pictures to remind him that he had once been the pretty, feminine girlfriend of another guy!

“You two have fun,” Lisa smiled. Nick’s small hand slipped comfortably into Mike’s as they walked to his car, and he felt butterflies in his stomach again.

“You look incredible tonight,” Mike said. “I remember when I first saw you in that little red bikini, I thought it was impossible for you to look sexier than that...but that dress is really something, Nicole!” Nick flushed a little, noticing how Mike couldn’t stop looking. Getting compliments made him feel so warm and tingly...if he was honest, he was starting to really appreciate looking and being treated like a beautiful girl.

He drove them to the fancy restaurant where they would be having dinner. It was a very nice place, but Nick found himself a little uncomfortable with all the attention he was getting from the male guests in his little black dress. He was glad when Mike suggested they take a small booth in the corner, even though he knew it meant Mike’s hand would be all over his legs before too long.

“You seem a little distracted, Nicole,” Mike said, once they had ordered. Nick debated on whether or not to tell Mike what had upset him.

“It’s about the wedding,” he admitted. “My dad, who left our family when I was only ten, e-mailed Lisa out of the blue and wants to attend. I’m really worried about him seeing me, I mean, I’ve made a lot of changes since he saw me last and...”

“Any dad would be proud to have such a beautiful daughter,” Mike said, smiling.

“You’re sweet,” Nick said. He gave another little nervous sigh. Mike didn’t understand that his dad would be expecting to see a son, not a beautiful daughter.

“If you’re still worried, why don’t you look him up online?” Mike suggested. “See what he’s been up to over the years, maybe exchange a few messages before the wedding?”

“Oh, I hadn’t thought of that,” Nick said. “Maybe I’ll try it!” The conversation moved to over things, and after dinner Mike suggested that they go to a drive-in movie. Nick knew what had to be on Mike’s mind, but once Mike started kissing him he didn’t want to stop! Before he knew it, he was in the backseat of Mike’s car being kissed and fondled. Mike was cupping his breasts and running his hands up Nick’s smooth legs. It was definitely hard to think of himself as a guy with Mike nibbling at his neck and then kissing him fiercely.

“How about we go back to my place?” Mike suggested, squeezing Nick’s bottom through this dress.

“I guess,” he said, smiling. “But I do have to work in the morning...” They went back to Mike’s apartment, still kissing, and Nick helped Mike peel off his little black dress, revealing the frilly, sexy lingerie he had worn underneath. By now Mike was obviously aroused, and he started groping Nick’s gorgeous breasts while he fumbled with his belt with his other hand. Nick unzipped Mike’s pants, breathing in short, feminine little gasps. Mike was really making him feel like a girl—his girl! He slowly slid down and opened up Mike’s fly, pouting his glossy lips.

Nick hesitated for a second, remembering his picture on Lisa’s dresser. He definitely wasn’t that boy any more! Mike groaned loudly as Nick reached into his pants.

“Happy birthday to me,” he laughed, once Nick had finished.

“Don’t you forget it,” Nick giggled. They cuddled up together on the couch and Nick fell asleep with Mike’s arm curled around him.

Nick rushed into work late the next morning, still applying his makeup.

“Sorry!” he exclaimed, hurrying into the back with his heels clicking noisily. “I had to pick up my serving dress from the apartment, I knew I should have left earlier, but I was with Mike last night and...”

“Relax, Nikki, the manager isn’t even here yet,” Holly smiled. “Wait a second, who is Mike?”

“Oh, he’s...” Nick blushed. “My boyfriend.”

“I knew it wouldn’t take long before some cute guy snapped you up,” Holly giggled. “You’d better tell me all about your date!” Nick blushed. He definitely wasn’t going to tell Holly everything. He could still hardly believe what Mike had persuaded him to do for him last night.

As the wedding got closer and closer, Lisa got busier and busier, and Nick found himself spending a lot of time with Mike. Lisa seemed intent on getting them together, and she usually got her way. Before he knew it, he and Mike were officially an “item.” Mike was always taking Nick out for romantic walks along the beach or lunch in the park, and Nick really enjoyed spending time with him. Like it or not, he was now another guy’s girl!

He tried taking Mike’s advice and looking up his father on the internet, using Lisa’s laptop, but curiously he couldn’t find anything from after his dad had moved out. He clicked through countless social networking sites, but didn’t see any evidence of his red-haired father

anywhere. It was as if he had changed his name, appearance, and disappeared off the face of the planet!

Lisa was more than happy with Nick's new boyfriend. Nick was now totally feminine—she had turned him into a real girly-girl! He loved getting his hair and nails done, walked like he grew up in heels, and turned boys' heads wherever he went. He was also the most popular waitress at the cafe, making tons of tips with phone numbers usually slipped in from hopeful guys. And Lisa knew it would be pretty hard for Nick to think of himself as anything but a pretty girl while picking out sexy lingerie to wear for Mike!

When the day finally came to pick up Lisa's fiance Jack from the airport, he was slightly confused to be greeted by his fiancée and her gorgeous younger sister, Nicole. Jack gave Nick a kiss on the cheek, "You look great. Maybe too great. I was actually hoping for a bit of commotion at our wedding." They all drove together back to Lisa and Nick's hometown for the wedding.

Nick knew by now that he didn't have to worry about anyone recognizing him, although it was a little embarrassing to be wolf-whistled at by a bunch of guys from his high-school who he used to talk to. He was more worried about seeing his mom again, but when she opened the door and saw him, she was ecstatic!

"Nikki, you look absolutely gorgeous!" she exclaimed, hugging him. "I love your hair! I was thinking about getting something done with mine, too."

"Hi, Mom! Oh, I think you would look really nice with an auburn color..." Nick said, and they started chatting about styles and colors. She noticed his breast implants and, instead of being shocked, told him she was a little bit jealous that her own son had a nicer rack than she did. Nick blushed furiously at that. The rest of the day was

spent making last-minute preparations for the wedding. Nick helped out as much as he could, and the next morning he and the other bridesmaids all got ready for the main event.

Nick looked absolutely stunning in the pale lavender bridesmaid dress. It showed off his delicate shoulders and plenty of cleavage, and he off-set it with a sexy-messy updo with a few bangs that fell gracefully into his eyes. He almost got as many looks as Lisa did in her wedding gown! After the ceremony, during which Nick felt himself get teary-eyed again, he had to endure what seemed like every male relative on Jack's side flirting with him.



Nick looked absolutely stunning in the pale lavender bridesmaid dress. It showed off his delicate shoulders and plenty of cleavage.

When Lisa saw him batting his eyelashes and mincing about gracefully in his four-inch stilettos as yet another handsome guy asked him for a dance, she found herself wondering...maybe if she could get Mike to propose, she could keep Nick in dresses for good! She pulled him into a hug as the limousine pulled up outside the chapel.

“Wearing a bridesmaid dress for a day wasn’t so bad, was it?” Lisa giggled.

“I guess not,” Nick admitted, laughing. “Have fun on the honeymoon! The apartment is going to be so lonely now!”

“I’m sure Mike would be more than happy to keep you company sometimes,” Lisa smiled. She gave Nick a final hug and then Jack helped her into the car and they sped away. Nick thought about how radiant she had looked in her wedding dress, and for some reason started wondering how it would feel to walk down the aisle in white. Then his mother appeared to ask for some help cleaning up and the thought left his head.

“Nikki, you were absolutely perfect,” his mother said, pulling him into a hug.

“Thanks, Mom,” Nick giggled, giving her a peck on the cheek. “You look gorgeous! I love the new hair!” His mother smiled, touching her recently-brunette hair, and they walked together to the open bar where a few last guests were sitting.

Nick noticed a stunning woman he didn’t recognize in a pale green summer-dress sitting by herself at a table. Well, not quite by herself. There was a guy who had obviously had a bit too much to drink trying to talk to her but mostly sneaking glances at her cleavage.

“I think Benny has had a little too much,” Nick’s mother sighed. “I think we should go rescue that poor woman.” The woman in question was gracefully uncrossing her legs and getting up, smiling at the man but rolling her eyes a little.

“Last call at the bar, Benny,” said Nick’s mom. “Wouldn’t you like one last drink?”

"I'll call ya later, beautiful," Benny slurred. He hurried back to the bar. The woman laughed a bit nervously.

"Not without my number," she remarked. "Thank you!" Nick was wondering why she looked familiar. She was maybe in her mid-thirties, but still had a remarkable figure and an angelic face. Her deep green eyes were surrounded by gorgeous lashes, and her dark red hair was piled up in a sexy up-do.

"Oh, it's no problem at all," Nick's mother smiled. "I'm Carol, the bride's mother, I'm afraid we haven't met...?" The woman gave the same nervous giggle as before.

"We have, actually, Carol," she said slowly. Nick's mother gasped.

"Harold?" she gaped. Nick was stunned. This gorgeous, feminine creature was his father? He looked the woman up and down, taking in her graceful mannerisms and shapely legs, even the alluring camber of her hips, all of which screamed female!

"Helen, now," the woman blushed, playing with the straw in her drink.

"But...but I...I heard you got remarried?" Nick's mother asked, shocked.

"I did," Helen admitted, flashing a diamond ring on her finger. "As I was trying to explain to Benny there! He's a really sweet guy, and he takes care of me..." She blushed again.

"I had no idea," Nick's mother said slowly.

"I didn't want to make a scene," Helen said, pouting her perfect lips. "But I couldn't go without seeing Lisa's marriage. I'm sorry, Carol. Could you at least tell her I was in the audience? And where's Nick?"

“Dad?” Nick squeaked. Helen turned and looked at him, then fluttered her eyelashes quite rapidly as she recognized her son in his sexy dress and perfect makeup.

“Oh my gosh!” she exclaimed. Nick had never imagined hearing his father say that, especially not in a soft, feminine voice.

“Lisa asked me to be a bridesmaid for the wedding,” Nick stammered. A slow smile spread across Helen’s face.

“You were exquisite!” she complimented. “That dress is so darling on you!”

“Thank you,” Nick said nervously. He was starting to smile, too.

“I’m so sorry I left you,” Helen said. “All of you! But I knew I couldn’t be a real husband for Carol, or a father to you, and I thought it would hurt more if you knew...”

“This is unbelievable!” Nick’s mom suddenly interjected. Nick looked at her, worried.

“I’m sorry, Carol,” Helen said, looking down.

“No,” Nick’s mom said, laughing. “I just can’t believe the entire family came in dresses!”

“That’s true,” Helen laughed, seeming surprised at Carol’s friendliness.

“Well,” Nick said slowly. “If you couldn’t be a father, maybe you could be a good aunt?”

“I like that idea very much,” Helen smiled. “Carol, would you be alright with that?”

“It seems like every male I live with ends up as a beautiful woman,” Carol laughed ruefully. “But yes, that’s fine by me, Helen.”

“My husband has some really handsome bachelor friends,” Helen said. “Very manly and rugged! I don’t think there’s much chance of them disappointing you. Could I make a few introductions?”

“Of course,” Carol said, surprised but flattered. “And Nicole...if Helen is going to be your aunt, does that mean you’re going to be a niece?”

“And daughter,” Nick smiled. “At least for a while...”

Epilogue:

“Hurry up!” Lisa called. “Nikki, you’ve been in front of that mirror for hours!” Nicole sighed petulantly.

“I’m coming!” she called back, turning this way and that in front of the mirror. She pouted glossy pink lips at her reflection, adjusting the outfit. The skimpy white nurse costume Lisa had picked out for her clung to her slender hips and delicate waist, and it had a plunging neckline that exposed plenty of cleavage. White nylons and garters made her willowy legs look incredibly sexy in their four-inch heels.

She had done her makeup to perfection, with smoky eyeliner and a pale lip-gloss that made her mouth look wet and inviting. The little white starched cap pinned into her perfectly coiffed hair was at a cute angle. She was definitely going to break some hearts tonight, and she knew her boyfriend would love her in it. Nicole leaned forward and gave her hair a final few brushes. Satisfied, she minced gracefully down the stairs.

“How do I look?” she asked.

“Gorgeous,” Lisa giggled. “I bet Mike can’t wait to play doctor later.” Nicole blushed.

“Should I call and tell the boys we’re on our way to the party?” she asked, fishing her phone out of her purse with two manicured fingers. Mike and Jack were already waiting at the club for them to show up. Nicole’s mother, meanwhile, had gone out on a double date with her new friend Helen, her husband, and an eligible bachelor!

“I called to tell them that ten minutes ago, when I thought you were finally done primping,” Lisa laughed. “You’re such a girly girl.”

“And who’s fault is that?” Nicole asked. They laughed, then Lisa looped their arms and they walked out the door. The cab driver looked like he couldn’t believe his luck when two gorgeous girls in nurse costumes got in! Nicole crossed her legs, enjoying the slippery sensation of the nylons and wondering what Mike would think of them.

The bar was already filling up with costumed partygoers. Nicole drew plenty of looks as she and Lisa strutted sexily over to where their guys were waiting. Mike looked very handsome in his doctor’s coat!

“You know, I was just saying how I needed a nurse,” he said, kissing Nicole on the mouth. She giggled as Mike put his arms around her. It was hard to believe that she had gone from dressing up as a doctor for Halloween as a gawky kid to dressing up as a sexy nurse. Of course, she had also gone from being a scrawny eighteen-year-old boy to a gorgeous young woman, and from chronically dateless to the happy girlfriend of the perfect guy.

“So, I heard you were quite the bridesmaid,” Mike grinned, pulling her out onto the dance floor.

“And to think Lisa had to persuade me,” Nicole giggled. She wrapped her arms around her boyfriend’s neck and opened her lips for a passionate kiss. She had

the feeling that her older sister might be returning that favor in not too long!

END

